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HUMAN INTEREST

EDITED BY CASPAR WHITNEY

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APRIL, 1906--SEPTEMBER, 1906

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"Skinny dragged him over to a crack and settled down for another try."

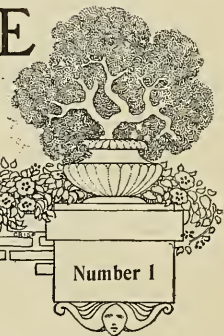
Drawing for "The Law of the Range," by Frank E. Schoonover.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



Vol. XLVIII

APRIL, 1906



Number 1

THE PASS

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

VI

BLOODY PASS

FOUR o'clock in the morning proved indeed to be mighty cold. The sun was just gilding some peaks a long distance above us, but that did not do us any good. All the horses had moved over to the eastward slope of the mountain, where they would be certain to catch the very first rays of warmth. Their hair stuck up dark and velvety.

A hot cup of coffee went to the spot. Then we caught up the horses, and if there is anything more finger-numbing and distressing than to undo heavy leather hobbles stiff with frost, then I do not know what it is. We brought them in to camp.

I left Wes to pack up, and pushed on in light marching order up the right-hand slope of the cañon. Our way probably led to the left and over the "nigger-head," but it was thought best to overlook no bets. We agreed on a conventional six-shooter signal.

It took me probably an hour to reach the snow line. I could make out a dim miner's trail as far as that, but of course it was lost beyond. A very steep climb over frozen snow-fields—utterly impossible for horses—brought me to the ridge, and once again I looked into the cañon of the Kaweah. The ridge ran up to a very knife edge of rock, some of it solid, some cut by the frost into blocks and some loose and wobbly, but none over eighteen inches wide. It fell away on either side for twenty or thirty feet. After two minutes I was glad to descend again to the snow.

With many precautions against slipping I skirted the base of the cliffs until I had reached the saddle. There I walked out into plain sight on the snow and fired my six-shooter twice, by way of a signal to take the left hand, as the only possible route. Watching carefully through my glasses I made out Wes and Billy rounding the pack stock together. Satisfied that they understood, I now turned my attention

to the problem of surmounting the nigger-head.

A very cursory examination proved to me that it would be impossible to pass above it. The upper side fell off sheer. Below it ran a narrow strip of rock and shale, steep as a roof, and dropping off straight into the main cañon.

The slant, as it stood, was too abrupt for footing. A horse would simply creep around below the precipice of the nigger-head until he came to the narrow, steep roof. Then his weight would start an avalanche in the shale which would carry him off the edge to an untimely death. So I began to experiment, and soon discovered that by sitting down and kicking vigorously I could gouge out a little furrow which would hold. It was tough on the shoes, and rather hard work; but I sat there and kicked cheerfully until I had accomplished a nick from the head of the cañon to the base of the nigger-head. It was rather an invisible sort of nick, and it ran only about twenty feet above the precipice, and it was very crumbly at best, but I looked upon it with pride and satisfaction.

There remained only about forty feet to do. That ran through cliff-débris from the nigger-head. I went over it once to find the easiest route, then set myself vigorously to rolling boulders aside, and to chinking the worst holes. This was rather good fun. The big stones went bounding and jumping away like living things, striking fire at every contact, finally leaping from view over the last precipice, only to reappear after an interval minimized by distance, still rolling and bouncing until at last the repeated shocks broke them to pieces a thousand feet below. The smell of burning was in the air from the superheated stones. Gradually, foot by foot, I worked forward until at last, when Wes appeared around the corner riding Modesto, there remained not over ten feet to do.

He dismounted and together we went at the remainder. Then we walked back and forth over the length of the trail testing for weak spaces, after which we rode across in sixty seconds, quite safely, but with many doubts. Our horses were the veterans of several hard mountain trips, and they stepped lightly and surely. So we gained the snow line.

At this point the stream, somewhere beneath a cañon full of snow, headed in a small circular cup, whose sides sloped steeply to a glacier lake. The water of this lake was of a deep, rich peacock-blue, typical of the glaciers, but quite impossible to describe. It was fringed by white ice, which ran out below the surface in ledges of the most perfect robin's-egg blue imaginable. The dazzling white, brilliant rich peacock and paler translucent blue gave the impression of some rare and precious gem.

The shores sloped very steeply, and were covered with snow which terminated only at the base of the sheer ridge above. Directly across the lake, and perhaps two hundred feet up, this ridge broke and splintered. Wes and I climbed up and took a look at it. It ran in sharp needles of rock, knife-edge slabs stuck upright, and jumbled ledge matter. Wes picked out a possibility.

"If they get through here, we'll have to take out a license for keeping goats," said Wes.

We piled up small stones to help in some places, and pried out what obstructions we could, but our best was mighty little. I have seen horses travel in rough country, but this little bit was the worst. However, we consoled ourselves with the Ranger's assurance that once to the top our troubles would be over. We started the horses along. First they had to skirt the lake and climb slanting up the steep snow bank. We anticipated no trouble in this, but when about half way up discovered something of which our light weight afoot had not apprised us. The top covering was comparatively loose; but earlier in the year, before the last snowfall, evidently, a freezing rain had fallen, so about six inches under the surface lay a hard and slippery crust.

Dinkey, always cocky and self-confident, was the first victim. She slipped, attempted to recover, and went down. Slowly the weight of her pack overcame her balance, forcing her as one wrestler forces another.

"Look out! She's going to roll over!" yelled Wes.

He threw his riata over her head. We had just time to dig our heels in and brace for the shock when over she went.



Now it was about a hundred feet down to the glacier lake, and we both knew that if Dinkey ever plunged into it we should never see her again. So we braced a mighty brace, and heaved a mighty heave. I can't describe the rest in detail. I know I slid ten feet or so on my heels, was up-ended, enveloped in a choking whirl of snow, felt the rope encircle me and so cast it loose, stopped rolling, cleared my eyes, saw the end of the rope within a foot of me, grabbed it, and was again yanked through space.

When the sky resumed its natural position I found that the combined efforts of Dinkey, Wes and myself had brought the outfit to a standstill just about one yard from the edge of the peacock-blue water in the glacier lake. We were covered with snow, and we sprawled at the end of what looked to be the track of an avalanche.

"Well, we stayed with it," said Wes.

We looked up. Billy was roosting on a rock with a camera in her hand. Bullet, good, wise old Bullet, had headed the rest of the pack train and was holding it there in the deep snow. Tuxana and Pepper, who had added to the joy of the scene by chasing around and around in mad circles, sat on their haunches with a please-do-it-again smile on their faces.

It now became necessary to return Dinkey to her original position. We did this very gingerly by leading her back to the

starting place. She had completely lost her nerve and trembled pathetically. At this Wes and I rejoiced somewhat, for Dinkey heretofore had made us feel very inferior and ignorant.

We now set ourselves in good earnest to the task of gaining the last hundred feet. A rope was attached to Bullet; we both took a hand. But Bullet walked across like a tight-rope dancer. At the piled-up destruction of the boulders and ridges he took his time, smelled out each step, and passed without an accident. I rubbed his forehead for him, and left him on a tiny flat place just beyond the top.

Jenny came next. She started confidently enough, following Bullet's lead, but soon had the bad luck to thrust one hind leg through a thin spot and down into a deep hole. In the recovery she fell on her side, and while we managed to prevent her rolling over, she came so near it that she uttered a sharp squeal of fright. Two years before Jenny had fallen from the trail, had caught on a narrow ledge, and had been slung thence bodily by means of two riatas. The experience had shattered her nerves. Now she went all to pieces. We undid her pack rope, teased the kyak from beneath her—gave her every chance in the world. But she refused even to try to get up. So we twisted her tail and pulled on her lead rope until she had to make some effort. Even then she struggled wildly, her eyes fairly glazed with terror. Of course, she went down again, and yet again, floundering like a big fish. We held her to the slope without too great difficulty, for we had good footholds, and little by little teased her along toward the edge of the snow and the beginning of the splintered rocks. There we hoped Jenny would get over her hysterics in the realization of accustomed footing. The last ten feet she floundered forward on her foreknees, never even attempting to get more fully to her feet.

Once secure, we let her stand, while we ourselves carried over her pack to where Bullet patiently awaited us. Then, having decided that Jenny should have regained her poise by this time, we led her on.

How she surmounted that hundred foot climb without breaking her fool neck will always be a problem. She slipped and skated and fell and recovered. The sharp

edges cut her fearfully. Blood streaked her from a dozen wounds, ran down her white coat, even dripped on the rocks. We were sorry, but we could not help it. Finally we did gain the saddle, and looking back with deep breaths of relief named this Bloody Pass.

Buckshot made the snow-fields with nothing worse than several bad staggers, and the splintered rocks sagely and carefully, testing each foothold, as was Buckshot's fashion. Old Slob, too, did well, though he was badly frightened. At one spot it was necessary to jump from an unstable take-off up a little ledge. Old Slob, too anxious to do the thing properly, rather overdid the matter; his pack overbalanced him, and he poised on the verge of falling directly backward off the mountain. That would have been the end of Old Slob. Fortunately, my footing was good, so that by throwing every ounce of my weight into the riata by which I was leading him, I was able to decide the balance.

So we led them up one at a time. The climbing was severe, for the altitude was somewhere about eleven thousand feet. We worked like slaves, and when, after various minor incidents of the kind already detailed, we had crowded the last of the animals on the big flat rock at the top, we were glad to hunt the lea of a bowlder for a rest.

We ate hardtack and venison jerky and raisins, and told each other that the worst now was over. Indeed, as far as we could see, the descent did not seem to be especially difficult. A series of ledges slanting into each other irregularly ran in natural lacets to the limit of eyesight.

After we had eaten we started down. The way was very rough, as you may imagine, but opposed no insuperable obstacles to our animals. It was necessary only that one of us should scout far enough ahead to assure an open way from one broad ledge to another. This was not difficult, for a man afoot can get about much more rapidly than the horses. Occasionally, Wes and Billy would halt until I had explored all the possibilities of a choice of several routes.

In this way we worked down about a thousand feet. The passage in general was plain before us. We had to do a few hundred feet more of this ledge country, then step out on a long shale slide, which,

however steep and unstable it might prove to be, would take us safely enough to the shores of the second glacier lake. There we could camp.

I scouted ahead, came to a forty-foot drop, returned, took another way, came to the same forty-foot drop; repeated the operation, gained exactly the same result.

Then both of us men turned in to explore in earnest. A half hour convinced us that we were in a *cul-de-sac* to which all possible routes from the saddle converged. There was no other way. Our glasses showed us impassable débris below.

We sat down to face the situation. We could not go on; we could not camp here in the granite, where there was no feed, no water, no fuel. The nearest of those necessities was precisely whence we had started this morning.

"We've got to go back," concluded Wes, reluctantly.

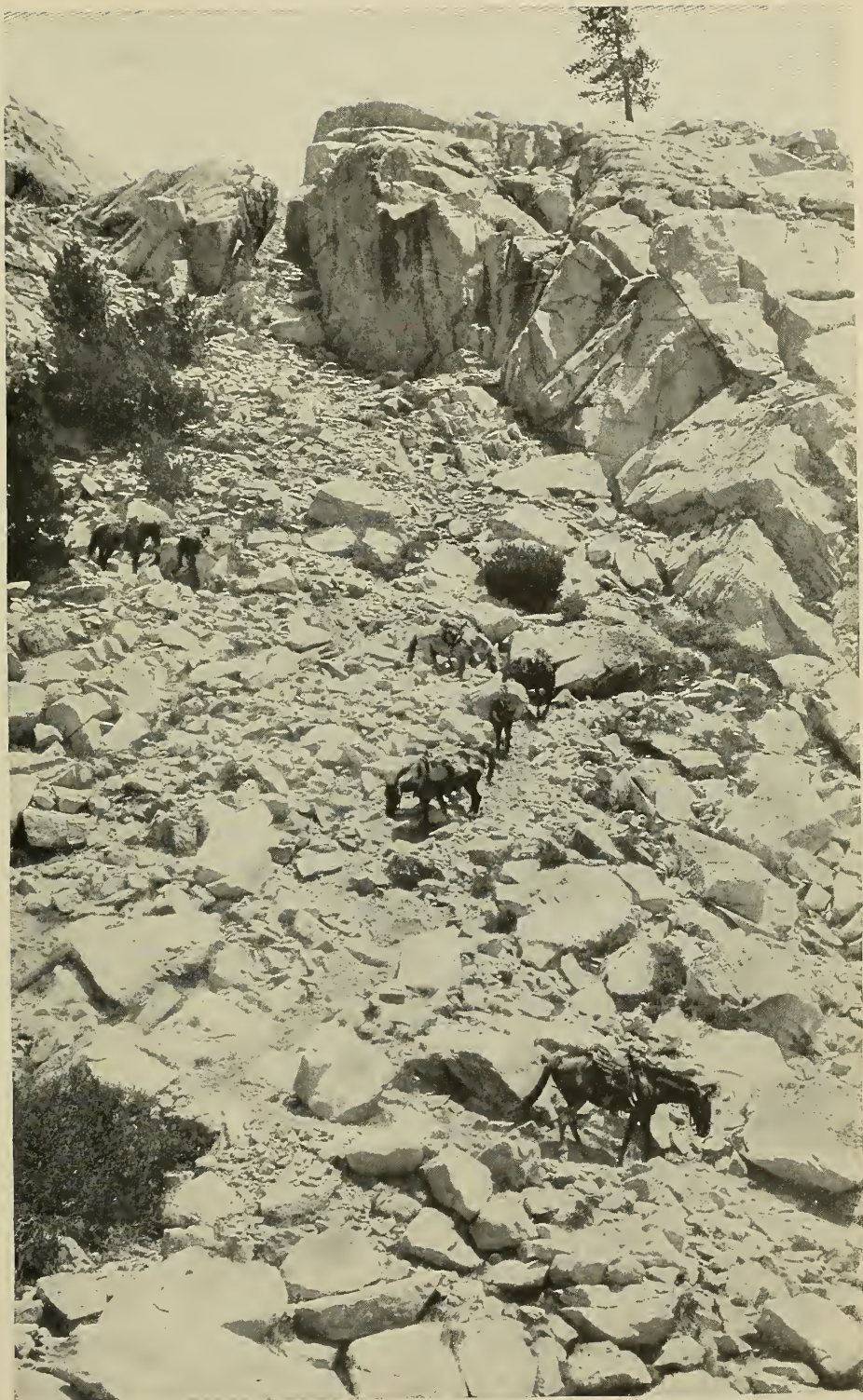
It was by now three o'clock. We had been since daylight getting this far. Our horses were tired out from the rough climbing and the lack of food; they had not had a mouthful since they had ceased grazing late the previous night. Before us was a sharp thousand-foot climb, and then the extraordinary difficulties we had surmounted with so much pains and danger. As if to add positively a story-book touch to the discouragement of the outlook, the sky clouded over, and a cold, sleety rain began to fall.

VII

WE FALL BACK

By this time it was three o'clock in the afternoon. We had to traverse before dark the distance we had taken since daylight to cover. As additional full measure, the clouds, which latterly had been gathering about the peaks of the Kaweah Group opposite, now swept across to envelop us. Our horses were tired because of hunger and the hard day. We could anticipate only a bleak, hard camp to which we would have to drag wood at the end of our riatas before we could even get warm.

Pepper and Tuxana alone were aggravatingly cheerful. They sniffed eagerly into all the crevices among the rocks, popped up bright-eyed over the tops of bowlders, quivered with their anxiety to



The way was very rough, but opposed no insuperable obstacles to our animals.

find out what all this expedition was about, anyway. It would have suited us better if they had adapted their demeanor more accurately to the situation. I wish I had a dog's vivid interest in mere living.

Buckshot groaned and grumbled; Dinky swore, but up the ridge they had to climb again. In the desperation of great weariness is an apparently careless haste that sometimes accomplishes marvels. It carried us over the needles of rock and down the snow slopes without the smallest accident. Rain began to fall, at first like mist, then more heavily in long, pelting lines. Darkness was shutting in.

At this point Billy and the dogs left us. They were to run down the snow lying deep in the cañon. The crust was plenty strong enough to support a human being, with some to spare, but the horses would probably have broken through. We watched her figure dwindle as she slid and slipped down the long white declivity. Our fate was to pick out in the darkness and rain the miserable and tortuous foothold we had that morning constructed. We speedily became wet through, after which the affair was an entire engrossment in dark, slippery rocks, the trickle of waters, voids filled with gray, and constant shoutings of advice, speculation and encouragement from one to the other of us. The horses traveled doggedly, as tired horses will, their heads swinging.

Finally we reached the bottom of the slope. A rush of white waters opposed us, but we plunged in without much attempt to find a ford, and emerged dripping on the other side.

Billy was awaiting us, together with the dogs, now utterly crushed under the sudden realization that it was dark, and neither fire nor supper was forthcoming. They were beginning to regret certain scorned mists of happier days.

An almost invincible disbelief in the possibility of comfort overcame us. Motion seemed rather to bring to acuter realization our chilly state than to start our blood to circulation. It required faith, faith deep and real, to force us to the unpacking, to the necessary search for fuel, to the patient labor of ignition.

The horses wandered rather dispiritedly away in search of the scanty short-hair grass of this altitude. After much chop-

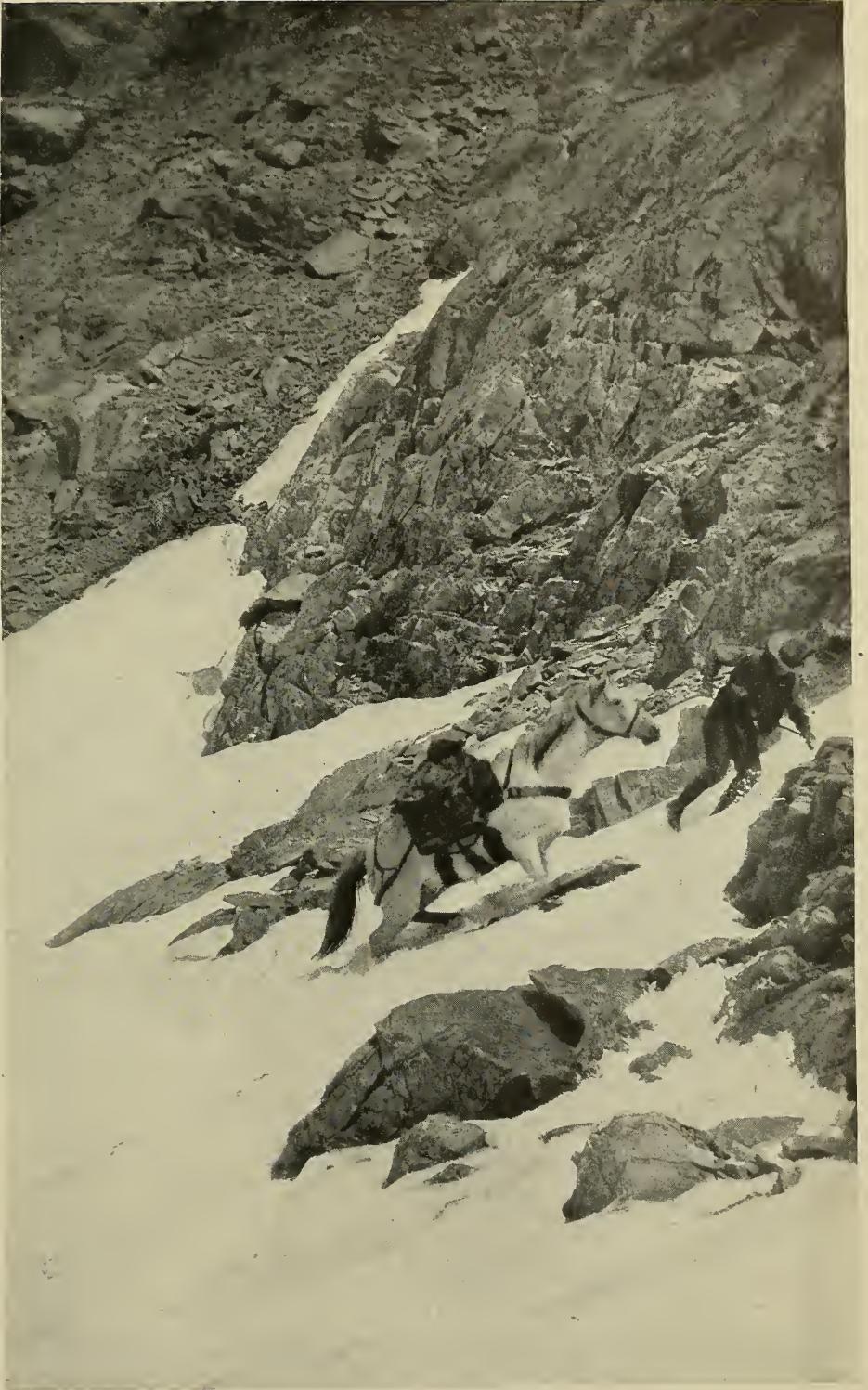
ping for the heart of the firewood, we managed to start a little blaze. It grew, and we gathered close. After a time we began to feel a trifle less numb. One of us summoned courage to explore among stiff and wet canvases in search of the grub bags and the utensils. We began on hot tea, and then plucked up heart for the trouble of slicing bacon, and so on gradually to a full and satisfactory meal. Tuxana and Pepper huddled close and shivered violently in the effort to throw off the chill. Pepper curled up in a ball; but Tuxana sat on her tail, both hind feet pathetically and ludicrously off the ground, blinking her bull-terrier pink-rimmed eyes. We felt recovered enough by now to laugh at her.

Then slowly it became borne in on our now torpid faculties that something yet remained to be done. Not the dishes—no, indeed—they must wait for the morning. But out of the cold, wet blackness beyond the firelight we had to conjure sleeping places. The task was not in itself great; but it had on top of it the weight of a long, hard day.

Reluctantly we lit the little candle-lantern and looked about. It was a case of hard rock that night, for every depression of shale was soggy with water, and boughs there were none at all. So Billy and I spread our tarpaulin and the quilt to soften things a trifle, and the gray army blanket, and crawled in shivering. Poor old Tuxana, wet as a fish, begged hard; but the best we could do for her was a saddle blanket. Into this she retired utterly. Pepper, with the combined inconsequence of youth, reliance on a thick wire coat, and personal imbecility of disposition, declined to remain covered, so we left her to her own devices by the spluttering fire.

We shivered for awhile, then the animal heat accumulated sufficiently beneath our coverings, and we fell deeply asleep. About two o'clock I awoke, the side of me next the rock feeling as though it were flattened out, like meat that has been in a refrigerator. My nose was as cold as a dog's. Overhead light clouds were hurrying by. Through them shone some very pale and chilly stars.

The next morning we arose rather later than usual. It had cleared somewhat, but the air was bitterly cold. After breakfast we assembled about a recklessly large fire



We had just time to dig our heels in and brace for the shock when over she went.

and discussed what was next to be done. The decision made—I forget what it was—we caught up the horses. Then it became evident that fate had taken matters out of our hands, for Jenny's legs, by daylight, proved to be more cut than we had supposed. They had already swollen. We could guess without much effort that Jenny would be unfit to travel for at least ten days. So we put my riding saddle on the cripple, transferred her pack to Coco, and Billy to my own horse, Bullet.

"I will climb the ridge again," said I, "and look for a route over from the other cañon. You can make camp at the meadow where the two cañons come together, and I will join you about dark."

They filed away, and once more I addressed myself to the ascent.

In climbing a mountain at a high elevation you start out comfortably enough. The first symptom of trouble is a shortening of your breath, the next a violent pounding of your heart; then come sensations of heavy weights attached to your feet, ringing of your ears, blurring of your eyes, perhaps a slight giddiness. It is now time to stop. After a moment the landscape steadies, the symptoms subside. You are ready for another little spurt. The moment you stop, or strike level ground, you are all right; but at the highest elevations, even a slight incline or a light burden will bring you immediate distress. At just what elevation this distress becomes acute depends on your individual make-up. Some people cannot stand even six or seven thousand feet. Billy is fit for navigation up to about thirteen thousand. Beyond that point she is subject to a seizure that stiffens her out as though by a stroke of paralysis. Snow on the forehead brings her around all right, and luckily snow is abundant that high. I personally have never been beyond fifteen thousand feet; but that altitude, though rendering rapid exertion extremely laborious, did not affect me painfully.

An hour brought me to the snow. I could see very well how to get up through a chimney were it not for that snow. But in present conditions the case was absolutely hopeless. The slant was such that even in soft footing a horse would have difficulty to keep from falling, but now the substratum of ice made the passage abso-

lutely impossible. In addition, the snow itself lay in sharp edges and cups several feet deep, like a gigantic muffin mold of innumerable hollows. One had either to attempt the knife edges of the partitions, or to climb laboriously in and out of the hollows. Generally the result turned out to be a disconcerting compromise between the two.

However, another twenty minutes' hard work took me to the top. There I quickly traversed the T where the two cañons headed against the ridge, and stood once more looking out over Deadman's Cañon.

The great black masses of the Kaweah Group were blacker still with a formidable thunderstorm slowly gathering about its peaks. So sinister, gloomy and forbidding did the cañons and crevices become as the light was blotted from their glittering snows and rocks that I could not rid myself of the notion that the very essence of the world was undergoing the transformation of some catastrophe. It had started yonder, under those black peaks. It was spreading, as spilled water spreads. Shortly it would kill that broad, smiling, sunny meadow far beneath. Then it would creep up the slope below. Then it would swallow me.

A peal of thunder seemed to tear apart the stillness with the voice of a command. One after another the mountains echoed back the submissive response, as though reporting themselves at their posts for the sinister change that was to befall them. I thought to hear a faint and distant roaring. A gray veil suddenly shut out the peaks.

This seemed to break the spell of portent. I noted that the air currents and the configuration of the mountains were likely to carry the storm eastward, and so set to work.

I scouted until I found, about fifteen hundred feet down, some stunted trees and feed. Then I worked out a route to them. Then I built as much trail as was necessary. This took me a long time. Whether we should be able to do the other fifteen hundred feet down to the green meadow and the round lake did not matter for the present. It was enough if we could penetrate so far into the enemy's country, sure of sustenance and a space for the soles of our feet. While engaged at this work I came across a big drift of pink

snow. Pink snow is a little hard to believe in, but it exists. I understand that the tint comes from the pollen of some flower. The fact remains that the very substance of the snow is pink, decidedly pink, like pink cotton; and when you step on it, it crushes into an appearance of pale blood. When I first saw it far above me, on the slope of a mountain, I thought I must have chanced on some anachronistic glow that had happened around too late for sunrise or too early for sunset.

By seven o'clock I had reached the forks of the cañons. The thunder shower had increased to a cloud-burst, and the cloud-burst had overtaken the pack train. So violently had the water beaten down that the horses refused to proceed. They ran their heads into thick spruce trees and declined to budge. Billy and Wes had to sit there and take it. Billy thought it great fun; but, as Wes pointed out, she owned a poncho. Wes did not, but retained a semblance of triumphant good humor because by some mysterious method of his own he had kept his tobacco and cigarette papers dry.

The ground was soaked, and miniature gullies had worked down through the pine needles. We built a big fire, turned out the horses and so once more slept with the great and complex voice of the river.

VIII

THE PERMANENT CAMP

After far wandering a permanent camp is a great refreshment to the spirit.

You start in animated by the utmost vigor. There are so many things to be done, and they all occur to your mind at once. After breakfast you seize the axe and take to the brush. The search for straight saplings forking at required heights becomes absorbing. You cut them and drag them to camp and stick them in their appointed places. There is an amplitude to these preparations in delicious contrast to the direct utilitarianism of your camp-making while on trail. So must have felt the founder of Cologne Cathedral, his soul big and tranquil with the thought of the three hundred years of building that were to follow. You make a shelter and a bed. The former is beautiful and perma-

nent;—we put up the little balloon silk tent, which heretofore had been used only as a pack cloth. The bed you arrange carefully, smoothing the ground with the back of the axe swung adze-wise between your legs, laying parallel two generous lengths of logs well pegged to prevent rolling, filling between them first with dry pine needles, then with balsam fans thatched carefully springy side up. It is fun to cut balsam. The thicket is warm with the radiation of sun from fragrant piney things. You clip and clip away with the hatchet, bathed in tepid odors and buzzy sounds. It is a leisurely occupation that you cannot hurry, and so you lapse gladly into that half-dreamy state to be acquired only in the woods, wherein the golden afternoon seems to comprise several eternities. Then you return to camp, and begin feverishly the construction of a table.

It is a very ingenious table, supported by three saplings suspended between two trees. Across them you lay wands, and over the wands you spread your oilcloth. The bench you make of hewn logs (be sure they are dry, otherwise you may stick to your seat), supported on cross-pieces between forked branches driven into the ground. You place your eating utensils, and feel the creator's joy.

Then remain a dozen other affairs. The fireplace is elaborate; the saddles are conceded a rack. And you make a woodpile.

Ordinarily, while traveling, you cook with what you can pick up, or chop in two by a stroke or so of the axe. Now you cut the nearest pine logs into lengths, and lug these lengths into camp on your shoulders, staggering uncertainly. And then you hit with your axe a mighty whack lengthwise, and insert a wedge of hard wood in the crack thus made, and beat the wedge until it is buried, and then insert another wedge lower down, until at last the log splits in two with a great tearing of wood fibers. Whereupon you attack the halves in like manner, and then the quarters, until in the final result you are possessed of a number of slender split posts. You lay one of these posts over your chopping log. A full swing of the axe bites deep and slanting. You reverse the blade and whack mightily on the end. The slender post breaks at the point of the axe cut, and at last you lay aside with pride the first stick of firewood.

There is a joy in the clean, accurate labor, a pleasure in stretching your muscles. And the gleaming yellow piles grow almost like magic.

By now you are fully in the vein. You are tired; but you do not know enough to feel so. A score of desirable little tasks crowd on your intention. You will put up shelves, and make a meat safe, and sweep the forest floor, and dig a garbage pit, and rope in the camp, and—

"Look here!" complains your companion, "don't you think we'd better call this a day? I'm hungry!"

You glance up with surprise. The pines are silhouetting against the west. Shad-ows are half tree high already, and the coolness of evening is creeping very cautiously, very slowly down through the lowest thickets. The sparrows and vireos seem to have fallen silent. A pensive melody of thrushes steals in and out of the forest aisles.

You straighten your back, and suddenly feel very tired. The day is indeed done.

And next morning very early you awaken and look straight up at the sky. The pine tops touch it shyly—you could almost imagine that gently swaying in the wind they had brushed the stars away. A great singing of birds fills the air. So innumerable are the performers that it is difficult to distinguish the individuals. The result might be called a tremendous and composite chattering. Only here the tone of the chattering is supremely musical, so that the forest seems to be echoing to the voice of some single melodious creature.

Near by a squirrel, like a fussy little old gentleman, jerks about nervously.

"Dear, dear!" says he. "Look at those people! Look at those people!"

After he has repeated this a few score of times he fusses away, probably to report to the proper officers that he must object, he really must object to such persons being admitted to his club. The sun strikes through the woods and glorifies a dogwood just to the left of its direct line of illumination. The light partly reflects from, partly shines through the delicate leaves, until the whole bush becomes ethereal, a gently glowing soul of itself. You stretch luxuriously, and extend your legs, and an unwonted feeling of satisfaction steals over you. You wonder why. The reason comes

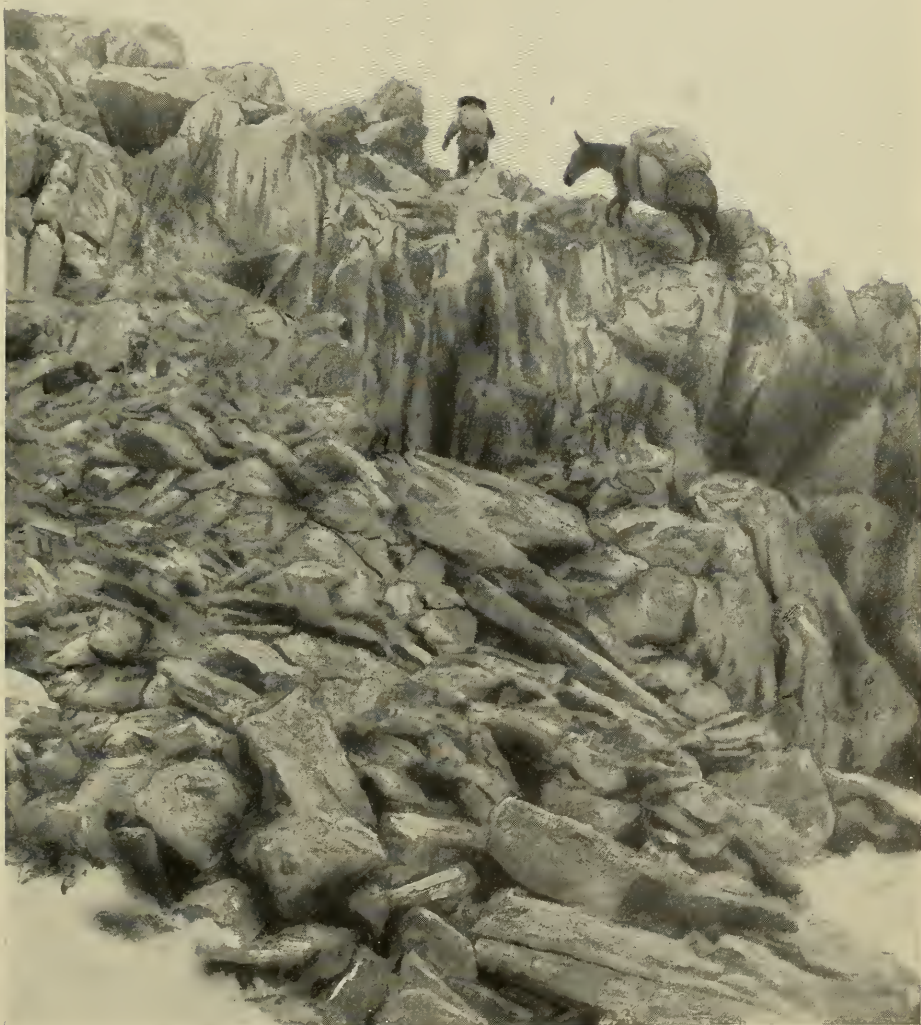
in due time. It is this: a whole glorious woodland day lies before you, and in it is no question of pack rope, horse or trail. You can do just exactly as much or as little as you please.

Probably you elect to putter around camp. There are innumerable things to do, and you can have fun at any one of them. To sit straddle a log, tinkering away at a new latigo for your saddle, is joy, especially if you can look up every now and then to a very blue sky not much beyond very tall trees. Little items of repair have long been awaiting this leisure. Also there is laundry, with a glorious chance to wash everything washable, even down to the long-suffering dish rag. I should advise one of the cold-water soaps, as it is difficult to scare up anything big enough to boil clothes in.

And if you are fond of cooking, now is your chance to indulge in the most astounding culinary orgies. Simple puddings, cakes and other bakings are quite within the reach of the ingenious camp cook; there is necessary only the widest possible interpretation of recipes, and the completest audacity in substitution. If you have no eggs, why, never mind. Perhaps dried prunes will do. Try it, anyway. I once made a very good pudding out of the remains of boiled macaroni, some cold cornmeal mush, sugar, cinnamon and raisins. This, when baked through and well browned atop, proved to be marvelously popular. I admit it does not sound very good.

The cooking zeal is cumulative. There comes a day when you cook from morning until evening, and then triumphantly announce a feast. If you possess real enthusiasm, you get up menus and table decorations. Here is one we gave at Lake Charlotte, eleven thousand feet up, in honor of the birthday of our old friend Spoonedyke. Your true celebrant in the woods always makes his feast an occasion, even if he has to invent one.

Clam Soup à la Dieu Sait Quoi		
Fried Trout à la Lac Charlotte		
	Bacon à la Axlegrease	
Scrambled Eggs à la Tin Can		
Bread	Corn Bread	Biscuits
Vegetables à la Abercrombie		
Boiled Potatoes	Baked Beans	
Rice Pudding	Strawberries	Spice Cake
Nuts	Raisins	



He took his time, smelled out each step, and passed without an accident.

On the reverse came the

WINE LIST

Tea	In the Large Pot
Coffee	In the Small Pot
Cocoa	Make it Yourself, Darn You
Water	Go to the Spring
Lemonade	In the Small Bottle
Whiskey	Drink \$10; Smell 25c.
Cigars	Pipes Cigarettes

After a brilliant climax of this sort, you generally settle back to a more leisurely gait. Other things engage your attention. You hunt, you fish, you explore the immediately surrounding country.

And then little by little you run down, like a clock that has not been wound. There is plenty of venison in camp; fishing palls. You lie around during endless golden hours, shifting with the sun, watching the rainbow colors in your eyelashes, soaking in comfort and rest as thirsty ground takes up water. In the evening you swap yarns and hold academic discussions around the camp fire. If it were not for the fact that you have to chop wood for that camp fire you could take root and your brains would turn out budding little green branches. The academic discussions are lazily delivered and irresponsible, oh, utterly irresponsible! The ordinary rules of coherency and probability are quite relaxed. You hear the most extraordinary stories, and still more extraordinary theories.

"I remember when I was foreman of a construction gang in the mountains north of here, the company used to buy condemned army supplies. For a while they ran short of lubricating oil, so they used to pack the axle boxes of the cars with slices of salt pork; it worked fine.

"Well, I used to pride myself on running a mighty nifty camp, then, and I had a Chink that could put up a real feed. One day old Harrington himself dropped off on me with some of his city friends, so as soon as I could break away I hiked over to the cook shack.

"Sing Hop," says I, 'old man come. Rustle plenty good chop, poco pronto.'

"No hab got meat," says Sing Hop. 'Him no come.'

"Well, that looked bad for the reputation of my camp, now, didn't it? Then an idea came to me. I sneaked around the other side of the train, opened one of the

axle boxes and took out a dozen slices of the condemned pork they had packed in there for lubricating. Old Harrington said he'd never eaten better meat."

You exclaim, politely, a little doubtfully. The old sinner presses down the tobacco in his pipe and cocks his eye at you.

"The joke of it was," says he, "that Sing Hop never had to touch that meat. The friction-heat of the axles had cooked it just right."

"You'll never go to heaven," murmurs some one, kicking the fire. A column of sparks startles the shadows into momentary flight.

"Speaking of heaven," continues the sinner cheerfully; "did you ever hear of the two old Arizonians who met for the first time in ten years? Of course, they had to celebrate. By-and-by they got to the tearful stage of the game, and began to mourn the absence of Jim. Jim had been dead fifteen years. That didn't make any difference, however.

"It jes' spoils thish evenin' that Jim ain't here," sobbed one. 'How dear ol' Jim would have enjoyed this evenin'!

"They mourned awhile in hopeless gloom, and then one saw a little glimmer of light in the situation.

"Nev' mind!" said he, brightening up, 'When I die an' go to heaven, I'll tell dear ol' Jim about thish evenin'!

"Yes," said the other earnestly, 'but s'pose dear ol' Jim didn't go to heaven?'

"Then," replied the first quite unalarmed, 'then you tell him!'

Every one smokes and stares into the heart of the fire. A glowing log crumples at the middle, and sinks to coals. The flames die to blues and lucent pale-greens. In the partial re-establishment of darkness the stars look down between the trees.

"I wonder," says some one, dreamily, "what will be the first message flashed from those other worlds when at last communication is established; what bit of information out of all our boundless curiosity we shall ask for? Shall we hit for the fundamentals? Shall we inquire, 'Do you die, up there? do you hope? do you fear? do you love?'"

"Probably some trust will get hold of it, and the first message will be: 'Use Brogins' Tongue Titillators, the best Bonbon,'" replied the brutal member.

"Well, after all, it won't matter," insists the idealist unabashed. "The important thing will not be the message, but the fact that it is the *first* message."

A tentative, chilly little night wind ventures across the dying fire. The incandescent coals, with their halls and galleries magnificent, sink together with a faint sound. In a moment they begin to film over. The features of your companions grow indistinct. Outside noises come more clearly to your attention, for strangely enough the mere fact of firelight seems to hold at a distance not only the darkness but the sounds that people it. The rush of waters, the sighing of winds, the distant mournful owl notes, or sleepy single chirp of some momentarily awakened day bird—these come closer with the reassured shadows creeping down to pounce on the dying fire.

In the group some one raps a pipe sharply twice. Some one else stretches and sighs. The stir of leaves tells of reluctant risings.

"Time to turn in, boys; good night," says one.

In a moment you and the faint glow in the ashes are left alone together.

We made a good camp under tall trees. Then we produced the flour sack containing our much-read "library"; destroyed arrears in the laundry business; shaved elaborately, and so prepared ourselves for a good time.

First of all we were hungry for fresh meat, so Wes and I rode down the river to get a deer. We tied the horses at the edge of the snow-brush, made our way laboriously up to the castellated tops of the ridges where the bucks lie to harden their antlers, and crept along, slowly looking with all our eyes. The early morning was too much of an effort after our hard work of the past few weeks, so now the time was late afternoon. In the before-evening coolness our game should be afoot, stepping daintily in and out among the manzanita and snow-bush, nipping a mouthful here and there, pausing at every step or so to look watchfully about over the landscape. Pepper and Tuxana, chipmunks scornfully forgotten, trailed along at our heels. They understood perfectly that important affairs were forward, and stepped with almost the

over-elaborate caution of a schoolboy on the stalk for imaginary Indians.

The signs were numerous. Tracks crossed and recrossed the ridge, all of them round and full buck tracks. The more pointed doe footprints would be found at a lower elevation, where, in the shelter of denser growth, they would be taking care of their fawns. After an hour Wes, who for the moment was in the lead, stopped short and began cautiously to level his rifle. I stepped to one side and looked. About a hundred yards away, above the brush, I could just make out two spike horns and a pair of ears pointed inquiringly in our direction. The horns looked not unlike the branches of dead manzanita, and the ears blended with the foliage in that strange, semi-transparent manner possessed alike by wild creatures and woodland shadows. Tuxana and Pepper quivered. A tense stillness seemed all at once to grip fast the universe, a stillness which would require a mighty effort to break.

"Bang!" spoke old Meat-in-the-Pot.

A swift compact cloud of dust immediately sprang up from the spot where the deer had stood. A thousand echoes reverberated from cliff to forest and back again. The necessity for caution, for silence, for slow and deliberate motion seemed instantaneously to have broken into these flying fragments of sound. I sprang to the top of a boulder, Pepper uttered a single excited yap, Wes spoke aloud.

"Missed, by thunder!" said he.

In the tones of Wes' voice was deep disgust. Wes is an excellent rifle shot, and rarely misses.

I could see the bushes swing with the deer's progress down hill, and occasionally I caught a momentary glimpse of his high, springing jumps. Evidently he intended half circling the hill. Almost could I get enough of a sight to shoot, and the expectation constantly recurring, and as constantly frustrated, set me in an agony of desire to take the course of events into my own hands, to shift and adjust them and order them. Wes, screened in by thick brush, was grumbling away behind me.

"He was lying down," he growled, "and I undershot. He was lying down—if I'd had any sense at all, I could 'a' seen that with my mouth!"

Unexpectedly matters adjusted them-

selves. The deer, abandoning his first intention, turned sharp to the right through an open space. I tried to aim so that the bullet would catch him as he struck the ground at the finish of one of his buck jumps—really the only way to hit a running deer. At the shot he went down in a cloud of dust.

"I got him!" I yelled.

But the deer seemed only momentarily stunned, for he was almost instantly afoot, and off again with apparently as much vigor as ever. Afterward we found that my bullet had gone through the shoulder without either breaking the bone or entering the body cavity.

At this point Tuxana appeared, made a flying leap at the deer's throat; missed, but tried the next best that offered itself. In this case the next best happened to be the deer's tail. That she did not miss.

It was much better than gunnysacks. I do not doubt that in the brief moment during which Tuxana remained on *terra firma*, and while her mental processes were still unconfused, a great illumination came to her of many things heretofore mysterious—of the reason for gunnysacks, and why dogs delight to swing from them, and how they are intended in the scheme of things as a training and a preparation for such crises of life as this. And so Tuxana sailed away, hitting the scenery on an average of once every hundred feet. The last I saw of her for that moment was as the deer jumped a log. Her four feet were rigidly extended in four different directions, uncertain as to which one would alight first, and how. And in her soul I knew there was deep joy.

We followed the trail for a quarter of a mile. Then we came to a stream flowing among bowlders. In the middle of the stream and half over a miniature fall lay the deer. Firmly attached to its tail was Tuxana, the bull-dog, her sturdy legs braced back to hold the great weight against the current, her jaws clamped, the water pouring over her flanks. When we approached she rolled her little pink-rimmed eyes at us. In them we read satisfaction with the condition of affairs. She gave no other sign.

We put a bullet through the deer's head, hauled him—and Tuxana—ashore, and set about the job of preparing him for trans-

portation. Tuxana let go with reluctance. It was the culminating moment of her emotional existence. She held herself ready to give any further assistance that might be needed.

The mountain deer is not large, and this was only a spike buck. We cleaned him, cut off his head and hocks, and tied each hind leg to its opposite fore leg. Thus he resembled a rather bulky knapsack, with loops through which to thrust the arms. We fed the "lights" to the appreciative dogs, and then carried the venison to the horses.

The meat supply thus assured, we felt privileged to loaf a bit. About four of the afternoon we used to start out fishing. Roaring River is not particularly well stocked, but we could get a mess, and it was extremely pleasant to make our way through the thickets, over and around the rocky points where the bluffs came down, to the one little spot where the rushing white water paused behind the bowlder. Trout fishing anywhere is one of the best of sports. Trout fishing in the mountains is superlative. The forest trees, the sheets of granite, the rush and boil of the water, the innumerable busy bird voices, the cool high air, all seem to fill the immediate world with movement and bustle; yet you have but to raise your eyes to be calmed by the great snow peaks lying serene beneath the intense blue skies of the higher altitudes. And then quite early in the afternoon the shadows begin to climb the easterly wall; and as they do so, the upper peaks become ethereal, until at the last (after your own little world has fallen to twilight) they glow and palpitate with a pulsating soap-bubble iridescence.

One day it happened that we killed two rattlesnakes, which was quite extraordinary so high in the mountains. The camp-fire talk that evening centered on the reptiles. We swapped the usual yarns and experiences; indulged in the customary argument as to remedies. We told of the chicken which when killed, split, and tied fresh to the wound clung there valiantly for two hours, and then, "black as your hat, sir!" fell off of its own accord. Billy and I agreed that this was marvelous. We likewise gave as his disillusioned opinion that whiskey is not efficacious. Why? Well, he knew of a man who, while very



First they had to skirt the lake and climb slanting up the steep snow bank.



Scouting on a steep slope with a precipice just below.

drunk, was bitten, and who forthwith died. And, of course, in this case the whiskey had a head start on the poison.

"Wes," said I, "did you ever know, in your experience, of a man dying from snake bite?"

"Oh, yes," said he.

"Tell me about it."

"Well," he began, "a friend of Jim Brown's, down in Tulare County, was bit, and Jim told me——"

And that is about the usual answer to such a question. During a fairly extended experience in snake countries I have made it a point to proffer that inquiry, and up to date I have found just three men in whose veracity I had confidence who claim to have seen a man dead of snake bite. Hundreds could prove cases by the next fellow; and I have no doubt that the publication of this will bring forth many scornful expostulants who have seen whole cohorts succumb. But such have been the results of my own careful and extended interrogations.

This does not mean that the rattlesnake does not inflict a fatal bite; but merely that the chances of such a bite, even in a snake country, are exceedingly small. The reptile usually begins to rattle before you are within ten yards of him, and is always more anxious to retreat than to court trouble. When he does not rattle, the

chances are that he is too torpid, either from cold or feeding, to strike at all. Even if trodden on at such a time, his stroke is apt to be feeble and slow. Another element of safety resides in the fact that leather, or even thick clothing, will generally wipe the venom back along the grooved fang, so that even if the skin is actually broken, the probabilities of infection are small. At such a juncture the supposed victim twines himself around the whiskey jug, and passes away in an attack of delirium tremens. Add to these considerations even the ordinary precaution of a sharp lookout and an occasional stone rolled ahead into especially snaky-looking places, and your risk is not worth mentioning.

As I have said, the rattlesnake's main desire is to be let alone. I have killed hundreds, and I never knew but one case of the snake's taking the aggressive—in the sense of coming forth to attack. This was a large diamond-back that had twined himself about the roots of a manzanita. We wanted his skin, and so had spent some time poking at him with a stick, trying to get his head into such a position that a shot at it would not injure his body. Evidently he got tired of this, for after a few moments he uncoiled, came out from his shelter, and advanced on one of us. His mouth was open wide, like the snakes on

the circus posters, his head was erect, and he had every appearance of determination. He advanced straight toward the Tenderfoot, rattling vigorously. That individual promptly stepped aside, whereupon the snake likewise changed his course. This was repeated several times, so that we could have no doubt that he was actually on the aggressive, was actually trying to get at our friend.

Three fallacies on this subject I have often seen printed. One is that a snake cannot rattle unless coiled. He can. I have often seen them moving rapidly across the trail, head and tail both up, buzzing away like an alarm clock. The second fallacy is that he cannot strike unless coiled. He can. I admit that the zone of danger is somewhat more contracted, but it exists. The third is that he *never* can strike more than half his own length. This last is ordinarily true, but it is an unsafe rule to rely on. Once in a deep, hot cañon I dismounted to kill a rather small rattler coiled against a rock. I selected what seemed to me to be a long enough pole, made one hit—and was missed by just about six inches! Now I stood at least five feet from that snake, and he was not over thirty inches long. From him to me was slightly down hill; but the especial point was that the reptile had by the merest chance happened to get a purchase for his spring from the rock against which he was coiled. That was abnormal, of course, but it wouldn't have helped me any if he had landed.

The best way is to give them a wide berth. If you have a rifle and enough ammunition just point the muzzle in his direction, hold steady for a moment, and pull the trigger. You will get his head every time. He will do all the necessary aiming himself, as his instinct is to thrust his head directly toward the nearest dangerous object. If, however, you have no rifle ammunition to throw away, then use your six-shooter. Only in this event you will have to be your own marksman.

It is astonishing how instantaneously the human nerves react to the shrill buzz. A man who has never heard it before recognizes it at once. And the moment the sound vibration strikes his ear-drum—long before it has had a chance of interpretation by the brain—his muscles have accom-

plished for him a record-breaking broad jump.

Late one evening in the southern part of the mountains, Wes and I were returning to camp after an unsuccessful deer hunt. Our way led down a steep slope covered with pine needles. We swung along rapidly, six feet at a stride. Suddenly I noticed just about two yards ahead of Wes, who was preceding me, a rattlesnake crossing our way. My companion's next step would bring him fairly atop the reptile. I yelled, and at the same instant Wes must have seen his danger. His stride did not alter its rhythm, nor did he appear to put forth the least increase of muscular effort. But he fairly sailed into space.

Wes told me another yarn of how he and a young fellow, occupying overnight a rangers' cabin, nearly got into serious trouble.

"I was sitting on a bench," said Wes, "and the Kid was lying on the bunk reading, his head on one hand. I looked up, and nearly froze stiff when I saw a snake coiled right under his armpit, in the hollow of his arm. I knew if I said anything the Kid would move, and that would be about all. And, of course, I couldn't do nothin'. The snake was too close to his body for me to shoot. So I sat there figurin' away to myself; and I guess I must have prayed that was an interesting book. Anyway, finally I sneaked over, and I reached out, and I got that Kid by the wrist he was leaning his head on, and I give him one good yank! I reckon I was so scared I overdid the matter, for that Kid hit so hard against the other wall that it mighty nigh killed him."

Wes weighs about two hundred and is strong as a horse. I did not envy the Kid's predicament either before or after the discovery of the snake.

We told these and other tales about the camp fire. That night Billy, too, had her experience with snakes.

When Billy retires for slumber she wears a sort of blanket robe with a peaked hood, which she pulls up over her head. About two in the morning she awoke with a start, thoroughly convinced that something was wrong. After a moment her faculties adjusted themselves, and she turned cold about the heart as she realized that a snake had crawled into the blanket, and was coiled between her head and the hood.

She did not know what to do. If she moved, even to awaken me, the snake, disturbed in the warm comfort for the sake of which he had made his invasion, would probably strike. The minutes dragged by in an agony. Finally, Billy reasoned that she was doomed to be bitten anyway, and that a bite in the hand was preferable to one in the head, so with a degree of very real courage, she softly inserted her hand in the hood, poised it over what felt to be the thickest coil, pounced suddenly—and nearly yanked herself out of bed by the braid of her hair!*

A week slipped by before we knew it. The only incidents were occasional noon thunderstorms, and the sight of a bear. This I saw, but as a fishing rod was my deadliest possession, I did not get him. A consequent hunt resulted in a yearling cub, which made good meat, but was not otherwise interesting.

At the end of the week we realized that Jenny's legs would not much longer serve as an excuse. So we prepared for our monthly job of shoeing the animals.

If I were the only blacksmith in the world I would charge fifty dollars for shoeing a horse. It is the most back-breaking, tiresome job I know of. We carried the malleable "Goodenough" shoe, which could be fashioned cold; but even with that advantage each animal seemed to develop enough feet to furnish out a centipede. Calamity Jane appeared to look on us as a rest cure. Whenever we got a foot of hers off ground, she promptly leaned

her entire weight on that leg, so we slung her up. Dinkey, with customary maliciousness, tried every mischievous trick to bother us; but we settled her promptly by throwing and hog-tying. To add to our troubles, the punch broke. We had no forge, of course, so we were under the necessity of burying it until red in the hottest fire we could make of cones and pitch-pine, beating it with a hatchet, and tempering it as best we could in bacon grease. After three attempts we made it serviceable and went ahead. But we were mighty glad when the last nail was driven.

There is a finality about the abandonment of a permanent camp to be experienced in no other household removal. You have made this home in the wilderness, and even the short period of your residence has given it an individuality. Now you leave it, and you are absolutely certain that this particular abiding place you will never see again. The moment your back is turned, the forest begins her task of resolving it to its original elements. Chipmunks and squirrels and little birds make away quickly with the débris. The trees sift down the forest litter. Already beneath the soil are germinating seeds which shall spring up to cover the place where your bed had lain, and the very ashes of your camp fires are fertilizing them. Next year you may return to this identical spot. But you will not resume your place in your old camp. A new camp is to be made from new materials amid new surroundings. The old has vanished forever as completely as the smoke of the fires that used to eddy down through the trees.

So when the time came, we packed our animals and hit the trail eagerly enough, it is true, for we were well rested; but a little regretfully also. The camp by Roaring River had been a good camp. We had enjoyed it. And though we knew the voice of the waters would continue to call through the forest, we knew also that in all probability it would not call to us again.

*Since writing the above Pepper has been bitten by a rattlesnake. The reptile struck her just back of the ankle joint. Almost immediately the whole leg and shoulder swelled enormously and became exceedingly painful. I carried her over my saddle for some miles and then went into camp for several days in order to give her a chance of recovery. The poor pup had a mighty sick time of it. The leg and foot were puffed out and as stiff as a club. Of course she could bear no weight on it—in fact the lightest touch to the ground caused her to cry dolefully. At night she sometimes took an hour to lie down. The swelling ran down the left side of her chest in a great welt. At the end of two days the symptoms began to subside with marvelous quickness. By the morning of the third she was as well as ever, and followed me afoot over Shuteye Pass.

(To be continued.)



When the sap begins to climb.

Copyright photograph by Charles H. Sawyer.

DILLON WALLACE IN LABRADOR

A SUCCESSFUL TRIP TO LAKE MICHIKAMAU

BY G. M. RICHARDS *

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



LATE in the afternoon of June 26th we left Northwest River and paddled three miles to the house of a native, Tom Blake, at the foot of Grand Lake.

The following morning, accompanied by Duncan McLean (one of the men who had rescued Mr. Wallace on his previous expedition), we made our real start up Grand Lake.

On the night of June 29th we were in camp on the Nascaupée River, opposite the junction of the Red River, the point where the Indian portage route leaves the Nascaupée. It took us three days to cross the portage—which is five and a half miles long, with a rise of one thousand and fifty feet in the first two miles. We were “going light,” which in our case meant an outfit weighing one thousand five hundred pounds.

With the first hot days of July came the vanguard of an army of winged pests. They at once retreated to the main body with the glad news of our coming, and thereafter we were seldom free from their attacks—flies during the day, mosquitoes at night—which gave us no rest. On the 5th of July we killed the first caribou, and were delayed a short time drying the meat. In the meantime we scouted for the trail to the Crooked River, which we reached on July 13th.

The country between the Nascaupée and Crooked Rivers, which has been devastated by fire, is a series of rolling hills and ridges strewn with glacial boulders, and is extremely rough and barren.

Previous to this time we had had occasional rainy days, but beginning with the second week in July it rained intermittently, with but few exceptions, every day for two weeks. On July 23d, when we were camped on Lake Nipishish, the source of the Crooked River, Duncan McLean left us to return across country to his boat on the Nascaupée. Just two weeks later, after a great deal of portaging and searching for trails, we reached Seal Lake.

The country through which we had passed, although partially burned and very barren, bore everywhere fresh and numerous signs of caribou. On August 5th, as we were ascending the Nascaupée River above Seal Lake, Pete, our Indian guide, killed the second caribou. Our time being very limited, we were unable to jerk the meat, but that night we dried it as much as possible, by hanging it close to a large fire. The Nascaupée River, between Lake Michikamau and Seal Lake, winds its way between steep rocky hills, which, where not swept by fire, support a sparse and stunted growth of spruce and birch, that gradually grows thinner and smaller, and finally stops in a ragged fringe half way to the summits.

On the river above Seal Lake, for about thirty miles, paddling was possible, but the current gradually became too strong, until at last it was necessary to use the tracking lines. In this manner we proceeded: one walked ahead, hauling the line, another waded along shore keeping the canoe clear of the rocks. It was slow

*Mr. Richards was one of the party Dillon Wallace organized for his second venture into unexplored Labrador. At Lake Michikamau, with provisions running low, Wallace divided his party, sending back Richards, Stanton and Pete, and pushing on with but a single companion.—THE EDITOR.

work, and not until August 13th did we reach the point where the Indian trail leaves the Nascaupée, making a second long detour through a chain of lakes, to avoid a series of rapids in the river.

Mr. Wallace, on learning that we had a twelve-mile portage ahead, decided to cache some flour and pemmican, thereby enabling us to travel faster. Accordingly, we cached forty-five pounds of flour and thirty pounds of pemmican. As Easton remarked, "It seemed like burying our best friend." No one, I am sure, expected to see that cache again, for we all hoped to be at the caribou migration, and afterward follow the George River to Ungava Bay.

Crossing the long portage, we came upon a chain of lakes. The trails between them, which have not been used for ten years, became more and more indistinct, until on August 19th we were unable to find any sign of a portage. Our provisions were rapidly dwindling, game was very scarce, and we had eaten the last of the caribou three days before. It was soft and smelled badly, but Pete washed it several times and boiled it with a little pork. It was very good!

No longer having any trail to follow, we traveled as much as possible in a westerly direction, knowing that sooner or later we would reach Lake Michikamau. Occa-

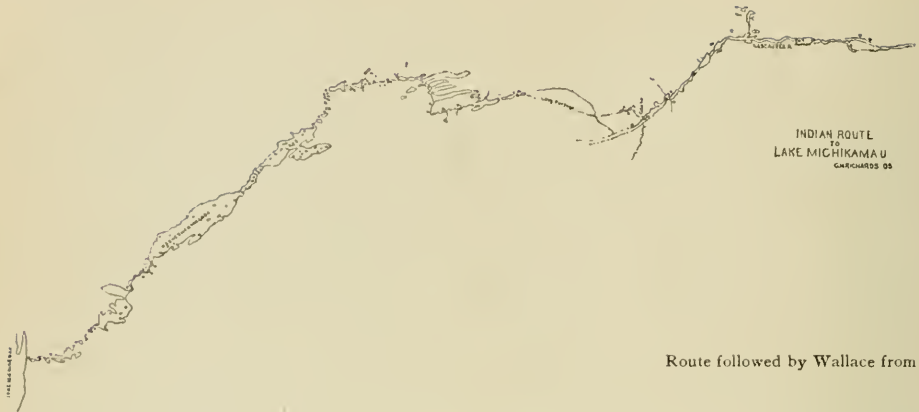
sionally we shot a spruce-partridge or a duck, but they were scarce. Once a loon, now and then a gull, helped out our failing food supply. Owls, however, were our great mainstay. They would fly into camp, perch on a dead tree and wait patiently for some one to shoot them. Thus we continued until August 29th. All that day we paddled on a long lake, which we hoped might lead into the Nascaupée River near Michikamau, but when night overtook us at the head of the lake we were—apparently—as far from our goal as ever.

Our supply of pork and flour was now nearly exhausted; in fact, we had little of anything except the pemmican which had been saved as an emergency ration.

A few miles to the westward of our camping place, there rose abruptly from the comparatively level plateau a high conical hill, commanding an excellent view of the surrounding country. The next day Pete and Easton climbed this hill, returning late at night with the report that Lake Michikamau was twenty-six miles away. The following morning, as we were sitting by the fire after a meager breakfast, Mr. Wallace announced that the party would have to separate. "The success of the expedition demands it," he said. Pete, Stanton and myself were to return to the cache on the Nascaupée, and depend on that to



Stanton, Richards and Pete (left to right), leaving Wallace at Lake Michikamau.



Route followed by Wallace from

carry us to Northwest River Post. By this scheme, Mr. Wallace and Easton would have left sufficient food to enable them to continue across Lakes Michikamau and Michikamats, thence over the divide to the headwaters of the George River—on which stream they hoped to meet the caribou in their annual migration. Near the mouth of the George River is a post of the Hudson Bay Company—once there they would be safe. It was his intention to remain at George River Post until December, when the ice would be sufficiently strong to permit of travel with dogs, and then start for Quebec, following down the east coast of Labrador.

It was decided that we three who were to turn back should leave everything but our blankets at the camp and continue with Mr. Wallace to Lake Michikamau. This we did, and four days later, at noon of September 3d, our entire party stood on the shore of the "big lake," for a sight of which we had worked so long.

That afternoon we divided the food that still remained. Mr. Wallace took seventy-eight pounds of pemmican, twelve pounds of pea meal, five cups of flour, one cup of corn meal, seven pounds of pork, a few small boxes of beef extract and desiccated vegetables, and tea, coffee, salt and crystal-lose. For the return journey to the cache on the Nascaupe River we had twenty-eight pounds of pemmican, some tea and salt.

After breakfast on the morning of September 4th Mr. Wallace read from a little Bible the passage he had read to Hubbard when they said good-bye for the last time. Then we shook hands. Hardly a word

was spoken—for no one could trust himself to speak.

As the two men dipped their paddles and headed their canoe into the north, we who remained shouldered our packs and turned toward home. At the top of the ridge we stopped and watched the little canoe, until it became a mere speck, bobbing up and down on the horizon. Pete turned to me. "Gosh, I feel bad, I almost cry!" he said.

Our canoe we had left thirteen miles from Lake Michikamau, and beyond the canoe, about the same distance, lay the camp, where the greater part of our outfit was cached. This we hoped to reach by nightfall. Pete, who like most of his race was a good walker, started straight across country over hills and through marshes, at a terrific pace, that taxed our energies to the utmost. Stanton soon fell behind complaining of faintness, and we were obliged to stop twice to "boil the kettle."

In the course of the morning we killed two owls and a spruce hen, reaching the canoe at 2 P.M. When six o'clock came, and the sun, a red ball of fire, dropped below the jagged fringe of spruce tops, we were still a few miles from camp. In Labrador, with the sunset comes the cold, and our feet and hands were soon so numb it was almost impossible to hold the paddle. Five days before, at the mouth of a small stream near camp, I had set a net. It was rotten and torn full of holes by the large pike, but we found in it seven whitefish and a "namaycush," measuring thirty inches. Although some of the fish smelled badly, having been in the net some time, they were a welcome addition to our supply.



Grand Lake to Lake Michikamau.

That night, as we lay rolled in our blankets before the fire, the northern lights swept gently to and fro across the heavens, in ever changing hues; from far out on the lake came the mournful, wavering cry of a loon. Pete shivered and moved nearer the fire. "Dat's very bad sign," he said. The canoe was leaking badly, so next morning we gathered some spruce gum, mixed with it a little grease from a pemmican tin, and then melting the mixture in the frying-pan applied it to the canvas where it had been cut by the rocks. That evening we camped on a narrow stream between two lakes, across which we stretched the net. Even before it was made fast I could feel the tug of the fish as they became entangled in its meshes. Making camp was a simple matter, for we had no tent, and tea was the only thing that required a fire. We spread our blankets on the sand near the net, and every time the cork floats bobbed under Pete would jump into the canoe with a shout, and land the fish. At that camp we caught about sixty pounds of fish, principally whitefish and lake trout, though there were a few brook trout and suckers. Of those fish very little was wasted, for we always ate the heads and entrails.

As we wished to save the pemmican until the last, we lived entirely on boiled fish and tea—sometimes varied by an owl, a spruce-partridge or a muskrat—and were soon afflicted with an unquenchable thirst. The quantities of water and tea which we consumed afforded but momentary relief. However, there grew blueberries and moss berries on some of the moss-covered ridges, which made the diet of fish more palatable.

At last, on the night of September 11th, we were once more camped at the beginning of the long portage—and the cache of flour only twelve miles away. For nearly two weeks we had had nothing but fish and meat, and all were looking forward to a taste of bread the next day. Pete was continually talking about bread—"Indian can't live without flour," he used to say. But the next day came, and with it wind and rain. The trail wound in and out among the small spruce trees, like a rabbit track, and across a wide plateau covered with white caribou moss. Walking on that moss was like walking in deep snow without snowshoes. At every step one sank half way to the knee, and the roots of the moss, which were always wet and slimy, caused continual slipping. Pete and I carried the canoe alternately, until at last the wind made it impossible for one man to handle it. Then we were obliged to make two trips on the portage, and when night came we were still four miles from the flour. At one o'clock of September 13th we reached the Nascaupee River and the cache. We at once dug up the precious flour; the bag was covered with green mold and the flour itself was full of great moldy lumps, but when mixed and baked in the frying-pan, "good" was no word for it.

It was late in the afternoon when we started down the river from the cache. The current of the Nascaupee is swift, though only at intervals is there white water, and in forty minutes we had covered a distance that had taken us a day on the inland journey. Every few moments we would pass familiar places, scenes

Pete.

Stanton.

Wallace.

Richards.



Writing letters previous to the separation of the party at Lake Michikamau.

of some little incident weeks before. "There's where we boiled the kettle," Pete would say. "There's where I fell in," laughed Stanton. That night we built our fire by the site of one of our old camps. The sun was just setting on the hills across the river, and the dark green of the dwarfed spruce stood out in striking contrast against the white caribou moss above the timber line. Here and there along the shore the leaves of the gnarled alders showed the reds and browns of autumn. To quote from my diary, "It is a beautiful country—when a man has grub and there are no flies."

As we sat smoking after supper by the charred embers of the old camp fire, it seemed very lonely. "Do you remember the bread we had here, and those caribou steaks?" But the last question was always the same, and no one ever answered: "I wonder where Wallace and Easton are to-night?"

On the 14th of September we had our first snow. All day the storm raged on the mountains, and in the valley the big flakes floated gently down, like a veil of gauze, that dimmed all but very near objects. When we camped, a lone, gray "whiskey-jack" came and perched on a dead branch, regarding us expectantly. But we had nothing for him to eat and he flew away.

That night the snow ceased, the tea froze solid in the pail, and it was cold. One evening we reached Donald Blake's tilt on Seal Lake, a little log shack not more than eight feet square. It was just beginning to snow, so we remained for the night. For supper we made soup of a spruce-partridge, thickening it with a little flour.

Pete had an original way of preparing a partridge for the pot. He never removed the head, and to his mind the feathers evidently contained some nourishment, for he plucked only the longest ones. We had, however, long since grown accustomed to soup with feathers in it—and worse things too. In the shack was a small tent stove that gave forth a cheerful warmth. By the dim light from a bit of candle stuck in the mouth of a bottle, Pete was baking bread.

From the rude rafters hung the traps, light single spring for marten, heavy double spring for the more powerful otter; the large, round beaver-tail snowshoes of the

Montagnais Indian; the long, narrow toboggan made of tamarack, resting on the cross poles overhead, and everywhere the black, wavering shadows, that rose and fell on the rude log walls—all made a picture that one never forgets. When we left the shack next morning, the high mountains that surround Seal Lake were white with snow. This lake is really an expansion of the Nascaupsee River, which leaves it at the southeastern extremity.

On the inland journey, by following the portage route, it had taken us more than a month to reach Seal Lake. We had now provisions that would not last half that time. Therefore, we decided to attempt to follow the river to Grand Lake. At the point where the Nascaupsee leaves Seal Lake the river is one continuous mass of white water, rushing between hills that rise almost perpendicularly on either side. The shore is a tumbled mass of huge water-worn boulders, over which we would have to portage if we would avoid the rapids, so we decided to keep to the water. Stanton walked alongshore carrying the flour, now about fifteen pounds. The remainder of the outfit we tied to the thwarts of the canoe with the tracking line. From the shore Pete and I had planned our course in the river, but following that course we found to be a different matter. There were no rocks to avoid, for the water was deep; but the light canoe was tossed about on the swells like a chip. Each time she came down on the crest of a wave the water poured in over the gunwales. We ran a mile in three minutes, by the watch, and those three minutes were the longest in my experience.

At last as we were passing a shallow place near shore Pete jumped out. I followed, and between us we hauled the canoe, now half full of water, from the grasp of the current. Pete's swarthy face was a dirty yellow color. As for my appearance, if I looked as I felt, it must have been bad. After continuing down the river more than a day, the banks became too abrupt to permit of portaging, the rapids grew worse, and we were finally obliged to retrace our course to Seal Lake; portaging the entire distance over the rocks. We made our fire that night by the mouth of the little river where we had entered the lake nearly two months be-

fore. While Pete was making tea, we noticed a gull some distance away on the shore. At that time our only serviceable weapon was a 44-40 carbine. Stanton stalked that gull with a skill and caution worthy of greater things. How anxiously we watched and waited for the shot. At last it came—and it brought us a supper. One day we killed a muskrat, roasting it Indian fashion on a stick before the fire. Shortly before reaching the Crooked River I was fortunate enough to kill an otter. We allowed him to simmer over night, and although he was very strong, we had two good meals.

our last portage. All day a mixture of rain and sleet had been falling, and when we had shouldered our packs, Pete, who led the way, did not stop once in the five miles to the river. The last half mile was down a steep hill of clay, wet and slippery. Stanton fell, and slid most of the way down, "like an otter," Pete said. The canoe we used as a toboggan, letting it down slowly with a rope.

Our last camp was at Duncan McLean's tilt, three miles above Grand Lake. There we used the last of our flour, salt and tea; we still had part of a can of pemmican, also a porcupine and a muskrat which we



Wallace (in the bow) and Eastman start northward alone.

When we reached our old camp at Lake Nipishish, where Duncan McLean had left us, Pete played his harmonica for the first time since leaving Michikamau. It seemed like old times, yet the country was changed. The little birches that were green then were golden-yellow now; and rocks beneath which the trout used to lurk were high above the water. It was cold and dreary like a December day at home, and as we sat round the fire smoking a mixture of tea and tobacco, our backs chilled while our faces burned.

Late one afternoon we reached the trail leading to the Nascapee River; it was

had killed. On September 25th, the day after reaching the tilt, a heavy wind prevented us from going down Grand Lake. We ate the porcupine, which, without salt, was not very palatable, and passed the time reading the advertisements contained in cans of baking-powder.

The succeeding day, the wind having somewhat abated, we started down the lake. A good sea was still running, and Stanton was often kept busy with the bailing can. The day was cold, with a steady downfall of rain and snow, and we were soon drenched. Several times we landed, built a fire and drank some hot water in



Near Lake Michikamau, where dwell solitude and silence.

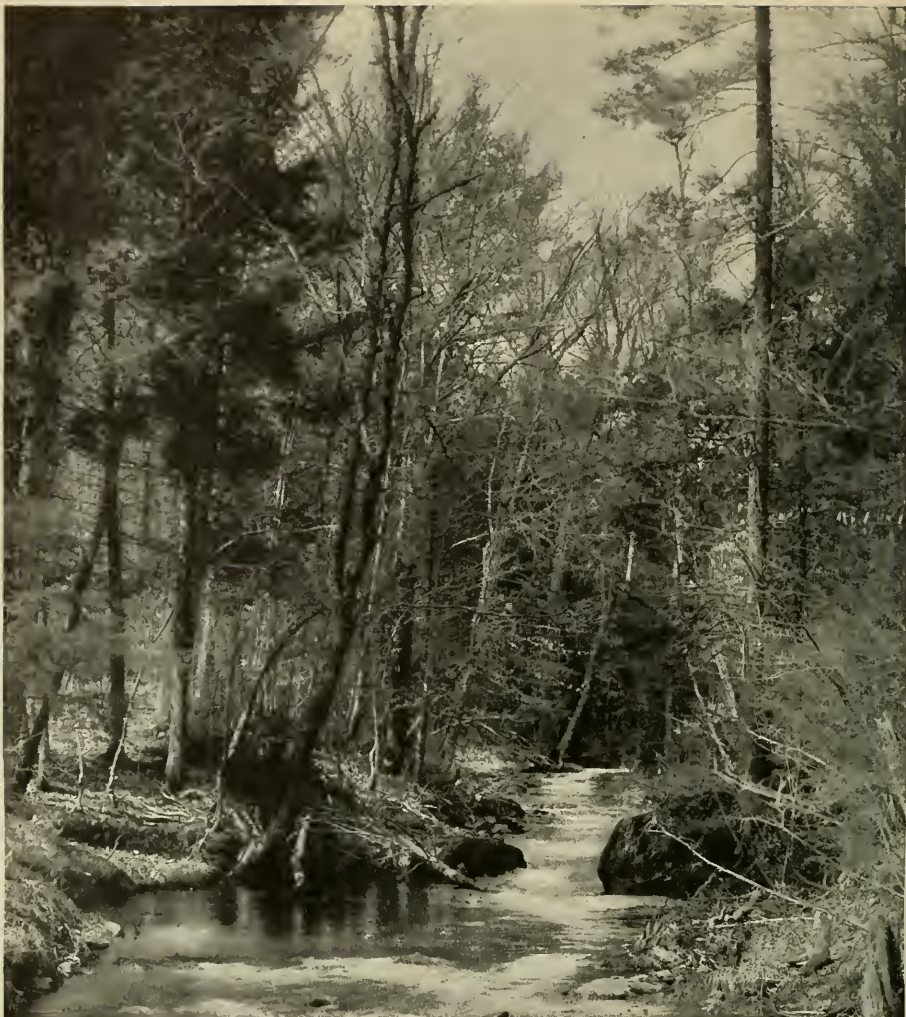
lieu of tea. At noon we divided the last of the pemmican.

It was nearly midnight, when, after forty-one miles of paddling, we reached Northwest River. Everything was dark and still, and there was no sign of life. The row of white buildings loomed up dimly along the board lane leading to the

factor's house. Then Stanton emptied the magazine of his rifle twice in rapid succession. Lights sprang up in the buildings as if by magic; dogs began to howl; men came running with lanterns, and last of all came the factor, who gave us a welcome such as one receives only in Labrador.



The country a few miles east of Seal Lake.



Copyright photograph by Charles H. Sawyer.

“WHEN TH’ FEVER’S IN TH’ BLOOD”*

Ain’t felt right pert fer a week er two;
Been sorter cranky an’ restless an’ blue;
No p’tickler reason, es I ken see;
Can’t find enythin’ specially wrong wi’ me;
Jes’ don’t feel frisky an’ don’t wanter do
A goldarn thing thet I don’t hev to;
Food don’t taste jes’ ’xactly right;
Sleep is kinder broken up at night;
Don’t wanter set still, an’ don’t wanter walk;
Don’t wanter keep quiet, an’ don’t wanter talk;
Nothin’ t’ hinder me from doin’ jes’
Th’ very thing thet ’ll suit me bes’;

* This poem has been carried for some years in the pocket of a friend. If the reader knows the author, we shall be grateful if he will share his knowledge with us.—THE EDITOR.

Yet when I'm doin' jes' what I wanter to,
I find it's jes' what I don't wanter do.

Now I wonder

What's th' matter

Wi' me, by thunder?

'Tain't fever, sure—fer my heat ain't riz;
'Tain't biliousness; ner rheumatiz;
'Tain't my head, fer I think right smart;
'Tain't my liver, ner yet my heart;
'Tain't stomach, ner gout—then goldarn me
'Tain't nothin' at all, es I kin see.
En yet it's somethin'—guess I'll go
An' see th' doctor; he'll sure know.

Seems t' me I remember this very same thing
Come on about this same time las' spring;
An' th' doctor doped me with nasty stuff
By th' gallon, an' I bought drugs enuff
T' start a store; but Lordy, they
Couldn't drive that gnawin' inside away;
Somethin' jes' a-gnawin' at my innards—th' same
Symptoms thet I hed when th' las' spring came.
Gosh! what's th' use o' seein' th' doc?
He ain't got nuthin' et all thet 'll knock
This here trouble thet allus comes
When th' birds all sing an' th' honey bee hums,
When th' ice breaks up, an' th' streams all roar;
An' th' soft air blows through th' open door;
When th' vi'lets come, an' th' grass blades sprout,
An' th' sun gits warm, an' th' buds break out;
Lemme tell you this—when th' world gits green
An' a feller gits ornery, restless an' mean,
Thar ain't no doctor in eny place
Es kin properly diagnose his case.

The on'y cure fer a man I know
Is t' git right out o' th' town an' go
Where th' wil' ducks swarm an' th' geese go by,
An' th' trout an' bass are a-jumpin' high;
Th' on'y thing thet 'll cure him then
Is t' git away from his feller-men,
An' loaf all day by some laffin' stream,
An' fish an' whistle an' sing an' dream,
An' listen t' birds an' bugs an' hear
Th' voice o' th' woods in his eager ear,
An' smell th' flowers, an' watch th' squirrels,
An' cast a fly where th' eddy whirls,
An' fergit that there's cities an' houses an' men.
Fergit thet he's got ter go back agen.
Fergit, when on moss-grown bank he's curled,
Thet thar's enythin' else in th' whole wide world
But jes' him, an' th' birds, an' th' bugs an' things
Thet live right thar where th' wild stream sings.



The Harpy Eagle is a native of the forests of South America, and is the most picturesque and least known of eagles. The only one in captivity on this continent is in the Zoological Gardens at Washington.

Drawing by J. M. Gleeson.

BY STRENGTH OF ARMS AND ARTIE

A SALMON OF THE GRAND CODROY

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

THERE was the river, a stretch of mad water pitching westward among the trees, white where it went roistering among the bowlders, and beyond that a pool, heaving sluggishly and surfaced with brown foam and the threads of working under-currents. High above its chasm reared the Newfoundland hills—hills at a distance of the sheen of crumpled velvet, matchless in their verdant color tones, but a blighted waste of dwarf conifers matted together by the snows and a desperate tangle when one set foot among them. Artie, blithely promising sport, had set a way across the heights, and being to the manner born, had found a path or made it where another might have failed in despair. But sport—sport royal—his exultant promises of fish—big fish—all this and the glamour of scenery waned in the utter weariness of toil. Dizzy with the stress of our journey, I followed on, battling with the pest of flies and ready to cry defeat, while this transplanted child of Hibernian bogs capered upward and onward with the ease of a mountain roe. For one dollar a day and keep I had chartered Artie to gaff fish, cook and keep camp, and beyond this, was more than repaid the royalty in the amusement he afforded. But just now Artie failed to amuse.

“’Tis but the bit of a step foward,” he cried, smiling, and pointed through the trees. “There—there it is!”

The boom of the falls arose out of the glen. I saw the white mist go dizzying over the tops of the trees, and below that sped the river. There it was, sure enough; and ten minutes later I sat by the bank looking out along the rippling current.

This was the Codroy—the Grand Codroy, said Artie, and left me. Mere scenery he held in contempt. “Will yer honor have a fish kilt for dinner?” he called anxiously; “there will be no fresh meat lest ye kill a fish.”

Something arose into the air just then. Against the wet metallic greens of foliage rimming the pool’s oily currents flashed a bar of burnished silver, hung there the winking of an eye, and was gone while the spray drops cast from its side still fell like rain beyond. *Slosh!* Once heard, a sound never to be forgotten! The stirring pool rearranged itself, the circles widening on its breast spread out from bank to bank, and one bubble, like an inverted cup of crystal, drifted away on the blackness and was gone. Yet, with the distinctness of a finished picture, there still remained in my eye the vision of that shining shape arched against the deep green background.

“Hurroo!” yelled Artie; “’twas a fresh fish—did ye see the length av him?”

Gone the weariness now! Gone the last vestige of fatigue from the back-breaking cruise among the hills! I can still remember with what eager fingers I spliced the long wands of the Castle Connell, and rove the line through the guides. One forgets many important happenings of the past, yet I think I shall never forget this or how the dry gut kinked and curled as I strove to bend on the casting line. And when at last I had softened it anew in the spring-hoie at the bank, I still remember how the wings of that Dashwood curled up under the leader’s loop and stubbornly refused to go through. They say that more haste means less speed—the agony of ages sped by till I had rigged both rod and line, and

yet if I had made a botch of it, will not the best of them understand? Then to spur on haste once again leaped the fresh run fish, gleaming like a sword, and as the eddies closed in upon the surging pool, the heavy-topped rod swayed outward and sent the line curling loop over loop across the oily water.

Now the Dashwood is a fly conceived for a purpose. No doubt it resembles I know not what, and its pheasant wing is subtly tied to woo the fickle tastes of its prey. You will not find it on other waters, but in these thin, clear streams it does its work—at the appointed times—where that gaudy courtesan, the Jock Scott, might work its tinsel and bright trappings to a ravel and never gain a response. Upon the black water the Dashwood sank modest and unassuming, yet with a flash of brightness from its slender under-body, set there for contrast. In the brown current it sank slowly, its wings opening and closing in allurements, keeping time to the switching of the rod-tip. Then a sweep of the current carried it away, and above the roar of the falls I was aware of Artie softly creeping toward me, and over my shoulder saw his eyes fixed intently upon the pool.

"Again!" he whispered, when the line had swept through its arc and was hanging somewhere out there in the water far below. So, once again, the Castle Connell's top-heavy tip swished and sent the writhing coils flicking across the eddies. One moment the straightening coils lay limp upon the water; the current caught them, and as the rod bowed to the strain a flash of light danced before my eyes, the surface boiled like a caldron, heaved within itself, and once more sank back into a swift and greasy level.

"Ahr!" cried Artie, beneath his breath, his whisper coming like a hiss; "did ye see the breadth av him?"

"Rose short," I answered slowly, and drew the wet coils through the rings.

Five minutes by the watch we waited, all agog with expectancy.

"Put yer fly beyant—beyant the fish!" begged Artie; "I'd give the price o' five days' work o' wages to see yer honor tied to him! Put yer fly beyant—for the love av the saints!"

So, the five minutes passed, I put the fly beyond, as he begged, and yet without

avail. Once again the line flicked out, and the fly—as softly as a benediction—fell just where that lazy princeling had risen in his play. Close to my elbow stood Artie breathing hard, waiting. "Ahr—the likes av him!—the likes av him! A full thirty pound, I misdoubt!" So passed the minutes, and without avail. The current, slipping past my eyes, lay unbroken and undisturbed, save once when a red fish rolled its length above the water, and settled down loggishly to the depths below. Foot by foot the fly went swinging across the pool, searching out its every corner, tempting and appealing, but only futile. Artie, sighing deeply, went back to his toil, but at the crest of the bank turned with new appeal.

"Will ye but try him wit' a dose av the Silver Doctor?" he called. "Sure, there might be the right taste to his fancy in that!"

So, more to please the anxious Artie than from any bewildering hope of luck, the new fly went on, and with scarce a ripple of that oily depth pitched down in the center of the pool.

Szrr-ee-eee-rr-ee! Giving under the strain, the rod bowed willingly, and the reel, lifting its voice to a scream, spoke deeds as the great salmon swarmed down upon the fly. Then again there flashed itself a picture on my eye—one moment's vision of a crescent shape alive in its sweeping curve with strength and animation; the black waters swirled about, and from the surface shot the fish, throwing itself headlong into the air and mad with the sting of the barb settling home.

"GOT HIM!" I roared; and rabbiting over the bank on all fours came Artie, screaming his exultations.

"Holt tight!" he yelled, rushing to the brink, and then in the wildness of that moment began crooning to our frantic visitant. - For high into the air flashed the bright shape again, and taking line with him, went splurging down the Codroy as if the whole wide sea lay before his endeavor. "Bright Heaven!" murmured Artie, and I saw him start forward, gaff in hand; "ah—glory be!" Once again leaped the fish—the third frantic effort—and though the stout wand gave to the struggle, the line, sweeping across the current, bowed down and wound its bight

across the edges of the sunken rocks below. One convulsive strain—that was the end of it; and in limp, unstraining loops the line came flying home, while the rod, like a spring of steel, straightened back to its length. That was all. The gaff struck ringing on the rocks, and Artie, dejection written plainly on his face, turned and without a word plodded slowly up the bank.

Gone! Mechanically I drew the line through the rings and once more passed a fly back and forth across the pool. But the day, somehow, seemed to have passed. Nor could any fly tempt this first fish or another to leave the black depths below. One fly following another sailed their way through those waters, cruising back and forth, the Dashwood first and after that a procession — Durham Ranger — Black Dose — Fiery Brown — Butcher — Dusty Miller and what-not—as good as Forrest ever tied; and when the double-handed Castle Connell with a kick in its heels had worn my arms to weariness, night drew down across the hills, and there was Artie's fire blazing cheerily.

Dawn came. A milk-white fog lay thick upon the pool, hanging like a rolling fleece upon the current-streaked pool. Night had brought its counsels to Artie, and he whistled cheerily in answer to the coffee steaming loudly beside the blaze. "God save ye!" he cried, grinning like an ape; "when the fog lifts there will be a swate chanst for the Doctor. The bacon's ready!"

Artie, trailing at my heels, swept a hand toward the pool. "'Twill be there," he whispered, pointing to where the current broke V-shape above a big rock lying on the river's floor. "Below that—come wi' me an' look!"

He led me along the bank to where a huge boulder lay sprawling upward at a slant, and swarming up its face, bade me follow. "Look!" he said; and pointed downward into the depths below.

The fog had lifted in a streak; and peering down into the pool's shadowy depth, we saw a slim gray-green shadow like an arrow lying above the stones. There beyond it was another—still more—troops; the whole circle of the pool within our view was peopled with those same half-seen

shapes, heading the current and swaying lithely in its movement. While we looked, counting one by one, a gray shadow detached itself from the river-bed, and gliding upward like a ray of light, broke upon the surface in a mighty splurge.

"Fish an' plenty," murmured Artie, raising himself, and then, prayerfully: "Ah—if we had but a taste of blisshed rain—the taste av a taycup av rain!"

Again I put a fly across the pool, waiting for what might follow. Home again came the line, and flinging lash-wise, worked away a little further on. Over the hills came the sun, pouring down upon the pool, and in its light the gray shapes came and went. To the right and left they arose out of the depths, circling solitary or in schools, and though many leaped on all sides, flying like bolts out of the unseen and falling with their all-resounding *slosh!* not one ventured upward where the fly lay beating its wings beneath the water.

That day Artie's gloom settled itself into a passive silence. No sound left him, but now and then he whistled, taking a plaintive air that came keening with melancholy through the bush.

"In Heaven's name, Artie—stop it!"

"What's thot—the whistle? Sure, that will be but a habit I borried out av the lime-juicers."

"The—what?"

"Bliss ye—the lime-juicers—the deep-sea ships. Be the same token, if they whistle for wint, I'll be whustlin' the while for rain—a spate to bring the fish."

So Artie whistled on, a melancholy dirge enough to have made the ringing, deep-blue skies that were as hard as steel weep for the very sorrow of its plaint. "For but a taste of it—a mere taycup av rain," he pleaded; and perhaps after all it was effort that brought it; for that night the clouds came rolling in from the sea, and at dawn fell the drops tapping upon the leaves.

"Ye'll not gainsay there's fish," said Artie, pleading; "there 'll be fish an' a plenty only if they'll rise. The divvil tempt me if it's fairy tales I tolt ye; for there's fish an' a plenty—only for the takin'—an' yer honor's eyes have seen thim lyin' beyant like a flock in the folt."

Now who could resist his plaintiveness? Once more we went to work, hastening

while the spate was on, and eager to try it while that first inch of rising water was making in the pool. "What fly, Artie?" I asked him, half careless of the answer, for the way the current was boiling downward, growing thick as soup at every fresh downpour, it seemed plausible that whatever was large enough to see must tempt them, no matter what its color. That, of course, providing they would take anything at all.

"Fatherless an' the orphint!" he screamed from the bank, hooting; "t'row 'em yer honor's hat—they'll take that as well as better—or the dish towel if ye mind!"

So, more to please Artie than for any other sufficient reason the Silver Doctor went on—a physician to cure all his woes—and as the line straightened out across the pool, there arose a grilse boiling around it and went away with the reel screaming under my fist.

We killed that small one in the sluice at the foot of the pool; and Artie's language became unfit for the quiet sanctity of the woods about us. For, as he said, "What was the impidence of this herring-like steppin' in, when his biggers an' betters was a-waitin'?"

The spate was on now, and in earnest. On the steps of the pitch above the flood heaved like billows of umber glass, too deep to boil with foam, and pouring downward, drummed over the falls with a deafening roar. Climbing back along the bank, we began anew at the head of the deeper water, tried it awhile without response, and changed again to the Dashwood—the biggest fly in my book—"as big as the fist av ye," said Artie, and worked it down both banks and the middle. But only the labor rewarded us for our pains—a demon of ill-luck dogged us at our heels; and the day in all its dreary downpour passed with no other fortune than a brace of paltry grilse—the first one, and another that came home just as the last glim of soggy daylight snuffed out behind the western hills.

If at first you don't succeed, cries the ballad-monger, sit fast and go at it again. So, with the encouragement of a wet sun peeking betwixt the tatters of the ragged storm clouds passing over, we tried it again on the morrow. All day, that same pro-

cession of feathered harlequins fluttered their finery in and out of the Codroy nooks; once, toward noon, a gray shape uprose and sank back passively—and in this exercise passed that day, the third. Twilight began to droop; the long shadows of the trees trooped across the forest floor, and a bird somewhere in the bush drew from its pipe a note of melancholy that echoed the sorrows of poignant disappointments. "Ye'll not lave off!" cried Artie, sorely, from the bank, when I would have stood that murdering top-mast of a Castle Connell against a tree, and called quits on the day. "Sure—don't be quittin'. Half dark is the time for doin'!"

He came toward me, and together we worked the pool once more—one step forward—cast—one step more—cast again. It had ceased to be a joke, now, whipping the heavy line across its distance; and pains, like the sear of hot iron, shot through my hands and wrists. "For the honor an' glory av God!" begged Artie, intent and forgetting reverence; "dhrop the fly wanst where the water slicks over the tail beyant; an' sweep it rount!"

The Castle Connell, swishing venomously, picked up the strain of the back-cast, and bending like an ash beneath a gale, swept forward, dropping the fly just where the water bent glassily as it poured down into the sluice. One instant the ripples spread apart, the line tautened in the rings; and while the rod was still giving to that even pull came the answer as if to confound us.

For from out of the ripping waters of the slide arose the broadsides of a fish, a glint of burnished armor shining against the black background of the torrent. In the evening's waning light the flat flank and the length and breadth of this stout adventurer were revealed, a shining warrior fresh from the salt and unmatched in bigness and in the power of his onslaught. There were no half-way measures in his coming—the water boiled in his train—no dainty lolling to the fly, but a quick and vigorous lunge that brought him wallowing along the surface, furious in the hunt. One brief instant he hung there, swarming over the fly, and in that instant we took note of the sharp head bent inward searching keenly. Then the eddies went wheeling down the current; and I heard the

Irishman calling passionately on saints never entered in the calendar. For our fish was gone!

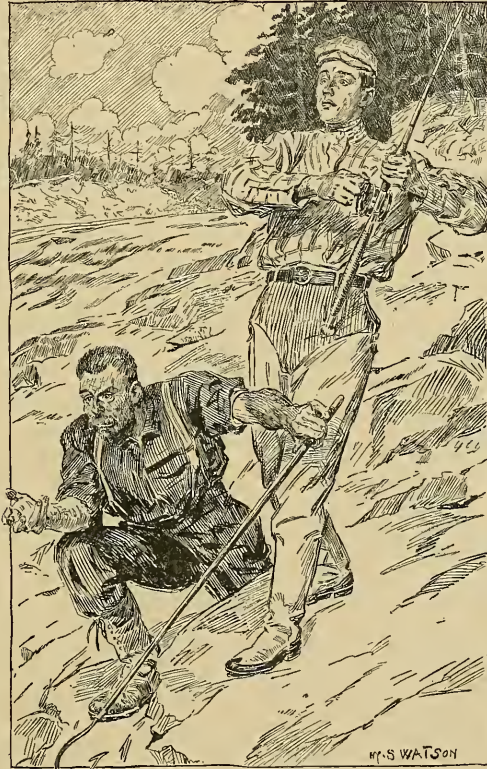
Gone!—not yet! The line was whipping through the rings, the rod arching from butt to tip, and at that, with a sudden shock, the barb shot home.

Into the air he came, all shining from the narrow head of him to the broad and flexile tail; and with a crash smashed down upon the surface of the pool. There was rage—blind rage—fright and desperation all displayed; and before the spray cast upward in that first leap had fallen, again he leaped, hurling himself sidelong from the water. For us—against all this terror of the wild thing—for us there was the play-scene of all our hopes come at last upon the boards; and who could blame if that wild Irishman ran screaming along the bank, a figure of madness capering inanely; or that I followed, heedless, alive only to the screech of the reel and the throbbing of the rod as the frenzied thing hunted escape in every corner of the pool?

By one wild race after another he gained the head of the pool, and there the gushing water quickened him. Flipping once into the air, he turned and came racing downward, coasting the shallows so closely that a furrow trailed high in his wake. Beyond was the sluice he was aiming for; and once within its rush it would have meant only adieu to fish and what part of the tackle he saw fit to take away with him. But Artie, with goat-like bounds, was there before him, yelling to me that could only hang

on and pray that the humming rod would stand it, and line and leader suffer without breaking the killing strain that was put to them. "Holt fast—holt fast!" he yelled; and with that rushed waist-deep into the current and laid about him with the gaff so that the fish, staggered by this commotion, turned again and went streaking it back to the falls. There he leaped once more, but this peril to our cause made only greater the triumph of the fight. The line splitting through the current, the cry of the reel and the quick play of the bowing rod—all this and the plunging of the fish as it fought into the air for its freedom, worked their part; and the Irishman, falling back to my elbow, gasped with excitement, still calling in pity upon the names of his interminable saints.

For thus far our fish had taken full charge of the shop. Once more, as he struck the foam beneath the falls, he flung himself straight into the air, but that was the last of it for a while. With the current behind him, he started back for the sluice; and with what I had seen of that water below the



"There lay the fish, just beyond his reach."

pool, it seemed certain that once over the brink he would return to the sea, perhaps with as fine an assortment of salmon rig as ever went down the Codroy unattached. So Artie thought, too; and bade me hold on again as much as a man might dare and still have hope for his rigging. Sliding through the pool the fish kept on, and the time had come, it seemed, when all the king's horses and all the king's men would not have held him from his will. The Castle Connell creaked in all

its lashings, and the line, set like the wire of a harp, hissed as it stemmed the current—no longer human dexterity might help, but any man's game of pull-devil, pull-baker. Gathering way, the fish started for the sluice, fighting doggedly and snatching at the line like a terrier worrying its leash. "Holt him, yer honor!" cried Artie, desperately striving to get below the fish; and hold I did until the rod cried and the water fell weeping from the over-straight line. But Artie got there first, still wildly waving his arms and legs, and struck savagely at our prize with the gaff. Thus—somehow—he managed to shoo the fish back into safer waters; and while I am not so sure that this was sport, I am reasonably certain of its necessity.

"Back ye go, my laddy buck!" yelled Artie; and drove him into deeper water.

Then came a bitter time; for the fish, as if sulking in defeat, settled loggishly to the bottom gravel, and began chugging at the line. Nor could any strain put upon him keep him from this trick. Artie, shaking the water from his clothes, armed himself with rocks, some the size of his fist and others the bigness of his head, and for a while he played ducks and drakes with our salmon; but not until the Irishman had dropped a slab as large as a platter somewhere in his near neighborhood would he deign to move. Then with another rush he was back to the head of the pool, where, for a harrowing fifteen minutes, the two of us stood over him while he plunged about in circles deep down in the foam.

"I'm dizzy-like," said Artie; "he'll twist off the head av ye like a hoot owl!"

Or so it seemed. We held council of war upon the rock above him. "Pump the daylight's out av him," said Artie, "pump him till he shows. Wanst give me glimpse av him—but wanst!"

So, for want of better plan, the work began to "pump" our fish from the depths upward.

Not sport, perhaps, but necessity. It was cruel work—toil like unto that of the dredgerman. Yet though the rod bent itself till the lashings again creaked omin-

ously and the line, like a wire, hummed in the current, everything held, and the dead weight lying there somewhere in the depths gave, and inch by inch came drifting toward the surface. Once the gray shape showed itself, and then sheered away into the blackness; night was almost at hand, and as we stood there, straining our eyes for another glimpse, up he came and rolled upon the surface.

"Be the Powers!" cried Artie; "the size av him!"

"Steady!" I yelled the warning to him, but might as well have cried it to the winds. There lay the fish, still playing doggedly in small circles and just beyond his reach. Tiptoeing on the edge of the rock, he was reaching for it, the steel hook striking far short of the mark, and at any moment likely to cut the straining line. "Steady!" I roared, and strove to drag the prize within reach. But "Stiddy—the divvil!" he yelled back at me; "I'm dead an' speechless wit' patience o' stiddiness!"

The next instant, with a flying leap, he had left me; and I was treated then to the spectacle of Artie—hat, shoes, clothes and all—landing in the center of the foam, and at the end of that flight, making one desperate claw at the fish with his gaff.

He got him, too. There was a brief and desperate flurry in the center of the boiling waters, and then Artie and fish were whirled away. Something cracked just then—my rod, as I found out later—and the line came back to me, flying limply in my face. But somewhere out there was Artie, and with him the salmon that had come up from the sea.

Is this done on salmon waters? I had never seen it before. Like an otter or a naiad—take your choice—I beheld him arise dripping out of the Codroy, and haul himself over the rocks. There at his knee, slapping him on the legs, was our fish, and when he had laid it upon the stones up-shore, he turned and shook the water from him like a spaniel.

"Sure, yer honor," he said plaintively, "ye took a divvil of a chanst to lose him. I could not be waitin' longer."

OUR IMPORTED PESTS

WEED TRAMPS OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM—THE GYPSY MOTH A NATIONAL MENACE

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

WHEN one considers how many foreign pests there are with which we have to contend, it is easy to fancy that in the days of the aborigines our country lacked little of being a paradise. Certainly the New World wilderness was in many ways most gentle and friendly, and every venturous soul across the seas felt its spell. That such should think they could better their condition by transferring their homes hither is no wonder; but they did not altogether accomplish their purpose; for they brought their troubles with them. The Old World weeds, vermin, predatory birds and insects followed in the settlers' wake, and multiplied and devoured and usurped the land beyond anything ever evolved by the country itself.

These pests seem to be an inevitable accompaniment of civilization. See how the weeds dog the white man's footsteps. Wherever he establishes himself there they go also, and are soon thronging around his buildings and doing their best to choke out his crops in the garden and fields. The farmer is the weeds' enemy, and yet he is at the same time their chief helper. He clears away the trees, lets in the sunlight, and prepares the soil for them, and he aids them vastly in disseminating their seeds, which are always on the alert for a chance to travel. Indeed, weeds are vegetable tramps, and they are on the move along every highway. The seeds are constantly getting free rides on trains and wagons, on animals' fur or wool, and on human clothing. They care not whither they go, if only they go somewhere. Every wind of summer and autumn helps the seeds on their journeys. Many plants have

berries which are eaten by birds, and as most hard seeds are not digested by the birds they are dropped here and there, often a considerable distance from the parent plant. Also, many seeds eaten by horses and cattle are not impaired, and thus find new abodes. Our waterways, too, carry vast numbers of floating seeds to regions which otherwise might long be free from them.

In Massachusetts it is estimated that fully two hundred and fifty weeds foreign to the region have become firmly established. As many more have obtained a foothold, and some of these may at any time find conditions right to spread widely and become pests of the most virulent type. What is true of Massachusetts is true of all our older states, and to some degree of every state.

Strangely enough, scarcely any of our native weeds are especially troublesome. They have very little of the defiant vigor of the foreign weeds, and for the most part are so shy that they go into hiding at man's coming. But the pests from abroad are unconquerable, and what a list there is of them! They abound in our dooryards and along our waysides and in our gardens and fields and pastures. The plantain which springs up so sturdily in our lawns and beside our paths is European. So is the hairy, narrow-leaved plantain or ribwort that infests the grass lands. The dandelion is another imported pest; beautiful and interesting, it is true, but multiplying inordinately and sowing its winged seeds each year over the entire face of the country.

Some of the other importations have in common with the dandelion an attractive-

ness we could ill spare in spite of the trouble they give us. There is the ox-eye daisy, for instance. The gold-centered, snowy-petaled disks are a delight to the eyes; and yet to the farmer their aspect must be decidedly pernicious when he sees acre after acre of his mowing overrun with them. In Rhode Island these daisies were introduced and raised for horse feed about 1820; but they had gained a foothold in some sections of the country long previous. Nor would we wish to spare the meadow-sweet, whose white flower spires crowning the long woody stems brighten our pastures and the wild tangles along the fences. Another flower that would be missed is the yarrow. Probably this was first introduced for its medicinal properties; for yarrow tea has had a very wide repute among the common people. It did not long stay within bounds, but betook itself to the fields and roadsides.

Many others of our "peskiest" weeds are likewise garden fugitives. Among such are the wild parsnip and the wild carrot. The former turns some of the half-neglected spring fields to gold, and the latter snows over a vast deal of grass land in the late summer and early autumn. The parsnip is a degenerate of the plant we cultivate for eating, but the carrot was brought across the ocean for its ornamental qualities; and truly the cobwebby, flat-topped flower clusters spraying the green fields and roadsides are very charming.

On the other hand, some of the imported weeds are decidedly ugly in appearance. There is, for example, the cocklebur from tropical America, that flourishes along our waterways, and which in certain parts of the country is a pest in the cornfields. We might well get along without this big, coarse plant with its spiny, hooked burs that so easily detach after they ripen when one brushes them with one's clothing. A similar pest is the rank, ill-scented Jamestown weed, commonly called Jimson weed. This found an affinity for our climate very early, and was so associated with civilization that the Indians called it "the white man's plant." Burdock is still another big, coarse plant from abroad. You see its clusters of broad, gray leaves in abundance along every dusty roadside. Its only friends are the children, who like to pick the bristly blossoms and stick them to-

gether into rude little baskets and "birds' nests."

The curled-leaf docks and other docks in our mowing that are most prolific and annoying are European. So is the ragged, uncomely black mustard. Across the ocean this mustard is extensively cultivated, and its ground seeds form the well-known condiment. It is also sown for forage and cut before ripe and fed; but here it is a troublesome weed.

The Canada thistle came originally from over the seas. Now its prickly masses are everywhere — along the roadsides, in the pastures and in the cultivated fields. Wherever it appears it comes to stay; for it has creeping, fleshy roots that are constantly sending up new plants, and its plumed seeds are widely scattered by the winds. None of our weeds is more difficult to eradicate. Of course the scythe, or the plow and hoe, if kept to the work, will finally conquer; but the most effective method is to put on leather gloves and pull up every plant that thrusts above the surface. Even then you cannot hope to kill the pest in less than two seasons.

Still more serious is what is called the Russian thistle, though not really a thistle at all. This has overspread a vast amount of territory in the upper Mississippi Valley with its big, branching, thorny plants. It was introduced into South Dakota about 1874 in flaxseed from Russia. The rapidity of its spread and the thoroughness of infection far exceed that of any weed known in America. It takes possession of waste lands to the exclusion of all other plants; it is a destructive weed in the grain crops, and the sharp spines are an irritation to both men and horses working where it grows. In Russia there are large areas near the Caspian Sea where the cultivation of the land has been abandoned because of it. Each plant forms a dense, brushy mass, often four or five feet high. In November, when the plant dies, the wind breaks it off near the ground and it is blown about as a tumble weed, scattering seeds wherever it goes. It may roll all winter and retain some seed till spring. The damage it has done our grain already runs well up into the millions of dollars.

An imported scourge that is becoming more and more common in the East is the hawkweed. In blossom time, when it is

ablaze with its brilliant orange and yellow flowers, it is very handsome. One of its popular names is the "Devil's Paintbrush," and this is well merited, both by reason of its fiery colors and because it is such a serious annoyance to the farmer.

Among the commonest of our garden and field weeds are shepherd's purse, chickweed, sheep sorrel, purslane and quick grass, every one of them European. The shepherd's purse is so persistent in appropriating land intended for other purposes that it has won the nickname of "pick-pocket," and this name might nearly as well be applied to the rest of the list. The chickweed prefers ground that is shady and damp; but it is quite capable of overrunning with its thick matting all our garden soil, wet or dry. The sorrel frequently almost monopolizes certain tracts of ground, spreading both by rootlets and seeds, and reddening the fields where it abounds with its tawny blossoms. The purslane or "pusley," as it is commonly called, promptly makes its appearance every midsummer in the cultivated grounds, and grows marvelously. It takes but a few days, if neglected, for the low, fleshy, wide-spreading plants to cover the earth out of sight. Nor will an ordinary uprooting kill it. There is so much stored moisture and vigor in its stout branches that it can usually make a shift to survive until its roots get a fresh grip. The expression, "as mean as pusley," shows the farmer's sentiments with regard to it. Worse still is the quick grass. This has many other names, such as witch, twitch, quack and couch. Well down out of sight it elaborates a tangle of long, running, jointed root stalks that are most tenacious of life, and every separate joint is capable of sustaining existence on its own account and thrusting up a green shoot to the air. In England the peasantry go over the plowed ground with forks and pick out the roots, pile them up and burn them. Here we do not take that trouble, but keep up an endless and often losing fight all summer.

Another familiar field pest is the pigweed or amaranth. Both varieties, the smooth and the rough, have come to us from tropical America.

Just how the individual weeds get here is not usually known with certainty. The ways are many. Sometimes the seeds

come with importations of commercial seeds, sometimes are introduced with nursery stock, sometimes are in the fleeces of sheep and goats, or the hides of animals, brought from abroad. Hay, too, furnishes an excellent medium—not only the baled hay, but that which is used for packing crockery and glassware. Again, plants are imported for beauty of blossoms or foliage, or because they have food value, and presently they escape from cultivation. Thus our purslane was brought from England in 1672 and cultivated for greens. Likewise, our ailanthus tree, much planted in towns, was brought from China on account of its virtues as a shade tree. The long pennate leaves are indeed handsome, and the appearance of the tree attractive; but in villages and on the farms it is a nuisance. The blossoms are offensive in odor, the sap sticky and disagreeable, and the tree multiplies by seeds and root stalks beyond the power of most property owners to control. Many a person who has bought the ailanthus from the nursery stock agent as the "Tree of Heaven," has found it a veritable tree of Hades.

Still another instance of foreign beauty, which, brought here, has proved a plague to us, is furnished by the water hyacinth. This was imported from South America to the St. John's River in Florida as an addition to the stream's charm. It grows in water without attaching itself to the bottom, and the rosettes formed by the leaves sometimes rise two feet above the surface. The plants increase amazingly in number and accumulate in great masses along the shores. Frequently they form obstructions extending entirely across the river, through which not even paddle steamers can penetrate.

As with the weeds, so with the lesser animals: the worst of them are imported. Our American rat is in the woods and rarely seen, and our native mouse is hardly less shy; but the European rats and mice are with us indoors and out in ravenous hordes.

How inoffensive, too, are our native birds as compared with the English sparrows. What persistent, prolific creatures these sparrows are. You can destroy their nests, you can poison them and wage war on them in any way you please, and yet they continue to thrive. Between 1850

and 1870 importations were made from time to time to about a dozen of our Eastern cities. Usually the birds came a few pairs at a shipment, but there was one lot of a thousand liberated in Philadelphia. Since these beginnings the sparrows have rapidly spread until now no portion of our domain is free from them. They were brought originally to fatten on the insects which preyed on our city shade trees, but their taste was for food of another sort.

"I remember," said John Burroughs to me recently, "that I first saw the English sparrows in Jersey City about 1866. They were scratching around in the streets, and I said to myself, 'What in thunder are those birds?' Soon they were in Washington, where I was then living, and I noticed a boy one day with a sling shooting them. I wanted to call the police. 'They'll be exterminated,' I thought, and that'll be too bad.' But I didn't know them. A few years ago a friend of mine shot sixty sparrows one after the other from a single nest, and the survivor of the pair always found a mate. As the shooting continued the birds got cautious, and would skedaddle as soon as they saw him; but they finally raised a brood in the nest."

The sparrows do not now seem as threatening a nuisance as they did at first. Nature has furnished checks, and there are probably less of the sparrows than there were a decade or two ago. They are essentially a town bird. The country does not furnish sufficient food in winter and is too cold. They are seed eaters, and the droppings of grain-fed town horses have been their chief dependence. With the introduction of electric cars and automobiles this source of food has been diminished and has tended to cut off the sparrows. Then, too, the hawks have come to understand them, and now often hover around the cities in winter to pick them up.

Our climate is our chief safeguard against pests of this sort. Indeed, it is so trying to the wild creatures that the chances of our having such invasions as have occurred in Australia are very small.

Another bird we would do well to be on our guard against is the mina, a native of India. It is vigorous and prolific, a poor songster, drives away other birds, and is fond of small fruits. It has been introduced into Hawaii and has overrun the

islands. Yet, as an offset to the evil charged against it, we must credit it with being a greedy consumer of insects. Perhaps its worst fault is the assistance it gives to the spread of the lantern shrub, which was brought to the islands in 1858 by some one who was attracted by its pretty blossoms. The berries proved to be very much to the liking of the minas, and by them the seeds have been distributed broadcast over much of the island territory. In places on the mountains the lantern forms impenetrable thickets, and when it once gets possession of pasture land it is very expensive to exterminate.

A mistake similar to that we have made in our importations of birds is the introduction of foreign fish to our watercourses. It would have been much better to have left the German carp in their native country. Their coarse, sweetish flesh is far from good eating,* and they crowd out more desirable fish. Thus, in the Hudson, they root around and eat the shad spawn, and while the carp increase, the shad become fewer and fewer. Similarly, the German trout, though they multiply and thrive in our mountain streams, drive out our own trout, which are decidedly more delicate and palatable. All fish are cannibals, and our fish are simply devoured by these hardy foreigners.

We have always had insect pests from the days of the first settlers. The New England pioneers found native insects to contend with when they arrived, and the seasons of 1646 and 1649 were put on record as "caterpillar years." But our most threatening foes have been imported. One of the worst is the San José scale, introduced into California about 1870. It has since spread to practically every state in the Union, killing nursery stock, fruit trees and even shade trees of large size. Yet so comparatively harmless was it in its native environment that several decades passed before we learned authoritatively that it came from China. Its increase at home was doubtless restricted by certain parasites; but our importations did not include the beneficial agents.

At least two imported pests make serious inroads on our cotton crop. One of these,

* Approximately forty million pounds of this fish are marketed, of which eight millions are used in New York City.—EDITOR.

the cotton bollworm, or Southern army worm as it is sometimes called, came to us from South America and began to be troublesome more than a century ago. The damage it does averages over ten million dollars annually. During a season there are from four to seven generations produced; but it is the broods of late summer that are the most numerous and voracious. The caterpillars then hatch in such multitudes that they defoliate whole fields in three days, and then swarm elsewhere in search of more food.

A still worse nightmare is the boll weevil, which has within a few years come into Texas from Mexico. It has already invaded one third of our entire cotton-raising area, and it does twice the damage in dollars that the bollworm does. The weevil is a little bug with a long snout that it uses in eating a cavity into the fruit of the plant. In this cavity an egg is deposited which soon becomes a grub. The grub begins eating, and the cotton boll is ruined and later falls off. As in the case of the bollworm, there are several generations in a season. With both these pests the most effective remedy is to mature the crop early. By early planting of early varieties and by the stimulus of fertilizers and frequent cultivation, most of the crop can be made safe before the pests are numerous enough to do serious damage. But with the rather easy-going farming habits of the South, most planters will probably long continue to take their chances, and the ruin will continue.

When the elm tree beetles arrived on our shores from their native Europe, and we saw the leaves of our great trees full of holes as if riddled with small shot, we were ready to say, "Good-by, elms." Many schemes were evolved for fighting the beetles, good, bad and indifferent. One man sold a remedy which consisted of certain poisonous salts that were put in a hole bored in the tree trunk. The poison was expected to rise with the sap to the leaves and kill the beetles and larvæ that fed on the foliage. The most effective treatment was spraying; but nature presently developed some enemy or distemper, and the beetles to a large extent disappeared.

In the spring of 1897 several residents of Somerville and Cambridge, Massachusetts, found a strange caterpillar feeding on

the new leafage of the pear trees. It proved to be the larvæ of the brown-tail moth, one of the most notable and ancient of the Old World pests. Investigation showed that it was imported on rosebushes brought from Holland. The first outbreak covered only a few square miles, but it yielded a swarm of moths which were distributed over a wide territory by a gale that chanced to blow while they were flying. Since then the pest has gone over a large section of New England. The moths show a preference for pear trees; but apple, elm, wild cherry and white oak are also very commonly infested, and other trees suffer to some extent. The eggs, laid in July, hatch the following month, and the young caterpillars, feeding in a mass, soon begin spinning their winter web. The web spinning consists of drawing together a number of leaves and fastening them in a close cluster with tenacious silken strands. In this domicile the caterpillars, about one-fourth grown, spend the winter and emerge with the first spring leafage. As soon as one tree is stripped they march to another. Besides the damage to the trees, they make themselves exceptionally disagreeable by the power their hairs have to produce a severe and painful nettling when they come in contact with human flesh. Some people are affected more than others, and there have been cases of serious illness from this cause. The hairs apparently are not poisonous, but very brittle, and every hair has many barbs along the sides. Whether one comes in contact with a caterpillar or with hairs blown by the wind, the flesh is easily pierced and the hairs get broken up and are extremely irritating. The brown-tail moth seems destined to give serious trouble over a large portion of the country, and whoever finds it in his neighborhood should understand that the simplest and cheapest way to combat it is to cut off and burn the winter webs. In Germany, France and Belgium the law compels property owners to do this; and if they neglect the work, it is done by the local authorities and the expense added to their tax levy.

In many respects the most threatening of all our imported pests is the gypsy moth, in fighting which the state of Massachusetts has expended one million dollars. It was brought to this country about 1868

by Prof. Leopold Trouvelot, who hoped to cross-breed it with the silkworm and make the latter more hardy. He was living at Medford, Massachusetts, only a few miles from where that other scarcely less serious pest, the brown-tail moth, was introduced. His specimens were on a bush in the yard, which was carefully enveloped in fly netting, but one night a high wind tore the netting, and some of the prisoners escaped to near-by woodland. They soon became acclimated and multiplied, and by 1888 the plague of the caterpillars had become notorious. In 1890 the state began work against the insect, and this work was continued for ten years. By that time the number of moths had been very much decreased, and the damage wrought by them was comparatively light. Those in charge of the work claimed that if the fight was continued for a series of years with sufficient but decreasing appropriations, they could utterly exterminate the pest. The legislature, however, would not spend more, and since then the moths have increased and spread till the most that can be hoped is to keep them from going farther and to mitigate the evil in the regions already infested.

Undoubtedly the creatures are a national menace, and an appeal for aid has been made to the government at Washington; but the limits of the plague are at present so local that the aid was not granted, and the state has again taken up the work. At the same time very large sums are being expended by municipalities and private citizens. The caterpillars are most omnivorous and indiscriminate feeders, and they will go through the orchards and woodlands and strip almost every tree. They have their preferences, but they are not at all insistent. Sometimes they attack garden vegetables, flowers and shrubs, but this seems to be the result of chance forays, where tree foliage has failed, and such damage has been and probably will be very limited.

There have been times in the past when the gypsy moth caterpillars have done very disastrous work over vast areas in Europe. They are a real calamity wherever they appear in force; for unless they can be routed the woodland is doomed.

They eat bare both the coniferous and deciduous trees, with perfect impartiality, and the former die as the result of a single defoliation. The deciduous trees put forth fresh leafage after the caterpillars have finished their summer eating; but this fails to nourish the twigs properly and make new, mature wood. The trees are weakened, the attacks of bark beetles and borers invited, and few trees will survive stripping three years in succession.

Fortunately the female moths do not fly, and this has a tendency to prevent the rapid spread of the pest. Yet its diffusion is not dependent on the few rods the caterpillars may crawl. They have a habit of spinning down from the trees, and often catch on the clothing of persons walking beneath, or on trains, automobiles and electric cars. Thus they are often transplanted considerable distances. In one instance, at least, the pest is believed to have been carried to a new region intentionally. It is understood that the progenitors of the colony now devastating the parks in Providence, Rhode Island, were brought thither by a moth fighter who adopted this method of revenging himself for being discharged by those in charge of the suppression of the moth.

In combating the moth, effective work is done by searching out the egg clusters in the fall, winter or spring and dabbing them with a brush dipped in creosote. When the caterpillar time approaches, the infested trees are banded loosely with strips of burlap. Under these strips the caterpillars gather in the early morning and can then be destroyed by hand. Spraying and other special methods are also used. Various insects, parasites and birds prey on the caterpillars and moths; but thus far no enemy has developed to prevent the ravenous hordes from increasing. Not only do they lay bare and kill the trees, but they invade the houses, and property owners where the pest is well established are almost in despair. I suppose Nature in the long run may be depended on to suppress or mitigate the plague; but Nature has plenty of time. She is never in a hurry; and meanwhile there is no knowing what mankind may suffer.

THE BUILDERS

BY RALPH D. PAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

CHAPTER II

THE LAST OF THE OPEN RANGE



THE Nogales *Oasis* of a recent date contained this paragraph, which may be called an Arizona obituary:

"The round-up in the Oro Blanco country last week was like a funeral

procession. Even the horses knew there was something wrong, and went about their work with a shameless lack of spirit. Occasionally an outlaw cayuse would throw up his head and emit a loud horse laugh. Men who for years had ridden the range with the dash of centaurs and a bearing of defiance to all the world, sat as still and stiff in their saddles as mutton-chopped Britishers, and with faces as solemn. For there was not a gun or a holster in the outfit. The edict had gone forth that round-ups would hereafter be regarded as public gatherings, and the law of Arizona forbids the carrying of weapons at 'public gatherings.'"

Such signs of the times confirm the common impression that the cow man of the "open range" is a part of a picturesque American past, a lost hero with a vanished occupation. It is true that in the Southwest the barbed-wire fence has almost wiped out the characteristic life of the old "cow outfit." The empire of Texas is already checkered with grazing ranches, some of them hundreds of thousands of acres in area, but nevertheless they are pastures, privately bounded and owned. And the cattle towns of Texas, Arizona, Kansas and the "Indian Nations" have

been invaded and filled with a new prosperity by the prosaic farmer, the manufacturer, and the small rancher.

The era when half a million long-horned cattle drifted north every year to the Dakotas and Montana, convoyed by an army of the finest horsemen the world ever saw, was long ago wiped out by the railroad. The time when the Texas steer roamed as free as the buffalo, and the men who rode with him knew no law nor boundaries save those of their own making, will never come again. They belonged with the earliest stage of civilization. It was inevitable that on the heels of the nomad, pastoral age of this country's growth should follow the agricultural.

But it is not true that the open range has wholly vanished. Its life still runs wide and free. The heroic bigness of it, however, is to be sought no longer in the Southwest, where the cowboy has been most often framed in story. He is making his last stand in northern Montana. If you lay a ruler across the map of Montana, east and west, from Fort Buford to Fort Benton, it will not cross a town in a line three hundred miles long. If you run the line north and south, say midway between Malta and Glasgow, from up on the Canadian boundary down almost to the Yellowstone, a stretch of a hundred and fifty miles will be covered without finding a settlement big enough to deserve a dot and a name on the map.

This is, roughly speaking, the country of the last great open range in the United States. Its area is greater than the combined extent of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey and Delaware. It is not so thickly populated that men are in danger of jostling one another.

It includes, for example, Dawson County, which is bigger than the state of Maryland. There are two million people in Maryland; there are twenty-five hundred in Dawson County, Montana. While one hundred and sixty persons inhabit the average square mile of Maryland, every man, woman and child in Dawson County has five square miles.

Valley County covers more real estate than Connecticut and Massachusetts. The two New England states have about four million population. Valley County holds the magnificent total of forty-five hundred people, including an Indian Reservation in which you could lose the state of Delaware.

Three things have kept this range open into the twentieth century: the climate, the grass and the lack of population. But the climate and the soil, which supplies the finest grazing in the world, are the factors that are bringing so swift a tide of population into this country that the finish of the old-time cattle man and his methods is plainly in sight. Even now he is making ready to quit. Within the next three or four years the surviving "outfits" will have shipped their last cattle to market from the open range of northern Montana. The march of civilization which overtook them in the Southwest was delayed a few more years up in the North, but its vanguard is closing in from all sides. The final "clean-up" is now in progress.

I counted myself as rarely fortunate in being able to witness both the old and the new conditions as spread out side by side. On the one hand were the wagons of the round-up camp and the white dust clouds that marked the "cutting" of the herds; on the other a meeting of farmers to discuss with the engineers of the Government Reclamation Service irrigation plans whereby scores of thousands of acres of grazing land were to be watered and planted in hay, wheat and alfalfa.

The dusty, sweating cowboys, picked survivors of the lost legion, some of them looking back to a quarter century of life on the open ranges, were being driven from their last battle ground by the plodding farmer in overalls and straw hat who preferred raising grain to raising hell.

The "cow punchers" were reading the handwriting on the wall. Those of a prudent habit of mind had begun to pick up

their own bunches of cattle, and to stock small ranches scattered here and there on both sides of the Missouri. Some of them were even making desultory studies of the hitherto despised agricultural outlook for an honest man unafraid of toil. Others were planning to return to their native Texas, and with their old employers look after the modern steer that is "raised by hand" in a pasture and wintered on hay and alfalfa.

It was indeed a meeting of old trails and new, a cross-section of America in the making even more sharply contrasting than the panorama of the North Dakota prairie, as described in the opening article of the series of "The Builders."

The history of the Northern range throws back to the end of the Civil War, when the plains of Texas were covered with millions of cattle for which there was no outlet to market. The rapid settlement of the Middle West created a demand for these Texas herds, and a trail was opened into Kansas. Besides finding a new market, it was discovered that Southern cattle wintered in the country to the northward gained in weight and fatness at an amazing rate. Nature favored breeding in Texas, where in good seasons almost every cow had her calf, but beef cattle grew lean and rangy. Therefore they were sent north to fatten, and the trail of the Texas cowboy gradually extended up into Montana and the Dakotas.

He found a country favored above all others for making big, fine cattle of his angular Texas steers. The buffalo had learned this centuries before, when it chose this area for its winter and summer pasture. As the buffalo dwindled the cattle increased, until in the greatest year of the "drive" nearly a million cattle were moved across country from Texas, and with them went four thousand men and thirty thousand horses.

This was in 1884, by which time the buffalo had vanished from the range. Its bones were being gathered and shipped for fertilizer by the carload. It has been estimated that before 1890 the bones of seven million buffalo had been shipped from points in North Dakota alone. The range was swept clean for the cattle man. The Indians were rounded up on reservations. The settler has steered clear of

these vast Northern plains, which were believed to be too arid for farming. But the buffalo grass and the blue-joint supplied not only rich grazing in summer, but standing hay cured by nature that sustained cattle on the range through the blizzard-swept winters.

As the railroad crept north and south, the Texas outfits trailed part of the northward journey and shipped their steers over the remainder of the distance. Year by year as the trail shortened and the railroads extended, the "drive" dwindled, until the steel highway stretched from Texas to Billings, Montana. But the cattle continued to stream north by the all-rail route, and this movement has been in full tide for more than fifteen years. From thirty to fifty thousand cattle of one brand were thus transplanted to be "finished off" for market on the Montana range.

North Dakota has become covered with wheat, which has steadily moved westward, eating more and more into the open range. Already the wheat has spread a hundred miles west beyond the climatic limit assigned it ten years ago, and now irrigation has joined forces with "dry land farming." Another reason for the downfall of the "cow man" in Montana was his own shortsightedness in failing to safeguard his future. His herds must have water, and the range is useless without it. The outposts of the farming and ranching invasion got possession of the springs and water holes, by purchase and homestead right.

But away with these epitaphs and this death-chant of the cow puncher! He was still on the Montana range in all his glory last autumn, and there is work for him to do before he has rounded up his last beef herd in this fenceless land of billowing plain, butte and mountain, in the crystalline air of this illimitable out-of-doors. Three big outfits, a dozen to twenty men to a camp, were slowly working in from the Little Rockies, when a Great Northern express dropped me off at Malta, a famous old cow town, which is still busy and occasionally even tempestuous. So simple an act as swinging off the platform of a sleeping car was to step into a different world of men and conditions from that left behind.

On all sides of the little town lay the glorious sweep of untamed country. To

find another railroad to the northward was to ride a hundred and fifty miles to the Canadian Pacific; to find a railroad to the southward meant as long a ride to the Northern Pacific. On the edge of the town a freighters' outfit was making ready to pull out four days to a camp near the Little Rockies. Ten horses led the string of laden wagons, behind which trailed the covered chuck-wagon, equipped for sleeping and cooking, for there were no hotels on this route.

The boss and his two helpers were wrestling with a broncho which, until this ill-fated day, had never felt a harness across his back. He was needed as an off-wheeler, and he had to go. He fought like a hero possessed of seven devils, and three men toiled for an hour to get him into the traces and to keep clear from his infernally active heels.

At length his nine comrades jumped into their collars, and the rebel simply had to go with them. He lay down and was dragged on his ear until his addled wits perceived there was nothing in this sort of mutiny. He rose and slid stiff-legged until, outnumbered, outvoted and outgeneraled, he surged into the collar like a thunderbolt and thereafter tried to pull the whole load, in the vain hope of tearing something out by the roots.

The long string of horses and wagons wound out into the open country, and in a little while dipped across a grassy undulation and was gone. A swirl of dust marked its progress for several miles,—this plodding caravan, with its tanned and bearded men, unlettered and slow of speech, used to living out under the sky, seeing few of their kind. It was thus the pioneers crossed the plains a half century ago.

Akin to this episode in its portrayal of conditions which are all but crowded out of this twentieth century, was the aspect of the plain that rolled sheer to the horizon from another side of Malta. Fogged in white alkali dust, five thousand cattle were eddying and drifting into scattered herds. They were not grazing at random. Along the fringes of the piebald masses mounted men were outlined at rest on the crest of the rising ground, or racing headlong into the dust clouds.

What looked like confusion was system,

skill and daring. Nearer vision showed the cow punchers at work "cutting" the cattle for shipment. They were in the midst of the fall round-up. As with a drag-net, plain and coulee and butte and river bottom had been swept within a hundred mile radius to sift out and bring in the steers that were ready for market.

Fat and sleek and "rollicky" from the summer's grazing, the cattle were hard to handle. It was a field for the display of the craft of man and horse. These were no farmers transformed into cow hands by the gift of a rope and a pair of "chaps." Almost every man had been bred in the business from boyhood. A big steer bolted from the ruck, and shot across the prairie, tail in air. There streaked after him, hell-for-leather, a wizened man half lost in a pair of "chaps" with the fur on. He wore a pair of goggles and a little beard which was white, not all with dust. Old, but spare and sinewy, riding his cow-pony like a wild Indian, he might have stood for a picture of "The Last of the Cowboys."

The runaway steer could not move quick enough to dodge the wise pony and the dare-devil rider. When the fugitive had been turned after a breathless chase, the old man galloped back to search out another steer with his brand on its flank somewhere in the smother of cattle and dust. He pulled up to wipe his goggles, and the wrinkled parchment of his swarthy cheek confirmed the surmise that he was a veteran of the veterans.

"I guess you won't find 'em riding much older than me," he said. "Most all the old-timers on the range knows Doc Thompson. I began punching cattle in '72 and I'm still hard at it. I'm too old to learn a new trade. When this range is cleaned up, I reckon I'll have to try what I can do riding herd on a cabbage patch or a likely bunch of potatoes."

His very fashion of "cutting" cattle showed that he was an old-timer. Everything was done with a rush and a hurrah. His pony was either at rest or on the dead run. There were no half-way measures. When he picked out a steer he went after it on the jump, nor thought it worth while to reckon whether he ran a pound or two of beef off an animal, so long as he got there in a gorgeous hurry. The golden age when he helped "shoot up" towns for di-

version had passed. But in his impetuous manner and his reckless riding there was the flavor of the ruder time that bred him and his kind.

Of a sterling type, but less flamboyant, was the dark-visaged, black-mustached foreman of the Milner outfit, "Bill" Jaycox, than whom you must travel far to find a better cow man. Before some of the precocious wizards of finance who dwell in Eastern sky-scrapers were weaned, he was outfitting pack trains for troopers of Uncle Sam, who were fighting Indians in the Bad Lands and along the Missouri. He used to break in and outfit the creaking trains of bull-carts that trailed out of Fort Benton when it was *the* city of the Northwest, and the head of navigation on the Missouri. He rode the trail with herds of Texas cattle moving to the Northern range ahead of the railroad. He has a wife and babies and a ranch tucked away in a smiling Montana valley, and he will be ready to quit the range "when the range quits him."

"Bill" Jaycox and his comrades are of a kind bred wholly by American conditions, whose like will not happen often on the farms and in the cities that will cover the ranges they rode. Such old-time cow men as these are vanishing exemplars of the gospel of elemental manhood, standing on its two feet, wholly apart from the complex scheme of existence which hems in its neighbors. The destiny of the farmer is coupled with the factories that turn out his tilling and harvesting machinery. The sailor is helpless without steam in the boilers, and firemen and engineers in the hold. But give the cowboy his horse, his saddle, his slicker, his rope and his six-shooter, and he will do his work, man to man, asking no odds. He is crude and he must go, but he is honest and brave and loyal, which qualities are not guaranteed by such trumpeted factors of "progress" as electricity, telephones, and great life-insurance companies.

From sunrise to dusk the three outfits outside of Malta sifted the uneasy herds, stopping only at noon to ride back to their camps in the hills, eat dinner, change horses and return to their task. Shipping could not begin till next morning at daybreak. Therefore, when the sun dropped low in the cloudless sky, the herds moved slowly toward the nearest water



The people who are settling the open range.

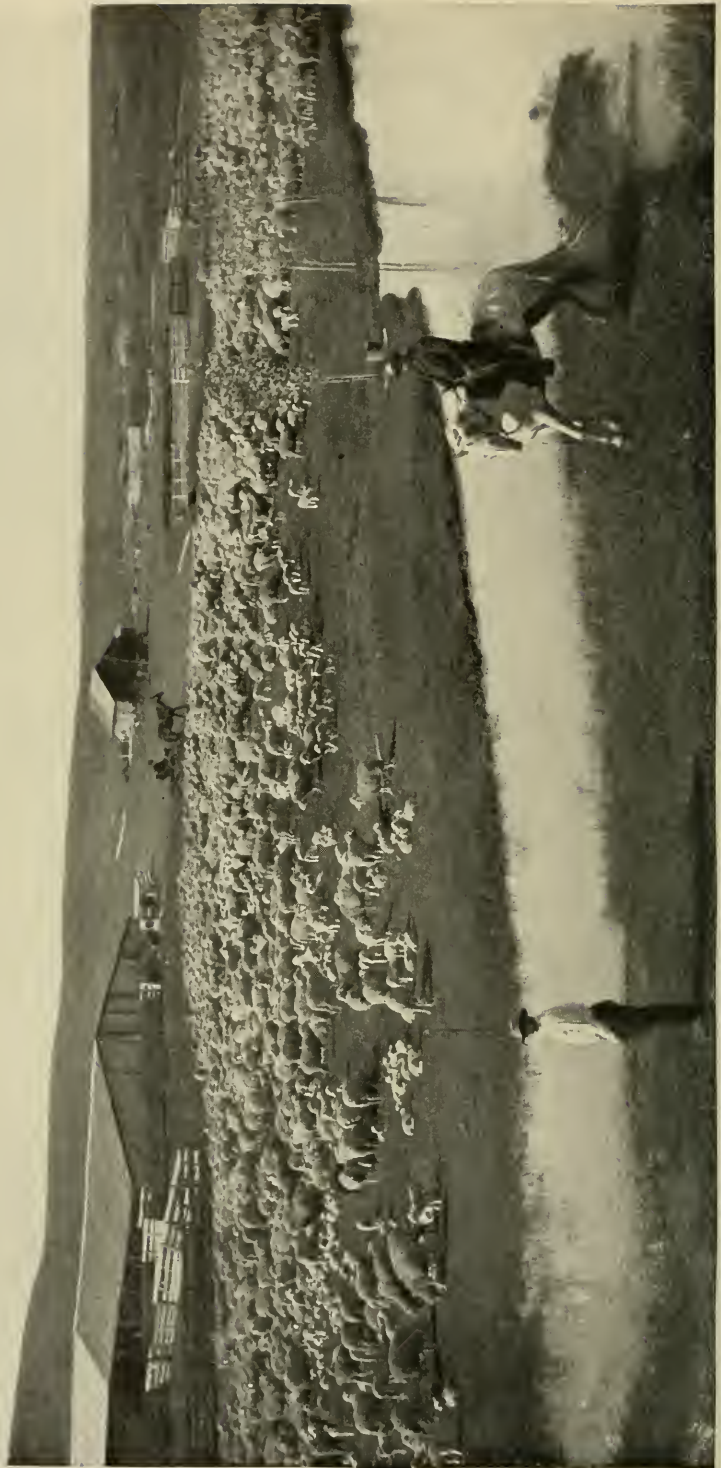
hole, and the weary outfits scattered toward their camps.

One bunch of cattle was waiting its turn for water, and two men were left as the first watch of the night herd until they could be relieved for supper. The spare, bent figure of old "Doc" Thompson, on his motionless pony, was outlined against the reddening sky. In front of him were the quiet cattle, beginning to "bed down" on the grass. The pose of the old man as he dropped forward a little in his saddle,

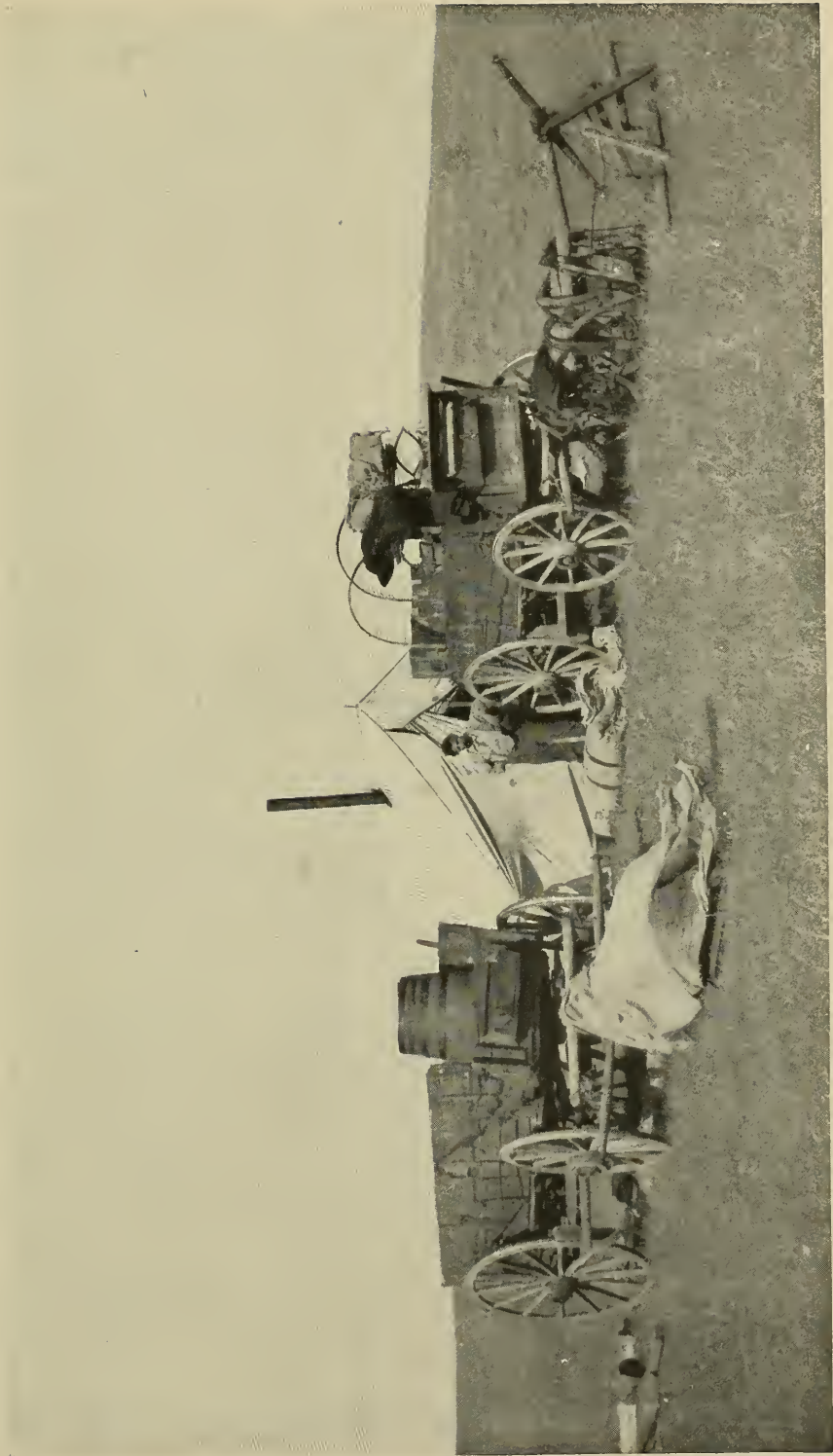
his hands clasped on the horn, held a certain indefinable pathos. He seemed to signify more than merely a cow hand tired after a day of hard riding. The passing of the virile and rugged youth of the nation was suggested in the silhouette he made against the sunset sky. Then the roar of a train came over the plains. Its lights went by like shooting stars and vanished in the paling west. The spirit of the new civilization was sweeping across the last of the open range.



It took three men to get this broncho into harness.



A Montana sheep ranch of to-day.



A cow camp on the fall round-up in Montana.



Pioneers in the wake of the cowboy.

That night the cow punchers took possession of Malta. They had been three weeks on the round-up, and they rode into town like homing pigeons. It may cause disappointment to record that while a considerable amount of whiskey was absorbed, nobody was killed, and most of the bar-room lights were intact at midnight.

A group of cattle owners planted their chairs on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. Every man of the half dozen counted his cattle by thousands in Texas and Montana. The least prosperous of the company could have rounded up a million dollars' worth of beef on the hoof if he were put to it. But you could not have found among them all a grain of the "bluff" and money worship and straining pretense that surges nightly through the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria.

After a while there joined them a stocky man whose garb was not only careless, but seemed to speak of poverty. A dusty handkerchief was around his collarless neck. His shapeless trousers were tucked into dustier boots, and his slouch hat looked as if it had been stamped on by a cayuse. His manner was almost shy, as if he were nobody and he were painfully aware of that depressing fact. After he had passed on, one of the group carelessly observed:

"Of course, I naturally despise sheep. But the sheep man is ace high in this country. We're all back numbers. The cow man is in the discard for fair. Look at Ben Phillips, there, who just loafed up. He has *some* cattle, and he shipped fifteen hundred head this year. There's between sixty and seventy thousand dollars as his cattle rake-off for the season. But that isn't a marker to what he's doing with sheep. Why, his wool alone will fetch him a hundred and fifty thousand dollars this year. And he has ten thousand lambs. There's twenty-five thousand more. I figure that his cash income this year is well past the two hundred thousand dollar mark. Isn't that enough to make you sore on sheep men? He carries about seventy-five thousand sheep, he tells me. He has forty thousand acres fenced for them on one range. And I remember when Ben Phillips moved from the Judith Basin to the north side of the Missouri eleven years ago with less than ten thousand sheep."

A cowboy came out of the nearest bar-

room, flung a leg over his pony, drove home both spurs and clattered up street, whirling his rope and singing at the top of his lungs. One of the owners was moved to remark with a reminiscent chuckle:

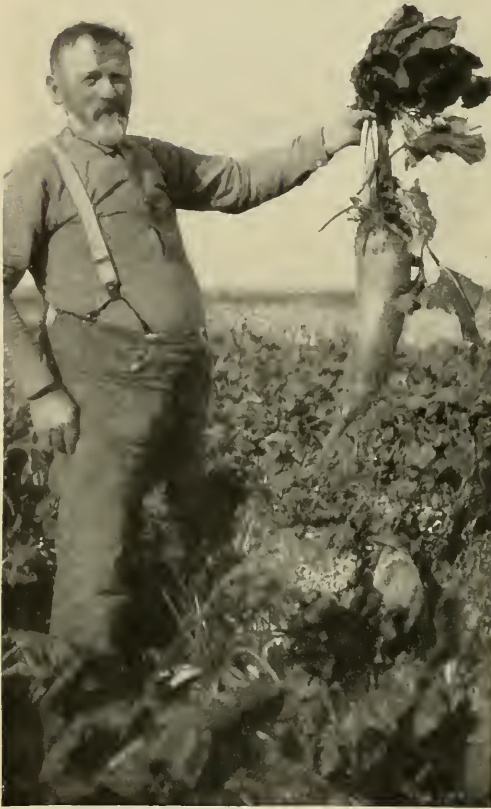
"It seems tame in Malta, but it's not so very long ago that Jack Teal held up the whole town for half a day because his feelings had been hurt. Before the hotel was built we stock-men used to sleep in a log house, in a line between the row of saloons and the dance halls. This put us under a cross fire, for the cow punchers in the saloons had a cheerful habit of emptying their guns at the dance-hall windows and *vice versa*. I was writing letters one night when my foreman came in and said:

"'I hate to bother you, but Jack Teal is getting mad, and he says he's liable to be real mad if things go on. As he's in the saloon just in front here, I reckon you want to know when to dodge if the shooting gets wild. Jack does some seem irritated. A sheep herder accused him of stealing a bundle of coyote pelts. And Jack didn't like it of course, and to show his contempt for sheep men, he up and bit off the sheep herder's ear. Another sheep man chips in to help his partner, and Jack sails in and bites off *his* ear, to show that he is more contemptuous than ever. It does look to me as if he might get real mad after a while.'

"The foreman had made a conservative report. Jack was 'getting mad.' Three soundly whipped sheep men were wiping the blood from their features, and starting out to swear out a warrant for Jack's arrest. They were gone for some time, but were unable to find a marshal or deputy daring enough to arrest Jack when he was 'irritated.'

"Whereupon, the justice of the peace, a strapping big Scotchman, said he'd serve the paper himself. He collided with Jack, and when the smoke cleared, Jack had justice on the floor badly battered.

"It must have been about this time that Jack decided he was 'real mad' over the way he was treated in Malta. He rode out to camp, no one venturing to annoy his sensitive temperament as he galloped through the street. An hour later I rode out to camp with my foreman. The moonlight was bright, and about half way we met Jack coming back to town. He was



The invading farmer and a sample beet.

about as alarming a sight as I ever bumped into. He had it in for the wide, wide world, for he reined up twenty feet from me, threw down his Winchester, wobbling it square and fair at my manly chest. His finger was fooling most carelessly with the trigger as he remarked with deadly deliberation:

"I ain't quite sure whether I ought to kill you or not."

"He thought I was coming out to arrest him, and we argued the point for several minutes, while that fool gun was held on my heart. At length Jack let the gun drop with seeming reluctance, and rode on to town. There he proceeded to shoot at every head that showed. The stores and saloons put up their shutters and all business was suspended. Jack took a commanding position in the main street and

put in several enjoyable hours taking pot-shots at every man who dared emerge from cover. Malta was put out of commission. Tiring of this amusement, or running out of ammunition, he rode back to camp.

"I met him next morning, and he looked mighty ashamed of himself. I gave him the devil of a lecture, not so much about his general line of conduct, as his shocking practice of biting off the ears of people who disagreed with him. He took it to heart and promised he would never do it again, and he kept his word. I asked with some indignation:

"What did you mean by holding me up, the best friend you've got?"

"His only comment was eminently characteristic:

"Well, you stood it damn well, Mr. Milner."

An owner from Texas was moved to contribute another tale of recent life on the Northern range.

"When I go to Chicago or New York it's hard for me to realize that things have not quite simmered down to the trolley and asphalt pavement stage of life out here on the old trail. For instance, there was the round-up of the 'Dutch' Henry gang of rustlers and outlaws only four years ago, when 'Leather' Griffith and his posse lay fourteen days in the hills just north of here,

trying to catch the outlaws that were hiding somewhere in there. It was in the dead of winter, and some of the sheriff's outfit started in such a hurry that they had nothing but their blankets. They slept in the snow with their saddles under their heads, until it was figured out that the ranchmen in the hills were passing information along to the rustlers, being scared to death at the name of 'Dutch' Henry.

"If the word was being passed along ahead of them, there was no sense in the posse's staying out any longer, so 'Leather' Griffith called them in. But he left two good men behind, George Bird and Jack Moran, who stowed themselves away in a coulee and came near freezing stiff. But the trick worked. The word went through the country that all the sheriff's outfit had gone into Glasgow and Malta.

"After two or three days, Bird and Moran rode down to the nearest ranch, and kept their eyes peeled to see that nobody broke out to carry information to the rustlers. An old man and a boy were the only people living at the ranch, and the two visitors told them they were out looking up some stray horses. The rancher welcomed them, for he was in fear of his life, and wanted protection against the rustlers. It wasn't more than a day before the boy came running into the house, and told the two deputies that one of the 'Dutch' Henry gang was coming in, Carlisle, he thought his name was. From description, Bird and Moran sized up the stranger as Jones, one of the most desperate men of the gang, although they could not swear to it. However, the visitor walked in, taking it for granted the coast was clear, and bumped into the two deputies, whom he could not quite make out. He was suspicious, and they were alert for the first move in one of the most remarkable plays ever pulled off in the West.

"These three men ate supper at the same table, chatting pleasantly, but all hands were keyed up for action and ready for the curtain to go up with a rush. The evening passed without incident. The deputies knew that if their man was Jones, the slightest bungle meant a killing.

"There was only one spare bed, and without remark the three men took off their coats and boots and piled in together, three in a bed. They lay awake all night, side by side, touching elbows, each listening for the slightest movement made by one of his fellows. Each man had his six-shooter under his pillow, his hand on it all the time, it's safe to gamble.

"This was a situation hard to beat in any novel you ever read. The pull on those three sets of nerves must have been trying, but nobody batted an eyelash, and the trio got up, washed and sat down to breakfast. Now this Carlisle, or Jones, sat at the head of the table. At his right was the

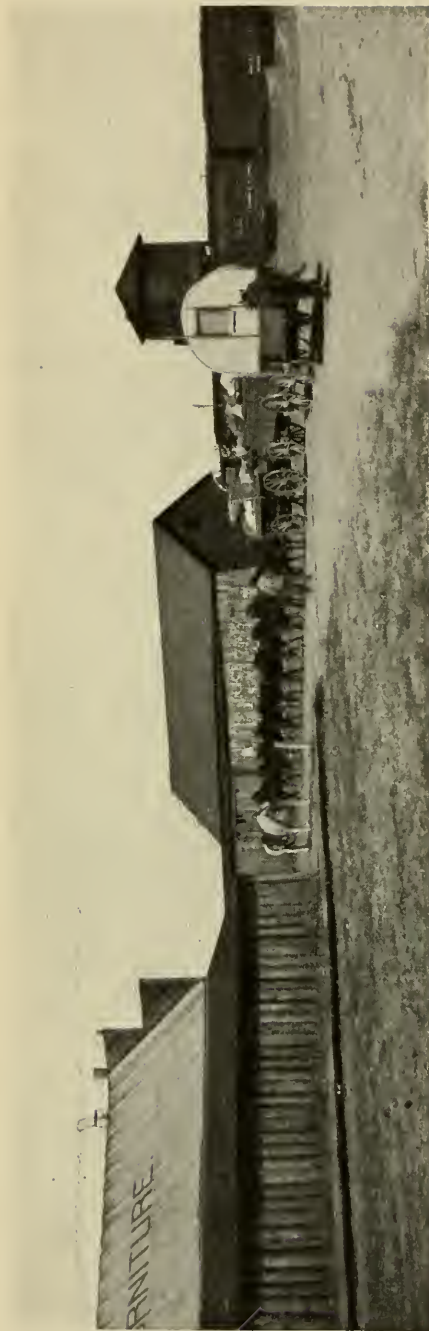
old rancher, at his left was the deputy, Moran, and at the foot of the table was the boy. Bird offered to wait on the table and nobody kicked, so he passed dishes and did not sit down.

"Something was about due to drop. Men can't stand that kind of a strain forever. At last George Bird staked his life on one throw, and you can bet he had figured it pretty carefully during his wakeful night. He had it mapped out that while the outlaw was mighty suspicious, he wasn't quite sure, and that the quiet and easy twelve hours he had put in with these genial strangers had him some puzzled in his mind. This was what Bird banked on, he having a keen set of mental works for a deputy.

"He sauntered over to the wall, took a bag of tobacco and papers out of a pocket



The vanishing redman as a cow puncher.



An old-time freight outfit that still survives in Montana.



Old-time cow punchers who are making their last stand in Montana.

and began to roll a cigarette. This move turned his back square toward Jones at the table. The other deputy sized up the situation out of one eye, but kept on absorbing bacon and beans as if there was nothing doing.

"Now follows the part of the play that interests me most. When Bird deliberately turned his back on the outlaw, and Moran didn't even look up, Jones figured it that no man really gunning after him would give him a chance like that. Bird walked back to the table, then turned again, went over to his coat, fished out a match again with his back to the outlaw. Moran kept on chatting easy and calm, while his partner stood looking out of the window and lighting his cigarette.

"But as Bird turned toward them, he made a lightning swoop with one hand and caught up his Winchester carbine that was leaning against a cupboard in that corner. This was what he had been aiming to do all through this tobacco and cigarette play.

He threw the carbine down on Jones almost with the same motion, and told him to throw up his hands. The outlaw made a motion to pull his gun from inside the waistband of his trousers, where he had tucked it for breakfast. But Bird was too quick for him. He shot twice before Jones could get his six-shooter into play, and the outlaw fell off his chair against the stove with one bullet through his head and another through his lungs. Before he died, he muttered:

"I slept in the same bed with the ——, and they shot me down like a dog."

"His gun had dropped from his hand, but with his last gasp, so Moran told me, his right forefinger was twitching as he tried to pull a trigger that wasn't there."

Next morning we rode out to a cow camp among the hills after the shipping was over, and the "rollicky" Texas cattle and the more unruly natives had been driven into the stock-pens and up the shutes to the waiting cars. It was good to lie on the grass near the cook's tent and the chuck-wagon, and watch the cow punchers come in from their hard and dusty task. Now they would ride the range again for two weeks, "making the circle" to round up more cattle to be driven in for shipment. Two hundred picked horses grazed within sight of the camp, to keep fifteen men in

fresh mounts during their long circuit of several hundred miles after the scattered herds that were roaming at their own sweet will.

The cook was a man of infinite resource, whose thatch had grown gray with cow outfits from the Rio Grande to the Canadian boundary. When he snatched a quiet hour in the early evening to join a group of cow punchers spinning yarns of other days, he was reminded to recount as follows:

"Some of you remember that fiddle-player over on the N-Bar-N Ranch? He's horse-wrangler for the Lazy S outfit now. Yes, that's the man. He rode past here yesterday, but he still looked sore and wouldn't stop. The boys were sure annoyed by his fiddle-playin' that time. He would sit around the bunk-house, 'wee-waw-in' and 'wee-wa-in' at all times of the day and night. He was just learnin' and it was torturin'. The rest of us got so it was more tryin' on the nerves to be dreadin' that fiddle, not knowin' when it was due to break loose, than to listen to it when it did happen. To get rid of this painful suspense, we worked out a scheme which was laid before the fiddler somethin' like this:

"Here's what you can do. Figure out just how long each day you've got to practice to become a virtue-oso. If it's an hour, all right; if it's two hours, all right. But pick your spell, and name the hour of the day and stick to it hereafter. That gives us warnin' when to look out for it, and we won't be settin' around in a state of nervous panic and gettin' cases of the horrors. If you don't like this, then your fiddle is smashed over your head, pronto."

"The fiddler didn't like it, but he studied a while and said he needed two hours a day to keep his hand in.

"All right," says the gang. "It's a tough proposition, but if it's two hours, she goes."

"Right on the first day all hands got sore on the bargain, but the word had been passed and we stood pat. This locoed fiddler 'wee-waw-ed' for a while and then asked how long he had been playin'. 'Half an hour,' said the man that held the watch.

"He started up again and fiddled a while till his arm got tired, and then he laid down and wanted to quit.

"One hour," said the time-keeper. "Keep

her goin'. We're makin' good on our end of the bargain. You can't lay down on your end of it, not on your life.' The fiddler grunted and cussed some, and sailed in and 'wee-waw-ed' most mournful for half an hour more. Then the boys broke loose and renigged. They simply couldn't stand it any longer, for they saw that there would be no livin' through the winter with a bargain like that. So they grabbed Mr. Fiddler and strung him with a rope around his feet to two bull-rings about eight feet up on the wall, and left him, head down, to think it over, hopin' that if all his brains rushed to his head at once, he might get a gleam of horse sense and quit his vicious habits.

"He wriggled quite violent, and finally managed to climb up his leg and get a knife out of his belt. Without carin' for consequences, he cuts the rope and drops on the back of his neck with a thump that shook the buildin'. He was fightin' mad when he come to, and he makes such a rash play with his knife that the musical festivities over at the N-Bar-N wind up for good with one man settin' on the fiddler's head, another on his stomach, and a third whalin' the fiddle into toothpicks against a post."

Other days in the open range were made bright in memory by long rides over

the crisp, brown buffalo grass; and other nights were enlivened by stories of a life that is almost gone, as told in the blankets around the camp fires. Then the scene shifted to another kind of life which seemed tame and colorless by contrast, but in which can be glimpsed, not the past, but the future of this North country.

In Williston, North Dakota, just beyond the Montana boundary line, I found the men who stand for the new order of things. Some of them were dressed in khaki, leather puttees and campaign hats, with a military smartness of bearing. They were not army men, but the scouts of the peaceful invasion that is crowding back our dashing heroes of the lariat and the branding iron. This engineer's party of the Government Reclamation Service had come to discuss with the people of that region an irrigation project involving forty thousand acres of lands now used for wheat-growing and grazing. The gathering was like an old-fashioned "town-meeting" in New England. A hall was filled to overflowing with farmers and townsmen who pressed around a table on which was spread a map of the near-by country. Leaning over it was the Supervising Engineer from Washington. The proceedings were in the nature of a heart to heart talk between Uncle Sam and his children.



The freighter and his "chuck-wagon."

The paternal government was willing to advance the funds needed to increase the value of their lands twenty- and thirty-fold if a fair bargain could be struck with the owners. This was a minor project compared with the greater irrigation schemes in progress elsewhere in the arid West, but it was no less significant and interesting. Impressive facts, arrayed in terms of millions of dollars and acres, make rather bloodless reading, unless you can get behind them at the men and women concerned, whose essential joys and hopes and sorrows are little different from your own. Therefore, this little assemblage in a small town of the Northwest appealed more to the imagination than the sight of some stupendous masonry dam impounding Heaven knows how many millions of gallons of water in a corner of the Arizona desert.

Here was a handful of hardy-looking men, just plain American farmers, who had won their holdings from a wilderness and carried their burdens without help. They were hoping for a verdict which would increase the value of their land from five dollars to one hundred dollars an acre. The Government proposed to lend them nearly a million dollars without interest to put the water on their land. They must agree to repay the loan, twenty dollars for each acre, in ten yearly installments. It would

be easy to pay this from the greatly increased production. You would think that these farmers of Williston would jump to grasp such a magnificent benefaction. The Supervising Engineer looked up from his map and said:

"It is the wish of the Government that these irrigated lands shall be cultivated to the best advantage. It has been found in other reclaimed areas that eighty acres is as much land as one man can make highly productive. It is probable that the future will show forty acres to be the most effective farming unit."

The postmaster replied in behalf of his fellow-citizens:

"We are the fellows that suffered the hardships to get and keep our land. We came into this country as pioneers, and settled it, and we have hung on by the skin of our teeth through thick and thin. We deserve all we can get. Most of us have quarter sections, and we think we can handle our hundred and sixty acres and make money on the deal. It would not be fair to cut us down to eighty acres. The smaller the farm the more settlers will come in, that is true. But let *us* have the benefits of the irrigation project. We are used to big farms. We need lots of land. But the main question is, do we get the water?"



The new generation at the county fair.



"Doc" Thompson, the veteran cow puncher, one of the last of his generation.

"Right here is where I draw cards," he shouted to a friend. "I found a vein of coal while I was riding range. I made my location and I'm surely in on the ground floor. The pumping plant to lift the water from the Missouri and put it on the bench lands will have to be staked out near my land. And I'm the boy to supply the coal. Here's one cow man you punkin-rollers can't put out of business."

In the heart of the Montana range is the Milk River Valley, a land of fertile farming soil three hundred miles long and sixty miles wide. Most of it was an Indian reservation until fifteen years ago. Since then

Thus spoke the independent American to his government, sticking up for what he believed belonged to him. The bigger question at stake was whether the government would approve the general project? This was what these people were breathless to know. Think what it meant to them. Sure crops, certain incomes, so swift an expansion of settlement as would read like a fairy tale in any other country, every man's possessions swelled thirty-fold by the stroke of a pen in the hand of the Secretary of the Interior. After all, this meeting was as dramatic, in its own fashion, as the fall round-up a hundred miles away. The Supervising Engineer announced with dignified deliberation:

"In behalf of the Reclamation Service, I have decided to recommend the Williston project to the approval of the Secretary. His word is final, but we have gone over the ground very thoroughly, and I see no reason why you may not expect a favorable action at Washington. Your co-operation, as shown by the contracts signed, makes this a most promising undertaking."

There was much shaking of hands and a few cheers. A lone cow puncher on the sidewalk, who had seemed lost in such company, let out an exultant whoop.

it has been opened for settlement, and among the earliest pilgrims of the plow was a colony of Eastern farmers who founded the town of Chinook on the Great Northern, and spread around it along the valley. Upon this empty piece of cattle range has grown a town of two thousand people, with brick blocks, two school buildings, three churches and three hotels. Its business contributes a quarter of a million dollars a year in freight receipts.

Chinook is an important shipping point for cattle and sheep, and the cow puncher and the shambling herder with his faithful dogs mingle in the streets with the farmer who has brought to town a load of beets or alfalfa seed. The Chinook farmers who flung this outpost into the middle of the open range did not wait for Government irrigation projects. They sturdily banded together, men and teams, dug their own ditches, and made land that had been worth a few cents an acre to the stock men, yield from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a year in hay, wheat, fruit and alfalfa.

They showed what could be done with the sleeping resources of the Milk River Valley. Now the Government is planning mightily to reinforce the work they

so manfully began, and irrigation projects have been surveyed which will sweep twelve thousand square miles into the golden zone of cultivation. The future will see more than a hundred thousand families, each with a hundred and sixty acre farm, filling this Milk River Valley from end to end. In this one corner of the state of Montana irrigation will increase the value of these open grazing lands more than fifty million dollars.

Montana will continue to be one of the greatest of the live-stock states. But the cattle will be found in small bunches as a part of the diversified farming interests of ranches on these reclaimed lands. Montana has only 1.7 inhabitants to the square mile. Its arable lands are greater in extent than those of all New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware. More than half the state is Government land, open to home-

stead entry, of which almost twenty million acres have never been surveyed. It raises more wool and sheep than any other state, its copper mines are the richest, its cities are growing with immense vigor and solidity, yet it is an empire in its infancy, which is to be conquered and possessed by the people from the older country to the eastward, where the hunger for land and homes will increase with each new generation.

The alarmist swears the country is going to the dogs when a few rascals in high places are exposed. But he does not know, or he pays no heed, when ten thousand honest men quietly go forth to build their homes in new places, and thereby clinch just so many more rivets in the keel of the American Ship of State.

As the frontier passes, the nation waxes stronger and more unified, and the right arm of the Future is strengthened to deal with the problems that vex the Present.

(To be continued.)



Cattle owners of the open range.



Galloping in to the nearest station with Death close behind.

Drawing by R. Farrington Elwell.

THE STORY OF THE "OVERLAND MAIL"

WRITTEN FROM DATA FURNISHED BY
R. F. ELWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY R. FARRINGTON ELWELL

ON the seventeenth of May, 1859, Denver turned out to welcome the first through coach of what was destined to grow into the "Overland Mail," an enterprise which, for sheer American pluck and daring, must be forever linked with the fame of the "Pony Express."

Red shirts drifted to the outskirts of the hamlet and dotted the hills around. Hard-faced bar tenders made ready for the "hot-test night that ever tore this camp loose." The artillery of holster and saddle-boot was unlimbered for an ecstatic fusillade. There was lively betting in dust and nuggets that the first through stage had been gathered in by Indians, with takers as eager to stake their faith that the scalps of driver and guard would come through intact.

At length a swirl of dust showed far down the trail. It grew into a yellow cloud that crept toward the eager hamlet. Then six mules, stretched out on the gallop, emerged from this curtain and behind them was the lumbering, swaying stage, come safely through, on time, and Denver was in touch with the world where men wore white shirts and lived in real houses. The cheers that roared a welcome to this heroic enterprise were echoed in every Western town which hoped and longed for a link of its own with the home country, "'way back East."

But to put that dusty coach into Denver with its six sweating mules required mighty labor and greater faith and grit. Two frontier captains of industry, W. H. Russell and J. S. Jones, were the founders, and with ideas bigger than their capital they put in every dollar they could find, and stretched their credit to the limit, to

outfit this first through line to the Rockies. To maintain a daily service they had to buy one thousand fine Kentucky mules, and establish stations every dozen or twenty miles along the route. When they were ready to send out the first coach, the rolling stock had been obtained on their ninety-day notes.

For three months Denver rejoiced in its overland line, and then came the smash. The owners were spending more to keep up the service than was coming in on the passenger way-bills, and Denver was threatened with a humiliating isolation. It looked as if the through stage route, on a regular schedule, was the dream of a couple of enthusiasts. At this critical juncture in the problem of pioneer transportation, the wealthy firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, overland freighters and contractors, came to the rescue. The partner Russell was also one of the luckless pair involved in the stage enterprise, into which he had plunged as an independent venture. Instead of saying "We told you so," these doughty comrades pulled out of the mire the fortunes of the "busted" firm of Russell and Jones. The capital of the big firm was now swung into the stage business with even bolder plans than before.

The Denver line was viewed as a possible foundation for a service to stretch from St. Joseph, on the Missouri, clear out to Salt Lake City. At that time there was running between these two far-distant points a rickety and feeble stage line which made its trips once in two months, there and back. It was a route of twelve hundred miles, and the journey was a rash hazard as to time and accommodation along the way. The coaches were cheaply



R. Farrington Elwell

Drawing by R. Farrington Elwell

All day, without water, the little guard fought off the band of Sioux.

built, breaking down with appalling frequency, and the changing stations were so far apart that the mules and horses must be rested and grazed while the travelers waited and swore. Those who were in a hurry to get to Salt Lake preferred to trail along with a freighter's outfit.

Now the same qualities which inspire the bold and far-seeing business combinations of to-day, where millions are juggled and fortunes risked, were the stock in trade of those early transportation kings, known as the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell. If they had lived in this day and generation, they would be found leading the forces in one of the great railway "group" consolidations.

They saw the Denver line go under; they looked over the bigger proposition, between St. Joseph and Salt Lake, and found that it was a losing business, tottering in the last ditch. But these men refused to take warning. They had faith in the bigness of their West and its latent powers, and they builded upon their faith.

Instead of "getting out from under," they scooped in both these sorry ventures and consolidated them. The great through route was to end at Salt Lake, and the Denver line was to be made a spur. The equipment of the latter was first-class. It would help to get the big scheme under way. Therefore the promoters bought out the owners of the Salt Lake line, Messrs. Hockaday and Leggett, and went down to the bottom of their pockets to reorganize the new system.

They built more than one hundred new stations along the twelve hundred miles of plain, desert and mountain pass. They put on the finest, stoutest Concord coaches that brains could plan and money pay for. These vehicles were stanch and heavy, carrying from nine to a dozen passengers in a swinging body slung to the running gear by leather thorough-braces. Thus swung between heaven and earth the traveler was tossed like a pea in a dry pod; but he was protected from the weather, he was well fed, and he was moving night and day at the limit of horse and mule power. The old line to Salt Lake used twenty-one days for the twelve hundred miles, if all went well. The new line slammed its passengers through in ten days, an average gait of one hundred and

twenty miles a day, more than cutting the running time in two.

At first the eastern terminus was Leavenworth; this was changed to Atchison, and a little later to St. Joseph, which remained the starting point of the Overland Mail until the coming of the railroad. From St. Joseph the Concord coach and its six mules rolled westward up the beautiful Platte valley, past old Fort Kearney, following the broad and shallow river to Julesburg on the South Fork. Thence the route headed northwest to strike the North Fork of the Platte, along this river valley to Fort Laramie, and then into the South Pass of the Rockies. Past Fort Bridger, the road wound to Salt Lake City.

These Napoleons of early American enterprise not only made this line pay, but it was not long before they began to look farther westward. They grasped at the magnificent idea of pushing their line clear out to the Pacific coast and joining California with the Atlantic border. These road makers began to establish stations in the deserts of Utah and Idaho, where water was scarce and the obstacles enough to stagger any equipment short of balloons. But a step at a time the way was prepared, and the weather-scarred, bullet-pierced stages of this company rocked across the snowy passes of the Sierras, and, with squealing brakes, shot down into the valley of the Sacramento. California was one terminus, the Missouri River the other.

The men who planned and backed the Overland Route were big and brave, but they could have done nothing without a little army of agents and drivers every whit as big and brave in their humbler spheres of action. And it was *action*, white-hot and picturesque, such as you may find today only on the firing-line of an army.

There was an agent in charge of each division of two hundred and fifty miles of road, with all its stations and equipment. He bought and distributed rations, fodder, mules, harness, and kept the buildings in repair. He fed his passengers and fought for their lives, he kept his drivers on the jump, and his mule teams fit and ready. His stations were forts as well, in which he must stand off the Indian raids that lent zest to a trip in the Overland Coach. There was no summoning a wrecking crew by wire when a coach toppled off a moun-

tain road. The agent was king of his territory, and his responsibilities demanded that order of ability which made the American pioneers a race of giants.

The stage driver took his chances and counted himself lucky if his skin would hold whiskey, without leaky and annoying bullet holes, at the end of his run. Stage driving as an art departed with the passing of this race of experts. Now and then you will find in the quartermaster's wagon trains of the regular army a grizzled pilot of four or six Government mules who learned his trade in the far West, and who may be called an heir to the skill of the men on the boxes of the Overland.

Colonel William F. Cody drove one of these coaches when he was a hardy lad of twenty. An experience of the young Cody when he was steering the Overland as a livelihood may convey some notion of the lives these men led in the brave days of a past generation.

As he pulled out of the Plum Creek station on a bracing November morning, the agent shouted a warning about Indians. Young Cody cracked his whip over the backs of his six peppery mustangs, and idly figured that the agent was "getting Injuns on the brain." But that prudent official recalled him, and announced his sudden decision to go along as an extra precaution. The seven passengers were well armed, and the agent was a clanking arsenal as he clambered to the box.

This little garrison on wheels jogged safely over the first half of the run without signs of trouble. Then the alert eye of young Cody sighted certain nodding tufts of feathers over the top of a boulder not far distant. Ahead was a stream difficult to ford, and the driver swiftly calculated that by making a rush for it he might cross before the Sioux could head him off. The six horses surged into their collars, the coach tossed wildly at their frantic heels, and as the outfit lunged into the creek bottom, fifty Sioux warriors dashed from the willows at the water's edge and opened fire.

But the boy driver had beaten them to the water, and was floundering through and across before they could pick up the chase. The ponies of the hostiles gained on the heavy coach, whose wheels were clogging in yellow mud. Cody began to

think it might be a losing race to the station, where the stock-tender and his gang would be able to make a stand-off fight of it. So he handed the reins to the agent, whipped his rifle from its boot, and turned for a snap shot at the leading Indian.

This headlong brave happened to be the chief of the party, and Cody tumbled him from his pony with neatness and dispatch. The agitated passengers opened a furious fusillade which punctured earth and sky, and shook the nerve of the pursuers, even if it did not endanger their lives. But it was the rifle of the driver that continued to drill the warriors until the station was in sight, when the Indians doubled back, unwilling to make of it a stockade assault.

As soon as the mail and express business expanded, the guard, or conductor, shared with the driver the perils of the road. It was his business to stand off, not only the petulant savage, but the more determined desperado who gained his precarious livelihood by "holding up" the through stages.

Every day the big coaches rolled out of Sacramento and St. Joseph, with the regularity of a through-train system. By night and day they reeled over mountain and plain, always in danger of Indian attack. The only respite from this danger was in the summer of 1858, when General Albert Sidney Johnston marched six thousand troops along the Overland Trail to quell the threatened Mormon rebellion. This army, with its long trains of wagons and artillery, so impressed the Indians, who thought all this array was intended for their discomfort, that they withdrew from the vicinity and left the stage route clear. Life, for a little while, became positively monotonous to the drivers.

The heroic trio, Russell, Majors and Waddell, had rendered their country a grand service, but it was more patriotic than otherwise profitable. The extension of their through service could not be made to meet the vast outlay needed to maintain it. They smilingly cashed in a deficit of several hundred thousand dollars in three years, and then decided that they knew enough to quit before they went broke. In 1862 they transferred the whole Overland equipment to Ben Holliday, one of the finest products of the frontier.

Fortune favored his bold venture in shouldering this enterprise, for shortly after he took charge the United States Government made a contract with the Overland for carrying the through mails to the Pacific Coast. This contract, worth eight hundred thousand dollars a year, turned the tide, and the Overland began to pour dividends into the pockets of Ben Holliday. He was only thirty-eight years old at that time, full to the brim with initiative and energy, and he began to send out branch stage routes to every mining camp and town within reaching distance of the trunk line. Mail communication spread out and blossomed as a "side line" of the growing business of Holliday, for along his branch routes he charged twenty-five cents for handling a letter after the Government stamp had been placed thereon.

During the Civil War the Overland saw the high tide of its prosperity. There was a long and tedious western route between San Francisco and St. Louis, through Los Angeles and El Paso. But its rivalry for passengers, mail and express was wiped out by the war, for the southern route ran for a long distance through Confederate territory. Although Ben Holliday's line ran clear of this kind of interference, his coaches were harassed by Indians, who grew bolder as the frontier was stripped of troops to reinforce the garrisons of the border states.

One of the fiercest fights in the history of the Overland took place in 1863. Two heavily laden coaches were trailing along the Sweetwater on an April morning. They had an armed guard of nine picked men in charge of the conductor, James Brown. The outfit was approaching a watercourse called Devil's Creek, when a Sioux fighting man on pony back jumped from ambush ahead, and as if this were a signal, the air was full of bullets and arrows hurtling from the roadside.

The guard of the coaches made a stout defense, beating off the first attack, but the horses began to drop in harness, and in a few minutes every animal was down, killed or wounded. The two coaches were stalled, therefore, and there was nothing to do but make a "last stand" of it. The coaches were dragged together under a hot fire at short range, mail sacks were piled

between the wheels, and sand scooped up to strengthen the hasty, feeble barricade.

All day, without water, the little guard fought off the band of Sioux, who charged up to the makeshift stronghold time and again. The Indians were so sure of their booty that they threw away their long-range tactics and tried to rush the coaches until the guard were able to drag in their dead bodies to reinforce the breastworks.

More than half the defenders were hit, but they stood their ground until night-fall. Then those who were able to stand threw one of the coaches from its running gear, and upon the axles and bracing laid their own wounded. With this rude ambulance in tow they struggled on along the trail, stopping to fight, reeling with exhaustion. But before daybreak they reached the station at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater.

A large force of frontiersmen went to the scene of the fight a few days later. They found the coaches stuck so full of arrows that they looked like gigantic pincushions, and fairly shot to pieces with bullets. The mail sacks had been slit open and rifled, and thousands of dollars in drafts and bonds were strewn along the trail. These papers were gathered up, shipped to Washington, and reforwarded with the official explanation that they had been "delayed en route," a statement so matter-of-fact that it has a touch of humor.

Although Ben Holliday was making a large fortune in the management of the Overland, he was tempted to sell out in 1866, when the Wells Fargo Express Company began to make offers for the business. A bargain was finally struck by which Holliday received one million five hundred thousand in cash, and three hundred thousand in stock of the express company.

The Wells Fargo Company maintained the Overland even after the rails of the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific began to push forward along the trail that had been for so long rutted by the wheels of the Concord coaches. The Overland continued to link the shortening gap between the lines of rails from east and west.

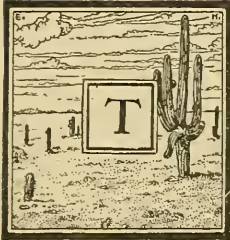
When the last spike was driven at Promontory Point on May 10, 1869, the Overland Mail vanished, to become a chapter in the splendid history of the American frontier.

BAR 20 RANGE YARNS

II.—THE VAGRANT SIOUX

BY CLARENCE EDWARD MULFORD

PAINTING BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



THE town lay sprawled over half a square mile of alkali plain, its main street depressing in its width, for those who were responsible for its inception had worked with a generosity born of the knowledge that they had at their immediate and unchallenged disposal the broad lands of Texas and New Mexico, on which to assemble a grand total of twenty buildings, four of which were of wood. As this material was scarce and had to be brought from where the waters of the Gulf lapped against the flat coast, the last-mentioned buildings were a matter of local pride as indicating the progressiveness of their owners. These creations of hammer and saw were of one story, crude and unpainted; their cheap weather-sheathing, warped and shrunken by the pitiless sun, curled back on itself and allowed unrestricted entrance to alkali dust and air. The other shacks were of adobe, and reposed in that magnificent squalor dear to their owners, Indians and "Greasers."

Such was the town of Buckskin, located in the valley of the Rio Pecos, fifty miles south of the Texas-New Mexico line. It was an incident of the Cattle Trail, that most unique and stupendous of all modern migrations, and its founders must have been inspired with a malicious desire to perpetrate a crime against geography, or else they reveled in a perverse cussedness, for

within a mile on every side lay broad prairies, and two miles to the east flowed the indolent waters of the Rio Pecos itself. The distance separating the town from the river was excusable, for at certain seasons of the year the placid stream swelled mightily and swept down in a broad expanse of turbulent, yellow flood.

On the afternoon of one August day the town seemed desolated, and the earth and the buildings thereon were as huge furnaces radiating a visible heat; but when the blazing sun had begun to settle in the west, it awoke with a clamor that might have been laid to the efforts of a zealous Satan. At this time it became the Mecca of two-score or more joyous cowboys from the neighboring ranches, who livened things as those knights of the saddle could.

In the scant but heavy shadow of Cowan's saloon sat a picturesque figure, from whom came guttural, resonant rumblings which mingled in a spirit of loneliness with the fretful sighs of a flea-tormented dog. Both dog and master were vagrants, and they were tolerated because it was a matter of supreme indifference as to who came or how long they stayed, as long as the ethics and the unwritten law of the cow country were inviolate. And the breaking of these caused no unnecessary anxiety, for justice was both speedy and sure.

When the outcast Sioux and his yellow dog had drifted into town some few months before, they had caused neither expostulation nor inquiry, as the cardinal virtue of that whole broad land was to ask a man no questions which might prove embarrassing to all concerned; judgment was of observation, not of history, and a man's past would reveal itself through his actions.

It mattered little whether he was an embezzler or the wild chip from some prosperous eastern block, as men came to the range to forget and to lose touch with the pampered East; and the range absorbed them as its own. A man was only a man as his skin contained the qualities necessary; and the illiterate who could ride and shoot and live to himself was far more esteemed than the educated who could not do those things. The more a man depends upon himself and the closer is his contact to a quick judgment, the more laconic and even-poised he becomes. And the knowledge that he is himself a judge, tends to create caution and judgment. He has no court to uphold his honor and to offer him protection, so he must be quick to protect himself and to maintain his own standing. His nature saved him, or it executed; and the range absolved him of all unpaid penalties of a careless past. He became a man born again and he took up his burden, the exactions of a new environment, and he lived as long as those exactions gave him the right to live. He must tolerate no restrictions of his natural rights, and he must not restrict; for the one would proclaim him a coward; the other, a bully; and both received short shifts in that land of the self-protected. The basic law of nature is, the survival of the fittest.

So, when the wanderers found their level in Buckskin, they were not even asked by what name men knew them. Not caring to hear a name which might not harmonize with their idea of the fitness of things, the cowboys of the Bar 20 had, with a freedom born of excellent livers and fearless temperaments, bestowed names befitting their sense of humor and adaptability. The official title of the Sioux was By-and-by; the dog was known as Fleas. Never had names more clearly described the objects to be represented, for they were excellent examples of cowboy discernment and aptitude.

In their eyes By-and-by was a man. He could feel and he could resent insults. They did not class him as one of themselves because he did not have energy enough to demand and justify such classification. With them he had a right to enjoy his life as he saw fit, so long as he did not trespass on or restrict the rights of others. They

were not analytic in temperament, neither were they moralists. He was not a menace to society, because society had superb defenses. So they vaguely recognized his many poor qualities and clearly saw his few good ones. He could shoot, when permitted, with the best; no horse, however refractory, had ever been known to throw him; he was an adept at following the trails left by rustlers, and that was an asset; he became of value to the community; he was an economic factor. His ability to consume liquor with indifferent effects raised him another notch in their estimation. He was not always talking when some one else wished to—another count. There remained about him that stoical indifference to the petty; that observant nonchalance of the Indian; and there was a suggestion, faint, it was true, of a dignity common to chieftains. He was a log of grave deference that tossed on their sea of mischievous hilarity.

He wore a pair of corduroy trousers, known to the care-free as "pants," which were held together by numerous patches of what had once been brilliantly colored calico. A pair of suspenders, torn into two separate straps, made a belt for himself and a collar for his dog. The trousers had probably been secured during a fit of absent-mindedness on his part when their former owner had not been looking. Tucked at intervals in the top of the corduroys (the exceptions making convenient shelves for alkali dust) was what at one time had been a stiff-bosomed shirt. This was open down the front and back, the weight of the trousers on the belt holding it firmly on the square shoulders of the wearer, thus precluding the necessity of collar buttons. A pair of moccasins, beautifully worked with wampum, protected his feet from the onslaughts of cacti and the inquisitive and pugnacious sand-flies; and lying across his lap was a repeating Winchester rifle, not dangerous because it was empty, a condition due to the wisdom of the citizens in forbidding any one to sell, trade or give to him those tubes of concentrated trouble, because he *could* get drunk.

The two were contented and happy. They had no cares nor duties, and their pleasures were simple and easily secured, as they consisted of sleep and a proneness to avoid moving. Like the untrammled

coyote, their bed was where sleep overtook them; their food, what the night wrapped in a sense of security, or the generosity of the cowboys of the Bar 20. No tub-ridden Diogenes ever knew so little of responsibility or as much unadulterated content. There is a penalty even to civilization and ambition.

When the sun had cast its shadows beyond By-and-by's feet, the air became charged with noise; shouts, shots and the rolling thunder of madly pounding hoofs echoed flatly throughout the town. By-and-by yawned, stretched and leaned back, reveling in the semi-conscious ecstasy of the knowledge that he did not have to immediately get up. Fleas opened one eye and cocked an ear in inquiry, and then rolled over on his back, squirmed and sighed contentedly and long. The outfit of the Bar 20 had come to town.

The noise came rapidly nearer and increased in volume as the riders turned the corner and drew rein suddenly, causing their mounts to slide on their haunches in ankle-deep dust.

"Hullo, old Buck-with-th'-pants, how's your liver?"

"Come up an' irrigate, old tank!"

"Chase th' flea ranch an' trail along!"

These were a few of the salutations discernible among the medley of playful yells, the safety valves of supercharged good-nature.

"Skr-e-e!" yelled Hopalong Cassidy, letting off a fusillade of shots in the vicinity of Fleas, who rapidly retreated around the corner, where he wagged his tail in eager expectation. He was not disappointed, for a cow pony tore around in pursuit and Hopalong leaned over and scratched the yellow back, thumping it heartily, and, tossing a chunk of beef into the open jaws of the delighted dog, departed as he had come. The advent of the outfit meant a square meal and the dog knew it.

In Cowan's, lined up against the bar, the others were earnestly and assiduously endeavoring, with a promise of success, to get By-and-by drunk, which endeavors coincided perfectly with By-and-by's idea of the fitness of things. The fellowship and the liquor combined to thaw out his reserve and to loosen his tongue. After gazing with an air of injured surprise at the genial loosening of his knees, he gravely

handed his rifle, with an exaggerated sweep of his arm, to the cowboy nearest to him, and wrapped his arms around the recipient to insure his balance. The rifle was passed from hand to hand until it came to Buck Peters, who gravely presented it to its owner as a new gun.

By-and-by threw out his stomach in an endeavor to keep his head in line with his heels, and, grasping the weapon with both hands, turned to Cowan, to whom he gave it.

"Yu hab this un. Me got two. Me keep new un, mebbyso." Then he loosened his belt and drank long and deep.

A shadow darkened the doorway and Hopalong limped in. Spying By-and-by pushing the bottle into his mouth, while Red Connors propped him up, he grinned and took out five silver dollars, which he jingled under By-and-by's eyes, causing that worthy to lay aside the liquor and erratically grab for the tantalizing fortune.

"Not yet, sabe?" said Hopalong, changing the position of the money. "If yu wants to corral this here herd of simoleons yu has to ride a cayuse what Red bet me yu can't ride. Yu has got to grow on that there saddle an' stay growed for five whole minutes by Buck's ticker. I ain't a-goin' to tell yu he's any saw-horse, for yu'd know better, as yu reckons Red wouldn't bet on no losin' proposition if he knowed better, which same he don't. Yu straddles that four-laigged cloud-burst an' yu gets these, sabe? I ain't seen th' cayuse yet that yu couldn't freeze to, an' I'm backin' my opinions with my moral support an' one month's pay."

By-and-by's eyes began to glitter as the meaning of the words sifted through his befuddled mind. Ride a horse—five dollars—ride a five—dollars horse—horses ride dollars—then he straightened up and began to speak in an incoherent jumble of Sioux and bad English. He, the mighty rider of the Sioux; he, the bravest warrior and the greatest hunter; could he ride a horse for five dollars? Well, he rather thought he could. Grasping Red by the shoulder, he tacked for the door and narrowly missed hitting the bottom step first, landing, as it happened, in the soft dust with Red's leg around his neck. Somewhat sobered by the jar, he stood up and apologized to the crowd for Red getting in

the way, declaring that Red was a "Heap good un," and that he didn't mean to do it.

The outfit of the Bar 20 was, perhaps, the most famous of all from Canada to the Rio Grande. The foreman, Buck Peters, controlled a crowd of men (who had all the instincts of boys) that had shown no quarter to many rustlers, and who, while always care-free and easy-going (even fighting with great good humor and carelessness), had established the reputation of being the most reckless gang of dare-devil gunfighters that ever pounded leather. Crooked gaming houses, from El Paso to Cheyenne and from Phoenix to Leavenworth, unanimously and enthusiastically damned them from their boots to their sombreros, and the sheriffs and marshals of many localities had received from their hands most timely assistance—and some trouble. Wiry, indomitable, boyish and generous, they were splendid examples of virile manhood; and, surrounded as they were with great dangers and a unique civilization, they should not, in justice, be judged by opinions born of the commonplace.

They were *réal* cowboys, which means, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, that they were not lawless, nor drunken, shooting bullies who held life cheaply, as their kin has been unjustly pictured; but, while these men were naturally peaceable, they had to continually rub elbows with men who were not. Gamblers, criminals, bullies and the riff-raff that fled from the protected East, had drifted among them in great numbers and it was this class that caused the trouble. The hard-working "cow punchers" lived according to the law of the land, a land farther from Broadway than China was, and they obeyed that greatest of all laws, that of self-preservation. Their fun was boisterous, but they paid for all the damage they inflicted; their work was one continual hardship, and the reaction of one extreme swings far toward the limit of its antithesis. Go back to the Apple if you would trace the beginning of self-preservation and the need.

There were, at this time, eight in the outfit, Jimmy Price (a boy of eighteen) having been wantonly shot and killed the year before by a cowboy of the C 80, a neighboring ranch; and in the battle that followed between the respective outfits his

passing had been paid for. His surviving friends seldom mentioned him, but on the pegs above his vacant bunk hung his Cheyenne saddle and all of his effects; and woe to the man or men who spoke of him in an unjust or insulting manner!

Buck Peters was a man of mild appearance, somewhat slow of speech and correspondingly quick of action, who never became flurried. His was the master hand that controlled, and his Colts enjoyed the reputation of never missing when a hit could have been expected with reason. Many floods, stampedes and blizzards had assailed his nerves, but he yet could pour a glass of liquor, held at arm's length, through a knothole in the floor without wetting the wood.

Next in age came Lanky Smith, a small, undersized man of retiring disposition. Then came Skinny Thompson, six feet four on his bared soles, and true to his name; Hopalong described him as "th' shadow of a chalk mark." Pete Wilson, the slow-witted and very taciturn, and Billy Williams, the wavering pessimist, were of ordinary height and appearance. Red Connors, with hair that shamed the name, was the possessor of a temper that was as dry as tinder; his greatest weakness was his regard for the rifle as a means of preserving peace. Johnny Nelson had taken the place formerly occupied by Jimmy Price, that of the protégé, and he could do no wrong. The last, Hopalong Cassidy, was a combination of irresponsibility, humor, good nature, love of fighting, and nonchalance when face to face with danger. His most prominent attribute was that of always getting into trouble without any intention of so doing; in fact, he was much aggrieved and surprised when it came. It seemed as though when any "bad-man" desired to add to his reputation he invariably selected Hopalong as the means (a fact due, perhaps, to the perversity of things in general). Bad-men became scarce soon after Hopalong became a fixture in any locality. He had been crippled some years before in a successful attempt to prevent the assassination of a friend, Sheriff Harris, of Albuquerque, and he still possessed a limp.

When Red had relieved his feelings and had dug the alkali out of his ears and eyes, he led the Sioux to the rear of the saloon,

where a "pinto" was busily engaged in endeavoring to pitch a saddle from his back, employing the intervals in trying to see how much of the picket rope he could wrap around his legs.

When By-and-by saw what he was expected to ride he felt somewhat relieved, for the pony did not appear to have more than the ordinary amount of cussedness. He waved his hand, and Johnny and Red bandaged the animal's eyes, which quieted him at once, and then they untangled the rope from around his legs and saw that the cinches were secure. Motioning to By-and-by that all was ready, they jerked the bandage off as the Indian settled himself in the saddle.

Had By-and-by been really sober he would have taken the conceit out of that pony in chunks, and as it was, he experienced no great difficulty in holding his seat; but in his addled state of mind he grasped the end of the cinch strap in such a way that when the pony jumped forward in its last desperate effort the buckle slipped and the cinch became unfastened; and By-and-by, still seated in the saddle, flew headforemost into the horse trough, where he spilled much water.

As this happened Cowan turned the corner, and when he saw the wasted water (which he had to carry, bucketful at a time, from the wells a good quarter of a mile away) his anger blazed forth, and yelling, he ran for the drenched Sioux who was just crawling out of his bath. When the unfortunate saw the irate man bearing down on him, he sputtered in rage and fear, and, turning, he ran down the street with Cowan thundering flat footedly behind on a fat man's gallop, to the hysterical cheers of the delighted outfit, who saw in it nothing but a good joke.

When Cowan returned from his hopeless task, blowing and wheezing, he heard sundry remarks, *sotto voce*, which were not calculated to increase his opinion of his physical condition.

"Seems to me," remarked the irrepressible Hopalong, "that one of those cayuses has got th' heaves."

"It shore sounds like it," acquiesced Johnny, red in the face from holding in his laughter, "an' say, somebody interferes."

"All knock-kneed animals do, yu heathen," supplied Red.

"Sounded like thunder a short time past, an' from th' dust it must be sort of windy out," drawled Buck.

"Hey, yu, let up on that an' have a drink on th' house," invited Cowan. "If I gits that d—n warwhoop I'll make yu think there's been a cyclone. I'll see how long that bum hangs around this here burg, I will."

Red's eyes narrowed and his temper got the upper hand. "He ain't no bum when yu gives him rotgut at a quarter of a dollar a glass, is he? Any time that 'bum' gits razzled out for nothin' more 'n this, why, I goes too; an' I ain't sayin' nothin' about goin' peaceable-like, neither."

"I knowed somethin' like this 'ud happen," dolefully sang out Billy Williams, strong on the side of his pessimism.

"For th' Lord's sake, have yu broke out?" asked Red, disgustedly. "I'm goin' to hit th' trail—but just keep this afore yore mind: if By-an'-by gits in any accidents or ain't in sight when I comes to town again, this here climate 'll be a d—n sight hotter 'n it is now. No hard feelings, sabe? It's just a casual bit of advice. Come on, fellows, let's amble—I'm hungry."

As they raced across the plain toward the ranch, a pair of beady eyes, snapping with a drunken rage, watched them from an arroyo; and when Cowan entered the saloon the next morning he could not find By-and-by's rifle, which he had placed behind the bar. He also missed a handful of cartridges from the box near the cash drawer; and had he looked closely at his bottled whiskey he would have noticed a loss there. A horse was missing from a Mexican's corral and there were rumors that several Indians had been seen far out on the plain.

II

"Phew! I'm shore hungry," said Hopalong, as he and Red dismounted at the ranch the next morning for breakfast. "Wonder what's good for it?"

"They's three things that's good for famine," said Red, leading the way to the bunk-house. "Yu can pull in yore belt, yu can drink, an' yu can eat. Yore getting as bad as Johnny—but he's young yet."

The others met their entrance with a

volley of good-humored banter, some of which was so personal and evoked such responses that it sounded like the preliminary skirmish to a fight. But under all was that soft accent, that drawl of humorous appreciation and eyes twinkling in suppressed merriment. Here they were thoroughly at home and the spirit of comradeship manifested itself in many subtle ways; the wit became more daring and sharp, Billy lost some of his pessimism, and the alertness disappeared from their manner.

Skinny left off romping with Red and yawned. "I wish that cook 'ud wake up an' git breakfast. He's th' cussedest Greaser I ever saw—he kin go to sleep standin' up an' not know it. *Johnny's* th' boy that worries *him*—th' kid comes in an' whoops things up till he's gorged himself."

"Johnny's got th' most appallin' feel for grub of anybody I knows," added Red. "I wonder what's keepin' him—he's usually hangin' around here bawlin' for his grub like a spoiled calf, long afore cookie's got th' fire goin'."

"Mebby he rustled some grub out with him—I saw him tiptoin' out of th' gallery this mornin' when I come back for my cigs," remarked Hopalong, glancing at Billy.

Billy groaned and made for the gallery. Emerging half a minute later he blurted out his tale of woe: "Every time I blows myself an' don't drink it all in town, some slab-sided maverick freezes to it. It's gone," he added, dismally.

"Too bad, Billy—but what is it?" asked Skinny.

"What is it? Wha'd yu think it was, yu emaciated match? *Jewelry? Cayuses?* It's whiskey—two simoleons worth. Somethin's allus wrong. This here whole yearth's wrong, just like that cross-eyed sky-pilot said over to—"

"Will yu let up?" yelled Red, throwing a sombrero at the grumbling unfortunate. "Yu ask Buck where yore tanglefoot is."

"I'd shore look nice askin' th' *boss* if he'd rustled my whiskey, *wouldn't I?* An' would yu mind throwin' somebody else's hat? I paid twenty wheels for that, eight years ago, an' I don't want it mused none."

"Gee, yore easy! Why, Ah Sing, over at Albuquerque, gives them away every

time yu gits yore shirt washed," gravely interposed Hopalong as he went out to cuss the cook.

"Well, what 'd yu think of that?" exclaimed Billy in an injured tone.

"Oh, yu needn't be hikin' for Albuquerque—Washee-Washee 'ud charge yu double for washin' yore shirt. Yu ought to fall in th' river some day—then he might talk business," called Hopalong over his shoulder, as he heaved an old boot into the gallery. "Hey, yu hibernatin' son of morphine, if yu don't git them flapjacks in here pretty sudden-like, I'll scatter yu all over th' landscape, sabe? Yu just wait till Johnny comes!"

"Wonder where th' kid is?" asked Lanky, rolling a cigarette.

"Off somewhere lookin' at th' sun through th' bottom of my bottle," grumbled Billy.

Hopalong started to go out, but halted on the sill and looked steadily off toward the northwest. "That's funny. Hey, fellows, here comes Buck an' Johnny ridin' double—on a walk, too!" he exclaimed. "Wonder what th'—thunder! Red, Buck's carryin' him! Somethin's busted!" he yelled, as he dashed for his pony and made for the newcomers.

"I told yu he was hittin' my bottle," pertly remarked Billy, as he followed the rest outside.

"Did yu ever see Johnny drunk? Did yu ever see him drink more 'n two glasses? Shut yore wailin' face—they's somethin' worse 'n that in this here," said Red, his temper rising. "Hopalong an' me took yore cheap liquor—it's under Pete's bunk," he added.

The trio approached on a walk and Johnny, delirious and covered with blood, was carried into the bunk house. Buck waited until all had assembled again and then, his face dark with anger, spoke sharply and without the usual drawl: "Skragged from behind, d—n them! Get some grub an' water an' be quick. We'll see who th' gent with th' grudge is."

At this point the expostulations of the indignant cook, who, not understanding the cause, regarded the invasion of china-shop bulls as sacrilegious, came to his ears. Striding quickly to the door, he grabbed the pan the Mexican was about to throw, and, turning the now frightened man

around, thundered, "Keep quiet an' get 'em some grub."

When rifles and ammunition had been secured they mounted and followed him at a hard gallop along the back trail. No words were spoken, for none were necessary. All knew that they would not return until they had found the man for whom they were looking, even if the chase led to Canada. They did not ask Buck for any of the particulars, for the foreman was not in the humor to talk, and all, save Hopalong, whose curiosity was always on edge, recognized only two facts and cared for nothing else: Johnny had been ambushed and they were going to get the one who was responsible. They did not even conjecture as to who it might be, because the trail would lead them to the man himself, and it mattered nothing who or what he was—there was only one course to take with an assassin. So they said nothing, but rode on with squared jaws and set lips, the seven ponies breast to breast in a close arc.

Soon they came to an arroyo which they took at a leap. As they approached it they saw signs in the dust which told them that a body had lain there huddled up; and there were brown spots on the baked alkali. The trail they followed was now single, Buck having ridden along the bank of the arroyo when hunting for Johnny, for whom he had orders. This trail was very irregular, as if the horse had wandered at will. Suddenly they came upon five tracks all pointing one way, and four of these turned abruptly and disappeared in the northwest. Half a mile beyond the point of separation was a chaparral, which was an important factor to them.

Each man knew just what had taken place as if he had been an eye-witness, for the trail was plain. The assassins had waited in the chaparral for Johnny to pass, probably having seen him riding that way. When he had passed and his back had been turned to them they had fired and wounded him severely at the first volley, for Johnny was of the stuff that fights back and his revolvers had showed full chambers and clean barrels when Red had examined them in the bunk house. Then they had given chase for a short distance, and, from some inexplicable motive, probably fear, they had turned and ridden off without

knowing how bad he was hit. It was this trail that led to the northwest, and it was this trail that they followed without pausing; and four men suited them better than one, for there would be a fight and a good one.

When they had covered fifty miles they sighted the Cross Bar O ranch, where they hoped to secure fresh mounts. As they rode up to the ranch house the owner, Bud Wallace, came around the corner and saw them.

"Hullo, boys! What deviltry are you up to now?" he asked.

Buck leaped from his mount, followed by the others, and shoved his sombrero back on his head as he started to remove the saddle.

"We're trailin' a bunch of murderers. They ambushed Johnny an' d—n near killed him. I stopped here to get fresh cayuses."

"Yu did right!" replied Wallace heartily. Then raising his voice, he shouted to some of his men who were near the corral to bring up the seven best horses they could rope. Then he told the cook to bring out plenty of food and drink.

"I got four punchers what ain't doin' nothin' but eat," he suggested.

"Much obliged, Wallace, but there's only four of 'em an' we'd rather get 'em ourselves—Johnny 'ud feel better," replied Buck, throwing his saddle on the horse that was led up to him.

"How's yore cartridges—got plenty?" persisted Wallace.

"Two hundred apiece," responded Buck, springing into his saddle and riding off. "So long," he called.

"So long, an' plug h—l out of them," shouted Wallace as the dust swept over him.

At five in the afternoon they forded the Black River at a point where it crossed the state line from New Mexico, and at dusk camped at the base of the Guadalupe Mountains. At daybreak they took up the chase, grim and merciless, and shortly afterward they passed the smouldering remains of a camp fire, showing that the pursued had been in a great hurry, for it should have been put out and masked. At noon they left the mountains to the rear and sighted the Barred Horseshoe, which they approached.

The owner of the ranch saw them coming, and from their appearance surmised that something was wrong.

"What is it?" he shouted. "Rustlers?"

"Nope. Murderers. I wants to swap cayuses quick," answered Buck.

"There they are. Th' boys just brought 'em in. Anything else I can let yu have?"

"Nope," shouted Buck as they galloped off.

"Somebody's goin' to get plugged full of holes," murmured the ranch owner as he watched them kicking up the dust in huge clouds.

After they had forded a tributary of the Rio Penasco near the Sacramento Mountains and had surmounted the opposite bank, Hopalong spurred his horse to the top of a hummock and swept the plain with Pete's field glasses, which he had borrowed for the occasion, and returned to the rest, who had kept on without slacking the pace. As he took up his former position he grunted "War-whoops," and unslung his rifle, an example followed by the others. The ponies were now running at top speed, and as they shot over a rise their riders saw their quarry a mile and a half in advance. One of the Indians looked back and discharged his rifle in defiance, and it now became a race worthy of the name—Death fled from Death. The fresher mounts of the cowboys steadily cut down the distance, and as the rifles of the pursuers began to speak, the hard-pressed Indians made for the smaller of two knolls, the plain leading to the larger one being too heavily strewn with boulders to permit speed.

As the fugitives settled down behind the rocks that fringed the edge of their elevation a shot from one of them disabled Billy's arm, but had no other effect than to increase the score to be settled. The pursuers rode behind a rise and dismounted, from where, leaving their mounts protected, they scattered out to surround the knoll.

Hopalong, true to his curiosity, finally turned up on the highest point of the other knoll, a spur to the range in the west, for he always wanted to see all he could. Skinny, due to his fighting instinct, settled one hundred yards to the north and on the same spur. Buck lay hidden behind an enormous boulder eight hundred yards to the

northeast of Skinny, and the same distance southeast of Buck was Red Connors, who was crawling up the bed of an arroyo. Billy, nursing his arm, lay in front of the horses, and Pete, from his position between Billy and Hopalong, was crawling from rock to rock in an endeavor to get near enough to use his Colts, his favorite and most effective weapons. Intermittent puffs of smoke arising from a point between Skinny and Buck showed where Lanky Smith was improving each shining hour.

There had been no directions given, each man choosing his own position, yet each was of strategic worth. Billy protected the horses, Hopalong and Skinny swept the knoll with a plunging fire, and Lanky and Buck lay in the course the besieged would most likely take if they tried a dash. Off to the east Red barred them from creeping down the arroyo, and from where Pete was he could creep up to within sixty yards if he chose the right rocks. The ranges varied from four hundred yards for Buck to sixty for Pete, and the others averaged close to three hundred, which allowed very good shooting on both sides.

Hopalong and Skinny moved nearer to each other for companionship, and as the former raised his head to see what the others were doing he received a graze on the ear.

"Wow!" he yelled, rubbing the tingling member.

Two puffs of smoke floated up from the knoll, and Skinny swore.

"Where'd he get yu, Fat?" asked Hopalong.

"G'wan, don't get funny, son," replied Skinny.

Jets of smoke arose from the north and east, where Buck and Red were stationed, and Pete was half way to the knoll. So far he hadn't been hit as he dodged in and out, and, emboldened by his luck, he made a run of five yards and his sombrero was shot from his head. Another dash and his empty holster was ripped from its support. As he crouched behind a rock he heard a yell from Hopalong, and saw that interested individual waving his sombrero to cheer him on. An angry *bang!* from the knoll caused that enthusiastic rooter to drop for safety.

"Locoed son-of-a-gun," complained Pete. "He'll shore git potted." Then he

glanced at Billy, who was the center of several successive spurts of dust.

"How's business, Billy?" he called pleasantly.

"Oh, they'll git me yet," responded the pessimist. "Yu needn't git anxious. If that off buck wasn't so green he'd a had me long ago."

"Ya-hoo! Pete! Oh, Pete!" called Hopalong, sticking his head out at one side and grinning as the wondering object of his hail craned his neck to see what the matter was.

"Huh?" grunted Pete, and then remembering the distance he shouted, "What's th' matter?"

"Got any cigarettes?" asked Hopalong.

"Yu d—n sheep!" said Pete, and turning back to work, he drove a .44 into a yellow moccasin.

Hopalong began to itch and he saw that he was near an ant-hill. Then the cactus at his right boomed out mournfully and a hole appeared in it. He fired at the smoke and a yell informed him that he had made a hit. "Go 'way!" he complained as a green fly buzzed past his nose. Then he scratched each leg with the foot of the other and squirmed incessantly, kicking out with both feet at once. A warning, metallic *whir-r-r!* on his left caused him to yank them in again, and, turning his head quickly, he had the pleasure of lopping off the head of a rattlesnake with his Colt's.

"Glad yu wasn't a copperhead," he exclaimed. "Somebody had ought a shot that fool Noah. D—n th' ants!" He drowned, with a jet of tobacco juice, a Gila monster that was staring at him, and took a savage delight in its frantic efforts to bury itself.

Soon he heard Skinny swear and he sung out: "What's th' matter, Skinny? Git plugged again?"

"Naw, bugs—ain't they h—l?" plaintively asked his friend.

"They ain't none over here. What kind of bugs?"

"Sufferin' Moses, I ain't no bugologist! All kinds!"

But Hopalong got it at last. He had found tobacco and rolled a cigarette and, in reaching for a match, exposed his shoulder to a shot that broke his collar bone. Skinny's rifle cracked in reply, and the offending brave rolled out from behind

a rock. From the fuss emanating from Hopalong's direction Skinny knew that his neighbor had been hit.

"Don't yu care, Hoppy. I got th' cuss," he said consolingly. "Where'd he git yu?" he asked.

"In th' heart, yu pic-faced nuisance. Come over here an' corral this cussed bandage, an' gimme some water," snapped the injured man.

Skinny wormed his way through the thorny chaparral and bound up the shoulder. "Anything else?" he asked.

"Yes. Shoot that bunch of warts an' blow that tobacco-eyed Gila to Cheyenne. This here's worse than the time we cleaned out th' C 80 outfit!" Then he kicked the dead toad and swore at the sun.

"Close yore yap; yore worse than a kid! Anybody'd think yu never got plugged afore," said Skinny indignantly.

"I can cuss all I wants," replied Hopalong, proving his assertion as he grabbed his gun and fired at the dead Indian. A bullet whined above his head and Skinny fired at the smoke. He peeped out and saw that his friends were getting nearer to the knoll.

"They's closin' in now. We'll soon be gittin' home," he reported.

Hopalong looked out in time to see Buck make a dash for a bowlder that lay ten yards in front of him, which he reached in safety. Lanky also ran in and Pete added five more yards to his advance. Buck made another dash, but leaped into the air, and, coming down as if from an intentional high jump, staggered and stumbled for a few paces and then fell flat, rolling over and over toward the shelter of a split rock, where he lay quiet. A leering red face peered over the rocks on the knoll, but the whoop of exultation was cut short, for Red's rifle cracked and the warrior rolled down the steep bank, where another shot from the same gun settled him beyond question.

Hopalong choked and, turning his face away, angrily dashed his knuckles into his eyes. "D—n 'em! D—n 'em! They've got Buck! They've got Buck, d—n 'em! They've got Buck, Skinny! Good old Buck! They've got him! Jimmy's gone, Johnny's plugged and now Buck's gone! Come on!" he sobbed in a frenzy of vengeance. "Come on, Skinny! We'll tear

their cussed hides into a deeper red than they are now! Oh, d—n it, I can't see—where's my gun?" He groped for the rifle and fought Skinny when the latter, red-eyed but cool, endeavored to restrain him. "Lemme go, curse yu! Don't yu know they got Buck? Lemme go!"

"Down! Red's got th' skunk. *Yu* can't do nothin'—they'd drop yu afore yu took five steps! *Red's* got him, I tell yu! Do yu want me to lick yu! We'll pay 'em with th' coals of h—I if you'll keep yore head!" exclaimed Skinny, throwing the crazed man heavily.

Musical tones, rising and falling in weird octaves, whining pityingly, diabolically; sobbing in a fascinating monotone and slobbering in ragged chords; calling as they swept over the plain, always calling and exhorting, they mingled in barbaric discord with the defiant barks of the six-shooters and the inquiring cracks of the Winchesters. High up in the air several specks sailed and drifted, more coming up rapidly from all directions. Buzzards know well where food can be found.

As Hopalong leaned back against a rock he was hit in the thigh by a ricochet that tore its way out, whirling like a circular saw, a span above where it entered. The wound was very nasty, being ripped twice the size made by an ordinary shot, and it bled profusely. Skinny crawled over and attended to it, making a tourniquet of his neck-kerchief and bandaging it with a strip torn from his shirt.

"Yore shore lucky, yu are," he grumbled as he made his way back to his post, where he vented his rancor by emptying the semi-depleted magazine of his Winchester at the knoll.

Hopalong began to sing and shout and he talked of Jimmy and his childhood, interspersing the broken narrative with choice selections as sung in the music halls of Leavenworth and Abilene. He wound up by yelling and struggling, and Skinny had his hands full in holding him.

"Hopalong! Cassidy! Come out of that! Keep quiet—yu'll shore get plugged if yu don't stop that plugin'. For God's sake, did yu hear that?" A bullet viciously hissed between them and flattened out on a near-by rock; others cut their way through the chaparral to the sound of falling twigs, and Skinny threw himself on

the struggling man and strapped Hopalong with his belt to the base of a honey-mesquite that grew at his side.

"Hold still now, an' let that bandage alone. Yu allus goes off th' range when yu gets plugged," he complained. He cut down a cactus and poured the sap over the wounded man's face, causing him to gurgle and look around. His eyes had a sane look now and Skinny slid off his chest.

"Git that—belt loose; I ain't—no cow," brokenly blazed out the picketed Hopalong. Skinny did so, handed the irate man his Colts and returned to his own post, from where he fired twice, reporting the shots.

"I'm tryin' to get him on th' glance—th' first one went high an' th' other fell flat," he explained.

Hopalong listened eagerly, for this was shooting that he could appreciate. "Lemme see," he commanded. Skinny dragged him over to a crack and settled down for another try.

"Where is he, Skinny?" asked Hopalong.

"Behind that second big one. No, over on this here side. See that smooth granite? If I can get her there on th' right spot he'll shore know it." He aimed carefully and fired.

Through Pete's glasses Hopalong saw a leaden splotch appear on the rock and he notified the marksman that he was shooting high. "Put her on that bump closer down," he suggested. Skinny did so and another yell reached their ears.

"That's a dandy. Yore shore all right, yu old cuss," complimented Hopalong, elated at the success of the experiment.

Skinny fired again and a brown arm flopped out into sight. Another shot struck it and it jerked as though it were lifeless.

"He's cashed. See how she jumped? Like a rope," remarked Skinny with a grin. The arm lay quiet.

Pete had gained his last cover and was all eyes and Colts. Lanky was also very close in and was intently watching one particular rock. Several shots echoed from the far side of the knoll and they knew that Red was all right. Billy was covering a cluster of rocks that protruded above the others and, as they looked, his rifle rang out and the last defender leaped down and disappeared in the chaparral.

He wore yellow trousers and an old boiled shirt.

"By-an'-by, by all that's bad!" yelled Hopalong. "Th' measly coyote! An' me a-fillin' his ornery hide with liquor. Well, they'll have to find him all over again, now," he complained, astounded by the revelation. He fired into the chaparral to express his pugnacious disgust and scared out a huge tarantula, which alighted on Skinny's chaps, crawling rapidly toward the unconscious man's neck. Hopalong's face hardened and he slowly covered the insect and fired, driving it into the sand, torn and lifeless. The bullet touched the leathern garment and Skinny remonstrated, knowing that Hopalong was in no condition for fancy shooting.

"Huh!" exclaimed Hopalong. "That was a tarantula what I plugged. He was headin' for yore neck," he explained, watching the chaparral with apprehension.

"Go 'way, was it? Bully for yu!" exclaimed Skinny, tarantulas being placed at par with rattlesnakes, and he considered that he had been saved from a horrible death. "Thought yu said they wasn't no bugs over here," he added in an aggrieved tone.

"They wasn't none. Yu brought 'em. I only had th' main show—Gilas, rattlers an' toads," he replied, and then added, "Ain't it cussed hot up here?"

"She is. Yu won't have no cinch ridin' home with that leg. Yu better take my cayuse—he's busted more 'n yourn," responded Skinny.

"Yore cayuse is at th' Cross Bar O, yu wall-eyed pirate."

"Shore 'nuff. Funny how a feller forgets sometimes. Lemme alone now, they's goin' to git By-an'-by. Pete an' Lanky has just went in after him."

That was what had occurred. The two impatient punchers had grown tired of waiting, and risked what might easily have been death in order to hasten matters. The others kept up a rapid fire, directed at the far end of the chaparral on the knoll,

in order to mask the movements of their venturesome friends, intending, also, to drive By-and-by toward them so that he would be the one to get picked off as he advanced.

Several shots rang out in quick succession on the knoll and the chaparral became agitated. Several more shots sounded from the depths of the thicket, and a mounted Indian dashed out of the northern edge and headed in Buck's direction. His course would take him close to Buck, whom he had seen fall, and would let him escape at a point midway between Red and Skinny, as Lanky was on the knoll, and the range was very far to allow effective shooting by these two.

Red saw him leave the chaparral, and in his haste to reload jammed the cartridge, and By-and-by swept on toward temporary safety, with Red dancing in a paroxysm of rage, swelling his vocabulary with words he had forgotten existed.

By-and-by, rising to his full height in the saddle, turned and wiggled his fingers at the frenzied Red and made several other signs that the cowboy was in the humor to appreciate to the fullest extent. Then he turned and shook his rifle at the marksmen on the larger knoll, whose best shots kicked up the dust full fifty yards too short. The pony was sweeping toward the reservation and friends only fifteen miles away, and By-and-by knew that once among the mountains he would be on equal footing, at least, with his enemies. As he passed the rock behind which Buck lay sprawled on his face, he uttered a piercing whoop of triumph and leaned forward on his pony's neck. Twenty leaps farther, and the spiteful crack of an unerring rifle echoed from where the foreman was painfully supporting himself on his elbows. The pony swept on in a spurt of nerve-racking speed, but alone. By-and-by shrieked again and crashed heavily to the ground, where he rolled inertly and then lay still. Men like Buck are dangerous until their hearts have ceased to beat.

WINKLER ASHORE

IV.—THE HEATHEN CHINAMAN

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATION BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



"The Chink were still in his corner, smokin'."

time come there were only one pardoner left (that were me), and no money to buy the license or the stock. Bumble were a plausible imposture with a smooth face and a clean shirt, and a billycock hat no higher in the crown than the lid of a saucepan, which he wore over his left ear so as to expose the shiny black curls over his right. Him and me was hand and glove.

"One day Bumble says to me, 'Winkie,' he says, 'there's goin' to be a rousin' wake in these parts.'

"'What's a wake, Bumble?' says I, for I were new to society.

"'A wake, Winkie,' says Bumble, 'is a gathering together of earnest men and women to make merry with departing spir-

its. When the spirits have all departed they sends out for more. The only person present as don't get drunk is the corpse. And that would if it weren't dead.'

"'Is it a funeral, Bumble?' I asks.

"'For the corpse,' says Bumble.

"'And who's the corpse this time?'

"'It's a male baby of mixed parentage,' says Bumble.

"'And who puts up the liquor?' says I.

"'The lifelong friends of the diseased,' says Bumble.

"'Make a long story short, Bumble,' says I, 'and tell me what's what.'

"'So he told me, sir, as there were a girl of them parts—meanin' the Bowery—had married a Chink, or Chinaman, sir, and been delivered in due time of a male infant. The Chink's name were Ah Chi (you say it like a sneeze, sir), and while he were in San Francisco on business connected with his *tong*, or club, the infant, while asleep in its bed, is blowed upon by a change of weather and dies of bronchial penoima. In the absence of Ah Chi, the girl, being Irish, allows to hold a wake, and she hires a dance hall to have it in, and invites her fambly and her friends and her friends' friends, which were the degree in which Bumble and me was related to the corpse. So we liquored up at a couple of saloons and attended.

"'Have you ever been at a prize fight, sir, when the audience is disagreed with the referee's disprision? Wolumes of belligerent sounds greeted us on the threshold, but mingled with them was the wailin' of women who could hold no more. The most of the guests was heavin' and climbin' and shoutin' to get at the bar, but them as was newly arrived went first to where the

mother were standin', with a handkerchief in one hand and a quart bottle in the other, at the head of the casket (which were white and ribboned and some thumb-marked) to eggspress their heartfelt solicitations. She were a good-lookin' girl, sir, three parts drunk, and sputtering tears at every pour.

"While Bumble were eggschangin' the passes of the day, so to speak, with the pore beriffed woman, I took and looked at the infant in the casket.

"It were very little, sir, and yellow, and its pore little slant eyes was shet tight, and it had a long upper lip, and that were the only way it showed the Irish in it. The rest were all Chink—nothin' to show whether it were dead or sleepin' or listenin' to what were goin' on.

"'And where,' Bumble were sayin' to the mother, 'is your good man, my dear?'

"'He's on his way home, pore sufferer,' says she, wipin' of her streamin' eyes, 'and I must bear my sorrers alone.'

"With that she give a dretful lurch, and Bumble steadied her.

"'Sorrer,' he says werry mournful, 'sorrer, my dear, wisits us all sooner or later. Sorrer has wisited Winkie and me, and with your leave we'll ask to be eggscused whiles we steps over to the bar and drowns it.'

"By the time we had fought our way to the bar, sir, all of the girl's fambly and many of the invited guests was lyin' down. The room were misty with tabacker smoke and there was halus about the gas jets, for the afternoon were dark. It were then that Ah Chi, the father of the dead infant, returned suttently from his travels. There were a lull for a minut in the storm of lambent rations and everybody that could see looked at him, and them as couldn't see turned their heads and tried to look. Egsept that his eyes was open, you couldn't have said, sir, if he were dead or sleepin'. He crossed the room like a yellor ghost, lookin' neither to right nor to left. When he were three parts across the mother seed him, and with a dretful howl she run and threw her arms about his long yaller neck.

"He stood still while she handled him, still as one of them well-dressed figgers in clothes-store winders. You'd a swore he were blind, for he did not see her, and you'd a swore he were made of wood, for he did

not feel her, and you'd a swore he were deaf, for he did not hear her. When she had howled herself out she fell foam-in' and senseless to the floor. Ah Chi never looked; he passed on. He passed the casket without a look, and he went into a far corner of the room, and set down. Then he took out a kind of pipe that had a long fat stem like a walkin'-stick, and a bowl no bigger than the end of your little finger, and begun to smoke. That were the only sign of life he give.

"The guests begun then to make a dretful glamor, and pride themselves with more whiskey, and say they never seed sech heartless unfeelin' behavior, and for two cents they'd stamp on his forrin belly till he were dead. But Ah Chi never quivered an eyelash, which now that I think, he didn't have any to quiver. He set and he smoked, and his eyes was those of a dead man—they didn't look and they didn't wink; and his body was as still as the infant's in the casket.

"Just there, sir, what with the raw whiskey I had drunk and the dretful ass-foneer in that place, I had to go into a back room. I stayed out nearly half an hour, and while I hung out of the winder, the shouts and howls in the room I had left died down to nothin', and you'd have said the buildin' were empty.

"Then I went back resolved to drink no more. The room looked like a shamble, sir; for men and women lay in heaps, and the floor were afloot with whiskey. Only one man were on his feet. He were a policeman, sir, off duty, and he walked up and down very solemn, swingin' his club, and if he saw a man or a woman give a sign of life he stopped werry solemn and adjured them to do their duty and clubbed them over the head. His back were turned when I come in, and by the time he had turned round, I were scrunched against the wall, as dead to look at as the next man. The Chink were still in his corner, smokin'. He hadn't moved a muscle. Pretty soon the policeman went and stood in front of the Chink, swayin' and shakin' his club. But the Chink never moved nor saw. He sat and smoked. That were all. Then the policeman fetched a dretful sigh and fell full length on his back. I were afraid he would come to life again, and so I didn't move, sir, but I watched the Chink. And

I see his eyes begin to dart this way and that, the way a rat's would if he were in the middle of a room and cats was guardin' the egsits. I didn't see what he done with his pipe, sir. It were in his hand one minut and the next it were nowhere, and he were on his feet stealin' toward the casket. He were alive now in every inch, and his eyes never rested from dartin' till he were alongside the casket. I can't say why, sir, but it were horrible to see him come to life and dart with his eyes, and when he suttenly dipped his skinny yellor hands into the casket and hove the dead infant out, I fetched a screech.

"He dropped the infant so that it were half in and half out of the casket, and slipped for his corner quick and quiet, the way a whip-lash travels on a horse's back. But he weren't quick enough. For before I knowed how it happened there was a swarm of howlin' men and women over him, stampin' and kickin'. Foremost of them were Bumble, and his expestations was dretful to hear. They stamped and kicked that Chink till they was sick and tired, and one by one they left off and staggered to the bar or lay down where they was. The Chink were feelin' pretty sick, I guess, but he picked himself up and set back in his corner like a dead man, only

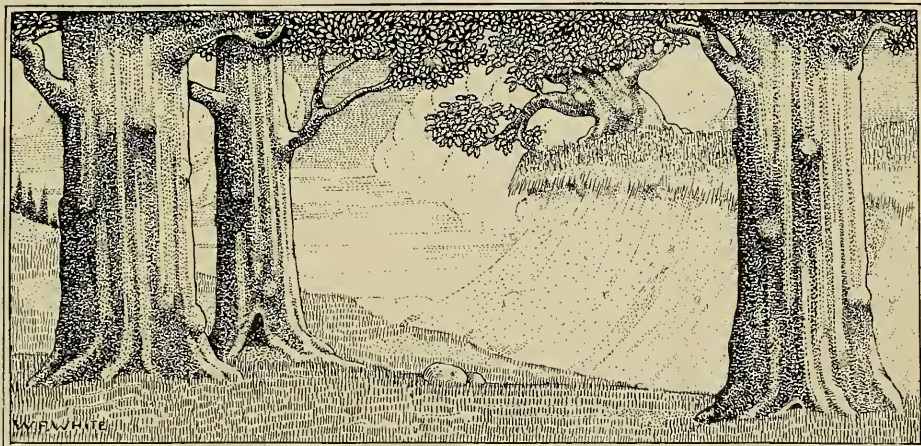
that he had out his pipe and smoked and smoked.

"Bumble were the last to lay down. He fetched a parting kick at the Chink, which missed by two foot and threw Bumble flat on his back. In which persition he slept.

"I wanted to sleep, sir, but I couldn't. If I closed my eyes I'd see the Chink dippin' his yellor hands into the casket and horrors would shake me. I had no guess as to what he wanted to do with the infant, but I knowed the stampin' and kickin' were less than he deserved for touchin' of it.

"I watched him for a long time, but he didn't make a move—jest sat and smoked like a dead man; but after maybe an hour his pipe disappeared and he begun to dart his eyes this way and that. Then, all of a sutten, he picked up an empty bottle and slung it crashin' against the wall. The noise would have wakened the dead. But nobody moved hand or foot.

"And with that the Chink must of been satisfied that there were no shammin', for he picked himself up, dartin' with his eyes, and slipped back to the casket. I didn't yell this time when he took the infant in his yellor hands, but just watched. And what do you think he did, sir? He held the baby against his breast, sir, and rocked with it, and burst into a storm of weepin'."



FITTING OUT FOR THE SEASON

BY A. J. KENEALY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON

THE young and ardent yachtsman's fancies should turn in the spring-time to thoughts of his saucy craft. I am not such a churl as to suggest that he should give his lady-love the cold shoulder and neglect her altogether. It has, however, been my experience that the Yankee girl has sufficient gumption and *nous* to look after herself in the way of fitting out for the summer season; while a boat, if left to her own devices, acquires dry rot and other kinds of rot and goes to the dogs generally. That is, unless she has the kind and considerate care of her owner. The yachting Cræsus, he with the coffers of gold and steel-clad vaults plethoric with bonds and shares of fabulous value, may depend upon the vicarious care of the men on his payroll for the condition of his yacht when the fashionable time for the sport comes round. But the average dweller on the earth is compelled by the stringency of his cash box or the emptiness of his purse to exercise wide-awake caution and economy in the adjustment of his expenses.

Personally, I take great delight in pottering about a boat in the early spring time, repairing where needed aloft and aloft, so that when she goes into commission I know of my own knowledge that in hull and in rigging she is sound and fit and ready to withstand the best as well as the worst that she may encounter in the way of weather. It is gratifying to an old sailor to realize that the yachtsman of North America, fresh water and salt, is becoming every year more enthusiastic in his devotion to his favorite sport. This is proved by his ever-growing tendency to fit his craft out early and lay her up later than was his custom a few years ago. Fashion has decreed that Memorial Day should mark the

formal opening of the sport. This is all very well so far as the opening of the big yacht clubs and the going into commission of the larger steam yachts and the great cruising schooners, cutters and yawls are concerned. It is different, however, with the small fry, the modest craft in which her owner takes his pleasure single-handed, or ventures out in the congenial company of a trusty chum or two on a week-end cruise.

In fitting out a small craft for the season's work much will depend upon the care with which she was laid up for the winter. The boat, at the end of the season, should have been hauled out and so protected as to keep rain or snow from penetrating her interior, while at the same time given adequate ventilation to keep her sweet and clean and to guard against the danger of dry rot—a most insidious disease which attacks the stoutest timbers and causes them to crumble like punk. Dry rot is caused by want of ventilation. Many yachts by this fault have to be rebuilt or extensively repaired. Like mildew in sails, dry rot can be prevented only by increasing vigilance combined with perfect ventilation. There is no preparation in existence that will render wood impervious to injury from dry rot. When once it attacks timber the affected part must be cut out and renewed. If an inch of the decayed wood is left it will spread like gangrene to the new timber. Thus, when buying a second-hand boat, it is well to have her examined by an expert to see whether she is affected by dry rot. If so, she is a boat that prudence recommends a purchaser to beware of and shun. Should your craft unfortunately have contracted this disease, I recommend heroic measures. Replace the



Scraping the mast, preparatory to a fresh coat of varnish.



Take everything out of her that is movable.

affected parts with sound wood, and in future take care that proper ventilation shall prevent a recurrence of the ailment.

Let us hope, however, that due care has prevented the inroad of dry rot into any part of your boat's hull. In order to overhaul her thoroughly she should be hauled out high and dry on the beach, and be so well supported by shores under the bilges that she rests as nearly as possible on an even keel—this to avoid strains. Rig a windsail and trim it so that a fresh current of air circulates through the craft, opening hatches, skylights and portholes to aid in this prime requisite of fitting out. Take everything out of her that comes under the classification of a movable. Expose every article to fresh air and sunlight. Then clean the boat thoroughly outside and inside, being lavish with elbow grease fore and aft as well as athwartships. Hot water and good soap, with a little soda, will be found necessary to take the grime off, and every part of the interior should be subjected to a good and hard scrub. Fresh water should be used with a lavish hand in this cleansing operation, and all rough spots smoothed off with pumice stone so as to leave a proper surface for the new paint.

If there is a stove in the cabin start a fire in it and let it get good and hot, while at the same time the windsail is doing its healthful work of drying and ventilating. Then rig the pump if you have one, if not at any rate free your craft from water. When the pump "sucks" use small sponges and squeegees until the boat is thoroughly dry. Do not be in too great a hurry to begin the work of painting, for a coat of paint has a habit of peeling off and blistering unless the surface to which it is applied is perfectly dry and smooth at the time of application.

Should expense be not a matter of prime importance enamel paint is to be recommended for interior work. It dries hard, looks well and is easily cleaned. A capital substitute for enamel paint may be found in white lead or white zinc mixed to a proper consistency with equal parts of raw linseed oil and spar varnish, with a dash of blue paint to take off the ghastly tint of the white lead or zinc as it comes crude from the can. Strain the paint through mosquito netting. Be careful not to have your paint too thick nor too thin and to apply it with common sense and discretion, so that when it dries you may not be



See that every repair is done thoroughly.

ashamed to look it in the face. Paint always with the grain of the wood, taking only a small quantity on your brush at a time, laying it on smoothly, not in daubs, or patches. Stir every few minutes. A man with the average amount of gumption will pick up more about painting from watching a painter at work for a few minutes than by reading whole treatises on the subject by sea lawyers and such. This too without undergoing the risk of being bored to death. One thing, however, should be insisted on. Lay the paint on the wood the right side up, and apply it with discretion and evenly. Two coats are, as a rule, necessary. Do not apply the second coat until the first is thoroughly dry and has begun to harden. The second coat should be so put on as to conceal any imperfections in the first coat, as evident from too glaring hairstrokes showing athwartships instead of fore-and-aft.

When the interior paint work has had its second coat and is dry there may perhaps remain certain parts of the wood in natural finish. These should have had the old varnish removed by scraping and sand-papering until perfectly smooth and bright. Then they should be coated with spar

varnish. It is always well to place the varnish can in a bucket of hot water to take the chill off before using it. The warmth makes it more penetrative and it dries harder and quicker.

While on this topic let me warn the inexperienced from diluting varnish with linseed oil, turpentine, kerosene or any other liquid. Never leave the varnish can in a cold cellar, and do your varnishing if possible on a dry warm day with a north-west breeze blowing. If you varnish in damp weather in a southerly wind and moist atmosphere the result may be disappointing, and the varnish may dry with a bluish scum on its surface like the bloom on a ripe plum, marring the lustrous beauty of the finished work and impairing the quality of the varnish as a preservative. As a general axiom, do not paint or varnish your boat in damp weather.

As soon as the paint and varnish of the interior are dry you can tackle the outside of the boat. White is the fashionable tint nowadays from the water line up to gunwale or rail. Use pumice stone diligently, and take care that the surface you are about to paint is perfectly clean and smooth and dry before you begin work.

Unless these conditions are closely observed the result will be the reverse of satisfactory. Fresh water should in every case be used to remove incrustations of salt from every part of a boat which it is intended to varnish or cover with paint or oil finish. The last-named preparation I do not recommend for outside work. In fact, where wood is to keep its natural tint on any kind of floating craft I recommend spar varnish undiluted, but warmed before it is applied. The usual brand of oil finish is not at all fitted for any kind of marine work. Salt air affects it and it never seems to dry hard with a luster on it, such as is the case with first-class brands of spar varnish.

If cotton or oakum is found protruding from the seams, replace it with calking iron and mallet, using these tools with discretion, not driving in the cotton or oakum too hard, but only just hard enough to keep the seams watertight. I would not counsel the amateur to pay the seams after calking either with pitch or marine glue. The result might not be altogether satisfactory. A shipwright's hand is needed for a deft finish, and as a general rule the amateur is not a success with either calking iron or pitch ladle. Each art requires the master touch of the skilled artificer. So let the cobbler stick to his last and the cook to the foresheet! But though calking iron and pitch ladle may be too deep for the ordinary amateur, the scraping of the pitch from the seams and the proper smoothing of the outside of the hull are tasks that the ordinary specimen of the *genus homo* can tackle and execute with a moderate degree of success and efficacy if he is gifted with no more than the average number of thumbs on either hand. If, however, all his fingers happen to be thumbs, he should hire shipwrights and painters to do the work for him, and always get estimates of cost before starting them in on the work. By all means give a wide berth to the mechanic who is unwilling to contract for a specific sum to repair or paint a boat.

For painting a yacht's hull below the water line there are several excellent compositions in the market, all claiming to be antifouling and weed proof. If you do not care to try any prepared mixture, patented or otherwise, but prefer to mix your own composition, the following recipe may be

followed: Take one pound of red lead, four ounces of copper bronze powder, the same weights of arsenic, chrome yellow and paris blue, one pint of liquid dryers, one pint of boiled linseed oil and one pint of spar varnish. Mix thoroughly. If too thick, add spar varnish or oil until of the proper consistency to flow freely from the brush. Strain through two layers of mosquito wire-netting and apply. It will dry a fine copper color and is as good as any high-priced paint manufactured, so far as appearance, smoothness and durability are concerned. Some owners paint the outside of their yachts black. A reliable mixture follows: To six pounds of best black paint add one pound of dark blue paint and half a pint of liquid dryers. Mix with equal quantities of raw and boiled linseed oil until of the proper consistency. Strain carefully and add one pint of spar varnish. This is a durable glossy paint which will give satisfaction. It should be remembered that white paint is superior to black paint for the hot weather of these latitudes, and that a craft painted white is much cooler on a hot day than a black one. That is why the craft engaged in the West India trade are generally painted white; also, black paint has a habit of blistering if exposed to a hot sun while being applied. You should therefore take advantage of any possible shade that may be available so that the fierce rays of the sun may not strike the surface while the process of painting is under way. Do not apply a second coat until the first coat is dry and set.

If the craft is of small size unstep the mast, place it on trestles or other convenient supports, and after stripping it clear of rigging scrape it bright, then sandpaper well, and when perfectly smooth give it a coat of spar varnish applied with the chill taken off. All cracks before varnishing should be filled with marine glue. Treat the gaff and boom in a similar fashion. When the varnish on the spars is dry and hard, prepare the rigging for setting up. See that the eyes that go over the mast-head are sound so far as chafes are concerned. If repairs are necessary, sew canvas over the eyes or serve them over with marline or spunyarn as preferred. Either method is good, the object being to prevent injury to the wire strands through chafing.

A little lead-colored paint should be applied to the wire before sewing canvas over the eye or serving it,—this to keep water from lodging and rusting the stay. The starboard shroud goes over the mast-head first, then the port one, and last the forestay. With your standing rigging thus in position and snugly fitted, you may step the mast and set up the rigging, keeping the spar perpendicular with no rake either way. After the

shrouds are set up the forestay should be set taut. Wire rope is now used for the standing rigging of all craft, no matter how small, and it is far superior to hempen cordage. It is also largely employed for running rigging, a brand of what is termed "flexible" wire being used for throat and peak halyards of racing craft. This variety is nearly as pliable as new hemp rope of the same tensile strength. It is much lighter in weight than hemp or Manila. It cannot be belayed to a cleat or a belaying pin. Therefore a sufficient length of Manila rope is spliced to the hauling end of the wire to insure its remaining fast after once belayed. This splice should not be attempted by a greenhorn. It is most difficult to make a neat job of it, and many professional riggers hesitate to tackle the task. I should counsel the green hand not to make experiments with wire rigging, but to secure competent



Hauling out.

assistance in this important part of his craft's equipment.

Bending sails is the next process. The careful seaman always makes sure that his sails are thoroughly dry before being placed in winter storage, and that the place where they are stored is free from damp. If these salutary precautions are neglected mildew is certain to attack the canvas, spoiling its appearance and inducing decay. Should mildew be present do not

apply chemicals, either acid or caustic. Scrub the sail on both sides with good yellow soap and fresh cold water, and then allow it to dry and bleach in the sun. Remember that strong chemicals, while they may take out mildew stains, are sure to rot the duck and are thus to be avoided. After the sails are in proper condition for bending, all holes repaired and chafes in the bolt ropes remedied and stains eradicated, reeve the throat and peak halyards and bend the mainsail. Do not haul the head or the foot out too taut at first, especially if the sail is new. The sit of even a well-cut sail is often ruined by bowing too hard on the head when bending it to the gaff, or the foot when bending to the jackstay on the boom. Just hand taut is the proper tension. Avoid the use of a tackle to stretch the head or foot before the sail is bent to gaff or boom. And when you hoist the sail for the first time don't "sweat up" either throat or peak



Oiling the blocks.



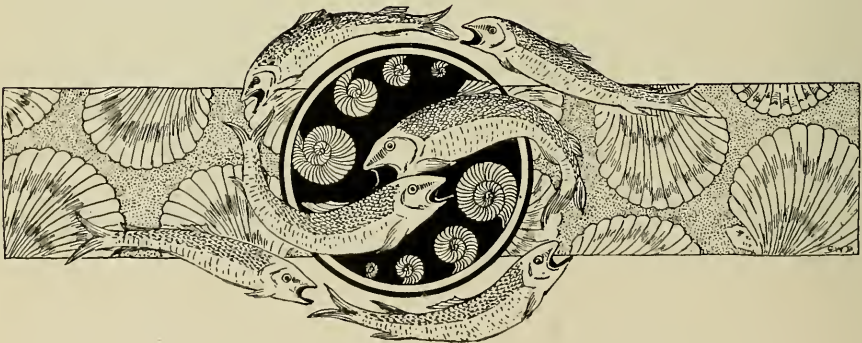
Calking the seams.

halyards too tautly. A warm breeze is the best sail stretcher known, and a cruise on a warm afternoon in a moderate breeze will be better to trim a sail into shape than pulling and lugging on it with a watch-tackle or other purchase. Do not go at a new sail like a bull at a gate. Be gentle in your methods, and your canvas will do credit to you instead of being an eyesore and a disgrace. Remember that your boat will never do justice to herself with a baggy mainsail. Bear in mind also that nine times out of ten a baggy mainsail is due to too much stretching at head, foot, hoist and afterleech when first bent. This is a "wrinkle" that should not be disregarded. Do not have halyards too big to render through the sheaves of the blocks. Manila rope swells much when wet with rain, frequently to such an extent that the rope jams in the sheave and you cannot get the sail down. In a stiff breeze this is always an annoyance and sometimes a peril. See that the blocks for the throat and peak halyards are fitted with patent sheaves and are in thorough working order before you reeve the halyards.

When your running rigging is rove and your sails bent and furled with the covers on and made fast, the deck should receive a thorough cleansing. In all probability there will be more or less spotting by paint on the planks, and the varnish applied last autumn when your craft was laid up for the winter must be removed. A solution of American potash—five pounds to a gallon of rain water, boiled until the potash is dissolved should be allowed to cool. With a mop apply to the deck at sundown, taking care that every plank is treated. Before

sunrise next morning scrub well with brushes and sand until every stain of dirt, grease and varnish is removed. Flush with plenty of water, and take care that every spot is washed off the outside of the boat. The deck should, when dry, be white as a hound's tooth, and may be varnished or not as the owner prefers. If to be varnished use only spar varnish, rejecting every substitute no matter how temptingly recommended, applying the coat with the chill taken off either by standing the can in the sun or in a bucket of hot water. I suppose it is needless to urge that the deck must be carefully swept of dust before varnishing is begun, using a fine hair broom or even a feather duster. What is worth doing is worth doing well, and a dusty deck will spoil the appearance of the most lustrous varnish. Once more let me warn the tyro against applying varnish to a wet or damp deck.

The cost of the materials necessary for fitting out a boat is moderate. It is skilled labor that is expensive. Yet if you think that you are not competent to do the work yourself I should not advise you to undertake the task. Call in the aid of the professional boat painter and rigger. Explain to him exactly what you want done, the number of coats of paint inside and outside, the kind of varnish to be used and so forth. Let him give you an estimate in writing. If the price is satisfactory let him go ahead—promptly. And so soon as the work is done to your pleasure, hand him his check. Don't keep him waiting too long for his money. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and there is no good excuse for withholding from a man that which he has earned.





The horse trade—willing to be tempted.

Drawing by Hy. S. Watson.



THE WHOLE STORY

BY EDWARD MARSHALL

I WAS a misanthrope as I stood upon the bank of the creek. In the first place, the fish would not bite. In the second place, I had just discovered that I had been given a perforated dollar when I had paid for my railway ticket. But my bitter reflections were interrupted by a pleasant voice coming from behind a bunch of alders.

"I hope, sir," said the voice, "that I do not disturb your fishing."

I looked up quickly and saw a face peering at me through the gray-green leaves.

"Oh, no," said I.

He came from behind his verdant screen and I observed that, although his face was plainly that of a genial man, it was quite as plainly that of a hungry man. Geniality and hunger do not harmonize. The fish were not likely to show greater eagerness until the sun had dropped a bit to westward. I had more luncheon in my basket than I could eat alone. I liked company.

"Won't you join me in a little noon-day bite?" I asked.

Later, as we ate, he told me how to fish those waters, and told me well, as I afterward found out. At supper time—for he remained with me for the balance of the day—he told me how to cook my victims nicely. The train by which I was to return cityward was not due until near midnight; so (while he directed me) I built a rousing camp fire, and stretched myself upon a bed of soft, dry leaves beside it. He had aroused my curiosity, and I questioned him as we smoked my very good cigars.

"There is no work hereabouts at my trade," he replied.

"No?" said I, inquiringly.

"No," said he. "No, indeed. Times are hard and so no one needs my services. I am in something of a hole myself, and, while that is my profession, I——"

"While *what* is your profession?" I interrupted to inquire.

"I am a hole digger," he replied, and as he spoke his eyes grew dreamy. "This section seems to be sufficiently supplied.

Everybody hereabouts already has a hole, and is, from what I learn, occupying it. It is a poverty-stricken section, this year."

"Ha!" I laughed heartily.

"That is the reason why I am a single man, and, therefore, have no one to share and lighten this sad poverty of mine," said he. "That and the fact that I hate puns."

"What have puns to do with it?" I asked.

"It would sound either like a pun or talking shop for me to ask a maid to join me in the bonds of *hole-y* matrimony, don't you see?" said he.

"Ha!" I laughed again, this time not so heartily.

"But the fact that every one in this section is in a financial hole is not a merry jest," said he, quite seriously, "else I should not have been so overjoyed to see in you a chance for two free meals. Not," he added hastily, "that I have not had much pleasure from your mere society, but candor compels me to admit that food was what I needed and appreciated most. We are made that way—carnal, carnal, carnal. We cannot help it. And to continue concerning the depression in my line of work, even when I can get a job the hard times make my employer much more particular than he would be in comfortable seasons, thus cutting down the profit. Also, sometimes, this money market stringency—or something else—makes men who hire me quite unscrupulous. Recently, for instance, I asked a man for work. At first he considered the digging of a well, but my charge for that is fifteen dollars, while I will dig a post-hole for fifty cents. He told me to dig a post-hole. Being grateful to him for giving me employment of whatever kind I dug a splendid post-hole, wide and deep. It was a lulu. He came and looked at it.

"'Why,' said he, 'you've done just as much work on it as if it had been a well. Pity it's so dry here. Over at the hilltop you'd have struck water at that depth.'

"He paid me the fifty cents and told me that I might spend the night out in his barn. About two A.M. I heard a noise as of oxen pulling heavily, but was weary and slept in spite of it. In the morning I found how the man had cheated me."

"How?" I inquired.

"He had pulled the post-hole to the hilltop with his ox team. Of course, then he

had his water. That post-hole made a bang-up well. I had been swindled out of fourteen-fifty!"

"But," said I, not quite following his tale, "you don't mean to tell me that he had changed the location of that hole by—"

"Precisely," he interrupted. "Quite so."

I smoked, being incapable of speech just then.

"This *is* a hard country for a poor man," he at length continued, "but that was the meanest trick but one that I ever had played on me."

"Tell me," I said earnestly.

"Another farmer," he replied, "engaged me to dig seven post-holes. I did them in one day, for at that time I was in need of money and worked hard. After I had finished he called me in to supper. I ate quite alone and thought nothing of that, but when, having finished, I went out again, I found how mean he had been."

"What had he done?" I asked, deeply interested.

"He called me over to the spot where I had been working," said my new friend, in an injured voice, "and, pointing to the ground, said crossly:

"'Well, when you goin' to begin work on them there holes—them seven post-holes?'

"'Why—' I began, and started to point out to him that I had finished up the job, but stopped when I saw that every one of them was gone.

"I was horribly puzzled. I wondered if I could be going mad, and all sorts of things like that. Of course, there was nothing for it except for me to dig them all again. Afterward I found out all the details of the scurvy trick which he had played on me. With his son-in-law's help those holes had been taken up and carried to a pasture at some distance. Later they used them in building a wire fence. By this strategy they obtained two sets for one small payment. It was cruel!"

He paused. I could not have spoken had I wished, and, anyway, I did not feel like talking at the moment.

"It is a scurvy trick to steal a poor, hard-working artisan's new post-holes!" he exclaimed at length.

"It is, indeed," said I, and swallowed hard, for his tale was difficult to swallow.

Again we smoked in silence for a time.

"It had been dreadfully hot, too, that day," he said, by and by. "I remember that in order to avoid sunstroke I had had to begin at the bottom of those holes and work up. It had made the job much harder, and, therefore, it made his act in cheating me much meaner. To begin at the bottom and work up is much the most difficult way there is of digging post-holes."

I blinked at him, somewhat dazzled by the glitter of this new idea.

"And even after I had dug a second set," he went on, "that farmer was not satisfied. I made an error in one measurement and dug that hole too deep. He made me pull it up and saw it off. He would not let me take the surplus from the top, although the upper end would have been much more easily accessible than the bottom was. He made me pull the whole hole up and saw the bottom off."

I started to make comment, for I felt grievously confused, but he interrupted me.

"And then," said he, "in my excitement I made another error. In the reinsertion of the hole I got it wrong end to, and was thus unable to insert the post. The bottom of the hole (now uppermost) of course was closed, you know. It took me quite an hour to rectify this error and get the hole up-ended in the ground."

"You turned it?" I timidly inquired.

He nodded.

"There was nothing else to do," said he. "I turned it; but I was annoyed and careless, and this brought me another piece of miserable fortune. I forgot to anchor it. Ill luck pursued me that day!"

I maintained a stern, impassive silence.

"I had begged the privilege of sleeping in his barn again that night," he continued, "for the extra work had wearied me and I had finished late, although I *had* neglected to anchor that last hole. Midnight had come when, waking suddenly, I thought of this, but, foolishly, I did not go out at once and rectify my error. I thought I could do it in the morning. But in the night a high wind rose and blew that loose hole quite away. When I learned of this I was utterly disgusted. I demanded payment before I left the premises, saying

that whether the hole was there or not, it had become his property after I had finished digging it and had been his to watch. He refused point-blank to pay me, however, and this made me so angry that I refused to dig another hole for him. I took payment for the remaining holes and started off, determined that I would find the missing hole and bring it back to him. I was resolved that he should pay for that particular hole, even if it should turn out that its journey in the breeze had damaged it a little. It was wretched judgment on my part."

"Did—did you ever find the hole?" I thickly asked.

"Oh, yes," said he, "but at a great distance from the place where I had dug it. You see, empty holes are very light and can be carried by the merest zephyr, once they are lifted into air. The wind had wafted this one away across the county line, and, as ill luck would have it, had finally lodged it in the street before the residence of the county judge. On starting for the courthouse in the morning he had stepped into it and received a compound fracture of the left leg below the knee. It was just after he had been pulled out—a most unfortunate moment—when I appeared to claim the hole. The judge had me placed in custody for owning dangerous vacancies, and ordered me and my property to be taken into court."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"I would have been convicted and fined heavily, no doubt," the stranger answered gravely, "had I not had a happy thought, just in the nick of time. It really was a clever ruse. Nimbly I climbed into the hole and then they could not find me."

"I should have thought," said I, after I had somewhat recovered from the pun, which, to do justice to him, I must say was, I believe, inadvertent, "that they would have seen the hole and looked there for you."

"Ah," my new friend said, quite slyly, "I had thought of that, and, in order to avoid it, had quickly pulled the hole in after me. It was an old trick. Similar strategies are frequently mentioned in the annals of our grandfathers."

Again he paused, but I could do nothing to fill the conversational gap. At times articulation is very difficult for me, and

this was such a time. He went on with his reminiscences.

"I once had a hole which kept me warm all winter," he remarked.

"Yes?" said I.

"And not only that," said he, "but it furnished me employment for a time, besides. Quite remunerative, too. I went on the stage with it in vaudeville."

"Indeed?" said I.

"I had spent the previous winter in the South," he continued pleasantly, "where the sun shines bright on my old Ken—you know the rest of it—even in January. I got into a dreadful hole, dug for me by unfoward circumstances. But a thought occurred to me which helped me out of it, and afterward I was not so foolish as to throw away the hole. So, having it on hand, I filled it up with bright Kentucky sunshine and took it northward. As an exhibition, with a small act or so in addition—I am very clever at a buck and wing, and can even cut a pigeon wing when I am feeling well—it was popular. A hole full of real Kentucky sunshine was a novelty in Minnesota and in both Dakotas in the winter. I made money. Besides, through keeping close to my exhibit, I never felt a chill all winter, although it was a bitter, bitter season. I really kept almost too warm, later on, for I had to stay a little more than close to it. The manager skipped off with the cash and I was *in* it! Still, everything would have gone all right, perhaps, until the spring time if, in my efforts to carry the show on alone, I had not tried to do too much, one night."

"What reckless folly was it that you yielded to?" I asked.

"Well, you see," he answered, "that hole originally came from 'way down in old Kentucky, as I've told you. Kentucky is astonishingly under-run by caves. The Mammoth Cave, you know, is there, and there are countless minor caverns, some of them unexplored and not denoted on the maps. I must have been above a cave of some sort when I first obtained this hole, for the bottom proved to be astonishingly thin. As I have told you, I tried to do too much one night. I reversed the hole, and, while it stood upside down upon the stage, I climbed it and began to dance upon the wrong side of its floor—if you know what I mean by that.

I did not stop to think about those caves and the effect which they might have had upon the firmness of the bottom of that hole. I had scarcely done a single *pas seul* upon my lofty perch when the thin substance broke beneath me. I had danced the bottom out—or, rather, in—and collapse ensued. This spoiled the hole. My property was gone. Escaped the sunshine—lost the profits of the show, alas!"

"You—you were not injured by the fall?" I asked, quite timidly.

"Fall?" said he, inquiringly. "There was no fall, although the mishap spoiled the hole entirely. How could there be a fall? Have I not told you that the hole was upside down when I broke through? Who ever heard of anybody falling from the bottom to the top of *any* hole? It cannot be done. Commit that fact to memory if you have not thought of it before. It may save bruises. When you see that you are close upon a tumble reach forward, grab the hole that threatens quickly, and turn it wrong end up. Then you will merely stub your toe on it or run against it. You *can't* fall into it. But you must be quick."

There was an impressive silence as I pondered deeply over this.

"I wholly spoiled that hole by my foolish work that night," he finally continued. "But, alas! I now am in another and one even less agreeable. It may be that I appear to you to be above ground. I am, really, in a dickens of a hole this minute."

I spoke diffidently, asking:

"Would—would a dollar help you to climb out?"

"I think that it might be of some assistance," he replied. "Silver dollars are so round, you know. Some call them cart-wheels, and one rigs pulleys upon wheels to pull out coal from mines, and mines are holes. Is it a silver dollar?"

I nodded.

"Then I might use it as a part of the necessary hoisting apparatus," he informed me.

I held it out to him. He took it hurriedly. He went his way. I have never seen him since. The dollar was the one which had been given to me by that station agent. I have often wondered what my strange friend did with the hole which he must have found was in it when he tried to spend it.

A DAY'S WORK IN THE MOUNTED POLICE

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

"ANY complaints?"

One of the mounted policemen slid wearily from his saddle as he spoke.

A November sky spread the cold yellow hues of a stormy sunset over the endless prairies, and a chill, strong wind mourned its desolate way through the horses' tails, whistling around the corners of the squatter's shed with a doleful whine that rose and fell monotonously.

A woman had come to the low door in answer to their halloo and the two men looked at her disconsolately. She rubbed her work-worn hands together nervously.

"No ther hain't, leastways—" she hesitated and looked keenly past the horses, seeking to pierce the winter's gloom that lay heavy over the bare landscape, "leastways, none that I can tell on," she continued, with a catch in her voice. "Jim ain't ter hum; ye'd best stay the night; it's er goin' ter snow, I guess, by the feelin'. Yer kin stable yer critters down in th' shed an' welcome."

"I reckon we'd better, Fred; it's a long thirty mile to old Ned Blake's, and I think snow's a-comin', too."

The other nodded and, still mounted, walked his horse toward the shed. The first speaker followed, leading his animal. The long, rickety building was down in a little roll of the prairie, and as the two approached it a forlorn old hen cackled harshly, and a pig, disturbed by the sound of the horses' feet, grunted and rustled in the straw.

"Who's the old gal, Bert?" Fred asked, as he undid his girths, the horse playfully nibbling his shoulder.

"Sho, forgot ye warn't over this route yet; she's widder Gleeson; a feller called Jim Stephens lives yere, kinder helps

round the farm, y' know!" and they both chuckled.

Bert Saunders was an old member of the N. W. M. P.* The years had grown on his broad back in the service, and, as he said, "I hain't no good for nawthin' else."

With gray hair and deep-set eyes that were hardly to be seen behind fierce, bushy eyebrows, Saunders showed that if age brings experience, he must have his full share of it. The other was a young man; tall, well built, a good horseman, with a "good eye," but old Saunders would quietly suggest that "he was a leetle too quick."

"Th' widder seems to hev sum'n on her mind," Bert remarked as they went back to the house, "but 'tain't nawthin' excitin', I'll bet; mabbe she's lost a calf, or mabbe ol' Jim got some whiskey som'ere."

"Set ye down, boys, set right down near, till I gets ye some vittles." The old woman hurried about, pottering among the kitchen implements, or rather makeshifts for them, and rattling vigorously in a huge tin box that served as tea-bag, salt cellar, meat holder and bread basket.

"Queer old place," Fred muttered, looking about as they stood by the fire.

"Yes," Saunders answered in a whisper, "an' ther used to be some queer doin's too, when she—" he jerked his thumb toward the kitchen—"was a young 'oman."

The inside of the main room was dark and dingy with age and dirt. A huge four-poster bed stood in one corner, the blankets on it rolled up in a tangled heap, and the shabby, ragged pillows had evidently been used as footstools. Old cowhide boots stuck out from beneath the bed, and overalls with a strange assortment of clothes dangled ungracefully from pegs all about. The candles spluttered and flick-

* Northwest Mounted Police.

ered, giving out but faint, weak rays of light that scarce illumined the long, narrow room.

"Thar, ye kin eat!" Widow Gleeson drew up the dangerously tottering stools, and seated herself on the edge of the bed while the two men began their supper. For some minutes nothing was to be heard but the metallic clinking of the tinware, and the gurgling sips Saunders took of the hot tea.

"I'm d—n glad we're in here, instead of fightin' our way to Blake's; listen to that—" Fred said then.

"Gosh, yes!"

The threatened snow had come outside, brought by a gale of wind. The particles were hard frozen and battered viciously in their million numbers against the walls, while the wind screamed fitfully. When supper was over the men got out their pipes and smoked by the crackling fire, whose flames shot up the flue in straight, roaring lines, drawn by the fierce draught.

"No complaints, d'ye say, Widder?" Bert asked slowly, rubbing the tobacco fine between his palms. She fidgeted nervously, then hesitated again, seemingly listening for something.

"Nawthin' that I can tell on, but Jim he hain't been good ter me lately; hit me with th' axe handle two weeks 'go, an' cussed som'n arful becus I didn't have no whiskey; ye boys know thet since ye've ben so sharp a-watchin' them fellers 'cross the line it's purty hard to get whiskey, ain't it, now?" she finished appealingly.

"Yes, Widder, we're lookin' arter 'em purty close now, sure," and Saunders laughed; "it's tol'able hard ter run th' liquor over into Canady now! Wall, what about Jim? What's he done?" The chance question told, and the old woman was startled.

"How d'ye know?" she whispered.

"Don't, but I'm guessin'."

"Now, boys, I don't know nawthin', but since I comed back from Uncle Jack's—I went over thar when Jim got c'ntanker'us, ye know—I seed som'n funny 'bout h'ar; look ahere!"

She reached down and pulled out one of the cowhide boots. Saunders examined the rough, worn leather carefully; then he gave a short, sharp whistle. Any one that knew Bert's ways would have realized that

something was wrong, and Fred did know the old fellow well, having made many a ride and route with him; therefore he leaned forward eagerly.

Saunders turned the boot over and over.

"How long's Jim had these yer boots?"

"They bain't hisn!" the woman answered quickly.

"Oh, ho! so they ain't Jim's? Did ye ever see 'em afore?"

"Um—mm," and a strong negative shake of her head.

"Looks like blood, don't it, Bert?"

"Looks like blood an' *es* blood."

Saunders put the boot down. "We'll look round a mite, Widder."

With stolid eyes the woman watched them searching here and there, peering into dark corners, shaking old baggings while the dust rose in clouds.

"Here's something!" Fred called, and held up a red-stained block of wood that he had found under the mess of plow chains and old metal.

The older man examined it as carefully as he had the boot, and again whistled sharply to himself; the block he put by the boot.

"Look furder, Fred." They hunted and prodded in silence, then Saunders turned on his heel.

"Looky here, Widder, what you got 'gin Jim?"

The old woman seemed to shrivel and her eyes grew large and black.

"Nawthen' 'cept he's cross an' I'm sick o' him," she answered shortly.

"H'm," and they searched again.

"When'd Jim go 'way?"

"Three days ago, jus' afore the last snow."

"Where'd he go?"

"Dunno; said as he was goin' ter Rickson's, but he allus wuz a liar."

"H'm, Rickson's; that's eighty mile by the trail," Saunders said more to himself than for the benefit of the others.

"How'd he go—ride?"

"Y'ep, took th' horse, an' I kin stay here an' starve, or walk out, I s'pose!"

They found nothing more, though the search had been long and thorough.

"What do you think about it, Bert?"

"I hain't thought 'nuff yet; let ye know in th' mornin'; better turn in now!"

He pulled off the long service boots and

stretched his feet gratefully to the fire. The old woman watched them a while longer, then took a candle and crawled slowly up the shaky ladder that led to the small attic over one end of the long room.

"You boys kin hev the bed," she called down.

Saunders looked at the mess of clothes. "I guess not for mine, Fred; I'll roll up in the blankets right here."

"The same for me!" Fred got their blankets from their saddle rolls they had brought in, and unfolded them on the rough floor. They took off their coats, and these, with the long fur capotes, made excellent pillows.

When the candles were out, and the tiny glows at the ends of the wicks had vanished, the interior was dark save for the ember glow, and silent save for the storm sounds outside.

Gust on gust the fierce breaths shook the old timbers till they creaked, drone on drone came from the flue, and the bitter, cold air found its way through the cracks in the floor, biting the men's faces as they lay rolled in the warm, blue wool blankets.

Just then the door blew inward, burst by a gust more powerful than the others.

"Damn, damn!" Fred grumbled, as he got up slowly to close it. He looked out first. It was a wild winter's night on the prairie. In the faint snow sheen the short distances were hazy and vague, laden with hurtling masses of white. Overhead the sky was dark, but the heavy cloud banks were black, and their dim shapes could faintly be seen tearing in great rent and split masses across the heavens. Fred shivered as he pushed the boards into the aperture and fastened it with a bar of wood.

"The horses 'll catch it t'night," he muttered as he curled up again. It seemed to him that he was hardly asleep when something moving caught his attention. He lay quiet, listening intently, trying to locate the sound. From his position he could just see the foot of the attic ladder as it was between him and the window; then a black something came between him and the faint white reflection. It moved aside.

"Th' old woman! What's she want?" he whispered, his lips scarcely moving. The dull scrape of a sulphur match came to him softly in answer, and he shut his

eyes to slits. The blue flame spluttered into life, then came the yellow shine, and he saw the widow carefully light a candle stub under cover of her hands. Its light came redly through the flesh of the fingers.

She looked a long time at the sleeping men, and the policeman felt his eyes twitch and jerk with the strain. Then she turned her back and moved noiselessly to the far end of the building. She stopped there, looking back, and Fred started at the ugly expression on her face. She shook her gnarled fist at the two, then leaned over and began pulling and tugging at some of the floor boards. Now wide awake and alert, Fred sat up carefully under cover of the blanket and watched. At last she got one of the boards well up and drew a long something from the bosom of her tattered dress. The policeman looked hard, but could only see that it seemed black, and a piece of cloth.

As slowly the woman dropped the thing in the hole, lowered the board, quietly replaced the things that had been on it and turned to come back. Quick as he was she saw Fred drop.

Instantly the candle went out and everything was quiet save for the weird sounds of the wind.

He felt for his revolver, and was about to call Saunders, when the bar at the door was violently pushed aside, the door itself flew open, and he caught a fleeting glimpse of a muffled figure sneaking out.

"Halt there!" he shouted, but the wind forced the sound of his voice into his throat.

"W's matter?" Saunders asked, sleepily.

"Wake up, man, quick! Something's wrong!"

As though to the bugle call the other was out of the blankets and on his feet, revolver in hand. The two stood still for an instant in the darkness, the snow piling coldly on the floor.

"The old woman's skedaddled," he called then, and hurried over to the corner where he had seen her mysterious actions.

In his haste he broke match after match trying to get a light.

"Take it easy, boy, take it easy!" Saunders followed him over.

"What's all this anyhow? What ye doin'?" as Fred hauled at the boards, tossing everything right and left. He got them up and the light showed a dark, long

hole dug in the earth. He leaned over, lowering the candle.

"Holy tickets, Bert, look at that!"

The other craned his neck. "He hain't ben dead more'n two days neither!" he said slowly; "she's done it, an' tried fer to set us on this same pore feller, so's we'd go ter Rickson's ter-morrer an' give her a chanst ter git out. The ol' varmint didn't expect us till next week. I tol' ye we were early on this route. Well, come on an' find her; she ain't far t'night; hidin' in the barn, mos' likely. Hell of a job to take her to the post, now, ain't it?" So talking quietly, with the coolness of long years at this sort of work, Saunders calmly pulled on his boots while the younger man chafed at the delay.

"Look out she don't shoot ye, Fred; may hev er gun," he advised, as the two with lowered heads went out into the fury of the night.

They reached the shed; the thatch door was wide open.

"She's in there all right," Saunders stood at the entrance. "Come out, ye —, —, —, we've got ye, — ye!"

No answer.

Slowly Bert's anger grew, and he swore at the black interior.

His voice echoed each time very faintly in the straw-smelling place.

"Le's go in an' haul her out—come on!"

They went, and Fred struck a light.

"The horses!" he gasped. Saunders turned; the horses were gone!

"Out wif ye quick, 'less ye want ter walk! Strike fer Blake's, she won't go agin' this wind for Rickson's, an' I don't believe she kin manage them horses, not both on 'em, anyhow!"

They floundered on to the trail, discernible only under the snow by its flatness, and hurried along it as fast as they could. The snow hindered them more and more, piling against their legs and creeping up under their trousers, where it clung freezingly.

"There's one of 'em!" Saunders shrieked, as a black object came in sight just off the track. They came up to it; one of the horses, and cleverly hobbled! The poor brute stood there helpless, its mane and tail heavily laden with ice particles, the nostrils' edges solid and eyes tight frozen. When the hobble was cut it moved stiffly.

Saunders started to mount. "Get out o' that," and Fred shoved him aside; "I'll

go! Ye ain't fit to go on such a night as this; ye'r a better man for it, but I'm younger and you'll freeze 'thout your fur; go back and wait. I'll find her if she's between here and Blake's!" and he rode off, hearing Saunders' curses but for an instant. The latter turned against the flying snow sheets.

"He's a good un, jus' same," he muttered. "Gosh, it's d—n cold! I believe I must be gettin' old after all." He went back to the house and built up the dead fire.

Meanwhile Fred struggled on. Little by little the horse recovered its strength and moved faster, but the cold began to tell on the man's body, damp from the exertion of the run he had had. He got the horse into a gallop and swung his arms viciously.

"That's better," he whispered, as the flying scud showed brighter in the east. He kept on steadily and daylight grew: the snow drifted worse and worse. The little horse labored badly, sank into a trot, and from that to a walk, hanging its head and licking the snow.

Then far ahead the policeman saw a speck, and urged the horse to a trot again.

"That's her," he said aloud in a few moments.

The distance between them lessened. There, astride of the other stolen mount, was the old woman, her head and body wrapped in an Indian rabbit-skin blanket; the horse was walking steadily along, she huddled in the saddle. She heard nothing because of the noises of the wind till Fred reached her side.

"Halt!"

She stuck her face out, saw him, and before the man could move, grabbed her bridle, jerked the horse off the trail and galloped across the snow plains.

He drew his revolver.

"I'll shoot!" he yelled, but he might as well have thought it for all she heard.

"By God, I will shoot!" he swore, and took aim. "Great tickets, can't I catch her? I *will*!" and away he went, firing twice in the air to try to intimidate the fleeing figure, but without success. His horse stumbled, gathered itself and stumbled again, and he saw that she would get away from him.

"I'll have to shoot the horse. Poor old Bill, but I'll have that woman, so help me!"

He drew up, took aim and fired.

"Too low!" as a spit of snow rose behind the other horse.

Bang!

"Too far to the left!"

Bang!

"Got him!" as the brute staggered to and fro.

He moved on slowly and came up to the fugitive.

The ugly face peered at him through the blankets.

"I've got you now; get off that horse!" She did not move; he dismounted, grabbed the blankets and yanked her off.

Another shot and the wounded beast was dead. He patted the lifeless head as it lay on the snow.

"Poor old Bill—good horse!" he said huskily; "you died for the service." He turned savagely.

"Now you walk, d'y hear? Walk!" He waited. No move from the shape on the crust.

"I'll kill yer if you don't get up!"

"Ye dassent," she snarled then, speaking for the first time. He coaxed, threatened, promised—all to no end.

Then he picked her up, slung her over his saddle, fastened her there, stripped the dead horse of its saddle and bridle and fastened them on his own.

"I'll have to walk; the hoss can't carry both," and so they started, he leading, bridle rein over his arm. The exercise warmed him, as he was chilled through and through and his ears were frozen. He rubbed snow on them as he went on. They proceeded thus for some time.

"Funny I don't hit that trail!" He led the way to a snow rise. As far as he could see in the now full gray light were moving clouds of snow; no flat anywhere, nothing but hills or hollows that appeared and vanished between the squalls.

"Here, you," he shook the mass in the saddle roughly. "Where are we?"

"S'pose I'm goin' ter tell?" the cracked voice answered fiercely.

"But we'll die out here—I'm lost!"

"S'pose I care? They'll kill me at the Post fur killin' Jim—what's the dif'rence?"

"You admit murdering Jim?" he shouted.

She nodded, as he could tell by the shaking of the blankets.

"Here's a fine outfit," he said to himself. "A clear, good case; maybe stripes if I land her at the Post, and certain death if I don't find the way!"

He thought hard and an idea came.

He put the bridle rein over the horse's head again, patted it, stroked its ice-hung muzzle. Then he stood aside, and struck its back sharply with his hand.

The horse threw up its nose, hesitated, then swerved sharp to the right and started to trot. Fred ran behind, holding it lightly by the tail. On the animal went, its ears pricked forward, life in its movements where it had been sluggish and slow. Sometimes walking, then trotting again, but always moving decisively, the horse kept on. The man was tired and the snow chafed his ankles and legs badly. His body was warm, but his hands, feet and face pained severely. They came up over a rise, and the long-familiar house stood just beyond.

"Thank God!" he muttered incoherently, and kissed the poor frozen muzzle again and again. The animal seemed to understand and tried to nip his hand.

Saunders was waiting.

"Ye got her?" was the first question.

"Sure!"

"Where's my Bill?"

When Fred told the story the old sergeant's face quivered hard, but, "A good horse was Bill, an' many miles I've done wi' him!" was all he said.

He helped to undo the lashings, and the blanketed figure dropped into his arms.

"Here, none o' that—stand up!" He let go and it fell inert.

"Froze a mite, I guess."

Saunders pulled aside the blankets. The face he saw leered up at him white and lifeless, the eyes open and dull set. With a curse he drew the blankets back. A short knife was driven in over the heart, and the old, worn hand was still fast to the handle.

"D'ye know this?" he asked.

"God! no," Fred answered, "I saw nothing, 'cept when the horse started out right the blankets moved a trifle."

"That's it, then; she knowed the way, and when she seed you was a-comin' right she did this job; wouldn't that beat all? Wall," he continued with a sigh, "it's all in the day's work!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE OLYMPIAN GAMES

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE first modern Olympian championships were held at Athens ten years ago; and will anybody who was there ever forget the splendor and appropriateness of the setting? And yet over and above that was not, after all, the magnificent spirit with which the men and women of Greece invested the occasion the finest thing about it?

To understand what it meant to a patriotic Greek, one must bear in mind that it was like a reincarnation, an invocation of the gods, a living over again of the days when his country led the world in all the things the world held worthy, and a revival of the period when in the young men were developed brain and body harmoniously; for if there was every stimulation for him who would emulate the intellectually great—encouragement for debate and orations, recitation of poetry and presentation of the drama in historic places and in the presence of the honored leaders who were yet walking among them—there was corresponding glory for the physically superior: constant practice in bodily exercises, frequent athletic competitions and, above all, the intense excitement of the Olympic Games, which periodically aroused the populace to frenzied enthusiasm.

In those great days, when the spirit of the citizens was nurtured by a system of education as much physical as mental, as much emotional as intellectual, a youth could hope to perform no more renowned feat than to win a prize at the Olympic Games. Crowned in the temple was he then with a wreath of wild olive and returned in state to his native city, where, that he might not have to enter the city gates as an ordinary citizen, they breached the walls. Quite often a marble statue

was erected to the hero, and he might even be pensioned for life, and now and again the nation's poet felt sufficiently inspired to compose odes to his greatness. The pension money is gone and the statues have crumbled, but the Olympionic odes have come down to us in all their lyric beauty, and what else need the soul of man care for?

As in the old days the Olympic victor was of some note in the community, so, the present-day people of Greece decided, was he worthy to be again. And here the power of the press was brought into play. For months preceding the games every newspaper in Greece seemed to be drumming on that one note—the glory that was their ancestors'—until at length was born an all-absorbing desire for the recreated Olympic festival. At first there was some discouragement because no structure suitable to the occasion was at hand; but the patriotic Averoff offered to and did furnish the funds for a stadium to be built on the banks of the Ilissus, above the site of that stadium wherein the sacred festival was last held in Attica. And so, after fifteen hundred years, they dug out the old yellow marble blocks that once were so white, and erected the present superb stadium, and merely to glance at it is worth a year of classical research in any dusty library here at home. All white marble from track to upper walls, marble that gleams in the sun like a dream of unsullied snow, and of a capacity to seat seventy thousand people; and above and around the inclosure, encompassing the white walls so closely as to seem a continuation of the serried seats, are the slopes of the same old hills whereon the multitude sat in the old days also. Seventy thousand inside, and another seventy or eighty thousand outside; an audi-

ence that to set bounding a man's pulses when for the first time he comes out to face it!

Lately we have witnessed the building of a few stadia here at home, and every now and again a well-meaning scribe arises to dilate on the wonder of them. The best of ours seats thirty thousand people and is built of dull-gray cement laid over iron girders; but before we write our limitations down again let us hope that we shall take a look at the real thing over there in Athens, and let us hope also that when our universities decide to build another a com-mitted model in Athens, and having done that, allow only one with an appreciation of the true spirit to design the copy. Art and beauty, too, have their laws, and—our morals of course not to suffer in the process—why not serve them?

Can you imagine that seething city when the American team arrived on the eve of the first day of the games? We had been sixteen days in traversing by land and water the something like six thousand miles. Long before the ancient city could possibly be in sight, we had heads out of the window of the coach. Mind, we were young and in good physical condition, and, as nothing feeds the senses like youth and bodily luxuriance, we were aflame to get a view of the classic city. All that we had ever read or heard of Greece and all that we had never read nor heard, but that was born within us, lay like white-heated strata in the hotbeds of our imaginations. We were burning to see, and when it flashed to view—the tumbled Parthenon on the crest of the scarred Acropolis, the one temple of the one hill of all the Pagan ages—why—we said nothing. But when breathing came easier—"Athens!" we cried; and that little word stood for all our years of thought, speech and subconscious reflection on the glory of things that were.

And when that throng crowded to our coach and gave us little flags, one of their country and one of our own, and we pinned them to our coats, and joined joyously in the procession that straightway paraded the streets, and with (we trust) humility received the plaudits of the multitudes that crowded sidewalks, doorways, balconies, roofs! And afterward at the Chamber of Deputies, where the international felicita-

tions were exchanged! If "Viva!" cried one group, "Vive!" roared another, "Hoch!" boomed the Germans, it was "Hooray!" shrieked we, as loudly as any, we hope, for the honor of the flag, and continued to shriek as long as any other crowd would challenge.

After a time they allowed us to leave for the hotel, to clean up, eat and turn in; but early next morning—at four o'clock—there they were again, never-ceasing celebrants, in the square beneath our windows, and now with brilliant bands playing strange but stirring airs; and, when we went down to breakfast, it was to learn that five thousand people were in line at the stadium to witness an installation that was not to take place until two o'clock in the afternoon.

The opening of the games at the stadium was a solemn ceremony, as it should be after a lapse of fifteen centuries; but it need not be detailed here. We might mention that the hymn composed for the occasion was impressively rendered by a band of three hundred pieces, and that quite a little crowd had gathered—one hundred and forty thousand somebody said—and that included there were a few thousand titles—kings, queens, princes, princesses, grand-dukes, grand-duchesses, followed by just ordinary dukes and duchesses, and so on down to every-day baronets and their ladies.

We undressed then and were rubbed in little booths that led off a court wherein might be heard all the languages of civilization, and one or two that we doubted were civilized. And by and by a herald came in and ta-ra-rummed stirringly, while outside in the arena we could hear his mate also ta-ra-rumming in stirring fashion. And we went out and looked that multitude in the face. One hundred and forty thousand, did somebody say? We could easily believe it.

The trials in the one hundred meters were run, and the Americans won their heats, but they were counted only for trial heats—the first final had yet to be won. It was on directly, the trials and final in the classic Greek jump—the triple leap, as they call it, or the hop, step and jump, or two hops and jump, as we call it—and the glorified youth of a dozen nations took their turns, until it simmered down to a Greek, a

Frenchman and an American. And the final winning of it by the American led up to an occasion that he has been able since to recollect without greatly straining his faculties. The one hundred and forty thousand throats roared a greeting, and the one hundred and forty thousand pairs of eyes, as nearly as he could count, focused themselves on his exalted person. And then, when his name went up on the board, to the crest of the hills outside the multitude re-echoed it, and to the truck of the lofty staff was hoisted the flag of his country and there remained, while that beloved band of three hundred pieces in the middle of the stadium—and such a band! they should have been admitted to full American citizenship on the spot—began to play the Star Spangled Banner as if it were their own—why, it was a moment to inspire! The young fellow was seeing things through a purple haze by then, and the haze deepened and glowed when over in a corner a group of countrymen, officers and sailors of a warship in port and the not-to-be-mistaken tourists, suddenly flashed into view a lot of American flags and split the classic air with an assortment of American yells. But, eyes for the flag aloft and ears to the strain below, he stood to attention, and not until the shouts had died away did he regain his balance, when, thoroughly satisfied that the heir to all the ages was at that moment treading the air of the stadium in spiked shoes, he made his way across the field and through the tunnel to the dressing room, and there graciously posed for four artists and any number of photographers.

There were numerous minor attentions, such as the clutching *en route* of the girdle of the hero's bath robe by those who were pleased to be able to say afterward that they had done so; and there were other people who blocked his way and asked to be allowed to gaze into his face, and, he benignly permitting, they did so, and invariably shouted "Nike!" after his disappearing miraculous form. And there were delicate addresses by yet others who pointed him out—men and women—and smiled and smiled, and one or two audacious but undeniably sincere ones, albeit they were bearded, who threw arms around him and kissed him ecstatically on both cheeks.

And later in the afternoon that first victor was joined by another, also an American, Robert Garrett, who had won the discus throwing. And these two, Garrett and Connolly, having won what, next to the Marathon Race, were held to be the important events, were elevated to high pinnacles, and that evening, among other things, enjoyed the inestimable pleasure of viewing their own portraits under festoons and halos of red, white and blue incandescents; and on subsequent days they were joined by other victors, Burke, Hoyt, Curtis and Blake of Boston, and Lane, Tyler and Jamieson of Princeton, who all agreed that truly it was a propitious occasion.

And yet the real strength of the people's enthusiasm was not revealed until a Greek victor appeared. Then it was that Loues Spiridon, a peasant of Maroussi, came into his own. Beside his reception when he trotted into the stadium after his long run from Marathon to Athens, that of the others was like the chill of early dawn to the heat of high noon. Normal, well-balanced citizens simply went crazy, and did not think fit to apologize for their conduct afterward.

And what was the temper of this Greek peasant to whom all, from the king down, made obeisance? He was a poor man, mark you, who had to live most economically to live at all. They offered him twenty-five thousand francs in gold—twenty-five thousand francs in a country where a stout laborer earns less than two francs a day. He refused it. To sustain the honor of Hellas was enough for Loues Spiridon, he said, and only asked that he be given a water privilege in his native town of Maroussi, that he be allowed every morning to fill his goatskins in Athens, and drive his little team to his own little village and there sell such of the water as his own people might care to buy from him. The money? They set it aside for the physical training of the boys of Loues' village.

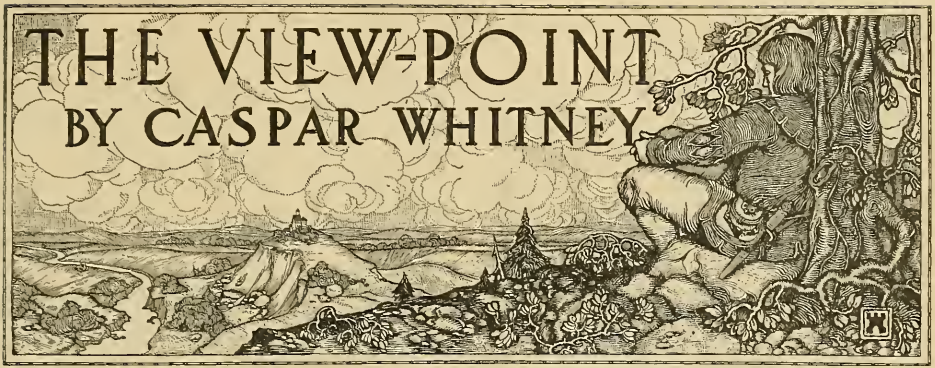
There was something of spirit there; and is it to be wondered at that, after breathing the atmosphere of that atavistic occasion, the entire American team signed a petition that thereafter the Olympic championships be contested only in Greece? Only in that country, in their opinion, could the people become imbued with the true reverence for the old traditions.

Subsequent events would seem to bear out the conclusions of that meeting of athletes in 1896. In that year, be it remembered, only a limited number of Americans took part. It was difficult to awake our materialists, the men with money to spare, to a sense of the importance of the revival, and hence it was that only one university, Princeton, was officially represented, and that largely because of the public spirit shown by one of its undergraduates, Robert Garrett, who furnished the money which enabled the team to go, and who himself won the discus throwing; and only one athletic association, Boston, which gave the scheme an athletic club indorsement; and one lone entry, Connolly, who went of his own initiative, without club or college indorsement of any kind.

But four years later, when the games were held in Paris, things were different. It was a great rush then to secure some of the "rake-off," which here was to be had in the form of advertising and glory for the clubs and colleges, social attention and newspaper mention for the officials. The politics of clubs and officials played each its own little part. The predominant idea seemed to be the glorification of this or that association, the scoring of points for the club or college, and the cabling of the same across the ocean. An athletic meeting that reminded one of a brewery picnic in Jones' Wood was the result. There was one particular entry from one particular club; an agreeable chap himself, but of no more fitness at an Olympic meet than a circus acrobat. There were inserted three events, and he went through his stunts with an accompaniment of friendly club members to fill out the entry list, while the Continental athletes and those Americans who had competed in the Athens meet stood by and wondered what it all had to do with an Olympic meet.

Another bit of work by some officials was an attempt to erase from the performance, because their club had no strong entry for it, an event that is a classical Olympic tradition.

It is because of these things that we should hail the meet at Athens once more. We have good men interested in athletics here in America. Some of them are on the American Committee, and, not using athletics for business or social purposes, men who will go to any expenditure of time and energy to advance a great cause. And if they would but make the journey to the coming games it would mean much, for no matter how much inborn enthusiasm they may have for clean athletics, they will need to see its expression in Greece to experience it in full tide. And, returning from there, we are sure that sport in general will receive a fresh and lasting impulse, and we too may attain to that spirit which the victorious American athletes at Athens, after they had time to recover from the first enlargement of self-esteem, after the praise and the huzzas, the banqueting and glorifying were past, had to admit: that the real thing was the people of Greece that made that festival of 1896 a wondrous occasion. It was a spirit that no other modern nation could have generated for an athletic festival, and it is that spirit which the Olympic Games of the future may be made to serve. It is that spirit which is the thing; and, if it be not born in us, let us try to absorb it; and if we are not equal to that, then at least, to learn to appreciate it; and, if we come to do no more, to at least pass on the appreciation of it to our descendants, by whom it may be made to lead to so much; for no country can find greater use for it than our own, which is standing now, awake and eager, where old Greece once slept—on the threshold of the world's leadership.



MR. CASPAR WHITNEY'S editorial comment touching events in the out-door world is omitted because he sailed for South America last month to complete an undertaking which will have required four trips to that vastness of country during the last few years. He is somewhere in the region of the upper Orinoco, which is more of an uncharted wilderness than any part of Darkest Africa.

In his previous South American expeditions, he has traversed the mountains, plains, rivers and coasts as thoroughly as any living traveler. He was not content, however, to call the task finished until he should have explored a region in which dwells an Indian race wholly unknown to white men. When he returns he will be equipped to write of one of the few mysterious corners of the modern world, and about a people hitherto known only in the rumors of a few traders.

Mr. Whitney has gone inland without an imposing "expedition." In the Barren Grounds, or in the jungles of the Malaysia, he learned to cut down his equipment and escort to that minimum which is known only to the veteran explorer and hunter.

He fitted himself for such work by an outdoor life of eight years in his own country, before he undertook foreign exploration. He knows his America from Canada to Mexico, the west and the southwest, as seen from the saddle. Since then his wanderings have led him to every interesting land except Africa, where he plans to go next year.

When he is done with South America,

he will be ready to write about the country, not as a second-handed gleaner of books already made, but with a rarely intimate and picturesque knowledge of the people and the lives they lead from Colombia to the Argentine.

That the editor of THE OUTING MAGAZINE should consider it necessary to make four trips to South America before he is satisfied with his material, is in keeping with a policy which is fairly dotting the map with writers and artists in search of vivid and exclusive material. Dillon Wallace, for one, is in Labrador, carrying out, with a fine and dogged courage, the exploration enterprise which was left unfinished when Hubbard lost his life. This time Wallace has found success, and he will be returning with a great big thrilling story before long.

Robert Dunn, well known to readers of the magazine, has gone into the Southwest to gather material for a series of articles about the men and deeds of the vanishing American frontier.

The artists who illustrate the articles and stories which make this the most genuinely and typically American magazine, are not asked to find their ideas in their studios. They are sent to the regions they love best to paint pictures about, and their work means something.

Prominent illustrators who are working far afield for this magazine during the present year are N. C. Wyeth in the Rockies; F. C. Schoonover in the Canadian Northwest; Oliver Kemp on the Labrador Coast; and Ernest Haskell in California.

THE photograph published in our February issue on page 665, entitled "Youthful Aspirations," and showing two young mountaineers in the Grand Cañon of Arizona, was from a stereograph copyright, 1903, by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood. Credit was omitted through a clerical oversight.—THE EDITOR.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE WORLD

BY RALPH D. PAINE

THE PASSING OF THE FRESHMAN HERO

YALE, Harvard and Princeton have, at length, eliminated the Freshman as a factor of the university athletic team, thus falling in line with the precedent set for them by the Conference Colleges of the Middle West. This is the most sensible and commendable result so far threshed out from the confusion of tentative athletic reforms. It recognizes the fact that no amount of restrictive supervision will make young men over again. The American schoolboy and collegian will always take his athletic honors very seriously, and will set his heart on winning the game because it is his nature so to do. No matter how much the style of football play is changed, the youth of a strong body and a stout heart will play it with no less zeal, nor will his comrades of the campus pay him smaller tribute of esteem.

The idea of "sport" proclaimed by many agitated reformers would do away with the spirit of competition as far as possible. They would have young America kick a football or bat a ball or pull an oar for "exercise," confining all its contests to its own grounds; in other words, to adopt as far as possible the systems of English schools and universities. It is true that intracollegiate rivalries can be vastly developed among our students to the profit of all concerned; yet, on the other hand, class lines are becoming more and more loosely drawn as the university spirit spreads among our institutions, and for this reason it is difficult to foster a natural spirit of rivalry cut on the English pattern, in which the group of colleges provides the organization for rivalries within the university. American college athletics cannot thrive without a certain amount of intercollegiate competition, and this means the support of "varsity teams" picked and trained for these contests.

The prominence in campus life achieved by a member of one of these teams does not often spoil the average athlete who has been in college long enough to get his bearings and adjust himself to the varied round of duties and diversions. It has been a grave menace, however, to the Freshman suddenly set upon the pinnacle of athletic fame, and if he made his 'varsity team, it was often at a cost to his mental, moral and physical welfare. In the first place, he becomes a hero by virtue of making the team at all; but more than this, he is peculiarly exalted in that the Freshman

'varsity player is a prodigy because so few of his own class gain these laurels. He cannot be severely blamed for thinking athletics the chief end of undergraduate endeavor, and he is handicapped at the start by a twisted view-point.

In the days before the college athlete was as resplendent a hero as he has since become, I recall a lad who rowed on a university crew in his Freshman year. He was the only Freshman of the eight, and the first to make the boat in several years. It happened that his crew was most soundly licked over the New London course, and, being a Freshman, he took upon himself all blame for the fell disaster. He dared not return to his college town except under cover of darkness, and the thought uppermost in his tormenting thoughts was that the whole college must share his view and therefore was probably in wait to lynch him on the campus. His summer vacation was blighted, for whenever he saw a man from his college he dodged like a hunted thing, and life held no comfort for him anywhere. He seriously considered whether or not he should return for Sophomore year, and was amazed, when he did slink back in the autumn, to find that his friends had not forsaken him. Foolish and childish, you may say, but the spirit that moved him to think as he did had been hammered into him through the long stress of the training season, and because he was a Freshman he took it all as gospel and believed that defeat was lasting disgrace.

Again, if a boy of uncommon physique and courage is lucky enough to make the football team in his first autumn at college, he is ambitious to try for the crew or the nine or the track team in the spring. The college needs him, he thinks, and he wants double or triple honors that he may be even more exceptional for prowess. And he would be a poor American if he were not ambitious to bag all the prizes in sight. As a result it may be that he is in training the whole nine months of his first year on the campus, which is mighty bad for the Freshman, who must be working at and thinking about athletics a good part of every day.

While the reformers are busy, they might do well to forbid any athlete to belong to more than one university team among the "major sports." This is at least worth debating, but as for the Freshman, he has no business on any team whose training period runs into months and whose victories are the chief events of the season in the campus life.

This new rule is going to work for good also among the preparatory schools. The disgraceful scramble among the colleges for schoolboy talent will be scorched if not killed. Until now, the pressure brought upon every lad in his teens who showed any prowess on track or field has been amazing as it was disgusting. The worst offenders have been graduates of colleges whose fair names they have brought into disrepute. Nowhere has the demoralizing influence of the "athletic alumnus" been more notable than among the schoolboys of this country. He is old enough to know better, and he is presumed to have a manly view-point, but if he had gone deliberately to work to wreck the athletics of his *alma mater*, he could not be more successful than by just these means which he has used so blindly and recklessly.

College sport will never be reformed by the "athletic alumnus," who must be classed with the professional coach as a menace to the integrity and wholesome conduct of campus athletics. Ask the head masters and principals of the leading preparatory schools, East and West, who has most bedeviled and upset their boys with arguments and inducements and flatteries, and they will tell you "the athletic graduate." The pernicious activity of these persons will hardly find it worth while to persuade boys to enter a particular college in which they are barred from prominence in athletics through Freshman year. And we will hear less about the "prep school star" who passes his entrance examinations for one college and changes his mind and his destination over night.

Another long step toward better conditions was made in the decision of Yale, Harvard and Princeton to limit membership of 'varsity teams to the undergraduate or strict collegian. Yale was too far ahead of the times when she adopted this rule in 1894, and it was in force only one year. It paved the way, however, for the "four year rule," and the provision that a student matriculating from another college was not eligible for a team until after one year of residence.

This latest and far more sweeping prohibition is based upon common sense and expediency apart from the question of its influence upon athletic morale. An American student in the professional or graduate schools of a university is there to specialize for his life's work. It is presumed that his playtime is past. He is getting up into the twenties, and if he is fitting himself for professional life, there is a long, hard road ahead of him before he can win a foothold. If he gives two or three hours or more a day to training for an athletic team, with the mental absorption involved, he is neglecting his university work. No longer can he serve two masters.

Look at the swarm of professional football coaches who have been turned out

from our colleges and universities. The majority of them were graduated from the professional schools, or were "special" or graduate students, hanging on by the skin of their teeth as long as possible in order to play football the full four years. As a result, they were not fitted to be good doctors or good lawyers, nor good for anything else than to teach football.

There is no disgrace in teaching athletics, but it is a confession of failure in the purpose for which a man goes to college. And what is worse, the majority of these hired college football coaches have failed at their own business. They have persistently fought the reforms in the game which every unbiased bystander has been demanding for years. They have been stupid obstructionists, fighting only for their own selfish ends, afraid that a simpler, less arduous game might throw them out of their jobs. And because their very occupation proves that they learned nothing else in college than athletics, they don't know where else to turn for a livelihood.

By eliminating the athlete of the graduate and professional schools, the American college world will be purged of a demoralizing element which has been hanging on to the edge of things, shifting from one institution to another, taking up dentistry when it failed to keep up in medicine, or *vice versa*. The prize fighter is a more estimable member of the community than these ambitionless pseudo-students who have been returning to their colleges to play football or baseball, when they ought to be trying to do a man's work in the world.

A MONSTROSITY IN COLLEGE ROWING

Several professional rowing coaches identified with the Poughkeepsie regatta are booming the "octopede," as they call it. This is a racing shell manned with sculls, each man pulling a pair of oars instead of the one long sweep which has been used in eight-oared racing for almost a century. The stewards of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association which is in charge of the racing at Poughkeepsie have favored the innovation so far as to include a "quadrupe scull" race in the next regatta, and have discussed the question of "octopede" competition.

The crusade in favor of this aquatic monstrosity has been backed by the professionals Ten Eyck of Syracuse, Ellis Ward of Pennsylvania, and Dempsey of Georgetown. The idea is not a new one, however, as for years the professional single sculler has been fond of maintaining that eight of his kind could beat eight college oarsmen rowing with the twelve-foot sweeps. And the present agitation is a professional movement, pure and simple, and as such it is to be scanned most carefully by the college athletic world at large.

It is easy to muster many reasons why crew rowing with sculls should be frowned upon, while its defenders can make out a poor case at best.

It is claimed that eight men rowing with sculls need far less severe training than under the old system, and that the strain in racing is much less arduous. It is also alleged that sweep rowing makes men lopsided, while the professional style would develop them more symmetrically. As a matter of fact college oarsmen are not lopsided, and are a well-developed and well-set-up lot of young men. They are taught to row with straight backs and to throw their shoulders into their stroke. They keep their heads erect and handle their bodies with such dexterous care that they exercise every muscle. A slouchy man cannot make a good oarsman in an eight, for he must be on the alert every instant to help balance the skittish shell and keep it running smoothly on its bottom. For these reasons and because of the powerful leg work employed to co-operate with shoulders and arms and back, your college oar is gaining strength in every inch of him from the back of his neck to his toes. His is the sport which ranks next after swimming for all-round development.

Sculling, or rowing with two oars, is a slouchy, slovenly looking exercise for a crew of men. The single-sculler, as a rule, pulls along with his back hunched like Father Time, his head between his shoulders, his chin almost scraping his knees, and most of his effort concentrated in an ungainly yank with his arms at the end of his stroke. The tendency of his exercise is to make him hollow-chested and round-shouldered unless he borrows something from the theory of the college oarsmen. There are single-scullers who pay some regard to form, but they are the exception, and the common precept is to row whatever way seems easiest.

The principles of successful oarsmanship in racing shells as practiced in this country are largely founded upon the experience of many generations of rowing men in England. There are certain essential rules which must be followed, and a winning style to hold its pre-eminence must be worked out along the fundamental lines. Single-scul rowing has always been a "go as you please" matter, and always will be.

The few professional coaches who advocate its adoption among our colleges are swayed by motives which are open to the charge of self-seeking. They are old scullers who learned their trade when single-scul racing among professionals was a popular sport. They killed it as professional foot-racing was killed. Most of the men who turned from sculling to coaching college and other amateur eights had

to master new theories, and they were slow to learn, through defeat, that their sculling ideas must be thrown overboard if they were to turn out fast crews.

The men among them who stand out as successful coaches, like Courtney of Cornell and Kennedy of Yale, gripped the fact that they had lots to learn and they set about mastering the science of rowing with zeal and intelligence. Others, like Ten Eyck and Ellis Ward, turned out one or two fast eights which won because of phenomenal material and in spite of the stroke they rowed, and they were thereby convinced that their antiquated theories were sound. They would like a change because they are outclassed by Courtney at present, and with a "new deal" they might hope to get on a more equal footing.

Yale and Harvard will stick to sweeps, of course, and Courtney is brainy enough to uphold the science which he has mastered. He will be backed up by all the graduate oarsmen in the country who are interested in the Poughkeepsie regatta. Nor will coach Goodwin of Columbia, nor O'Dea of Wisconsin, join the radicals. This means that the "octopede" will not supplant the eight-oared crew. It may be, however, that a majority of these professional coaches may prevail so that an "octopede" race will be added to the Poughkeepsie fixtures, and meantime they will make a beginning with the "quadruple" sculls which are already scheduled.

The men who will train for this event will be of no use as material for the university boat. Scarcity of trained material has been the greatest handicap in American college rowing. Here is a plan which will withdraw from the already limited field a number of young men sufficiently interested in rowing to turn out and train. They will be rowing after one pattern, while the real crew is following another style. Any young man strong enough to handle a pair of sculls can be taught to row with a twelve-foot oar, and the strain of the latter has injured so few oarsmen in England and America that the severity of the exercise is an argument that can be flung aside.

To surrender to this handful of professional coaches would be to say to the old college oarsman:

"Your kind of rowing calls for too much brains and endurance and harmony of interaction, and we want to try something easy and slouchy because our coaches haven't intelligence enough to learn your way of doing things."

The greatest boon that could come to college rowing—and the same is true of football—would be to devise a style of pastime unknown to the professional talent, and thereafter keep the secret in the college world.

MAKING THE COUNTRY HOME

VALUE OF A NEIGHBORHOOD IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY— TOOLS FOR GARDENING—FRUITS, VEGETABLES, AND FLOWERS SEASONABLE FOR PLANTING

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

IN making the country home what it ought to be—and what it may be—made, we must take advantage of the many possibilities for improvement which open before us when we set out to look for them. One of the most potential factors along this line is the Neighborhood Improvement Society.

Such a society ought to exist in every community that fully realizes the importance of attractive country homes. There is a work for it to do which cannot be done by individuals acting independently of each other, because such work lacks system. Therefore, the thing to do is to organize a society whose object will be the betterment of conditions as they exist along the various lines wherein we see desirability and chance for improvement. The writer of this article has seen great things accomplished in more than one neighborhood during the last four or five years by societies of this kind, and the change wrought by them has convinced those who were skeptical at the beginning of the value of such a society in every country neighborhood. I know of places that had a run-down, gone-to-seed look a few years ago—a look that said as plainly as words that the people who lived in them had got into ruts that they had no ambition to get out of—which to-day are worth nearly double what they were, so far as actual selling value is concerned, simply because there has been hearty co-operation among the residents in the work of cleaning up and beautifying homes and farms and public places.

This work has begun largely at the home—where it properly *ought* to begin, since the individual home is the unit in the aggregate of neighborhood interests. Clean up about *your* home, and make it attractive, and your neighbors will do likewise. When the home has received the attention it deserves, places of public ownership—the school, the church—should be taken in hand. And right here is where organization comes in play. The work of improvement about the home can be done by its owner better than by others, and without their advice or co-operation; but outside the home the work of improvement cannot be done effectively without organized effort, because it is a community interest and must be so planned that the community shares in whatever is undertaken. This

necessitates a leader—some one to plan while others stand ready to execute. Without such a leader but little can be accomplished, no matter how willing individuals are to do their best in the undertaking.

The organization of a Neighborhood Improvement Society is a very simple thing. There need be no red tape about it. Indeed, the simpler the organization the better, for little machinery means little friction. There should be a president, a secretary, and a treasurer. The rank and file of membership should consider itself an executive committee whose energies are subject to the direction of the leader, who should be chosen for his fitness for the position, and not because of any social importance of his station in life, or a desire to pay him a compliment. A society of this kind should have no "honorary" members. All should be workers. If it is not practical, it will amount to nothing. Keep this in mind, and put in office only those who have special qualifications for the work assigned them.

Having organized the society, and got its working machinery into running order, stand ready to do whatever is undertaken in a loyal spirit. Do not let your own opinion prevent you from carrying out the orders of the leader if you happen to differ with him as to means and methods. One of the chief causes of failure in a society of this kind is the possibility of its having "too many bosses," if a tendency to substitute individual opinion for the opinion of the leader is encouraged. If the leader you have chosen is a man of good sense and good judgment—and of this you should be sure, in advance—you can safely trust him to plan the work he expects you to execute. Of course he may make mistakes, but the chances are that one man, feeling the responsibility he is under, will make fewer than several men who attempt to do things in their own way. Differ with your leader, if you choose to, try to convince him that your way is the best way—but, failing to do that, do the very best you can to make his way successful. Such a spirit makes almost any undertaking a success in advance.

In an article like this it is impossible to outline work, for no two localities are alike in all respects. Look the field over, and

you will find the work that needs doing—plenty of it—on every hand. Our school grounds and church lots are, as a general thing, bare and unattractive. They ought not to be so. They need not be so, after a little, if the Neighborhood Improvement Society takes them in hand. Trees and shrubs, properly arranged, will make attractive places of them. Flowers will give them a grace and beauty that will appeal to every one interested, and arouse in them a desire to do still more in the way of improvement. That is one of the beauties of an organization for neighborhood betterment. It grows by what it does, and the more it does the more it wants to do.

Hand in hand with a society of this kind goes the work of making good roads. I know of several communities in which improvement of the roads has been done almost wholly by the local improvement society. In looking about it for work it saw the sorry condition of the public thoroughfares, and it concluded, quite logically, that improvement which stops at the home and the public place is only partial improvement; and thus it has come about that the work of improving the roads was taken up by the society which was organized, originally, for quite another purpose. Such a society, acting in harmony with the road commissioner of each district, can do a great deal more than hired help will, because it is actuated by a desire for real improvement that is above a mere dollars-and-cents consideration. Pride of home and home interests will furnish the enthusiasm which spurs them on to better and more thorough work than can be obtained from the ordinary day-laborer, whose only incentive is the money he can earn by it.

GARDEN TOOLS

In the north, but little can be done in the way of gardening, this month, but we can get ready for it. Soil having good drainage will be in a condition to plow shortly after the early spring rains. If all the work that *can* be done in April *is* done then, much of the usual worry of May can be avoided.

In laying out the garden, aim to do it in such a manner as to allow the use of machinery in caring for it. Put everything in rows instead of beds, so far as possible. If your garden is a large one, plan for using a horse-cultivator in it. This will make it necessary to have more space between the rows than where a hand-cultivator is used. Let the rows run lengthwise, if possible, to save frequent turning.

Every garden ought to have a seed-sowing machine; one that can be adjusted to all kinds of seeds, and arranged for thick or thin sowing. Every gardener ought also to have a hand-cultivator, for use where the horse-cultivator would hardly fit in. These cultivators have several sets of teeth, which are adjustable for the smallest

plants, or large ones. A good cultivator will enable a man to do as much work in an hour as he can do with a hoe in a day, and do it better and easier.

Every garden, however, should have its hoe. The best one I have ever used is V-shaped, with the handle-socket in the center of the triangle. The point of the blade allows one to work close to a small plant without the danger of cutting it off—something that cannot be done easily with the ordinary hoe. By reversing the tool the wide blade comes into play. But so superior is the pointed end for nearly all kinds of garden work that one soon comes to depend upon the use of it.

A weeding-hook belongs in every garden outfit. It is a little claw-shaped tool that doesn't look as if it amounted to much, but you will find it capable of doing more work in ten minutes than can be done with the fingers in an hour, and doing it well.

A wheelbarrow is one of the necessities of every garden. The most sensible wheelbarrow I have ever had any experience with is one in which the wheel is nearly in the center. Of course this elevates the box to an unusual height, but the extra labor involved in filling the box is more than made up for in the ease of the barrow's operation. In the ordinary barrow, the wheel, being at one end, obliges us to lift and sustain the whole load. But with the barrow having its wheel in the center, heavy lifting is done away with to a great extent and the principal part of our labor is in pushing it ahead, the wheel taking all the strain of the load.

THE VEGETABLE AND FLOWER GARDEN

Small fruit of all kinds—asparagus, pie-plant and horseradish—should be set out this month.

In planting asparagus, have the soil well-drained and heavily manured, and dug up to a depth of at least eighteen inches. Set the plants about that distance apart, and let their crowns be at least four inches below the surface. Two- or three-year-old plants are preferable to seedlings. Consult the catalogues and satisfy yourself as to the merits of the best varieties before ordering, remembering always that it pays to get the best.

Pie-plant likes a deep, rich soil. If moderately moist, all the better. Set the roots at least three feet apart. Horseradish should be given a corner by itself, and confined to it, or it will spread so rapidly as to soon become a nuisance. In a rich soil it will be much tenderer and finer-flavored than in a poor one. Peas do best if sowed early in the season. They are not injured by frost.

All the manure about the barn ought to be disposed of this month. Use the oldest of it for the garden.

Sweet-peas ought to be planted in April. Do this as soon as the ground is in a condition to work easily. My method is this:

I make a trench about five inches deep. I sow the seed quite thickly in the bottom of it, and cover with about an inch of fine soil, pressing it down firmly. When the plants have grown to be two or three inches tall, I draw in about an inch more of the soil thrown out from the trench, and continue to do this, from time to time, until all the soil is disposed of. In this way I get the plants started early in the season, while it is cool—and cool weather seems conducive to the healthy growth of the seedling—and it also gets the roots so deep in the ground that the plants are not likely to suffer when hot weather comes.

Hardy border plants can be set out this month to good advantage. Old clumps, which have not been disturbed for years, will be greatly benefited by a division of their roots. Plant the roots taken away in rich soil, and fill in the empty spaces about the old plants with well-rotted manure.

Shrubs can be set out now. In planting them, be sure to make the hole for them so large that their roots can be spread out naturally. If you want a shrub to sulk, dig a hole for it precisely as you would for a fence-post, and crowd its roots into this hole in the most unnatural manner possible. Peonies ought not to be disturbed in spring, for they are quick to resent any interference with their roots. I have often known large, old plants to blast nearly all their buds because a few of their roots had been removed early in the season. I consider fall the proper time for transplanting this flower, unless you are willing to go without flowers for a season. Old lily-of-the-valley beds can be greatly improved by digging out large clumps, here and there, and filling the spaces with strong manure. Next season your plants will be larger and finer in every way. Do not be in a hurry to uncover the roses. Wait until the latter part of the month, when the danger from severe cold spells seems past. When uncovered too soon, they are often injured quite as much by relapses into winter weather as they would have been by being left unprotected in winter. Nothing is gained by haste in this matter, and often everything is lost.

The advice given above applies with equal pertinence to bulbs. Of course they start into growth as soon as the spring sunshine makes its influence felt in the soil where they are hidden away, and it will be necessary to remove their covering as soon as they peer above ground. But do not anticipate this time, thinking you are doing them a kindness. When you see them peeping up, uncover them by degrees. If, after they are uncovered, a cold, freezing night comes along, spread blankets or old carpeting over the beds. While they would not seem to be much injured by freezing, their vitality would be greatly reduced by the ordeal, and in order to secure the finest flowers it is advisable to prevent this.

Such shrubs as produce flowers on the early growth of the season can be pruned this month, but such as bear flowers from buds formed last fall—like the lilac—must not be cut back until after the flowering period, as a shortening of their branches would destroy the spring's crop of bloom. Therefore, study the habits of your shrubs before applying the pruning-knife. Roses should be pruned rather sharply. In thinning the bushes cut away the oldest wood. By doing this each season, we keep them constantly renewing themselves. Apply manure liberally, digging it in well about their roots. The rose is a strong feeder, and cannot do itself justice unless given a good deal of rich food.

All the plants about the home grounds should be well manured. Bear in mind that their last season's growth used up a large share of the nutriment in the soil in which they stand, and this loss must be made good if we expect them to do satisfactory work this season. A plant not properly fed soon becomes a plant not worth keeping.

If you are planning to set out shrubbery on the lawn—don't do it! A lawn is spoiled by cluttering up its surface with shrubs. Its dignity is destroyed. Put your shrubs at the side of the lot and in the rear, but leave the space before the house unscarred by spade.

Let me advise you to plant your shrubs in groups, instead of scattering them about, and making single specimens of them. Grouping them makes them vastly more effective, provided you familiarize yourself sufficiently with the habit of each kind, before planting, that you are able to put the larger ones in the rear of the low-growing sorts. On no account set them in straight rows. Aim to imitate Nature's way of doing these things. She never makes the mistake of primness and formality.

This is the month in which to set out trees. Do you need any about the house? If so, decide which kinds will fit in best with the general features of the place before buying. A tree that would look well on a large lawn is spoiled if planted in small grounds.

Some of the so-called trees of the catalogues are really nothing but overgrown shrubs, and never attain to the dignity you perhaps have in mind. If a real tree is what you want, they will disappoint you. Make sure about this, before you plant.

For small grounds the cut-leaved birch is very desirable, as it is graceful in all stages of growth. Its foliage is very beautiful in summer, contrasting charmingly with the white bark of its branches, and it is especially attractive in fall, when it turns to a rich yellow that is found among no other trees, with possibly the exception of the hickories and ashes, which we cannot make use of on the lawn.

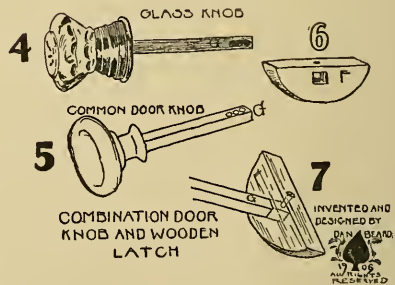
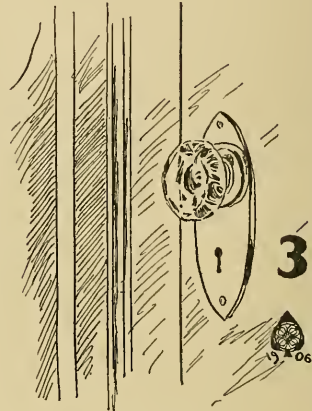
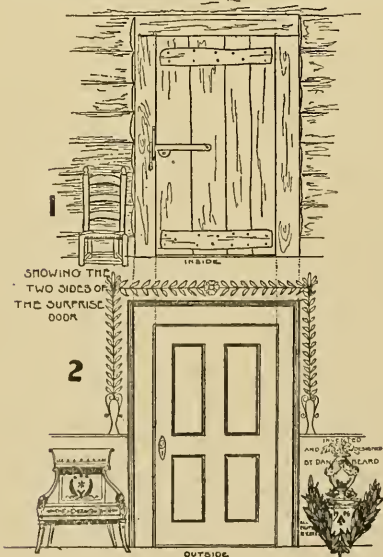
HOW TO BUILD AND FURNISH A SURPRISE DEN IN A MODERN HOUSE

BY DAN BEARD

OF late years our people have come to realize the fact that a man's room or a boy's room is as necessary to the properly conducted household as the lady's boudoir. These rooms, by common consent, are known as "dens."

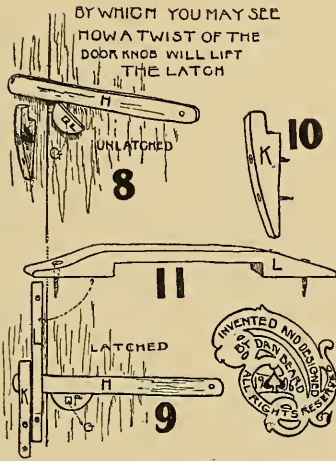
A den usually consists of a small space, sometimes nothing more than an alcove, where the men or boys of the house may retreat to, and the den is usually decorated with an abundant display of yachting flags, college colors, trophies of the hunt and athletic field, fishing-rods, guns, etc., with probably a desk and an easy chair. But, as the wealth of the country increases, and luxuries multiply, the den gradually assumes a more and more primitive condition. This is the natural result of the reaction against the surrounding effete luxury of the household.

The surprise den is designed to supply a want suggested by many letters requesting ideas on how to decorate and fix up a den in one's house. The surprise den is constructed so that one may open the door from the dining-room, the drawing-room, or the library, as the case may be, and usher the guests into a primitive pioneer cabin.



If your house is located in the country, where there is plenty of room, a small addition, say 15'x15, may be added to one side or the other and this addition built into the form of a regular log cabin; but the outsides of the logs concealed by shingles or clapboards to match the side of the house, so that the presence of the log cabin will not be suspected; but if your house is in the city you will probably have to take some room in that house for your den, and in that case, the walls and the ceiling may be covered with slabs which, if neatly done, will have all the appearance of real logs. Slabs are inexpensive, their cost being nothing more than the cost of transportation, for wherever saw-mills exist the slabs are burned, thrown away or given away; consequently, they have no market value.

The first important thing to a surprise



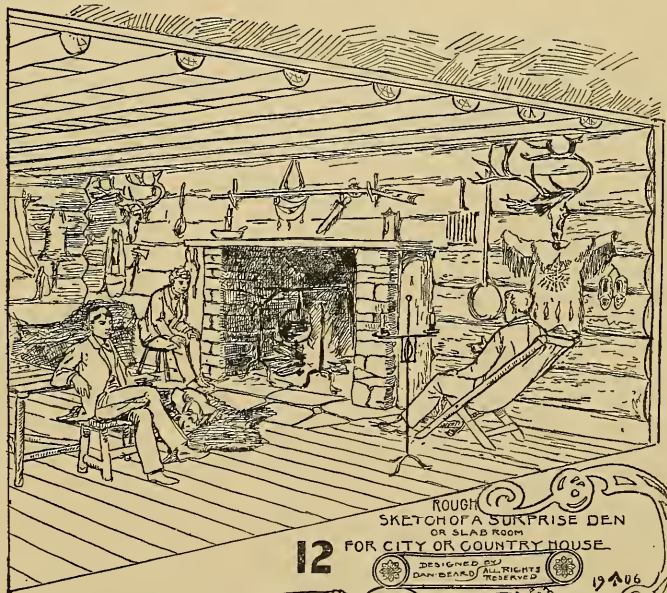
den is the doorway. Of course, the side of the door which faces the drawing-room, parlor or library must give no indication of the other side. It must be, in all respects, similar to the other doors in the house. But the opposite side, or the side facing the den, must resemble, in no respect, the modern finished doorway. (Figs. 1 and 2 are supposed to be, first, the side facing the den, second, the side facing the drawing-room of the house.) The first problem which confronts us here is how to make a door latch which upon one side is the original knob and lock face, but on the other a wooden latch. Fig. 3 shows the glass knob and brass escutcheon sketched from one on a library door. Fig.

4 shows the same knob unscrewed and taken from the door. Fig. 5 is an ordinary door-knob. By reference to these figures you will see that the knob itself is attached to a square iron bar in the end of which are several threaded holes. These holes are for the screws that secure the knob upon the opposite side of the door. Now, then, if you will cut from a piece of hickory or other hard wood a block of the form of F (Fig. 6), and make a square hole in this block to admit the end of the square iron bar of the knob, and then fasten it in place by a screw (as in Fig. 7), you will have something with which to lift the wooden latch, upon

the opposite side of the door. There should be an iron washer, such as comes upon common doors, fastened in place upon the den side of the door before the wooden latch lifter is put in place. The latch itself is simply a straight, wooden bar, H (Figs. 8 and 9), which fits into the wooden catch K (Figs. 8, 9 and 10), and slides up and down through the guard L (Figs. 9 and 11). In Fig. 8 the guard is omitted so as to better show the working of the latch. You can see from this figure that when the knob upon the drawing-room side of the door is twisted, the half disc F turns with the knob and lifts up the wooden latch as it is in Fig. 8. Fig. 9 shows the latch, guard and catch all in place.

But to return to the door itself. Upon the den side of this door some very thin planks must be nailed to cover all signs of the mill or skilled workmanship. These strips of wood while apparently planks, are in fact nothing but weather-beaten boards which have been carefully sawed in half at the mill so that they are, in reality, only a thick veneering to the door; to which they can be nailed without any serious injury to the latter. After these are fitted to the door, two battens, one at the top and one at the bottom, can be fastened in place by a few small screws and afterward a number of short, hand-made rough-headed nails are driven in for appearance's sake. These nails need not be of sufficient length to enter into the real doorway (as may be seen by reference to Fig. 1).

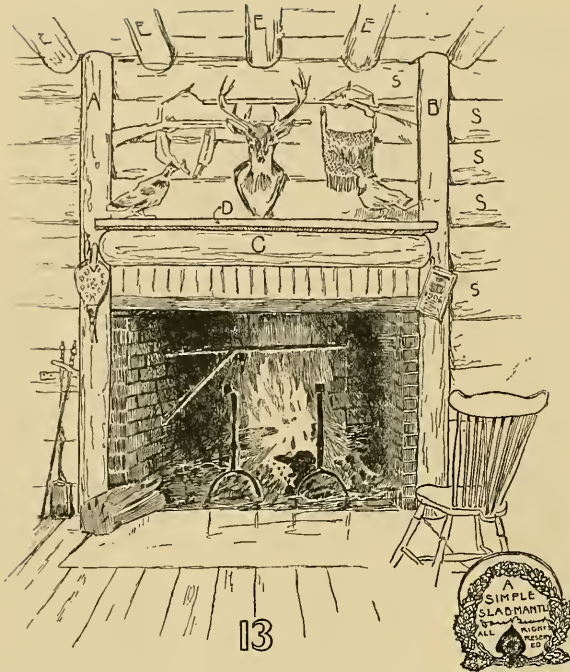
Fig. 12 is a rough sketch of the interior of a den, showing a fireplace and the slab sides and rustic furniture of the room



ROUGH SKETCH OF A SURPRISE DEN OR SLAB ROOM FOR CITY OF COUNTRY HOUSE

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and fascination of a den; but if we have an open fire in the surprise den it must be in keeping with the rest of the room.

Figure 13 shows one which has been in working order now for a number of years. The beauty of this design is its simplicity. The hearthstone is a rough slab of bluestone from the Pennsylvania mountains. The bricks are large, rough fire-bricks. The mantel itself, D (Fig. 13), is a 2" plank which rests upon the puncheon C (Figs. 13 and 16). There are two other puncheons (A and B), which run up the sides of the fireplace, to the ceiling. This produces a very simple, pioneer effect, with none of the affectation of so-called rustic work. Fig. 14 shows the puncheon A, which is flattened on the two edges. It is shown better by the sketch in Fig. 15. Fig. 16 shows the top of the mantel D and the manner in which it is cut out at the corners to fit the upright puncheons A and B.

Fig. 15 shows the manner in which the slabs of the wall fit up against the flattened sides of the puncheon. Fig. 17 shows how the puncheon C (Figs. 17 and 18) is cut to make a snug fit upon the edges of the puncheons A and B.

E, E, etc., of Fig. 13 are the rafters of the ceiling.

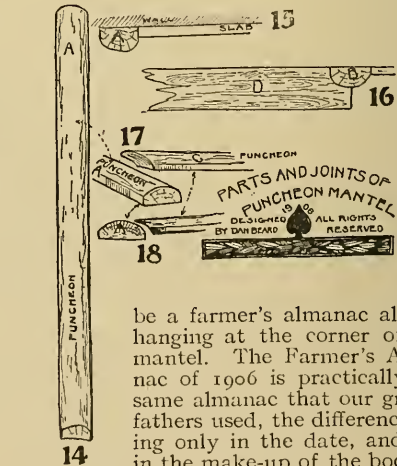
S, S, S are the slabs of the wall. The furniture for the fireplace should not be modern. Wrought-iron andirons are much to be preferred to brass, for the reason that our pioneers' andirons—when they indulged in such luxuries—were made at the blacksmith shop, and not imported from the brass foundries. There should

Also, the effect of heavy logs supporting the rough board ceiling. The ceiling of the room should be covered with rough, unplanned boards. To produce the effect of heavy log rafters puncheons may be nailed to the planks, and the floor may be sanded.

For the benefit of the effete city man unacquainted with the language of the pioneers, it may be well to state that a puncheon is a flattened or halved log. It differs from a slab only in possessing greater thickness. But if puncheons are difficult to secure and there are no discarded telegraph poles or piling procurable the slabs will answer the purpose very well, and may be used to represent the log rafters shown in Fig. 12.

Any boy with ordinary skill in the use of carpenters' tools can cut these slabs so as to fit neatly upon the walls and placed so that they will, to all appearances, be genuine solid logs. The bark should be removed from all the timber used in the den, as it will not only hold dust but serve as a retreat for various pests well known to the housewife, which are liable to enter into any house, but which are difficult to drive out of a room whose walls and ceilings are covered with loose bark.

It isn't everybody who can indulge in the luxury of an open fireplace in his den. But there is a charm about an open fire which has been so often described by writers of prose and poetry that I will not attempt to enter into any dissertation upon it here. It is only necessary to state the fact that we all love an open fireplace, and that it adds greatly to the charm, comfort



be a farmer's almanac always hanging at the corner of the mantel. The Farmer's Almanac of 1906 is practically the same almanac that our grandfathers used, the difference being only in the date, and not in the make-up of the book.

THE STRATEGY OF TENNIS

BY JOSHUA CRANE

IN all the books and articles on tennis (and most of them if their suggestions were followed out would benefit not only the beginner but the first-class player also) there is detailed instruction as to how to hold the racquet, how to stand, and how to strike the ball. Every man has his own style, no matter how well and carefully he has followed from the very first the advice of the best professional; but to be in the front rank he must have the same general groundwork, the same rudiments as the successful professionals. In other words, he must have a large part of that which has been the cause of their success, and that is the general style of game which has been proved for centuries the best style. By this is not meant individual idiosyncrasies, but every player knows that the cut stroke, for instance, is the basis of tennis. Not that every one makes it in exactly the same way, or that it is necessary to make it in a certain way, but no player can become first-class without it. There are players who have done well without it, but only because they make up part of the deficiency in some other way, either by quickness, good judgment, accuracy of hand and eye, or by excellent physical condition, which is an essential requisite in a long match. Up to the last few years it was thought necessary by all the best players not only to know how to cut the ball, but to invariably do so during a match. This is as foolish as the old idea of always playing over the lowest part of the net. In this, as in everything else concerned with the game, judgment takes a prominent part, and it is even more important to know just when to try for a certain objective and when not to, than to make a perfect stroke with the head work of an automaton.

It is just this combination of judgment and stroke which makes a winning player. How often the *dedans* is heard to remark on the individual player's beautiful stroke, and then qualify it by saying that he never seems to be able to play his game in a match. Yet how seldom do the individuals in the *dedans*, even though good players, themselves, think out or plan out their style of game, or realize that the reason those strokes do not come off in a match is that the opponent is cramping and out-generaling him so that they are few and far between. It has long been thought that a player should know the weaknesses of and use that knowledge to defeat his opponent, and it is a general idea of sports-

men that many men have won championship honors through this quality largely. While this may be so partly, what becomes of this player when he meets a man who is good all round?—not perfect, for then, of course, the latter would always win, but so developed in the different departments of the game that he would have no especial weakness. Then this former player would have nothing to fall back upon, unless he had a settled plan of campaign, a well-defined strategy. If an opponent has a weakness, a good general should take advantage of it; but the latter should have a plan of attack with which to win even against a humanly perfect defense, for even such a defense cannot prevent strokes being won if the right objective is chosen. There is no game which combines quickness of judgment, accuracy and generalship as thoroughly as tennis, although polo comes the nearest to it. The reason that polo does not equal it is that tennis is a much more exact game, and can be worked down to a finer point, as polo from its very essentials requires a turf field and a pony, both of which bring in uncertain elements which are not exact and never can be. If they could be, polo would be the superior combination, on account of the team play.

Tennis may be said to combine the exactitude of billiards, co-ordination of hand and eye of rackets, and the generalship and quick judgment of polo. It is for this reason that it is impossible for even the man who has every qualification in the highest degree to achieve championship form under four or five years of steady play.

A very large part of the game, especially the quick judgment as to where the ball will strike and the amount of twist or cut which the other player has given it, is a matter of years' experience, as it is a question often of inches, which must be determined in a fraction of a second of time. Until this instinct which comes from experience is acquired, the mind has not time to think of all of the components of cut, twist, point of impact, speed, and best method of attacking the opponent on the return, all of which are necessary to win the stroke, and consequently the last suffers. That is, the player may get the ball back and even perhaps make a good stroke, but the winning objective is overlooked, and only a secondarily good objective is attained.

The strategy of the game is the finishing

touch necessary for the player aspiring to be first-class, and is the one thing that professionals do not teach. One may glean here and there by innumerable conversations many important points, but it is doubtful if any outside the best professionals have thought out very seriously why they play a certain ball for a certain objective, and at another time the same ball for a very different one. They do it as a result of long experience that that play will win in the majority of cases. Just as the experts at golf found that a long follow-through increased the length of the drive, but the reasons given for this by different golfers were numerous and amusing. Since snapshots were taken with one two-thousandth of a second exposure the reason appears clear, as the ball appears on the face of the club flattened to a great degree, showing that the club must stay in contact with the ball until the face and the ball have both regained their original form, to get the full amount of drive from elasticity. If one could imagine the face of the club being withdrawn faster than the ball regained its curvature, the latter would only have the velocity that the club had at the moment of separation, and an inelastic golf ball would be driven as far as an elastic one.

The danger, of course, in analyzing the cause and effect of details of the game lies in the fact that it may be carried too far, and the mind so occupied with the result of analysis that the perfect whole is lost sight of among the maze of these results. Just as a beginner, who is endeavoring with particular concentration to make an ordinary cut stroke, may omit to hit the ball in the middle of his bat because he tries to place his left foot in a certain position.

Of late years a new style of game has been developing, which in its highest form includes the best of the old game, or *jeu classique*, but excludes many of its weaknesses. The primary cause of this new style, or the American game, as it is called, was the overhand railroad service. This is a development of the underhand railroad, and was used originally with the idea of cramping the striker-out, especially when he was defending a hazard chase, so that he could not play into the service side galleries. Since then it has been taken advantage of by the server not only for these purposes, but to force the striker-out to play to the forehand corner, when trying to win chases, thus giving the server an easy shot for the hazard side galleries in case the striker-out does not kill the ball on the first stroke. The object of the service is to keep the ball close to the gallery wall on its return from the grille wall, and as low down as possible. Naturally if the ball is played for the grille wall a foot or two above the floor, some will be a little high, others a little low; the former will come out so far, if the service is as fast as it should be in its best form, that the striker-out

must expend considerable energy to keep with it; and if he does return it he is badly out of position, and so near the net that practically the only stroke he can win with immediately is the boasted force for the dedans; the latter will hug the floor closely—perhaps make a dead nick—and is a very difficult ball to play except with an underhand straight force for the dedans, an uncertain and risky shot to play often, as if on top of the penthouse—as is most likely to happen—it is either out on account of the roll and speed, or gives the server a four to one chance of winning the point.

The fact that the striker-out is so cramped usually that he is forced to play into the forehand corner develops the server's forehand floor stroke and volley at the expense of his backhand, and is so far a detriment to the game, especially in the case of beginners, who thus may never even develop any backhand stroke and yet play a fairly strong winning game. It is a great pity that this should be so, for a player should spend a large part of his time in practicing every kind of stroke, especially those in which he is weak, instead of continually using the stroke in which he is strong for the sake of winning practice games.

If the service, whether low or high, clings to the gallery wall, it is very difficult for the striker-out to make an effective stroke from it, and the server should have about a three to one chance of defending a chase successfully or winning the point.

If the service strikes the floor before hitting the grille wall, it gives the striker-out an excellent opportunity to lay the ball dead in the forehand corner, and on this account the server should play for above the nick rather than at it. The strongest service is one that hits the penthouse only once, then well upon the wall not far from the corner, and so nearly parallel with the gallery wall that not much break is necessary to draw it into the wall, and so fast that the striker-out is compelled to start very quickly and move very fast out to at least chase two. In other words, this kind of a service is strongest because it first uses up the energy of the striker-out, prevents or makes it very difficult for him to volley with any success, cramps him when he has reached the ball, and puts him badly out of position after his return. Of course the server should be able to vary his service, for if there is a hazard side chase a yard, for instance, he cannot use the best general form mentioned, as he might lose the chase on the service. In this case a slower service, with more break or side twist, and aimed as low down on the wall as possible, is much the best to use, as the striker-out cannot use the service side galleries, and cannot usually force as hard for the wall above the nick in the forehand corner of the service side, if the service is low and slow, and perhaps close to the gallery wall.

There are two things to bear in mind if the overhand railroad service is used: one

is to always make a chase as soon as possible when on the hazard side, and the other is when on the service side to always try to prevent the striker-out from making a chase. At times the service side may not seem to produce many winning strokes, but if a player will notice when he is watching or playing against a good railroad service, it is very seldom that the striker-out ever wins more than one game consecutively. On the other hand, the server often wins from two to five games without having been ousted from the service side. It is just this possibility which makes it imperative for a player having a good railroad service to keep possession of the service side, and to get back there as soon as possible when driven out.

The odds in favor of the service side under these conditions are certainly as much as four to three, and it is worth while for the server to play at every difficult ball, even though the odds are against his getting it back, rather than let the ball go for a chase, as the old method was.

One of the most important things is to remember when playing for an opening to play for the lower part of it and not for the middle. Then if higher than intended it is still in, if lower it is at least a difficult stroke for the opponent. Always use considerable speed when going for an opening, even the side galleries, except perhaps on a shot for the door or first galleries over the high part of the net, as the more nearly level the trajectory of the ball, the more accurately can the height of the opening be judged; for if the stroke is slow, both pace and direction must be just right to have the ball drop in on its downward curve, while if it is fast, the direction alone is necessary. This may be illustrated by a rifle bullet. If a rifle shoots absolutely level the direction alone is necessary for a hit; if it is necessary to elevate it, judgment of distance from rifle to mark is also necessary.

Moreover, when playing for the winning gallery, a severe stroke is much better, as it not only prevents the opponent from going over to defend it, but makes a difficult stroke for him if below the gallery, as the ball is very liable to strike the grille wall close to the nick. One should never play a stroke with such severity that the control of the ball is sacrificed to speed, for although to a certain point speed increases the accuracy, beyond that—and every player knows himself where that point is in his own case—accuracy suffers. The only exception to this is a ball boasted on the player's own wall, where speed is the only thing which makes the return difficult for the opponent, as a slow boasted ball is the easiest ball for an experienced player to handle, and the twist which remains on the ball makes the return of his return very difficult.

When possible one should play for the objective which gives one the point im-

mediately, as it not only saves further action and worry for one's self, but has a strong moral effect on the opponent, rendering him helpless for the moment, and thus affecting his general play, unless he is of a particularly cool temperament. In the same category might be placed the value of returning everything possible, for nothing is more disconcerting to the opponent than to have a seemingly impossible ball returned, as the next time he will feel it necessary to make a still better stroke, which is very apt to result in a miss. To do this successfully, good physical condition is of paramount importance, for not only is the player physically able to play his top game through a hard match, but he will be in a better position mentally, as he is not nearly as likely to get discouraged by hard luck, close decisions against him, or a streak of good play by his opponent. Moreover, the player who gets back the most balls has so much the better chance to win points by the ball dropping into the winning openings, getting nicks or cramping the other player by length. This is why the luck always seems to go with the winning player; some think he wins because of his luck, but in reality it is not in most cases the cause of his winning but the effect of his good play and constant return.

One should never try for a short chase except when the return is so easy that one is sure of being able to place it in the corner so accurately that it will at least be difficult for the server to do more than scrape it back. This rule, like every other which can be made, must be broken just often enough to keep the server guessing the point of attack, as if an invariable system of attack is used the server will take advantage of knowing the objective, and be prepared to defend it.

A player should never attempt to cut down a fast ball off the back wall, unless trying to win a chase, then no more than is necessary to win that chase, as it is a risk to attempt to make chase two when chase six will do as well. As a general rule, when near either side of the court play a floor stroke for a chase over the low part of the net, or force for the end of the dedans over the high part of the net. This will force the server to try to cover both objectives, which it is impossible for him to do against good play. Once in a great while play this same ball for length over the high part of the net, just to deceive the server. For the same reason force for the diagonally opposite end of the dedans once in a while, though it is not nearly as effective, as the server usually works over that way a little to protect the corner against a floor stroke. A great many players prefer to use the boasted force rather than the straight force, and there is no doubt it is harder to stop if correctly placed, in fact almost impossible, but the disadvantages more than counterbalance the advantages, except

when the striker-out has been brought out between the service line and the net, when it is the best stroke, as admitting great severity without danger of hitting the opponent. If the boasted force misses the dedans it is usually an easy stroke for the experienced player, whereas if the straight force is missed, the secondary but important objective usually is obtained of a chase, though it may be a long one.

Suggestions for guidance of the server and striker-out are appended to the article, and while no absolute directions can be given for every case, yet if they are carefully followed when possible, the individual judgment supplies the rest.

The whole strategy of the railroad game may be stated in these words: Place the opponent on the defensive, and the odds are largely in favor of the player on the offensive. This, of course, is the object of every kind of service, but there is no other, except perhaps a high giraffe, which cannot be handled in such a manner that the striker-out can be reasonably sure of making some chase. All side-wall services can be volleyed successfully when of such length that they will not come off the back wall, and if they do come off, an easy chance to return the service is given.

It is of tremendous importance to learn to volley every kind of service, as it not only gives a player confidence and allows him to put the opponent on the defensive, but it will improve his volleying in rallies to a very great extent.

Backhand volleying is not usually developed so highly as the forehand on account of this very service volleying, and also because the player using the railroad service gets so much forehand volleying on the service side. The backhand volley should be developed, however, and the best way to do it is to stand on the service side and get a marker to serve slow side-wall services from the hazard side. This will give the player an opportunity of volleying balls off the penthouse, which is the best practice possible for timing a volley properly.

It is certain that there is no good defense against the railroad service, and the best method for the striker-out to employ is, as has been emphasized, to get on the service side and place his opponent in the defensive position.

One of the most important things in tennis to-day is to learn to volley the railroad service, not that it can be done successfully throughout a match, but in order that the player may learn to be practically sure of getting the ball over the net, so that he may volley those balls which are going to strike low down on the grille wall. There is nothing more disconcerting and discouraging to the striker-out, and consequently sure of opposite effects on the server, than a nick at a critical moment, perhaps when the latter is defending a long chase. Under such circumstances it is better to even toss

the ball over the net than to run the risk of a nick or half a nick. It has been stated in objection to this that a great many balls which are taken under this method would strike the floor first and give an easy chance to kill for the striker-out. This may be partly so, as no man can judge the nick exactly, but a good player should judge it so closely, especially if he place himself so that a nick ball will, when coming off the penthouse, pass him at breast height—the easiest height to volley steadily with cut—that very few mistakes would be made. Moreover, by eliminating all nicks or possible nicks the striker-out robs the service of a measure of its terrors, and also throws the server off his length. This method has often caused the server to complain after the match that he was off his serve, not realizing that he was thrown off by the tactics of his opponent.

In closing it may be said that some professionals claim that this style of game is not the best with which to win, while others allow that it is. There is no doubt that for beginners it is a bad game, unless supplemented by arduous and steady practice, and that it makes the ordinary practice game too strenuous and hard hitting for steady diet, especially for those who play the game for quiet exercise. On the other hand it must be remembered that under the present method of competition in all branches of sport the winning game is the best one, and all progress in sport has come from this very competition, although for everyday use modifications are necessary and wise.

WHEN SERVING THE RAILROAD

Stand as near to the dedans wall and gallery wall as possible without affecting the stroke by touching the wall with the racquet.

When the chase is two or better, do not serve the railroad, but some slow twisting service to cramp the striker-out, but never so as to come off the back wall.

On a long chase serve as hard as possible to bring the striker near the net, as when a player is moving fast control is difficult.

On a hazard chase use a slow twisting railroad, low on the wall and close to the side wall, so that there is no danger of losing the chase on the serve.

As soon as the service is delivered move quickly into position in the middle of the court, behind chase two. (Many players lose the whole effectiveness of the railroad by inattention to this, or waiting to see if the ball is going to nick.)

Volley everything possible before it gets to the back wall, especially when the opponent is out of position, *unless sure* that it will be easier off the wall.

Learn to volley with a cut, as it steadies the stroke.

Any difficult ball in the forehand corner scrape back by a half volley or a volley, using the wall if easier.

Never let a ball make a chase.

Never try to play a difficult stroke off of a difficult return; always choose the easiest stroke which yet will win the rally.

Volley all low balls in the forehand over the high part of the net toward the foot of the tambour and just slipping it, and slow so that they will not come off the back wall.

Vary your hard volley for the grille corner occasionally by boasting hard for the winning gallery corner, especially if your opponent is one of those who usually work over toward the grille.

Never play an easy ball for the grille unless defending a chase (then force hard and low), for the foot of the tambour or winning gallery is not as dangerous, as you will probably win the stroke even if you miss your objective, whereas a missed grille gives an easy return.

When defending a short chase by returning a force, block it slow for the tambour rather than take any chance of missing, as it takes a good man to win a short chase twice in one rally, and it is difficult for him to find the opening successfully if the ball comes slowly to him on the floor.

WHEN RECEIVING THE RAILROAD

Remember to make a chase immediately, no matter how long.

Stand so that a nick service will pass you breast high, then volley if the ball passes you at that height. If it does not you are in proper position for anything else.

Never boast a ball under the winning gallery unless absolutely forced to, or sometimes when trying to win a short chase, as this boasted ball, although difficult for the beginner, is one of the easiest balls for the experienced player to return, unless of exactly the right length.

Any fast ball off the back wall play for

above the nick in the forehand corner, or for the lower part of the opening.

Any service which strikes the floor first, cut down severely with twist into the forehand corner.

If you cannot play a good stroke with a ball, always put something on it to bother the other man, either speed, twist, or high toss. You will be surprised how many he will miss.

Force with a cut if possible, usually for the lower forehand end of the opening, varied occasionally by a boasted force, or a straight force for the backhand end.

Never play the ball on to the penthouse or in the net. If you do the former you are getting inattentive or forcing too hard, if the latter you are taking too many chances, by playing too close to the net. A little higher with more cut and twist is just as good.

Try to win all chases better than two by forcing for the opening, unless you have a very easy ball well up to your shoulder and are perfectly sure you can judge it perfectly.

Do not attempt to make a chase half a yard when you are trying to win a chase better than the second gallery. Many players play exactly the same stroke under both circumstances.

The server's vulnerable spots are the floor over the low part of the net and the opening over the high part. He cannot defend both.

It may properly be mentioned again here that no absolute rules can be laid down for every case, and variety must be used to keep the opponent unprepared. The judgment to do this at the right time, and to know when to take chances, are qualities that transform a mediocre game into a high-class one.

STARTING AN EXHIBITION KENNEL

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

UNLESS he is rich, plucky and persistent the beginner should never undertake field trials, either of bird dogs or hounds; much less coursing with greyhounds. These things cost heavily and are uncertain in results, even with the most liberal expenditure and the sharpest foresight. Everybody will allow that the field trial or coursing game is a higher class of sport and represents more of almost everything which may be called outdoor enjoyment. On the other hand, it calls for some leisure, experience and money, if there is to be a fair degree of success.

With a man who wishes to keep a dog or two for companionship or home amusement, advice does not mean a great deal. He would as well drift along according to his own fancy. To him I would say only that nobody should permit himself to own a dog which has not a pedigree and the type of the breed. Mongrels may have their sentimental appeal, but the bend sinister should never be tolerated in polite society.

Let us suppose, therefore, that the experiment is to be with bench shows. When the person involved has formed a distinct bias in favor of a particular breed, he would

as well take it up with himself and have it out on that line. If his choice is unsatisfactory, he will get it out of his system once for all and know where he stands.

To others who are in doubt about a selection a little counsel may be of service. I suggest that the novice pick one of the smaller breeds. They are kept more easily, mature more quickly and the expense is smaller in every direction. The fox terrier is one of the best in all respects, but it will be a matter of great difficulty for the beginner to do any winning in that breed. There are so many of these dogs and the big exhibitors have an advantage so decided that respectable competition has a long chance against it. The cocker spaniel presents something of similar trouble. The cocker gives more peace of mind, because he is less quarrelsome. His comparative disadvantage is that his thick coat makes him a natural host for fleas. The Irish terrier is an attractive dog and as yet there are not so many competitors but that an amateur would have a reasonable chance. Pugs are among the easiest dogs to keep, but they seem to have lost their attractiveness. Toy spaniels particularly suit lady fanciers; first, because they are always stylish and pretty, and, second, because they can be kept around the house. Pomeranians are a classy little breed, but in disposition they seem to me to be the least interesting of all dogs. They are fretful, fussy and seldom intelligent.

In caring for a little line of dogs I should under all circumstances have a special building, however small or crude, instead of keeping them in the house, and I should have a special compartment or cage for every dog where it would stay, at least at night. The more exercise and freedom they have the better, but I should have it done under careful supervision.

In feeding, a sensible style is to make the usual ration of graham bread with frequent additions of milk and eggs. A little meat once or twice a week is all right. The young fancier's great danger is too much fat. When a dog is once fat, it is a lot of trouble to reach again anything like good condition. The bitch kept fat is likely to quit breeding very young. I remember feeding some dogs successfully for several months, when I used indifferently white and graham bread with no other addition than that of a little grease which the cook kept over from her frying operations.

It is an everlasting principle that one good dog kept in good shape is worth twenty moderate ones. Therefore the novice will make the best showing if he concentrates his money and time on one or two of the finest specimens he can afford. A poor dog costs as much to keep as a first-class one. Mixing in a trifle of good sense, anybody can keep one dog in perfect condition as to coat and exhibition shape. When you have five or six, you will find that it is no fun.

The young exhibitor ought to handle his dogs every day, as if they were in the ring. That is, he should make them take and hold the position which shows their points. He should also teach them to be at ease, lively and free of movement on the lead. A dog which is lively and at the same time obedient in the ring is quite likely to beat a competitor which is really a better dog but a bad shower.

How to buy a dog is a problem which cannot be solved with an axiom. If I could give a final answer to that question, I could tell how to buy stocks or real estate. Some men have, by nature, a perception of values; some men can never learn. It should be good advice to lay down a rule of going to a reliable professional and asking him to buy you the best dog he can for a given amount of money. But professionals have their faults. Every one of them is biased in favor of some dogs which he knows. On the inside of the craft, too, kissing goes by favor. They are likely to tickle each other when there is an understanding. Stable tips are notoriously untrustworthy. Still, all in all, if you do not yourself understand something of the breed—remembering also that a little knowledge may be dangerous—the best course may be to put yourself in the hands of the professional. Anyhow, you will learn faster by sticking close to the professionals, and maybe have the better of them by partaking of their hard-earned lore, at a fraction of what it cost them.

In managing your dogs there will not perhaps be much fun unless you can follow your individual notions on what constitutes enjoyment. There is not perhaps a single thrill in twisting your soul to carry out processes which rasp against the grain. However, I am not your parish priest, but a dog man. Whatever your imagination may invent, a dog is still a dog, and has none of the attributes which we assign to ourselves when we feel mushy. A dog understands "yes" and is equally competent to grasp the "no." Outside of that, he is all dog and follows his dog ways. He indulges in no mental refinement and will not comprehend many of your changes of mood or mind. Whatever you undertake to teach, make it plain, simple and unchangeable. It is a pity that he must be taught not to jump up on people and compliment them with his caresses. He means well, but must be disciplined sternly into knowing that it is not good form under any circumstances.

Make the dog come when you whistle; otherwise you will have trouble whenever you go in the street, and in a variety of other ways. Beyond these two things, a bench-show dog does not need much training, and, if it is bench-show demeanor you want, it is better to concentrate on teaching the animal to stand in position and to move around on the lead cheerfully and with vigor, than to undertake any fancy tricks.

CONDITION IN THE HORSE, AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT

BY F. M. WARE

CONDITION—perfect physical fitness for the work for which the animal is kept—is attained in the horse by a judicious combination and provision of exercise, feed and grooming; important in the order named, but for complete success interdependent. Condition naturally varies with the requirements at issue—that for slow work not being that for racing, etc.—but the same means are always employed in varying degree to reach the desired result, and once that end is secured it is probable that we greatly err, both in regard to the best interests of ourselves and our horses, if we ever again permit a wide departure from it. The domesticated horse is a very artificial animal, through our mistaken ideas regarding his general care and environment, and having taken all means to make him absolutely dependent upon our fostering care, we at times, with what is really refined if careless cruelty, force him to resume his primitive habits of life, and, turning him out to grass, having generally deprived him of his caudal appendage, leave him through the long and heated summer term to furnish a juicy repast to flies by day and to other insects by night; or in winter condemn him, in equally heartless fashion, to the solitary confinement of a loose box, and a generally Spartan experience with the weather for which previous years of pampering have but illy fitted him. The strongest instinct in the horse is that of home—all his thoughts and interests lie there—and the most wearing pain he suffers is that of nostalgia—the longing for the familiar stall and the well-loved surroundings. What wonder that our pets almost invariably return to us from such unhappy experiences mere shadows of their former selves, and in such wretched bodily condition that it is months before they regain their usual health and spirits? We blame the man in charge, poor feed, bad stabling, insufficient pasturage, etc., and overlook entirely the fact that it is all our own fault, and the direct result of heart-hunger which no grass, grain or roof-tree could entirely assuage. Of course the little-used muscles have, from lack of exercise, shrunk and lost their firmness and plumpness; the crest has fallen from the same cause; “poverty lines” appear in the quarters and shoulders; the tail and mane are all out of shape, or all worn away; the feet stubbed off; the coat dingy and sunburnt; the skin full of all manner of scars, cuts and abrasions; all these are the

effect, not the cause, of the lack of bodily condition which is two-thirds due sheerly and solely, in the high-bred, nervous, sensitive horse, to simple homesickness.

Given such a mournful result of the best of good intentions, we have a job of months upon our hands to get him right again, and in the “pink of condition”; and when we do again land him in that desirable haven, there, in mercy’s name and for pity’s sake, let him end his days, at least so far as our service is concerned. It may be beyond the facts to say that no horse is ever benefited by being turned out, but where one is thus helped, ten are injured, if ordinary methods obtain.

As to exercise, this must depend upon what a horse is kept for and expected to do, but it must be regular, and any lack of it must be instantly met by a corresponding reduction in both the amount and the nourishing quality of the food. If a horse in regular work is suddenly laid by, as from lameness or other accident, he must forthwith be served with a mild cathartic like a pint of raw linseed oil, or a mild aloes ball of two or three drachms. Sundays are usually rest days, and accordingly Saturday’s mid-day and night rations should be light in character as those of the holiday itself. Thousands of cases of azoturia are noticeable in all cities every year, and this is what troubles nearly all the horses we see flat in the street so frequently. Ninety per cent. of these cases occur on Mondays, for the reason that the careless owners have not lessened the feed upon the previous day, when the hard-working animal was suddenly allowed complete rest. At least five miles daily is required to keep most horses fit, and they are generally all the better for a ten-mile pilgrimage between breakfast and supper, but every individual case varies. Some stay in condition with but little exercise, and that at most irregular intervals; others, the gross, hearty sort, need severe work; others, again, the light-waisted, “washy” kind—which are not infrequently extremely enduring despite their infirmity—fade away to nothing if regularly used, and, yet when “freshened up” by a few days’ absolute idleness will perform really prodigious tasks, if they be but done at one “stint” and not by various consecutive efforts. Pace has much to do with acquiring condition and it should always be moderate, where the subject is being built up—and even the over-fat animal is better reduced by light feeding and mild physic than by

rapid and long-continued exercise, unless he is to be used for racing purposes. However fast horses are to be used, they should always be started out easily and gradually "got on their feet"—after the first half mile; and the last half mile should always be slow, the last hundred yards or so at a walk, that the animal may be ready to do up and put away without unnecessary fuss—and about half of what custom decrees the groom shall do to a horse after work is wholly unnecessary, a waste of time and annoying to the subject.

There is no doubt that the example furnished by the over-fattened horses in the show ring has given us an erroneous impression as to the bodily condition suitable for the really hard-working harness or saddle horse, and that we err in principle and practice by trying to attain or to preserve by means of heavy feeding the gently flowing contours of such animals. The work-a-day steed is bound to be much lighter in flesh and to be all the better for it, and a certain amount of angularity may be pardoned in view of the increased efficiency it is likely to bring. An exceptional case now and then presents itself where the body remains plump and round, but such a horse is usually fortunate in being truly made all over—and underneath—so that, while he shrinks, he does it harmoniously and without destroying the proportions or betraying angularities. There is no better test of physical fitness than the hard muscular feel of the crest and over the ribs, the bright, clear eye and the generally cheerful bearing. A very game horse will seemingly present the last appearance the moment he is conscious that work is at hand, but even then any one familiar with his usual appearance will hardly be deceived, as the countenance, while animated, has an anxious and haggard cast that is usually quite unmistakable.

GROOMING

Grooming, properly conducted, is a thorough, searching, yet gentle bodily massage, and should always be made as acceptable and free from annoyance to the horse as possible. It is amazing what an effect consideration in this respect has upon nervous or irritable thin-skinned horses both in condition and temper. Some phlegmatic brutes stolidly allow themselves to be mauled with curry-comb, bristle, or goose-quill brush, dandy-brush, etc., and doze through a performance that would seemingly take the paint off a house; while with others the mere rasp of the body-brush across the curry-comb, even before the toilet begins, is enough to throw them into a paroxysm of nervous, shrinking dread of the physical torture (to them) which always follows, making their grooming an occasion of plunging, squealing, pawing, flinching remonstrance. Any method that visibly annoys a horse

(in any connection) is wrong all through and should never be allowed in use. Thank goodness, the old-fashioned hissing, slam-bang style of groom is passing away—the ignorant but well-meaning fellow who tied his horse up uncomfortably high, where the halter was cutting into his thin-skinned jaws, cheeks, ears, etc., and who then proceeded first to scrape his hide loose with a curry-comb, rattling it over the sensitive skin and bones like a man planing a board; pursued the same course with a body-brush scraped over delicate ears, etc., and rubbed up and down the body like a woman scrubbing a floor; followed this with the sharp bristles of a dandy-brush that picked at the unfortunate gee-gee with a hundred sharp points; applied then a damp straw wisp all over the body with mighty thumps and bangs that made the poor beast reverberate like a drum, or writhe like a snake; and wound up the performance by wiping over the eyes, nostrils and muzzle with a sponge which had first been used upon the feet and other parts needing washing. This we were always told was, when accompanied by much hissing and grunting, an occasional punch in the ribs, and various gruff orders to "Kim over," "Stand up," etc., the regular orthodox English way to do the job—therefore right and beyond criticism; but an acquaintanceship with such methods was sufficient to plainly show the reason why so many English and Irish horses are "mean" to handle in the stable, and treacherous to strangers—and many of our race horses, especially sensitive to such treatment have, while always docile here, become regular savages when taken abroad; while importations here have almost at once become as gentle and companionable as every high-bred horse naturally is. We have lately studied the individual horse in this country (at least among valuable animals), but on the other side they are prone to handle all alike; and this "alike" means in the style of our grandfathers, when intense in-breeding and high-breeding had not made of the creature such a nervous, high-strung, artificial thing as he is to-day.

The up-to-date groom proceeds quietly all through. He makes his horse comfortable to begin with, frequently leaving his head free. He lightly and quickly shampoos him with the body-brush; whisks him over with the dandy-brush; straightens the hair, and sets all fair with rubber and damp sponge; does most of the cleansing of the lower legs with a sponge and water, or soap and water; dampens and gently brushes mane and tail, and makes the toilet a pleasure even to the most nervous. Occasionally the body-brush is found too irritating to the animal, and the dandy-brush of pliant straw, a straw wisp (dampened), and the rubber and sponge are all-sufficient, for in such horses the hair is always thin and short.

Washing all over is particularly suitable for such subjects, and there is no reason why horses should not be bathed and washed as regularly as their masters. If the fluid is wholesome for the inside or outside of man, it is equally so for the beast, and no harm ever yet came from washing horses if they were properly dried afterward. To do this the creature should be quickly and thoroughly scraped all over; thick flannel bandages rolled loosely on his legs, and a cooler or two and an old hood thrown over him for him to "steam out" in; these to be removed when he is nearly dry; the remaining damp spots rubbed out, and dry clothing, according to needs, put on. In the same way a horse after work may be quickly and thoroughly washed, scraped out and put away; he will be cleaner, cool out quicker, and, if tired, is saved the irksome dressing to which he is too often subjected, and which is even more trying to him than it would be to you under the same circumstances. If very tired—exhausted—even this may be profitably omitted, and he may just be put away with the "rough" wiped off and left until next day for a complete toilet. Nothing ever happened to you in the old rowing days when you had helped to carry the shell to the rack, and, stripping off the reeking jersey, went headfirst into the river (even in March) and out for a rub-down; and how often in the woods you have turned in dead-tired, dirty to the limit, yet none the worse for that next morning—and so with your horse. Washing has every advantage for the six warmer months anyhow, and the clipped horse may equally as well be done over in water with the chill off. If he gets no harm when drenched with rain before your carriage, or at pasture, what is there to hurt him in a daily "tub" indoors? His heels must always be well dried out, and the bandages used—which are only kept on until he steams out—should come well down to the hoofs to insure rapid and equal evaporation and consequent drying. The scraping after the bath is highly cleansing, and the washed horse is regularly what few other horses ever are—*thoroughly clean all over*. A groom may shirk his duty, but if he washes and scrapes a horse, that animal is clean. Proper and regular dampening of the mane and tail will, if it is scanty, do much to promote growth, and the tail especially needs watching in a horse which is gaining in condition, since it almost invariably then becomes a little scurfy, and there is a tendency nearly always to rub it, which a little kerosene emulsion, etc., will do much to set right, and to allay the irritation. The tail should be as carefully trimmed and trained as the mane, and whether both are long, or pulled and banded, or docked, a vast improvement may be made in their appearance by a careful and symmetrical trimming with shears and the resined fingers. Much may

be done with fetlocks and the long hairs in the ears by regularly using the same methods, and working a little at a time—heels thus cared for looking much better than those showing the harsher outlines which the use of the comb and scissors produces. Resin should also be used upon the hands to wipe thoroughly over all gray or roan horses before they are used—thus getting rid of many loose hairs just ready to be shed upon the owner's clothes, etc. A bit of bluing tied up in a rag and dipped into the water used on white legs and heels, or to remove stains on gray or white horses, will help attain the desired end. Nothing but pure water should ever be used inside or outside the feet, and the greasy blacking and oil preparations in such general favor are filthy, and do not retain a smart appearance for half a block, while they soil the hand or glove if one tries to pick up such a foot. The horn is full of pores as is the skin, and to fill these regularly with grease is an abominable practice, and one devoid of reason. Soap, water and massage are the only agents needed to always insure a perfectly clean horse.

CLIPPING

Every horse but the slow draught horse should be clipped. We have, as said before, made of him to a great extent an artificial animal, and the hair should always be removed from all or part of his body, replacing it in times of great exposure by proper blanketing, even under the harness if necessary. The horse may be clipped all over; or only on the body, neck and head, leaving the chest, legs, etc. (as the most generally exposed parts) protected by the natural coat. The animal perhaps looks unsightly to us thus mutilated as to covering, but surely if we accept docked tails and hogged manes without a murmur, we need not shudder over the partial clipping—more especially as the one is a fad of a diseased and distorted taste, the other has every common-sense reason for its employment. Thus, the horse entirely denuded of his hair must expose his legs to great variations of temperature—for while we clothe his body, we leave the rest of him worse than naked. Not only is circulation thus interfered with, but much discomfort caused the animal, and his general condition injured; while the bare breast is but seldom, if clipped, protected—with its delicate and sensitive mechanism beneath—with the breast cloth which is so easy to put on, so cheap to own, and so seldom in use. Nor is the winter solstice the only period when clipping is effective. Many heavy-coated horses are all the better for it in summer—in fact any horse which sweats unduly, and seems weakened by it, should be gone over at any time of year, and as often as necessary. Our erratic climate, the pace we travel and the condition we would maintain, all com-

bine to render the process wholesome, humane and necessary nowadays, whatever it was one hundred, or even ten years ago. The coat may be kept short by heavy blankets, warm stables and plenty of warm or cooked food; but no real benefits result, and the owner is not consulting the welfare of his horses in the matter, but his own fancy. Great care must be taken with all clipped animals, and especially when they have been freshly subjected to the process, to sponge freely the shoulders and pad place, etc. (in harness horses), and where the saddle rests (in riding horses) with the coldest water, not merely sopped on, but applied liberally with a full sponge. This will close the pores of the skin, and prevent the humor or eczema, which is sure to appear at these points unless the skin is thus washed. An astringent lotion may be used if preferred, but has no advantages over simple cold water. Not only is the chafing of harness and saddle irritating to the exposed skin, but the dried sweat and dust, the frequent heating and cooling, tend to upset the natural functions at these points, and a very annoying humor may result. The fashion of leaving the space under the riding saddle untouched has no special merit if the back is always sponged, and if a felt saddle-cloth, which may weekly be dried, beaten, washed and cleaned, as a saddle panel never is, is always worn, and kept in perfect order. Such an eruption is not contagious, though so general is it in some stables in fall and early winter that such would appear to be the case. Singeing of the coat, formerly very general, has now gone almost completely out of use and never had any special merit to begin with. Even the horse exposed to the full severity of rain and snow is better clipped, for once indoors, scraped out and blanketed, he soon "steams out" dry and warm; while his luckless confrère, who appeared more comfortable in the downpour outdoors, is either soaking and shivering all night in his long, wet coat, or bathed in sweat in the coverings placed upon him to dry him—simply exchanging one kind of moisture for another of a most exhausting type. As you walk about the streets if you hear a horse cough you will find seven times in ten that it is an unclipped animal, a victim not improbably of mistaken kindness.

BLANKETING

Blanketing is carried not unusually to a foolish excess, and with the usually half-ventilated private and public stable, does more to decimate our already depleted equine supply than any other cause that can be named. Rule-of-thumb and tradition govern us almost entirely, or rather dominate our servants who rule over us. Horses need exposure; were framed for it; thrive under it, if only the changes of temperature be not too frequent or too sudden. The pampered pets of Dives,

decrepit or outclassed, are sent to the auction mart, and there acquired by Lazarus, who drives a "night-hawk" cab for what there is in it. That very night, all night and every night, foul or fair, these unfortunates stand about the open streets, shivering, sweating, dripping, as chance befalls—but never sick, always ready to work and to eat; should Dives, perchance, again be moved to acquire them, they would half the time in his palatial hot-house stables be on the shelf for repairs. Lazarus, without realizing it, is hygienically correct in his treatment—plenty of fresh air, regular exercise, food in moderation, and wholesome exposure; Dives errs in every one of these essentials; results speak for themselves. Our none-too-active servants maintain the temperature of the stable at what is grateful to their own carcasses, and even as they generally slumber sweltering in many mufflings, so do they tuck away their equine charges. Fifty degrees is not too cold for any stable, and lacking direct draughts, two moderate blankets (much warmer than one thick one) should be enough—a sheet being worn always underneath all blankets, as it can so easily be washed, and because what is easy to do is more likely to be done. Day and night blankets should never be the same, and both should be regularly aired, sunned and shaken; properly put on, by throwing well forward on the neck and then drawing back—after buckling the breast straps—until about six inches above root of tail, which will leave plenty of freedom in front that the shoulders may not be chafed and the fastenings broken. The surcingle or roller should never be drawn tight, for this badly bruises the backbone; possibly, if sharp, may make a sore there; while if the girth is tight when the horse is standing, the pressure will be greatly increased when he lies down, and not improbably therefore prevent him from doing so. A breast-girth (or plate) will keep the slack roller in place. Blankets with the girths sewn on are handy, but sure to work back and to chafe the shoulders, besides presenting a most untidy appearance. Summer sheets are always needed in America, if the stables are not darkened, as all (private stables at least) can be, both easily and cheaply; otherwise the swarming flies make the unfortunate denizens miserable, reducing them to a state of nervous exasperation which has its direct effect upon bodily condition and the dollars and cents necessary to maintain it. From six A.M. to six P.M. all stabled horses should be sheeted, but at night are better stripped; nor indeed will the coat be likely to lie close and to look well if unrestricted insect torment is permitted. If, during the period from June to October (in this latitude), our horses need sheets as protection in the stable, not less acutely do they (especially when banged or docked of tail) suffer when at their daily work, and

it is most astounding that some legal provision has not been made by national or state law for the enforced use of fly-nets, not only upon harness but upon saddle horses. Were our S. P. C. A. officials and patrons other than hopelessly inefficient and impractical, this would years ago have been done, and the wretched and idle fad for docking horses reduced as a torture to a minimum. Such a law would be a hardship to no one; would largely advance the comfort and proper condition of all horses, and since docking apparently is not to be prevented, would at least provide for the unhappy subject throughout all the rest of his mutilated career as much or more protection as he ever derived from his original caudal appendage, and regarded merely from a mercenary standpoint, would prove an extremely profitable investment in the way of enhanced physical condition and endurance. This whole matter of protection from insects is one of the most vital necessities in proper horse keeping, and yet, while so obvious, rarely reckoned with.

BANDAGES

Bandages, as applied to the average carriage and saddle horse, are an unmixed evil, and save when a horse is drying out after washing, etc., have small place in sensible stable management. During the past few years a perfect mania has arisen to bandage every leg on every horse every time there is a chance, and a great boon it has been to the bandage makers and the cotton-batting purveyors. No sooner does an animal arrive fresh from his country home, than his legs are forthwith wrapped in bandages, and these he wears all days and most nights, until the vessels are so relaxed that, without the artificial support, his ankles fill, and sometimes the dropsical effect extends almost to knees and hocks. No one can give a sensible reason for the proceeding—it is merely a fad that has been caught up from some one who thus exploited some celebrated show horse, possibly so decrepit that he needed cunning support to his extremities, but more than probably handicapped by the application intended to assist. Cripples of course there are, whom bandaging helps, but such are unlikely to be found in private stables, let grooms say what they will, and certainly no amateur is likely to buy any such beast; while the fresh-from-the-country kind never need the appliances. It is very likely that much of the trouble which is had with horses' feet nowadays arises from this idiotically overdone practice, for so tight are they drawn and so greatly does each turn about the leg increase the pressure that the circulation is very seriously interfered with for hours at a time, and the hoof and adjacent parts nourished very imperfectly. If we put on bandages to

prevent the vessels of the leg, etc., from becoming engorged, is not the same result likely to obtain in a measure with the veins? Not infrequently one may prick with a pin the fetlock or coronet of a bandaged horse, and find that sensation is absolutely wanting. Like all inventions, these articles are most valuable at certain times, in certain conditions and in experienced hands, but if left to the judgment of the average stableman, they are very dangerous and prolific of detrimental after-effects.

FIT OF HARNESS

The fit of the harness, saddle, bits, etc., has much to do with condition. If the horse must always work in discomfort he suffers mentally and physically, which reacts directly upon his condition. Everything must fit, be neither too large nor too small, too tight nor too loose, and these details will all be taken up next month. It is, if one has not noticed it, amazing what a difference in deportment and well-being these unconsidered trifles make; and it is so very simple and easy to have them *just right* that it is wonderful so few, even among those who pose as humanitarians, take the very slightest trouble about it.

MANNER OF DRIVING

The manner of driving or riding has a strong bearing on condition, and we can see every day thousands of examples to this effect on the streets anywhere. Given two horses having the same care, food, etc., both physically able and performing identical tasks, yet driven by two different men—one is always fat, composed, and tranquil; the other nervous, agitated, anxious, and in consequence thin and out of condition. What is the reason? Nothing but the different handling—lack of sympathy, of any horse sense or horseman's instinct in the driver of the latter. Why is the average livery-stable or riding-school horse haggard of eye, anxious of countenance, almost always thin and worn? Not lack of food nor overwork—just mental worry and the nervous overstrain of trying to please a lot of thoughtless people, most of whom wholly lack horse sense and are proud of it. Do what you will in the way of care, etc., the handling the horse receives has greatly to do with his physical welfare. Perfect condition is not a mere matter of so much food, so much water, a warm bed, a tight roof. It depends, as does everything else in life and in our relations with other men and all beasts, upon the little things, the unconsidered trifles—and lucky is he who has the interest, the patience, the intuition to investigate closely, to discern clearly, and to apply intelligently, for he shall reap his reward in countless ways, and in various associations.

ROD AND GUN

WORM FISHING FOR BROOK TROUT

ADVICE TO "PLUMPERS"

By LOUIS RHEAD

ONE out of every twenty brook trout anglers uses the fly; the rest fish with worms. Only one of the nineteen is an experienced worm fisherman; the remaining ones are what I shall term "plumpers," who only make a practice of fishing during a short vacation in the summer. It is to these plumpers (so called because they only know how to plump a worm into the water and yank a trout back again) that I wish to present a few ideas whereby they may get some real sport, instead of being merely butchers intent only on slaughter.

They soon get to know by experience that brook trout, even when fully gorged, cannot resist a live, wriggling worm. Therefore it is only an idiot who fails to land them. There is infinitely more shame than pride in having a photograph taken by the side of a long string of trout—often the greater part being little above the size allowed by law to be taken. I advocate giving the fish a fair show and getting some real sport out of the game. Legitimate worm fishing is an art easily learned, giving ample pleasure and playing to the angler.

In the small, swift-running brooks that tumble over rocks and sunken tree trunks, where the water swirls in foamy circles, the tackle should be of the lightest and daintiest description—a four-ounce, eight-foot rod that is not too long and getting everlastingly entangled overhead; that is easy to guide through brambles and laurel bushes—such a rod is invaluable. Have the line to match—the thinnest and lightest in weight; also have the reel very small, with a stiff click to retard any rushes under low branches or fallen logs. Trout always dart off, if possible, to hiding places where it is difficult to dislodge or get at them. The best leader for this fishing should be very fine indeed, and only three feet long, as it often happens that the tip cannot be raised because of overhanging branches, and a long leader cannot be reeled in close enough to get the net under the fish. A willow net with rubber ring to fit on the wrist is advisable; especially so when the fish run to a good size, of from ten to fifteen inches, for it often happens that when such a fish is hooked there is no place in sight where one can lead him out of the water on to the beach.

The hooks cannot be too small, and a liberal number should be supplied, and

tied to a fine snell of the same thickness as the leader. This completes the outfit. It is a great mistake to use split shot to sink the worm. The bait should at all times float on the surface like a fly. Trout always rise to a worm (and will never follow it to the bed of the brook, even in deep water), providing the angler is out of sight.

In baiting the hook never put on a great bunch of three or four worms; it is not half as effective as a small single live worm. With a big bunch some time must elapse before the fish swallows it, and then if a small fish is landed he has to be killed to extract the hook. Large fish will swim around a bunch of worms as if doubtful about touching it, because in nature no such thing happens, whereas a single worm only half impaled on the hook with the tail wriggling around arouses an instant desire to seize it quickly. To properly hook a worm it should be worked right over the hook until it is entirely covered. That will nearly insure the barb's piercing the lips instead of the hook being swallowed.

Rebait every time a fish is caught, oftener if necessary. Never have ragged parts left on the hook. All parts of dead worms should be removed. Have nothing on the hook but the single live worm, with one third wriggling. Most expert bait anglers scour their worms, always having a large supply on hand in a good-sized tin can, having one fourth filled up with a sandy soil, and on top lay some damp moss, soaked well with milk and a few pieces of bread. In a few days the worms will harden and become lighter in color. When ready to start have the bait box wrapped round the waist and a part of the worms put in the box. Now that all is ready we will make our way toward the stream or mountain brook not more than twelve feet wide, nor more than a foot and a half deep, except in the pools made by logs and rocks. Step lightly into the water and from the middle of the brook cast the worm gently, without a splash, to the right bank, having the line the same length as the rod. Work the bait in a semicircle to the left bank. If no fish take it reel out another six feet of line, thus covering a further distance, and draw it slowly across to the other side. The force of the water keeps the bait on the surface in sight of the angler. If a fish takes the bait he will rush to the bank as he sees the angler; he will not run up stream.

If the fish is a ten-inch trout slightly check the line, but hold him from going a distance; then turn him and gradually reel until he is near enough to place the net under him. Now rebait with a fresh

worm, and take a few steps forward and repeat the same movements as before, taking care, however, to use the utmost caution in moving down stream—no floundering about or waving the rod. Let the water carry the bait forward after the side cast is made, and keep a steady eye on the bait. As you move along, on coming to a tree trunk lying across the brook, which forms a deep pool, lengthen the line (keeping some distance away) and let it run its course. The eddies will carry it just where the trout lies. If he takes it he will surely run under the log and possibly get free, unless a sharp watch is kept on his movements and he is stopped by leading him to shallow water—gradually raising the tip of the rod as the line is reeled in. At times there are places where branches lie in the water. Such a place as this is always a favorite trout lair. They seem to know that it is impossible to get them or get at them there or even to float the bait down to the right spot. Such branches often get in the way of those little circles of foam underneath which a trout is sure to hide. To surmount such difficulties it is a good plan to flirt the bait between the branches by holding the baited hook in the left hand, and, with the rod held lightly, making it bend in a half circle, then suddenly let go the bait, shooting as near the desired spot as possible. After a little practice, this trick can be played with excellent results. My first teacher on a trout stream, by long practice, could place a worm in any given spot desired within half an inch, every time. He would have six feet of line from an eight-foot rod, stealthily creep up, and gauge with his eye the exact distance he wanted to reach. I have often used this flicking method with success in fly fishing, when obstacles were so great that casting was out of the question. But the motion requires some little practice to do it accurately and avoid the branches. Fish, trout especially, love to lie in shady spots, beneath laurel bushes and other impediments that make it difficult for the angler to reach them; and they will seldom let him get nearer than twelve feet, but dart away up stream if possible.

On coming to one of those many plank bridges which cross the brooks, it is best to leave the water, going around below the bridge, and fish up stream, under it, using the flicker to avoid frightening the fish, which always lie with head up stream. Under these dark bridges there usually lie a number of trout, and, if not scared away, they can, one by one, be taken.

In these small brooks one of the most important things to remember is to keep out of sight. Trout dash away a distance of fifty feet in no time, and it is no use to follow, and the only way is to leave them for another visit later on. As we wade down stream, and cover every part, they often lie in most unlikely places—in low, rippling water, where the pebbles are above

the surface, they may at times be found in only four inches of water, sometimes good-sized fish, so that the bait should be floated in every direction by the force of the running water. In places of this kind it is well to have a longer line out, especially in open and sunny spots. At every short distance examine the hook to see that the point is not blunted or broken by the stones, and the bait at all times must be alive and well placed on the hook.

The angler must be on the alert every minute, though no strike is necessary in bait fishing for brook trout. They firmly hook themselves every time they go at the bait, but the line should instantly be tightened. Then their chances of getting away are reduced to a minimum.

Some seasons ago I had the privilege of fishing the upper Mongaup in private water for about a mile. Only eight feet wide and two feet deep, the water rushed along rapidly through a continuous line of laurel bushes which made it necessary to use bait. Had the fish not been a good size (nearly all fourteen inches) I could have filled my basket in half an hour; as it was, every fish I hooked darted off at a lively gait, making it necessary to give line, as well as follow on; so that the morning's catch of twelve fish averaged twenty minutes' splendid play for each fish, and I can safely say not one gorged the bait, all being hooked on the lips.

It is a rare thing to find large trout in well-fished brooks, unless they lie in the deep pool of a waterfall or one made by fallen tree trunks. These old fellows are wary. They always go for the bait once, get hooked, and get off by some trick known only to themselves, till some day an experienced angler comes along. Knowing just where they lie, he prepares accordingly. I once hooked a large rainbow trout six times before landing him—so clever and expert had he become. He would make a sudden dart, take the bait clean off before I had time to respond, and never venture a second time on the same day, and after all I hooked him on the fly. He was beautifully marked, measuring eighteen inches. He had no doubt grown up in this small pool not more than ten feet square, but quite six feet deep.

All anglers, experts or duffers, are greatly indebted to the state authorities for stocking the waters so plentifully. Even if a brook is not stocked they will run up from the larger streams which are stocked. I do not advocate fishing as soon as the season opens; it is better to wait a week or two—till the first to the fifteenth of May, when the water is perfectly clear and snow water has run off. Snow flurries and ice remain longer than in lower altitudes—though it is true brooks clear much earlier than the larger rivers. In both cases the cream of trout fishing is from May to June. Fly fishing is best during the month of June. The water does not begin to fall low until

June 15th and early July. After that date little brook fishing can be done. The large fish have been taken by a long succession of anglers or they have dropped down to deeper pools in the larger streams to feed on flies or young minnows.

My plan of going to the same streams year after year has both good and bad points. I know, like a book, where they lie, and where each pool is, and that each pool is dominated by a fish till he is captured, when after a day or so another fish takes his place—to be, in time, captured likewise. We get to love certain pools as we go down stream—pools where we had luck preceding seasons and expect to have it again; and we also know well where to stop and the places to skip—which are barren.

Bait fishing in larger streams fifty or sixty feet across calls for entirely different work. One does not proceed so rapidly, and is bothered more with small fingerlings, which should be whipped off to avoid gorging the brook. Small trout seem to be much more inclined to swallow at a gulp than large fish. Large streams, if wadable, should be fished from the middle, the bait cast to the left bank and floated around in a semicircle to the right, the line let out according to the distance to each bank. As the river is mostly open and sunny, a gentle cast so that the bait drops lightly right under the bank is better. More fish lie at the sides than in the middle of the streams, as they get a larger supply of food at the sides. Floating bugs, worms and insects are caught in the shore eddies and are taken by the fish, who lie in waiting and rise every time anything appears. Always have the worm drop into these eddies, and allow it to float some distance down—at least forty feet from the tip.

At every few steps forward lead the bait right across from side to side. In this way the whole water may be covered. No parts should be skipped, especially around large boulders and rocks, from which the water turns and makes runways and rapids. These are sure to yield a number of fish. If not, it is unnecessary to go over the same ground twice. If fish do not respond to the first cast they are not to be taken with the second cast—move right on.

For such fishing a longer rod than the eight-foot brook rod is necessary; one nine feet and a half is none too long; also better results may be had if the hooks and tackle are slightly larger. But keep the bait a reasonable size, using as heretofore a single live worm. It is the greatest mistake to imagine old fish are much more wary than young fish, but they do know

that bunches of three and four worms are unnatural, and do not float down stream tied together in a knot. This is one of the most frequent mistakes made by beginners. Were they to consider awhile they would realize that the most success comes from exact imitation of nature.

When you do get a large fish on, stand firm, raise the tip and have command of the reel, ready at any moment to wind in at the slightest sign of weakness. Reel slowly and give him line if he wants it. Meanwhile have the net ready for when he is brought up. If no net is carried endeavor to lead the fish to a shallow place near the bank and lift him along the pebbles out of the water, but not before the line is reeled in as far as possible—then you have more command over the fish as well as the rod.

Worm fishing is in many respects the exact opposite of fly fishing. The latter method makes it necessary to keep the nose of the fish above water, whereas worm fishing requires it to be kept under water as far as it is possible.

To conclude with a few salient, important things to bear in mind at all times: Have small hooks, and have the barb sharp as a needle; fine tackle without badly tied knots; the worms carefully placed around the hook, always alive and kicking; and, most important of all, constant watchfulness and alertness at the half second a fish takes the bait, and then firm, delicate handling to guide him to the net. Keep out of sight as much as possible; wade along without splashing and floundering about.

Worm fishing is the simplest, most primitive method of trout fishing; anybody can fill his creel with nice fish if he use a little thought and care. Trout are so timid, yet such bold biters and brave fighters, that many fish are lost through bungling methods and poor tackle. Many more fish are not taken because the angler shows too much of his manly form. In large streams, especially open ones that are free from foliage, it is difficult to get at the fish because they see the angler plainly outlined against the sky at a considerable distance, and off they go like deer. For that reason the longer line is necessary.

Personally, in these later years I rarely use the worm, finding much greater pleasure in casting the fly, and it is certainly just as effective. But there are times when worms are absolutely necessary if one wants to secure the quarry, and that should always be limited in numbers, that the next who comes along may in his turn also have a chance to get a fair share of sport and pleasure in the game.





Painting by Frank E. Schoonover.

"They can come in and get me now."

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



WHITE FANG*

BY JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

PART I—THE WILD

CHAPTER I

THE TRAIL OF THE MEAT

DARK spruce forest frowned on either side the frozen waterway. The trees had been stripped by a recent wind of their white covering of frost, and they seemed to lean toward each other, black and ominous, in the fading light. A vast silence reigned over the land. The land itself was a desolation, lifeless, without movement, so lone and cold that the spirit of it was not even that of sadness. There was a hint in it of laughter, but of a laughter more terrible than any sadness—a laughter that was mirthless as the smile of the sphinx, a laughter cold as the frost and partaking of the grimness of infallibility. It was the masterful and incommunicable wisdom of eternity laughing at the

futility of life and the effort of life. It was the Wild, the savage, frozen-hearted Northland Wild.

But there *was* life, abroad in the land and defiant. Down the frozen waterway toiled a string of wolfish dogs. Their bristly fur was rimed with frost. Their breath froze in the air as it left their mouths, spouting forth in spumes of vapor that settled upon the hair of their bodies and formed into crystals of frost. Leather harness was on the dogs, and leather traces attached them to a sled which dragged along behind. The sled was without runners. It was made of stout birch-bark, and its full surface rested on the snow. The front end of the sled was turned up, like a scroll, in order to force down and under the bore of soft snow that surged like a wave before it. On the sled, securely lashed, was a long and narrow oblong box. There were

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other things on the sled—blankets, an axe, and a coffee-pot and frying-pan; but prominent, occupying most of the space, was the long and narrow oblong box.

In advance of the dogs, on wide snowshoes, toiled a man. At the rear of the sled toiled a second man. On the sled, in the box, lay a third man, whose toil was over—a man whom the Wild had conquered and beaten down until he would never move nor struggle again. It is not the way of the Wild to like movement. Life is an offense to it, for life is movement; and the Wild aims always to destroy movement. It freezes the water to prevent it running to the sea; it drives the sap out of the trees till they are frozen to their mighty hearts; and most ferociously and terribly of all does the Wild harry and crush into submission man—man, who is the most restless of life, ever in revolt against the dictum that all movement must in the end come to the cessation of movement.

But at front and rear, unawed and indomitable, toiled the two men who were not yet dead. Their bodies were covered with fur and soft-tanned leather. Eyelashes and cheeks and lips were so coated with the crystals from their frozen breath that their faces were not discernible. This gave them the seeming of ghostly masques, undertakers in a spectral world at the funeral of some ghost. But under it all they were men, penetrating the land of desolation and mockery and silence, puny adventurers bent on colossal adventure, pitting themselves against the might of a world as remote and alien and pulseless as the abysses of space.

They traveled on without speech, saving their breath for the work of their bodies. On every side was the silence, pressing upon them with a tangible presence. It affected their minds as the many atmospheres of deep water affect the body of the diver. It crushed them with the weight of unending vastness and unalterable decree. It crushed them into the remotest recesses of their own minds, pressing out of them, like juices from the grape, all the false ardors and exaltations and undue self-values of the human soul, until they perceived themselves finite and small, specks and motes, moving with weak cunning and little wisdom amidst the play and interplay of the great blind elements and forces.

An hour went by, and a second hour. The pale light of the short, sunless day was beginning to fade, when a faint, far cry arose on the still air. It soared upward with a swift rush, till it reached its topmost note, where it persisted, palpitant and tense, and then slowly died away. It might have been a lost soul wailing, had it not been invested with a certain sad fierceness and hungry eagerness. The front man turned his head until his eyes met the eyes of the man behind. And then, across the narrow, oblong box, each nodded to the other.

A second cry arose, piercing the silence with needle-like shrillness. Both men located the sound. It was to the rear, somewhere in the snowy expanse they had just traversed. A third and answering cry arose, also to the rear and to the left of the second cry.

"They're after us, Bill," said the man at the front.

His voice sounded hoarse and unreal, and he had spoken with apparent effort.

"Meat is scarce," answered his comrade. "I ain't seen a rabbit sign for days."

Thereafter they spoke no more, though their ears were keen for the hunting-cries that continued to rise behind them.

At the fall of darkness they swung the dogs into a cluster of spruce trees on the edge of the waterway and made a camp. The coffin, at the side of the fire, served for seat and table. The wolf-dogs, clustered on the far side of the fire, snarled and bickered among themselves, but evinced no inclination to stray off into the darkness.

"Seems to me, Henry, they're stayin' remarkable close to camp," Bill commented.

Henry, squatting over the fire and settling the pot of coffee with a piece of ice, nodded. Nor did he speak till he had taken his seat on the coffin and begun to eat.

"They know where their hides is safe," he said. "They'd sooner eat grub than be grub. They're pretty wise, them dogs."

Bill shook his head. "Oh, I don't know."

His comrade looked at him curiously. "First time I ever heard you say anything about their not bein' wise."

"Henry," said the other, munching with deliberation the beans he was eating, "did you happen to notice the way them dogs kicked up when I was a-feedin' 'em?"

"They did cut up more 'n usual," Henry acknowledged.

"How many dogs 've we got, Henry?"
"Six."

"Well, Henry, . . ." Bill stopped for a moment, in order that his words might gain greater significance. "As I was sayin', Henry, we've got six dogs. I took six fish out of the bag. I gave one fish to each dog, an', Henry, I was one fish short."

"You counted wrong."

"We've got six dogs," the other reiterated dispassionately. "I took out six fish. One Ear didn't get no fish. I come back to the bag afterward an' got 'm his fish."

"We've only got six dogs," Henry said.

"Henry," Bill went on. "I won't say they was all dogs, but there was seven of 'em that got fish."

Henry stopped eating to glance across the fire and count the dogs.

"There's only six now," he said.

"I saw the other one run off across the snow," Bill announced with cool positiveness. "I saw seven."

Henry looked at him commiseratingly, and said, "I'll be almighty glad when this trip's over."

"What d'ye mean by that?" Bill demanded.

"I mean that this load of ourn is gettin' on your nerves, an' that you're beginnin' to see things."

"I thought of that," Bill answered gravely. "An' so, when I saw it run off across the snow, I looked in the snow an' saw its tracks. Then I counted the dogs an' there was still six of 'em. The tracks is there in the snow now. D'ye want to look at 'em? I'll show 'em to you."

Henry did not reply, but munched on in silence, until, the meal finished, he topped it with a final cup of coffee. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said:

"Then you're thinkin' as it was—"

A long, wailing cry, fiercely sad, from somewhere in the darkness, had interrupted him. He stopped to listen to it, then he finished his sentence with a wave of his hand toward the sound of the cry, "—one of 'em?"

Bill nodded. "I'd a blame sight sooner think that than anything else. You noticed yourself the row the dogs made."

Cry after cry, and answering cries, were

turning the silence into a bedlam. From every side the cries arose, and the dogs betrayed their fear by huddling together and so close to the fire that their hair was scorched by the heat. Bill threw on more wood, before lighting his pipe.

"I'm thinkin' you're down in the mouth some," Henry said.

"Henry, . . ." He sucked meditatively at his pipe for some time before he went on. "Henry, I was a-thinkin' what a blame sight luckier he is than you an' me'll ever be."

He indicated the third person by a downward thrust of the thumb to the box on which they sat.

"You an' me, Henry, when we die we'll be lucky if we get enough stones over our carcasses to keep the dogs off of us."

"But we ain't got people an' money an' all the rest, like him," Henry rejoined. "Long-distance funerals is somethin' you an' me can't exactly afford."

"What gets me, Henry, is what a chap like this, that's a lord or something in his own country, and that's never had to bother about grub nor blankets, why he comes a-buttin' round the God-forsaken ends of the earth—that's what I can't exactly see."

"He might have lived to a ripe old age if he'd stayed to home," Henry agreed.

Bill opened his mouth to speak, but changed his mind. Instead, he pointed toward the wall of darkness that pressed about them from every side. There was no suggestion of form in the utter blackness; only could be seen a pair of eyes gleaming like live coals. Henry indicated with his head a second pair, and a third. A circle of the gleaming eyes had drawn about their camp. Now and again a pair of eyes moved, or disappeared to appear again a moment later.

The unrest of the dogs had been increasing, and they stampeded, in a surge of sudden fear, to the near side of the fire, cringing and crawling about the legs of the men. In the scramble, one of the dogs had been overturned on the edge of the fire, and it had yelped with pain and fright as the smell of its singed coat possessed the air. The commotion caused the circle of eyes to shift restlessly for a moment and even to withdraw a bit, but it settled down again as the dogs became quiet.

"Henry, it's a blame misfortune to be out of ammunition."

Bill had finished his pipe and was helping his companion spread the bed of fur and blanket upon the spruce boughs which he had laid over the snow before supper. Henry grunted, and began unlacing his moccasins.

"How many cartridges did you say you had left?" he asked.

"Three," came the answer. "An' I wisht 'twas three hundred. Then I'd show 'em what for, damn 'em!"

He shook his fist angrily at the gleaming eyes, and began securely to prop his moccasins before the fire.

"An' I wisht this cold snap 'd break," he went on. "It's ben fifty below for two weeks now. An' I wisht I'd never started on this trip, Henry. I don't like the looks of it. It don't feel right, somehow. An' while I'm wishin', I wisht the trip was over an' done with, an' you an' me a-sittin' by the fire in Fort McGurry just about now an' playin' cribbage—that's what I wisht."

Henry grunted and crawled into bed. As he dozed off he was aroused by his comrade's voice.

"Say, Henry, that other one that come in an' got a fish—why didn't the dogs pitch into it? That's what's botherin' me."

"You're botherin' too much, Bill," came the sleepy response. "You was never like this before. You jes' shut up, now, an' go to sleep, an' you'll be all hunkydory in the mornin'. Your stomach's sour, that's what's botherin' you."

The men slept, breathing heavily, side by side, under the one covering. The fire died down, and the gleaming eyes drew closer the circle they had flung about the camp. The dogs clustered together in fear, now and again snarling menacingly as a pair of eyes drew close. Once, their uproar became so loud that Bill woke up. He got out of bed carefully, so as not to disturb the sleep of his comrade, and threw more wood on the fire. As it began to flame up, the circle of eyes drew farther back. He glanced casually at the huddling dogs. He rubbed his eyes and looked at them more sharply. Then he crawled back into the blankets.

"Henry," he said. "Oh, Henry."

Henry groaned as he passed from sleep to waking, and demanded, "What's wrong now?"

"Nothin'," came the answer; "only there's seven of 'em again. I just counted."

Henry acknowledged receipt of the information with a grunt that slid into a snore as he drifted back into sleep.

In the morning it was Henry who awoke first and routed his companion out of bed. Daylight was yet three hours away, though it was already six o'clock; and in the darkness Henry went about preparing breakfast, while Bill rolled the blankets and made the sled ready for lashing.

"Say, Henry," he asked suddenly, "how many dogs did you say we had?"

"Six."

"Wrong," Bill proclaimed triumphantly.

"Seven again?" Henry queried.

"No, five; one's gone."

"The hell!" Henry cried in wrath, leaving the cooking to come and count the dogs.

"You're right, Bill," he concluded. "Fatty's gone."

"An' he went like greased lightnin' once he got started. Couldn't 've seen 'm for smoke."

"No chance at all," Henry concluded. "They jes' swallowed 'm alive. I bet he was yelpin' as he went down their throats, damn 'em!"

"He always was a fool dog," said Bill.

"But no fool dog ought to be fool enough to go off an' commit suicide that way." He looked over the remainder of the team with a speculative eye that summed up instantly the salient traits of each animal. "I bet none of the others would do it."

"Couldn't drive 'em away from the fire with a club," Bill agreed. "I always did think there was somethin' wrong with Fatty, anyway."

And this was the epitaph of a dead dog on the Northland trail—less scant than the epitaph of many another dog, of many a man.

CHAPTER 11

THE SHE-WOLF

Breakfast eaten and the slim camp-outfit lashed to the sled, the men turned their backs on the cheery fire and launched out into the darkness. At once began to rise the cries that were fiercely sad—cries that called through the darkness and cold to one another and answered back. Con-

versation ceased. Daylight came at nine o'clock. At midday the sky to the south warmed to rose-color, and marked where the bulge of the earth intervened between the meridian sun and the Northern world. But the rose-color swiftly faded. The gray light of day that remained lasted until three o'clock, when it, too, faded, and the pall of the arctic night descended upon the lone and silent land.

As darkness came on, the hunting cries to right and left and rear drew closer—so close that more than once they sent surges of fear through the toiling dogs, throwing them into short-lived panics.

At the conclusion of one such panic, when he and Henry had got the dogs back in the traces, Bill said:

"I wisht they'd strike game somewheres, an' go away an' leave us alone."

"They do get on the nerves horrible," Henry sympathized.

They spoke no more until camp was made.

Henry was bending over and adding ice to the bubbling pot of beans when he was startled by the sound of a blow, an exclamation from Bill, and a sharp, snarling cry of pain from among the dogs. He straightened up in time to see a dim form disappearing across the snow into the shelter of the dark. Then he saw Bill, standing amid the dogs, half triumphant, half crestfallen, in one hand a stout club, in the other the tail and part of the body of a sun-cured salmon.

"It got half of it," he announced; "but I got a whack at it jes' the same. D'ye hear it squeal?"

"What 'd it look like?" Henry asked.

"Couldn't see. But it had four legs an' a mouth an' hair an' looked like any dog."

"Must be a tame wolf, I reckon."

"It's damned tame, whatever it is, comin' in here at feedin' time an' gettin' its whack of fish."

That night, when supper was finished and they sat on the oblong box and pulled at their pipes, the circle of gleaming eyes drew in even closer than before.

"I wisht they'd spring up a bunch of moose or something, an' go away an' leave us alone," Bill said.

Henry grunted with an intonation that was not all sympathy, and for a quarter of an hour they sat on in silence, Henry

staring at the fire and Bill at the circle of eyes that burned in the darkness just beyond the fire-light.

"I wisht we was pullin' into McGurry right now," he began again.

"Shut up your wishin' an' your croakin'," Henry burst out angrily. "Your stomach's sour. That's what's ailin' you. Swallow a spoonful of sody, an' you'll sweeten up wonderful an' be more pleasant company."

In the morning Henry was aroused by fervid blasphemy that proceeded from the mouth of Bill. Henry propped himself up on an elbow and looked to see his comrade standing among the dogs beside the replenished fire, his arms raised in adjuration, his face distorted with passion.

"Hello!" Henry called. "What's up now?"

"Frog's gone," came the answer.

"No!"

"I tell you yes."

Henry leaped out of the blankets and to the dogs. He counted them with care and then joined his partner in cursing the powers of the Wild that had robbed them of another dog.

"Frog was the strongest dog of the bunch," Bill pronounced finally.

"An' he was no fool dog neither," Henry added.

And so was recorded the second epitaph in two days.

A gloomy breakfast was eaten, and the four remaining dogs were harnessed to the sled. The day was a repetition of the days that had gone before. The men toiled without speech across the face of the frozen world. The silence was unbroken save by the cries of their pursuers, that, unseen, hung upon their rear. With the coming of night in the mid-afternoon the cries sounded closer, as the pursuers drew in according to their custom; and the dogs grew excited and frightened, and were guilty of panics that tangled the traces and further depressed the two men.

"There, that 'll fix you fool critters," Bill said with satisfaction that night, standing erect at completion of his task.

Henry left his cooking to come and see. Not only had his partner tied the dogs up, but he had tied them, after the Indian fashion, with sticks. About the neck of each dog he had fastened a leather thong.

To this, and so close to the neck that the dog could not get his teeth to it, he had tied a stout stick four or five feet in length. The other end of the stick, in turn, was made fast to a stake in the ground by means of a leather thong. The dog was unable to gnaw through the leather at his own end of the stick. The stick prevented him from getting at the leather that fastened the other end.

Henry nodded his head approvingly.

"It's the only contraption that'll ever hold One Ear," he said. "He can gnaw through leather as clean as a knife an' jes' about half as quick. They all'll be here in the mornin' hunkydory."

"You jes' bet they will," Bill affirmed. "If one of 'em turns up missin' I'll go without my coffee."

"They jes' know we ain't loaded to kill," Henry remarked at bedtime, indicating the gleaming circle that hemmed them in. "If we could put a couple of shots into 'em they'd be more respectful. They come closer every night. Get the fire-light out of your eyes an' look hard—there! Did you see that one?"

For some time the two men amused themselves with watching the movement of vague forms on the edge of the fire-light. By looking closely and steadily at where a pair of eyes burned in the darkness, the form of the animal would slowly take shape. They could even see these forms move at times.

A sound among the dogs attracted the men's attention. One Ear was uttering quick, eager whines, lunging at the length of his stick toward the darkness, and desisting now and again in order to make frantic attack on the stick with his teeth.

"Look at that, Bill," Henry whispered.

Full into the fire-light, with a stealthy, sidelong movement, glided a dog-like animal. It moved with commingled mistrust and daring, cautiously observing the men, its attention fixed on the dogs. One Ear strained the full length of the stick toward the intruder and whined with eagerness.

"That fool One Ear don't seem scairt much," Bill said in a low tone.

"It's a she-wolf," Henry whispered back, "an' that accounts for Fatty an' Frog. She's the decoy for the pack. She draws out the dog an' then all the rest pitches in an' eats 'm up."

The fire crackled. A log fell apart with a loud, spluttering noise. At the sound of it the strange animal leaped back into the darkness.

"Henry, I'm a-thinkin'," Bill announced. "Thinkin' what?"

"I'm a-thinkin' that was the one I lam-basted with the club."

"Ain't the slightest doubt in the world," was Henry's response.

"An' right here I want to remark," Bill went on, "that that animal's familiarity with camp fires is suspicious an' immoral."

"It knows for certain more 'n a self-respectin' wolf ought to know," Henry agreed. "A wolf that knows enough to come in with the dogs at feedin' time has had experiences."

"O! Villan had a dog once that run away with the wolves," Bill cogitated aloud. "I ought to know. I shot it out of the pack in a moose pasture over on Little Stick. An' O! Villan cried like a baby. Hadn't seen it for three years, he said. Ben with the wolves all that time."

"I reckon you've called the turn, Bill. That wolf's a dog, an' it's eaten fish many's the time from the hand of man."

"An' if I get a chance at it, that wolf that's a dog'll be jes' meat," Bill declared. "We can't afford to lose no more animals."

"But you've only got three cartridges," Henry objected.

"I'll wait for a dead sure shot," was the reply.

In the morning Henry renewed the fire and cooked breakfast to the accompaniment of his partner's snoring.

"You was sleepin' jes' too comfortable for anything," Henry told him as he routed him out for breakfast. "I hadn't the heart to rouse you."

Bill began sleepily to eat. He noticed that his cup was empty, and started to reach for the pot. But the pot was beyond arm's length and beside Henry.

"Say, Henry," he chided gently; "ain't you forgot somethin'?"

Henry looked about with great carefulness and shook his head. Bill held up the empty cup.

"You don't get no coffee," Henry announced.

"Ain't run out?" Bill asked anxiously.

"Nope."

"Ain't thinkin' it 'll hurt my digestion?"

"Nope."

A flush of angry blood pervaded Bill's face.

"Then it's jes' warm an' anxious I am to be hearin' you explain yourself," he said.

"Spanker's gone," Henry answered.

Without haste, with the air of one resigned to misfortune, Bill turned his head and from where he sat counted the dogs.

"How'd it happen?" he asked apathetically.

Henry shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know. Unless One Ear gnawed 'm loose. He couldn't 'a' done it himself, that's sure."

"The darned cuss." Bill spoke gravely and slowly, with no hint of the anger that was raging within. "Jes' because he couldn't chew himself loose, he chews Spanker loose."

"Well, Spanker's troubles is over anyway; I guess he's digested by this time an' cavortin' over the landscape in the bellies of twenty different wolves," was Henry's epitaph on this, the latest lost dog. "Have some coffee, Bill?"

But Bill shook his head.

"Go on," Henry pleaded, elevating the pot.

Bill shoved his cup aside. "I'll be ding-dong-danged if I do. I said I wouldn't if ary dog turned up missin', an' I won't."

"It's darn good coffee," Henry said enticingly.

But Bill was stubborn, and he ate a dry breakfast, washed down with mumbled curses at One Ear for the trick he had played.

"I'll tie 'em up out of reach of each other to-night," Bill said, as they took the trail.

They had traveled little more than a hundred yards, when Henry, who was in front, bent down and picked up something with which his snowshoe had collided. It was dark, and he could not see it, but he recognized it by the touch. He flung it back, so that it struck the sled and bounced along until it fetched up on Bill's snowshoes.

"Mebbe you'll need that in your business," Henry said.

Bill uttered an exclamation. It was all that was left of Spanker—the stick with which he had been tied.

"They ate 'm hide an' all," Bill announced. "The stick's as clean as a

whistle. They've ate the leather offen both ends. They're damn hungry, Henry, an' they'll have you an' me guessin' before this trip's over."

Henry laughed defiantly. "I ain't been trailed this way by wolves before, but I've gone through a whole lot worse an' kept my health. Takes more 'n a handful of them pesky critters to do for yours truly, Bill, my son."

"I don't know, I don't know," Bill muttered ominously.

"Well, you'll know all right when we pull into McGurry."

"I ain't feelin' special enthusiastic," Bill persisted.

"You're off color, that's what's the matter with you," Henry dogmatized. "What you need is quinine, an' I'm goin' to dose you up stiff as soon as we make McGurry."

Bill grunted his disagreement with the diagnosis, and lapsed into silence. The day was like all the days. Light came at nine o'clock. At twelve o'clock the southern horizon was warmed by the unseen sun; and then began the cold gray of afternoon that would merge, three hours later, into night.

It was just after the sun's futile effort to appear that Bill slipped the rifle from under the sled lashings and said:

"You keep right on, Henry. I'm goin' to see what I can see."

"You'd better stick by the sled," his partner protested. "You've only got three cartridges, an' there's no tellin' what might happen."

"Who's croakin' now?" Bill demanded triumphantly.

Henry made no reply, and plodded on alone, though often he cast anxious glances back into the gray solitude where his partner had disappeared. An hour later, taking advantage of the cut-offs around which the sled had to go, Bill arrived.

"They're scattered an' rangin' along wide," he said; "keepin' up with us an' lookin' for game at the same time. You see, they're sure of us, only they know they've got to wait to get us. In the meantime they're willin' to pick up anything eatable that comes handy."

"You mean they *think* they're sure of us," Henry objected pointedly.

But Bill ignored him. "I seen some of them. They're pretty thin. They ain't had a bite in weeks, I reckon, outside of

Fatty an' Frog an' Spanker; an' there's so many of 'em that that didn't go far. They're remarkable thin. Their ribs is like washboards, an' their stomachs is right up against their backbones. They're pretty desperate, I can tell you. They'll be goin' mad, yet, an' then watch out."

A few minutes later Henry, who was now traveling behind the sled, emitted a low, warning whistle. Bill turned and looked, then quietly stopped the dogs. To the rear, from around the last bend and plainly into view, on the very trail they had just covered, trotted a furry, slinking form. Its nose was to the trail, and it trotted with a peculiar sliding effortless gait. When they halted, it halted, throwing up its head and regarding them steadily with nostrils that twitched as it caught and studied the scent of them.

"It's the she-wolf," Bill whispered.

The dogs had lain down in the snow, and he walked past them to join his partner at the sled. Together they watched the strange animal that had pursued them for days and that had already accomplished the destruction of half their dog-team.

After a searching scrutiny the animal trotted forward a few steps. This it repeated several times, till it was a short hundred yards away. It paused, head up, close by a clump of spruce trees, and with sight and scent studied the outfit of the watching men. It looked at them in a strangely wistful way, after the manner of a dog; but in its wistfulness there was none of the dog affection. It was a wistfulness bred of hunger, as cruel as its own fangs, as merciless as the frost itself.

It was large for a wolf, its gaunt frame advertising the lines of an animal that was among the largest of its kind.

"Stands pretty close to two feet an' a half at the shoulders," Henry commented. "An' I'll bet it ain't far from five feet long."

"Kind of strange color for a wolf," was Bill's criticism. "I never seen a red wolf before. Looks almost cinnamon to me."

The animal was certainly not cinnamon-colored. Its coat was the true wolf coat. The dominant color was gray, and yet there was to it a faint, reddish hue—a hue that was baffling, that appeared and disappeared, that was more like an illusion of the vision, now gray, distinctly gray, and again giving hints and glints of a vague

redness of color not classifiable in terms of ordinary experience.

"Looks for all the world like a big, husky sled-dog," Bill said. "I wouldn't be s'prised to see it wag its tail.

"Hello, you husky!" he called. "Come here, you, Whatever-your-name-is!"

"Ain't a bit scairt of you," Henry laughed.

Bill waved his hand at it threateningly and shouted loudly; but the animal betrayed no fear. The only change in it that they could notice was an accession of alertness. It still regarded them with the merciless wistfulness of hunger. They were meat, and it was hungry; and it would like to go in and eat them if it dared.

"Look here, Henry," Bill said, unconsciously lowering his voice to a whisper because of what he meditated. "We've got three cartridges. But it's a dead shot. Couldn't miss it. It's got away with three of our dogs, an' we oughter put a stop to it. What d'ye say?"

Henry nodded his consent. Bill cautiously slipped the gun from under the sled lashing. The gun was on the way to his shoulder, but it never got there. For in that instant the she-wolf leaped sideways from the trail into the clump of spruce trees and disappeared.

The two men looked at each other. Henry whistled long and comprehendingly.

"I might have knowed it," Bill chided himself aloud, as he replaced the gun. "Of course a wolf that knows enough to come in with the dogs at feedin' time, 'd know all about shooting-irons. I tell you right now, Henry, that critter's the cause of all our trouble. We'd have six dogs at the present time, 'stead of three, if it wasn't for her. An' I tell you right now, Henry, I'm goin' to get her. She's too smart to be shot in the open. But I'm goin' to lay for her. I'll bushwhack her as sure as my name is Bill."

"You needn't stray off too far in doin' it," his partner admonished. "If that pack ever starts to jump you, them three cartridges 'd be wuth no more 'n three whoops in hell. Them animals is damn hungry, an' once they start in they'll sure get you, Bill."

They camped early that night. Three dogs could not drag the sled so fast nor for so long hours as could six, and they were

showing unmistakable signs of playing out. And the men went early to bed, Bill first seeing to it that the dogs were tied out of gnawing reach of one another.

But the wolves were growing bolder, and the men were roused more than once from their sleep. So near did the wolves approach that the dogs became frantic with terror, and it was necessary to replenish the fire from time to time in order to keep the adventurous marauders at safer distance.

"I've hearn sailors talk of sharks followin' a ship," Bill remarked, as he crawled back into the blankets after one such replenishing of the fire. "Well, them wolves is land sharks. They know their business better 'n we do, an' they ain't a-holdin' our trail this way for their health. They're goin' to get us. They're sure goin' to get us, Henry."

"They've half got you a'ready, a-talkin' like that," Henry retorted sharply. "A man's half licked when he says he is. An' you're half eaten from the way you're goin' on about it."

"They've got away with better men than you an' me," Bill answered.

"Oh, shet up your croakin'. You make me all-fired tired."

Henry rolled over angrily on his side, but was surprised that Bill made no similar display of temper. This was not Bill's way, for he was easily angered by sharp words. Henry thought long over it before he went to sleep, and as his eyelids fluttered down and he dozed off, the thought in his mind was: "There's no mistakin' it, Bill's almighty blue. I'll have to cheer him up to-morrow."

CHAPTER 111

THE HUNGER CRY

The day began auspiciously. They had lost no dogs during the night, and they swung out upon the trail and into the silence, the darkness and the cold, with spirits that were fairly light. Bill seemed to have forgotten his forebodings of the previous night, and even waxed facetious with the dogs when, at midday, they overturned the sled on a bad piece of trail.

It was an awkward mix-up. The sled was upside down and jammed between a tree trunk and a huge rock, and they were

forced to unharness the dogs in order to straighten out the tangle. The two men were bent over the sled and trying to right it, when Henry observed One Ear sidling away.

"Here, you, One Ear!" he cried, straightening up and turning around on the dog.

But One Ear broke into a run across the snow, his traces trailing behind him. And there, out in the snow of their back track, was the she-wolf waiting for him. As he neared her, he became suddenly cautious. He slowed down to an alert and mincing walk and then stopped. He regarded her carefully and dubiously, yet desirefully. She seemed to smile at him, showing her teeth in an ingratiating rather than a menacing way. She moved toward him a few steps, playfully, and then halted. One Ear drew near to her, still alert and cautious, his tail and ears in the air, his head held high.

He tried to sniff noses with her, but she retreated playfully and coyly. Every advance on his part was accompanied by a corresponding retreat on her part. Step by step she was luring him away from the security of his human companionship. Once, as though a warning had in vague ways filtered through his intelligence, he turned his head and looked back at the overturned sled, at his team mates and at the two men who were calling to him.

But whatever idea was forming in his mind was dissipated by the she-wolf, who advanced upon him, sniffed noses with him for a fleeting instant and then resumed her coy retreat before his renewed advances.

In the meantime Bill had bethought himself of the rifle. But it was jammed beneath the overturned sled, and by the time Henry had helped him to right the load, One Ear and the she-wolf were too close together and the distance too great to risk a shot.

Too late One Ear learned his mistake. Before they saw the cause the two men saw him turn and start to run back toward them. Then, approaching at right angles to the trail and cutting off his retreat, they saw a dozen wolves, lean and gray, bounding across the snow. On the instant, the she wolf's coyness and playfulness disappeared. With a snarl she sprang upon One Ear. He thrust her off with his shoulder, and, his retreat cut off and still

intent on regaining the sled, he altered his course in an attempt to circle around to it. More wolves were appearing every moment and joining in the chase. The she-wolf was one leap behind One Ear and holding her own.

"Where are you goin'?" Henry suddenly demanded, laying his hand on his partner's arm.

Bill shook it off. "I won't stand it," he said. "They ain't a-goin' to get any more of our dogs if I can help it."

Gun in hand, he plunged into the underbrush that lined the side of the trail. His intention was apparent enough. Taking the sled as the center of the circle that One Ear was making, Bill planned to tap that circle at a point in advance of the pursuit. With his rifle, in the broad daylight, it might be possible for him to awe the wolves and save the dog.

"Say, Bill!" Henry called after him. "Be careful! Don't take no chances!"

Henry sat down on the sled and watched. There was nothing else for him to do. Bill had already gone from sight; but now and again, appearing and disappearing amongst the underbrush and the scattered clumps of spruce, could be seen One Ear. Henry judged his case to be hopeless. The dog was thoroughly alive to its danger, but it was running on the outer circle, while the wolf-pack was running on the inner and shorter circle. It was vain to think of One Ear so outdistancing his pursuers as to be able to cut across their circle in advance of them and to regain the sled.

The different lines were rapidly approaching a point. Somewhere out there in the snow, screened from the sight by trees and thickets, Henry knew that the wolf-pack, One Ear and Bill were coming together. All too quickly, far more quickly than he had expected, it happened. He heard a shot, then two shots in rapid succession, and he knew that Bill's ammunition was gone. Then he heard a great outcry of snarls and yelps. He recognized One Ear's yell of pain and terror, and he heard a wolf-cry that bespoke a stricken animal. And that was all. The snarls ceased. The yelping died away. Silence settled down again over the lonely land.

He sat for a long while upon the sled. There was no need for him to go and see what had happened. He knew it as though

it had taken place before his eyes. Once he roused with a start and hastily got the axe out from underneath the lashings. But for some time longer he sat and brooded, the two remaining dogs crouching and trembling at his feet.

At last he arose in a weary manner, as though all the resilience had gone out of his body, and proceeded to fasten the dogs to the sled. He passed a rope over his shoulder, a man-trace, and pulled with the dogs. He did not go far. At the first hint of darkness he hastened to make a camp, and he saw to it that he had a generous supply of firewood. He fed the dogs, cooked and ate his supper, and made his bed close to the fire.

But he was not destined to enjoy that bed. Before his eyes closed the wolves had drawn too near for safety. It no longer required an effort of the vision to see them. They were all about him and the fire, in a narrow circle, and he could see them plainly in the firelight, lying down, sitting up, crawling forward on their bellies, or slinking back and forth. They even slept. Here and there he could see one curled up in the snow like a dog, taking the sleep that was now denied himself.

He kept the fire brightly blazing, for he knew that it alone intervened between the flesh of his body and their hungry fangs. His two dogs stayed close by him, one on either side, leaning against him for protection, crying and whimpering, and at times snarling desperately when a wolf approached a little closer than usual. At such moments, when his dogs snarled, the whole circle would be agitated, the wolves coming to their feet and pressing tentatively forward, a chorus of snarls and eager yelps rising about him. Then the circle would lie down again, and here and there a wolf would resume its broken nap.

But this circle had a continuous tendency to draw in upon him. Bit by bit—an inch at a time, with here a wolf bellying forward, and there a wolf bellying forward, the circle would narrow until the brutes were almost within springing distance.

Then he would seize brands from the fire and hurl them into the pack. A hasty drawing back always resulted, accompanied by angry yelps and frightened snarls when a well-aimed brand struck and scorched a too-daring animal.

Morning found the man haggard and worn, wide-eyed from want of sleep. He cooked breakfast in the darkness, and at nine o'clock, when, with the coming of daylight, the wolf-pack drew back, he set about the task he had planned through the long hours of the night. Chopping down young saplings, he made them cross-bars of a scaffold by lashing them high up to the trunks of standing trees. Using the sled lashing for a heaving rope, and with the aid of the dogs, he hoisted the coffin to the top of the scaffold.

"They got Bill, an' they may get me, but they'll sure never get you, young man," he said, addressing the dead body in its tree-spulcher.

Then he took the trail, the lightened sled bounding along behind the willing dogs; for they, too, knew that safety lay only in the gaining of Fort McGurry. The wolves were now more open in their pursuit, trotting sedately behind and ranging along on either side, their red tongues lolling out, their lean sides showing the undulating ribs with every movement. They were very lean, mere skin-bags stretched over bony frames, with strings for muscles—so lean that Henry found it in his mind to marvel that they still kept their feet and did not collapse forthright in the snow.

He did not dare travel until dark. At midday, not only did the sun warm the southern horizon, but it even thrust its upper rim, pale and golden, above the sky line. He received it as a sign. The days were growing longer. The sun was returning. But scarcely had the cheer of its light departed than he went into camp. There were still several hours of gray daylight and somber twilight, and he utilized them in chopping an enormous supply of firewood.

With night came horror. Not only were the starving wolves growing bolder, but lack of sleep was telling upon Henry. He dozed despite himself, crouching by the fire, the blankets about his shoulders, the axe between his knees, and on either side a dog pressing close against him. He awoke once and saw in front of him, not a dozen feet away, a big gray wolf, one of the largest of the pack. And even as he looked the brute deliberately stretched himself after the manner of a lazy dog, yawning full in his face and looking upon him with a pos-

sessive eye, as if, in truth, he were merely a delayed meal that was soon to be eaten.

This certitude was shown by the whole pack. Fully a score he could count, staring hungrily at him or calmly sleeping in the snow. They reminded him of children gathered about a spread table and awaiting permission to begin to eat! And he was the food they were to eat! He wondered how and when the meal would begin.

As he piled wood on the fire he discovered an appreciation of his own body which he had never felt before. He watched his moving muscles and was interested in the cunning mechanism of his fingers. By the light of the fire he crooked his fingers slowly and repeatedly, now one at a time, now all together, spreading them wide or making quick, gripping movements. He studied the nail-formation, and prodded the fingertips, now sharply, and again softly, gauging the while the nerve-sensations produced. It fascinated him, and he grew suddenly fond of this subtle flesh of his that worked so beautifully and smoothly and delicately. Then he would cast a glance of fear at the wolf-circle drawn expectantly about him, and like a blow the realization would strike him that this wonderful body of his, this living flesh, was no more than so much meat, a quest of ravenous animals, to be torn and slashed by their hungry fangs, to be sustenance to them as the moose and the rabbit had often been sustenance to him.

He came out of a doze that was half nightmare, to see the red-hued she-wolf before him. She was not more than half a dozen feet away, sitting in the snow and wistfully regarding him. The two dogs were whimpering and snarling at his feet, but she took no notice of them. She was looking at the man, and for some time he returned her look. There was nothing threatening about her. She looked at him merely with a great wistfulness, but he knew it to be the wistfulness of an equally great hunger. He was the food, and the sight of him excited in her the gustatory sensations. Her mouth opened, the saliva drooled forth, and she licked her chops with the pleasure of anticipation.

A spasm of fear went through him. He reached hastily for a brand to throw at her. But even as he reached, and before his fingers had closed on the missile, she sprang

back into safety; and he knew that she was used to having things thrown at her. She had snarled as she sprang away, baring her white fangs to their roots, all her wistfulness vanishing, being replaced by a carnivorous malignity that made him shudder. He glanced at the hand that held the brand, noticing the cunning delicacy of the fingers that gripped it, how they adjusted themselves to all the inequalities of the surface, curling over and under and about the rough wood, and in the same instant he seemed to see a vision of those same sensitive and delicate fingers being crushed and torn by the white teeth of the she-wolf. Never had he been so fond of this body of his as now when his tenure of it was so precarious.

All night, with burning brands, he fought off the hungry pack. When he dozed, despite himself, the whimpering and snarling of the dogs aroused him. Morning came, but for the first time the light of day failed to scatter the wolves. The man waited in vain for them to go. They remained in a circle about his fire, displaying an arrogance of possession that shook his courage born of the morning light.

He made one desperate attempt to pull out on the trail. But the moment he left the protection of the fire the boldest wolf leaped for him, but leaped short. He saved himself by springing back, the jaws snapping together a scant six inches from his thigh. The rest of the pack was now up and surging upon him, and a throwing of firebrands right and left was necessary to drive them back to a respectful distance.

Even in the daylight he did not dare leave the fire to chop fresh wood. Twenty feet away towered a huge dead spruce. He spent half the day extending his camp fire to the tree.

The night was a repetition of the night before, save that the need for sleep was becoming overpowering. The snarling of his dogs was losing its efficacy. Besides, they were snarling all the time, and his benumbed and drowsy senses no longer took note of changing pitch and intensity. He awoke with a start. The she-wolf was less than a yard from him. Mechanically, at short range, without letting go of it, he thrust a brand full into her open and snarling mouth. She sprang away, yelling with pain, and while he took delight in the

smell of burning flesh and hair, he watched her shaking her head and growling wrathfully a score of feet away.

But this time, before he dozed again, he tied a burning pine-knot to his right hand. His eyes were closed but a few minutes when the burn of the flame on his flesh awakened him. For several hours he adhered to this programme. Every time he was thus awakened he drove back the wolves with flying brands, replenishing the fire, and rearranged the pine-knot on his hand. All worked well, but there came a time when he fastened the pine-knot insecurely. As his eyes closed it fell away from his hand.

He dreamed. It seemed to him that he was in Fort McGurry. It was warm and comfortable, and he was playing cribbage with the Factor. Also, it seemed to him that the fort was besieged by wolves. They were howling at the very gates, and sometimes he and the Factor paused from the game to listen and laugh at the futile efforts of the wolves to get in. And then, so strange was the dream, there was a crash. The door was burst open. He could see the wolves flooding into the big living-room of the fort. They were leaping straight for him and the Factor. With the bursting open of the door, the noise of their howling had increased tremendously. This howling now bothered him. His dream was merging into something else—he knew not what; but through it all, following him, persisted the howling.

And then he awoke to find the howling real. There was a great snarling and yelping. The wolves were rushing him. They were all about him and upon him. The teeth of one had closed upon his arm. Instinctively he leaped into the fire, and as he leaped he felt the sharp slash of teeth that tore through the flesh of his leg. Then began a fire fight. His stout mittens temporarily protected his hands, and he scooped live coals into the air in all directions until the camp fire took on the semblance of a volcano.

But it could not last long. His face was blistering in the heat, his eyebrows and lashes were singed off, and the heat was becoming unbearable to his feet. With a flaming brand in each hand, he sprang to the edge of the fire. The wolves had been driven back. On every side, wherever the live coals had fallen, the snow was sizzling,

and every little while a retiring wolf, with wild leap and snarl, announced that one such live coal had been stepped upon.

Flinging his brands at the nearest of his enemies, the man thrust his smoldering mittens into the snow and stamped about to cool his feet. His two dogs were missing, and he well knew that they had served as a course in the protracted meal which had begun days before with Fatty, the last course of which would likely be himself in the days to follow.

"You ain't got me yet!" he cried, savagely shaking his fist at the hungry beasts.

He set to work to carry out a new idea that had come to him. He extended the fire into a large circle. Inside this circle he crouched, his sleeping outfit under him as a protection against the melting snow. When he had thus disappeared within his shelter of flame, the whole pack came curiously to the rim of the fire to see what had become of him. Hitherto they had been denied access to the fire, and they now settled down in a close-drawn circle, like so many dogs, blinking and yawning and stretching their lean bodies in the unaccustomed warmth. Then the she-wolf sat down, pointed her nose at a star, and began to howl. One by one the wolves joined her, till the whole pack, on haunches, with noses pointed skyward, was howling its hunger-cry.

Dawn came, and daylight. The fire was burning low. The fuel had run out, and there was need to get more. The man attempted to step out of his circle of flame, but the wolves surged to meet him. Burning brands made them spring aside, but they no longer sprang back. In vain he strove to drive them back. As he gave up and stumbled inside his circle a wolf leaped for him, missed, and landed with all four feet in the coals. It cried out with terror, at the same time snarling, and scrambled back to cool its paws in the snow.

The man sat down on his blankets in a crouching position. His body leaned forward from the hips. His shoulders, relaxed and drooping, and his head on his knees, advertised that he had given up the struggle. Now and again he raised his head to note the dying down of the fire. The circle of flame and coals was breaking

into segments with openings in between. These openings grew in size, the segments diminished.

"I guess you can come an' get me any time," he mumbled. "Anyway, I'm goin' to sleep."

Once he wakened, and in an opening in the circle, directly in front of him, he saw the she-wolf gazing at him.

Again he awakened, a little later, though it seemed hours to him. A mysterious change had taken place—so mysterious a change that he was shocked wider awake. Something had happened. He could not understand at first. Then he discovered it. The wolves were gone. Remained only the trampled snow to show how closely they had pressed him. Sleep was welling up and gripping him again, his head was sinking down upon his knees, when he roused with a sudden start.

There were cries of men, the churn of sleds, the creaking of harnesses, and the eager whimpering of straining dogs. Four sleds pulled in from the river bed to the camp among the trees. Half a dozen men were about the man who crouched in the center of the dying fire. They were shaking and prodding him into consciousness. He looked at them like a drunken man and maundered in strange, sleepy speech:

"Red she-wolf—come in with the dogs at feedin' time—first she ate the dog food—then she ate the dogs—an' after that she ate Bill—"

"Where's Lord Alfred?" one of the men bellowed in his ear, shaking him roughly.

He shook his head slowly. "No, she didn't eat him—he's roostin' in a tree at the last camp."

"Dead?" the man shouted.

"An' in a box," Henry answered. He jerked his shoulder petulantly away from the grip of his questioner. "Say, you lemme alone—I'm jes' plumb tuckered out—Goo'-night, everybody."

His eyes fluttered and went shut. His chin fell forward on his chest. And even as they eased him down upon the blankets his snores were rising on the frosty air.

But there was another sound. Far and faint it was, in the remote distance—the cry of the hungry wolf-pack as it took the trail of other meat than the man it had just missed.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG SUMMER

BY MARIA K. LAMB

Hills after hills,
A sea of billows,
And everywhere a brook
With feathery willows.

Fern-scented woods
In every glade,
Where ghostly silver birches
Haunt the shade.

Fringing the roads,
The happy summer flowers
While lazily away
The sunny hours.

At hide-and-seek
Among the maple trees,
The sun in varied mood
Plays through the leaves.

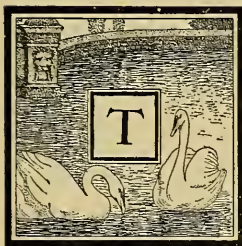
Wide pastures bare,
With lichen-covered rocks;
Above, the mackerel clouds,
In little flocks.

A far cascade,
A bridal veil of white,
Greets with its murmurings
The coming night.

MIMIC ROYALTIES OF MAY DAY

BY DAVID LANSING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON AND THE AUTHOR



TWENTY thousand children in one May party, with so many queens and courts that Central Park is like a fairyland—this is one of the springtime sights of New York,

which wafts to the hearts of those who behold it a quickening kind of sentiment that makes them young again. One May party twenty thousand strong would be a unique carnival in any other city of the world. In Central Park it is almost lost in the gay succession of such festivities which turn a laughing tide of children over the grass and under the trees through the months of May and June. An organized invasion five thousand strong is hardly worth notice, and the casual bystander with the leisure to attempt a census of this movement of diminutive population would think himself conservative if he reckoned that a million children streamed through the gates of the park and scattered among its green hills during the sweetest, freshest month of all the year.

The mimic royalties of these May days find no "Keep off the Grass" signs. The verdured stretches of park-land are theirs for the asking. Civic power in the guise of a large and good-humored policeman graciously grants written permits to a properly organized party with its queen, maids of honor, and train of courtiers and subjects duly escorted by "grown-ups." And with these magic documents, sovereignty is extended for a day over the city's greatest playground. The classes may whirl along the flawless driveways in victorias and automobiles, but the masses

really own the park, and make known the fact with shouts and laughter that echo from every glade and slope.

The children who stream through the city streets in proudly parading columns with banners and garlands to "have a May party," do not come from the homes whose pampered darlings are permitted conventionally to promenade in the park in charge of chattering nursemaids. These latter unfortunates are rather to be pitied than envied in May time. They are too exclusive to romp in the wake of the May Queen of the "Thirty-second Election District." For these tumultuous thousands come from the poorest quarters of New York, and "ice-cream an' cake an' lemonade" are so rare a holiday distraction that they alone would make the memory of the May party glorious without the pomp of royalty.

Now, the reformer will tell you that the Machine is the curse of civic government, and that the District Leader is the main-spring of the Machine. Therefore, he is to be abhorred as wholly bad by all good citizens. But speaking as the devil's advocate, there is this to be said about the little bosses of New York and other cities, that they are close to their people. Incongruous as it may seem to the gentleman who theorizes about government in his club window, the District Leader is a public benefactor of no small importance, and his public is comprised of his neighbors, who keep him in power.

Herein he displays the virtues of a sovereign devoted to the needs of his subjects. They repay him in an allegiance that is measured in votes. Also, he is wise enough to catch the voters while they are young. His is the hand that guides the May party, and his is the pocket that supplies the funds.

It is no trifling undertaking. There is keen rivalry among the New York election districts for the record of parading the greatest number of children at the annual May party. Last year State Senator Frawley was the proud benefactor of twenty-five thousand children, not counting their mothers and fathers and other invited guests. The refreshments included five tons of cake, two and a half tons of ice-cream, six thousand gallons of lemonade, five tons of candy and twenty-five thousand oranges.

His diamonds scintillating, a bouquet as big as a head of cauliflower in his button-hole, and an American flag tied to his gold-headed cane, Senator Frawley marched to the Park at the head of his battalions, a proud and beaming figure of a man. Nor did his duties end when the "kids had been turned loose." He held a court of his own all day in the middle of a meadow, and served out justice with the lavish impartiality of a born ruler of men and children. Every youngster who felt that there had been discrimination in the matter of dishing up ice-cream, every pair of mothers who clashed in argument over the beauty of their respective infants, hastened to their over-lord for a decision.

Weeping guardians whose charges had gone astray, boys who had lost their hats, girls who had lost their pennies, May Queens who couldn't find their bowers, all manner of young persons with troubles, flocked to the court of the District Leader, and he sent them away smiling and comforted. Before sunset he confided to a friend:

"It's no joke. I'm drowning in a sea of children, fairly swamped, but I'm dying happy. As for shaking hands, I was an athlete once, but I'm a wreck of a man to-night. It's been a grand day, though."

For the children and their mothers the "grand day" had begun with the rising of the sun. Such a scrubbing of faces and curling of hair, and fishing out of clean white dresses in thousands of tenement homes, such a multitude of agitated mothers and squirming youngsters of many nationalities! Stocky little Germans, black-eyed babies lisping in Yiddish, excited little Italians, more placid Scandinavians, their yellow pigtailed plaited with brand-new ribbons, and Irish lads and lasses

running about like spilled quicksilver—all were Americans on this day. For every boy wore a paper cap of red, white and blue, and every little girl carried a tiny flag. This, indeed, was part of the method by which their patron and host sought to make them good Americans and loyal voters.

When the cohorts were marshaled with incredible difficulty, and something like a procession began to trail through the swarming streets, there was something quite inspiring in the sight. These were Americans in the making, and when the bands played, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," thousands of shrill young voices caught up the refrain, and the hymn of the nation rolled on down the trailing columns until these little ones, whose fathers and mothers had come from many lands far over-seas, were piping with one voice of the "Sweet Land of Liberty."

They carried with them the first breath of spring that had come into the city streets. The queen shone in a veil of white mosquito netting, and she was wreathed with pink paper roses bought with pennies that had been saved through the long year. Her king wore a crown of pasteboard gilt, and his scepter was imposing. Canopied beneath gay bunting and more posies, her maids of honor circled the royal pair with streamers of ribbon, and the court made its way to the Park with a dignity that impressed all beholders. That magical power of illusion which blossoms only in the world of little children made reality of all this pretty make-believe. Every child was bedecked with an extra ribbon or two, a paper wreath, a flower, a bit of tinsel, and these trappings sufficed to make these ardent souls part of a pageant which lifted them far above the lives they led in all the other more prosaic days of the year.

When such a marching multitude as this reaches the Land of Heart's Desire beyond the stone walls of the Park, they find themselves only one of perhaps a score of May parties. For the District Leader has no monopoly of this pastime. There may be several parties recruited from the mission schools, or perhaps a big-hearted baker or butcher has gathered up a few hundred of the little tots in his district, bundled them into vans and sent them Maying at his expense. The Irish Societies are rivals of the



Happy with her own little dinner party.

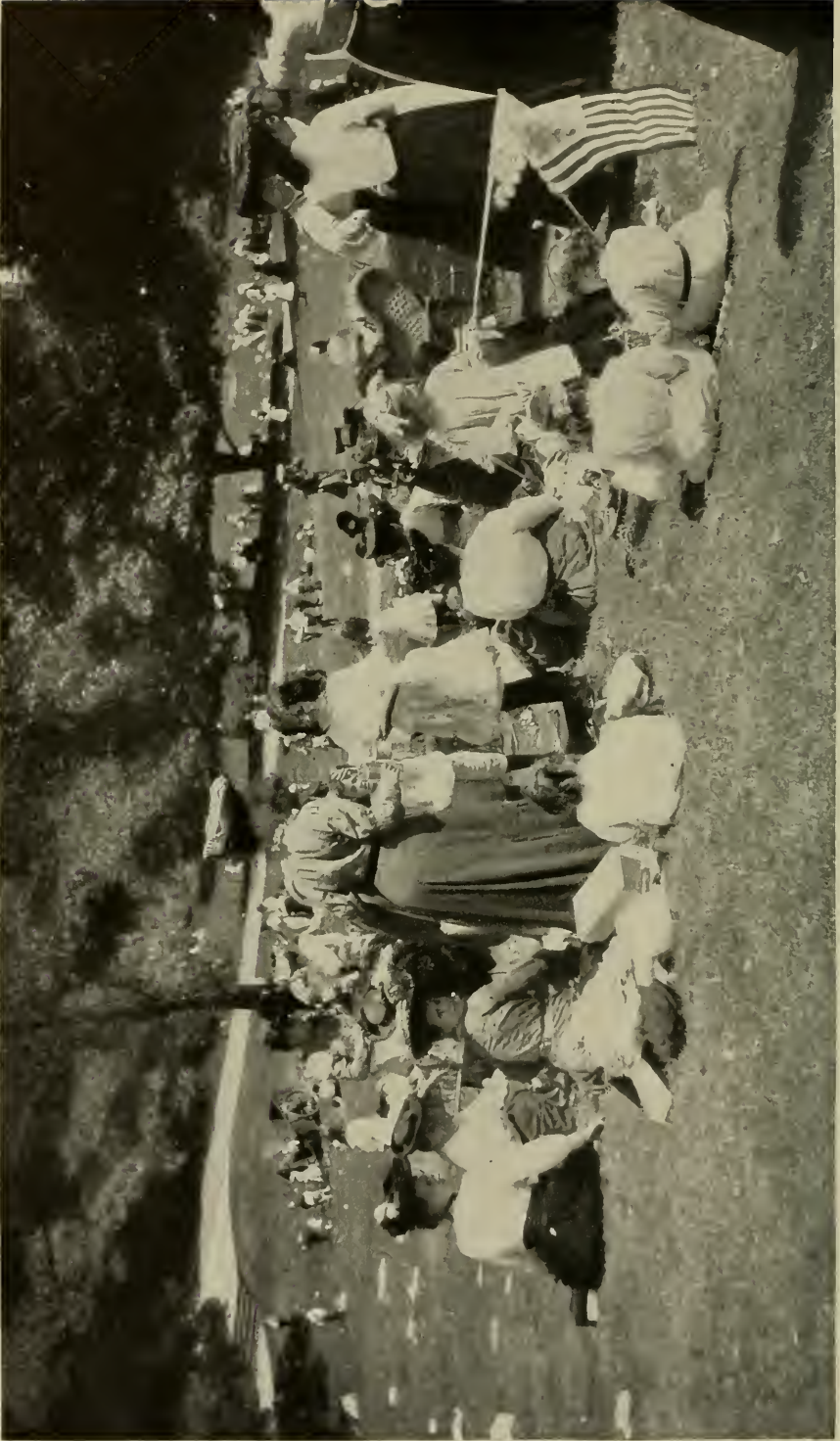
political organizations for Maying honors. The Ancient Order of Hibernians can be counted on to muster from ten to fifteen thousand children for one party. It is obvious that the police must take a hand in regulating these lawless invaders. If two or three young armies were to flock into the same meadow there would be trouble. Therefore, no party is allowed to scamper into the alluring territory without a permit, which allots a certain region for it to play in. The task of the Pied Piper of Hamelin was a sinecure compared with the work cut out for the policeman assigned to "ride herd" on a May party.

The play-time in the park begins formally with the planting of the May-pole, and the formal coronation of Her Majesty the Queen. From a hill-top you may see a dozen of these May-pole dances with their revelers weaving through the mazes of the "ribbon walk," until the pretty

pattern of children and color is clustered around the beribboned pole and the groups break up into cake-walking, whose fascinations are more potent than any Old World customs of May Day.

The royal canopies and bowers are set aside under the trees, and the court mingles with its subjects. Games spring up on every side. Baseball nines assemble; "Ring Around the Rosey" and "Drop the Handkerchief" rage like an epidemic, and those who prefer to "go it alone" play with the joyful abandon of kittens at nothing in particular.

Many of these children so seldom see the green open spaces, which in Central Park are like the real unbounded country, that they are content to roll downhill, to sprawl under the trees, to conduct venturesome explorations over beyond the nearest slope. After all, play is only a device for killing time until that great hour when "some-



The picnic hour in a corner of Central Park.



Marching to the Park from an East Side District

thin' to eat" is due. Long before the appointed time, the children begin to drift toward the tents and booths wherein are stored those things to eat and drink, lacking which a picnic were tame indeed. Waiting lines tail across the meadow, boys in one column, girls in another. There is much fidgeting and the burden of an impatient chorus is, "When is it going to begin?"

When "it" does begin, there is havoc indeed. Fond mothers who rear their precious progeny according to the rules and regulations laid down in the modern manuals of "child culture" would faint at sight of the amazing feats of these reckless thousands of sturdy young Americans. Their mothers sit by and enjoy it, shamelessly ignorant that the "growing child should be nourished on the simplest and most regular diet, with a careful proportion observed in the relative amounts of bone- and muscle-making foods."

The ice cream barrels, the barricades of sandwiches, the mounds of candy and oranges, the tanks of milk and lemonade are fairly stormed, and no child is turned away as long as it is able to surround another helping of anything. The only suffering apparent is that baffled anguish which arises from sheer inability to hold any more. A chunky mite of a lad wails with tears in his voice:

"I has ate two dwinks of milk, free glasses of lemonade, a bananer, a orange, a hunk o' cake, a sandwich wid bolony in it, some ice cream, some candy, an' I don't



Impatiently waiting for the "ice-cream-an'-cake" signal.

want nuffin' more. Why is boys' tum-micks so weenty-teenty, Ma?"

Mother is so little concerned at the tidings that she focuses her attention upon another of her brood who pipes up:

"I couldn't help tearin' me pants on de nail. Ouch, Ma! I won't do it again."

"Come here, Susie, you'll droive me wild wid yer rollin' in the dirt, and you in your clean dress and wid yer face washed this very marnin', indeed——"

"So Denny has swallowed a whole banana skin. It won't hurt him, but he mustn't do it again. Where is Martin?"



"Isn't the lemonade most ready?"

You've lost him? Bad luck! Run yonder an' fetch the cop. We must be lookin' for him."

Finding lost children is a systematized feature of a big May party, wherefore parents seldom display hysterical symptoms when they find themselves shy an offspring. A tent for lost children is pitched on the meadow, and it gathers in many strays during one of these huge picnics. In fact, there would be many weeping mothers and distracted daddies to cast a cloud of gloom over the occasion, were it not for this tent and its activities. You

will find a crowd around it all day when ten or twenty thousand children are turned loose at one time. They mingle so heedlessly with the throngs, they are so readily borne along from one venture to the other, and at a little distance they are so much like white dots scattered over a green carpet, that their less agile guardians cannot be blamed for losing them.

There are nowhere near enough mothers to go around, you must remember, for many of them must stay at home, and most of the lost children have simply strayed away from their particular groups. But once adrift, they are helpless and confused, and after wandering until they tire, they lift their voices in wailing appeal, a policeman is summoned, and they are led to the tent to wait for a rescue party.

The procedure is often like this:

A panting mother toils to the tent and demands her youngster.

"We've got twenty-one of them rounded up here. Take your pick,

Ma'am," politely responds the custodian. "If you don't see what you want, sit down and wait, and we'll have some more pretty soon."

"He's five years old, and he lisps, and two of his front teeth are gone, and his hair is yellow and he had on his best suit," she cries. "And he isn't here. Oh, John MacHenry Stubbs! if you're in that bunch, why don't you holler out to your poor mother?"

Six other parents are calling to six other missing cherubs, and inasmuch as twice as many youngsters are wailing for their

parents, the tent suggests a sheep corral when the lambs have been separated from their mothers. One by one, however, the strays are sorted out, and kissed or wept over or spanked, according to the parental habit. The most humiliated of these small derelicts are always the scouts, trappers and Indian hunters who have followed the ambush and the trail among the trees until they don't know where they are. It may be that never before have they had this glorious chance to roam the real wild woods, crouching in single file, clapping their hands to their mouths in the shrill ululation of the war-whoop. It is therefore more than humiliating, it is unspeakably embarrassing for the "Boy Trailer" or the "Young Avenger" to discover, when the sun is sinking low, that he has mislaid his parents and that without them he cannot find his way home to the East Side.

If you have once beheld this springtime inundation of Central Park, you are likely to forget that any sordid motives lurk in the background, or that all this abounding joy and laughter plays its part in the intricate machine of party politics. Whatever the motive, one fact brightly shines through it all. Thousands upon thousands of little children are transported from streets where there is little sunshine and gladness, to one day of perfect happiness in the free out-of-doors. The parks were made for them, not for the children of the rich. But were it not for these May par-

ties, a great multitude of the children of New York would not know that Central Park existed.

Alas, there are children who miss even this one festal day! It may be that their parents are not worth the patronage of the district leader, or charity has overlooked them, or they are ashamed to parade because their clothes are not good enough. Some of these little outcasts find their way to the park on Saturdays of May and June. They hang about the fringe of the gorgeous merry-making within distant earshot of the music of the bands. Ragged waifs with aching little hearts and wistful eyes, they "do not belong anywhere," even in May time.

If the policeman is looking the other way they may perhaps crown a queen of their own with the leavings and débris fearfully snatched from the more pretentious courts on the meadows beyond, and play in their own pitifully contrasting fashion. The king with the crown made of a newspaper looks longingly at the passing candy-man, and the queen with a scrap of torn bunting tucked in her hair watches the ice-cream wagons drive away. You are a very old Scrooge of an observer if you are not moved to dig into your pockets for pennies and to take charge of a bevy of outcasts until you have given them a May party of their own and as valid a title to a stomach-ache as any full-fledged merry-maker in all Central Park.

THE FEROCIOUS GOLDFISH

A NEIGHBOR of ours, says H. B. Blaxter, of New Brighton, Pa., has a number of small artificial ponds in which he grows water-lilies. He has goldfish in these ponds, partly for looks, partly to keep the water clear of animal matter. One pond in particular is inhabited by a single goldfish, a large black one about three years old. This lonely hermit has taken a great dislike to the small frogs which swarm in all the pools at this time of year, and will not permit a single frog to come into his pond. The moment a frog jumps in the fish attacks it, lashing the water with his tail, butting the

frog with his head until he drives it out. The frogs swim about in a dazed way and finally climb out. Almost any evening a number of disconsolate little frogs can be seen sitting in a row on the brick edge of the pond, desiring but not daring to jump in. The fish lately has become such an autocrat that he will not permit a frog even to hang a foot in the water, working himself into such a frenzy, lashing about and leaping out of the water, that the frogs withdraw in fright and bewilderment. The incident is both amusing and pathetic, depending on whether viewed from the point of observation of a spectator or a frog.



A fisherman's a fisherman for a' that.

Photograph by A. B. Phelan.

THE DEVELOPING COLUMBINE

RELATION OF INSECTS TO FLOWERS

BY ROBERT BLIGHT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the very heart of the cedar grove there is an open space where the granite boulders lie scattered and tumbled in picturesque confusion. Through the middle runs a stream of clearest water, winding its way among the giant stones and purling with pleasant murmur in miniature cascades over the buried ones. They say that art improves upon nature, but the landscape gardener might profitably come here and take a few lessons from nature's handicraft. It is an ideal spot for a rest on this June day, for there is cool, dark shade under the gloomy trees; the short, close turf affords a soft couch; low, sweet music comes from the running brook, and, above all, here we are "far from the madding crowd," whose scurrying bustle allows no communing with Nature in her gentlest moods. An ideal spot?—nay, a veritable paradise, for the place is carpeted with flowers. Buttercups, anemones, saxifrages, bluets, raise their heads everywhere, even around the very edges of the rocks. There, where the stream forms a little eddy and backwater, a group of marsh marigolds display their brilliantly yellow blossoms; and towering above all, in the majesty of their scarlet robes, are hundreds of columbines.

Columbine! How the name carries us back to that day when we sat awe-struck at the mystery, but delighted beyond words at the splendor of our first pantomime. Then we thought that the fairy form that tripped so gayly among the glittering flashes of the tinsel was the fairest and most beautiful our eyes had ever gazed upon. We went home to matter-of-fact life, only to dream of Columbine as a being from a far higher world. Times have

changed; the gilt has been rubbed off our gingerbread; we have been schooled to discern between the false and the true; but the memory of the enchantment is still sweet. And, if the tinselled Columbine has disappeared from our dreams, she has only given place to realities that are far more alluring and enchanting, for we know that behind them lies the mysterious truth of the secret of nature's method of working. With such realities this fairy columbine that adorns the glade in the cedar grove has much to do, for its color and the strange shape of its flower raise questions of "how" and "why" that lead one off into the land of visions.

It really requires an effort to rise from the cool, shady couch, go out into the glaring sunshine and gather a spray or two; but "where there's a will there's a way," and having secured a few, we resume our ease, for nothing is so conducive to satisfactory thinking as comfort. You cannot think if you are in discomfort. At all events, that is a very valid excuse to-day.

Now, I fear, the good folks who called this flower "columbine" made a mistake. That name rightly belongs to the European cousin of the American native. If you examined the Old World flower, I have no doubt that, with no unreasonable amount of imagination, you would see a sort of resemblance to five doves looking at each other—the petals, with their short, curved spurs, forming the bodies of the birds, and the sepals the wings. But here the spurs are too long and too straight to carry out the similarity, for doves are not long-tailed birds. However, as we are never slow to acknowledge our relationship to our kindred over the water, we will be



The saxifrage rears its white, yellow or red flowers through all the rocky pasture-lots.

satisfied to call the flower "columbine." Learned scientists name the plant and all of the same genus "aquilegia," from just such another fancied likeness of the flower to an eagle's foot; and, here again, the European species more nearly conforms to such a type, only eagles have four talons, and columbine has five spurs. However, we will not be hypercritical. The European aquilegia you may find in nearly every old-fashioned garden, for it was a great favorite with our grandmothers, before the days of abnormal chrysanthemums. It has a second name, "vulgaris," but of course there is no insidious suggestion. Why, however, did the Father of Botany, the learned Linnæus, call our flower "canadensis"? Surely he might have known that the less cannot contain the greater, and this aquilegia has a far wider range than the Dominion. Perhaps it was in consequence of that curious fashion of the days of Linnæus by which they applied "Canada" to the whole of the northern part of the eastern shores of North America; and, as the famous botanist and zoologist died in 1778, he may not have heard much about a certain Fourth of July. So we will let "canadensis" stand, for the world has become accustomed to it.

Just get up and go out into the sunlight and gather a buttercup, an anemone, and one of the marsh marigolds, for they are near relatives of this same columbine. A Scot would tell you that they all belong to the same clan. They are members of the famous and ancient family of *Ranunculus*. Now let us notice what vast differences there appear to be between these kinsfolk. In the buttercup you have all the parts usually given as constituting a flower—sepals, petals, stamens and pistil. In the columbine you can recognize all these whorls of organs, but in the anemone and the marsh marigold there is one whorl short. All are colored flowers, but if you look you will see that the buttercup only has the outer whorl green. The sepals, that is, the outer whorl, of the columbine are scarlet, like the petals; those of the anemone are white; those of the marsh marigold are yellow, like the petals of the buttercup; but the anemone and marsh marigold have no petals at all. There is nothing remarkable about the form of the sepals and petals of the buttercup, or about

that of the sepals of the anemone and marigold, for they do not differ from the same parts of most of the flowers with which we are familiar. But notice that while the sepals of the columbine conform to the ordinary type in form, if not in color, the petals are folded into a closed tube continued backward and ending in a long spur. Who would think, at first sight, that all these flowers are nearly akin, belonging to the same family, descended from the same ancestor, and that ancestor probably not very unlike the buttercup itself? Yet such is the case, for the differences are only modifications of the same type, and all four flowers are built upon the same plan. Why such a change of form? Here come in the vision and the mystery.

When we are looking at plants, when we are admiring them, and using them for our many needs, we are apt to forget that they have individuality; but when we are studying them we must ever remember it. By "individuality" I do not mean mere isolation from other individuals, but, in so far as we may at present apply the terms to members of the vegetable kingdom, character and potentiality. No two plants of the very same species, no two leaves, no two flowers, no two fruits from the very same plant are mere duplicates of each other, as are two coins struck from the same die. This individuality is a gift of organic life. It may be difficult for the casual eye to detect it, as in the case of twins; but while the world at large, and indeed the near relatives of twins, are saying that they cannot tell the difference between them, the mother, with her keen insight, never for one moment confounds them. Individuality implies possible variability. Without this variability we should have the identical likeness as of coins. And more: if this variability lies within certain limitations of organic life, the variation which is brought about is handed on to the offspring of the varying individual. Heredity is a factor of great importance in organic life. If individuality with its variability fits any organic being for its surroundings more adequately than others which exist there, that being prospers more surely and gradually displaces the less fit. The world has had these notions drummed into it against much opposition and vitu-



A myriad buttercups yellow the open hills.

peration for half a century, so that the recounting of them is an old story; but the study of this columbine in the cedar grove demands that we should have them clear in our minds.

Now, long ago (that is the most convenient expression, though, indeed, it was long before the pyramids were built), a plant appeared that had a flower—a phænogam, the learned called it—a flower consisting of a number of leaves growing on an axis. The elongation of the axis had been arrested so as to bring the leaves into whorls. The upper whorls had been modified into chambers containing an ovule each, but these ovules must be fertilized with pollen before they would produce seed. This powdery pollen was supplied by lower sets of whorls which appeared below the ovule-bearing ones. These two sets of organs were inclosed within another whorl, consisting of five leaves. So we have, beginning from above, a pistil, a coronet of stamens, and a set of sepals. At the proper time the sepals opened, disclosing the stamens and pistil, and the insects of that day found that it was worth while to visit the flower for the sake of the food to be obtained by eating the pollen. That is, they deliberately robbed the flower of that which it had prepared for its own perpetuation. Out of this robbery a benefit, nevertheless, arose. The insects could not prevent themselves from being dusted about their heads with pollen, and on visiting the next flower unwittingly imparted to it some of their spoils. Behold the next generation, raised from the seeds produced from ovules fertilized with pollen from other flowers; the plants were stronger and better prepared for fighting the battle of life than those which had not been produced in this way.

Some of the plants, through the working of the inherent variability, had the filaments of the outer wall of stamens broader than those of their companions. This rendered the flowers more conspicuous, and consequently they received particular attention from the insects. It may be that the very first visits of the insects had something to do with this broadening. However that may be, the next generation showed flowers with even broader filaments, and in time the faculty of producing

pollen was lost by this whorl, all the vital energy being devoted to the enlargement of the filament, and thus arose the petals. Plants showing this peculiarity had a better chance of fertilization, and thus gaining an advantage over the rest, became the dominant variety. Again, the advantage was intensified by the petals exuding a pleasant fluid at their base. In the first instance this may have been "accidental," as we say, but the insects found it out and liked it, paying their most frequent visits to those plants that afforded them this new sensation. This fluid was nectar, or honey, and all flowers that possessed it were sure of securing the most effective fertilization. As the color of the stamens was yellow, the enlarged filaments, in the first instance, were also yellow, and thus we get the flower consisting of green sepals, yellow petals secreting honey, a coronet of stamens producing pollen, and a group of ovule-bearing chambers, each surmounted with a style, forming the pistil. The buttercup is a descendant of this flower, even if it is not also the exact counterpart of it. This scheme of evolution plainly points out the fact that petals and honey are devices for advertising the flower, as it were, and inviting the visits of the winged robber friends.

Children often think that they can improve upon the methods of their elders; and some of the descendants of the original flower that we speak of, being placed in somewhat different circumstances, did away with the advertising poster of the petals. It was far from being an unqualified success, and they were ultimately compelled to take to advertising again. Having, however, lost the whorl of petals, they could not afford to modify another and so diminish the store of pollen. Neither could they recover it again, for Nature has a way of punishing repudiation of her gifts, by never reproducing those that have been cast away. These plants, therefore, took to modifying the sepals, and produced colored flowers with one whorl of organs deficient. They even went so far as to secrete honey at the base of the changed sepals. The marsh marigold continued to show the color of its ancestor, but the anemone, catering to the taste of some insect that preferred white to yellow, changed the color of its poster to white. The water



Columbines, in the majesty of their scarlet robes.

crowfoot, which is a ranunculus, pure and simple, seems to have tried to do the same thing, but with imperfect success, for at the base of the petal there is still a large blotch of the original color. When once the spirit of variation has taken hold of a flower, it appears as if it permeated the very vitals, for some species can scarcely keep from varying without provocation. Anemones are an instance of this, for some anemones in Europe are found of the most brilliant reds and blues. Visitors to Nice, on the Mediterranean, will remember what a show of colors the anemones afford in early spring in that delicious climate, and if we introduce the flowers into the beds of our gardens, we are never sure what ranges and varieties of blossoms may appear.

There is quite a subtle gradation in the tastes of insects. The common herd, such as flies and the like, are content with white and yellow; night-wandering moths are also partial to these two colors; higher insects prefer pink and red; but butterflies and bees are devoted to purples and blues. It is evident that our columbine does not care for aristocracy; it would scarcely be seeming that a flower so characteristic of this land should do so. The European columbine, however, seeks the very top of society by being a deep, bluish purple. At the same time it often produces varieties which are white, and these must consent to be called upon by the riffraff of the insect world. It is not the color of the columbine, however, which is the most striking feature in the flower. Look at the shape of the petals. Why are they tubular and spurred? You may see similar departures from the ordinary type in many flowers; for instance, in larkspur and monkshood (which belong to the same family as columbine), in milkweed, the labiates, the figworts, and, above all, in those wonders of the plant world, orchids. The truth is that the robber insects do not care so much for pollen as for nectar. If

they can secure this without carrying off any pollen, as a sort of acknowledgment of the liberality of the flower, they have no compunction. The flower, therefore, has to take measures to secure the dispersal of pollen, in one case, and the placing of it on the proper spot, in the other. This is done by hiding the honey in all sorts of corners—in the end of a tube, a horn, a helmet-shaped cap, a box which shuts up when undisturbed and opens when an insect pitches upon a lip in front, in galleries fringed with hairs that will keep out undesirable visitors. Now one of the descendants of the flower of long ago, having colored its petals to suit some decent, "middle-class" insects, found that they took its honey without carrying off any pollen. It began to place the honey farther back and doubled the petal over it, thus forming a tube. The better the tube, the more satisfactory the fertilization. So the struggle went on, the flower lengthening the tube, and the insect lengthening its tongue to reach the honey, until the columbine has fitted itself for the long-tongued insects, and has actually been a means of inducing corresponding development in the insect world. But having doubled up the petals, the advertising poster was destroyed, as far as its previous use was concerned. The flower, therefore, took to coloring the sepals, until it had got them of the shade of the former sign-board, and then our columbine was complete.

It is astounding to think of the result of this mutual, and yet independent, working. Every shade of color, from pale yellow to the richest blue; every peculiarity of form, from the flat shape of the buttercup to the intricate windings of the columbine; every degree of sweetness, from the insipidity of many flowers to the rich sugarness of honeysuckle; and every kind of scent, from the foul odor which attracts vulgar flies to the most delicate perfumes that delight the bees, all have proceeded from this connection of insects with flowers.



The white beauty of the birches.

Photograph by Charles H. Sawyer.



"Ye ain't goin' t' git that little hoss fer no hundred."

Drawing by Oliver Kemp.

A LITTLE BROWN HORSE

FROM THE FARM TO THE CITY

BY JAMES H. TUCKERMAN

DRAWING BY OLIVER KEMP

"**D**ID ye make him an offer? What 'd he have t' say to it? What kind of a talk did ye give him? Did ye see th' hoss, an' how much 'll he weigh?" The questions were exploded through a red stubble mustache with a force and rapidity which only a gasoline engine tucked away somewhere in the ample internal economy of the owner of the red mustache could possibly account for. He was a great, round man, and a great golden buoy, anchored at a point equidistant from his two lower waistcoat pockets, marked the meridian of greatest circumference with geometric nicety. The shallow armchair which the country hotel provided for its guests was many sizes too small for him; and as he sat in it—bubbling over and through its arms like a freshly baked pop-over—his conformation seemed to approximate more closely the honest, sturdy Clydesdale than that of the "fancy and gen'ral pu'pose hoss" in which he dealt. His massive face, however, as he turned it sharply upon the man at whom he had exploded the questions, revealed little of the characteristic docility of the Clydesdale. For half a century it had been exposed almost constantly to the wind and sun, and the ruddy and indelible glow with which the elements had burnished it, together with the red stubble mustache and the heavy gray brows overhanging half-closed blue eyes, gave to it an expression almost of ferocity. For several seconds he sat with his eyes gazing unwinkingly upon the victim of his inquisition. His head was tilted at a wise and scheming angle, and when he breathed the golden buoy rose and fell, gleaming in the veiled rays of the kerosene lamp like a revolving beacon on the sea's horizon.

"Reed," he demanded—and it was quite evident the explosion was to be the vital one in the series—"Reed, are you man 'nough to steal that little brown hoss from that benighted farmer, er ain't ye?"

In an instant the harried look that the other man's face had worn since the beginning of the bombardment relaxed, and an expression of scorn—mirthful, yet pitying—took its place. He indulged in a short chuckle before answering. Considering the wear and tear to which the chuckle had been subjected for thirty odd years, the youthful spontaneity it still retained was little less than miraculous. "Benighted!" he echoed, derisively, "I guess you ain't bin round much among the benighted farmers of these sun-kissed hills since th' wise an' beneficent government at Washington put on the free rural deliveries. 'Benighted!' Lord lighten our darkness! Why, there ain't bin a time since them farmers begun gittin' th' news only four days behind th' returns that you could dazzle any one of 'em with a new twenty dollar gold piece. An' Lord a'mighty," the man went on after a befitting sigh for the dear, dead days, "I've knowed th' time when you could hold a Canada quarter 'fore their eyes an' blind 'em so'st you could steal a red lumber wagon right out from under 'em."

"So we've bin hangin' around this red-lemonade hotel ten hours for nothin'," broke in the large, round man, with another explosion; "forty-two miles from home and nineteen from a drink! I knowed that cuss was slick enough to throw you, Reed."

"An' it was just like bein' throwed from a palace car into a barbed wire fence,"

corroborated Reed meekly. "Somebody's gone an' told old man Wilcox that there are a lot o' educated fools in th' world that'd ruther have a nice, high-goin' little hoss like his than one that'll fall down over a bastin' thread; an' th' free deliveries are gettin' th' old man so enlightened that he's beginning to think that maybe there be. Awful handsome-goin' little hoss. Seven year old this spring, an' not a pimple on him s' far as I could see."

"Did he price him at all?" asked the large man, but the hopelessness of the answer was already betrayed in his voice.

"One seventy-five. I offered him your limit an' promised to get him a yoke o' cattle fer thirty dollars. And th' timothy he was chewin' never quivered."

A heavy silence fell upon the little group gathered around the stove in the dismal office of the country hotel. The men had traveled far and had borne the hardships of a no-license town for many parched hours in the hope that in the end they would return leading old man Wilcox's "little brown hoss" behind them. There were four of them in the group, and with the large, round man as their chief, they constituted a band of modern horse thieves, as keen and active as any to be found in their end of the state. The increasing demand for that type of horse vaguely known to the public as a "high actor," the inability of the breeders of legitimate high actors to supply the demand, and the chance that occasionally presented itself of picking up from some farmer a "high-steppin' hoss," which with proper shoeing, biting and handling might be shaped into a very fair counterfeit of the genuine article, had given to these country horsemen a new and oftentimes lucrative occupation. Such an animal was the "little brown hoss of Wilcox's"—an equine garnet that by diligent search might be found on a hill pasture or in an orchard of some remote and unenlightened farm. That he bore much the same relation to the hackney and the cob that the garnet bears to the ruby did not in any measure tend to assuage the grief of those who had found him, and, through the pernicious influence of a free rural delivery, had been unable to pick him up.

The vague promise of spring which the March wind had held out earlier in the

day had gone with the setting sun, and to the defeated band the homeward journey stretched away in a weary prospective of mud and slush and cold. Finally one of the men arose, shook his trousers into place with nervous jerks of his thin legs, and walked over to the window. He had followed the "trottin' hosses" once as an assistant trainer, and the hard imprint of a bandaged, blanketed and liniment-scented environment was still upon him. It had given to his small, thin face, with its razor-like profile and its curious blue-gray coloring an expression of paddock-learned craftiness and its reciprocal distrust. That his calling might never be mistaken he wore a short-visored woolen cap ornamented with an almost frivolous bow, and equipped with adjustable shutters that could be pulled down over his ears. He rarely spoke, and when he did his words were accredited with that wisdom given to men economical in their utterances. When he returned to the stove, therefore, and announced without preface or preamble, "I can git you that hoss, Cap, and at your price," the silence that was still upon the little group became one of deference rather than depression. Stung with jealousy by the quiet assurance of the other man and the memory of his own failure, Reed was the first to recover.

"I suppose you got an idee you can go out there and tell old man Wilcox you saw Goldsmith Maid trot better 'n fifty once an' mesmerize him; you think he ain't heard o' no trotters since Dexter's time. A few streaks of enlightenment wouldn't kill you yet, I guess."

"Bill, how are you goin' to do it?" the chief inquired, ignoring in his earnestness the jackal cries of the other. Bill spat arrogantly at a red target glowing through a broken pane of isinglass.

"That's my business," he said.

The night seemed less cheerless and the homeward way less weary when the chief finally commanded his team to be hooked up.

Two days later the first move was made in Bill's plan for stealing the "little brown hoss." Between twelve and one o'clock a man drove up to the Wilcox farm. He was a seeds salesman, he told the old man, and was making a preliminary spring trip through his territory. Without undue

haste he lured the conversation from crops to horse. He liked a good horse when he saw one, and he admitted that he sometimes availed himself of an opportunity "to pick up a good un"—a horse, he explained, that he might place with some of his city customers to turn a few honest dollars. He asked the farmer if he knew of any such horse. The farmer did. There was something almost buoyant in the tread of the great felt boots as they led the way to the stall where the "little brown hoss" was consuming a musty bundle of orchard grass in the joy of an unpampered appetite. Old man Wilcox had not forgotten that he had refused a "sum o' money" for that horse. The salesman was unfeignedly delighted—he even muttered the first name of a friend who had spoken to him about just such a horse. But when the farmer told him the price he only laughed sorrowfully.

"Same old trouble," he sighed; "horses worth more 'way out here than they are in the city. Curious, ain't it, where feed's s' cheap?" He turned to the farmer, apologetically.

"If you don't happen to get rid of him at your price," he said, "and if the time comes when one hundred and fifteen dollars looks bigger to you than th' little hoss does, just drop me a line."

The first seed was sown. The large round man's offer had been one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The great felt boots plodded back to the woodshed in their old, stolid, soggy way. The man who had made the one hundred and fifteen dollar offer was a seeds salesman, and he was making a preliminary spring trip, but he was also a friend of Bill's. At the end of the week another stranger called. He had heard that the farmer had a likely horse, and he had come to look him over. He had a brusque, business way with him, and the great felt boots almost fluttered down the path to the barn. The man looked the horse over in a brusque, business way.

"How much?" he demanded. Old man Wilcox was staggered. To ask the price of a horse without preliminary praise or profanity was against all the ethics of the profession. He thought of the first offer and of the second, and he faltered.

"Ye kin hev him fer one sixty-five," he said sullenly.

The man turned his back upon the little horse and started brusquely back to his buggy.

"I've got the mate to that hoss in my stable," he said; "give an even hundred for him a week ago. I'll give another even hundred fer this one," and he made a threatening movement toward his breast pocket. The farmer shook his head.

"Ye ain't goin' t' git that little hoss fer no hundred," he snarled, "not if they're givin' 'em away where you come from."

Bill's great bear movement was gathering impetus. Bill had once told the brusque business man the exact heat in which Wedding Bells was going out to make his field look like a lot o' steers. The stranger had not forgotten the courtesy. Within the next fortnight other men called at the Wilcox place. All of them, soon or late, made financial propositions to old man Wilcox, and in their ever-diminishing munificence these propositions served to make the large, round man's offer a thing more to be desired—its refusal a folly more to be deplored. And in the end the large, round man came himself. He had a big, bluff, above-board way with him, and a roll of very old and very musty bills. Farmers of the Wilcox type prefer the ancient, tattered banknote, with its stale odor of wealth, to the fresh, crisp currency that can be bought in job lots from unscrupulous men who live in city hotels with high-sounding names. The soft earth had stiffened into a congealed crust, and the chill hush of the March evening had fallen upon the farm before the earnestness of the large, round man and the eloquence of the mildewed roll prevailed.

Bobby's training for that new walk in life into which Fate, with Bill's assistance, had called him, began immediately. It consisted largely in a course of dietetics, and was, from his point of view, a vast improvement over the old order of things. The hard grind on the farm, with its monotonous round of poor, unwholesome fare, had had its effect upon him. In one of the consultations held around the stove in the little liniment-scented office of the chief, he had admitted cautiously that the horse was "a leetle mite dry and tucked up," which meant—had the little horse been a man—that he was run down, his complexion bad, and that he needed

bracing up. That accounted for the series of seemingly unmerited banquets that were tendered him in luxurious sequence. A tucked-up horse has a long way the best of a run-down man. Twice each week Bobby received a four-quart bran mash, seasoned with salt, and a handful of flaxseed meal and served hot. The etiology of a man's ills is often the cure for a horse's. The rest of the time he lived on huge, cold salads composed of timothy hay, cut in two-inch lengths, a half quart of bran, and three quarts of cracked corn and clipped oats in equal parts, the whole sprinkled with cold water and served in a five-gallon bucket. It was worth traveling miles for, and the delightfully ridiculous part of it was that he didn't have to travel at all for it. His work, compared with that on the farm, where even the sun's twelve-hour day was not adhered to, was purely nominal. In the afternoons he hauled the large, round man through the spring mud for an hour or two, and then returned for a massage that lasted quite as long and ended in cold bandages for his legs and woolen blankets for his loins. With the exception of plates on his front feet four ounces heavier than he had been accustomed to wear, little effort was made to correct the flaws in his handsome way o' goin'. These consisted principally in his inability to fold his knees back properly after he had pulled them up, and a conspicuous deficiency in hock action. The flaws were not fatal; theoretically, the chief himself knew how to remove them, but it was wiser to leave that task to the buyer. The large, round man had dealt in equine wares long enough to know that it is not safe to experiment too much with a diamond in the rough. And in the meantime the little brown horse grew fat and handsome.

The new prosperity that had come to him did not ruin him—as it ruins many horses and men. His claim to aristocracy was based upon more substantial ground than mere outward semblance to it. The rough and ragged coat he had worn at Wilcox's was removed by a process considerably more expeditious than nature's. The collar and trace galls—scars of his plebeian days—were rubbed with oily lotions, a dentist floated his teeth, and at the end of the sixth week old man Wil-

cox himself could scarcely have recognized "the little brown hoss."

To that element in every rural community which has made the horse the cornerstone of its tabernacle, and whose articles of faith are embraced in sundry remedies for heaves, glanders and contracted feet, the coming of the buyer from New York City is like the coming of the bishop to those about to be confirmed. He is a dignitary surrounded by a brass-mounted halo. From the shriveled little man whose equine ardor is confined to a single horse with a glorious past and a foundered present, to the would-be professional who believes he has a "good un," his periodical visits are occasions of momentous interest. The shriveled little man knows that the opinions he has expressed in the idle winter days upon every "promisin' animal" within a radius of thirty square miles will either be confirmed or rejected, and the would-be professional realizes that upon the buyer's word may depend all the law and the profits. The large, round man and his band had heard that Johnson—the great Johnson of New York City—was out buying, and they had the "little brown hoss" prepared against the time of his coming. When he came the chief was at the station to meet him. Even to the layman there was something impressive about Johnson; his garments were impressive—even more so when spattered with spring mud. They were a number of consistent sizes too large for him and hung from his tall, spare frame with a sort of swaggering grace. There also clung to them the definite aroma of his calling. When he talked business he had an impressive way of drawing his man aside with a slight, silent jerk of his head. In a trackless wilderness, with only one other man present, he undoubtedly would have done the same—had he contemplated buying the other man's horse. He received the homage of the local court with callous indifference, and that afternoon drove out with the large, round man behind the "little brown hoss."

The horse was driven with a plain snaffle bit and an overhead bearing rein. He carried his head very badly indeed. The large man knew he would. He also knew that the little horse, with a tight breeching and long traces, could not work well

within himself or do himself justice. Likewise he knew that Johnson knew these things. He wanted to leave some things to Johnson's imagination.

In spite of the deliberate impediments, however, the little horse strove valiantly, performing his work cheerfully and not without a display of pride in his accomplishments. He gave an earnest, painstaking exhibition of his "handsome way o' goin'," and under the circumstances it was a very creditable performance. When Johnson took the reins the little horse recognized instantly the touch of a master hand, and responded with that quick sympathy which exists between horses of courage and men who were born to rule them. He picked his feet up with a crude showiness that in the light of his self-complacency was almost pathetic. His whole manner changed. In his unsophisticated mind he realized that he was on dress parade, that upon his behavior depended in some mysterious way his future career; and he played his part with blithe spirits and an undaunted heart. The large man's own heart warmed within him and its glow was reflected in his face.

"Ain't he a cheerful, bold-goin' little cuss, now, Johnson?" He spoke appealingly, as though he would bring a word of praise from the buyer in spite of him.

"Can't pull those hocks high enough to get his feet over a cigarette," answered the emotionless Johnson, "and if he can't fold his knees back better than he does now I couldn't get rid of him to a fish peddler—carries his head like a dog."

"I ain't sayin' he's a finished actor," retorted the large, round man, "ner that he's ready fer th' Park just yet, but he's got th' stuff in him—it's there—an' all you fellers have got to do is to bring it out, and when you do—" and the large man spoke as one who had had a vision—"I'll guarantee you, Johnson, there won't be a kinder, cheerfuller, honester, sweeter, er freer-goin' little hoss ever looked through a bridle."

Johnson merely indulged in one of his rare, reluctant smiles.

When the little horse was driven finally onto the barn floor with a flourish and crash of hoofs that was a fitting climax to the performance, the buyer looked him over indifferently, glanced once at his

teeth and puckered a fold of skin from the horse's ribs. Then he turned and beckoned the chief over into a corner of the empty barn.

"How much is he worth to you?" he asked, looking the other squarely in the eye. The large, round man was not dismayed.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," he answered, promptly.

"He's worth just two hundred and twenty-five dollars to me, at the station, to-morrow morning at six o'clock," said Johnson; "do you want my check or the horse?"

The next day the little horse journeyed westward on his way to an equine finishing school, conducted by the buyer in an adjoining state. That same day the large, round man pored over a musty yellow ledger, and did arithmetic on the backs of envelopes. He estimated finally that with hay \$16.50 a ton, oats \$1.05 a hundred, bran 90 cents a hundred and \$15 worth of incidentals (which included \$10 for Bill and a series of fermented regards to the others), "the little hoss stood him just \$165"—a profit of almost fifty per cent. on the original investment.

At the finishing school the brown horse became merely one in a class of a hundred or more green and rustic pupils, gathered from all parts of the provinces. The heavy plates were pulled off and a pair of "rolling" shoes substituted. These were made low at the heel and toe and high on either side, giving them the shape of a miniature rocker. They were of vast assistance to the little horse in acquiring the art of traveling with the least possible amount of lost motion. For a time his hind shoes were removed entirely, and when he was shod again it was with a heavier pair than he had ever worn before. By a curious perversion of the laws of common sense this additional weight made him lift his feet much higher, and consequently gave him at least an artificial hock action. A heavy bar bit took the place of the snaffle, and the reins were constantly being changed from one notch in the bar to another. When they were buckled in the lowest notch a man sat behind him in a cart, and he was made to stand still while the man sent a series of short, quivering vibrations through the

reins. This was often continued for a long time until gradually his neck assumed a new curve, and he no longer carried his head like a dog. Even a dog would have found it difficult to carry his head like one with that insistent jarring going on behind his lower jaw. One day a cord was tied tightly around his tail, and the next morning the tail was slipped through a pair of bars that had been placed across his stall. There was a dull, painless thud, the searing of a hot iron, and the little brown horse had become a member of the dock-tailed aristocracy. Soon afterward a man who breathed always in automatic, audible sighs pulled out by the roots whole handfuls of mane, and instead of its being an unpleasant experience the little horse found it rather soothing. The insides of his ears were clipped and polished as smooth as the inside of an oyster shell. The same generous bill-of-fare provided first by the chief was still maintained, and at the end of the second month of the finishing school neither old man Wilcox nor the large, round man could have recognized "the little brown hoss."

The veterinary surgeon received his callers with the deference and easy courtesy a fashionable physician bestows upon his patients. There was little in his bearing or in his surroundings to identify him with the horse doctor of popular tradition. The bric-a-brac in his office did not consist of spavined joints nor navicularized hoofs. Instead its walls were hung with photographs of members of the Horse Show set and with some rare sporting prints. One of these was an original by Howith. It had cost the doctor sixty guineas in London. He could afford it. In various ways he made fifteen thousand dollars a year.

The man visitor was the first to explain the purpose of their call.

"Mrs. Gordon has decided that she must have a new horse this spring," he began; "some smart, trappy little horse, I believe, that she can drive to a runabout in town and one free enough to work as a leader in a country tandem."

"Do you know of any such horse?" the woman interrupted, "a horse not more than fifteen-two, well mannered, and with some class—something you can thoroughly recommend. That last horse, you know,

Doctor, became a dreadful lugger." The doctor did not know, just at the moment, of any horse he could thoroughly recommend, but he would look about and keep his eyes open.

"By the way," he added, bowing his callers out, "have you any preference in color, and about how much do you wish to pay?"

"I prefer a dark bay or brown," said the woman.

"Not more than six hundred and fifty dollars," said the man.

When the door had closed behind them, the doctor went directly to the telephone.

"Can you have that little brown horse you showed me this afternoon," he asked, "ready by to-morrow afternoon? Will he do for a woman? He will—all right—five fifty, you said? To-morrow between four and six—good-bye."

"A nice, breedy type," suggested the doctor to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon as the three stood on the edge of a tanbark ring and watched the evolutions of a little brown horse in a brass-mounted harness. Neither the glitter of the harness, the bored expression of the young man behind him, nor the painted splendor of the equine stars in the great frieze above him appeared in any way to affect the little horse. He performed his work conscientiously and cheerfully and with a showiness that did not seem pathetic in its crudity. The poise of his head was surely patrician.

"A nice little horse," said the man indifferently; he appeared to be in a hurry.

"I call him a horse of a great deal of quality," said the woman, aggressively.

"A great deal of class, indeed," concurred the doctor; "well coupled, nicely balanced shoulders, plenty of bone and courage, and a sweet, cheerful way of going about his work. I do not believe, Mr. Gordon, you can go wrong on him."

The man turned inquiringly to the woman, and she nodded her head.

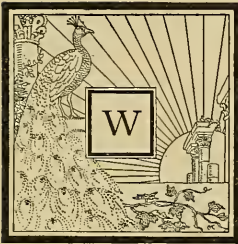
"Doctor, will you see that he is sent around to my stable in the morning?" The man added, "The price, you say, is six hundred and forty dollars."

And the next afternoon there was added to that brass-mounted pageant that sweeps through the eastern drive of the Park in endless glitter and splendor "the little brown hoss o' Wilcox's."

HUNTING THE SAWFISH

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER

PAINTING BY C. F. W. MIELATZ



WE had been trolling for big barracudas in the Mexican Gulf, sailing up and down the long line of breakers that broke with musical roar on the outer Florida Reef, when the long-toothed muzzle of a sawfish shot out of water in the lagoon, followed by half the body, which fell with a resounding crash. I had long wished to try conclusions with a sawfish and here seemed to be the opportunity; but while the big fish was not fifty yards away, there was between us the fangs of the reef, a long line of dead coral rock, known as the outer or fringing reef, upon which the sea beat heavily and with an ominous roar. It was at least two miles around, which meant losing the location of the fish.

"There's the 'five-foot,'" said Chief, my boatman; "we may get wet, but we can swim."

Again the big saw shot out of water. I handed Chief the tiller, took the sheet of the sprit sail, and threw off my shoes, ready for the swim should it be necessary. We were nearly opposite the little channel, of whose bearings I was ignorant, and presently the Seminole had the yawl before the wind, and apparently headed for the surf, as no opening was to be seen. She gathered headway at every plunge, and in a short time was on a big wave, that melted into a breaker under her nose, carrying us in like a rocket, and in the hollow I saw the jagged fang-like rocks of the reef. I was lying flat on my back holding the slack of the sheet, and could not see the next breaker, but I could hear it coming, hissing on behind us,

then as it toppled, the musical crash; the next instant I was lying in foam and the boat half full. But we made a permanent connection with that wave and went whirling in, so close to the rocks that I could have touched them with an oar on one side and my hand on the other—"five-foot" indeed. As the wave left us, we floated in the still waters of the inner and shallow lagoon, the home of the sawfish and the ray.

It required but a few moments to bail out the boat and unship the mast, rolling the latter up in the sail; then with grains in hand I stood in the bow while Chief sculled in the direction of the spot where we had seen the big fish. A more ideal place for fishing could hardly be imagined than this vast lagoon, surrounded on one side by the line of foam indicating the reef; on the other, by a long island just above the water, and to the south opening into the Gulf, covered here and there by vast plantations of branch coral. At high tide this sandy lagoon was eight or ten feet deep, and was a natural spawning and feeding ground for many fishes; at night it simply swarmed with them in all sizes, as a haul with the seine often demonstrated. The bottom was a soft gray, sometimes white, so that any dark object upon it could be distinctly seen; even the big conchs, the holothurians and white sea eggs stood out in relief as we glided along. Far ahead was a ripple of mullet, the fish occasionally leaping into the air in wild affright, and just behind them, moving slowly along, a huge dark patch. Ahead of us was a clear half mile before reaching the few mangroves which designated Bush Key. A better place to locate the game could not be had, and as Chief quickened his pace, forcing the boat through the water, I mounted the little deck to see that the grains line was

clear. Grains, it may be said, is merely a two-pronged spear—each prong about five inches long, the barb working on a swivel or pivot, so that it closes when it strikes and opens out in the flesh. The base of the iron is a cup, two and a half inches deep, that fits over the end of a slender yellow pine handle about nine feet in length, light and pliable, intended for tossing or throwing through the air. To the iron is fastened a stout line, one hundred feet in length, coiled in the boat, the iron, of course, coming unshipped at the moment of the strike.

We were now so near the dark object that its outline could readily be seen, and that it was the sawfish there was no doubt. It was moving slowly along, evidently following the line of the reef, either feeding or trying to find an opening into deep water. We came up directly behind it to the right. For a few seconds its big tail was beneath me, and I could see the peculiar graceful twisting motion and note the quick widening of the body until at the pectoral fins it was like a huge ray, then narrowing down to the long saw. With a swift motion Chief sent the boat ahead until I was almost directly over the fish, which, low on the bottom, had not perceived us, and it was an easy matter to drive the spear into its back near the head; much easier than to drop into the boat and dodge the enormous body which shot out of water fully exposing the long saw; then it dropped with a crash and dashed ahead, the line jumping from the coil like a snake striking.

Chief had whirled the bow of the boat away from the fish as it leaped, and for a moment we watched the flying line and lay low, waiting for the shock. The line had been made fast to the painter, and when the last coil leaped over, it came taut with a jerk that would have thrown any one standing completely out of the boat. As it was, Chief very nearly went over, recovering himself with my aid, and away we went. Neptune and his wild horses were tame to it, and there was great consolation in knowing that we were within swimming distance of two islands and a reef and that sharks were not dangerous in the lagoon. The speed with which the fish carried us was marvelous, and where the water was shallow it literally hauled the nose of the boat so deep into the foam

wave that we were drenched (not unwelcome in the terrific heat).

The sawfish occasionally came to the surface, exposing its back, then plunged down with a suddenness that jerked the head of the boat under and made it necessary to cling to the side. Its course was straight as an arrow and continued so for a fourth of a mile; then, as its speed seemed to be increasing, it was deemed necessary to make an attempt to stop it; so I crawled forward while Chief shipped his oars in the rowlocks farthest astern. The painter was as rigid as a rod of steel, and only by leaning far out could I obtain a grasp upon it, at which moment the fish plunged down, burying my face in foam. The big game undoubtedly recognized some form of attack in the move, as it increased its speed, jerking away the foot or more of line which I gained several times; but finally I succeeded in making six feet and securing a turn about the seat, and Chief put his oars over and backed, holding them with all his power while I surged on the line, gaining foot by foot—strenuous work under a sun whose normal rate was 103° in the shade. It was such seemingly impossible work that I told Chief to drop the oars and lay on, and we both hauled now, making several feet or losing two or one; then our arms were wrenched violently by the constant and desperate plunges of the fish, that apparently realized that its enemy was drawing nearer.

"Heave—O!" cried Chief—an old sailor—dropping into his chanty. "Ahoy-ah-ahoy!" and so we hauled and pulled, taking a turn at every gain until we could see the game, and held on, breathing hard, choking for very dryness in the midst of flying scud. Chief doubtless bemoaned his hard luck at having a patron who cared to fool with such impossible game, and I wondered whether such exertion could by any stretch of the imagination be construed into sport; yet neither thought of giving up; the wild desire to win had taken possession of our senses and win we would.

All this time the fish was flying up the reef, and the few trees on Bush Key that had looked like shadows against the blue sky now took form and we could make out the pelicans' nests in them, all of which meant a change of direction or our game would run high upon the reef. Nearer



“The sawfish raised itself to the surface, lashing the water into foam and almost sinking the boat by thrusting its huge body over it.”

Painting by C. F. W. Mielatz.

came the island, the big seas on our right appeared to be flying past, when suddenly the water shoaled and with a quick lift of its long tail the fish turned at right angles so quickly and with so savage a rush in the new direction that there was not time for the boat to turn, and she was dragged around—an operation which nearly capsized her despite our scramble to windward, and before I could slack off the line she was a third full of water; yet we still rushed along.

“That ’ll fix him,” cried Chief, taking the bailer and beginning to throw out the water while I endeavored to gain what rope I had lost. But it was impossible work; the movements of the fish were now erratic, it was swimming in a great circle that carried us toward Long Key, then it headed down toward the channel half a mile distant.

“If he reaches that we’re lost,” said Chief; “he too big for two men,” so he got out the oars and held them against the fish.

This in a short time had perceptible effect. The fish slowed up and I gained six or eight feet. Then Chief dropped the oars and we both lay on and presently hauled the boat directly over the fish, which had turned to the east and was speeding so that the boat’s nose was deep in the water.

“Heave—O!” shouted Chief and we heaved. “Ahoy-a-he-O! Now one more. Ahoy!” and we lay back and pulled. Then something seemed to give and the fish rose into the air, so quickly that we fell backward into the bottom of the boat while a saw with spines or teeth an inch in length came slashing at us. It struck the gunwale, where the Indian’s head had been peering down into the water a moment before, with a blow that might have severely wounded him, the ivory teeth sinking into the wood, to be wrenched out as the fish swung its tremendous head in the opposite direction. Three or four times the maddened creature swung its toothed sword back and forth, each time burying the fangs into the boat. As it finally tore away Chief skillfully sent a rope into the air, which dropped over the saw, and with a jerk had it fast, that is, as the Indian said later, “had the head end fast.” It could not strike, but the tail became the active member, and by great bound-like convolutions the saw-

fish raised itself to the surface and lashed the water into foam, hurling it over us and almost sinking the boat by thrusting its huge body over it.

We were in shallow water, not over four feet in depth, and the fish apparently used the bottom as a lever and displayed a vast amount of strength; threshing about, trying to roll over, leaping and pushing ahead, and when working its body to the surface it lashed the water with such terrific blows that for a few moments we were doubtful of the outcome. But Chief held the saw, having now a turn about the thwart, and I did the same with the grains line, keeping the fish as nearly in one place as possible. As a result we presently noticed a diminishing of fire in the struggles, there was less vigor in the bounds, and a part at least of the great game’s strength had been exhausted; it was merely taking us slowly down the lagoon by the fitful movements of its tail. When it became comparatively quiet Chief lashed the saw and taking the oars, began to pull in the direction of Long Key, about fifty yards away. When shallow water was reached the sawfish made a final effort and lunged against the boat with such good effect as to half fill her, throwing us both over into waist-deep water. But the game was ours, and Chief wading in with the painter, we slowly hauled the fish in until its head was out of water; then we waited for it to die, after which the rope was cast off and the fish hauled farther in, and with the help of some negroes pulled above high-water mark that the saw might be taken as a trophy. It was impossible to weigh so huge a “beastie,” but it measured nearly fourteen feet, and we estimated its weight at between six and seven hundred pounds, owing to its enormous bulk.

If one desires sport that is fully and completely strenuous from start to finish, with more than a *souçon* of risk and danger thrown in, permit me to commend the capture of this interesting creature, neither true shark nor ray, yet suggestive of both, which in deep water is more than a match for several men. The fishing ground in which I took the sawfish was eminently adapted for the sport, owing to the shallow water which made it possible to fight a big fish to the finish; but rarely were my experiences so fortunate, as when I grained a

sawfish in the central portion of the lagoon it invariably dashed into the deep channel and by exhausting the line, broke it or pulled out the grains. Perhaps the most exciting and disastrous encounter I had with these gamy creatures was one intensely hot day when we were poling along the lagoon, hunting for the rare queen conch. I had just come up from a deep and invigorating dive with one of the splendid shells when my boatman, a Saccotra boy, said: "I was scairt to death, sa. A big sawfish went amblin' by jes' after yo' went down over yander. I thought it was a shark sure. He was gwine up de lagoon, the biggest, onariest ole cuss I ever see."

As Scope said he was "jes' amblin'," I decided to follow, and getting out the grains, bade him scull after the wanderer, that was evidently coming in hungry from the outer and deeper waters. We sighted it not two hundred yards in, a mighty fellow of plethoric bulk between the shoulders, and a tempting saw, like a great sword extending ahead—an incomprehensible weapon unless one chanced to see it swung back and forth in a school of mullets or waved over one's head like the scimeter of Aladdin. It was still too deep to grain, so we followed the stupid one, which looked neither to the right nor left for very good reasons, but moved straight on, climbing the rapidly shoaling floor of the lagoon to the land flowing with milk and honey—for echini, crayfish and holothurians, or *bêche de mer* were the milk and honey of this sawfish. It presently turned to the left to avoid some branch coral and entered one of the winding lanes in the coral, to suddenly find itself in very shallow water in the center of the lagoon; and here we crept upon it, Scope shooting the dinghy ahead quickly while I tossed the grains. There was a swirl of waters, and Scope jerked the dinghy around just in time to place us head on as the jerk came, and we rushed after the flying fish.

It so happened that it was half tide and a heavy sea was beating on the fringing reef, covering the dead ragged coral heads

with about a foot of water, utterly impossible for a boat; but directly for this submerged wall the sawfish swam like a hurdle racer which nothing could stop. Whether the fish knew the reef was there and intended to scrape us off and perhaps literally commit *hari-kari* itself, could not be told; in any event it kept on, and all our efforts to divert it and change its direction failed. We steered the boat to right and left, held back with the oars; but the fish swam on, crazed, perhaps, determined to reach the Gulf by the shortest method, the surf route. I took the big fish-knife in hand and stood by the rope, intending to cut it if necessary, and Scope sat at his oars. I fully expected to see the fish ground, but in a few moments it reached the reef, seemed to waver a moment then slid over it with a rush, grounding once and going into a frenzy as the wave let it down on to the rock; but lifted by another it surged on, plunged into a great roller, and reached the Gulf with the boat two hundred feet behind at the end of a long shark line.

"Yo' better cut, sa," said Scope, glancing at the white sea ahead. "Ain't yo' gwine to cut, sa?" came again in a tremulous voice. "I'm gwine to leave, sa," this time in desperation, and over went Scope, while the boat rushed on the reef and grounded on a rock.

As a big roller came over, filling her, I tried to cut, but was choked off by the water, and in the meantime the rope broke.

"So you thought you would get out and walk and leave me in the moment of peril?" I said, trying to conceal my laughter and assume an amount of sternness befitting the desertion, as Scope came wading up.

"Well, mawster," replied the crestfallen negro, "yo'll have to scuse me. I ain't nat'rally no hurdle jumper, an' I've got er fambly over yander," pointing to the key.

Scope rallied as I burst into a laugh, and that night at the quarters I heard him tell some boys that I could have followed the fish "ef I'd only had wings."

SIDE SHOW STUDIES

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TIGERS AND THE POWER OF HYPNOTISM

BY FRANCIS METCALFE

DRAWINGS BY OLIVER HERFORD



"The first tiger bounded through the door."

CHAUNCEY DEPEW was at the bottom of all the trouble; not the punctured senator from the state of New York, but his namesake, one of the handsomest double-striped, royal Bengal tigers ever captured. Depew was the central figure in the group which Miller, the trainer of tigers, had worked so hard to educate, and it was his rebellion which made the teacher's labors of years come to naught. Late in the season, after months spent in giving the finishing touches to their education while they were with a small part of the show which was exhibited near Cleveland, the tigers were brought to Dreamland; a group of eight magnificent beasts, all jungle bred and each worthy of a place in any menagerie. Perhaps it was the discomfort of the journey in the small traveling cages, possibly the change in the surroundings and the nearness of the other

animals excited them; but whatever the cause, there was trouble in the narrow runway at the back of the dens when they entered it to go to the exhibition cage for their first Coney Island appearance.

The sound of their snarling and growling, the reports of pistol shots and the cracking of training whips caused a sensation of uneasiness in the audience until the first tiger bounded through the door at the back of the cage, closely followed by a half-dozen others. Dangerous beasts they looked as they threw themselves against the stout bars, which rattled from the impact of their great bodies, and the front seats of the auditorium were quickly vacated by the audience. The noise in the runway continued, but the deep throaty growls which came from behind the dens were of a different quality from the snarling and yapping of the seven beasts in the exhibition cage, and when the last of the tigers appeared in the doorway the first arrivals made renewed efforts to escape through the bars.

It was Depew; not the good-natured-looking great cat whose "I have eaten the canary" expression and smug whiskers had suggested his name, but a jungle tiger who had "gone bad," as the animal trainers call it, and who stood for a moment in the doorway, wrathfully surveying his frantic companions and selecting a victim. Froth was dripping from his snarling lips, his small eyes were blazing like two points of flame, the hair on his neck and back stood up like bristles, and his great tail struck the door-casing resounding whacks, as he lashed it from side to side. Only a moment he stood there, and then the great striped body hurtled through the air as if



"Depew was still crouched on the body of his victim."

shot from a catapult, and covering a good twenty feet in the spring it landed fair on Bombay, one of the largest tigers in the group. The aim was a true one and the sound of breaking bone mingled with a scream of pain from his victim, as Bombay sank under the weight of the blow, his cervical vertebrae crushed between Depew's powerful jaws.

The door had been closed behind Depew when he made his spring, and the other tigers were chasing madly about the great cage, looking for a chance to escape. There was no desire to fight left in them, but when they collided with each other they snapped and struck with the instinct of self-preservation, their sharp claws and teeth cutting gashes in the sleek striped coats. It was evident that all training had been forgotten, that fear of anything so puny as man had departed from the minds of the tigers, and a groan went up from the audience when the door was opened and quickly closed behind Miller, the trainer, who stood, whip and training rod in hand, in the cage with the maddened animals. He went about his work as quietly as if it were only an ordinary performance, his object being to return his pupils to their dens before further damage was done and to try to make them recognize that they were obeying him.

Depew was still crouched on the body of his victim, biting at the neck and growl-

ing ferociously, his tail lashing from side to side. Miller never took his eyes from him and kept between him and the door as he called the others by name and tried to regain control of them. One tiger after another was released, glad of the opportunity to escape, as the door to the runway was opened at Miller's signal, until only Depew, the body of Bombay and the trainer occupied the cage.

The other tigers had entered into a general free fight in the runway, but the noise of their bickering was unheeded in the excitement of the contest in the exhibition cage. Depew rose as Miller cracked his whip and approached him, and made a rush which the trainer met with his pronged training rod, driving it hard between the widely opened jaws while his whip rained blows upon the tiger's face. But he was only checked for a moment, and under his fiercer attack the trainer was forced to give ground. They were so close that the tiger could not spring, but he struck savagely with his great fore-paws and tried again and again to pass the guard which Miller maintained with the training rod, using it as a fencer uses a foil. It was an unequal contest and the trainer realized that he was beaten; Depew would not be driven from the cage. The useless training whip was discarded and a savage rush from the tiger was met by a pistol shot in the face, blank cartridge, of course, but effective for a moment. Five more shots followed in quick succession and the trainer backed quickly toward the door, when his foot slipped, he was on his back, and Depew, quick to seize the advantage, stood over him.

Every keeper connected with the show stood about the cage with the Roman candles, fire extinguishers, pistols and irons which are always kept in readiness, and any or all of them would have willingly entered to rescue the man, but experience has taught them that two cannot work together in a cage with animals. They were quick to act, and a stream of water under heavy pressure from the fire hose struck the tiger in the side, exploding fireworks scorched his skin, the din of revolver shots was in his ears, while the wads from the cartridges stung him, but he seemed conscious only of the prostrate form beneath him. At last his chance had come; the trainer who for long months had made him

do foolish things which were beneath the dignity of a royal tiger was in his power, the revolver which had so often checked him was emptied; the cruel training rod was powerless, for the hand which held it was pinned to the floor by a huge paw. Cat-like he paused to glory in his triumph, loath to give the *coup de grace* which would put his victim beyond the reach of suffering, and he stood there growling, the bloody slaver from his jaws dripping on the upturned face of the prostrate man.

Animal trainers need to think quickly and to seize the slightest moment of hesitation or indecision on the part of their pupils if they wish to be long-lived, and Miller, as he fell, had thrown his useless pistol out of the cage and uttered the one word "Load!" There was no time for that, but Tudor, seeing that the trainer had one arm free, threw his own pistol through the bars and it slid across the floor of the cage straight as a die to the outstretched hand. It was a time when fractions of a second count and Depew's hesitation robbed him of his revenge. The opened jaws were within a foot of the trainer's throat when the muzzle of the pistol went between them, and Depew, coughing and choking, drew back, his throat scorched by the burning powder, his eyes momentarily blinded by the stream from a fire extinguisher, while Miller struggled to his feet.

"People who see the crowds at my show think that I must coin money," said the Proprietor as he joined the Press Agent and the Stranger after the performance. "But that accident in the Arena to-night means a loss of fifty thousand dollars to me."

"Isn't that a high figure, even if they all die?" asked the Stranger, who had been doing a little mental arithmetic.

"For those eight, yes, although a trained tiger is worth all sorts of money, but I have purchased twenty-eight in all for that group, and the others have been killed one by one, fight-

ing among themselves. They average over a thousand apiece, for I bought only the best, and figure up the cost of their keep, transportation and trainers' salaries for three years and you will find that I am not far out. That is the difficulty of the show business in America, the public demands so much. It is a marvelous thing, when you come to think of it, to see one educated tiger; but if he wore evening clothes and played the fiddle it wouldn't impress the Americans; they would demand a full orchestra. I can give an act an hour long in Paris with one high school horse, but here they want fifty liberty horses in a bunch and only care to watch them for ten minutes. I realized that from Bonavita's act with the lions; no individual lion did very much, but the fact that there were twenty-seven of them in the cage drew the crowds. That's what made me start in with the tigers, and I intended to get a big group, but now I am back where I started from. I don't believe a troupe of tigers can ever be trained."

"Hagenbeck has them," ventured the Stranger. "They seem as tame as kittens with his show."

"That's just the point," answered the Proprietor. "They are as tame as kittens: undersized brutes which have been raised in captivity and which go through their act like domestic cats. That isn't what the public wants. A sensation—the realization that every animal in the cage is a wild animal and that he is liable to remember



"Depew, coughing and choking, drew back."



"Merritt was quick enough to get a strangle hold around the snake's neck."

it at any minute—is what holds attention. That is why I always use jungle animals when I can get them, for although they can be as well trained they always perform under protest and it makes it exciting. But the losses from fighting among themselves make it mighty expensive to keep up the big groups which the American public demands."

"That's one of the things which drove me out of the show business," said the Press Agent as he set his empty glass on the table and signaled to the waiter. "A guy named Merritt and myself had a snake show in New York a few years ago which presented the most complete collection of reptiles ever gotten together, for it contained specimens of every species of wriggler known to herpetology and a good many that were not described in the books. That man Merritt was an inventive genius and had the California sharp, Burbank, beaten a mile when it came to inventing new species. When business was dull he'd take a lot of common, ordinary snakes into the back room and with a bottle of peroxide of hydrogen and an assortment of aniline dyes he would bring out albinos and spotted and striped snakes which made the scientists open their eyes and kept 'em busy inventing new Latin names.

"His biggest success was 'The Great Two-horned Rhinoceros Serpent,' which made 'em all sit up for a month, and if I hadn't seen Merritt working over a com-

mon boa-constrictor with a pair of shark's teeth and a dish of bird lime it would have fooled me. That snake was proud of the horns which Merritt glued on his head, too, and he used to chase the other snakes around the cage and butt 'em like a giddy billy-goat. But in spite of all his ingenuity in originating new varieties, business was dropping off, for the public demanded quantity as well as quality and we had skinned the local snake market clean. We were sitting in the office one day, figuring on where we could get additions to our collection, when a stout, red-faced little man who had 'sea captain' written all over him came in and asked if we wanted any more snakes. Merritt allowed that we did if the snakes and the prices were right, and asked where we could inspect them.

"Well, I've got one that I brought from Borneo and he's on a ship down in the harbor," says the Captain. "We won't argue none about the price, for if you'll come down and take him away you can have him for nothing." That made Merritt a little suspicious, and he asked the Captain if it were his ship.

"I reckoned it was until two days ago, when that blame snake broke loose," he answered irritably. "Since then he seems to own it, and not a man jack of the crew will go below. I've tried to shoot him, but the beggar's too quick, and I want to discharge my cargo, so if you ain't afraid to tackle him, come on."

“Me afraid! Me?” says Merritt throwing out a chest. “Why, man alive, I’m the only living snake charmer who ever dared handle the dangerous Two-horned Rhinoceros Serpent, and do you think I’d weaken before a common Borneo python?”

“I dunno whether you will or not until I see you try,” says the Captain. “I’ve handled a Malay crew, which is worse than serpents, and I’ve mixed it up with most of the scum that sails the seven seas, but this blame snake’s got me bluffed, all right. He’s three fathom long, as big around as the mainmast, and made up principally of muscle and wickedness.”

“Just watch me. Watch me!” says Merritt. “I’ll use my wonderful hypnotic power and you’ll see the serpent crawl into the bag at my command, to be easily transported to this moral and elevating show for exhibition as an example of the power of mind over matter.”

“All right, professor,” says the Captain. “But if you’ll take my advice you’ll throw those shore-going togs and get into working rig before you tackle him.” Merritt was arrayed in all his finery, and if you’d ever seen him you’d know that that meant a lot, for when he was flush he could make Solomon in all his glory, or any other swell dresser, look like a dirty deuce in a new deck. He had on a light suit with checks which were so loud they drowned the music of the orchestra, and a shirt which would make a summer sunset hide its head in disappointment. Patent leather shoes with yellow tops and a white plug hat with a black band around it completed his costume, except for a few specimens of yellow diamonds which adorned his shirt front and cuffs.

“Merritt snorted contemptuously at the suggestion and we started for the ship. When we got on board he made a little speech before he went into the hold, telling the sailors about his wonderful hypnotic power and how he would exercise it to charm the serpent which was preventing their worthy Captain from reaping the rewards of his arduous toil and his hardihood in having braved the perils of the vasty deep. The sailors listened and grinned, but the Captain was getting impatient and suggested that Merritt get the snake first and give his spiel afterward, so Merritt went down the ladder with the bag over

his shoulder and we all rubbered down the hatchway to watch the capture.

“I knew what he would try to do, for I had seen him work it before. The way to get one of those big snakes is to cover his head with a bag, and then he’ll crawl in himself to get into the dark, which is a serpent’s idea of safety. The more you prod ’em the faster they’ll crawl, and that was the time when Merritt always made passes with his hands and muttered gibberish to impress the spectators. He started in according to programme as soon as he located the snake, which was half hidden among a lot of casks. The snake carried out his part and struck at the opened bag which Merritt held out to him, but instead of sticking his head in he grabbed it with his teeth, and as Merritt held on he drew him back among the barrels and there was a pretty fight. Merritt was quick enough to get a strangle hold around the snake’s neck and then it kept him busy keeping out of his coils. The Captain hadn’t lied much about the size of the python—he was about thirty feet long—and Merritt didn’t have time to use any incantation, although considerable forcible language floated up through the hatchway. They wiped the deck with each other for about twenty minutes, and Merritt had been bumped against pretty nearly every cask in the hold before he finally succeeded in drawing the sack over the snake’s head. Then it was easy, and in spite of his lack of breath the showman in Merritt asserted itself. He put the sack on the floor, and with one foot on the neck of it he prodded the snake’s body with the other while he made mysterious passes with his hands until the tip of the tail disappeared. When the sack was securely tied up the python was hoisted on deck, and Merritt, his clothing torn and soiled with pitch and the miscellaneous oily and sticky things which made up the ship’s cargo, climbed up after it.

“Did you see me?” he asked proudly, throwing out his chest. “Did you observe the wonderful hypnotic power which overcame the prowess of the serpent?”

“Yes, I noticed it, along toward the finish,” answered the Captain, grinning skeptically as he sized up Merritt’s dilapidated apparel. “But say, professor, what I can’t understand is why you didn’t get it working sooner.”



Where balancing is as necessary to success as neatness of foot.

KING OF THE KERB

CONCERNING THE COSTER AT WORK AND PLAY

BY MAY DONEY

ILLUSTRATED WITH COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON'S outdoor man is the coster. He is the Ishmael of our gutters.

A very jolly Ishmael, it is true, who is more than content to acknowledge the line of demarcation between himself and the true cockney. But, nevertheless, in a modified, twentieth-century way, he is still the wild man whose hand is against every man's, and every man's against his. He is probably the last remnant of the world's old race of wanderers—the last suggestion of the primitive man—left to the cities. He is to us town dwellers what the gypsy is to the countryside. His descent seems to spring from the same roving stock. And he is regarded, from a safe distance, with the same contempt by those who don't know him. His habits and his impulses still savor strongly of the days when tribe warred against tribe, and every man's arm was for himself and his clan. And al-

though his pitch is below the kerb, his caravan a barrow, and his beast of burden a Russian pony, a donkey, or himself, he is as free and as exclusive as any other lusty scion of the people who live under the skies. Ishmael he is, and Ishmael he chooses to remain. And the chances are ten to one that whoever goes a-fishing for information among the barrows will come back with an empty creel or a fine show of fisherman's tales. For your coster knows both how to keep silence and how to use his tongue picturesquely in defense of his jealously guarded traditions and the internal economies of his existence.

Being an outdoor man, you would expect the coster to be a sportsman, an athlete, or a player of games for the games' sake. Some people will tell you he is the one man in all London who utterly lacks the true spirit of sport. His god is the

main chance. He will do nothing unless it is likely to prove worth while. He will only exert himself for the sake of an advantage. You will find boxers, cyclists, running men—representatives, in fact, of most branches of sport—amongst the costers. But it is all done for what they can get out of it, never for the glory and the pure pleasure. And, with the exception of their donkey racing, they have no characteristic sport or game of their own.

It would scarcely be so surprising were the accusation true. The coster has always been a trader "on the edge," whether he bartered contraband goods or sold the overflow of glutted markets, whether his pitch has been upon the seashore or in the

gutter. Life has always been to him a gamble with circumstances—the laying of odds against evens. He has had no time for cultivating that higher spirit of recreation which finds the chief delight in the doing, and is ruled by the most delicate laws of propriety. Frankly, his object is to chip out a foothold for himself upon the rock of time, cling to it with all his grappling powers, and knock off anybody who climbs close enough to endanger his own position. And so, when he plays, he plays with the main object of making something out of his amusement.

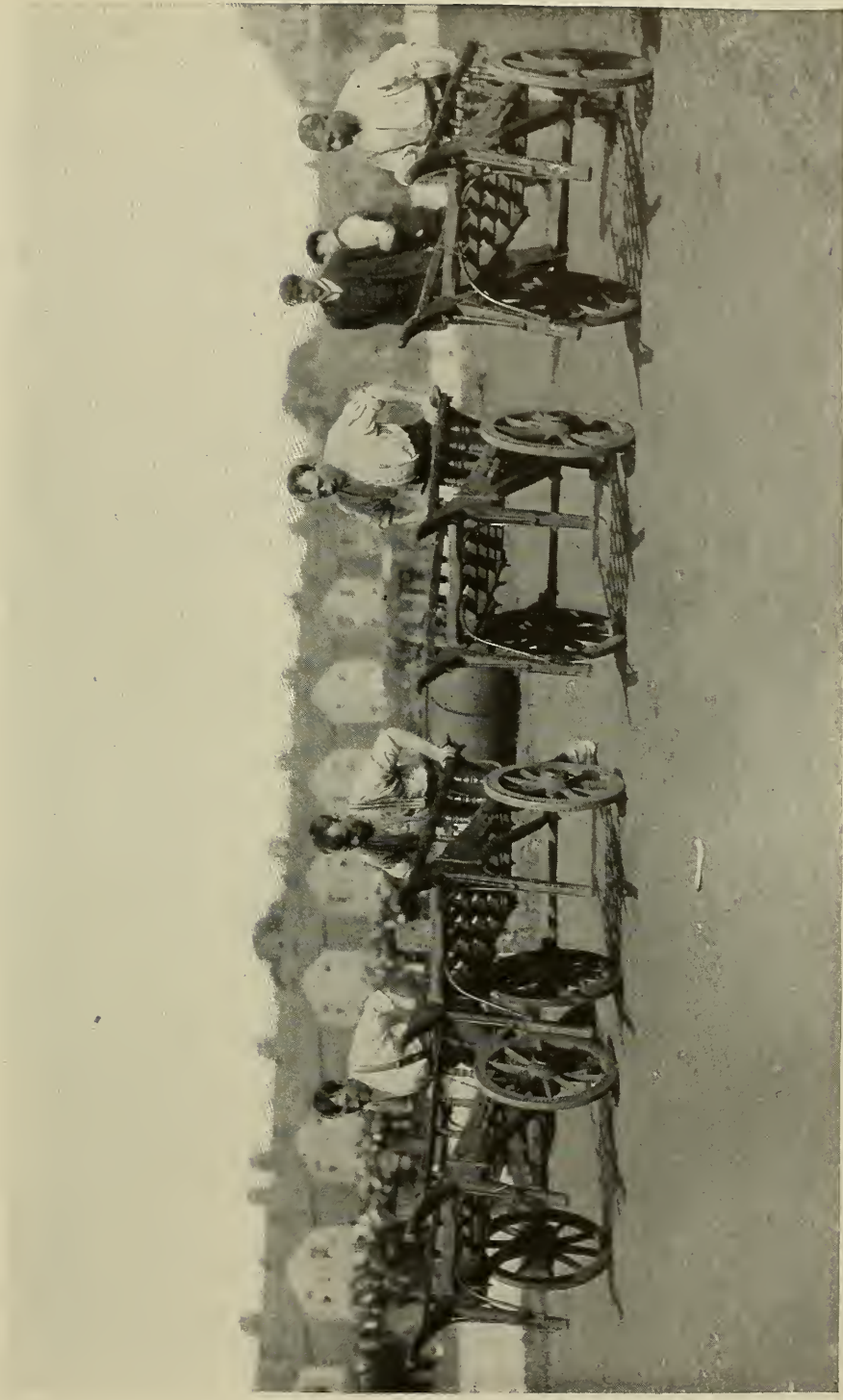
Master this fact that the coster is a born gambler, and you may consider yourself an inside spectator. Approach him fairly



The coster sometimes utilizes the "pram" between infant arrivals.



Donkey racing is the coster's one characteristic sport.



He goes in for fancy races on his own feet also.

from this point of view, stripping off all prejudices, and you begin to understand him, and to find out what a good sort he is. His faults and his virtues are those of the natural man. He has inherited them from generations of forefathers whose aim has been to "best" the world at large, but to stand by each other whenever a common or an individual danger threatened. The passion for betting is born with him, and he sucks in an added zest for it with his mother's milk. From the very first he is a creature of circumstance. From the earliest moment of his conscious experi-

sleep, his wits must shine to a razor edge, or he will be "done" by the market auctioneers. For, in order to be even with these gentlemen, you require to be able to see, if not through a brick wall, at any rate through a packing case. Take the instance of dry fruit. Your buyer is shown a sample which is everything it should be. But if he insists upon seeing the inside of each case he is going to buy, he gets his head punched for his pains. He must gamble by laying out so much upon the chance of a fair proportion of sound fruit. A coster of ambitions, who buys for others as well



The coster loads his barrow with cheap fish and soft fruit.

ence he learns that every day is a little life to itself, separated from that which comes before and after it by the special exigencies of its seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen working hours. And directly he takes an active part in his parent's trade, he finds existence one endless gamble from morning till night.

It begins with his trudge behind an empty barrow round the markets. If the previous day was a bad one he will start breakfastless. But although he may be hungry, and has had only five or six hours'

as himself, had thirty-seven boxes of apples knocked down to him at 17s. a box. When he opened them in his back-yard three out of the thirty-seven contained sound fruit! The rest was rotten. It is not uncommon for that same back-yard to smell like a sewer in consequence of such calamities. And if a man, in desperation, once in a while tries the remedy of the law, he is told that he was a fool to buy without testing the bulk, and that, as he has done so, there is no redress.

Having laid out his bit of capital, your



The second-hand booksellers line the pavement in Farringdon Road.



There is nothing you cannot buy from the King and the Queen of the kerb.

coster has to meet the next chance of the day—the chance of selling. He may have covered the length of a decent country walk before his barrow is stocked. For he is the medium between the glutted market and the poor, and a slump in any particular branch of produce is his opportunity. He may have had to visit all the markets, or he may have loaded up at his first try, with cheap fish or soft fruit. If he carries either of these he must sell out at a fair price during the day, to get his profit; for either is perishable to a degree. Often, although custom seems to burn like wildfire around his open-air counter, he is losing as fast as he uses his scales. For he is selling under cost to minimize the loss.

Can you wonder that his mind is soaked and his impulses are infected with the lust of gambling? He stakes his all, day after day, in his work. It is hardly strange, however deplorable, that he should take his pleasures in the same way, preferring games of chance and the luck of sport to the legitimate thing itself. He will lay out his last sixpence for a seat in some music hall or in a bet upon some sporting event, public or private, trusting to better luck to-morrow. He will wheel or drive his barrow to Ascot, Goodwood, etc., etc., and spend all his takings in putting a bit on this horse and that, and as likely as not come back with empty pockets as well as an empty board. He will race his bit of pony or donkey flesh against all comers, in spite of police vigilance, along the measured mile north of the old Mile End gate, or on any piece of roadway that offers facilities for evading the law, and make or lose money over the pace of the game little animal in his shafts. And he will enter that same plucky, if diminutive, steed for any legitimate racing in inclosed grounds if there is the least chance of its fiery hoofs turning up an extra gold coin or so for him. But he won't stir a finger on behalf of sport for the pure love of its cause, nor will he strain a muscle over the excitements and the triumphs that are crowned by lucreless laurels and bays.

Most people know as little about the coster's "moke" as they do about the coster himself. They picture a donkey either as a stubborn will set upon four sturdy legs that plant it four-square to the world, and wrapped in a hide that makes it imper-

vicious to forcible argument, or else as a stupid, down-trodden beast without a shred of character beyond its miserable opposition to the ills of life loaded on two wheels. But, like his or her master, Jack or Jenny Long-ears needs a deal of knowing. Half the donkeys that pull barrows are racers as well as toilers. They are innocent of training, beyond that of incessant work, and the reduction in quantity and improvement in quality of their food before the day, should their owners be prosperous. But they run like greased lightning almost. There was a famous coster event in 1879, when "Troublesome Jack" covered five miles in 18 minutes 12 seconds, beating "Bother-'Em" upon the Newmarket road! Not a bad record for a donkey. And the present champion of all London, "Tommy Hide," has earned the title of "Derby winner" by his eight conspicuous triumphs upon the road and the race-course. Welsh blood warms best to racing; but Welsh donkeys are scarce. Irish stock is not far behind, and has produced many fleet runners. A racer costs anything from £3 to £40, according to its record and its powers. But in exceptional cases the price runs higher, one renowned trotter having fetched the round sum of £80. The little sound-footed beast is as independent as its master, and turns as tough a skin to weather and hardship. Sixpence a day is the cost of its keep, and it represents the one special link between the coster and the active sporting world.

The coster takes life as he finds it, and is jolly, whatever the day brings forth. Study him at his gutter markets, and follow him to the successive fields of his amusement, during a year of his precarious life, and you will always find him full of rough humor and boisterous fun, "chipping" his mates over the day's disasters, joking upon every provocation, romping with his girl in holiday hours, and having a good time generally, in spite of untoward circumstances. From January 1st to December 31st, through all his changes of stock, from coal and coke, potatoes and dry fruit, to cheap fish, soft fruit, pot plants, and back again to coke and coal—from the winter days of music-hall visits and racing events under cover, to the halcyon seasons of the big races, the outdoor Bank Holidays, his own "Sports," and

New Barnet Fair—he rollics through the months, the most happy-go-lucky, if the keenest, fellow under the British sun. Watch him at Covent Garden early in the morning, rough with a vengeance, ready with coarse repartee, sharp as a needle, fighting for his own interests, but showing his good heart whenever some special need of kindness appeals to his finer instincts. Listen to the amazing flow of his pictorial language as he holds forth to a crowd on the subject of the desirability of his goods, passing from jest to sarcasm, from sarcasm

ready to raise a laugh out of next to nothing.

But the time to see him in his element, the time when he takes his stand—within the limitations I have mentioned—as a man of sport, is at his own “Coster Sports,” at the end of the summer. On that day, in especial, he shows what he can do. First in favor, of course, come the donkey and pony races. But he goes in for fancy races upon his own feet to a large extent also. And one of the features of the day is the basket race, a race in which the art of



The coster's sisters and sweethearts also join in the Bank Holiday races.

to inducement, from inducement to comparison in a rush of eloquence that might well be the despair of any orator of party politics. Take note of him on Saturday, his busiest day, when the naphtha lamps flare till midnight; and on Monday, his off day, when he goes sight-seeing and taking the air. Rub shoulders with him when he slips off the yoke of barrow life for a bit, and has his play. No matter where you come across him, you will find him turning a gay front to the world, and

balancing is as necessary to success as fleetness of foot. Each man carries ten round market baskets upon his head from the starting to the winning post; or rather, I should say, he should do so. For the baskets do not always reach the goal. The chief difficulty is placing the baskets in position, first of all, as every man must do this for himself. Just before the date you will see the costers practicing basket running in the streets in which the gutter markets are held, when business is a bit



The coster's "mokes" are adopted into the family.

slack. The women take their part in the day's events, too, and have their own races. Some run in their ordinary holiday clothes, some in costume, according to individual taste. You will always find that the woman, in Costerland, shares both the business and the pleasures of the man.

It is the buying and selling of beasts that draws the coster in such numbers to New Barnet Fair. For wherever there is horse-flesh, or donkey-flesh, there, just as surely, the barrow-man will be found. New Barnet Fair is one of his special gala times, and might almost be called the principal festival of the coster's year. After he has bought or sold to his liking, and has made his little deal in the live-stock sales, he gives himself up to gayety. Your coster makes his own amusement anywhere. Give him a fair with shows, shooting galleries, and steam horses, as in this case, and he will be boisterously happy, and get every ounce of enjoyment out of his spendings. Other folks call him rowdy. The truth is, he is such a seething caldron of animal spirits that both love and amusement seem flavorless experiences to him unless there is a bit of horseplay thrown in. And his "donah" and his "old dutch" are thoroughly in sympathy with him in this respect. Marie Lloyd was illustrating a true bit of character when, in her impersonation of a coster's sweetheart, she exclaimed: "Dawn't yer love me, Bill? Then whoi dawn't yer knock me abaht?"

There are degrees and ranks in Costerland. The coster proper—the blue-blooded aristocrat of the gutter market, who has sprung out generations of barrow-men, who is his own master, and who deals in perishable produce, and stakes his little fortune upon the state of the great markets—is a clannish fellow, who denies the right of his title to outsiders who ply his trade. But public opinion and the County Council regulations count any man a coster who sells from a barrow. There is the foreigner who sells fruit in the city, and does a brisk business in the lunch hour. There are the costers' men who serve the Jewish

barrow proprietors in Whitechapel. There are the dealers who buy up the clearings of the warehouses, such as haberdashery and the like, who do not take the risks of perishable stock. And there are the second-hand booksellers whose movable counters line that stretch of pavement in Farringdon Road famous in the book-buying world for its bargains and its finds. To say nothing of the gutter auctioneer, who knocks down a variety of wares to an admiring crowd at seemingly suicidal sacrifices. I verily believe there is nothing you cannot buy off the barrows. And how the poor would live without them I do not know.

Society entertainers have exaggerated the picturesque phases of coster life, and have watered down the roughness of the man with the barrow. "Pearlies" and velvet collars and wide-bottomed trousers are almost things of the past. And this good-hearted gamester of the kerb is a wild enough fellow when excited, and is not particular how many half bricks he flings about when a coster race has not finished to his liking. He is not above "doing" his own neighbors, he will undersell at a loss to knock some associate out of the running, he will generally take more than he is given in the way of concessions—such as barrow room, for instance—and he would rather go hungry to bed night after night than join forces with the local shopkeeper and agree to a fixed scale of prices advantageous to both. But he has three solid virtues that lift him above the moral level of many a man who never bets, or throws brickbats, or avowedly "bests" another.

First, he works like a Briton from the earliest hours until after nightfall, from the time when he leaves school until the day of his death. Consequently, although he never saves, he rarely becomes a pauper. Secondly, he will always give while he has. No outsider who is obviously down on his luck ever asks him in vain. And, lastly, he sticks to his womankind. Nothing is too good for his sweetheart or his wife, while he has a penny about him.



The Kaweah Group from the Side Hill camp.

THE PASS

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IX

THE SIDE HILL CAMP

The horses, too, hated to make a start. Dinkey, in especial, uttered the most heart-rending moans and groans as we cinched her up. And as for Calamity Jane, her long ears missed support entirely, and hung as the force of gravity directed.

Tuxana and Pepper, however, were delighted. They had long since terrorized all the chipmunks and Douglas squirrels and ground bears of the immediate vicinity. When we whistled "boots and saddles," as was our custom, all fell in line obediently enough, but the two dogs fairly frisked.

For several hours we wound leisurely up the defiles of Deadman's Cañon, ascending the bits of steep trails up the terraces, crossing the knee-deep meadows between them, admiring the straight, lofty cliffs on either hand, with their tiny fringe of pine trees on top, inconceivably remote, their jutting crags, like monstrous gargoyles overlooking an abyss, and their smooth, sheer sweeps in syncline of glacier-polished granite. At the foot of these cliffs were steep slopes of rock débris, thrown down by the action of frost and sun. Among them had sprouted hardy bushes, affording a cover in which we looked in vain for a possible bear. The cañon bottom contained meadows, and strips of cottonwood and quaking asp, as well as scattered junipers and cedars. A beautiful stream, the west fork of Roaring River, dropped from one clear pool to another, or meandered between clean-cut banks of sod.

A number of ground bear lived in the rocks. These are animals of the woodchuck family, about thirty or forty pounds in weight, possessed of an impudent spirit

and beautiful long fur. As they amble over the bowlders, they look to be much larger than they are. Their chief delight was to stand directly over an impregnable hiding place, and then to utter insults in a shrill, clear voice, which has earned them farther north the name of *siffleur*. At once the dogs, quivering with eagerness, would dash away. Louder and louder sounded the stream of vituperation. And then, at the very latest moment, the ground bear would quietly disappear. Pepper and Tuxana would butt their noses against the very unyielding spot where he had been. At the same instant his first cousin, residing some hundreds of feet distant, would begin to mention to Pepper the ridiculousness of her fuzzy bobtail, and to Tuxana the impression produced by her small, pink-rimmed eyes, whereupon the dogs would scramble away after this new enemy. It must have been very hard on their nervous systems, and I have no doubt that the ground bears, who are very wise and cynical in appearance, counted on these tactics to reduce their pursuers to an early imbecility. Late in the day, however, we avenged our own animals by shooting a ground bear. His carcass we used for dog meat, which we lacked; his tallow we employed for boot grease, of which we stood much in need; and his fur we gave to Billy, who admired it. Thus his end was fitting.

We camped that night in the very last grove at the timber line. Next morning we were afoot literally by daylight, and it was very cold. The old trail to the prospect holes part way up the mountains we found steep and difficult, but not dangerous. By ten we had reached, at the same point, its end and the beginning of the snow.



We wound up the sides of Deadman's Cañon.

Here we discovered that Modesto had cast a shoe—one of his nice new ones that we thought we had nailed on fast. Nothing remained but to unpack Old Slob, who carried the repair kits, and to undertake the job then and there. Wes volunteered, and while he was at it, we looked about us with some curiosity.

The miners had laboriously leveled in the granite débris two platforms for two tents. The remains of a rough forge stood near at hand. Beneath a stone still lingered, undissolved by the elements, the remains of

a pack of cards. Two or three sticks of stove wood had escaped burning.

Now what do you suppose such men expect to make out of a dubious copper prospect in such a location? In the first place, every pound of supplies would have to be packed from Millwood, Heaven knows how many miles away, or over how many mountains, and every pound of ore would have to be packed out. In the second place, it was now well on in August, yet the snows had barely receded. Two months of work a year at most are all a



We had no trouble at all in reaching the saddle.

man can hope for at such an elevation. And to cap the apparent absurdity, the mineral to be mined is not one of the precious metals.

I know of half a dozen such propositions in the length of the Sierras. And often I have seen their owners going in to the properties, old, white-bearded men for the most part, with jolly, twinkling eyes and a fund of anecdotes. Inquiry brings out that they are from Stockton or Sacramento or Fresno or some other valley town, and that they have been coming into the mountains for an incredible number of years. When you speak to them of their mines, they always look mysterious, as though there were things of which they could not talk—yet. My theory is that these ancients are jolly and lovable old frauds. They live respectably in their valley towns all winter, attending to their business and their pew rent and their social duties as staid and proper citizens. But when summer comes, the old mountaineering blood begins to stir in them. They are ashamed frankly to follow their inclination. How would it look! What an example for the young men! Deacon Brown has got tired of work, so he's going out to be a hobo! And imagine the enormity in the eyes of an industrious neighborhood of a two or three months' vacation. So these delightful old hy-

procrites invent the legend of vast interests 'way up where the snow lies; and year after year they sneak back to haunts flavored by long associations, where they do a little pick and drill work—for a man must save his own self-respect, and, besides, the game is interesting—and shoot a deer or so, and smoke a lot of strong, rank tobacco, and concoct wonderful things with onions in a covered and formidable frying-pan, and just have a good time. They

are engaging conspirators, and I advise you never to pass by one of their camps.

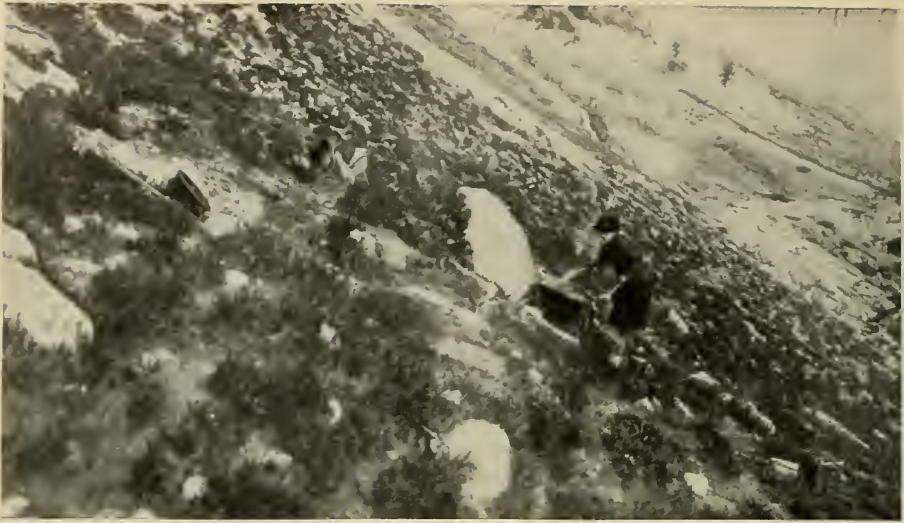
By this time Wes had finished his job. We repacked and continued on our way.

Thanks to my careful scouting of ten days before, we had no trouble at all in reaching the "saddle." At noon we called a halt there, ate our lunch, built a huge pile of rocks as a monument and congratulated ourselves that the worst was over. You see, we still clung to the Ranger's



Wes, Pepper and Tuxana become interested in food.

statement that once at the top we would have no difficulty with the other side. Already we began to plan how we would camp at the lower border of the round meadow in the rock-bound cañon below us; how next day we would go on to Redwood Meadow, and by the 26th be at Kern Lake, and so on. This is a fatal practice. Just as soon as you begin to make up your mind that you will catch some trout, or do the washing, or something of that sort



"Billy" had cooked us a good supper.

before supper, the trail is sure to lose itself, or develop unexpected difficulties, so that at the end you must cook by firelight. An inch on the map is a mighty deceiving thing.

In the meantime, however, having finished our hardtack and raisins, we poured about two spoonfuls of whiskey over a cupful of snow, and solemnly christened this place Elizabeth Pass, after Billy.* It proved to be a little over twelve thousand feet in elevation. Although we experi-

enced some difficulty and consumed some little time in getting over, the delay was because of the necessity of looking out the best route. Subsequent travelers, by following our monuments, and the field notes given in the appendix, should have no difficulty, except at one place on the ledge, of getting through. Of the ledge, more hereafter. The route should prove a good short-cut between the south fork of the King's River and the head-waters of the Kaweah.

We cached a screw-top can in the monument. It contained a brief statement of

* See S. E. corner of the Tehipite Quadrangle, U. S. Survey.



Among big, rugged cliff débris.



Resting at the top of Elizabeth Pass.

names and dates, named the pass, and claimed for Billy the honor of being the first woman to traverse it. Then we took a last look on the tumult of mountains to the north, and addressed ourselves to the task of following, as far as it led, the piece of trail I had constructed ten days before.

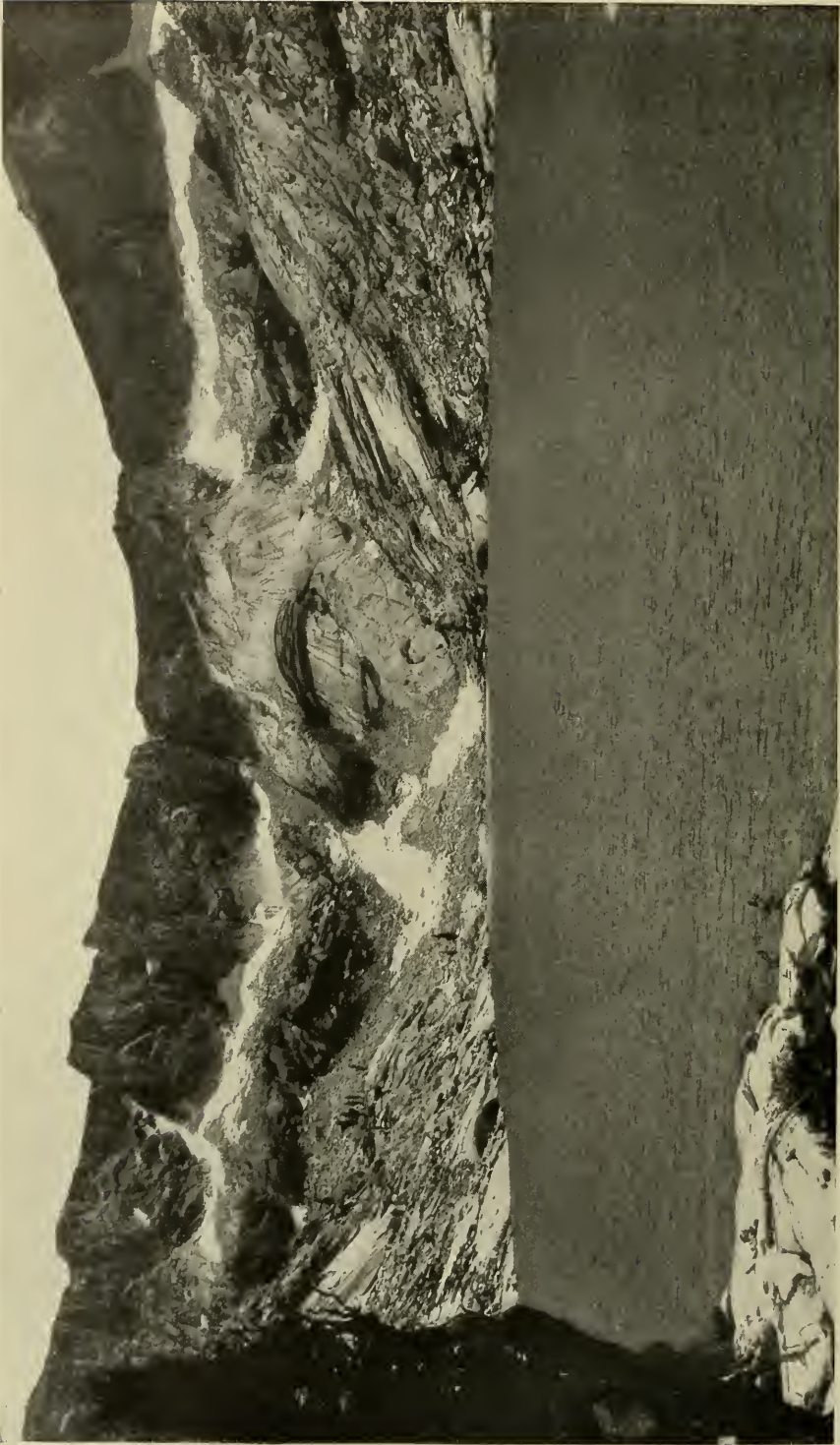
The descent for a thousand feet was almost suspiciously easy. We slid down a rather steep and stony ridge at right angles to the main system, turned sharp to the left across its shoulder, and so gained a shallow ravine. All this was over shale, stones and angular rocks the size of your

head, not to speak of half-sunken ledges, down which the horses had to slide or jump. But for all that the going, as granite country runs, was neither dangerous nor too difficult, and we congratulated ourselves that at this rate we would be able to test the coldness of the waters in the lake before even the early mountain sunset.

Up to the time we gained the head of the ravine we had traveled over uncompromising rock—and nothing else. Here, however, we waded at once knee-deep into full-blossomed blue lupins. They filled the depression between the lateral ridges, and



The thin black line across the face of the cliff is the ledge by which we descended.



The lake that Wes discovered.

flung themselves far up the slopes, hundreds and hundreds of acres of them, like a huge tapestry laid out to our honor. Their fragrance was almost overpowering, and their color paled even the intense blue of the heavens. Below they ran out into tuft-grass between the stones, and still below that were two scattered groves of lodge-pole pines and junipers.

We made our way with extra care through the lupins, for though they were beautiful, they masked the uncertainty of the footing. After awhile we came to the bunch grass, which was easier, and so through the thin mask of trees.

Below us the hill dropped off sheer in a tremendous plunge. We found afterward that it was about fifteen hundred feet. To the left we knew the upper basin to be on about the same level as ourselves. From it leaped the Kaweah over the rim of the amphitheater on which we stood, vanished from sight, and reappeared in slender filaments feeling their way through the meadow below. To the right our side hill seemed to merge in more precipitous mountains. Below the meadow the river appeared to take another plunge to another level.

The problem, of course, was to find a way from the rim to the bottom of the amphitheater. We could see the opposite side, and part of one end. Dismounting, we examined the prospect carefully through a glass. Starting at the top we would follow out inch by inch the possibilities of descent. Always the most promising ledges ended in thin air or narrowed to the point of merging with the face of the cliffs. A single streak of green, almost perpendicular and next the waterfall, offered the only possible way. It might be grassy, on soil, in which case we would be able to cut in it a zigzag trail; or it might consist of bushes, which might or might not mask an *impasse*. Our side of the basin was, of course, concealed.

It was decided that I should explore on foot to the right and below. I resolved first of all to continue as far as possible to the right on our present level. The way led first through another steep and scattered grove, past a shale slide, and so out to the ledge.

The ledge was nothing more nor less than a break in the sheer granite sweep of

a mountain some twenty-five hundred feet from summit to meadow. It was not a flat ledge, but rounded outward to the plunge. Where it joined the upper cliff a little soil had gathered, and on that soil had grown a tough, thick sod. This strip of sod, whose surface was steep as a roof, varied in width from one to several feet. I recognized the fact that while no horse could possibly walk on it, nevertheless we might be able to cut enough of a notch in it to afford footing. A cursory examination, however, soon turned me in another direction. At one point the ledge ceased for about twelve feet. Up to the beginning of that twelve feet the slender vein of sod ran unbroken; beyond that twelve feet it continued until it appeared to run out on shale. But between was nothing but hard, slippery granite, slanted away at an impossible angle to a final perpendicular drop of nearly a quarter of a mile. Unless one had a flying-machine ferry, thought I, he would hardly cross horses over that gulf.

So I turned back. The face of the mountain below where we had paused was utterly impassable. It, too, consisted of a series of inclined ledges, disconnected, and all pinching out to nothing. A man could get down afoot, by doing some dropping, some jumping, and a good deal of stout clinging. I did so, and shortly found myself looking far up the cliff and wondering how I had ever accomplished it.

That was not my pressing business for the moment, however. Turning to the left I hurried across the immense piles of debris that sloped steeply away from the cliff, crossed the stream below the waterfall, and commenced the ascent of the strip of green we had made out through our glasses.

At first I was enough encouraged to stick up a few tentative monuments. Then I struck a bad place. It is easy to slur over bad places, when you are afoot. They are easy enough for you. I wanted awfully to climb over hastily and forget it, but I knew retribution would follow later. So I canvassed all the possibilities as to that bad place, and ended by making a fresh start just below it. This time I got a trifle farther, had to reconsider again, and so made progress, a little at a time.

The mountain teased me up that way for about six hundred feet. Then she

carelessly tossed a few hundred tons of angular rocks across the way. The bushes concealed them; but they were there, and it did not take me more than ten minutes to determine the utter impracticability of that as a way down. So I threw away circumspection and climbed rapidly back to the rim of the basin.

I found the party awaiting me eagerly.

"Which way?" called Wes.

"As near as I could tell," said I, "it is no way. There's a ledge over there to the west that peters out, but which I only looked at from a distance. It may look better when you get nearer. Everywhere else is straight up and down."

"Well, let's tackle it."

"It's too big a proposition for to-day," said I; "we'd better camp."

"Where?" cried Billy, aghast.

"Here," said I.

"Why, it's right on a side hill!" she objected.

"It is," I agreed. "If you drop a kettle, it is going to roll off into space, and you'll never see it any more. The same to you, ma'am. But here's some bunch grass, and there's a bit of a stream in those big rocks yonder, and right by you is the only log of dry wood in this township."

We had a lot of fun making camp on that side hill. Using the back of the axe as a sort of pick, we managed to dig out below a boulder a level large enough to contain our fire irons. "Upstairs" fifty feet was another boulder. Above this one Billy and I, with great labor, scraped a narrow trough in which to sleep. "Downstairs" Wes did the same. He contemplated the result somewhat dubiously.

"In this country," said he, "a man has to picket himself out to sleep."

Water we dipped up cup by cup into our folding canvas pail from a single place where it showed above the massive granite debris that filled its course. We could hear it singing up through the interstices of the cool, gray rocks. Wood we chopped from the single log. It was resinous and burned quickly with a tremendous heat and much soot, but it sufficed for our simple cooking. Then we sat down and looked about us.

The meadow below was already decently on toward night. In the lake a number

of bowlders seemed to swim placidly above their own reflections. Opposite was a long, black mountain of rock whose sides were too steep to retain snow, and which showed, therefore, in the more striking contrast to the white all around its base. We called it the frozen monster, because of its shape. It belonged evidently to the crocodile family, had a blunt head, short, sprawling legs, and a long reptilian tail. The resemblance was perfect, and required but little of the exercise of the imagination such likenesses usually demand. On closing our eyes at night, the last thing we saw was this sleeping saurian, benumbed by the perpetual cold in which he dwelt. We amused ourselves speculating as to his awakening. It ought to occasion quite a stir among the old liars who always kill their grizzlies with a knife, for he was over a mile long.

Above the frozen monster towered the bleak and forbidding peaks of the Kaweah Group, running abruptly down to where a bend in the cañon concealed what must have been the beginning of the pine country. All about us, thus, were great peaks, rugged granite, snows. We looked at them from the middle point; they were co-equal with us, on our own plane of existence, like gigantic comrades. In the next two days we acquired gradually the feeling that we were living out in the air, away from the solid earth that most people inhabit—as a man might feel who lived on a scaffold above a city. Clinging to the shoulder of the mountain, we lost the assurance of level ground, but gained an inflation of spirit that for the moment measured itself by the standard of these titanic peaks.

Again, we early fell under the illusion that somehow more sunshine, more daylight, was allotted to us than to less fortunate mortals. Each morning we arose in the full sunrise, to look down on the cañon still dim and gray with dawn. Each evening we cooked supper, in the shadow, it is true, but with sunshine all about us, while plainly the cañon had set its affairs in order for the night. In time the notion took us that thus we, little atoms, were sharing some extra-human privilege with the calm giants all about us; that if we only could grow our souls to meet the rare opportunities here offered us we could enter into and understand the beautiful mys-

teries that are in the afterglows on the mountains.

A number of more prosaic considerations were likewise forced upon us. For instance, it took a fearfully long time to boil things, and a deal of hard work to get about, and still more hard work to keep the cooking fire supplied with fuel. After the sun dipped below the horizon, the snow-cold swooped like a hawk, and we soon found ourselves offered the choice of retirement at an unheard-of hour or else prolonged rustling for firewood. Now it happened that some dwarf trees, not over three or four feet high, but thick and twisted and sturdy as gnomes, grew thereabout. We discovered them to be full of pitch, so we just set fire to one each evening. It burned gorgeously, with many-colored flames, taking on strange and sinister shapes and likenesses as the coals glowed and blackened and fell. It must have puzzled the frozen monster—if he happened to uncover one sleepy eye—this single tiny star, descended from the heavens, to wink brave as a red jewel on the shoulder of the mountain.

In the night it grew to be very cold, so that the mountains looked brittle, and the sky polished, and the stars snappy like electric sparks. But we had on all the clothes we owned, and our blankets were warm. Tuxana and Pepper crawled down to nestle at our feet. Far up above we could hear the bell. The horses, as was their custom, would eat all night. Then, guided by some remarkable instinct, they would roost accurately on the first spot to be reached by the sun. There, fur ruffled like velvet, they would wait patiently the chance to warm up and snatch a little sleep.

X

THE LEDGE

By shortly after sun-up the next morning Wes and I were out. We carried with us our only implements—the axe and the short-handled shovel. The way we monumented led along the side hill, with some twisting to avoid bad outcrops and boulder stringers; diagonally through the thin grove of lodge-pole pines, and by a series of steep lacets down a coarse sand slide to the beginning of the ledge.

Here we proceeded cautiously, clinging

to projections of the rocks, and to the twisted bushes growing marvelously in their interstices. The steep, grassy strip was slippery, but testing its consistency with the back of the axe we found it solid and tough. The ten-foot precipice we climbed above, scrambling where even a goat could not have gone. We paid little attention to it for the moment. There would be plenty of time to worry over its difficulties when we had discovered the possibilities beyond.

Them we found rather good. The ledge here became a strip of very steep side hill included between two precipices. That side hill was thick and tangled with stunted brush, serrated with outcropping ledges, unstable with loose and rolling stones, but some sort of a trail through it was merely an affair of time and hard work. One ten-foot slide made us shake our heads a little, for it ended with a right-angled turn. To continue straight ahead meant departure by the balloon route. Finally, we arrived at an almost perpendicular watercourse emerging from a "chimney" in the precipice above us. It contained but a trickle of very cold and very grateful water, but in the melting of the winter snows evidently accommodated a torrent. At any rate, its boulder-filled bottom was some four feet below our level and that of the trail route on the other side.

As I have said, the bottom was boulder-filled, great big round fellows impossible to move. The banks were of cemented rubble and rock impossible to break down without powder. No horse could cross it as it was, and materials for a bridge lacked.

"Never mind," said Wes, "we'll tackle it later."

We crossed to the other side, scrambled around a bend, and found ourselves on a little flat. Just beyond the flat we could see that another steep shale slide began. We walked to the edge and looked. Instead of running off to a jump, as did every other slide on this mountain, it reached quite down to the round meadow.

"There's our way down," said Wes. "I don't know whether we can get through the cañon; but anyway we'll have horse feed, and wood and water."

We turned back, resolved now on picking our way through more in detail. The watercourse we left for the time being.

Picking a way is good fun. You must first scout ahead in general. Then you determine more carefully just where each hoof is to fall. For instance, it is a question of whether you are to go above or below a certain small ledge. You decide on going below, because thus you will dodge a little climb, and also a rather slippery-looking rock slide. But on investigation you find, hidden by the bushes, a riven boulder. There is no way around it. So, then, retrace your steps to the place where you made your first choice. The upper route again offers you an alternative. You select one; it turns out well; forks again. But you discover both these forks utterly impracticable. So back you must hike to the very beginning to discover, if you can, perhaps a third and heretofore unconsidered chance. Then, if none are good, you must cast in review the features of all your little explorations in order to determine which best lends itself to expedients. This consumes time, but it is good fun.

Wes and I took turns at it. While I picked a way, Wes followed my monuments, constructing trail. Then after a little we changed off.

Making trail for the moment consisted quite simply in cutting brush, and rolling rocks out of the way. The latter is hard on the hands. I started out with a pair of "asbestos" gloves, but wore holes in the fingers after half an hour. Then I discovered that the human skin is tougher, although by the end of the morning the ends of my fingers were wearing pretty thin. The round stones rolled off with a prodigious bounce and crash and smell of fire. When they reached the edge they seemed fairly to spring out into the air. After that we knew no more of them, not even by the sound of their hitting, although we listened intently. I suppose the overhang of the cliff threw the sound outward, and then, too, it was a long distance to the bottom. The large flat slabs gave way with a grumbling, slid and slithered sullenly to the edge and plumped over in a dogged fashion. There were a great many of these, and the trouble was that though they were all solid enough in appearance, most would give way under pressure.

"This trail is a good trail, provided the

horses behave," remarked Wes, "but," he continued, "each animal's got only one stumble coming to him."

By noon we had worked our way back to the break in the ledge. Here we ate lunch. Then we attacked the grass strip on the other side.

This was from a foot to a yard or so in width. We attempted to dig a right-angled notch in it, but found it too tough. Shortly the shovel twisted out of my hands, and as the exact hairline perpendicular was necessary to stay on earth at all, I had to watch it slide gently over the edge. We never heard it hit. After that we tried the back of the axe, but that did not work any better. Finally, we made up our reluctant minds that we would have to use the edge—and we had nothing but a file with which to sharpen it afterward. So, then, we chopped out a way, probably six inches in width, hard and firm enough, and wide enough provided no one got panicky. This was slow work, and evening caught us just as we connected with the zigzag we had made that morning down the shale.

Next day we attacked the two more difficult problems that remained. First, we cut a log ten inches through and about twelve feet long. To either end of this we attached our riatas. The tree had grown almost at the head of the shale slide. We rolled and dragged and checked and snubbed it down the slide until we came opposite the trail we had made along the ledge. This was no mean undertaking, for the weight was about as much as we could possibly handle even in the best of circumstances, and the circumstances were far from the best. At times it seemed that that log would get away in spite of us, taking our riatas with it. Then by tremendous efforts we would succeed in stopping it against a hidden ledge or a solid boulder. The thing seemed instinct with malicious life. When, finally, we would get it bedded down against some resting place, we would remove our hats and wipe the sweat from our brows and look about us with a certain astonishment that the landscape was still in place. We would eye that log a little malevolently, and we would be extremely reluctant to wake the resting devil into further movement. But as further movement was necessary, we always had to do it.

And when, finally, we had dragged our huge captive to the notch on the ledge, its disposition abruptly changed. It became sullen. We had to urge it forward an inch or so at a time, by mighty heaves. Its front end gouged down into the soil as though trying to bury itself; it butted against rocks and corners; it hung back like a reluctant dog. And whenever it thought our attention was distracted, it attempted suddenly to roll off sideways.

We soon discovered that the best method was to apply the motive power from the hinder end and the directing force from the front riata. We took turns, change about, and in what seemed to me at the moment most undue course of time, we arrived at our break in the ledge. The passage had consumed three hours. We were pretty tired, for in addition to having a heavy weight to drag, the possibilities of applying strength on such precarious footing were necessarily limited.

Here we rested. Then I climbed up the face of the mountain twenty feet to where the cliff jutted out. Around the projection I threw the loop of one of the riatas.

Then I crossed above the break to the other side of it. Wes tossed me the end of the second riata. When I had it, he shoved the log off the ledge. There it hung straight down the granite, dependent from the line I had already made fast to the projection above. Next I took in on the second riata, whereupon, naturally, that end of the log rose to my own level, and the gap was bridged.

There remained now to assure its solidity. I looped a great round boulder on my side. Then we tested every inch of hold of those two ropes, lest they slide or abrade. Wes crossed first over the new bridge, and so we went on to our second problem, well pleased with our solution of the first.

The gully we decided we should have to fill. A certain number of loose boulders and stones lay ready to our hands, but the supply of these was soon used up. We then had to carry our materials from greater or lesser distances as we could find them. This was plain hard work, at which we sweated and toiled until we had moved a few tons of granite. Then we chinked our stone bridge with smaller splinters until we considered it safe.

On the way home we paused at the log to throw sods in the crack between it and the granite apron. This was not for greater solidity, but merely to reassure our horses somewhat by making it look more like a trail.

We arrived in camp after sundown dead weary, but rejoiced to find that Billy had cooked us a good supper. The evening was a short one, and almost before the frozen monster had blended with the night, we crawled between the blankets.

Sun-up found Wes and me scrambling a thousand feet above camp, short-winded, breakfastless and disgruntled. Of course, the horses had strayed—they always do when you have a particularly hard day before you. Also they invariably stray uphill. I remember once climbing four thousand feet after Dinkey. She was plodding calmly through granite shale, and had passed by good feed to get there. Why I do not know. However, in this case we could not much blame them for seeking feed where they could, only it did seem a little unnecessary that they should be at the *upper* edge of that patch of lupins.

So we took a parting look at the snow and granite where rose the Kaweah, and the frowning black steeps of the Kaweah Group opposite, and the frozen monster sprawled in his age-long sleep. First, we rode to the shale slide. Then we led to the beginning of the ledge. Then we tied up, and began the rather arduous task of leading our animals along it one by one.

Of course, Bullet had the honor of precedence. The mere ledge was easy to him, for the footing was good enough, though limited in quantity. A misstep would have tragic consequences, but there existed no real excuse for a mountain pony's misstepping. At the log he hesitated a little; but as I walked boldly out on it, he concluded it must be all right, and so followed gingerly. After a time we reached the rounded knoll, where trouble ended. I tied him to a bush and went back for another animal. By ten o'clock everybody, including Billy, had crossed in safety. We resumed the saddle, and turned sharp to the left for what now amounted to a thousand-foot descent.

It was steep and loose. Sometimes it seemed that the horses were going to stand on their heads. Often they slid for

twenty feet, unable to do anything but keep their balance, a merry, bouncing little avalanche preceding them, their hoofs sinking deeper and deeper in the shale, until at last the very accumulation would bring them up. Then they would take another step. None but horses raised to the business could have done it. They straddled thin ledges, stepped tentatively, kept their wits about them. After a long time we found ourselves among big, rugged cliff débris. We looked up to discover what in the absorption of the descent we had not realized—that we had reached the bottom.

With one accord we turned in our saddles. The ledge showed as a slender filament of green threading the gray of the mountain.

With some pains we made way through the fringe of jagged rock, and so came to the meadow. It was nearly circular in shape, comprised perhaps two hundred acres, and lay in a cup of granite. The cup was lipped at the lower end, but even there the rock rose considerably above the level of the grasses. We were surprised to note that the round lake, which from above seemed directly adjacent to the meadow, was nowhere to be seen. Evidently it lay beyond the low stone rim down the cañon.

We rode out through the rich grasses, belly high to the horses. No animal grazed there, except the deer. The stream divided below the plunge from above to meander in a dozen sod-banked creeks here and there through the meadow, only to reunite where the lip of the cup was riven.

We rode to the top of the rock rim. The lake was indeed just beyond, but at least five hundred feet lower. We looked over a sheer precipice, which, nevertheless, had remained quite invisible from our side hill camp. This was serious. We hitched the horses in some lodge-pole pines, and separated to explore.

I found that the precipice continued to the very hind foot of the frozen monster. At one point a deep gorge opened passage to the river. A smoke of mist ascended from it dense as steam; the black rocks dripped; jagged monsters appeared and disappeared beyond the veil. Obviously nothing but a parachute would avail here.

We reported a steep side mountain, covered with brush, loose stones and rock

slides, around which it might be possible to scramble. We proceeded to do so. The journey was rough. To our right and above stood monoliths of stone, sharp and hard against the very blue sky of the high altitudes. They watched us stumbling and jumping and falling at their feet. After a great deal of work and a very long time we skirted that lake—five hundred feet above it—and found where the precipice had relented, and so made our way down to its level.

Twice more we accomplished these long jumps from one terraced meadow to another. The sheer cliff walls rose higher and higher above us, shutting out the mountain peaks. By three o'clock it had become late afternoon. The horses were tired; so were we. We should have camped, but the strong desire to see the thing through grew on us. We were now in the bottom, where grew alders and willows and cottonwoods. Occasionally we came across the tracks of the wild cattle of the mountains.

And then the river dropped again over a fall; and we had to climb and climb and climb again until we had regained the sunlight. A broad, sloping ridge, grown thick with quaking asp, offered itself. We rode along it, dodging branches, blinded by leaves, unable to see underfoot. Abruptly we burst from them into a deep pine woods, soft and still.

I was riding ahead. The woods stretched before me as far as I could see. I eased myself in my saddle. Somewhere ahead the route from the Giant Forest to Mineral King ran at right angles. Some time we would cross it.

And then, without warning, there appeared, almost under my horse's hoofs, a deep, dusty brown furrow. I reined in, staring. It did not seem possible that the thing should have happened so quietly. Subconsciously I must have anticipated some pomp and blare of trumpets to herald so important an event. The appearance of this dusty brown furrow, winding down through the trees, represented so much labor of mind and body, so much uncertainty, so many discomforts, so many doubts and fears and hopes! And now it came into view as simply as a snow plant or a fallen pine cone. All we had to do was to turn to the left. By that act we

stepped from the great shining land of adventure and high emprise to the every-day life of the many other travelers who had worn the deep furrow. For this was the Trail.

(*The end.*)

APPENDIX

On re-reading the chapters of THE PASS, it has occurred to me that some might imagine that we consider the opening of *Elizabeth Pass* an extraordinary feat. This is not true. Anybody could have done it. I have attempted merely to show how such things are undertaken, and to tell of the joys and petty but real difficulties to be met with on such an expedition. I hope the reader will take this account in that spirit.

FIELD NOTES

Regular trail into Roaring River.

Ascend west fork of river; proceed by monumented and blazed miner's trail to cirque at end of cañon.

When a short distance below the large falls, at a brown, smooth rock in creek bed, turn sharp to left-hand trail.

Climb mountain by miner's trail to old mine camp.

If snow is heavy above this point, work a way to large monument in gap. The east edge of snow is best.

From gap follow monuments down first lateral red ridge to east. This ridge ends in a granite knob. The monuments lead at first on the west slope of the ridge, then down the backbone to within about two or three hundred yards of the granite knob. Turn down east slope of ridge to the water course. Follow west side of water course to a good crossing, then down shale to grove of lodge-pole pines. Cross west through trees to blaze in second grove to westward above lake. Follow monuments to slide rock on ledge. Best way across is to lash a log, as we did. Follow monuments to knoll west of first water course. Turn sharp to left down lateral ridge for about one hundred feet. Cross arroyo to west, and work down shale to round meadow.

From meadow proceed through clump of lodge-pole pines to northwest. Keep well up on side hill, close under cliffs. Cross the rock apron in little cañon above second meadow. Work down shale ridge to west side of the jump-off below second meadow. At foot of jump-off, pass small round pond-hole. Strike directly toward stream, and follow monumented trail.

THE CLANNISH SPARROW AND THE CRICKET THERMOMETER

THE writer saw recently a queer proceeding which raised the pugnacious sparrow several degrees in his estimation. It showed that the sparrow was susceptible to kindness, and would do much to relieve an ailing member of his feathered flock. For several days the writer noticed that four or five sparrows would visit a certain place on the roof near his window; and they always brought food for another little fellow, who never tried a flight from the spot. The visiting sparrows never came empty billed. They would drop tiny morsels of food near the little sparrow. When it would begin to eat the crumbs the others would commence a great chirping, and then fly away. After watching this for a few days the writer went out on the roof and approached the lone bird. It did not flut-

ter away from him, and made no resistance when he picked it up. The sparrow was blind; its eyes were covered with a milky-like film.

HAVE you ever remarked that the chirping of crickets on a hot summer's night falls into a rhythmic beat? I wonder if you know that this beat is a very accurate thermometer? In the latitude of Boston where it first was brought to my attention, the crickets chirp about fifty times a minute at a temperature of 50°, and four chirps a minute for every degree above that. I have not been able to test this matter in other latitudes, but I am told on good authority that though the number of beats to a minute may vary, there is a ratio of increase which is almost invariable.

BAR 20 RANGE YARNS

III.—TRIALS OF A PEACEFUL PUNCHER

BY CLARENCE EDWARD MULFORD

PAINTING BY N. C. WYETH



SMOKE drifted over the table in an agitated cloud and dribbled lazily upward from the muzzle of a six-shooter. The man who held it looked searchingly at those around him.

Strained and eager faces peered at his opponent, who was sliding slowly forward in his chair. His head rolled inertly on his shoulder and the edge of his half-open shirt showed a purplish spot on its faded blue surface. For the length of a minute no sound but the guarded breathing of the onlookers could be heard. This was broken by the thud of the falling body and a nervous cough from the rear of the room. The faces assumed their ordinary nonchalant expressions, their rugged lines heavily shadowed in the light of the flickering oil lamps. Two men carried the body from the room, and the shuffling of cards and the clink of silver became audible. "Hopalong" Cassidy had objected to insulting remarks about his affliction.

Hopalong was very sensitive about his crippled leg, and was always prompt to resent any scorn or curiosity directed at it, especially when emanating from strangers. A young man of twenty-three years, when surrounded by nearly perfect specimens of physical manhood, is apt to be painfully self-conscious of any such defect, and it reacted on his nature at times, even though he was well known for his happy-go-lucky disposition and playfulness. He consoled himself with the knowledge that what he lost in symmetry was more than balanced

by the celerity and certainty of his gun hand, which was right or left, or both, as the occasion demanded.

Hopalong was an active member of the outfit representing the Bar 20, a ranch of the Pecos valley, Texas, and adjoining the town of Buckskin. He was well known throughout the cattle country, as were his chums. Many stories of him were in circulation, the morals of which were calculated to inspire respect and deference; and the reputation of his outfit was also established. Buck Peters, the foreman, Red Connors and the others were famed for their sand, marksmanship and humor. They had been tried many times and were labeled "O. K."

At the present time Hopalong was drifting home from one of his nomadic trips, and he had left his card at almost every place he had visited. There was that affair in Red-Hot Gulch, Colorado, where, under pressure, he had invested sundry pieces of lead in the persons of several obstreperous citizens, and then had paced the zealous and excitable sheriff to the state line.

He next was noticed in Cheyenne, where his deformity was vividly dwelt upon, to the extent of six words, by one Tarantula Charley, the aforesaid Charley not being able to proceed to greater length on account of heart failure. As Charley had been an ubiquitous nuisance, there were no objections as to the manner of his going, and those present availed themselves of the opportunity offered by Hopalong to indulge in a free drink.

Laramie was his next stopping place, and shortly after his arrival he was requested to sing and dance by a local terror, who informed all present that he was the only

seventeen-buttoned rattlesnake in the cow country. Hopalong, hurt and indignant at being treated like a common tenderfoot, promptly knocked the terror down, which forced him, later in the day, to separate His Snakeship from his "buttons" with a .45 caliber slug. After he had irrigated several square feet of parched throats belonging to the audience, he again took up his journey and spent a day at Denver, where he managed to avoid any further trouble.

Santa Fé loomed up before him several days later and he entered it shortly before noon. At this time the old Spanish city was a bundle of high-strung nerves, and certain parts of it were calculated to furnish any and all kinds of excitement except revival meetings and church fairs. Hopalong straddled a lively nerve before he had been in the city an hour. Two local bad men, Slim Travennes and Tex Ewalt, desiring to establish the fact that they were roaring prairie fires, attempted to consume the placid and innocent stranger as he limped across the plaza in search of a game of draw poker at the Black Hills Emporium, with the result that they were extinguished, to the chagrin and disgust of their immediate acquaintances, who endeavored to drown their mortification and sorrow in rapid but somewhat wild gunplay. After they had collected several ounces of lead apiece they had pressing engagements elsewhere, with the exception of one who remained to mark the spot.

Hopalong reloaded his guns and proceeded to the Emporium, where he found a game all prepared for him in every sense of the word. On the third deal he objected to the way in which the dealer manipulated the cards, and when the smoke cleared away he was the only occupant of the room, except a man who lay face down on the other side of the table, and a dog, belonging to the bartender, that had intercepted a stray bullet.

Hunting up the owner of the hound, he apologized for being the indirect cause of the animal's death, deposited a sum of Mexican dollars in that gentleman's palm, and went on his way to Alameda, which he entered shortly after dark and where the opening event took place.

Several hours later, as his luck was vacillating, he felt a heavy hand on his

shoulder, and missed Buck Peter's head by the breadth of a razor's edge in his belief that it belonged to the partner of the man he had just shot. He was overjoyed at seeing Buck and Red, the latter grinning as only Red could grin, and he withdrew from the game to enjoy his good fortune.

While Hopalong had been wandering over the country the two friends had been hunting for him and had traced him successfully, that being due to the trail he had blazed with his six-shooters. This they had accomplished without harm to themselves, as those of whom they inquired thought that they must want Hopalong "bad," and cheerfully gave the information required.

They had started out more for the purpose of accompanying him for pleasure, but that had changed to an urgent necessity in the following manner:

While on the way from Denver to Santa Fé they had met Pie Willis of the "Three-Triangle," a ranch that adjoined their own, and they paused to pass the compliments of the season.

"Purty far from th' grub wagon, Pie," remarked Buck.

"Oh, I'm only goin' to Denver," responded Pie.

"Purty hot," suggested Red.

"She shore is. Seen anybody yu knows?" Pie asked.

"One or two—Billy of th' Star Crescent an' Panhandle Lukins," answered Buck.

"That so? Panhandle's goin' to punch for us next year. I'll hunt him up. I heard down south of Albuquerque that Thirsty Jones an' his brothers are lookin' for trouble," offered Pie.

"Yah! They ain't lookin' for no trouble—they just goes around blowin' off. Trouble? Why, they don't know what she is," remarked Red contemptuously.

"Well, they's been dodgin' th' sheriff purty lively lately, an' if that ain't trouble I don't know what is," said Pie.

"It shore is, an' hard to dodge," acquiesced Buck.

"Well, I has to amble. Is Panhandle in Denver? Yes? I calculates as how me an' him 'll buck th' tiger for a whirl—he's shore lucky. Well, so long," said Pie as he moved on.

"So long," responded the two.

"Hey, wait a minute," yelled Pie after

he had ridden a hundred yards. "If yu sees Hopalong yu might tell him that th' Joneses are goin' to hunt him up when they gits to Albuquerque. They's shore sore on him. 'Tain't none of my funeral, only they ain't always a-carin' how they goes after a feller. So long," and soon he was a cloud of dust on the horizon.

"Trouble!" snorted Red; "well, between dodgin' Harris an' huntin' Hopalong I reckons they'll shore find her." Then to himself he murmured, "Funny how everythin' comes his way."

"That's gospel shore enough, but as Pie said, they ain't a whole lot particular as how they deals th' cards. We better get a move on an' find that ornery little cuss," replied Buck.

"O. K., only I ain't losin' no sleep about Hoppy. His gun's too lively fer me to do any worryin'," asserted Red.

"They'll get lynched some time, shore," declared Buck.

"Not if they find Hoppy," grimly replied Red.

They tore through Santa Fé, only stopping long enough to wet their throats, and after several hours of hard riding entered Alameda, where they found Hopalong in the manner narrated.

After some time the three left the room and headed for Albuquerque, twelve miles to the south. At ten o'clock they dismounted before the Nugget and Rope, an unpainted wooden building supposed to be a clever combination of barroom, dance and gambling hall and hotel. The cleverness lay in the man who could find the hotel part.

The proprietor of the Nugget and Rope, a German named Baum, not being troubled with police rules, kept the door wide open for the purpose of inviting trade, a proceeding not to the liking of his patrons for obvious reasons. Probably not one man in ten was fortunate enough to have no one "looking for him," and the lighted interior assured good hunting to any one in the dark street. He was continually opening the door, which every newcomer promptly and forcibly slammed shut. When he saw men walk across the room for the express purpose of slamming it he began to cherish the idea that there was a conspiracy on foot to anger him and thus force him to bring about his own death. After the door had

been slammed three times in one evening by one man, the last slam being so forcible as to shake two bottles from the shelf and to crack the door itself, he became positive that his suspicions were correct, and so was very careful to smile and take it as a joke. Finally, wearied by his vain efforts to keep it open and fearing for the door, he hit upon a scheme, the brilliancy of which inflated his chest and gave him the appearance of a prize-winning bantam. When his patrons strolled in that night there was no door to slam, as it lay behind the bar.

When Buck and Red entered, closely followed by Hopalong, they elbowed their way to the rear of the room, where they could see before being seen. As yet they had said nothing to Hopalong about Pie's warning, and were debating in their minds whether they should do so or not, when Hopalong interrupted their thoughts by laughing. They looked up and he nodded toward the front, where they saw that anxious eyes from all parts of the room were focused on the open door. Then they noticed that it had been removed. The air of semi-hostile, semi-anxious inquiry of the patrons and the smile of satisfaction covering the face of Baum appealed to them as the most ludicrous sight their eyes had seen for months, and they leaned back and roared with laughter, thus calling forth sundry looks of disapproval from the innocent causers of their merriment. But they were too well known in Albuquerque to allow the disapproval to approach a serious end, and finally, as the humorous side of the situation dawned on the crowd, they joined in the laugh and all went merrily.

At the psychologic moment some one shouted for a dance and the suggestion met with uproarious approval. At that moment Harris, the sheriff, came in and volunteered to supply the necessary music if the crowd would pay the fine against a straying fiddler he had corraled the day before. A hat was quickly passed and a sum was realized which would pay several fines to come and Harris departed for the music.

A chair was placed on the bar for the musician and, to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker" and an assortment of similar airs, the board floor shook and trembled. It was a comical sight and Hopalong, the only wall-flower besides Baum and the sheriff,

laughed until he became weak. Cow-punchers play as they work hard and earnestly, and there was plenty of action. Sombreros flapped like huge wings and the baggy chaps looked like small, distorted balloons.

The Virginia reel was a marvel of suppleness, exaggerated grace and the quadrille looked like a free-for-all for unbroken colts. The honor of prompter was conferred upon the sheriff, and he gravely called the changes as they were usually called in that section of the country:

“Oh, th’ ladies trail in
An’ th’ gents trail out,
An’ all stampede down th’ middle.
If yu ain’t got th’ tin
Yu can dance an’ shout,
But yu must keep up with th’ fiddle.”

As the dance waxed faster and the dancers grew hotter, Hopalong, feeling lonesome because he wouldn’t face ridicule, even if it was not expressed, went over and stood by the sheriff. He and Harris were good friends, for he had received the wound that crippled him in saving the sheriff from assassination. Harris killed the man who had fired that shot, and from this episode on the burning desert grew a friendship that was as strong as their own natures.

Harris was very well liked by the majority and feared by the rest, for he was a “square” man and the best sheriff the county had ever known. Quiet and unassuming, small of stature, and with a kind word for every one, he was a universal favorite among the better class of citizens. Quick as a flash and unerring in his shooting, he was a nightmare to the “bad men.” No profane word had ever been known to leave his lips, and he was the possessor of a widespread reputation for generosity. His face was naturally frank and open; but when his eyes narrowed with determination it became blank and cold. When he saw his young friend sidle over to him he smiled and nodded a hearty welcome.

“They’s shore cuttin’ her loose,” remarked Hopalong.

“First two pairs forward an’ back!—they shore is,” responded the prompter.

“Who’s th’ gent playin’ lady to Buck?” queried Hopalong.

“Forward again an’ ladies change!—Billy Jordan.”

Hopalong watched the couple until they swung around and then he laughed silently. “Buck’s got too many feet,” he seriously remarked to his friend.

“Swing th’ girl yu loves th’ best!—he ain’t lonesome, look at that—”

Two shots rang out in quick succession and Harris stumbled, wheeled and pitched forward on his face as Hopalong’s sombrero spun across his body. For a second there was an intense silence, heavy, strained and sickening. Then a roar broke forth and the crowd of frenzied merry-makers, headed by Hopalong, poured out into the street and spread out to search the town. As daylight dawned the searchers began to straggle back with the same report of failure. Buck and Red met on the street near the door and each looked questioningly at the other. Each shook his head and looked around, their fingers toying absently at their belts. Finally Buck cleared his throat and remarked casually, “Mebby he’s following ’em.”

Red nodded and they went over toward their horses. As they were hesitating which route to take, Billy Jordan came up.

“Mebby yu’d like to see yore pardner—he’s out by Buzzard’s Spring. We’ll take care of *him*,” jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the saloon where Harris’s body lay. “And we’ll *all* git th’ *otl’rs* later. They can’t git away for long.”

Buck and Red nodded and headed for Buzzard’s Spring. As they neared the water hole they saw Hopalong sitting on a rock, his head resting in one hand while the other hung loosely from his knee. He did not notice them when they arrived, and with a ready tact they sat quietly on their horses and looked in every direction except toward him. The sun became a ball of molten fire and the sand flies annoyed them incessantly, but still they sat and waited, silent and apologetic.

Hopalong finally arose, reached for his sombrero, and, finding it gone, swore long and earnestly at the scene its loss brought before him. He walked over to his horse and, leaping into the saddle, turned and faced his friends. “Yu old sons-of-guns,” he said. They looked sheepish and nodded negatively in answer to the look of inquiry in his eyes. “They ain’t got ’em yet,” remarked Red slowly. Hopalong straightened up, his eyes narrowed and his face

became hard and resolute as he led the way back toward the town.

Buck rode up beside him and, wiping his face with his shirt sleeve, began to speak to Red. "We *might* look up th' Joneses, Red. They had been dodgin' th' sheriff purty lively lately, an' they was huntin' Hopalong. Ever since we had to kill their brother in Buckskin they has been yappin' as how they was goin' to wipe us out. Hopalong an' Harris was standin' clost together an' they tried for both. They shot twice, one for Harris an' one for Hopalong, an' what more do yu want?"

"It shore looks thataway, Buck," replied Red, biting into a huge plug of tobacco which he produced from his chaps. "Anyhow, they wouldn't be no loss if they didn't. 'Member what Pic said?"

Hopalong looked straight ahead, and when he spoke the words sounded as though he had bitten them off: "Yore right, Buck, but I gits first try at Thirsty. He's my meat an' I'll plug th' fellow what says he ain't. Damn him!"

The others replied by applying their spurs, and in a short time they dismounted before the Nugget and Rope. Thirsty wouldn't have a chance to not care how he dealt the cards.

Buck and Red moved quickly through the crowd, speaking fast and earnestly. When they returned to where they had left their friend they saw him half a block away and they followed slowly, one on either side of the street. There would be no bullets in his back if they knew what they were about, and they usually did.

As Hopalong neared the corner, Thirsty and his two brothers turned it and saw him. Thirsty said something in a low voice, and the other two walked across the street and disappeared behind the store. When assured that they were secure, Thirsty walked up to a huge boulder on the side of the street farthest from the store and turned and faced his enemy, who approached rapidly until about five paces away, when he slowed up and finally stopped.

For a number of seconds they sized each other up, Hopalong quiet and deliberate with a deadly hatred; Thirsty pale and furtive with a sensation hitherto unknown to him. It was Right meeting Wrong, and Wrong lost confidence. Often had Thirsty Jones looked death in the face and laughed,

but there was something in Hopalong's eyes that made his flesh creep. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

He glanced quickly past his foe and took in the scene with one flash of his eyes. There was the crowd, eager, expectant, scowling. There were Buck and Red, each lounging against a boulder, Buck on his right, Red on his left. Before him stood the only man he had ever feared. Hopalong shifted his feet and Thirsty, coming to himself with a start, smiled. His nerve had been shaken, but he was master of himself once more.

"Well!" he snarled, scowling.

Hopalong made no response, but stared him in the eyes.

Thirsty expected action, and the deadly quiet of his enemy oppressed him. He stared in turn, but the insistent searching of his opponent's eyes scorched him and he shifted his gaze to Hopalong's neck.

"Well!" he repeated uneasily.

"Did yu have a nice time at th' dance last night?" asked Hopalong, still searching the face before him.

"Was there a dance? I was over in Alameda," replied Thirsty shortly.

"Ya-as, there was a dance, an' yu can shoot purty damn far if yu was in Alameda," responded Hopalong, his voice low and monotonous.

Thirsty shifted his feet and glanced around. Buck and Red were still lounging against their bowlders and apparently were not paying any attention to the proceedings. His fickle nerve came back again, for he knew he would receive fair play. So he faced Hopalong once more and regarded him with a cynical smile.

"Yu seems to worry a whole lot about me. Is it because yu has a tender feelin', or because it's none of yore damn business?" he asked aggressively.

Hopalong paled with sudden anger, but controlled himself.

"It's because yu murdered Harris," he replied.

"Shoo! An' how does yu figger it out?" asked Thirsty, jauntily.

"He was huntin' yu hard an' yu thought yu'd stop it, so yu came in to lay for him. When yu saw me an' him together yu saw th' chance to wipe out another score. That's how I figger it out," replied Hopalong quietly.

"Yore a reg'lar 'tective, ain't yu?" Thirsty asked ironically.

"I've got common sense," responded Hopalong.

"Yu has? Yu better tell th' rest that, too," replied Thirsty.

"I know yu shot Harris, an' yu can't get out of it by making funny remarks. Anyhow, yu won't be much loss, an' th' stage company 'll feel better, too."

"Shoo! An' suppose I did shoot him, I done a good job, didn't I?"

"Yu did th' worst job yu could do, yu highway robber," softly said Hopalong, at the same time moving nearer. "Harris knew yu stopped th' stage last month, an' that's why yu've been dodgin' him."

"Yore a liar!" shouted Thirsty, reaching for his gun.

The movement was fatal, for before he could draw, the Colt in Hopalong's holster leaped out and flashed from its owner's hip and Thirsty fell sideways, face down in the dust of the street.

Hopalong started toward the fallen man, but as he did so a shot rang out from behind the store and he pitched forward, stumbled and rolled behind the bowlder. As he stumbled his left hand streaked to

his hip, and when he fell he had a gun in each hand.

As he disappeared from sight Goodeye and Bill Jones stepped from behind the store and started to run away. Not able to resist the temptation to look again, they stopped and turned and Bill laughed.

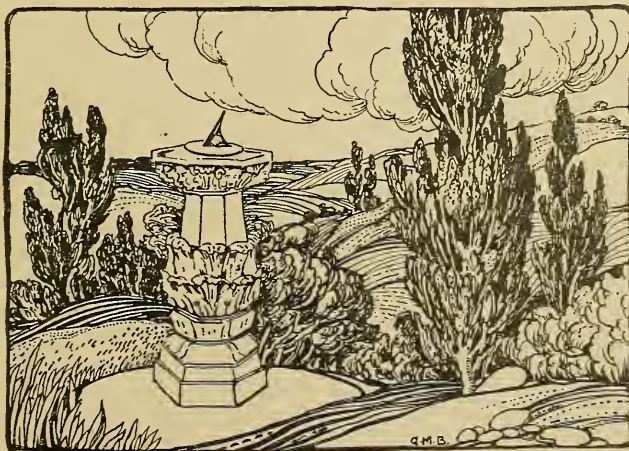
"Easy as h—l," he said.

"Run, yu fool—Red an' Buck'll be here. Want to git plugged?" shouted Goodeye, angrily.

They turned and started for a group of ponies twenty yards away, and as they leaped into the saddles two shots were fired and they crashed headlong to the ground, Bill over the body of his brother. As the reports died away Buck and Red turned the corner of the store, Colts in hand, and, checking their rush as they saw the saddles emptied, they turned toward the street and saw Hopalong, with blood oozing from an abrasion on his cheek, sitting up cross-legged, with each hand holding a gun, from which came thin wisps of smoke.

"Th' son-of-a-gun!" said Buck, proud and delighted.

"Th' son-of-a-gun!" echoed Red, grinning.



A STERN CHASE

BRUIN SETS THE PACE

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

PAINTING BY PHILIP GOODWIN



BYOND the wing of ridges that flank Bald Mountain in the north, westward swung the trail. By quirk and turn, hunting patiently all the sinks and windfalls in that

broken land, the way kept onward; and through the tangle went the pair of us, spurred on by the call of hope.

Underfoot, the spring's last flaw of snows had spread the woods with slush; and the trees, overburdened, slipped their loads at a touch and drowned us in the downpour. But who in the heat of it—agog, as we were, with expectancy—would stop to reckon discomfort? Draining water like two nixies in a brook, we tore our way through the copses, going at a clinking gait, for our friend, black bruin, had left his den beyond, hunting the thickets for food, and wild in the quest for it. To-day he might be there, or to-morrow gone; it was a time for haste and we hurried.

Once Henry stopped and leaned his rifle against a tree. "Fine walkin', this!" he mumbled, easing the strips of his pack. "Have ye had yer fill of it?" For this, as he said, would be but the beginnings of it. "Ye'll mind what's yon!" he cautioned.

Admonition waved a warning finger; we knew the place of old. A year before we had wounded a moose that fled into the dense covers for sanctuary, and time had not weaned us of the memory. The place—far and near as we knew it—was a man-trap of the wilderness, hill upon hill rising

island-like from a flat of cedar swamp and moraine, a weeping tangle of bog land set about the heights and drowned under by every drench of rain. If bruin kept to the high ground, all well and good to our purpose; we might trail him in this open country. But once he slid wallowing among the lowlands, cruising by the brakes and quagmire, we would have no chance but to swim for it, or go and whistle for our pains.

"Well?" asked Henry, quizzically; and when I nodded, grinned. "On we go, then," he cried, hitching the pack to his shoulders; "on we go an' the divvil take the hintmost!"

Making no choice of the way, he plunged on down the slope, going like a cat for silence, but setting a wearying pace. Around us the forest walls closed in; the long aisles of hardwood gave over to matted tangles of bush, and a runnel that had come boiling down its channel of anchor-ice dipped suddenly, and in quick silence drained away into a seeping pool among the alders. Splashing through the flood, we toiled to the long heights above; and there, spread out brown and drear, lay the rolling panorama of treetops that cloaked a forbidding land. Far behind us lay the mountain we had left, and beside that Nictau and the roaring Tobique. Clouds hid the rocky peak; but while we watched, a sudden gust smote the sailing vapor, and through the rift one wet gleam of sunshine poured down upon the crags, flooding the pinnacle with light. Its slides, laid with snow, glared blue-white and dazzling; below, a fringe of gloomy conifers shrouded it and lifted their tall spires toward the sky. Again came the wind, and the clouds, herding like a sheep flock, poured against

the rocky slopes, dropping a gray wall of blankness to hide it from our view.

We went along. By hill and hill we won our way through the tumbling country; and there, on the edge of a rolling mound, Henry stopped and peered through the matted tangle at our right. Below us was another little stream, clinking its way along the rocks, and beyond that a second hill, a wide slope dressed with cedar scrub and rank, upstanding files of hemlock. "It's yon!" he whispered, pointing cautiously; "there'll be the tasey that holds him; and by the way of him, I'll mind he comes this way agin!" Leaning his pack against a tree, he eased the heavy burden on his shoulders, looked sharply along the hollow, and beckoned me to push on. At tiptoe, fairly, we crept the forest then, conning every thicket as we passed, knowing that who hopes to see bruin first must see sharply, and going like shadows through the woods.

"Wait!" said Henry, turning swiftly to one side. "Look!" he whispered beneath his breath; "there 'll be the works of him when he first turned loose in his hungriness!"

Stamped on the snow—old but still cut vividly—were the pad-marks of our friend, zigzagging the bush. "Aye—the bigness of it!" cried Henry, grinning with eagerness, and pointing to the sign. "Aye—I told you true!"

Together, like Crusoe spying on his cannibal track, we leaned down and hand-spaced the length and breadth of it. For, taking the measure from the snow, this was no puny weakling of last year's litter, but a matchless big one, a royalty swaggering among the clans, gaining in bigness as time had brought him age and wisdom.

He had come up out of the thickets below wild in his quest for food. Once a rotting stump had tempted him—with flying claws he rent it to the butt, hunting remorselessly for that one poor mouthful to reward him; and there on the snow a dot of bloody slaver marked the final curtain to another small tragedy of the wild. There he had gone wallowing on all fours, smashing at the leaping, terror-stricken mite of fur till he had it crunched in his slaving jaws; and roused by this taste of food, he had gone back to drag out the wrecked fabric of the mouse-nest and strew

it along the woods. Goaded his famine with the scent, he charged about, pawing over the litter; and when the hunger-just drove him onward, he nosed along the covers like a stoat, sniffing every cranny as he passed. Nothing escaped him; even the last mouse streaking it from the winter's ruined tenement was tracked out patiently from its hiding; for there on the trampled snow we saw all the story of this foray broadly printed—destruction stalking on its way.

"God!" cried Henry, staring at the ruin; "he'll fairly slobber wi' the pain of it!"

He stood up, then, from his scrutiny, and cast an eye warily about the bush. "He'll have gone straight on," he said, waving a hand toward the south; "straight on to a fillin' meal. Round that hill, yon, is the leavin's of a dead caribou—mostly bones, but a pickin' enough to holt him. He'll be back to it, I mind!"

We picked up the track and followed. "Aye—look at him!" cried Henry, pointing to a new work of ruin on the snow. But going on a rod or two I saw him halt abruptly, toe up the ground with his larrikin, and stand there, a look of wonder in his eye. "What's this, now?" he cried, looking back to me.

Marking the slush was a new string of foot-prints coming up out of the hollow below, a track of moccasins, turning abruptly as they came to the bear's, and then taking on a ways. Henry studied them in bewilderment. "See!" he cried, sticking his own foot into the mark; "it 'll not be foot of mine! Some one will have been along here yester noon!"

The newcomer had kept to bruin's track but a rod or two; and then turning abruptly, swung off at a stride over the crest of the height. Henry, following, spied on the footprints, one by one, going a piece into the bush; and then came swiftly back, all ruffled by his finding. "'Twill be that slinkin' poacher Good!" he cried, tossing up a hand; "him yon from the Tobique. They'll say he come up this ways a fortnight agone!"

"Good—not much in a name, Henry!"

And Henry shook his head sourly. Aye—not much; the fellow had been that way, too, a year gone by, filling all the bush with his devilments. Not only had he laid snares for everything of fur from bear to

marten—which was lawful enough; of course—but had set dead-falls in a dozen passing places of the moose and caribou, using their meat to bait his stinking traps. Henry scowled at the remembrance. One that he found had already done its work—a cow-moose lay under the fallen beam, its back broken, and the ground about it mute evidence of the agony of this ignominious death. “Paugh!” snapped Henry, in disgust: “I took a day, on the sight of that, followin’ the blaggard’s line; and he’ll take no good of me for the wreckin’ I made of the works he’d set up in the bush!”

Grunting in disdain, he waved the way along. Good, no doubt, would return shortly to lay a trap for bruin; and so, for all our toil, the hunt seemed ended, almost before it was begun. “Unless,” said Henry, speaking his thought, “unless we hang to our tommy bear, an’ take chance of lickin’ a bullet into his hide afore he sees us an’ flits!”

But how long must we trail for a sight of him? Henry hunched his shoulders in apt expression of doubt. “No tellin’s,” he answered, after a pause, “or not at all. It’s only but a piece of the luck.” As he said, our best chance had been to pick up bruin nosing about the caribou bones, but now this Good, knocking among the covers, had found the works, and would make haste to head off the brute with his traps. Yet Henry was slow to defeat. “Come,” he said, grinning anew, “there’ll maybe chances yet. We’ll just but take a look at the carcass, yant!”

In that long flat beyond the sea of ridges one piece of woods looked for all the world like any other piece, but the way was clear to Henry. He fixed his gait at starting, climbed to leeward above the trail, and slashing through the cover, we picked up that dot in the wilderness—or Henry did—without a check to halt him. But approaching nearer, the finding made itself an easy mark; a gust of wind drifting up the hill brought us its token. There lay our goal, an unspeakable vender, crying its wares loudly, but large in its appeal to such wayfaring kin of the forest as the gaunt starveling we tracked. “Ugh!” muttered Henry, wrinkling his face.

Our friend had come that way again. But he had gone, too. Henry and I, stealing close, found the tracks where he came

in from the nearest thicket and rooted among the bones. “Aye, he’ll be back!” said Henry in a whisper, “he’s been back, and once agin he’ll come.”

Havoc had been made of the carcass. The skull was gone, and along with that a greater part of the heavy bones, but there still remained enough of it, as Henry said, to draw him back again. “He’ll not be far!” he whispered, the light of excitement in his eye; “we’ll but take a sweep through the bush, now, and make sure of it!”

So leaving this grisly relic undisturbed we bore off to leeward again, and with a wide swing circled the dense tangles lying under the height. A mile beyond, there were Good’s footprints dotting the snow anew, but as they pushed away from the high ground where lay the caribou bones Henry passed along. Rounding out the circle, we returned to our own tracks of the morning, and in that distance found no sign of bear. Henry grinned with glee. “He’ll lie in yon,” he cried, waving a hand toward the broad basin we had edged. “By dusk he’ll be movin’ agin, and if I have the rights of it, we’ll nab him back at his feast some time by the dusk.”

Between us we talked it over. We would hunt a night chance, said Henry, for night was not so far away, and when we had laid a camp, go back and wait in the dusk for bruin. That seemed good enough—there would be need of warmth and comfort after this day’s drenching and weariness. So we pushed back toward the place of bruin’s feast, and drifting down a blind gully, hunted the choicest spot to camp. Before long we found it, too—a running brook, a tall rock to hold the fire’s heat, dry wood in a neighboring windfall, and a small hollow where the raw north wind should not hunt us out.

Already the sun had dipped toward the edges of the trees, and a duskiness began to gather in the basins of the hills. “Not so bad, hey?” ventured Henry, unlimbering the axe at his belt. “I’ve seen worse, many’s—”

The words broke off short. I saw him start, his nostrils thinning crisply, and lowering the axe, turn his head slowly toward the hill.

“Hark—d’ye hear *that!*” he cried sharply. “Listen!”

Already I had heard it, and stood there



"Again he reared, a thing bestial and fearful."

Painting by Philip R. Goodwin.

wondering. The wind, drifting away to its night rest, had died among the trees, and a deep silence hung over the forest wild. Then came that sound anew—a cry low and mournful, raised like a far-off shout of distress, coming through the distance in a whisper, but speaking loudly its miseries. "Jump alive!" screamed Henry, snatching up his axe, "come on—it's *him!* He'll ha' stuck his paws into trouble!"

So Good, it seemed, had got there before, and if we had but stuck to the man's tracks that day, we had found it. Henry took the brook at a single jump, floundering perilously on the shore ice, and with me tumbling along at his heels, rushed the height like a deer. That camp-chance behind us we never saw again. The first spurt took us to the crest, and turning with a shout to urge me faster, he plunged on, helter-skelter, the speed of the wind in his legs.

"Henry — Henry!" I yelled to him, "slow down!"

The pace was killing; he turned, waited till I ranged alongside, and took to his heels again. There was no stopping him a while, I saw, so I clenched my teeth together, held on, and ran like a sprinter with his eyes on the tape ahead. Once he tripped on a twig sunken in the snow, sprawled headlong, and while he was gathering himself together I caught up and passed him. But my lead was soon undone; he came up behind me like a whirlwind, yelled again to drive me on, and together we went down those long stretches of open woods, racing with all the good there was in us.

Again we heard that voice of anger and dismay, whimpering and distressful, and at the sound we halted in our tracks, listened and plowed on again. "Over the hill, yon!" gasped Henry under his breath, and waved a hand toward it. I nodded; it was no time for words. Zigzagging among a set of windfalls he stopped suddenly, and crouching peered once swiftly along the forest floor. "Bustle up!" he urged again, and after another short burst held up a warning hand.

Just beyond was a long level stretching the top of the hill. "Listen!" warned Henry, tilting his head, his ear cocked sideways. "D'ye hear?"

I listened, but heard nothing save the drowning roar of blood surging in my ears.

Dropping to a log, I tried to hear again, and held my breath till my lungs burned. "Szzz!" hissed Henry, "will ye hear him *now!*"

Close under the hill arose that bawl of rage and pain again—after that came a crashing in the bush—a clang of metal on the rocks—and silence. Henry leaned toward me, his eyes glittering. "He'll be hard workin' away at it!" he whispered, and beckoned me to rise. "He's but close to that ragged beech, yon—the one with the rock at the butt of it. Go slow!"

Then—so close that the echoes of it shuddered in our ears—he uttered his resentment and distressed alarm. The cry left him pitched coarse and menacing, a bestial threatening of his fury; yet at the end of it was a small human whimper, a little tremolo of fear, perhaps, or at least of uncertainty. Breasting a way through the shield of thickets, we had come so close that we could hear the long sobbing breaths he drew as he wrestled with the devilment of steel. Again it clanged as he struck it against a tree—a coughing, half-uttered growl broke from him, and in the stillness that came after it we heard his fangs go crunching in a shocking rage against the hardened metal. Once more he bawled—then we saw him.

Thrusting aside the bush, he rolled out into the open, a mountebank of fur, clown-like in his movements, and terrible! Blood streaked his slaving jaws where he had bitten at the trap, and his little eyes, set deeply like a pig's, glimmered evilly. As he trod forward, limping, the clog, dragging on its chain, clinched against the roots of the beech tree, and halted him with a jerk. We saw the trap had him by the wrist—he stretched out his foreleg as the chain snatched back on him, and again—clown-like—the hulking shape of fur sat down and tried to yank it free. But the strength of it—this or his own keen agony was too much. He bundled forward on three legs, freed the clog, and then, like a fiend in his passion, stood up hugging the trap to his breast and struck the tree, again and again, baresark in his rage.

Once I had seen a caribou with a flap of hide hanging at its shoulder, and wondered what had done it. This told me. Under those strokes of his the bark flew like missiles, and every blow scored through to

the wood beneath. But this sudden flight of passions ended as swiftly as it came; he dropped back and whimpering anew, mawed over the griping steel. Poor clown! All his craft, his wit and cunning, come to an end like this! There was his long-played comedy turned at one quick stroke into the tragedy of the trapped thing! But who thinks of the pity of it—who remembers when the hot lust of killing sweeps backward at a leap to the unlost instincts of primality? Yet there could be no sport in this killing—only a needful brutality to put the poor trapped thing out of its agony. I wished, I know, that in the killing poor bruin matched it more on even terms—that he stood a better chance for it.

But the murder was spared us. We lay there a moment, quietly, Henry watching with a slow doubt in his eyes. "It's the waste of a bullet," he muttered, shaking his head, "and a mean way to slaughter the brute. Now——"

It must have been Henry's uncautious movement that he saw—he reared, snarling till the broken tushes showed, and with the trap dangling before him, stood there, searching out these creatures that had brought him torment. But fear, coming then, swept down all the courage of his rage, and with a turn so swift that it was like the flitting of a shadow through the leaves, he rolled back into the bushes and was gone!

"Hob!" roared Henry, snatching up his rifle.

All the forest roared upon the sound of that bullet driven into the thicket's depth. Rising from the silence, echo filled the woods with busy sound; hill after hill took up the clattering detonation, but after that came a long-drawn stillness as if the solitude, awed, stood listening. The bullet had gone astray; down the hill a crash of breaking twigs aroused us, and with his rifle swung before him Henry raced away, smashing through the woods and following hot upon the passing trail. My choice was left me—I might stand there the night through, gazing blankly at that dead wall of bushes, the gateway of the flitting quarry; or, on the other hand, pursue the trail for company. I ran, taking up the track and pumping onward, and there at the foot of the slope was Henry, once more urging onward with his shout. "Gone!"

I heard him cry, waving his hand toward the south. There beside the trail lay the trap, its jaws grimly clinched and in their grip a few rags of fur that spoke the tale in a word. Gone! The great brute had wrought liberty for himself by strength of terror where rage and pain had failed him—terror, the greatest passion of all! Looking forward, I saw Henry leap aside; he stooped to peer among the trees and his rifle jumped to his shoulder. Once more the silent woods thundered full of sound; there was Henry running on, and night already was closing down upon us. There were no regrets now to lend us their delay. Bruin matched us fairly even, and I followed onward, exulting.

I picked up Henry on the hilltop where he stood looking off toward the south.

"He's gone away!" he cried with a grin, wiping the sweat from his brow, "and 'twill be the divvil a hunt to catch him. But I touched him the last shot. Will ye look at that!"

He pointed to the ground beside him, and I saw, soon enough, that bruin had been singed. Like bulletins of the fact, there on the snow were the marks of it—a little splash of blood—another—then a chain of dots. There was no telling how deep the lead had bitten—but not too deep, we saw soon enough. There was haste and power yet in the length of strides that showed there on the snow, and Henry grinned as he regarded them.

"Well," he said, still grinning, "there 'll be no slaughterin' him yon so easy as I thought. Aye, but they're slimsy! Did ye note the quickness of him?"

Resting his pack against a tree, he shrugged his shoulders into the straps, and bent down to examine the track anew.

"Well, one time's as good as another," he cried glibly; "we'll just follow on a while. Mebbe he'll stop to lick his paw. If ye're fair to stay along with him, we'll have that fellow yet!"

So we picked up the trail and followed. Taking the easy way, the tracks swooped downward to the hollow, changed gait from a gallop to a waddle and kept on to the southward till the hills pinched in and blocked the level going. Then he climbed. Elbow to elbow stood the heights, cut by knife-like gullies, and sliding—slipping—crawling, we dragged our way to the crests,

drew breath again, and coasted to the depths beneath. At every stride there seemed a chance to jump him, but good and bad alike, the cripple had the best of it—night closed in around us, and there was bruin somewhere in the middle distance and ambling swiftly along.

We camped, foot-sore and drenched, and that night it froze and clad the forest with a mail of ice. The wind, piping out of the north, keened through the trees and hunted out our place of rest, and through all the long hours we huddled beside the fire, clinching each other for warmth and with an odd cat nap now and then to pass the time away. Long before the dawn we were up and ready, and when the first light came to show the way, we settled on the track, primed to follow its trail to an end. But how far that trail was to lead only chance could tell. There was a time when we camped like this on the wanderings of a bull moose—four days he shackled along, and then turned at bay. But bruin, like enough, as Henry said, might learn that we followed, and match craft with craft, playing along before us just out of reach, keeping a thicket or two between us, and so fill out the game till we wearied of it or lost his trail in the melting snows. That was it—and grimly enough Henry counted up the chances. Then, on the other hand, the bear's wound might stiffen, and haul him, willy-nilly, to a standstill. In the half-gloom of the awakening forest we slipped and slid along the icy hills, always hoping for a glimpse of him, and keeping to those molded footprints on the crust. Hours passed, and still we pressed the chase; the next copse might hold him, or any windfall that strewed its wreck on the ground. And once we thought we had him!

A crash warned us. The long hunt, the weary searching through the miles of forest tangle, the silence—all this had keened our nerves to the breaking point, and we leaped together, our rifles thrust forward in readiness, waiting to flush the game. But we lowered the barrels again, sighing as we caught our breaths, and out into the open shambled a ragged moose cow, the hair ragged on her flanks, and round with the young she was about to drop. For awhile she calmly eyed the two silent figures before her; then some shift of the wind brought the taint to her wrinkling muffle,

and heaving laboriously about, she crashed away into the wood and was gone.

Once more, with the rising sun, the forest carpet turned itself to slush, and the trees dripped, each a weeping, penitential sister. Every thicket that we crossed drenched us anew with its moisture, and our way along the slopes became the unsteady gait of the carouser. But still slipping—sliding—falling, we kept to that heart-breaking toil; noon came to cheer us with a rest and the boiling kettle of tea, and an hour beyond that we picked up the first new sign to keep our flagging hopes.

He had stopped to mumble at his hurts. We saw where he had turned in the snow, and squatting like a man, tended as best he could the grievous injuries done him. Farther along he had stretched his gaunt shape for a rest; from this he had risen stiffly, and walking down the glade, nosed at a hollow log. It lay there, half upset, as if he had tempted his strength again in hunger. The mice, huddled within, would never know the providence that had saved them.

"Go slow!" warned Henry, picking his way craftily among the trees; "he'll not be so far along now."

But bruin still had some weary miles of going left him, and the way was growing worse. I think that with the last instinct of the wounded thing he was hunting some clogging tangle where the dimmed light and the stillness would ease his growing fever, for we saw before long that he wandered; the way no longer kept its line, but went turning to the right and left, worming through the heart of every maze that blocked this forest depth, and leaving no corner unsearched.

"Not for long, now," whispered Henry, his eyes a-gleaming. "He will hunt a place to lie."

But somehow he found no place to his liking. One hole after another bruin tried in its turn—nothing suited, and leaving it all behind him, he took to his march again. Climbing the ridge, he followed the long spines of upland a while—then he dipped suddenly to the swamps and tracked for the heart of the moraine.

"Well," said Henry, pausing and wiping the sweat from his face, "yon's a blitherin' swamp, and you'll not lay the choice agin me. But on we go—we'll snatch him yet if we've only a bit of the luck!"

One bog after another stretched before us—not the open barrens of the caribou, but a range of soggy tree land cut by *bogans* reaching here and there out of some stream unseen beyond us. Hummocks sprung with files of stunted cedar set close like an army criss-crossed the way, and their branches, like bayonets, too, prodded and stabbed as we fought a path through the tangle. There, too, were the hollows lining the flat—holes where the water rose to our knees, or, still worse, were skimmed with rotting ice. There bruin had the best of it—some sense helped him to pick out the easy course, and going on all fours, briskly, he carried a trail through sinks where we could scarcely follow. Once we tried, and were brought up standing. After that, we shrunk aside from these strangling traps, and skirting their edges, picked up the tracks beyond. Nor could we push along as swiftly as before—the next thicket might be holding him, and our only chance to take him was to come on him unawares. But the night was close at hand—this in itself spurred us on uneasily, and whether to keep the trail till darkness, or leave it and strike for a camp-chance in the high lands was a thing to be decided quickly. But the answer came of itself—swerving suddenly again the trail pitched away to the right, and there, a mile beyond, lay the first ridges of the rising ground. We could follow yet a while, and going swifter, as the bush spread open, we hurried along, the dusk drawing down to meet us.

Over beyond the first hill a cove of alders filled all the hollow of the gully, and through its heart drained a little stream. Quiet ruled that small pocket in the woods—even the stream ran silently, and only the *drip-drip* of water among the hillside rocks broke the cloistered stillness. There we saw him, coming on.

He had quit the swamps beyond, worn by the struggle in their depths, and in fretful disquiet smashed a way brutally through the screen of undergrowth. We heard him first, a crash of twigs sounding the loud alert—the alders swayed as if a storm beat among them, their tops lashing in the air like whips. A long and open intervale stretched beyond this low ground; twilight had come, and as he pitched forward into the clear, we made him out, like a shadow, standing against the dusky lattice of twigs.

He had turned about-face, and was coming straight toward us. "Let him come," whispered Henry, gripping me by the arm, and together we slipped the barrels forward, straining our eyes to clear him from the shadows around. Once more the air roared in my head as I held in breath, and my eyes, dimmed with searching him out, swam weakly and lost him again and again. Then he paused beside the brook, his maimed forepaw stretched forward like a puppy's, and bending slowly, lapped at the oily current. But the pang of the cold water—this or the movement stung his wound, and he stood back, weaving slowly, throwing his head from side to side, and limping up the bank, came onward to that doom awaiting him there in the twilight.

Poor brute—even the slayer might find some heart of pity for his plight. This was the answer, though, to all his striving—half-iniquitous, destructive, mischievous, but the remainder the rollicking of a clown. Nature writes her dramas fitly enough—a little comedy ranged to aid the action of the piece, but all the trend of it bending toward that self-same end, tragedy.

"*Whoof!*" He reared upright, half suspecting the danger at hand; and all human now in the pose he struck, looked squarely at us. His short forelegs were outstretched before him, the paws dangling from the wrists limply and inert. Gaunt and menacing, he fronted toward the peril. A little gust, wheeling down the slope, swirled in the hollow, and blew the taint toward him. We saw him, then, throw back his head, peering—trying the air anew with his wrinkled nose—and then, all at once, he sensed the peril that faced him.

Fear—like a blight—struck upon his heart. He dropped forward on all fours, and lumbering and uncouth, darted toward the cover; yet despite its clumsiness, there was no lagging in that sudden burst of speed. Fear had him in its clutches; he fled, wild with a taste of the reeking air.

But all the darkening forest crashed with repeating thunders. Echo trailed to echo, a chaos of sound. Once he gripped his side madly where the murdering lead had stung him—again he reared, a thing bestial and fearful, writhing on his straining haunches, and striking forward, fell there a-huddle, his journeying done forever.



THE BUILDERS

III.—STEAM AND SAIL ON THE PACIFIC

BY RALPH D. PAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE steam-schooner, a vessel whose build and habits are peculiar to the Pacific, often goes to sea "with her load-line over her hatch." Which means, that after her hold has been crammed with cargo, a deck-load of lumber is piled half way up the masts, so that her skipper puts out with the water washing green over his main deck, and an occasional comber frisking across his battened hatches.

Along the harbor front of Seattle runs the story of a passenger who loped down to the wharf in a hurry to get aboard a departing steam-schooner. He balanced himself on the stringpiece for an instant, looked down at what little he could see of the laden craft, and hove his grip-sack down the only opening in sight. He was about to dive after it when a lounging on the wharf shouted:

"Hi, there! Where do you think you're jumpin' to? That's the smoke-stack you tossed your baggage down."

"Hell!" gasped the passenger, "I thought it was the hatch."

The yarn has a slight flavor of exag-

geration, but it may serve to hint that the commerce of the Pacific has ways of its own. Until recently another distinctive feature of this shipping was that there seemed so very little of it for so vastly much water. Six years ago I crossed the Pacific, bound out of San Francisco for China. The Stars and Stripes had been in the Philippines for two years, and much big talk was stirring about "American expansion" toward the Orient. But even then such dreams had no more than begun to materialize.

That expanse of ocean seemed as empty of shipping as when Sir Francis Drake crossed it in chase of the galleons of Spain, three centuries ago. We steamed three weeks without sighting sail or smoke. Our vessel was the *Rio Janeiro*, an ancient iron kettle which would have been rated as hardly fast enough or stanch enough for the coastwise passenger trade between New York and Florida. A few months later she struck a rock in San Francisco harbor, crumpled up like an old hat, and carried nearly two hundred souls to the bottom in twenty minutes.

At that time, however, she was considered good enough to be called a "Pacific Liner," along with such other nautical relics as the old *City of Peking* and the *Peru*. The Pacific Mail had one first-class ship in commission, the *China*. An allied company operated three White Star boats which in course of time had been found too small and slow for the Atlantic passenger service. It had been left to the Japanese to fly their flag over three fine new steamers of medium size and yacht-like smartness that plied out of San Francisco, and from Seattle the same hustling Orientals had put on a regular service in connection with the Great Northern Railway.

Revisiting the Western coast last autumn, I found the signs of a swift and inspiring growth which may be glimpsed in these bristling figures:

In 1897 the total tonnage of American steam vessels engaged in the Pacific Ocean was 23,426; in 1905 it had increased to 149,685, by which time more vessels in foreign trade were owned in Washington than in any other state of the Union.

From Seattle now sail the magnificent steamers *Minnesota* and *Dakota*, built for James J. Hill, which would loom as giants on the swarming Atlantic, and from San Francisco steams the new fleet of majestic liners of the *Korea* and *Manchuria* class, created by the Pacific Mail. Out of Tacoma voyage westward the new ships of the Boston Steamship Company; the China Mutual Navigation Company has invaded the field with a monthly line from Puget Sound to Liverpool and Glasgow, via Oriental ports, and the Germans are building up a new service out of Portland. Besides these regular lines, unattached freighters under steam and sail are hurrying to and from these ports in greater fleets each year. Far to the southward the breakwater at San Pedro stretches out a mighty arm to shelter the coming squadrons of commerce. New ships are building to meet new demands, and yet with almost every voyage the liners leave behind them waiting cargoes for which they have no space, whose bulk is measured by hundreds of car loads. In the first half of last year ten ships were filled with freight left behind by steamers out of Seattle and Tacoma.

Compared with what it is to be, however, this traffic, like the new empire of the coast it serves, is a lusty infant able to sit up and kick. The Pacific is even now an ocean the richness of whose argosies will be revealed to future generations and other centuries. This was one of the impressions gleaned from the tossing deck of a San Francisco pilot schooner cruising to seaward of the oldest and most populous port of the long Pacific coast. I recalled the stately columns of ocean craft that daily move past Sandy Hook, homeward bound and outward bound, their signal bunting fluttering the names of ports in all the Seven Seas, and how on "steamer" days the liners file out through the Narrows, crowding at each other's agile heels, or flock in from the Atlantic, by day and night, like express trains on a crowded schedule.

The pilot schooner *Gracie S.*, off the Golden Gate, was not compelled to dodge any such traffic as this. She might reach out to the Farallones and back to the lightship, or reel hove to on the deep-bosomed Pacific swell for two or three days on end without once trimming sail to meet an incoming vessel from "blue water."

This pilot service differs from that of Atlantic ports in that no apprentices are trained to take the places of their elders. The men that cruise off the Golden Gate are chosen from among the veteran shipmasters who have commanded big vessels, under steam and sail, in many waters of the world. Therefore they know not only the harbors of their own coast but also the ways of ships and the sea at large. To cruise with a crew of these pilots was to gain a more vivid acquaintance with the shipping of the Pacific than could be picked up in browsing along water fronts and juggling with tonnage statistics.

For it is one thing to read in the *Shipping Gazette* that "the American ship *Wanderer*, a hundred and thirty days from New York, was reported yesterday," and quite another to have seen her backing her main yard for a pilot outside the Golden Gate. First, her royals lifted from the empty sea like a gleaming fleck of cloud. Then one by one her fore yards climbed into view until, when the snowy fabric towered clear of the horizon, she was a picture of surpassing beauty that stirred

the imagination to recall a vanishing story of one kind of commerce on the Pacific whose climax was reached nearly half a century ago.

The sails of the *Wanderer* were patched in many places, but the lines of her wooden hull were of more graceful mold than can be found in the cargo carriers of to-day. One of the last of the American sailing ships, the *Wanderer* belonged with the past, just as the great Pacific liner and the wallowing, wall-sided tramp foreshadow the commercial expansion of the future. The time was when the Cape Horn clippers and packets swept through the Golden Gate in such noble fleets as have never since sailed under the American flag. At the height of the gold excitement of the Fifties, the harbor of San Francisco held more shipping than have ever the ports of Liverpool or New York. The present generation is apt to fancy that creating a commerce on the Pacific is a new thing, for it is easy to forget that it was the Pacific trade which for many years pushed the Stars and Stripes to the front of the merchant marine of the world, a prestige lost so long ago that even its memories are fading.

Where one lonely *Wanderer* signals for a pilot, a score of hard-driven Yankee clippers once surged in from over seas. Now when British and German ships are carrying the wheat and the lumber and the manufactured products of America across every ocean, it sounds like a fairy tale to read of American fleets which have never been excelled for speed, power and beauty; of the clipper *Flying Cloud*, which in a fair, strong breeze could run away from the steam liners of her time, of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the *Flying Fish*, the *Phantom*, the *Shooting Star*, the *Westward Ho* and the *Bald Eagle*, all peerless in their day.

They belonged with the time when California, Australia and Oregon were first opening to trade. "The merchant who could get the fastest ship had the market for the fruits of the Mediterranean, for the rugs of Smyrna, for the silks of India and the teas of China, and supplied the new states of which the Anglo-Saxon race was then laying the foundations. When John Bull came floating into San Francisco or Sydney or Melbourne he used to find Uncle

Sam sitting carelessly, with his legs dangling from the dock, smoking his pipe, with his cargo sold and his pockets full of money. The flag of the United States was a flower that adorned every port."

There is no oratorical exaggeration in this briny eulogy. For example, the log of the medium clipper *Florence*, one thousand tons, records that in a voyage from Shanghai to England, in 1859, when seventeen days out, she exchanged signals with the English ship *John Masterman*, which had sailed thirteen days before her.

The shining prestige of those times was due to the Yankee skipper as well as the Yankee hull. They carried sail and held on to their spars when foreign ships were reefed down snug. It was this same *Florence* clipper that "passed two barks under reefed courses and close-reefed topsails standing the same way—we with royals and topgallant studding sails."

List, ye landsmen, also, to an incident in the career of the immortal *Sovereign of the Seas*. Built by the famous Donald McKay, and sailed by his gallant brother Lauchlan, she left New York for San Francisco in August, 1851. Off Valparaiso she was almost wholly dismayed in a storm carrying away everything on the fore and mainmasts above the lower mastheads. In two weeks Captain Lauchlan McKay had fitted out his crippled vessel with so marvelous a jury rig that she reached San Francisco in one hundred and two days from New York, which was recorded as "the best passage ever made for the season."

Mostly under foreign flags, the square rigger still plies the Pacific, no longer clipper built, but a bluff-bowed, clumsy, full-waisted tank jammed full of cargo, with small thought of speed. As for the famous Yankee sea-skimmers, a few of them may be found cut down to melancholy hulks and doing duty as barges towing up and down the Pacific coast, or with spread of spars sadly reduced, tumbling sluggishly with the salmon and grain fleets, like worn-out thoroughbreds impressed as cart-horses.

But even the cheaply built and cheaply manned steel sailing ships of the foreigner must struggle to compete with the big-bellied tramp steamer. The solitary *Wan-*

derer was not alone in her departing glory. She was luckier than many of her sisters. As our pilot schooner tacked past Sausalito outward bound, there lifted into view a fleet of a dozen rusting sailing ships tucked away in a pocket of the harbor. They had been laid up in costly idleness, some of them for two and three years waiting for charters. Said Pilot "Jimmy" Hayes:

"I've seen twenty of those deep-water ships laying over there at one time, eating their heads off year after year until you'd think their plates would rust through. A while ago I took one of them to sea, a German bark, that had been waiting two years to get a charter. The skipper had tarried so long that he had sent out to Germany and fetched his old mother to 'Frisco to keep him company. He told me his hard-luck story: how at last he had got a grain charter out of Portland and had drawn eleven thousand dollars from home, all he had in the world, to refit his vessel for sea. He worked on my sympathies,



One of the halibut fleet of Seattle, which fishes in Alaskan waters.

telling me how near broke he was and how much he had at stake, and persuaded me to let him down easy on his pilotage charges. He was between the devil and the deep sea, that Dutchman, and there are lots more like him, only they don't bring



A steam-schooner, deep laden, bound into San Francisco from the north.



A Pacific pilot schooner cruising off the Golden Gate.

their old mothers along to make us feel sorry for them."

Awakening a different kind of sentiment was the sight of an army transport signaling farewell to the station at the Golden Gate as she straightened out on her course

for Manila. While the East has almost forgotten that troops still say farewell to mothers and sweethearts and wives at the transport docks, and sail away to years of exile in the islands of the Orient, the Pacific coast still thrills to these stirring episodes.

"I was commander of the steamer *St. Paul* while she was a transport on the Philippine run," said Captain Hayes, "and I'll swear I feel the prickles up and down my back to this day when I see one of those vessels leaving harbor with a regiment of soldiers crowding along her rail, and the band playing, and the old flag snapping in the wind. I got my first thrill at Manila. I had a Tennessee regiment of volunteers on board, homeward bound, at the time when there was a lot of fighting in the islands. We steamed out past the *Olympia*, as close as I dared shove my ship. The band on the flagship was playing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and every blue-jacket stood at attention with his cap in his hand. The thousand infantrymen on my vessel



An American bark from around the Horn, signaling her arrival off the Golden Gate.

let out a yell you could have heard in Manila.

"Admiral Dewey was standing on the quarter-deck, and he bowed, of course. But just then the flagship band swung into 'Dixie,' and our band took it up, and they played it together, and, good Lord, if you ever heard men really yell, it was those thousand lads from Tennessee! The Admiral threw his cap as high as he could toss it, and didn't give a hang whether it came down on deck or over side. And that's the way we left the Philippines.

"Why, I got a lump in my throat the other day when I happened to be down on the dock to see a transport start from 'Frisco. A regular regiment was outward bound, and the dock was jammed with folks come down to say good-by. Half the town was there, as if it was something new to see a transport pull out. There were cheers and tears, and just as the vessel swung clear of the dock the band led off, and a thousand men in khaki sung all together, 'Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by.'"

They say sailors are kind of sloppy weather when it comes to sentiment, but it did beat going to hear an opera just to hear those boys sing "Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by."

While the *Gracie S.* was cruising off the Golden Gate, there was much time for yarning of ships and sailors. When the wind rose and the green rollers put on their bonnets of foam, a reef was tucked in the mainsail of the stanch schooner, her jib hauled to windward, and she lay to with no more attention from her crew. Then in the little cock-pit, whose rail was a shelter against the spray that stormed from forward, or down in the roomy cabin, the pilots three smoked and talked and waited (with the large patience that belongs to sailors and fishermen and prospectors) for the summons of the watch on deck to "board off" when a vessel should be sighted.

There were always shifting backgrounds in harmony with the random chat that seldom veered from salty topics. Sleek and dog-like seals poked their heads from the lazy swells alongside, and stared curiously before they ducked under again. The brown and white gulls that nest on the rocky Farallones hovered astern almost within arms' reach, or swam close to the schooner's counter while they waited for

the cook to come on deck with a pan of scraps. Pilots and seamen might bob up through the companion hatch and go below without a sign of agitation among the astute gulls. But let the white apron of the cook appear on deck, and there was clamorous commotion among these eager and audacious guests. A flourish of his arm made them fairly hysterical with excitement, and when he tossed his garbage overboard a score of gulls were flying and crying around him, ready to catch the morsels the instant they fell into the sea. It is not too venturesome an assertion that these Pacific gulls knew the meal hours aboard the *Gracie S.*, and if breakfast was late they began to protest with creaking cries and impatient, fluttering flights.

Nor was the sea ever empty of shipping. Four-masted coasting schooners now and then slipped into the Golden Gate, bound from Puget Sound ports. They were lumber laden, and their deck-loads were of a top-heavy height to afflict an Atlantic coasting skipper with nervous prostration. They were in accord with the spirit of Pacific navigation, which is to "load 'em deep and take chances." A big tramp, coal laden, came waddling in from British Columbia. There was no more than a fine sailing breeze, but when this sluggish *Germanicus* swung in to pick her way through the North Channel, the sea was slopping over her well deck fore and aft. She appeared to be on the point of foundering, but she was no more than making good weather of it with a full cargo.

A slim-black schooner, heavily sparred, and tearing along like a racing yacht, slid out of the Golden Gate and laid a course a little south of west. There were brown-skinned sailors on her deck, and she smacked of the trade winds and the South Seas.

"She's one of the few island traders left," said a pilot. "There's a bit of life that's almost gone from the San Francisco water front. A dozen years ago you could find the island schooners in here by the dozen, the kind you read about in Stevenson's bully yarn of 'The Wrecker.' But the beach comber and the Kanaka sailor and the fast schooner chock full of trade for the benighted islander have slipped away from the American, who didn't hustle enough to keep up with the Germans. It's

the Dutchmen that have captured the South Sea business just as they have scuppered us in the deep-water cargo trade, and have made the English look sick in the race for the commerce of the Orient."

The schooner bound for the Marshall Islands was no sooner hull down than a French ship four months out from Hamburg hove in sight, heading for the light-ship. Her string of signal flags showed that she wanted to talk to a pilot. The *Gracie S.* was expecting this stately square-rigger, because the ship's agent in San Francisco had sent orders which he wished delivered to the skipper before he could haul in for the Golden Gate. The pilot schooner shook out a reef, and sped off to meet the Frenchman. Her red-capped crew was cheerily tidying ship, for port was in sight. At sight of the pilot boat they dropped their tasks, and tailed on to the weather clew of the mainsail. From the deck rose the hurricane voice of the mate:

"Weather main brace," and then, "Let go the lee main brace."

The main yard swung slowly aback, the big ship lost headway, and lay waiting for the pilot, who the skipper expected was hurrying to take him into port. But alas! the envelope delivered from the agent in the San Francisco office held orders to proceed to Portland to discharge her cargo.

"By Gar, it means anozer month at sea," bawled the sallow skipper as he stamped his quarter-deck in rage and disappointment. "Anozzer month of beating up coast, an' God knows how long waitin' off ze bar."

The pilot sympathized and made haste to escape. Even the ship seemed to sulk. For an hour she lay off the light-ship, her main yard aback, before her crew fell to work, and she swung slowly on her way. It was easy to imagine the gloom streaked with the most vivid profanity which filled the weary ship from cabin to forecabin. Within sight of the Golden Gate, to be ordered to sea again after months of solitary wandering half around the world, was like being turned back at your own gate, and within sight of the lights in your own home window, after a long, long absence.

The disheartened wayfarer with her splendid spread of gleaming canvas was swooping hull down to the northward like

a great gull, when a smudge of smoke showed against the tumbling green sea to the westward.

"The *Siberia*," cried a pilot. "I said she would show up at nine o'clock this morning. It's a little after eight, and she'll be abreast of the light-ship in less than an hour."

His guess was right to a dot. The great liner, fit type of a new era in the life of the wide Pacific, was racing for home from the far-away Orient so close to her schedule that her arrival could be timed as accurately as if she were a transcontinental express. Against another quarter of the horizon the square-rigger was dropping hull down, bearing with her an outlived age of romance on the sea. The liner, with her trailing column of smoke, the cargo of a dozen clippers stowed in her cavernous holds, and the strength of ten thousand horses driving her against wind and weather, brought the message of the new age of the Mind in the Machine. Her giant bulk lost headway, she picked up her pilot, who crawled up her tall side like a fly on a wall, and five minutes later the huge steel fabric was crashing through the swell to finish her run into the Golden Gate, a link between the oldest and newest civilizations, that lie five thousand miles apart in distance, but only a few days in time.

Captain John Wallace, now a pilot on the *Gracie S.*, had seen as much of the two eras of steam and sail as a man in his prime could be expected to know. He first went to sea at the precocious age of six months, for his mother was the wife of a down-east shipmaster from Thomaston, Maine. When barely out of his teens this thoroughbred Yankee seaman was master of a deep-water vessel, and for eight years commanded one of the few fine big sailing ships that still hail from Maine. His shipmate, Captain "Jimmy" Hayes, had been master of vessels in the Alaska trade when the gold stampedes to that wonderful country were in full flight. He carried the frenzied argonauts north to the crowded beach of Nome, and to Skaguay, when many skipper were facing hazards as startling as any of the perils undergone by the gold seekers. For the sorriest fleet of patched and painted coffins that ever masqueraded as sea-going vessels was assembled to reap the fat har-

vest of the Alaska coast. Anything that would float and turn over an engine was pressed into service, and the story of the North Pacific includes a picturesque and tragic tally of ships that had no plausible excuse for staying afloat. Even now, when an ancient liner drops from the active list of the Atlantic trade because of sheer decrepitude, it is not to be concluded that she has been sent to the marine bone-yard. Two to one she will turn up with a new name and a fresh coat of paint in the Alaska trade.

The gossip of Captain Hayes about the brave days of the rush to Nome reminded me of a young man whom I encountered in Seattle. He vanished from among his luxurious friends in New York three or four years ago after losing a quarter of a million dollars in Wall Street over night. He fled far from the scene of his hair-raising ruin, and because he had not learned how to work, he suffered many vicissitudes in the West, whence he went to seek his bread. He had been cow puncher and brakeman, farm-hand and stevedore, besides many other curious and toughening callings, while the West was making a man of him. While "hustling" freight on a Seattle wharf, he was offered a chance to take a barge to Alaska.

"Men were scarce and I was a husky-looking lad," said he, "and hard as nails. Did I jump at the job? Of course I did. I didn't know anything about commanding a sea-going barge. What difference did that make? Out here, you tackle anything that turns up if you've got the stuff in you. If you haven't, you starve to death. I picked up half a dozen roustabouts for a crew and set out in tow, loaded down to the hatches. I got to Alaska with the barge, although two of my crew were washed overboard and lost, and I had to break the head of another with the butt of a gun. I put four hundred tons of machinery on the beach from the open sea without a derrick or a wharf, and came back to Seattle with my barge afloat. I put all I made on the trip into a charter for the Alaska trade, and the steamer went on the rocks and I was flat again. So I went back to work as a stevedore. Now I'm on my feet again, have a little backing and I'm looking out for another charter. I'll be rich in three years, or else I'll be shoving freight on the dock in blue over-

alls and a jumper. This is the country where a man takes a chance to win out, afloat or ashore."

One evening aboard the *Gracie S.* the merits of the Chinese and the Japanese as sailors drifted into the discussion.

With a tone of profound regret in his voice Captain Wallace observed:

"This boat has never been the same since Bennie left. Who was Bennie? Just a wizened, cock-eyed Chinaman, cook of the *Gracie S.* for seven years. He left us last cruise, just packed up his duffle and went ashore. All Chinamen look alike to you, eh? Well, that's because you didn't know Bennie. He was a down-east New England Chinaman. Old Captain Scribner, a Maine skipper, picked Bennie up when he was six years old and raised him by hand. He grew up as good an American as you ever clapped eyes on. He could pull a rope, stand a trick at the wheel, work fifteen hours a day and cook like a wizard. We couldn't get along without him, and then he up and quit us because the Scandinavian foremast hands made some remarks about his grub. His cooking was too good for them, that was the matter. Bennie stood it a little while, and then came to me and told me that he liked Yankees, because he was one of us, and would stand anything we had a mind to say about his menu, but he'd be damned if he'd stand any observations from those foreigners forward, meaning the 'square-heads.'"

"That's right, Johnny," broke in Captain Hayes; "Chinamen are good men afloat, but I haven't much use for Japs. Why, I took in a Maru boat the other day, and the chief engineer, who was an Englishman, was giving me his opinion of Japs as sailors. He had the evidence to back it up, too. We know they're slow and lazy, but did you know that they're man-eaters? This engineer was all bandaged up. He said the back of his hands and the front of his legs were chewed up as if a menagerie had broken adrift in the cargo. There had been a lively scrap in the fire room, and when he sailed in to clear the place, his Jap stokers and trimmers turned on him and chewed him up according to their own style of fighting. Now wouldn't that make you sick? Men calling themselves sailors with habits like that!"

I asked for tales of personal adventure and was ill rewarded, for men who live amid strong and hazardous deeds are not easily led to talk about themselves.

"We have some rough times off here in the winter," said Captain Hayes, "when the southeasterly gales blow up. It isn't freezing weather like Atlantic cruising, but it blows hard enough to break the light-ship adrift every winter or so, and she manages to clear Race Point somehow when she blows to the northward. She'll go ashore some time and there'll be a lively story for you. Which reminds me of the time when the reporter asked Gus, the Norwegian foremast hand, for an adventure story.

"I was upset sometimes in the yawl, boarding off steamers in bad wedder," said Gus, willing to oblige. "Last winter the yawl turned over and de udder feller was drowned. I was in de water an hour, and I got pooty wet. Dot's all, I tink."

"Seafaring life on this coast isn't so much what you get into as what you manage to steer clear of," Captain Hayes continued. "The pilots and shipmasters are blamed for a lot of disasters, but there's two sides to the question. San Francisco harbor, for example, is a mean place to handle a vessel. The currents shift over night and the fog shuts down like a blanket. Then we have to smell our way and often steer by the echo of the fog whistles against the rocks, and steering by echoes isn't all plain sailing, if you've ever tried it. Why don't we anchor and wait? *We* do, but it's often against the wishes of the shipmaster, and back of him is the owner crazy to take chances and make time. Most ships lost along the Pacific coast go ashore because the master is hugging the points and doubling the headlands instead of giving himself plenty of sea room, all to gain a little time and save a few tons of coal.

"And I've taken many a steamer to sea when her compasses were no more use for steering by than a cat's tail in the dark. Her owner had given the skipper no time to swing his ship in port and adjust his compasses, and he went blundering out to sea, shaving the coast, his compass behaving like a drunken sailor. Then when he loses his ship, he's most likely ruined for life, if he's lucky enough to escape being drowned."

"Right you are, Jimmy," said Captain

Wallace. "And folks ashore think the compass always points north and south. If they want to signify the straight, honest goods, they'll say 'true as the needle to the pole.' As a matter of fact, the compass points almost any other old way by preference. Think of all the kinks you have to look out for. For instance, do you know there is less compass deviation aboard a steel ship if she's laid down north and south in the building yard? It's true. Her hull becomes magnetized by the pounding of the riveters on her plates. This wears out of a ship in time. I once boarded a steel steamer, and her captain said while he was showing me his compasses:

"She's getting better all the time. It will wear out of her in two or three more voyages. If she'd been laid down east and west, the deflection would be much worse.' You might have thought he was telling me about a horse he was breaking to harness. Funny, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Captain "Jimmy," "it's one more nut for the poor shipmaster to crack. It's bad enough to have to allow for deviation caused by cargo. Even coal has played the devil with lots of compasses and wrecked more than one fine vessel on this coast. There's enough iron in several thousand tons of coal to get on the nerves of the compass, and I once saw a ship get clean off her course because the man at the wheel had a jack-knife in his pocket."

Within the last half century hundreds of stout vessels have piled up on the rocky heads between Puget Sound and San Diego, many of them overloaded and undermanned. Contrasted with this black record is the story of the pilot schooner of the Golden Gate, which is almost the last of her kind. She has already vanished from the offing of New York harbor and the Delaware Capes, where steam has retired these stout-hearted little vessels. Through the storms of two generations, while big ships and steamers were adding their names to the list of Pacific disasters, these schooners have fought through heavy weather and clawed off lee shores.

Only two of them have been lost since the fleets of the Cape Horn clippers brought them into being. Five years ago, the *Bonita* was rammed by a whale while at sea, and the stern post ripped out of her. Her crew had barely time to pitch their

yawls over and escape with what they stood in before she went to the bottom. Thirty years ago, the *Caleb Cushing* capsized while crossing the bar in a southeast gale. She turned over end for end and all hands were lost in this fatal somersault. Neither disaster could be blamed to poor seamanship or lack of staunchness in the lost vessels. They are examples of honest ship-building to-day. It was the *Gracie S.* that missed stays in a strong tide, and crashed fourteen feet into a San Francisco wharf without starting a plank of her hull. As for the seas that break over the bar when big winds blow and the pilot schooners are scudding for home, Captain "Jimmy" Hayes can tell you stories like this:

"I was taking out a big English tramp when there was some weather on the bar. Three seas broke clean over her bridge. The captain and the mate took to the rigging and left me by my lonesome. I couldn't persuade 'em to come down from their perches until we were in the channel again. They swore the vessel was foundering. They looked kind of ridiculous spraddled out in the shrouds. Yes, it's a bad bar at times."

When all three pilots had forsaken the *Gracie S.* to board the vessels they were seeking, the little schooner was left in charge of her grizzled boat keeper, who had sailed in these craft for more than thirty years. We headed homeward with a fair wind and slipped past the rugged portals of the Golden Gate into one of the fairest harbors in all the world. The greatest city of the far West was purpled in twilight that shadowed its protecting hills. Along the water front were clustered the spars and stacks of vessels loading for the ports of the Orient, Alaska, the South Seas and Hawaii.

And beyond the wharves and the city stretched the unseen railroads, fighting the most dramatic industrial conflict of to-day for the victors' share of the Pacific commerce that bulks so big in reckoning with the future of American enterprise. Half a century ago William H. Seward read the signs aright when he said:

"The Pacific Ocean with its shores, its islands and the vast region beyond will become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter."

Building fleets is only one factor in the present struggle for expansion. Far back

of the firing line are the leaders of the opposing forces, James J. Hill and E. H. Harriman. They have spent half a billion dollars in a decade. They have rebuilt the transcontinental railway system, and their competition has reduced freight rates thirty per cent. They have made cities, bridged seas, tunneled mountains, and achieved feats of engineering and executive daring unequaled in industrial development. Mr. Hill has said of his controlling ambition:

"I have been charged with everything, from being an 'Oriental dreamer' to a crank, but I am ready at all times to plead guilty to any intelligent effort within my power that will result in getting new markets for what we produce in the Northwestern country."

He has made his dreams come true. Seattle was a straggling seaside town when he put his railroad into it. Since that time the Puget Sound ports have become mighty rivals of San Francisco for ocean traffic, and the older city at the Golden Gate has seen them increase their tonnage by leaps and bounds, and at her expense.

The Alaska trade of Seattle and Tacoma alone has become an impressive factor in the nation's business on the water highways. Only nine years have passed since the steamer *Portland* came into Seattle with the first big shipment of gold from the Yukon and Nome in her treasure room. Since then more than a hundred million dollars in raw gold has passed through the assay office at Seattle. It has created a traffic of twenty million dollars a year with Alaska ports, most of which streams northward from Seattle.

If you think that steam has wholly banished hot-blooded romance from the sea, it is worth loafing along the Seattle wharves in the early autumn when the last steamers of the year are loading for Nome. It is a race with the ice that is already grinding off the distant and lonely coast they are hurrying to reach. Cargo fills their holds in roaring torrents of activity. When the last pound of freight that can be carried is shoved aboard the steamers, perhaps three or four of them turn northward with all the steam their straining boilers can stand up under. It is a gamble, with the chances of being nipped in the ice or being forced to turn back baffled. Last

autumn the gamblers lost, and one steamer which I saw go surging out of Seattle came limping back a month later, her cargo still under her hatches.

An average of nine vessels a week, or almost five hundred a year, clears from American ports for Alaska, figures worth putting alongside the objections of certain sapient Congressmen that it was a ridiculous waste of money to pay Russia \$7,200,000 for "an empty ice-box." The docks of Seattle tell another story.

In this Puget Sound port one stands almost in the middle of the United States of this generation, for the Aleutian Islands stretch two thousand nine hundred miles west of Seattle, while Eastport, Maine, is about the same distance to the eastward. And some of us have to go west to learn that the sun is always shining somewhere in this new America, for when the June twilight falls on the gray waters of Behring Sea, the New England farmer is milking his cows in the early dawn.

If you would be impressed by a final proof that the dreamers of yesterday are the builders of to-day, you should see one of J. J. Hill's new steamers loading for Japan and China and Manila, and then recall the kind of liners that were on the Pacific a few years ago. The *Minnesota*

or *Dakota* swallows thirty thousand tons of cargo, which is the burden of five hundred freight cars. They carry three thousand passengers when the lists are full. Their tonnage is twenty-two thousand, or six thousand tons greater than any other vessel in the Pacific trade. And looking a little farther backward, one finds that the *Minnesota* is almost twenty times larger than the far-famed clipper of the age of sail, whose titanic heir she is to the commerce of the Pacific.

A century ago a Salem bark of only two hundred tons (a hundred of her like could be stowed in the holds of the *Minnesota* or *Dakota*) made one of the first voyages around the Horn to the new Northwest coast. She mounted eight guns, and her cargo consisted of "broadcloth, flannel, blankets, powder, muskets, watches, tools, beads and looking-glasses," for trading with the painted natives.

On a recent voyage the *Minnesota* carried to the Orient seventy locomotives, more than a hundred railway cars, ten thousand kegs of wire nails, and half a million dollars' worth of hardware, machinery, flour and other products of the mills, the mines, the farms and the factories, that, even from the far-away Atlantic coast, seek new outlets toward the setting sun.

(To be continued.)



An American ship, one of the last of her kind, departing from San Francisco

ONE OF THREE

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

DRAWING BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

"**B**ON!" Guillaume Bouchard shouted, crashing his heavy fist on the board counter, "Napoleon no de greatest man en de worl'! Dat feller ees Laurier, by Gar, Laurier!" Moutin, the storekeeper, leaned forward, his little black eyes sparkling with enjoyment of the argument. The store was close and hot, and the air thick with the reek and fumes of many pipes. Here were gathered all the gossips and wise men of the tiny Quebec village, according to time-worn custom, and the debate to-night was an especially good one. Old Père Donvalle nodded slowly, then in the silence after Guillaume's assertion he took the clay pipe from his mouth, stroked his long gray beard premeditatively and spoke:

"*Bon*, Guillaume, mon garçon, eef you t'ink no man so beeg en le monde as Laurier, vat you goin' say ven Ah say dat Laurier no so grand as le Jesu Christ? Hein?"

Murmurs from the group showed that this indeed was a hard proposition, and they all waited gravely for Bouchard's answer. The low hanging lamp shed but weak rays of yellow light that scarce reached the walls, and only vaguely illumined the neat rows of frying pans and kettles that were strung in precise lines from the smoke-darkened roof beams. The clusters of rubber boots and shoepacks seemed blacker than ever, and bunches of brooms dangled forlornly at all angles. Guillaume, a huge lumberman of magnificent physique, viciously gnawed a chew of tobacco from his plug, and stared fixedly at the open door of the big round stove, whence came comfortable beams of heat.

Moutin tapped Bouchard playfully on the ear: "You an' Josèphe an' Raphael, you got all arrange 'bout Lucille, hein?"

"Par Dieu, non," Josèphe Bouchard

laughed from across the store, "broddaire Guillaume ees slow lak de molass'; run up de hill when she's col'!" The crowd roared with delight.

"Oui, so slow lak de moose go 'long een de deep snow!" and Raphael St. George chuckled.

Guillaume's strong, heavy face wrinkled with amusement. "You attends, you fellers; to-night Ah goin' starrt een hour for camp Seex, be back to-mor' après-midi, den we mak' see 'bout dees affaire; dat agréable?"

"Le camp Seex? Why for?" Moutin asked.

"De Boss he say for me breeng hup de telegramme w'en she comme, an' maudit, she ees arrive jus' taim suppaire, damn!"

"'Ow you goin', by de Run Roun' or by de longue traverse?"

"Ah t'ink Ah go longue traverse; de snow she no so bad for de dog dat way." As he spoke Guillaume went to the door and opened it. It was a glorious mid-winter night. At his feet the ice-bound river twined its frozen shape past the village out to the open country, where its contour melted into the white that covered everything, and was lost. The glittering stars sent steel-like shafts of light to the earth, while the setting moon dispersed the fading shadows and glistened on the chimney pots of the compact little mass of houses. Here and there shone twinkling lamps that seemed to warm Guillaume, notwithstanding the bitter sting of freezing in the air; as he watched, a figure came running up the hill on which the store was built; it reached him.

"Eh, you grand bébé," a cheery voice laughed from under a heavy shawl, "no tak' all de door." The figure brushed by him into the house. He followed it.



"He got Lawson on his powerful back with the cut leg stuck forward through the crook of his arm, and he started."

Drawing by Frank E. Schonover.

"Bien, Lucille, you no go bed 'tall?" Moutin asked as he deftly unwound the cloth from the girl's head and throat.

"Bien sure, Grandpère, onlee Grand-mamman she want for de l'huile a leetle, so den Ah come," and she glanced roguishly at the three, Guillaume, Josèphe and Raphael, that crowded about her as close as they could.

"Petite coquette!" Moutin chortled, rubbing his thin, worn old hands gleefully the while; "ef you no know dat dese t'ree garçons here, Ah goin' mak' de bet you no come for de l'huile!"

"You say too mooch dose t'ings, Grandpère," but Lucille's big brown eyes danced with mischief, and she tossed her head merrily.

"Why toi no come to-day cut de wood for me?" She took hold of Josèphe's coat. "Lazee, hein? Bah, mauvais garçon!"

"No lazee 'tall, Lucille; onlee Guillaume an' Josèphe an' moi, we mak' arrange for no go cut wood, no do notting teel you say w'at mans we t'ree you goin' marrier, voilà!"

"C'est vrai."

"Si, dat trrue!" the other two answered together.

Most of the group that had been in the store had gone home; those that remained, however, smothered their chucklings to listen.

The girl looked at the three big men in pretty defiance.

"You t'ink you all soint'ing magnifique for to mak' sooch talk to moi! Bon, Ah goin' see w'at you do! Ca for you!" and she snapped her fingers in derision.

"Par Dieu," growled Raphael good-naturedly, making a grab for her. She was too quick, picking up the oil can, her shawl, and darting out of the door, apparently all in one motion. The three stared at one another.

"Sapristi! you, Guillaume, by Gar, you was de wan w'at say for do dees way weet la petite! Sacrée, eet no goin' worrk!"

"Nev' min', garçons, ev't'ing be fus'-class by'm-by."

Moutin climbed slowly on the sugar barrel to put out the lamp as he spoke.

"Bon soi', bon soi', Moutin," and the three departed, leaving him to lock up with the ponderous key that scraped and squeaked shrilly in its lock.

"Be back to-mor' certain?"

"Bien sure," Guillaume answered, as he turned in at the little gate in the picket fence that surrounded his tiny home. "Au revoir."

"Au revoir, Guillaume." The other two passed on, the sound of their voices sinking gradually away down the silent road.

Guillaume pushed his door open and walked in. A warm little blaze flickered and fluttered on the stone hearth, its light showing up the colored prints and old-fashioned pictures on the low walls. In the center was a large one of Laurier.

"Guille, c'est toi?" came a strange, thin voice from behind a partition.

"Oui, Mamman, Ah goin' camp Seex jus' queeck."

"Eet ver' col', hein, Guille?"

"No so bad lak' las' night, Mamman."

"You comme back to-mor', je suppose!"

"Oui, Mamman, bon soi', chérie."

"Bon soi', mon fils!"

Guillaume went to his corner of the sleeping attic, found his heavy mitts and stockings, his coarse woolen muffler, and his sheepskin-lined capote; then he went softly down again. From a cupboard he got some meat and bread and stuffed it in his great pockets.

"By Gar, eet plenty col'!" he whispered to himself as he closed the door tightly behind him. The dogs in the warm thatched stable whimpered and whined as he came among them.

"Nannette, Mouton, Pierrot, Vitesse;" he whistled softly. Like gray shadows the four rustled from their hay beds and scampered out. Quickly he harnessed them to the light sledge and sat himself comfortably on it.

"Marche!" and away they went; out of the yard gate, flying down the silvery road and from that into the somberness of the mute forest. On and on, now across openings between the trees where the snow shone cold and brilliant, now through tall, majestically silent groves of heavy Norway pine, then down to and along the frozen river where the night light was perfect. Foxes scuttled away before this thing that moved so fast and so quietly, and once as the whee-ing sledge passed under a gigantic fir, an owl, startled from its watching, gave a muffled *Hoo!* and

sailed over his head to the darker shades of the forest on the other bank.

Traveling rapidly, the swift motion created a drowsiness; try as he would his eyelids would droop, and in this semi-conscious state he imagined that he was talking to Lucille.

"You no marrie me?" he muttered thickly, then a pause.

"Ah loove you so mooch, petite, mak' nice home, ev't'ing for you." Another pause, "Ah know Josèphe he loove you, an' Raphael aussi, but moi, ha! Ah loove you lak' Laurier he loove le Canadaw!" A long silence this time, then, "Fair play for t'ree? Bon, Ah'm satisfy, but w'en you goin' décider?" A short hesitation and he hurried on, his words clear and strong. "You say you goin' marrier de man dat have bessis' courage?" In an instant he spoke again. "Ah oon'stan', petite, Ah goin' try!"

Just then the sledge struck a branch that had been frozen; it lurched, rose on one runner, then settled back with a crash. This thoroughly wakened Bouchard, and he began to whistle jauntily. As the stars dimmed one by one and the air became sharper and more biting, he guided the dogs off the river on to a wood road. Along this they dashed, cleverly avoiding the deep ruts made by the log sledges from day to day as they transported monster loads from the cuttings to the river landings.

When the chill grays and blues of a winter dawn lightened the eastern horizon, Guillaume reached camp Six. The men were just getting up, and the smoke from the cook fires rose straight into the air.

The foreman ran out.

"Holy tickets, I'm glad ye've come!"

"W'at's mattaire?" Bouchard asked as he stood up slowly, stiff from the long ride.

"Mike Lawson damn near cut his leg off yesterday; he's purty near dead now, but if any one can save him you can, by taking him as quick as God 'll let you with your dogs; the horses couldn't get down to the village now!"

Guillaume stood still for a moment, then, the facts having thoroughly soaked into his mind, "Bon," he said, "Ah tak' heem, but dogs mus' have for eat!"

"Sure, man, sure; hurry up, by jiminy, hurry up!"

Bouchard got some food for the four that stood panting from their fast pace, and while they ate he swallowed a steaming hot pan of tea and gulped down a handful of bread and pork.

"Readee!" he shouted. Five men carefully brought the unfortunate Lawson to the sledge. The man was as weak as a child, and suffering great pain. His left leg was swathed in strips of cloth, blankets, anything that they could find in camp to stop the bleeding, but the red flow had soaked through, and it turned black in the freezing air.

"Easy, boys, easy!" Lawson whispered as they laid him on a pile of bagging which Guillaume had fastened to the sledge.

"Thanks, boys, you've been mighty good to me," the poor fellow called weakly as Bouchard seated himself on the little space he had left at the rear of the sledge for the purpose.

"That's O. K., Mike; good luck to ye, son!" the whole crew shouted as they sped off.

The dogs did their best, Guillaume urging them on from time to time, but what with the heavy load and the run they had just finished, the pace was not as fast as before. The sun was up now, but its rays could barely be felt; pale and sickly it looked, peering out now and then from the heavy, soggy masses of snow clouds. They came to the river again; the speed increased here.

"Ow was dat you cut——"

Cra-a-ack! Sw-a-a-asssssh! The ice, thin here over swift water, had let them through, dogs, sledge and all!

Guillaume grabbed the wounded man by his capote collar; they both went under for an instant, but luckily when the ice broke it did so over a large circumference, so that when Bouchard came to the surface, pulling Lawson after him, they had not been swept under the ice beyond by the current.

"Oh, Dieu, oh, Dieu!" Guillaume shouted this again and again in his excitement and fear for Lawson. The latter had lost consciousness. By dint of crushing the weak edges of the hole with his free arm, Guillaume reached strong ice and struggled out, dragging the other. He stared at the senseless man.

"Oh, bon Dieu an' Laurier, w'at do, w'at do?"

He felt the man's pulse; it was fairly strong. Ice was forming on both of them; indeed, when Guillaume moved, even now, his clothes crackled.

"Eet two mile a half f'om here; Ah goin' carry heem, par Dieu!"

No sooner had he decided what to do than he did it.

He got Lawson on his own powerful back with the cut leg stuck forward through the crook of his arm, and he started.

The violent exertion soon warmed him through, but the other's clothes froze fast to Guillaume's. He hurried frantically on, the dogs, their harness dragging, following behind. In less than an hour he saw the village in the white distance and renewed his efforts. Père Donville saw him coming, and men came out to help. Josèphe and Raphael were the first to reach him.

"Dat too damn bad!" Josèphe said as Guillaume, breathless, gasped out the story.

"Tak' heem queeck to le Docteur, queeck you can!" he begged, as the other two relieved him of his heavy load. They staggered off, Guillaume coming more slowly.

As he drew nearer his eyes sought Lucille's home; he looked, but somehow he could not find it in its accustomed place. He rubbed his face and searched again; then he saw a few charred embers, that was all. A pang of agony went through his every fiber.

"Lucille, Lucille!" he cried aloud and ran on.

With tears in his eyes he came to the house, and was dully looking at the remains when an adored voice called.

"Guillaume, grand bébé!" He looked up at the heavens first, and then saw Lucille coming from a neighbor's home.

"Dieu and Laurier, merci!"

"You' Mamman an' Grandmamman an' Adolphe?" He scarcely dared listen to her answer.

"All sauf by Raphael an' Josèphe; dey have du grand courage!"

His heart sank within him at her words, and he suddenly realized that he was terribly cold; he turned away sadly, when she spoke again.

"Toi aussi, you have du grand courage!" He came back swiftly, his arms half outstretched, then he remembered the arrangement; no, he could not in honor take

advantage of Josèphe and Raphael's absence to glorify himself.

"W'en you are dress an' warm an' have eat, comme to de store, Ah have somt'ing for to say." Lucille disappeared in the house.

With a feeling of an impending great event Guillaume changed his clothes, had a drink of "w'iskey blanc," a bite to eat, then he rushed out, having scarcely told his mother anything, though she clamored for information.

To his astonishment the store was crowded when he got there; every one in the village was on hand, all in their best clothes. He did not understand.

"Aha, Guillaume, w'at Ah tell to you?" Old Moutin grinned. "Lucille she goin' mak' choose maintenant!" The faces, the kettles, the boots, everything danced for a moment before Guillaume's eyes, but he gathered himself.

Josèphe and Raphael came then and the three stood silently together.

A happy laugh, a little song, and Lucille appeared; the three drew long breaths.

"Dat Lawson, 'ow ees he?" she asked of Josèphe. The latter coughed, stuttered and looked at Raphael, who nodded solemnly.

"De Docteur say he goin' get well, but dat eef Guillaume had no breeng heem so fas', den—la mort!"

The crowd sighed in admiration.

"Merci, my broddaire an' my frien'!" Bouchard stammered.

"No merci necessaire, dees ees fair play een honneur!" Raphael answered, and the three drew themselves up proudly.

The girl looked at each. "Pleas' go dere," she said, pointing to an open space by the counter. Then she was silent. Men and women stood on cracker boxes, bags of flour, anything that would lift them up, for was this not the engagement of their favorite to one of three men that worshiped her, and for each of whom she had a warm corner in her heart?

"My frien's, Ah goin' marrie dees man!" She ran lightly across and threw her arms about one of the three. The group laughed and shouted, cheering and crying out good fortune and happiness. Then they all departed silently, leaving the girl and her choice, while the snowflakes drifted slowly to earth and the church bell tolled the vesper hour.

GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN

THE HERO OF COWPENS

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

PAINTING BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS



WHEN, in the spring of 1755, Braddock set out on the ill-starred expedition against Fort Duquesne, there marched with his command four young men who were destined to become generals in the War for Independence. Two of them, Gates and Clinton, were Englishmen by birth, but were to take different sides in the Revolutionary strife. The other two were to prove themselves entitled to a high place among the military chiefs of the world. Had Braddock's British regulars possessed the hardihood, courage and skill of one, they had never been ambushed and routed, and had their obstinate and vainglorious general listened to the wise counsel of the other, he would have escaped disgrace and death. Both these young men were Virginians and belonged to the Colonial contingent for whose prowess Braddock expressed so much contempt; both were destined to play a conspicuous part in the great struggle for equal rights, the seeds of which were being sown even then; both were possessed of iron constitutions and almost giant statures, and in their respective persons represented the extremes of social station in the Old Dominion. One was Col. George Washington, an aide on Braddock's staff, and the other was Daniel Morgan, laborer and teamster with the baggage train.

Morgan's career was indeed rich in striking and interesting contrasts, and a brilliant example of the success of the lowly and of those chances to win fame and fortune

which the nation he fought so valiantly to create was to offer to the worthy. Few men of Morgan's time, in fact, rose from so humble a station to so eminent a place in history. Almost nothing is known of his childhood. His many biographers even differ as to where and when he was born. Three states, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia, are assigned the honor. If the great general knew himself he never saw fit to declare; in fact, his troubled boyhood and disgraceful youth were themes he avoided in his later years. But New Jersey and the winter of 1736 are the most probable place and time of his coming into the world. What is certain is that as a boy of seventeen he was a field hand in Jefferson County, Va.—a big, brawny lad, strong as an ox, rough, unlettered and riotous. But though he was a mere laborer in a day when and a place where work was little honored, he was not like many of his class, but a step above the slaves, mere human animals. He was known to be as brave as he was strong, and as honest as he was ignorant, and evidence of his fine but uncultured mind was shown on many occasions by his sterling good sense. He was magnificently made—a picture of manly power, standing six feet two inches in his moccasins, and his face, when later it received the light of finer feeling and new aspiration, was strikingly frank and handsome.

Young Morgan saved his wages, bought a team and set up in business for himself. He became a freighter across the mountains, a calling that required extraordinary strength, resource and courage in those wild days. When the French and Indian war broke out, he volunteered as a wagoner

with Braddock's army, and though he was headstrong and a hard hitter with his fists, his love of fair play made him a favorite with his fellows. He learned much on that disastrous expedition, and distinguished himself in a humble way. It is related that once when his immediate superior was on the point of coming to blows with a notorious bully, Morgan said quietly, "Captain, you must not fight him; I reckon he'd whip you and disgrace our company. Order me to thrash him," and accepting silence as consent, he gave the rough an unmerciful drubbing.

But his love of hard hitting soon after got him into trouble. A supercilious British lieutenant insolently ordered Morgan to some unpleasant service, and was knocked flat by the brawny wagoner. For this offense Morgan was sentenced to receive five hundred lashes from the drummer of the company. He bore them with the stoicism of an Indian, and said afterward that by his own count he only got four hundred and ninety-nine.

When the battle came Morgan, as teamster, was not on the fighting line, but he was one of the few who did not lose their head in the panic of flight, and he stuck by his team to the last.

He had seen war now, and his belligerent spirit made him long to be a soldier. Scarcely was he home from the calamitous campaign than he joined the provincial troops, and soon after his ready and impetuous courage made him a scout and an ensign. His exploits in the wild and perilous border warfare against the Indians rivaled those of his illustrious contemporary, Putnam, in the north. Had we space for them, a hundred hair-breadth escapes might be related. But greater deeds and a broader field were his. One of his last perilous adventures in this early strife may be told to show the mettle and endurance of the man.

Carrying dispatches between military posts, he and two companions, when two miles distant from a fort, were once unexpectedly attacked by savages in ambush. Both his companions were killed by the first fire and Morgan was severely hit. A rifle ball entered the back of his neck, tore away two back teeth of his lower jaw and pierced his left cheek. Morgan, as ever, was well mounted. He fell forward

on his horse, and clutching the mane, put spurs to the animal with what strength the shock had left him. One fleet-footed Indian, throwing away his gun, sprang to the chase, tomahawk in hand. He expected to see Morgan tumble from his mount at every leap. Over the rough mountain ground the Indian gained upon the horse and clutched its tail. He could not use his tomahawk, for all his strength was in his legs. For a half mile or more the desperate race continued, and then, human endurance proving unequal to the pace, the savage fell to the ground with a yell of rage. He sprang to his feet and threw his tomahawk, but missed his aim. Morgan became unconscious, but his grip was firmly set and never relaxed until his good horse had carried him to the fort.

By the time Morgan was on his feet again the border war was over, and, something of a hero in the eyes of those who knew him, he settled in Barrystown, Va., to lead for a time a life somewhat disreputable. His headlong energy now displayed itself without restraint or reason. His ever-ready fists were in active play; he could drink more whiskey than any man in the district, and it is to be feared that he was somewhat of a bully. His successful prize fight with "Bill" Davis was a sporting event in the district. Yet through all this wild life he is said to have betrayed no underhanded meanness; his turbulent and disorderly career was open and above board. He should be judged, too, by his opportunities and his time. It was a day of hard knocks and copious drinks. Few gentlemen thought it decent to go to bed sober, and the very clergymen of Episcopal Virginia raced their horses and took their port or madeira without stint. Morgan's riotous existence might be ascribed by the partial to a mere exuberance of energy and excessive animal spirits. He loved horses and dealt in them, and it is stated, practiced no deceit. But woe to the trader who lied to him; a battered frame and bruised features attested the fraud.

But withal Morgan was noted as the best shot, the most successful hunter and the hardest rider of his district, and a clergyman who respected his manly side ventured to reason with him. But the jolly bruiser had no time to listen.

Then on a sudden there came a great

change. The song that was old when Virginia's hills were new sang in his big, rough heart, and the fierce spirit that the muscles of his fellow rioters could not break, nor religion tame, was subdued by a pair of soft brown eyes.

She was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and is described as a gentle, frail creature, bright and well educated, with religious leanings, who felt an affectionate desire to reclaim her hero. They were married, and Morgan bought a few acres and gave his energies to stock and crops. The farm prospered. Under his wife's tuition Morgan read and studied and his fine mind expanded. He became an ornament to the neighboring town for which his previous brawls had won the name of "Battletown." But though he was a changed, studious and sober man, he was neither very meek nor very lowly. In the first weeks of his new life he felt called upon to thrash any of his old companions who derided his conversion.

As the years went by and Morgan prospered he became deeply interested in public affairs. He had felt British insolence as a teamster with Braddock and he was patriotic to the core. When the news of Concord and Lexington came, the love of conflict awoke again within him and he was for war and independence. After Bunker Hill he volunteered, and such was now his reputation that he received a captain's commission, and in less than a week had raised his company and started north. Better men never fought than those who marched with Morgan—hardy, fearless, big-framed Virginians—all crack shots with their long-barreled rifles, they formed the nucleus of Morgan's Brigade of riflemen, afterward so famous. Their hardihood and endurance seem marvelous in these days. It was six hundred miles to Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, Mass.; yet, marching much of the way through a wilderness, they reported for service in twenty-one days. It chanced that Washington himself witnessed the end of their march and rode out to meet these men of his native state. Captain Morgan drew up his company to receive the chief, and saluting said, simply, "General, from the right bank of the Potomac." Washington dismounted without a word and took every man's hand in his.

But when Boston was invested by the Americans there was little active fighting. Morgan's indomitable spirit, however, soon found difficulties upon which to expend itself. He was ordered to join that brilliant but perfidious soldier, Benedict Arnold, in the disastrous expedition against Quebec. Arnold was in chief command, and Morgan led the advance guard. The horrors of that march have often been told. The expedition had started in early September, 1775, but, marching through an unexplored and trackless wilderness, they encountered a thousand unforeseen obstacles, and winter was upon them before they reached the St. Lawrence. The command was terribly wasted. The men wallowed in deep, half-frozen swamps and bogs; they were forced to make almost impossible portages and perilous crossings over swollen, icy streams; their provisions were exhausted, and they ate dogs and candles, and boiled their very footgear for nourishment. Of the eleven hundred men who set out, less than six hundred were drawn up before Quebec. But the temper of both leaders was undaunted. The fiery Morgan was even for immediate assault, but Arnold thought himself too weak to attack the fortified town. He, however, offered battle to the Governor, who prudently declined. He then drew off to await the arrival of the forces under Montgomery, which, having driven Clinton from Montreal, were marching north. On the fifth day of December the united armies, now three thousand strong, were before Quebec. But the garrison had now also been strengthened by the arrival of Clinton's army and other reinforcements. Nevertheless, the assault was gallantly and brilliantly made on the night of December 30th. While feints were executed at several points to divide and distract the garrison, Arnold led one assaulting column and Montgomery another. But both leaders fell—the able and fearless Montgomery to rise no more. The chief command of Arnold's division now devolved on Morgan. That hero with ladders scaled the barricade with his riflemen. He was the first to mount, and as his head appeared above the fortification, a discharge of musketry carried away his hat and tore hair from his scalp. The shock brought him to the ground. But on the instant he was up

again and over the wall with his men, driving the enemy before him into the narrow streets of the city—all the while encouraging his riflemen “with a voice louder than the northeast gale.” Morgan held his position in the town for hours, fighting madly, waiting to be reinforced by Arnold’s reserves and hoping for good news of the other attacking column. But no aid came, and Morgan, outnumbered and surrounded, tried to cut his way back. His men were divided. Many were killed; many surrendered. Morgan himself placed his back against a wall, sword in hand, and declined to be taken alive. But a generous enemy refused to shoot so brave a leader. His own captive soldiers now pleaded with him not madly to sacrifice his life. Perceiving a chaplain near, Morgan cried out to know if he were a clergyman. Being told that he was, the undaunted hero said, “Then, sir, I give my sword to you; but no foe shall ever take it from me.”

Though the American army continued to invest the city for months, Arnold being superseded and reinforcements sent, nothing was accomplished. All chance of the conquest of Canada ended with the capture of Morgan. That gallant Virginian was held prisoner for nearly a year. His frank and winning personality, his great courage and proved capacity won the friendship of the British officers. Efforts were made to seduce his loyalty from the Colonies. He was even offered the rank of colonel in the British army, but he repelled the offer with scorn.

At length, in September, 1776, his exchange was effected. It is said that when he first landed on American soil he threw himself flat upon his face and cried, “Oh, my country!”

His reputation as a soldier was now very high, and receiving a commission as colonel, at the suggestion of Washington he was intrusted with the congenial task of increasing what was left of his old company to a regiment of rifles. At the head of these frontier fighters and expert marksmen, he joined Washington at Morristown in April, 1777. The commanders of the contending armies were then each waiting for the other to attack. There was much marching and counter-marching for position, and Washington at the time was much blamed for his Fabian tactics. But,

outnumbered as he was, he succeeded in maneuvering General Howe out of New Jersey, and that state never again held a British army.

In the midst of the evolutions of the armies, Morgan, impatient of restraint and panting for action, suddenly hurled his rifles upon the rear guard of Cornwallis’s division at Piscataway, and drove it in upon the main body with fearful execution to the enemy. Attacked in turn in force, he held his position with wonderful skill and tenacity. Then, fronted with a force double his number under the commander-in-chief himself, he still kept the British at bay, and would not be dislodged until the foe was reinforced by heavy artillery and Morgan’s position rendered untenable by a storm of grape. This little action won for Morgan the admiration of Washington, and henceforth he was known to troops and officers as “Gallant Dannie Morgan.”

But General Burgoyne, in the certain expectation of dividing the Colonies by the plan so confidently elaborated by the British war office, was now on the march south from Canada with the best troops England could muster and equip. Morgan was ordered to reinforce the American general, Gates. His fighting qualities were by this time rated so high that his force was at once placed with the advance guard and he held command of Arnold’s right wing. Early in September, 1777, the American army, advantageously posted, was at Bemis Heights near the Stillwater River, and a few miles south of Saratoga, N. Y. It was necessary for Burgoyne to dislodge it or make a long detour on his southward march, leaving an enemy in force in his rear. On the 17th of September, 1777, the two armies were almost in touch; on the 18th skirmishing told each that serious work was at hand. On the morning of the 19th Burgoyne moved forward in three columns, that under General Frazier being the first to strike the American army. It came in contact with Morgan’s regiment. Soon the battle became general.

No action of the war was more to the credit of the American army. Raw levies of militia fought with a steadiness and valor that inflicted terrible loss on the veteran English troops. But it was a battle of regiments, almost of man against

man. Gates, the commander-in-chief, was never once on the field. No officer did such effective work that day as Morgan. Again and again he led his rifles to the charge. His horse was shot under him and twice he narrowly escaped death. But his mighty voice was ever heard above the roar of battle, encouraging his men in the thickest of the fight. The action was technically a drawn battle, but in effect it was a victory for the Americans.

For eighteen days the armies now faced each other, during which time the strength of the Americans grew and Burgoyne's condition became serious. His retreat was cut off and provisions ran low. On the 7th of October he precipitated the final battle, known in American history as the "Second Battle of Stillwater," and by the British called the "Battle of Saratoga." Morgan was again the most conspicuous figure on the field. With Arnold, who was a mere volunteer and without official command on that day, he led the desperate charge on the extreme right that broke the enemy and threw them into confusion. Here in fact American independence was won, for the success of the Americans won the assistance of France.

One graphic incident of this fight is worth notice: Morgan's rifles again faced the troops of General Frazier, and noticing in the height of the battle that gallant officer inspiring his men by example and by word, Morgan pointed him out to his old company of expert marksmen, saying: "Men, that is General Frazier. I honor him; he is a gallant soldier. But the good of your country requires that he should die." Almost with the words the British general fell, a little later to die with the dramatic exclamation, "Oh, thrice-damned ambition!"

With the victory of the Americans, Burgoyne's position became utterly desperate, and ten days later he surrendered.

"During the resistance to Burgoyne," wrote the ablest student of these battles, "Daniel Morgan, from the time of his transfer to the Northern army, never gave other than the wisest counsel, and stood *first* for conduct, effective leadership and unsurpassable courage on the field of battle; yet Gates did not mention him for promotion." The reason was not far to seek.

Elated by a victory which others had made inevitable, the vainglorious Gates dreamed of supplanting Washington, and sought to enlist the sympathies of Morgan. With indignation that hero replied, "Sir, I, for one, will never serve under any chief but Washington."

After the surrender of Burgoyne Morgan returned to the army in Pennsylvania and for some months served with credit, yet with no opportunity to win new distinction.

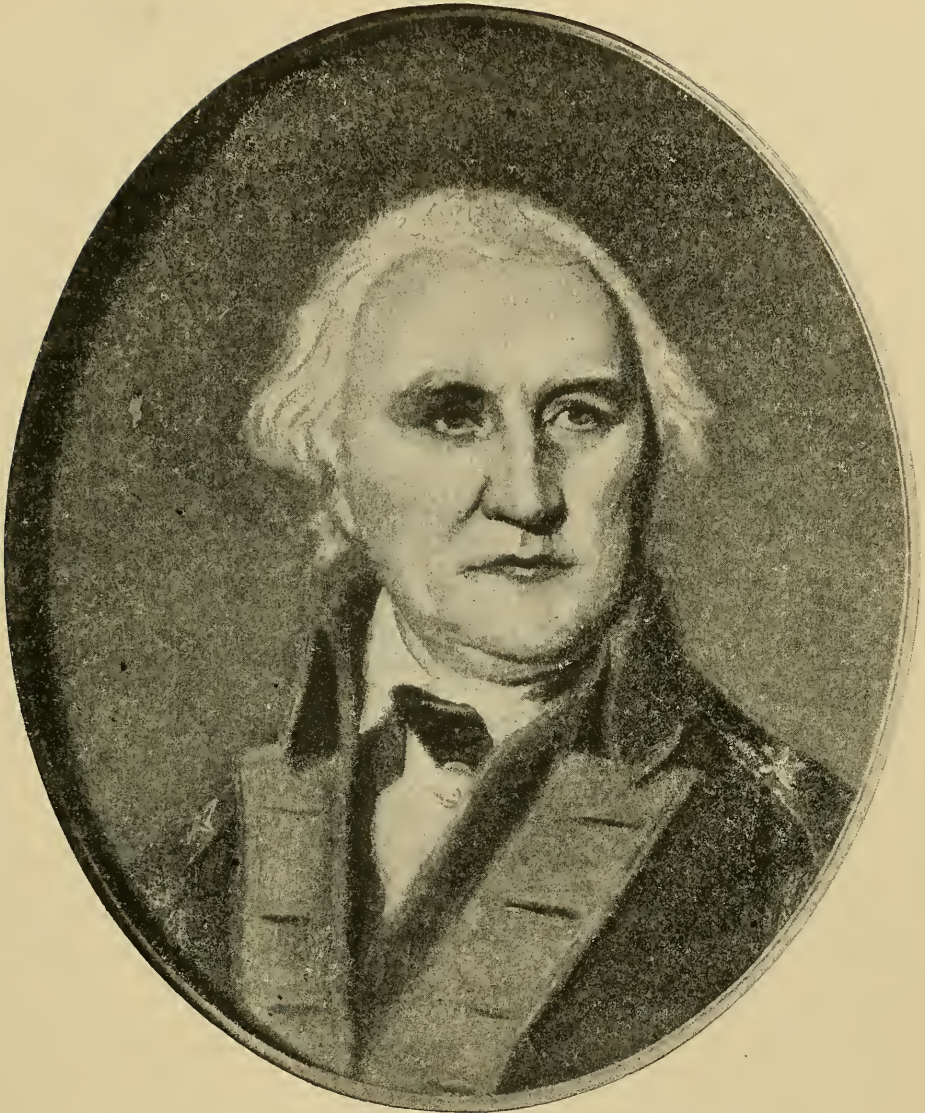
But years of constant and terrible strain, exertion and exposure, his youthful excesses and perhaps the sting of neglect after brilliant service, had begun to undermine his iron constitution. He soon retired in ill health to the wife and home he so tenderly loved, in Virginia, and was there when Gates assumed command of the Southern army. When Morgan's health was partially restored he was directed to report to Gates. This he was at first reluctant to do, but when he learned of the defeat and the disgrace of that general and of the British outrages that followed it, his patriotism flamed anew and he hastened to join the army. The humiliated general now received the valiant soldier with marked cordiality and honor, and assigned to him a separate command; and when Greene superseded Gates he confirmed Morgan's appointment. In the meantime Morgan, chiefly through the efforts of the sagacious Jefferson, had been made by Congress a brigadier-general of Continental troops.

It was the mere sorrowful wreck of an army that fell to the command of Greene. Demoralized and miserably equipped as they were, the able general at once began the work of reorganizing the men for the great work they afterward achieved. Greene fixed his headquarters in a fruitful valley in South Carolina, while Morgan with his command, the most effective of the troops as a decoy for Cornwallis, moved into the wasted country between the Black and Catawba rivers. Here he suppressed the Tory risings and restored order. Tarleton, the ablest and most savage and successful of Cornwallis's brutal lieutenants, was at once in motion to destroy Morgan. Tarleton had with him twelve hundred men, the best of the British force, nearly a quarter of Cornwallis's army. He was superior to Morgan in numbers by



Through the wilderness to Québec, 1776—Morgan's men in the race.

Painting by Stanley M. Arthurs.



The Peale portrait of General Daniel Morgan, hanging in the Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

about one-third, and had no misgivings could he succeed in bringing Morgan to battle. And that general, burning with indignation at British atrocities, greatly outnumbered though he was, meant to fight. He had under his command little more than eight hundred men; but he knew their mettle and their faith in him. He chose his ground with consummate skill, and awaited the British with the confidence of a brave and able general. On a slope of natural terraces on wooded ground, near a large corral known as "The Cow-Pens,"

he posted his men and inspirited them with his own high fearlessness. On the highest eminence he posted his Maryland regulars and veteran Virginia riflemen. He placed in front his militia to meet the first onset, giving them orders to retire behind his veterans when they were no longer able to hold their ground. He threw still farther forward a band of sharpshooters as skirmishers. In reserve he held Colonel Washington's famous cavalry of but one hundred and twenty men.

At daylight on the 17th of January,

1781. Tarleton was in touch with Morgan's skirmishers, and the sharpshooters terribly worried his advance guard. But the over-confident British commander lost no time. He at once formed his men for battle, and with his accustomed dash and impetuosity hurled them upon Morgan's position. They were met by a galling fire from the militia, who, falling back, re-formed and fired again with a precision and rapidity that checked the advance, and then fell back upon the second line. When the British struck the line formed of veterans they were held steadily, and Tarleton ordered up his reserves. Then Morgan ordered a general advance and at the same time threw Washington's cavalry on the right flank of the foe. By this movement the British were thrown into confusion, and the accurate fire of the Virginians soon put them to rout. British regulars threw away their guns and cried for quarter. The pursuit lasted for miles. All the British baggage and more than half of the British command fell into the hands of the Americans. It was perhaps the most brilliant victory of the whole war.

But with this great success Morgan's services were ended. Knowing Cornwallis to be close at hand with the whole British army he fell back upon Greene, and a few days later was so prostrated by the ill health that the anxiety and exertion of his campaign had brought upon him that, to the great sorrow of his chief and the whole army, he was compelled to retire again. Twice after he attempted to take the field. He joined La Fayette with his riflemen, but was too ill to take part in the siege of Yorktown. Again, after the war, more by his presence than by any active service, he helped to quell the Whiskey Rebellion in Pennsylvania. Elected to Congress by his district in 1795, he was compelled by ill health to relinquish his seat after two sessions of that body. He lived at Manchester, Va., in the last years of his quiet, studious life. There he was often

consulted by Washington and by Adams, and there he died July 6, 1802, in his sixty-sixth year.

"Every man would be a coward if he durst," said the dissolute but valiant Earl of Rochester; and Marshal Ney, when felicitated upon a never-failing fearlessness, replied, "Know, sir, that none but a poltroon boasts of never being afraid." So Morgan confessed to feeling a strong dread of death every time he entered battle. But once the fight was on, once cannon roared or saber flashed, his only thought was victory.

Morgan had qualities that entitled him to be compared with the greatest military leaders of history: he had all the dash of Murat; he was as resourceful as Condé; like Marlborough, "his faculties were quickened by the approach of danger." His passions were strong, but he early learned to control them. "He could glow with anger, but was never mastered by it." Bancroft says of him that at the time he assumed command under Greene, and fought and won the battle of Cowpens, "he was the ablest commander of light troops in the world; and in no European army of that day were there troops like those he trained."

The American struggle was not only, was not chiefly, a struggle for national autonomy; it was first of all a battle for the rights of the masses; for opportunity and privilege of the individual. Morgan's life strangely exemplifies all that was won by the Revolution. He was a peasant in the colony of a monarchy, and he became a great leader and a moral force in a great republic. He was a swaggering bully and an ignorant rustic, and he became an accomplished general and an honored gentleman. History is but a synthesis of biography, and one rises from the study of the Revolutionary period with the conviction that, as man and soldier, Daniel Morgan was one of the brightest figures of that time.



"I'm a regular frump, fat, hysterical and stupid."

THE RESTORATION OF HELEN

BY ADELE MARIE SHAW

"CLIFFORD, come back a minute."
"What is it, Helen? I'm late for the train already."

The woman's voice was tearful; the man's patient with the kind of patience that means impatience with difficulty controlled.

"I can't bear to have you go like this." The tearful voice caught in a sob.

"Like what, Helen? You know I must go; it's as much for your sake as mine."

"I know—I— Once you would have taken me with you!"

The sobs came without any attempt at

control. The grief they uttered was certainly real. But their abandonment was too nerveless to excite the sympathy they craved. The woman's plump figure shook and quivered in a kind of spineless misery. The man had returned and stood with one arm around the crying woman; he had not dropped his bag.

"Helen," he said, "what is the use of all this? I must have my mind clear for the next few days—everything depends on it. I must be alone. You aren't yourself or you'd see it—there's the whistle. Kiss me; I must hurry. Yes, yes, I'll write. Good-bye."

The man pressed his lips to the wet face and swung himself swiftly down the path, breaking into a run as the sound of the train approaching the Hillcrest station grew louder. To Clifford Macy the world was a good place; he could not understand why his wife found it increasingly doleful. If he was glad to get away he did not own it even to his own thoughts, but life was offering a great deal to the man whose wife was becoming less and less a part of his happiness. He was successful and growing more successful. Among the men who met him in business, at the clubs, in the reunions of old friends, he was a central figure, eagerly welcomed. His vigorous, attractive personality gripped attention, and those who met him casually often sought occasion to know him better.

Helen watched his well-set-up figure out of sight, and turned away aggrieved that he had not looked back to wave his hand. To have risked his train would have been worse than foolish; but once he would not have reasoned, he would have made some sign. And Mrs. Durfee was at the window of the next house! Helen Macy waved a debonair greeting from her own window, and then mounted the stairs slowly to the room where Clifford had dressed in absorbed silence, without an apparent qualm at the separation that might last for weeks.

What she had said was true. Once there would have been no separation. How proud Cliff had been the first time he had taken her to Chicago, and his friends had fêted her and flattered her and swept her off her feet on a wave of admiring good will. And that was only five years ago!

She stopped before the glass and looked at herself with the unsparing thoroughness that would make even beauty mean. On the dresser lay a leather case; Clifford in his hurry had forgotten it. That seemed the final straw; it was her picture. He had never forgotten it before. She opened the case. The girl inside gazed up at her with the surprise of an apparition. Could she, Helen Macy, have been that clear-eyed girl, beautiful, hopeful, happy? Then who was this, the woman in the glass? She saw herself in exaggerated caricature. "Fat and frumpy," she groaned, "and bleary-eyed and hideous." In the exaggeration of her disgust, as in the exaggeration of her woe, she forgot that, animated and active,

she would still be a "personable" woman. She was conscious only that her features had lost their distinction in the encroaching flabbiness of her cheeks, that her shirt waist showed sidewise wrinkles over her too matronly flesh.

In the hour that followed, the contrast that stayed before her eyes was not the girl and the woman, but the woman listless and aging and a man young, fine, vigorous, hurrying for his train and not looking back. How could any one ever have called her "bright"? She knew what people were saying now—"Such a pity that that brilliant Clifford Macy had married a dull wife!" Was Clifford contented with a companionship that rose no higher than food? He had been all his old self with the woman artist from London; they had had more to say than she and he had had in a year.

"Hello!—Why, Budd!"

"Mercy—Tom, is that you!"

The voice was boyish and hearty. It galvanized the limp figure on the couch into instant life.

"You, boy! I thought you were in Scotland."

"Scotland's off. Bates got the molly-grubs, so we slid over the landscape to Glasgow and here I am. Thought I'd surprise you first, then go up to the ranch to see Dad."

"There isn't a soul up there, Tom. Father's on his way West this minute with a 'scheme.' You've missed your letters——"

"Bless the old vagabond; I hope the 'scheme' isn't expensive"—Tom interrupted her after the first hug and outpour—"What's the matter, Budd? Anything happened?"

"Nothing's happened only Clifford's gone away." Helen pulled herself together. She was jealous of the appearance of happiness. "Don't I look pleased to see 'little brother'?"

"Little brother" grinned; he expanded his big frame in a sigh of amused relief. "You didn't when I hove in sight! Aren't you *fat*—cricky! Budd, this won't do; makes you look like an old woman."

"That's the trouble," answered his sister promptly. "I'm a regular frump, fat, hysterical and stupid." She mopped her eyes and laughed. This brotherly frank-

ness was good. Clifford's evasions and everlasting, "You're a mighty good-looking woman, Helen and you know it," had been less satisfactory than the truth.

Tom was regarding her briskly with the eye of an athlete known and honored in his own school. All that day, as they ate, drove and walked, his gaze came back to her, puzzled and ruminative.

"Cliff ought to know better than to let you run down like this," he opined wrathfully.

"Clifford hasn't let me run down. I'm getting old," she began.

"Some one's to blame. You were such a jolly girl——"

"It's not Clifford," she answered sharply, and Tom was silent.

"I know what it is. You're all out of training." He lounged in Clifford's leather chair after dinner and contemplated the ceiling through his own smoke. "Nobody'd ever call you *Budd* now!"

"Why did they——ever?" Helen pulled the chocolates nearer and munched while she talked. "Thank Heaven, I can still eat," she quoted whimsically. Some old spirit seemed renewed by Tom's coming. It was good to see the boy.

"Why did they call you *Budd*? After a jockey who could ride like a streak. Wasn't it you who ran away on Spitfire before you could walk?"

"I could certainly walk at six, and that was when I stole Spitfire. You weren't born. I can see the Landons now, gaping on their porch as I whizzed by." Helen smiled, comforted to remember that once she had had spirit enough.

"You won't whizz anywhere if you sit and eat candy all the evening. I'm going to put you in training. You've no more life than a jelly-fish. See here, Nell, I'll make a bargain with you"—Tom stood up.

"I'm beyond bargains, Tommy," interrupted his sister. The smile faded into the accustomed listlessness. "I've tried walking and not walking, and eating and not eating, and sleeping and not sleeping. I've gone without everything I like and I've massaged my chin——"

"Rot!" said Tommy. "You've done too many things and not stuck to any. I can reduce your weight twenty-five pounds and put on muscle for that fat——"

"In ten years?"

"This vacation. I know I can, but you'd have to mind. You never were much on being bossed and that's the long suit of training."

"Oh, I'd be docile as a lamb—I'd let you 'boss' me into imbecility if I believed"—Helen shook her head with complete skepticism.

"We begin to-night. What's your weight, net?" Tom took out a note-book and uncapped a fountain-pen.

Helen laughed. She had laughed often since Tom had appeared; the cheerful confidence of his exuberant youngness refreshed her amazingly. He was troubled by no problems of lost romance.

"I haven't dared to be weighed for ages," she confided, and was surprised to find it more funny than tragic.

"Got a machine?"

"Clifford has. But you needn't be getting up in that business-like way. I wouldn't exercise to-night if you'd make me a living skeleton in ten minutes." Helen settled deeper in her chair.

"Anything the matter with your heart? Drop beats or anything? Give me your wrist." Tom was serious. "Your pulse is fast and fussy because you're all out of condition. That's nerves. Shock had it before the Exeter game once. Come on, Budd. Let me weigh you anyway. Expect anybody to-night?"

No; Helen expected no one. When Clifford was out of town visitors were fewer; she had grown too listless to entertain; if they thought her stupid she wouldn't undecieve them. But Tom! Tom, puzzled not to find her the center of everything, Tom, certain that a bit of "training" would restore to girlhood the sister he remembered as so "jolly"—Tom was irresistible.

"Climb on here, Fatty," he commanded, adjusting the scales.

"Take off one of those hundreds. I don't weigh all that!" Helen winced and laughed both at once, as the platform sank under her feet.

"You're just five feet four or a bit less"—Tom fixed her with an accusing eye—"for I measured you two years ago when Amy said she was taller. You ought to weigh—not *over* a hundred and thirty, and, Helen Jackson Macy, you weigh this minute a hundred and sixty-four, and no good muscle anywhere. You'll have to

work. It'll be a pull at first, you're so dopy with all that fat."

The boy looked so solemnly anxious that the laugh conquered the shudder; Helen chuckled. "What do you do all day, Budd?" he asked wondering.

"Do? Sometimes I market a little, but generally I telephone the provision men; they're very reliable. And I make beds and dust and fuss about. There's plenty to do."

"Of course," broke in Tom. "But what else?"

"Sometimes I go to the doctor."

"What for?"

"Because I don't sleep very well."

"Sleep, is it! Wait till we get to work and you'll sleep fast enough. You can't afford to waste a minute, old lady—my, but you're fat!"

"And I shall still be fat after I've waved my arms about and pranced all you want me to," retorted Helen. She expected neither sleep nor happiness from the boy's prescription. A few pounds more or less could not restore the charm of life, but she promised all Tom asked. If some discomfort to herself could make his vacation pleasanter it was a small price to pay. Heaven knew there was enough disappointment in the world, and the boy was so eager!

Prepared and docile she presented herself at the hour when Hillcrest was wont to make ready for bed. The center of Tom's room had been cleared for action, the furniture retreated against the walls in horrified withdrawal. Tom himself, steam up like an enthusiastic engine, was fairly panting to get under way.

"Hi," he called, as he heard her step in the hall, "now we're off."

But it appeared they were not off at all. Helen's costume was hopelessly wrong. The compromise finally effected between what she considered "respectable" and what Tom knew to be absolutely necessary took time. So it was that "Car'line," maid of all work and faithful adorer of "young miss," departing to her early slumbers, met in the transit of the upper hall two who marched like German soldiers at drill, each with hands clasped behind the head.

"Bress de Lor'!" ejaculated Car'line.

The two had been round and round the

narrow circumference of Tom's room, out of the door, down the hall, up another flight, down the back stairs, across, around and up and down again, before Car'line discovered them, and Helen, beholding the two images in a glass, cried out in protest-mirth:

"Do stop, Tom, till I get my breath. I simply cannot stay up on my toes; my heels will get down in spite of me; and I can't clasp anything more than the tip ends of my fingers behind my neck; and I don't keep my head straight up, I know I don't. And it pulls on my back—it feels like hot irons!" Helen looked from the mirror to Tom. "You may laugh," she said. "I am a figure of fun."

Tom was to be beguiled by no blandishments of mirth. "If it hurts, that shows you need it," he announced. "And you're doing well. You keep it up, twice a day, and as long as you can stand it every time."

"I wobble frightfully. What's the use——"

"Yours not to reason why," replied the instructor. "Come, get the rest. You can watch me and do 'em afterward in your room."

And Helen watched. The boy was going to let her off with no lady-like wavings and bendings; she began to feel a sort of confidence in the result. Certainly the things he was doing were easy to remember, though she could not find it in her heart to forget how ridiculous a sober matron engaged in such exercise would seem to the eyes of Car'line.

"I told Mrs. Bartley-Hume about these when she came to school to see Dick, and she wrote Dick she'd tried 'em and lost five pounds already." Tom was flat on his back, his arms folded on his chest, and as he talked he sat up and sank, and sat up again without lifting his heels from the ground. "Now, Nell, if you can't do that, you're to tell me at once, and the rest of 'em any one can do. It's persevering that counts. See. This is the best. Feet together, then lift 'em straight up till you make a right angle from your hips, you know. And don't let your knees bend, and keep your toes straight. Slow and steady, up and down. I'm going to make a schedule for you."

Helen peered over his shoulder as he wrote.

"Daily, twice, night and morning.

"1. Feet up: a, both together (5 times); b, each separately (5 times); c, alternately together, one going up while the other goes down (5 times). 2. Sit up: a, arms at side; b, arms folded on chest: twice each. 3. Prance, hands behind head—long steps." "You know that," interpolated the schedule maker. "Now *four* is thus." Tom wrote, "4. Hump and slump (5 times)," and dropped to all fours. Kicking off his slippers and suspending his weight from hands and toes, he lifted and sank the bulk between them with the ease of the muscular.

"All that, twice a day! I shall be dead, Tommy. Surely a fat sister is better than no sister at all." Helen took the schedule gingerly between thumb and finger and held it aloft with a grimace.

Tom beamed with large assurance. "You promised," he said. "You were never a quitter, Budd."

Trustworthy she was, but it took a week of more heroic persistence than Tom ever knew to get the flaccid muscles of Helen's once slender frame to perform the initial labors and accomplish the "5 times" without an omission night or morning. Even then, Number Two was not a success.

"I can just get my head off the floor like a turtle," she complained, "and I don't sleep so much better after all."

"Hi, there; no more sugar," interrupted Tom across the breakfast table. "Can't you stick to cereal *or* chop, not both, sort of string it out and make it seem enough?" Tom began anxiously and ended with a grin. "Don't your Uncle Dudley do it well?" he inquired complacently.

Car'line certainly viewed askance the schedule pinned to Helen's wall, though it is doubtful if she ever spelled out more than Number One.

"Scand'lous!" she was heard to mutter. "They's crazy, both of 'em." And when Tom paused in the morning to call through Helen's door, "Want me to hold your ankles for the sit-up?" and Helen answered, "No, thanks, I put them under the dresser," she snorted, listening below stairs.

A sort of pleasure there was for Helen, long bound in the tightening circle of her unspoken worry, in compelling her relaxed will to assert itself in the keeping of the

promise to Tom. Mornings when it rained and the wind was east she first cowered in her warm bed, then left it with a sense of virtue. She sent short and business-like notes to Clifford, and sent them with the hope that their cheerful impersonality would atone a little for previous overflows of emotion. As the days went on a new buoyancy of outlook quickened her interest in the affairs of others and she added to the notes chronicle or comment, and Clifford's answers showed that the comments found him receptive. But she added no love phrases, even when he asked, "Are you not well? Your letters sound as if you were keeping something from me." There was no use in reiterating, "I love you," and "I miss you," she thought with a pang, to a man who knows it already and finds it as little exciting as the daily air. She was really more unhappy than before Tom came, for she saw herself more clearly. How had she let herself drop out of things? When had she lost her interest in books, in people? Once she had had interest and to spare for everything, from a town election and the Thursday club to the newest salad and the latest star.

Clifford had found her vivid enough when they were first married. Had she had more to give, then? Dimly it came to her that in shutting herself up with two absorptions, Clifford and a house, she had cut off springs that once had flowed into the stream of existence to give it surface sparkle or greater depth. "His life makes him grow," she said to herself. "He is using every power he has all the time." And she might have grown; Clifford would never have played the tyrant. He had never demanded a complex living. He liked simple ways. He had none of the vanity that desires to "show off" in table or entertainment. Her time had been much her own.

As the days of Tom's vacation went on the self-knowledge that had been so much pain grew more hopeful. There was increasing pleasure in the added ease with which she could take her exercises. The plainness of the diet Tom begged for as a preparation for a campaign of "standing high jumps" had become second nature. She even took every morning a cold splash and dash—not quite a cold plunge—with extraordinary gusto.

Car'line's scandalization had grown to positive shame since her "young miss" had joined Tom on his improvised running track in the vacant lot behind the house, but the shame had been modified by the accession of Mrs. Durfee and Wilhelmina Van Arsdal to the ranks of the runners. What people who could be in their comfortable beds wanted of hard work before breakfast "passed" poor Car'line completely.

One morning, as the four came laughing to the back porch, Helen caught through the open window a glimpse of herself in the mirror it was Car'line's foible to keep nailed above the kitchen sink. The glimpse set her pulses beating all that day to a more cheerful tune. The glow of better health, of greater vigor of spirit, looked back at her from the glass. That night she joined Tom in the gymnasium he had constructed in the store-room, and let him laugh himself into a cramp while she wrestled with his punching-bag. She felt "fit" and ready for frolic.

Of exercise indoors or out no word went to Clifford. Any allusion so intimate struck a note she was trying to avoid. The more life returned to her the more she missed him; good times seemed queerly incomplete without Clifford. And good times there were. Tom must not be left to the sole society of a sister when Hillcrest abounded in young people worth knowing. With the renewal of her circulation and the lightness consequent on the loss of twenty pounds of needless flesh, Helen's "dopiness" gave way, and eager to "make the boy enjoy himself," she rallied the willing youth whose very names she had half forgotten, and invented so great a variety of simple and joyous entertainment that she could turn no corner without encountering a friend.

Swiftly and naturally connections with the life outside her own doors renewed themselves, and after weeks that had not dragged in spite of Clifford's absence Helen and Tom and Miss Van Arsdal went to town to buy Chinese lanterns for an out-of-door supper, and lunched together at an old-fashioned restaurant where she had been more than once with Clifford. While the boy and girl chattered Helen reread Clifford's letter that she had captured from the postman on the way to the train. In three days he would be at home.

She answered a bit absently the girl's polite interpolations meant to include her in their cheery nonsense, and a flush rose to her cheeks as she returned the letter to her bag. Three days! Saying it over to herself she glanced up at the clock as if to measure the hours, and her glance descending fell on Clifford himself. He stood bag in hand just as she had seen him last, but his eyes, seeking a vacant spot, fell on a picture very different from the one he had left at his own door. The two young people, still chattering, had not discovered him. The light in Helen's eyes and the deepening flush in her cheeks only Clifford saw. The blank weariness of his look changed all at once to a gaze that only Helen could interpret.

"I believe I was homesick," was all the explanation he gave of his early return, and the telegram Helen found on the tray at home said simply: "Reach New York Monday morning; home for dinner. Clifford."

At night in the quiet of their own room she asked and told no more. Even when Clifford turned to her as she came toward him, a sober contentment in her eyes and no thought to spare for the trimness of the figure that moved to meet her in the glass, she answered his self-reproachful "Tom has taken better care of you than I did," only with a look. But in the look all the things she could not trust herself to say spoke with an eloquence words would have destroyed. While he smoked and recounted the ups and downs of the business struggle that had kept him chained to vexations he had never anticipated, his eyes followed her, and when she settled beside him in her low rocker, he pulled absently at the cord that roped her gown.

"Helen," he asked suddenly, "are you glad to see me?"

Helen leaned forward, her hands gripped tight on his nervous fingers. "If you live a thousand years you will never know how glad," she said. "Clifford—" She broke off; her hardly won restraint had a strength that was new.

He slipped to his knees and held her tightly, jealously close. "I am glad—to get back to you," he said below his breath, and dwelt upon the words as one who speaks of more than miles.

AN UNEXPECTED STRIKE



Fainting by Oliver Kemp.

DILLON WALLACE WINS

AFTER TRAVERSING A THOUSAND MILES OF UNKNOWN COUNTRY, HE IS HOMEWARD BOUND

WE have just had word from Dillon Wallace (probably the last we will receive till we welcome him in person), and our many fears and anxieties are at rest. Not only did he carry out what he had intended to do with rare patience and pluck, but with a success beyond our expectations.

This undertaking could be divided into two parts: part one, the canoe journey up the Nascaupee River to Lake Michikamau, and thence down the George River to Ungava Bay; part two, the trip by dog-sled down the Labrador coast to Red Bay.

The first half was the scheme of the late Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.; but where that ambitious explorer met untold hardships and finally death, and the whole party escaped annihilation only by the tardy hand of luck, Wallace brought all his dearly won experience to his aid with brilliant success. He encountered all, and more, of the hardships that usually befall the man who journeys to the fringes of the earth—bitter cold, starvation, insect pests, etc.; his frail canoe was wrecked in a heavy rapid and most of his outfit lost when it was so cold that there was skim-ice along the shores; but every difficulty only served to drive him forward with more determined will.

The party in the beginning consisted of four men besides himself—Easton, Richards, Stanton and Pete; but the formation was broken when they reached Lake Michikamau, the head waters of the Nascaupee, and Wallace and Easton pushed on alone while the others returned on their tracks. Throughout thoroughness marked every move; fish and game were added to the regular "grub" supply at every opportunity; food was cached at important

points as a *dernier ressort* if things came to the worst, and whoever strayed from the main party carried with him a compass and rifle.

When Wallace and his companion arrived at the Hudson's Bay Post at the mouth of the George River, they immediately set about preparing for the second and most hazardous half of their undertaking—the six hundred mile sled-journey down the northeast coast of Labrador to Red Bay, near the extreme point. This had never before been accomplished, because the succession of deep harbors, bays and inlets cutting in from the seas were thought to make the trip almost impossible.

That it was not impossible is proved by the following telegram which we have just received:

RED BAY, LABRADOR,
March 28, 1906.

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY,

THE OUTING MAGAZINE:

Left Fort Chimo January third, arrived Red Bay to-day; all well, good journey. Traveling here bad. Dogs scarce and expensive. Question whether can reach Eskimis Point, five hundred miles farther, in time for Quebec steamer due April fifteenth. I think best await whaler, Battle Harbor, May fifth.

DILLON WALLACE.

(A later cable from Wallace informs us that he was able to obtain dogs for the long and lonely journey to Eskimis Point, and will return by this overland route.

A trip in the unknown Labrador occupying a year, covering a thousand miles, and made with canoes and dog-sleds must be filled with interest and red-blooded adventure, and as soon as Dillon Wallace returns to civilization his thrilling narrative will be put before our readers.

THE WEASEL AND HIS VICTIMS AGAIN

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

MORE light is thrown upon the question which I discussed in the February number of this magazine by the letters I have recently received from unknown correspondents, one from Kansas and one from Alaska. The incidents given agree so well with my own observations that I have no doubt about their truth. The Skagueay correspondent writes: "The manners in which the slim and aggressive weasel catches the rabbit may be many, but on two occasions I saw the deed done. The first time I was driving across a field of wheat stubble in the west of England, and hearing the scream of a rabbit, I looked about for the cause, and saw a weasel chasing one with leaps and bounds somewhat like the movements of a snake, but more rapid. The rabbit finally stopped, apparently from fear, and the weasel caught it and had killed it before I got near them. When I reached them, I jumped out and picked up the rabbit with the weasel still holding fast, but I finally shook it off and it hid itself in a thorn hedge near by. Having no use for the rabbit, I dropped it on the ground and drove on a bit, when I stopped and looked back, curious to see what would happen. The weasel, feeling safe and no doubt hungry, returned to its kill and dragged it into the long grasses and plants of the hedgerow.

"Another time, while musing and anon casting a fly over the placid waters of a favorite trout stream in the same locality, I was startled by a rabbit jumping into the pool and swimming to the other side, and followed in a moment or so by a weasel, who also took to the water, being so close that he evidently saw the rabbit. They both disappeared in the vegetation beyond, but hearing the rabbit's plaintive cry shortly after was evidence to me that another tragedy had been enacted."

My Kansas correspondent, a lawyer, tells me of an incident related to him by an old Pennsylvania friend, a man of prominence and absolutely reliable. This time the weasel was pursuing a rat. While standing in a large cellar under a stone work, he heard a rat scream with the most evident fear and distress. "Looking in the direction of the noise, he saw a very large store rat running rapidly along the cellar floor and up the stairway; the rat went to the outer edge, so as to look back over the track it

had come, and there crouched down, shivering with apparent fear. Mr. Kerr was at first at a loss to know what had disturbed the rat, but in a little while noticed a weasel coming along the cellar floor and on the track of the rat. The weasel came much more slowly than the rat had come, as it had to follow the trail entirely by scent. Mr. Kerr was standing near the rat all this time and watching it. As the weasel drew near the stairway, the rat began to scream again. By this time the weasel saw Mr. Kerr. It stopped for a moment and eyed him intently, and then, as if in contempt of him, passed on and rushed upon the rat with a ferocity and indifference almost incredible for so small an animal. The rat simply cowered and screamed and made no resistance whatever. The weasel seized the rat around the neck with its forepaws and fastened its teeth in the rat's throat in a mere instant of time, and the struggle was over before it could be said to have fairly begun.

"That an animal so combative as the rat, and especially one so large as the one in the present instance (for it was, if anything, heavier than the weasel) should yield without a struggle, Mr. Kerr says, filled him with astonishment, as did also the fact that the rat, though having a free field and abundance of time to fly out of the cellar, or to seek refuge elsewhere in the many holes in the walls of the cellar, failed to do so. He says he scarcely could have credited the transaction had it been related to him by others and not seen by himself, and he regards it as one of the strangest and most unexpected experiences of his life, and he has been a man of much experience and affairs."

Very recently in my own neighborhood, two hunters well known to me were in the woods when they saw what they at first took to be two red squirrels chasing each other around the bole of a tree. On coming nearer, they saw that there was but one red squirrel, and that it was being hotly chased by a weasel. The squirrel was nearly tired out and must soon have fallen a victim to its arch enemy had not the hunters shot the weasel. Why the squirrel did not lead off through the tree tops, where the weasel could not have followed him, is another instance of the mystery that envelops this question.

MAKING THE COUNTRY HOME

RECIPTS FOR FUNGICIDES AND INSECTICIDES—GARDEN HINTS—CARE OF THE LAWN

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

THE regular spraying of fruit-producing trees, bushes, vines and plants is practiced by all up-to-date growers to-day, and the man who grows fruit, even in small quantities, cannot afford to shut his eyes to the benefits which result from the practice. The expense is small, the benefit great. Quite often the entire crop will depend on what is done along this line, and the quality always. For bacteria and fungi have become so prevalent that no man's orchard or garden can escape their attacks.

Experienced fruit-growers advise spraying once before bloom, ten days after bloom and again ten days later, with a fourth spraying in about two weeks; other sprayings at intervals, as may seem advisable.

In spraying before bloom, go over the plants so thoroughly that not a portion of them escapes. This is important. But do not confine the application to the plants. Spray the posts which support them, and the soil about them. Bacteria are not confined to the plants by any means.

There are several spraying mixtures in use among fruit-growers, but most of them pin their faith to Bordeaux mixture. This, from years of trial and many experiments, they consider safer than any other, cheaper and quite as effective.

Standard Bordeaux mixture consists of 4 pounds copper sulphate and 4 pounds fresh lime, diluted with 50 gallons of water.

Here are directions for preparing it, as furnished me by one of our most successful fruit-growers:

Prepare two vessels—one for the lime, and one for the sulphate—and have them so elevated that the liquid can be drawn off from the bottom of them, through a valve. Prepare two other tanks into which to empty the liquid for dilution, and a larger tank to contain the two elements, when ready for mixing.

Weigh out the 4 pounds of lime accurately, and put it into its tank, and cover with water in the proportion of 1 gallon to each 2 pounds of lime. Stir frequently, to prevent its burning, while slaking. When thoroughly slaked, draw off the liquid, passing it through a fine strainer. Be very particular in doing this, as a poorly strained mixture will clog the sprayer and cause no end of annoyance.

Prepare the sulphate as follows: Weigh out the amount carefully, as proper proportions must be observed in order to produce best results. Put in a coarse sack—one of burlap will answer all purposes—and suspend it in its tank, into which should be put one gallon of water to each pound of sulphate. Let it remain until dissolved. Stir well before putting in its diluting tank.

Strain off the two solutions into their respective tanks, and add water enough to make the quantity in each equal 25 gallons for each 4 pounds of lime and sulphate—or 50 gallons in both, when the two solutions are combined. Stir thoroughly.

The solutions are now ready to be put into the mixing tank. They should be strained again when this is done, as a small quantity of sediment will cause a world of trouble when you come to make use of the sprayer. Stir until a thorough union of the lime and sulphate solutions is secured.

Paris green is much used in combination with Bordeaux mixture, generally in the proportion of 1 pound to 20 gallons of water, the object being to "kill two birds with one stone"—in other words, insects and fungoid diseases, for which one application of the combined remedies answers the purpose of two when they are used separately.

Here is a condensed guide for spraying which the amateur fruit-grower will do well to make a memorandum of:

For scab, codlin moth and bud moth, on apple trees: Bordeaux mixture and Paris green, in proportions given above, at intervals as advised.

For cabbage-worm, use Paris green alone when the worm first appears. For leaf-blight, rot and mildew, Bordeaux mixture as soon as indications of either disease are seen. Repeat as seems necessary.

For plums, grapes and kindred fruit: Bordeaux mixture before bloom, after bloom and at intervals thereafter, as advised above, if the trouble continues.

For potatoes: Bordeaux mixture and Paris green in combination. This will destroy the potato bug, and prevent blight.

The easy and effective application of fungicides and insecticides depends largely on the sprayer you use. Get one that will throw a good stream, when needed, to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. Have several nozzles, graduated from a stream to

a fine spray. For small places, where spraying is confined to small fruit and vegetables, there is an automatic sprayer which operates by air-pressure. All you have to do is to give a few strokes of the plunger, after putting your mixture into the tank. This forces in air enough to force the mixture out in spray or stream, as you may elect, without any labor on your part. It continues to operate until the pressure runs down, after which you will have to recharge the machine.

It will be well to look to the shade trees early in the season. The gypsy moth, which infested maples in many parts of the country late last fall, may have left eggs which escaped the application of insecticide advised at that time. I would advise going over these trees this month with the following preparation, which I have found better than anything else I have ever tried: Melt a pound of Ivory soap and mix with it, while quite warm, one pint of kerosene. Agitate until complete union takes place. The mixture can then be added to twelve quarts of water. An emulsion will readily be formed by the operation of the sprayer. Spray the trees thoroughly among their branches, but *scrub* their trunks, using for this part of the work a stiff-bristled scrubbing-brush, with handle inserted in side instead of top. This will enable you to get the emulsion well in among the bark, where eggs may have been deposited. If insects appear, repeat the application.

In fighting tree enemies, not much can be accomplished in town or village where residences are close together, unless all property owners work in union with each other. If A and C will do nothing to rout the pest, B's efforts will count for little. Here is where community interests should prompt each lot owner to co-operate heartily with his neighbor.

GARDEN HINTS

In removing plants from the cold-frame and putting them out in the garden beds, choose a damp, cloudy day for the work if possible. In case no days of this kind happen along when you are ready for transplanting, do the work after sundown.

Before taking the plants to be put into the ground from the cold-frame, go over the beds where they are to be set with a stick having an end that tapers to a point, and make holes to receive them. These holes should be as deep as the roots of the plants are long. Then lift your plants from the frame, taking care to disturb their roots as little as possible. Spread them out evenly on a pan or board, so that each one can be separated from its neighbor with very little trouble. Never handle the roots if you can help it. Take the plant in the left hand, holding it lightly by its top, and drop the roots into the hole made for it. Pinch the soil together about them with

the thumb and finger of the right hand. In this way you can do the work expeditiously, easily and well. After the plants are in place, water them well. Then draw some dry earth over the wet soil to retard evaporation.

If the next day should be a warm, sunny one, shade may be needed for the newly set plants. I make a "shader" that answers all purposes admirably in this way: I cut circular pieces from stiff brown paper, about ten inches across. From these pieces I cut out about a quarter, in a wedge-shaped piece, letting the point of the wedge extend to the center of the paper. Then I bring the paper together, so that the sides from which the wedge was taken overlap each other about an inch, and in and out through this lap I run a small stick or a wire. This holds the paper together, while the lower end of the stick or wire—which should extend five or six inches below the paper—can be thrust into the soil on the sunward side of the plant in such a manner that it will hold the little "umbrella" just where you want it to stay, far enough above the soil to admit of a free circulation of air about the plant beneath. Never make use of pots, pans or boxes in shading plants, as the heat from the sun strikes through them, and is retained about the poor plant in such a way that it suffers more than it would if exposed to the sun, with a free circulation of air about it.

Begin weeding as soon as weeds appear. It is much easier to keep them down than it is to get rid of them after they have had a month or two to grow in.

Use the cultivator freely. Stir the soil often and it will not dry out readily. The farmer cultivates his corn oftener in a dry spell than in a damp season, because he knows that keeping the soil open enables it to absorb whatever moisture happens to be in the air, while a soil that is crusted over is unable to do anything. The same principle applies to the garden.

LAWN HINTS

Rake the dead leaves from the lawn as soon as you can get on to it without leaving a foot-mark in the damp soil. Do this carefully, to avoid tearing the sward, which is easily injured at this season. Apply a good fertilizer. Use it liberally, in order to secure a rich, velvety sward. That is something you cannot have unless you use good food, and plenty of it.

I would advise a commercial fertilizer, as barnyard manure will bring in weeds, and they are the last things one cares to introduce to his lawn. There will be enough of these in spite of all your efforts to prevent them from coming to keep you busy in trying to get rid of them. Dandelions should be cut off below the crown, with a thin-bladed knife or a pointed hoe. Simply clipping their tops will do no good what-

ever. Plantain, so far as my experience goes, cannot be eradicated from any lawn. It is there to stay. But it can be kept down by close mowing. A lawn without weeds calls for the services of a gardener who can devote his entire time to it. Most of us cannot afford this expense, but we can have pretty lawns, even though there are some weeds in them, if we keep the grass growing luxuriantly, and give them the regular attention they demand, in the way of mowing and raking.

Every owner of a lawn, no matter how small it may be, should provide himself with a lawn-mower of the very best kind. It is a mistake to think that any kind of a mower "will do." Of course it *will* do if it *has* to, but the quality of work done with it will be most unsatisfactory. Get a machine that has blades enough to clip the grass smoothly and evenly, and that runs with little friction. The ball-bearing mowers of to-day run so easily that a five-year-old can operate them. Such a mower will make but little noise, and the good work it will do will make the mowing of the lawn a pleasure. Keep it well oiled. This makes it run easy, enables it to do the best of work, and prolongs the life of the machine indefinitely. Keep the knives sharp. You can haggle off the grass with a dull mower, but it will look as if gnawed off—rough, uneven and unsightly. But a mower whose knives cut sharply and smoothly will leave the sward looking like velvet.

Some persons advise raking after each mowing. I do not, because the clippings drop down into the grass and form a mulch which I consider of great benefit. They

also help to fertilize the soil. The lawn that is not mowed often enough will not look well, after you have been over it with the mower, because there was growth enough to partially hide the sward upon which it falls. This will wither and turn brown in a day or two and greatly detract from the beauty of the lawn. But if you keep your lawn well mowed—and that means going over it at least three times a week in ordinary seasons—the amount clipped off at each mowing will be so slight that there will not be enough of it to show.

Do not set the knives so low that they shave the soil. This practice will soon spoil a lawn, as it interferes with the crown of the grass plants. It clips away the blades of grass which spring from the surface, and destroys all that part of the plant upon which we must depend for color and soft, plush-like effect. Let the blades be set high enough to leave at least two inches of the foliage.

A correspondent writes to ask if there is not some application which will kill weeds in the lawn. She has been told that there is. I suppose there are a good many things that will do this, but I know of nothing that will kill the weeds without injuring the grass about them. It stands to reason that what will kill one plant would be quite likely to kill another. The only way to get rid of a weed is to pull it up, cut it off so that it will not sprout again, or apply something to it, individually, that will prevent it from developing. Do not be deceived by any advertiser who claims to have something that has a special affinity for weeds, and will not injure the sward around them, if sown broadcast.

HOW TO HARNESS, SADDLE AND BRIDLE YOUR HORSE

BY F. M. WARE

WE owe it to ourselves to caparison our horses handsomely and tastefully; even more should we concern ourselves with the careful fit and comfortable placing of the equipments thus provided—as well from the selfish reasons of economy and utility, as from the nobler sentiments of humanity. No man, woman or child should allow themselves (or be permitted) to use horses unless thoroughly familiar with all the operations of harnessing, saddling, etc., including perfect knowledge of how to fit and to put on the harness or the saddle and bridle; how to put all harness together properly; the value and relation of every strap and buckle; how to

put the horses to their vehicles, either single or in pairs, etc., and how to arrange coupling-reins, traces, etc., etc., in order to get the best working results.

There is no harness made that can compare with the American trotting man's road harness. It adorns and never disguises. It is practical to the limit, without one superfluous buckle or strap; is easy everywhere; its bits are as varied in effect as they are comfortable and common-sense; its blinkers, pads, etc., light, slight and airy; its improvement, at any point, is impossible.

Just *why* we prefer the unnecessarily heavy English-patterned harness, vehicles,

etc., is hard to explain. However, we do prefer them, and therefore scant consideration can be given to our native fashions, and fad again scores over fitness and utility.

The single harness (this is written for novices, of course) consists of the *bridle*, including crown-piece, blinkers, brow-band, nose-band, check and bit, throat-lash, curb-bit (of two or three styles only) and chain; the *collar* (or the Dutch or breast collar); the *pad* with its accompanying back-band, tugs, girth, belly-band, back-strap, crupper, breeching or kicking strap; the *hames* with its traces, and two hames-straps, or a strap at top, and a kidney-link or chain at bottom, and its breast plate. These must all be kept soft and pliant, and the whole harness must be appropriate in size and make for the horse, and for the carriage to which he is put.

To begin with the *bridle*: Never jam one on a horse's head and then by varied jerks and tugs let it out here and there until it fits. Much better have it too big than too small. Taking the bridle by the top with the right hand, seize the left side of the bits in your left; slide the bridle up over the nose, and as your left hand comes to the mouth-angle, slip your thumb gently inside, and press lightly on the bar of the jaw; his mouth will at once open, the bits slip easily into place, your right hand hitches the head stall over the right ear, and your left helps the left ear under and straightens the forelock. Spring the blinkers a trifle if they set too close. Fit your bridle so that the bit hangs properly (about an inch above the tushes); buckle your throat-lash and nose-band, both of which are unbuckled until now, twist flat the curb-chain, and take it up rather loosely (so that say three fingers will slip between it and the chin). The nose-band goes *inside* the check-rein; and this check-rein should be adjusted as to length the last thing before putting-to, and left loose rather than tight, until exercise has warmed the neck muscles. Notice especially that the brow-band is not so short as to draw the crown-piece uncomfortably close to the horse's ears; or so long as to let the bridle work back on the crest. Buckle the throat-lash loosely, leaving room for three or more fingers to pass freely. See that the check-pieces set close to the cheeks, and that the mouth-angles and lips are not wrinkled and crushed in against the teeth, as is the case when the bridle is too short or the bit narrow. Be certain that the bits are not too wide nor too narrow. The English-pattern harness is deficient in variety of bits, since (if we exclude the four-ring snaffle, and bits with ports, etc.) all mouth-pieces are nearly of the same shape. Many horses drive most unpleasantly in these bits, but are delightful when wearing our native, easy and intelligible arrangements.

The *standing-martingale* is a mere ornament as generally applied, and no horse that needs it is suitable for a gentleman's pleasure-driving.

The *collar* must fit, and every horse should have his own (and indeed his own bridle as well). It must fit snugly, be thick and broad where the draft comes, smooth over the top, and rather straight than bent. Our average horse has not the best of slanting shoulders, and the bent collars are likely to chafe them on top of the neck. An occasional horse will be so large of head that his collar must open at the top, when it is confined by a strap and buckle. The *hames* should always be taken off the collar, and that article sprung over the knee before putting on. To put on, turn upside down, stand before the horse, and slip it gently over his head, stopping if it jams anywhere, and again springing it until it goes easily; turn it (with the mane) on the neck behind the ears, and slide into place. The hames are usually replaced before turning, and tightly fastened.

Place the *pad* quietly over the back, step behind, seize the tail, carefully gathering all the hair in the left hand, and with the right slip the crupper over it, and snugly up to the top of the dock; retaining the back-strap in the right hand to keep the crupper in place, step up to the pad and lift it into place, just back of the swell of the withers, and where it will girth about five inches behind the elbows. Be sure that the back-strap lies loosely along the back, and never leave it tight to draw the crupper sharply under the tail. More bad kicking scrapes arise from this oversight than from all other causes put together. See that the pad is well stuffed and sets clear of the backbone, and draw the girth fairly tight. Since this harness is often used without breeching, there is a custom of drawing the belly-band or shaft girth mercilessly tight, and much suffering is caused from this cruel and useless practice. The length of your tugs, of your traces, etc., will depend upon the vehicle you are to use, and your horse's appropriate distance from his work.

To put on the double harness one proceeds in the same way, and should know instinctively which is the near and which the off "side" or set, and how the one differs from the other—matters which two minutes' study of the articles hanging on their pegs will clearly show him. Monograms or other devices are usual, nowadays, on both sides of blinkers, pads, etc. The inside traces are generally a half hole shorter than the other, or (better) the space is made up by the inside roller bolts on the vehicle being larger; the kidney-link rings work inside the respective breast plates; the direct reins lead to the outside of each horse's mouth, and the coupling-reins cross over on to the respective insides of the bites. Capable "putting togethe-"

of horses is quite an art, and is effected by judicious combinations of the effects of bits, coupling-reins, traces and pole-straps.

Bits should be large and smooth of mouth-piece, as well as properly fitted, and as light and comfortable as may be. Hardly any horse needs the reins in the middle bar, and none, fit to drive at all, in the lower. The cheek answers for many; then the half-cheek with a slack chain; then the half-cheek with a tighter-to-tight chain; then the slack-chain, with the nose-band taken up tight (this should always have plenty of holes close together, for it is not meant for an ornament only, but for a very important part of the practical bridle); then the tight chain and band; then the twisted chain and band; then the same varying arrangements with the reins in the middle bar. Interspersed with each one of these changes is the raising or lowering of the bit, by means of shortening or lengthening the cheek-pieces of the bridle, until just the right spot is found—and, by the way, take five minutes and study that marvelous arrangement of paper-skin and barely covered and quivering nerves, which covers the inside of your horse's lower jaw, and never forget what agony you are inflicting if you roughly handle that most delicately sensitive member. No puller was ever born—we have made them all, more shame to us. The various arrangements of ports, etc., on curb-bits are hideously cruel. A thick mouth-piece well covered with cloth rubber or soft leather has reformed more "pullers" than all the contraptions ever invented, and the whole secret is in making the animal *ordinarily comfortable*.

The *riding saddle* should be roomy everywhere, and especially so in the panels if you are a heavy man, that your weight may be well distributed. The throat should not be so narrow as to cause pain, or so broad as to wobble about. Plain flaps are most comfortable and workmanlike, and if knee-rolls are used, and in addition the seat has a deep dip or depression, the article is restricted to men of a certain length of thigh; whereas with the plain flap and nearly flat seat a boy or a full-grown man is equally well seated. There is no saddle to be preferred to the best English shape, and all military saddles are approaching its lines. A felt pad or saddle-cloth should always be used, cut to closely fit the saddle outline. This will prevent all bruises or chafes; will be washed, beaten and sunned as a saddle lining rarely is, and if two or three duplicates are kept, one is always sure that his horse is comfortably caparisoned, with a dry and soft pad bearing evenly everywhere. The stirrups should always be open, wide and heavy, that they may not hang to the foot in case of a fall. Woolen girths are softest and most easily washed and dried. The saddle will set more steadily, and remain

where it should with the girths quite loose, if the girth-points are replaced, one as far forward and one as far back as possible. When girthing the horse *cross these girths*, the rear one on to the forward point, the other to the rear point, and they will thus bind on each other under the horse's chest, and give a very firm placing, besides removing the girth buckles from directly under the thigh. For every reason (save the conventional) *very long girth-points* and *very short girths* are preferable, as thus they may be buckled without raising the saddle flap at all; and in the same way stirrup-leathers may be single instead of double to greatly enhanced comfort, working on a loop over the stirrup-bar. Similarly the best way to hang any stirrup is *under* the saddle flap, not *over* it as is usually done, thus getting rid of the uncomfortable feel of it under the knee. True, one *may* be dragged if thrown, because the stirrup thus cannot come off the D, but then how often does it ever do that anyhow, except when you particularly do *not* wish it? The closer you can get to your horse the more "sticky" your seat.

A properly fitting saddle will work into its place without girthing, and this is about three inches further back than the average groom puts it. It should always be placed well forward of the proper spot, and slid back into position. If you want to learn just where that is, walk the horse about fifteen steps before girthing, and tighten your girths when *he* has put it where it belongs. Always leave your girths so that the fingers slip easily between them and the ribs, and see that the girths are nowhere near the elbows, which they will chafe badly if they touch. A man's saddle never needs tight girthing if it fits. Be careful that the padding is plentiful, thus avoiding possibly permanent blemishes. Always remove the saddle at once when the horse comes in and plentifully bathe the back with cold water where the saddle rests, following, if you can, by an alcohol shampoo. Both of these applications close the pores at once, and prevent all blistering. If you are of the many who think that a saddle should be left on until the back is dry, do not loosen the girths, but *tighten* them severely to thus compensate by pressure for the removal of your own weight.

A *lady's saddle* should always have a "balance strap" on the off side to keep it straight, or what is far better, the stirrup-strap should continue round the horse and buckle where the balance strap hangs, from the off side of the cantle. Thus, as the lady puts her weight (as in trotting) on the stirrup the saddle receives a pull each time on the off-side, which keeps it straight. Such saddles should always be used with felt pads if the back is to endure. If these pads are girthed on separately with a thin surcingle, they remain station-

ary, and the saddle, if it shifts, turns on the pad, and not on the back. The off-side padding under the pommel needs constant watching. A level seat is far the best, as it suits equally a very small or a very large person, while a dipped seat very sharply defines the size of the person who can use it.

While a lady's horse must be tightly girthed, care must be used that this does not proceed to extremes, or discomfort will cause the animal to lose all elasticity of motion, and probably to finally lie down—a very common result. After one has been riding for a half hour or so all girths will need taking up, and many accidents will be saved if all equestrians will always take this precaution. Girths should also be tested after the rider has been mounted for a few minutes, as horses learn the trick of swelling themselves out. Some old rogues need to have their heads held very high when being girthed, to prevent their getting the muscular brace which enables them thus to distend themselves.

Two bits only are useful in riding—the curb and the bridoon (or snaffle). The curb-bit alone is practically useless; the snaffle alone, in some one of its varying combinations, will suit and hold any horse, but will not serve to keep him as light in hand as the curb and bridoon (or "full bridle") does. Snaffles come large and small, jointed or plain, smooth or rough, twisted, chain, leather or rubber covered, and combine with martingales, nose-bands, running reins and other arrangements into dozens of varied appliances. All saddle horses should be ridden in the "full bridle," and any martingale or other contrivance is an evidence of bad manners, and that the animal is not balanced. The nose-band should always work on its own head-stall, which is called a "cavesson nose-band"; is meant for use, not ornament, and should therefore hang much lower than it generally does, and be full of holes, close together, that its circumference may be altered by fractions of an inch. The head-stall should be light and plainly finished; the reins thin and very pliant; the bits large in the mouth-pieces and just the right width; the curb with a slight port, and about three inches in its lower branch, and one and a half to two inches in its upper; the bridoon with not the usual small rings, but with extra branches to which the head-stall buckles and which keep the bit in place, as the ordinary rings do not; the chain-hooks flat.

To put on the bridle, pass the reins over the head, and leave them just behind the ears, so that if the horse pulls away when

you slip off the halter the reins afford control of him. Put on the bridle as described in harnessing, always gently opening the jaws by inserting the thumb of the left hand in the angle; clear the ears, draw the foretop smoothly over the brow-band; buckle the throat-lash *very* loosely—it should hang down several inches from the throat (in fact it is quite a useless appendage to any bridle). The bridoon should lie snugly in the mouth corners without touching the lip angles; the curb rests about an inch above the tushes (or where they should be—mares do not have them). The curb-chain lies flat in the chin groove, and should be large; no horse should ever be led with this fastened; with many it is best to cover it with chamois-skin. The chain always goes *outside* of the snaffle, and when linked so that a slight pressure on the reins affects the jaw it is, for the average horse, about right. Always err upon the side of slackness if you would get on comfortably with your mount.

The position of the two bits, the length of chain and the tightness of the nose-band will vary with every horse, and with the *same* horse very frequently, depending upon his mood. Very often in the same ride an animal may be made over, as it were, by slight changes in the biting arrangements. The nose-band for the average mouth need never be tight, and a hole or two greatly increases the severity of the biting, from the fact that the horse cannot open his mouth to escape it. Therefore, in the hands of the novice, a nose band is a rather dangerous article. Personally, the writer always hangs the bridoon lower than the average equestrian does, and finds that he gets better results. Trainers raise and lower the curb bit constantly, but *never* touch the snaffle (or bridoon).

The more simple the means we use with the horse the quicker we educate him, and the more willingly he serves us. Make him *comfortable* in every way. We underestimate the various forms of the snaffle bit most unwisely, and as it is the simplest and easiest, so it is the most practically valuable, especially for the average equestrian, who is not and does not care to take the trouble to become a highly finished rider. The trouble with the books, etc., on equestrianism is that they shoot away over the heads of the tyro, bewilder him, and mask the acquirement of a very simple accomplishment, for that is the curious thing about all horsemanship—the simplicity of it, and the strange obtuseness which for so long prevents us from recognizing the fact.

ROD AND GUN

FOREST RESERVES AS BREEDING PLACES FOR WILD LIFE

By JOHN F. LACEY *

THE preservation and propagation of game have in most countries met with much hostility among the people. The laws have been stringent and severe, and their enforcement has been harsh and unpopular. The Norman conquerors of England destroyed many fine farms to plant the New Forest for the royal pleasure. From the time when William Shakespeare was prosecuted for poaching, down to the present day, game laws have met with determined opposition. Harriet Martineau's spirited attacks upon these laws in England aided in bringing her voluminous writings into popularity. She struck a popular chord with the general public.

Those laws in the old world were enacted for the comfort of a privileged class, and it was hardly to be expected that the poor would obey, without complaint, laws which protected the wild creatures from the folding pieces and snares of the poor, in order that there might be sport for the nobility.

But in America no such invidious distinction exists, and the preservation of our birds and game becomes a matter of general interest to all, to rich and poor alike.

The whole continent was once a vast park filled with wild life in forest, mountain and plain, whilst the air was alive with the feathered flocks. The preservation of these creatures was long neglected, because their innumerable multitude seemed to make it impossible that they should ever be exterminated.

With the disappearance of the wild pigeon and the buffalo, and the reduction of many other species to the point indicating the near approach of extermination, the conscience of the people has become quickened on this subject, and a sympathetic public has begun to view this question in an entirely different light. Sentiment and utility have joined hands.

As to many of our birds and beasts, the problem now is how to prevent complete extinction. Of the countless millions of wild pigeons that once darkened the air and enlivened the woods, only a few hundred at most seem to be alive, and even their existence is a subject of controversy. There are enough buffaloes still remaining to prevent complete extermination, and probably ultimately to supply a very useful

breed of cattle in captivity. The national government has embarked in the enterprise of restoring a small herd of these animals in the Yellowstone National Park, but in that severe climate and high altitude the increase is slow. In view of the success of the Indians in preserving and multiplying the herd upon the Flathead Reservation, there is much reason for encouragement as to the Yellowstone herd, because the climate and elevation are nearly the same. On the Flathead Reservation there are three hundred and forty-two buffaloes, about equally divided between the sexes. This number remains after the sale of a considerable number to Howard Eaton a few years ago.

The buffalo should be preserved and renewed in the forest reserves. The number remaining are but few. Fortunately the little flocks in captivity are widely scattered, so that no unexpected epidemic can suddenly complete their extermination.

The Austin Corbin herd at Meriden, N. H., now numbers one hundred and fifty-four fine animals, one-half of which are males. The new herd in the Yellowstone Park was started a few years ago with eighteen cows from the Flathead herd, and three bulls from the Goodnight herd in Texas. Three calves have since been captured from the wild herd in the mountains, and the total number now is forty-three. They are inclosed in a large field near the Mammoth Hot Springs, and form one of the most interesting spectacles in the park. The wild buffaloes in the park at the time of its reservation numbered about four hundred. The poachers and hide hunters pursued them remorselessly until tardily enacted laws put an end to the nefarious traffic. Concealed in the most unfrequented part of the park, the calves exposed to wolves and mountain lions, the number has steadily declined. Six were found dead in the deep snow last spring, and only about twenty remain alive.

The Flathead herd in Montana, when divided and partly sold a few years ago, had increased to nearly three hundred. They were the progeny of about thirty-five calves saved by the Indians at the time of the final general slaughter, when the hide hunters were engaged in their deadly work. It was a profitable business venture, for the animals are now worth two hundred and fifty dollars and upward apiece.

Hon. James Philip (best known among his friends as "Scotty" Philip) has a herd, near Ft. Pierre, S. D., which has increased from seven calves to one hundred and eighteen. They are in a climate and locality admirably adapted to the buffalo, among the bluffs of the upper Missouri River. These animals are magnificent specimens of

*The Hon. John F. Lacey, M. C. from Iowa, is father of the bill which bears his name and has done so much in the cause of game protection.—THE EDITOR.

the pure plains breed.* The Goodnight herd in Texas now number forty-four.

I wish in this article to present what appears to me a practical means of partially undoing the work of devastation which has gone so near the point of complete extermination.

The destruction of our forests has been going on at so great a rate as to alarm the public mind and prepare the people to accept some remedy.

The interests of irrigation and navigation have called attention to the necessity of preserving the sources of our water courses by retaining or restoring the forests from which they flow.

Fortunately many millions of acres of wooded lands are still held by the national government, and about 85,000,000 acres of these lands have been set apart in eighty-three permanent national forest reserves. The primary purpose of these reservations is to conserve the streams and provide means of irrigation, and also, in some degree, to influence the rainfall. They are well scattered in the far West, and are generally upon land which is of little value for agricultural uses.

They are reserved *for* the use of man and not reserved *from* his use. The ripened trees will be cut as they may be needed. There has been much local opposition to many of these reservations, but time and observation have greatly changed the local sentiment. The experimental stage has passed and they can therefore be accepted as an established fact, and the question naturally arises as to what extent they may be utilized for the preservation of the remains of our birds, fish, and game and be used as sources of propagation and supply. At least a portion of these lands should be so used. The writer of this article has for many years endeavored to secure legislation to this end. Wyoming has shown her sympathy with the movement by declaring a permanently closed season in that part of the forest reserves adjacent to the Yellowstone National Park.

If some plan of this kind is not adopted, there will soon be very few game birds or game animals anywhere in the United States, except in the narrow limits of private preserves. If these national reserves are utilized as propagating grounds, there will be an overflow from them which will enure to the benefit of the general public. The game which wander beyond the protected boundary in the open seasons will furnish supplies to the surrounding population, whilst the sources of supply will be undisturbed. Instead of a general war of extermination being waged in every part of the country, there will be havens of refuge from which a permanent source of supply may be assured in the future.

*Congress a few weeks ago authorized the Land Department to lease to Mr. Philip 3,500 acres of public bluff lands for an increased range for his herd.
—THE EDITOR.

At the regular session of Congress in 1901, President Roosevelt, in his annual message, called the attention of Congress to this subject in the following statement:

"The increase in deer, elk and other animals in the Yellowstone Park shows what may be expected when other mountain forests are properly protected by law and properly guarded. Some of these areas have been so denuded of surface vegetation by overgrazing that the ground-breeding birds, including grouse and quail, and many mammals, including deer, have been exterminated or driven away. At the same time the water-storing capacity of the surface has been decreased or destroyed, thus promoting floods in time of rain and diminishing the flow of streams between rains.

"Some at least of the forest reserves should afford perpetual protection to the native fauna and flora, safe havens of refuge to our rapidly diminishing wild animals of the larger kinds, and free camping grounds for the ever-increasing numbers of men and women who have learned to find rest, health and recreation in the splendid forests and flower-clad meadows of our mountains."

Bills have been introduced to carry out this humane suggestion, but up to the present time only one of them has been enacted into law; but the more the question is considered, the more favorably the proposition is being viewed in the localities to be the most immediately affected and benefited. The choice is plain. Some must be protected or all will be destroyed.

The Wichita Forest Reserve of 56,000 acres, in Oklahoma, has been made a game preserve with the hearty approval of the people of that proposed state, and the millions of people who will soon inhabit that great commonwealth will enjoy the benefits of that wise measure of protection. If the proposed bill should become a law, the small band of elk in the Olympic Forest Reserve in the State of Washington could be saved from menaced extermination.*

Deer have become quite plentiful in the woods and mountains of Vermont, and an overflow has migrated into Massachusetts and Connecticut, and they have even reached the shores of Long Island Sound.

Such results in an old settled country like Vermont show what could be done by a fair degree of protection in our national forest reserves.

In the state of Vermont the writer has been informed by Senator Redfield Proctor and Game Commissioner H. G. Thomas that in 1878 deer had been practically exterminated in the state for many years.

A syndicate of public-spirited gentlemen secured the enactment of a closed season for deer, and imported and released seventeen of these beautiful animals for propagation. In 1897 an open season for bucks only during October was permitted, and afterward for the last ten days only of each October. The possibilities of deer restoration have been shown by the results. In 1897, one hundred and three were killed in the open season; in 1898, one hundred and thirty-one; in 1899, ninety;

*European game birds, such as the black cock and the great bustard, should be introduced into the Wichita Reserve, and no doubt this will be done.—
THE EDITOR.

in 1900, one hundred and twenty-three; in 1901, two hundred and eleven; in 1902, four hundred and three; in 1903, seven hundred and fifty-three; in 1904, five hundred and thirty-one. In 1905 the open season was reduced to six days, and there were killed four hundred and ninety-five in that short period. A good many animals were illegally killed during these years, as there were reported three hundred and fifty-seven thus killed, and no doubt some were killed without being reported.

Ex-Congressman Billmyer of Washingtonville, Pennsylvania, recently reported to the writer remarkable results of deer propagation. He has a little private reserve of only forty acres, safely inclosed, in which he, seven years ago, placed three elk and six deer. In six and a half years the elk had increased to thirteen, and the deer to about one hundred. He reports that the fawns were almost invariably twins, and that his little flock was worth \$3,000, showing the profitable nature of the investment from a purely commercial standpoint. This rapid increase seems almost incredible, but the surroundings were the most favorable and the animals were well supplied with food. Such examples as these show that if proper protection is given in the forest reserves, the land outside, and for many miles beyond their boundaries, will again be well supplied. The inhabitants in the surrounding settlements will help to protect and guard this source of supply instead of hastening to destroy it.

Many of the streams in these reserves are well stocked with trout and other fish. Fish are marvelously prolific. No radical or extreme measures of protection are needed to preserve them from extinction, but reasonable closed seasons and limitations upon the size and number of those caught, and enforcement of laws and regulations against dynamiting or other barbarous methods of fishing, would keep these streams as permanent and constant supply stations, with which to restock the water courses that there find their source.

National forestry is tree cultivation upon a large scale, covering long periods of time, for which the lives of individuals would be inadequate. Scientific forestry has taken a firm hold in France and Germany. The destruction of streams and farms by the washing of sand and gravel, caused by the wholesale cutting down of the woods, has called the attention of the people of the old world to the necessity of reforesting the waste lands. The people of the United States are awakening upon this question at a much earlier period than did our kin-folk across the sea.

Now that any one can put his dogs and gun into a baggage car, and, taking a comfortable sleeping-berth, reach his hunting grounds five hundred miles away in a few hours, his power of slaughter has become so great that moderation and self-restraint become the test of a true sportsman.

This unlimited power to travel and kill should be also bounded by the limitations of the law. The necessity for protection increases as the powers of man to kill have increased. With the bloody breech-loader and abominable automatic gun of the present day, extermination is an easy thing. In fact, with long-range, rapid-firing guns in the hands of inexperienced hunters, it is dangerous alike for man or beast to go into the woods in the open season in Wisconsin, Minnesota or Maine.

It is to be hoped that the people of the Pacific Coast will profit by the experience of their Atlantic ancestors, and not permit their salmon streams to become as barren as the once prolific Connecticut now is.

The forest reserves have had additions during the past year of 22,854,978 acres, bringing up the grand total to 85,618,472 acres, exceeding the area of Iowa and Missouri combined.

Not the least important of the uses of this vast domain should be to give shelter to a remnant of that wonderful wild life that once filled this continent.

HINTS ON TERMINAL TACKLE

By CLARENCE DEMING

THE old angler, whose ardor is tempered by experience, if asked to tell why some fishers are dubbed "lucky," others not, will answer that the lucky angler usually has three traits: first, knowledge of places; second, keen and careful attention to the details of his tackle; third, skill in handling the rod and line. Many would put the third of these qualities in the first place—such is the halo that circles expertness in fishing. And, as regards fly fishing, probably skill should be lifted to the highest niche. But the reference here is to successful angling in general, as to which care and detail in tackle hold the second rank in the so-called "luck" category.

One may go a step further and add that in choosing and fixing the angler's outfit terminal tackle holds the first place. By terminal tackle is here meant simply hook, snell and sinker in their various combinations. They are a kind of focal point in fishing—the place where the angler has closest relation and contact with the fish through the medium of his lure, the bait. Hence their prime importance. If their quality or adjustment is bad, the angler may have skill, good general knowledge of times and places, and hold in his hand the supreme triumph of rod-making in greenheart, lancewood or split bamboo, yet meet with such reverse in hooking and landing fish—especially the proverbial "big" ones—as half spoils his day's sport. And how many times has the keen fisher, off for his fortnight's vacation in the wild woods,

struck the hard rock of disappointment in his discovery of defects in the quality of his stock of hooks and snells!

First in order of analysis let us take the hook, which, after the bait, is the literal taking point of the fish. It seems a bit singular, in view of the undoubted advance in tackle during the last quarter century, that one finds so many hooks still defective. Possibly it may be due to the machine-made product in contrast with the old and more careful work of hand and eye. But, whatever the cause, the fact stands and also its corollary that the angler in these days must give his hook the sharpest attention.

The most common flaw is in the temper of the hook. Some hooks break, but break hard; other hooks are brittle and break easily. There are other hooks still that bend, and bend so easily that they "straighten" on every big fish; and yet other hooks that bend, but bend so hard that a big fish never flexes them, and they only straighten and come away when the full tension of the line is laid upon them if caught on tough snag or tree bough. These last are the hooks to buy—if you can find them—and the hard-breaking hook classifies next in merit. Tests by the eye are quite useless, as so many hooks carry exactly the same tints in blue or black. Test the hook instead by the hand, catching the point in a firm bit of wood and trying it out both by the hard, firm pull and by the jerk. Watch particularly in this trial for weakness at the foot of the barb, where the wire is apt to be attenuated overmuch and the whole point give way on a strong fish, especially if hooked in bone or very hard gristle. What vasty depths of angling profanity, in spirit if not in word, have been stirred in boat and on bank when the pointless hook comes away from the hard-played fish, must be left to memory.

The winding of the snell on the hook is another matter of special import. Here again we find acute variations and acute infirmities. Some windings last for days without serious fraying of the silk; others weaken and fray at the end of the first day's fishing; and others still, apparently strong when dry, become perilously weak and frail almost at the first touch of the water—a flaw probably due to defects in the protecting gum. In this case, too, the test of the eye avails little, though it is well to see that the silk winding is laid on closely and evenly. The best proof is the hard pull as well as "jerk" on the snell at right angles to the hook; but even this does not avail always unless the winding has been soaked for an hour or two in water. In general it is true, as to quality of hook and winding, that both excellence and weakness run through all the brands of the maker, and a test of one hook tries all. In that case a word of warning to the salesman is pretty sure to pass quickly to

the factory, and the faults be rectified. As an example from personal experience, not long ago the writer found in a type of snell hooks otherwise excellent and labeled "made in England," a deadly weakness in the winding. Complaint to the salesman went back right away to headquarters, and the next invoice of snell hooks left nothing to be asked.

What style of hook is the best for general fishing? is a query which anglers will, according to individual taste, fancy or experience, answer differently for all time. Under the limitation of ordinary freshwater fishing and from the depths of an experience ranging for nigh half a century through the Aberdeen, New York Trout, Limerick, Kirby and other types of hook, the writer casts his individual vote strongly in favor of the Sproat, No. 2, for black bass and general fishing—excluding pickerel, for which a very large New York Trout or Kirby style is best—and No. 4 for trout—if fishing with bait—and the smaller sizes for trout flies. No hook, after original prejudices in other styles have been outworn, has, *me judice*, equaled the Sproat in consistent taking power, albeit so simple in shape. But the Sproat itself varies somewhat, as a type, in two directions—size of wire and depth of bend. The deep bent style is the better as it gives a stronger hold on large fish, and for the same reason I prefer the larger wire, which is less likely to "cut" and loosen—a very common form of escape of a heavy bass after a few minutes of hard strain. A very slight, indeed all but imperceptible inward turn of the point of the hook should also be looked for and preferred, and a sharply outlined barb as distinguished from a mere "nick." As a final word on the matter of winding the snell on the hook it may be said that the self-reliant angler who does his own work is in the end surer of the result; but it takes time and somewhat exceptional aptitude and deftness of hand as well as good eye.

Turning next to the character and quality of the snell, for general fishing the long, thick snell ranks first for obvious reasons; and the snell that is clear not only is less visible in the water, but outclasses in firmness, strength and lasting power the snell that is slightly opaque. This bars the not uncommon colored gut, which is also apt to be of inferior grade. Every angler should keep in stock a hank of unmounted snells, the best costing at retail about \$2 per 100; and such unmounted snells should be the units of his terminal tackle. In general, it should be remembered that the unmounted snells average somewhat better in grade than those bought with hook—or hook and fly—already attached.

Just here we may well bring forward some points connected with the gut leader. In fly fishing the leader is absolutely essential. It saves the terminal from tangles; it is all but a prime factor

in straight, clean, deft, accurate and long casting of the line; and it delineates the fly and gives it the realism that lures the shy or fastidious fish. Moreover, in fly fishing, the gut must be of varying size. The strong, thick gut, that serves on an overcast or "open and shut" day or on windy or dimpled surfaces, often utterly fails in high sunlight and still waters which exact, as a rule, gossamer gut. In its relations to fly fishing with its dainty and attractive refinements, the leader from six to ten feet knotted with the most scrupulous care, becomes thus an angling necessity.

But when we turn to bait fishing and to that "general" angling to which, in the main, this article refers, the costly gut leader shifts, for the most part, into a thing of luxury. The angler who carries a deep purse may habitually use a leader on purely æsthetic grounds, counting against its frequent loss his added pleasure of neat and attractive terminal tackle. But, as a prosaic fact in fishcraft, and averaging freshwater fish of various shapes, sizes and species, probably the simple gut ten inches long has at least nine-tenths the taking power of the best leader; and, if the single snell can be prolonged to a leader of say two feet or even a little less, the serious risk of tangle passes and, in terms of rational economy, the angler has—except, as stated, for fly fishing—just as good a leader for all practical fishing as can be desired.

But before we pass to its construction let us consider sinkers. Their name, even for ordinary fresh-water fishing in lake or stream, is legion, representing great diversities of individual taste. But in the foreground are two types—the split "shot" and the lead "string" sinker wound along the line or gut. Of these two styles the split shot—usually about BB. size—has one or two special 'vantages. It offers less resistance in the air when throwing out the line; and it sinks quickly in the water, an important factor in fishing rapids or strong, deep currents. But it has a bad habit of tangling gut and hook and of fouling the bottom, especially between rocks and stones, to say nothing of its vicious aptitude in hanging to bush and bough; moreover, unless very carefully adjusted, it is apt to flatten and weaken the line or gut at the clasping point. For all-round sinkers, therefore, the verdict must be decisively in favor of the string sinker, cut from sheet lead reduced in the rolling machine of the plumber to, say, twice the thickness of stiff wrapping paper, and cut in pointed strips of any length required. For trout in ordinary swift waters the strip should be about two inches long and a tenth of an inch broad; for black bass three inches long and an eighth of an inch broad—double that size, perhaps, if a strong bait like a young frog or good-sized minnow is used. This

string sinker has at almost every point superior merit; as a mere enlargement—if carefully wound—of the line it is well disguised; it rarely fouls on land or in water; it is easily varied in weight—simply nipping off an end on the line reduces it instantly—and with the rolled sheet lead on hand one can, with a stout pair of shears, cut in a half hour the sinkers for a whole season.

Having thus outlined the varying merits of hooks, snells and sinkers for general angling, let us come to their composite. It explains a combination in terminal tackle which the writer has used for many years, which—outside of a few fisher mates who have adopted it—he has never seen in use, and which is so ready and adaptable that, in an angling sense, it has become a veritable *vade mecum*.

Here is its making, let us say, for black bass: Take a double gut looped at the end and mounted on a Sproat hook No. 2—almost any large dealer in tackle is sure to have it. Next take two snells from the hank of gut, cut off both the frizzled and diminished ends, and soak the two in mildly tepid water for a half hour. Noose them by the common underrunning slip knot to the loop of the hook-snell. Then cut some five inches of line from the reel. The knotting of this to the loose ends of the "hank" snells so as to make a knot that is absolutely secure is important. The best device is the "water knot"—at least such it used to be called. The simple single knot in a cord, but with one end passed through *twice*, ought to suffice to explain it to the novice; only, as to the case in hand, the three strands—two snells and the line—are to be held together and treated in the tying as though they were a single cord. In drawing the knot be careful that the double snells pull evenly. Finally wind the string sinker heretofore described around the water knot, and in the case of all the knots, even though they have been drawn fast, cut off the loose ends so as to leave, say, an eighth of an inch—thus allowing a slight margin for safety if the knots draw a bit closer when well soaked in the fishing. The composite is now complete. You have a "leader" from twenty inches to two feet in length—long enough for bait fishing and to avert snarls—and the whole terminal tackle outfit is there in a single "combine," ready to be tied to the reel. For trout the process is exactly the same, with the Sproat hook No. 3 or 4 and single snells substituted—a little easier to tie and somewhat cheaper in cost than the black bass terminal.

Angling has some griefs among its multiplied joys, and the writer has had his share of both. But, of all the inventions which have assuaged vexation and fostered the charm of the gentle art he counts his home-spun composite for terminal tackle among the first.

TWO NEW TAILLESS KITES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

BY DAN BEARD

AS a rule kites are made with a skeleton of wood and a skin of paper or cloth. In the accompanying diagrams I have used a dash and two dots to represent the string or thread used in framing a kite, and a double line to represent the bones or sticks of the skeleton or frame. Fig. 1 explains the joints and attachments of string to sticks, also the meaning of the other conventional signs used for convenience.

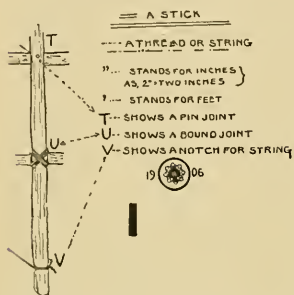


Fig. 2 shows the bones of an owl kite after they have been attached to each other (as at T and U in Fig. 1), but before they are bent into form. Let the sticks (A N and A O) be each 14 inches in length, and join them at A by driving a pin through and bending the protruding point of the pin back (as at T, Fig. 1). A N and A O should be straight, flat sticks, exact duplicates of each other and, as there will be little strain upon them, they may be made of very light material; if the wood used is too small to drive a pin through it without splitting the sticks, bind the joint with thread (as at U in Fig. 1) and bind all accidental cracks in the sticks.

THE BACKBONE

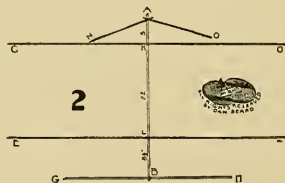
of the kite (A B) must be made of a good piece of straight-grained wood, free from knots or cracks. Let it be about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, 1 inch wide and 3 feet 4 inches long. Five inches below the point where A N and A O are attached to the backbone mark a point (K) for the bow stick (G K D), and 11 inches below K mark the backbone for the center of the wings where the bow string will cross; 11 inches below this mark the point (L) where the lower bow stick (E L F) will be attached; $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches below L mark the point (B) where the tail bow (G H) is to be attached to the backbone. This will leave a small amount of spare stick (a A and B), which may be

cut away when the frame is finished. Use hickory or some other strong, elastic wood from which to make the

WINGS

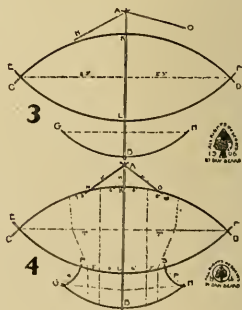
or bow sticks (C D, E F) and the tail bow (G H). Make these sticks considerably thinner than the backbone and let the wing sticks (C D and E F) be each $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and make G H 3 feet 6 inches long. The thickness of the bow sticks is largely dependent upon the material used, and split bamboo bows may be made much lighter than would be safe for some other woods. Attach the exact centers of the bow sticks securely to the backbone at the points (K, L and B) marked on the spine. We have still two small bows to make for the tail (G P and S H), but it is unnecessary to bother with these until the others are all strung and adjusted.

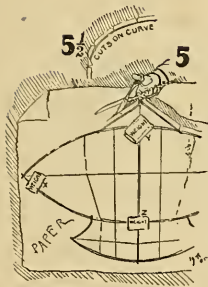
Bind the cross sticks with strong waxed thread to the backbone and bend the bows (G D and E F) so that they will cross each other at their extremities (as in Fig. 3) and then lash the ends together, being careful that the right and left sides of the frame balance each other; in other words, use the utmost care to so bind the bow ends that the distance along one side of one bow from the binding to the backbone exactly equals the distance on the other side from binding to backbone. It should measure (Fig. 3) 2 feet 3 inches along the bowstring to the backbone on each side. String the tail bow (G H) as in Fig. 3. Next, bind



THE HEAD PIECES

(A N and A O) to the bow (C D), and let the distance from where these sticks are bound to the backbone (a A) measure just 11 inches on each side to where they are bound to the bowstick at N and O (Fig. 4). Do not forget to make the two sides of your kite balance, otherwise you will have that abomination,





A LOP-SIDED KITE,

one that has a list to port or starboard and worms its way in the sky like a person with curvature of the spine—if you succeed in making it fly at all; but the chances are that it will only rise to turn over in circles. After you have all the sticks in Fig. 3 in

place, evenly balanced and the bow strings (see dash and dot lines, Fig. 3) square with the backbone (that is, crossing the spine at right angles), prepare

THE TWO SMALL BOWS

for the tail (G P and S H) (Fig. 4) and let them each be a little over 6 inches long, and made of light elastic sticks as near alike as your skill and judgment can make them. Bend the two small bows and string them as you would an archery bow, so that the bow strings will measure 6 inches each (as in Fig. 4); then bind the bows at G and P. After the kite is all strung and framed the bow strings (G P and S H) may be removed, although it will do no harm to leave them in place. Now stretch the bow line from the joint of E C to the joint of F D until it bends the wings slightly back, so as to make a convex back and a concave front to the kite. Take a half hitch around the backbone and lash it firmly to the joints (E C and D F) (Fig. 4). See that the frame is evenly balanced and then tighten the bow string (G H) in the same manner, making the tail bend in a curve which corresponds with the curve of the wings or main part of the kite frame. Next run

THE STAY LINES,

placing one 6 inches from the backbone, and on each side of it (as in the diagram, Fig. 4). Two more stay lines, each 3 inches from the first two, may now be strung so as to meet the principal bow string at points 7 inches from the first two, and to make fast to the bow (C D) at points 8 inches from the first two (as shown by Fig. 4). You are now ready to put

THE SKIN ON THE OWL, or in other words to cover your kite with paper.

Spread the paper smoothly on the floor, and if it is not large enough paste one or more pieces neatly together until a sheet is secured which will more than cover the kite frame.

Use boiled flour paste and make the seams as narrow as safety will permit. Any sort of light, strong paper will do and for light winds such as are prevalent in the inland states east of the Mississippi River, even tissue paper may be used.

Place the frame over the paper and use books or paper weights to hold it in place (X Y Z) (Fig. 5). The weight at X can only be used when there is no weight at the opposite wing, for the curve of the kite frame will not admit of both sides being weighted down at the same time.

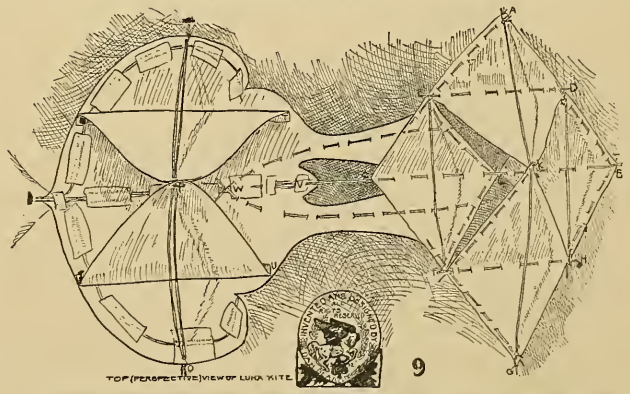
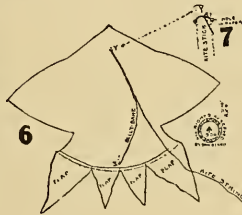
With a sharp pair of scissors cut around the kite frame (as in Fig. 5), making notches or slits at each angle and at short intervals (Fig. 5 1/2) on the curved lines. When one side is cut shift the X weight to the opposite wing, and cut the other side in the same manner, until the pattern, skin, cover or dress for the kite is finished; then

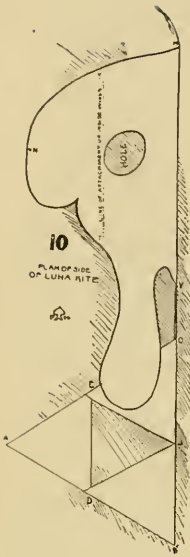
with a towel in your left hand and paste brush in the right take one flap at a time, coat it with paste, fold it neatly over the outline frame of the kite and press it gently but firmly down with the towel. When one

side is finished transfer the X weight to the opposite side and paste that, then turn over the kite and add the flaps or flags shown on the tail of Fig. 7. When all is dry the belly-band may be attached by using a sharp lead pencil and punching small holes on each side of the backbone at Y and Z (Fig. 7), through which string the line for the belly-band and tie it around the backbone.

TO PAINT THE KITE

take Fig. 8 and set it before you, then with





a brush and paint make a faithful copy of it. When it is done and your kite is sent aloft, you can be certain that there are no other kites like it except those some other readers of this number of THE OUTING MAGAZINE are flying. I have tried to make the diagrams of these kites so that they may be understood even should the letter press be lost, but

THE LUNA KITE,

a perspective top view of which is shown by Fig. 9, looks so complicated that a few words of explanation will be necessary. Fig. 10 shows the pattern of one side of this

new butterfly kite. It was first built without the queer appendage on the tail, but I found that it darted around so much that it was necessary to have something to steady it. (It must be understood that when I here speak of the tail of these tailless kites I refer to the lower or rear end of the kites themselves, and not to any long streamers of rags or strings and tufts of paper. So when I refer to the tetra-

hedron on the tail of the Luna I mean on what would be called the tail of the real butterfly's wings.) On the back of the butterfly's wings two other wings are pasted (as may be seen by referring to

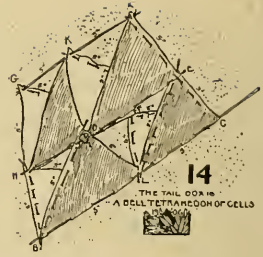
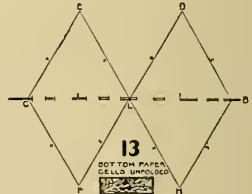
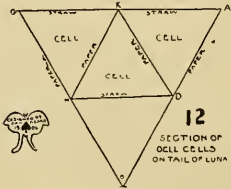
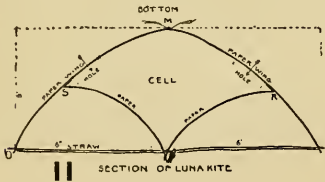


Fig. 9), and in the sectional view (Fig. 11, S P and R P) these two wings are joined at their tips by a bit of paste and kept in position by the straw (O P N) run through them and the other wings. This straw is held in place by a thread which is fastened securely to one end of the straw, and then run around the curve of the kite (O M N) and secured to the other end of the straw at N. Fig. 12 shows a section of Professor Bell's tetrahedron; Fig. 13 shows how to make one with paper and broom straws; Fig. 14 shows the finished box of "cells," and Figs. 9 and 10 show how the cells are pasted to the tail of the butterfly and braced by broom straws. The kite measures 24 inches in length and has a spread of wings measuring 15 inches. If made of brilliant and vari-colored paper it makes a beautiful kite.

Of course it may be built of sticks in place of straws, but the one these diagrams were drawn from was made with broom straws and sent aloft attached to a spool of ordinary thread.



JOHN BURROUGHS CONFIRMED

I AGREE with Mr. Burroughs that the weasel seizes its victim on the run, or on the jump; if it ever sneaks up to it I have not been fortunate enough to witness it. Let me tell one instance of the many I have seen. One day I was sitting in a clump of juniper bushes at the foot of a railway dam, which latter contained a great number of weasel burrows. While I was waiting for my game, the roebuck, I was attracted by the play of several weasels some twenty feet away. On the other side of the railway track a shepherd was herd-

ing his flock, and his dog eventually jumped a hare, which crossed the track within easy reach from my hiding place. The hare was going at full speed across a potato field, when he was suddenly intercepted by one of the weasels, which fastened its teeth in his neck and clung to its victim for possibly a thousand yards. I could not see the finish, but when my dog retrieved him the hare was dead. That weasel was a *Mustela Minor*, and the hare was a *Lepus timidus*, weighing about nine pounds.—F. J. GRUBE.

NOTE.—The map on page 5 of the April issue of THE OUTING MAGAZINE in connection with Mr. Stewart Edward White's story, "The Pass," was drawn on a scale of one-half inch to the mile. For the purpose of reproduction, it was reduced to about one-eighth its original size. The printer failed to make proper change in the caption. This correction is due Mr. White, as otherwise the reader might imagine that the entire exploration covered a distance of about a mile and a quarter.



THIS TRADEMARK PICTURES THE SACRED SCARAB WHICH
WAS WORSHIPED BY THE EGYPTIANS AS A SYMBOL
OF FERTILITY AND OF THE RESURRECTION. IT
BEARS UPRAISED THE EGG OF LIFE.



Blazing the trail.

Drawing by Philip R. Goodwin.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



THE BUILDERS

IV.—THE GOLD CAMPS OF THE DESERT

BY RALPH D. PAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

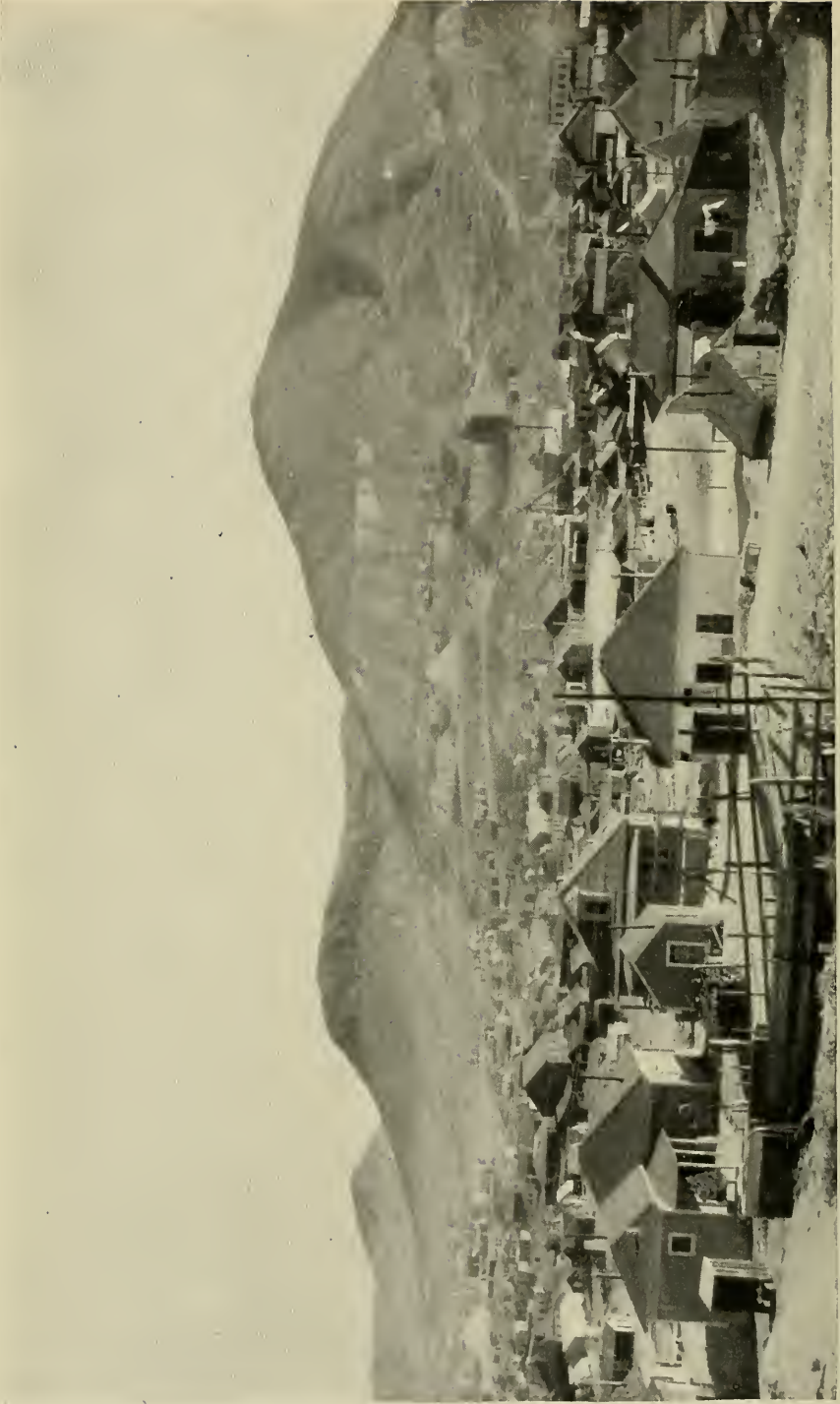
“IF IT LOOKS GOOD TO YOU, GET TO IT.” This is a Western slogan in which faith and works are so closely packed that another word would spoil it. There is lacking the literary adornment of those “creeds” and “symphonies” which, done in very pretty type or stamped on a ragged bit of leather, exhort us to plain living and high thinking with due regard for the birds and flowers. No, there is none of the tinkling “preachment” doctrine of conduct in this big, rugged call to action, “If it looks good to you, get to it.” It is not preached, but lived by men who are too busy to prate much about the “simple life,” and it says nothing about obstacles in the way. It would be hard to focus with more brevity and force the virile spirit of the Americans who have made and bulwarked their nation.

This is how the desert of Nevada has

been peopled within the last four years—“it looked good” to many thousand men who wanted to seek gold, and they “went to it,” and made cities in the most desolate and forbidding corner of the United States.

It is probable that this country will not see another great “gold stampede.” Before these latest discoveries were made in Nevada, it was generally believed that the frenzied rush of armies of treasure seekers must be classed as a vanished part of the frontier life and conditions. Old prospectors, however, with the clamor of Cripple Creek still echoing in their memories, would wag their gray beards with a knowing air and trudge into the desert and among the mountains, confident that other bonanzas were waiting to be revealed.

Instead of seeking new sources of supply the men with more capital than imagination were devising new methods to work



Tonapah, cradled in the desert mountains.

over old diggings. Their mighty electric dredges were turning over the placer gravel washed out by the Forty-miners, and by a miracle of mechanical economy making it profitable to extract eleven cents' worth of gold from a ton of earth. Or their stamp mills and scientific processes were pounding up and milling the low-grade ore of Alaska and the mountains of the West. The gold hunter and producer were being rapidly stripped of their ancient red-blooded romance of adventure by the prosaic methods of twentieth-century enterprise, which have conspired to banish also the cowboy and the sailor.

Nevada was a butt for jests among her sister states, which delighted to record such items as:

"Three hoboes were thrown off a train while crossing the Nevada desert the other day. Their arrival doubled the population of the county in which they hit the alkali, and a real estate boom was started on the strength of it."

The state of brown, bare mountains and sand and sagebrush was beginning to feel the stir of the irrigation movement, but the heyday of her mining glory seemed to slumber with a dead past. Silver camps that were hilarious cities of thousands of men and millions in wealth thirty years ago had dwindled to ruined hamlets whose brick blocks stood tenantless and forlorn. The queen of them all, Virginia City, was no more than a ghost of what she had been in the days of the Comstock lode.

Those were the times when the poor miner, John Mackay, went to Nevada with only his pick and his stout arms; when Fair, the blue-eyed Scotchman, walked into Virginia without a dollar, and "hung up" his board with the Widow Rooney up the gulch, until he should make his strike; when two young Irishmen, Flood and O'Brien, were digging in the hills with their comrade, George Hearst, all of them red-shirted prospectors together, with no other capital than stout hearts and stouter backs.

Their fortunes have built railroads, laid cables under seas and flung their children into the spangled world of fashion. The Comstock yielded more than two hundred millions of silver in sixteen years. Its mines were the life-blood of the Pacific Coast. But when their glory departed, Nevada went to sleep again. Like the

state in which he made the first discovery of the lode that bears his name, H. T. P. Comstock could not cling to the riches he had laid bare for others. After wandering in poverty for years, he blew out his brains near Bozeman City, Montana, in 1870.

The times have changed since then, and men have changed with them. The new mining camps of Nevada are alive with the old spirit that laughs at hardship and danger, and their builders have earned a place in the latter pages of the story of the American frontier. The "bad-man" is a missing figure, and the contrast between these present-day camps of Tonapah, Goldfield and Bullfrog, and their predecessors of the Comstock, is wide and impressive. Such colorful gentlemen as stalked through Virginia City thirty years ago may be glimpsed in these bits of life and manners as told by one of them:

"A gambler of Herculean frame, with a huge black beard that gave him a most ferocious appearance, cheated a miner out of four or five hundred dollars in a poker game. The miner saw that he had been swindled after his money was gone, and demanded his cash. The big gambler laughed in his face. The miner, who was a small and inoffensive-looking person, left the place without more words. Some of the crowd in the saloon told the big sport that his man had gone off to heel himself, and that there would be trouble later on. The big man was not alarmed—he was not going to be frightened away. He sat in a chair in the back room, near an open window, his head thrown back and his legs cocked up. He didn't care how many weapons the miner might bring.

"'Why, gentlemen,' he roared, 'you don't know me—you don't know who I am. I'm the Wild Boar of Tehama. The click of a six-shooter is music to my ear, and a bowie knife is my looking-glass.' (Here he happened to look toward the door, and saw the miner coming in with a sawed-off shotgun.) 'But a shotgun lets me out,' and he went through the window headfirst."

"Early in the spring of 1860," as Dan DeQuille has told it, "Sam Brown, known all over the Pacific Coast as 'Fighting Sam Brown,' arrived in Virginia. He was a big chief, and when he walked into a saloon with his big Spanish spurs clanking along



Prospectors setting out from Goldfield.

the floor, and his six-shooters flapping under his coat-tails, the 'little chiefs' hunted their holes and talked small on back seats.

"In order to signalize his arrival, Sam Brown committed a murder soon after reaching Virginia. He picked a quarrel in a saloon with a man who was so drunk that he did not know what he was saying, and ripped him up with his bowie knife, killing him instantly; then, wiping his knife on the leg of his pantaloons, lay down on a bench and went to sleep. After that where was the chief who dared say that Sam Brown was not the 'Big Chief'? Sam had killed about fifteen men, doubtless much in the same way as he killed the last man.

"Not for long was Sam chief in Waho. One Van Sickles, at whose ranch he shot a hostler, mounted a fast horse, and started in pursuit with a heavily loaded shotgun. Sam no doubt felt that his hour had come, for an enraged ranchman on his track meant business, as he well knew. He turned in his saddle and began firing, but the ranchman was unhurt and, raising his gun, riddled the great fighter with buckshot, tumbling him dead from his horse at the edge of the town of Genoa."

Going into Tonapah from Reno last autumn, a mining engineer recalled his earlier experiences in the sizzling towns of the frontier.

"I was a boy in Tombstone in 1881," said

he, "and saw Doc Holliday, Wyatt and Virgil Earp and Ringold wipe out the three McClowrys and the two Clancys. One of the Earps was a deputy United States marshal, another was the town marshal, and a third, Morgan Earp, was a Wells Fargo 'shotgun man' or express messenger. There was bad feeling between the Earps and the gang of cowboys, who were accused of holding up the stage and killing the driver, Curly Bill. The McClowrys and Clancys accused the Earps of having a hand in the hold-up. The climax came when the Earps sent out word that the cow men must not ride into Tombstone and shoot up the town any more. I was hiding behind an adobe house down at the corral when the McClowrys and Clancys rode in to accept the challenge. It was a fight to the finish. Two of the Earps crowd were wounded, but all of the other side were killed or mortally hurt right there at the corral.

"A little later Morgan Earp was killed in a saloon by a load of buckshot fired through the window near which he was playing billiards."

Now, the two surviving Earps, perhaps hoping that the frontier had come back to them, drifted into the new Goldfield district within the last year or so. Virgil Earp died in the Miners' Hospital at Goldfield, with his boots off, last autumn, after a most prosaic illness. Wyatt ran a little saloon in Tonapah for a while, and moved



Moving his residence by the simple process of jerking it up by the roots.

on. Once he flourished his guns while drunk, and they were rudely taken away from him by an undersized sheriff. This was in a mining camp of five thousand souls in which it has not yet been found necessary to organize a town government. Such is the law and order that reigns on the frontier of to-day.

Five years ago a desert rancher named "Jim" Butler was prospecting in southwestern Nevada, packing his outfit along on the backs of six burros, trudging among the mountains a hundred and fifty miles from a railroad, in a country which an experienced miner would have laughed at. It had none of the signs of gold-bearing rock, and in his "plumb ignorance" Butler plodded along "forty miles from water and one mile from hell," trusting to gold seekers' luck, and not at all confident of making a strike big enough to keep him in tobacco money.

One night he camped at Tonapah Spring and found some rock that "looked good to him." He broke off a few chunks, loaded them on a burro and rambled home with them in the course of time. In the town of Belmont, near his ranch, his rock was greeted with a light-hearted incredulity, and he was about to throw it away when a young lawyer named Oddie pricked up his ears, and with the rashness of youth offered to have the samples assayed. Butler went back to his ranch in Monitor Valley and betook himself to the more important busi-

ness of harvesting his hay crop. He had forgotten about his rock when Oddie sent him word that the stuff assayed several hundred dollars a ton in gold and silver.

Even then the doubting rancher did not think it worth while to make a trip after more rock, but his very capable wife kept at him until he hitched up a team and drove into Belmont. Oddie had business of his own by this time and could not go with them, so Butler and his wife made the lonely journey back to the Tonapah Spring region to look at his "false alarm."

This was more than three months after his discovery, which indicates that "Jim" Butler was none of your get-rich-quick financiers. He staked out a claim for his wife, one for Oddie and a third for himself. Three months more passed before Butler and Oddie loaded two wagons with grub and tools for doing development work on their claims. Oddie hauled water from the spring four miles away, cooked and looked after the horses, sharpened tools and helped Butler sink a shaft. In this back-breaking fashion they got out a ton of ore and hauled it fifty miles to Belmont, from which it was freighted across the desert a hundred miles farther to the nearest railroad at Austin, to be shipped to a smelter. This ton netted six hundred dollars in gold, and the two men, whose cash capital was twenty-five dollars, were able to hire a few men to help them.

By winter the news sifted to the outside



On the edge of Bullfrog.

world that a rich strike had been made in that far-away corner of the Nevada desert, and men began to "get to it" from Carson and Reno and the small camps in the mountains. "Jim" Butler decided to lease claims to the newcomers, and staked out locations for them as fast as they arrived. Another year and the human trickle had swelled to a flood, and capitalists were scenting the treasure and sending in their scouts. A year from the time he had swung the first pick on his locations Butler sold the original claims for \$336,000, and shrewdly took part of his interest in stock of the company that was formed.

The rise of these shares has since brought the purchase price of the claims to a value of more than a million dollars.

Meanwhile this "Jim" Butler had been making additional locations, which included part of the future town site as well as other rich ledges in the mountains. He showed himself to be very much of a man, which is a good deal better than being very much of a millionaire. He leased out hundreds of claims in the height of the rush when the gold fever was addling the brains of men, as it has always done. But it never threw "Jim" Butler off his balance. He refused to have written deeds and contracts with his customers. Transactions whose total ran into the millions were bound only by the spoken word of "Jim" Butler. Nor could a fabulous strike on one of his leases ever tempt him to go back on his word. The town lots he sold when values were going skyward every few minutes were transferred with no papers to show for it. Broken grubstake contracts, claim-jumping suits, and real-estate disputes raged all round him, but nobody who did business with "Jim" Butler got into a lawsuit. That capable wife of his helped him keep track of his transactions, and an old account book held them all.

Within two years Tonapah was a town of four thousand people, mostly men. It had been lighted with electricity, and a water system put in. There were two churches, a graded school with a hundred pupils, a club, two newspapers; and a railroad had crawled over the desert, built by the Tonapah Mining Company with \$600,000 of its profits from its gold diggings. Tonapah took on a settled and civilized air, with its stone business and bank

blocks, rising in the midst of the shacks and tents that swarmed on its disheveled outskirts. Mining corporations, with millions of Eastern capital behind them, were in possession of the richest claims, the country round had been prospected by thousands of invaders, and so the vanguard moved on south into the wilderness. At that time, if your water supply held out and you did not get lost and die of thirst along the edge of Death Valley, you could travel two hundred miles and find no town, no human settlement except a shack or two beside the springs that were from thirty to fifty miles apart. Nothing alive flourished in the country except rattlesnakes and tarantulas; nothing grew there except sagebrush, cactus and mesquite. It was in the very heart of what is left of the "Great American Desert." Water, food, fuel, everything had to be hauled through mountain passes and sand from the nearest railroad. The heat in summer was frightful, rising to a hundred and twenty degrees in the shade where there was any shade, and lingering above a hundred degrees at midnight in midsummer.

While in Alaska the gold hunter's stories are of snow and ice and bitter cold, of dog sleds and snowshoes and furs, this rush into the desert was framed in clouds of white and choking dust, amid the peril of heat and thirst.

Thousands turned backward, and hundreds pushed on. Their ardor flamed afresh when thirty miles south of Tonapah a second "big strike" was made, and the town of Goldfield rose over night. The lucky locaters and lessees began to find out ore whose total values ran into the millions in a very few months, and in the first year the wealth dug out of the desert amounted to more than the production of Cripple Creek in its first two years of activity. Within eighteen months, nearly ten thousand people were at Goldfield, and the railroad had pushed on from Tonapah.

Still the prospectors headed southward, away from the town and the railroad, and sixty miles beyond Goldfield they were the pioneers in another stirring stampede into the desert. The Bullfrog district became the firing line of the gold-seeking invasion. When the gold was found, only three families were living within eighty-five miles of the locations, a rancher named Beatty,



Cruisers after gold.

one Howell, who had a little ranch by a spring, and Panamint Joe, a Shoshone Indian who was camped with a few of his tribe near another spring where there was a patch of watered grazing land. In less than a year four thousand people were living in the new-fledged towns of Bullfrog, Beatty, and Rhyolite. They were linked with the railroad sixty miles away by a line of automobiles, daily stages and toiling trains of freighters' wagons. Telephone

lines were strung across the desert to Goldfield, and these isolated, desert-bound settlements were in touch with the outside world as soon as they were big enough to be named.

Tonapah, meanwhile, as the oldest of these camps along the path of the dusty argonauts, had lost its floating population and was in a second stage of solid development, with mines in operation and ore going by solid train loads to the smelters



The "bucking broncho" of a desert automobile.

at Salt Lake. Speculation in mining stocks had succeeded the gambling fever of the prospector, and if other excitement was wanted, it must be sought in the resorts where the faro layout and the roulette wheel held sway.

Although the "modern improvements" were hurried into Tonapah and Goldfield with an amazing speed that makes this peopling of the desert a modern miracle, it was nevertheless a new civilization, whose raw edges could not be trimmed off in one year, or even five. These are still frontier outposts, although they belong to a tamed frontier. They seethe with strong,

Tonapah when the day's work is done, flock into the gambling houses either to play or to look on by way of diversion.

Walk into the "Tonapah Club" Saloon of an evening, for example. The bar is crowded, and the big room is jammed with men who are drifting from one gambling table to another. There is much heavy play and some hard drinking, but no loud talk, no boisterous profanity, no ruffianly drunkenness. The place is quieter than the average camp meeting. If one is looking for surviving phases of the frontier, he may be disappointed at first glimpse of so singularly docile a gathering.



"Farmer's Station" on the road to Bullfrog.

bold currents of life, and men are counted for what they are, and not what they have, as it was in the days of old.

The petulant pop of the pistol is almost unknown, and the six-shooter is not a commonplace adornment of the well-dressed male. The gambling house, saloon and dance hall, however, are populous and profitable business enterprises and they dot the streets "gay and frequent." Because public gambling is licensed by law in Nevada, these mining camps have a more vivid streak of frontier conditions than can be found anywhere else. The tanned and dusty men in boots, leggings and corduroys who throng the streets of

But in front of a faro table a brace of grizzled prospectors are "piking" along with fifty-cent chips. They are almost cleaned out, and to the average town-bred man, whose chief worry is lest he lose his job, their situation would seem perilous and even hair-raising. For they have come in from the desert for "a whirl," and when their modest stakes are gone, they will be without a dollar in the world. They are aware of this fact, but it does not disturb them. They have been "broke" many times, and they expect to "go broke" many times more. They were prudent enough to buy a little store of bacon, beans and flour before they embarked on this ruinous



Hauling rich ore from a Tonapah gold mine.

evening, and in the morning they will pack their burros and trail off into the mountains to live another month or two without seeing any other human being until they shall come back to town for another grubstake. And if they can't raise the cash for the next grubstake? Well, that time is far distant, and it's a poor kind of a man that will worry when he has enough to eat for a month ahead.

So they dutifully and cheerfully "go broke," and stroll over to watch a crowd that presses round a roulette table. Three young men in well-worn khaki are playing with stacks of twenty-dollar gold pieces in lieu of chips. Their speech is that of the campus and the club of the Eastern seaboard, and it is likely that they learned the rudiments of this pastime in a metropolitan palace of art presided over by one Richard Canfield. They stake twenty dollars on a number, and one of them wins a thousand dollars with two turns of the wheel. Now there is a sudden buzz of talk and the word is passed:

"Here comes Jack — for a whirl. Now you'll see some action."

The little fish retire and make room at the roulette table for the noted plunger, who has dropped in to put into circulation a few thousands' worth of the gold he has dug from a near-by hillside. The dealer raises the limit to the ceiling, the stout man of the rough-and-ready garb loses ten thousand dollars in an hour, and tells the bartender to "set up champagne for all hands." This generous act costs him another thousand, and he swings carelessly out to meander among the dance halls, where the jangle of battered pianos mingles with that of women's voices that long since lost their freshness.

One of these suddenly rich and prodigal miners, in order fittingly to express his esteem for one of these nightingales of the desert, vowed in a care-free and exhilarated hour that he was going to give her a grand piano. The lady protested and said she preferred the cash, but he insisted upon the grand piano or nothing. After the ponderous instrument had been freighted across the desert behind twenty mules, at vast expense, it was found that the residence of the faded songstress was not big enough to hold it.

At the time she was living in a one-room

shack built of lumber ripped from packing cases, as are many residents of to-day, and her house was scarcely larger than the piano box. The miner handsomely solved the problem when he embarked on his next "whirl," for he gave orders that a house be built to hold the piano, which was no mean tribute to her charms when rough lumber was costing a hundred and thirty dollars a thousand feet.

All things are in a state of change in such a town as this. The "old-timer" who goes away for three months returns to find that most of his friends have moved away, or are holding down new jobs. I wasted half a day in the company of a mining engineer who sought a friend. We found him at length, in command of a hardware store.

"What do you think of him?" said the engineer impatiently. "Last year at this time he was janitor of the bank. Then he was made assistant cashier, next he was made the full-fledged cashier, and then he up and opens a hardware store, and it's all happened inside twelve months."

My acquaintance inquired for a gambler who had been one of the big men of the town three months before.

"He's keeping cases for a faro layout down street for four dollars a day wages," was the reply. "He had fifty thousand dollars last spring."

"Where is the professor who blew in to give Shakespearean readings just before I went away?" was the next query.

"Oh, he chucked Shakespeare into the discard, and he's dealing faro over in the Tonapah Club."

Mingled with these ups and downs are the bizarre and almost incredible tales of men who have found fortunes, almost with the stroke of a pick, in this God-forsaken desert, from Tonapah to Bullfrog. All kinds and conditions have won or lost in this tremendous lottery, the college-bred man from the East alongside the ragged prospector, who had tramped the Klondike in vain before he drifted at the call of the latest cry of gold. I recall a Yale man in his early thirties who told me of his luck:

"After I got out of college I began work in a broker's office in Wall Street, expecting to touch only the high places on the road to wealth. After two years of it I was starting a crop of wrinkles trying to live in New York on my salary, and I needed



A "residence street" of Tonapah.

fresh air bad. I broke out and came West and did a number of things. They did not pan out, as you may gather when I tell you that I followed the rush to Goldfield hoping something would turn up. I had forty-five dollars in my clothes, and this wasn't going to last long with grub at high-water prices. I applied for work in a mine and cinched a job at four dollars a day. The boss listened to my plea that I wasn't feeling quite fit and wanted to wait a few days before sharpening my pick. He promised to hold the job for ten days, and I went out prospecting. Inside the ten days I had staked a claim and had the ore in sight. It was so good that I cleaned up forty-five thousand dollars, and the boss

was shy one miner. Oh, yes, I have held on it, and it's working for me in developing some other rich properties."

College men fairly swarm in the gold camps, and many of them flocked in as soldiers of fortune.

"Some fool threw a football into the middle of the main street of Goldfield one day," said a prospector. "Then he gave a college yell, and twenty men piled out of the stores and hotels and saloons so fast you couldn't count 'em. They lined up without anybody's giving the word, and played a game right on the jump. They clean wore that football out in no time."

While the college-bred man may find only disappointment and hardship in such



Up-to-date ships of the desert on parade in Goldfield.

a stormy tide of life as this, he quits it, at any rate, with a new respect for mankind, a bed-rock democracy of view-point, and a stock of elemental courage and self-reliance. For there is this to be said of the men of the desert and mountains, that they know how to take defeat with a smile for the future and a firmer set of the jaw for the present. While there are prodigal and foolish deeds among the few who find bewildering wealth in the earth, a finer wealth of manhood is developed in the hearts of the many who fail to find that which they seek.

On a hillside, near Goldfield, I found an old miner who was sinking a shaft to de-

"I've been mining and prospecting for twenty-eight years," he said—"in Colorado and Wyoming and California (bang, bang)—and in Alaska and South Africa (thump, thump)—and I tried it awhile in Australia (clang, bang)—I've made two big strikes in my time—you might call 'em fortunes (s-s-s-s-s)—lost 'em both in mining propositions—I'm going down a hundred feet here and if I don't strike it then I'll quit (bang, thump)—The surface rock looks good to me—Hope I'll find some more color before my grubstake runs out—It's hard work, but I don't know as I want to do anything else—It sort of gets hold of a man after a while so he ain't happy



Talking over a new "strike" in Tonapah.

velop his prospect. There was a white heap of rock, a hole, and a hand windlass and bucket to mark the scene of his back-breaking endeavor. He was sharpening his picks at his little forge, and as he smote the red steel with his hammer and thrust it hissing into a water bucket, he talked with the clang of his tool for punctuation. He was gray and he wore spectacles and his back was bent. But the seamed and sun-scorched face held a certain quality of kindly tolerance of things, a kind of tempered patience and sweetness, as if he held a grip on a few simple doctrines of life gained through hard stress.

unless he's being disappointed and trying again——"

There is another desert breed which is essentially modern, and which must be classed as a type of the twentieth-century mining camp. This is the desert chauffeur, who opened the trail of traffic between Tonapah and Goldfield, and later drove his machines on south to the camps of the Bullfrog district. He is distinctly picturesque, and he is as thorough-going a pioneer in his way as the freighter in his.

"I can spot one of those desert automobile drivers coming up street as far as I can see him," said a man in Goldfield.



Homes of some early Goldfield settlers.

"After he has been at it a year, he looks like a sheep herder. He gets that locoed look in his face and the same kind of a wild stare, and he looks as if you couldn't get the dust out of his system if you ran him through a stamp mill."

It is one of the many incongruities of these towns dumped down in the heart of the desert to see the prospector and his burros turning out to dodge the high-

powered automobiles which snort through the unpaved streets in squadrons. Nor have so many costly machines been wrecked anywhere as on the road (if you may call it such) between Goldfield and Bullfrog. It is a stretch of sixty miles of lonely desert, without a town or a house as a refuge in case of a breakdown.

When I made the trip it was as cheerful a gamble with respect to reaching your



One of the early "emporiums" of Goldfield.

destination as putting out to sea in a flat-bottomed skiff. The law of the survival of the fittest had wrought its pitiless work among the battered machines, and from the wreckage loomed the commanding figure of one "Bill" Brown, the only driver who guaranteed to get you across, whether his auto held together or not.

He had rebuilt his car several times. So little of the original material was left that she suggested the present condition of the frigate *Constitution*. The car had been shipped into the desert, ornate, elaborate, equipped with many glittering devices which "Bill" Brown began to eliminate with ruthless hand. It should furnish makers and owners of automobiles with food for reflection to learn that this iconoclastic chauffeur took a thousand pounds of weight from this machine before he had her running to please him.

To look at this bucking broncho of a car, the novice would conclude that "Bill" Brown had laid violent hands upon her and removed most of her vitals at random. When he had discarded a vast amount of machinery and trimming, he tossed aside the body and built a new one from the sides of packing cases to save more weight and make room for more passengers.

Thus humbled and transformed, suggesting a New York club man stripped down to a prospector's outfit and set adrift in the desert to shift for himself, the car was made to look even less like an automobile. Water-kegs and cases of oil and gasoline were strapped on her sides, together with enough spare tires and parts to reconstruct her at short notice. With her engines uncovered, reeking of oil and dust, rusty and patched and gaunt, the machine seemed to belong to the desert after "Bill" Brown had fashioned her to his liking. And like his machine, the driver had come to harmonize with the environment. He had been in the employ of a New York physician before he came West to tame one of these desert steeds. It was a far cry from the uniformed and dapper chauffeur of the boulevard and the garage to the rugged, dusty, self-reliant fighter against odds that the desert had made of him in one year.

"I like it better than I did in New York," said Bill, with a smile that struggled through his mask of alkali. "I can't tell

you why. I guess because this comes pretty near being a man's work."

Sometimes he has made the run to Bullfrog in five hours. This was when the machine held together. He was seldom longer on the road than twelve hours, which was a better record than that of other drivers, who had been stranded for a day and a night in the blazing desolation between the two ports.

His road twists through cañons, over lava-strewn plains, across the bottoms of dead lakes, and through sand that buries his tires. The steering wheel is never still as he snakes his old machine through the rough going, while the passengers bound merrily from their seats, and wonder while in air whether they will come down in or out of the car.

Twenty miles from anywhere you pass a tent which bears the legend, "Saloon and Restaurant." Another sign informs you that this tent is the town of "Cuprite," and that its reason for being is "First shipment, \$238 per ton." The worth of very many tons would be required to hold the average man more than five minutes in "Cuprite," but the population of four is cheerful and apparently contented. Far ahead a dust cloud marks the crawling progress of a freight outfit, hauling hay and lumber to Bullfrog, taking five days to make the sixty-mile journey.

Against the background of sand and mountains gleams a little lake. It is framed in wet marsh and green undergrowth, and tall trees march behind it. Presently the machine storms over this patch of desert, and there is nothing but a streak of dazzling white soda and clumps of sagebrush. This dry lake whence the mirage has fled is as smooth and hard as asphalt, and for a mile "Bill" Brown "lets her out" and it is like flying after the pitching and bucking over the desert road.

"I made the trip by night during the summer," said he. "It was too hot in the daytime. Then you did get a run for your money, because I'd miss the road now and then and cavort over the rocks till I struck it again. But I've been lucky. I never had to walk forty miles for help and leave my passengers spraddled out in the sand like one of the drivers did, with the thermometer playing around a hundred and twenty."

The machine stops with an ominous rattle. It seems as if "Bill" Brown had boasted before he was out of the woods. He climbs down and looks his battle-scarred veteran over. A freighter is passing a few hundred yards away. To this outfit hastens the resourceful "Bill," and returns with a few feet of wire which he had purloined from a bale of hay. With unruffled temper "Bill" burrows in the stifling dust, somehow utilizes the wire to hitch his machine together again, and she bounds away with renewed and headlong enthusiasm.

Ten miles from the camp of Beatty, we essay to jump across a gully at a gait of about thirty miles an hour. There is a crash and a spill, in which the passengers are dumped overside on their several heads. "Bill" Brown rolls out like a shot rabbit, and when he scrambles to his feet, surveys a wrecked car. The rear axle has snapped in twain and one wheel has rolled on down the gully. A civilized driver with a broken axle would throw up his hands and wait to be towed into harbor. The passengers gaze mournfully across the desert and think of the ten-mile walk. The time is the late afternoon and the prospect is not pleasing. But "Bill" remarks with the air of a man who has no troubles:

"This don't amount to shucks. You just loaf around and pick wild flowers for half an hour and then we'll go on our way rejoicing."

He extracts a spare axle, a jack and a wrench from his machine shop under the seats, collects a few rocks of handy size and hums a little song while he toils. The rear of the car is jacked up on a stone underpinning, and the broken axle removed, and a new one fitted in thirty-five minutes by the watch.

"I was a little slower than usual," apologized Bill. "This gully is a mean place to break down in. You can't get under the machine without building up a rock pile first."

Again the old car buckles down to her task, and rattles into Beatty, six hours out from Goldfield. There is one long street of tents, and straggling away from them are tiny dwellings ingeniously walled with tin cracker boxes hammered out flat, or with gunny sacks or beer bottles set in adobe, and dugouts are burrowing into

the hill-sides. Beatty is five days by freight from a railroad and lumber is a staggering luxury.

Ringed about by painted mountains, whose towering slopes are wondrously streaked with crimson and green, the new camp seems vastly more remote from the world of men than could be measured in miles of desert. The concentrated essence of American enterprise is displayed in a hotel which was opened a few days before our arrival. It is a big, square, wooden building of two stories, which stands forth in this town of tents and shacks like a battleship amid a fishing fleet. And one has to fare to this far corner of the country to find that "welcome at an inn," which cities have forgotten. Waiting on the porch is Mrs. Casey, the landlord's wife, blowing a horn and cheerily calling:

"Dinner's hot and waiting. Come in to the best hotel in a hundred miles."

A piano is busy in the parlor, there are mission furniture and big lounging chairs in the office, and at the dining-room door tarries, with smiling countenance, a plump and ruddy waiter with a white moustache, who is an animated evidence of good living.

It seems worth while to recall some of the items of that memorable menu down at Casey's, in the camp of Beatty, not far from the edge of Death Valley, amid as ghastly an isolation of natural background as can be found on the globe:

"Utah celery, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, roast spring chicken, lettuce salad, corn on the cob, green apple pie, English plum pudding, apples and grapes, and fresh milk."

There were telephones in the bedrooms, bathtubs and running water, a plate glass bar and two spick-and-span roulette wheels; in short, all the comforts of home and most of the luxuries.

In the starlit evening, the untiring "Bill" Brown limbered up his scarred chariot and drove us over to Bullfrog, five miles away. The lamps went out during the journey, but Bill was not disturbed. He drove at top speed and occasionally lost the rocky trail. At such times the car careened on two wheels, came down with a grunt, and hurdled a few boulders. But with unshaken energy the machine boomed into Bullfrog, and by a miracle of luck the passengers were still inside.

Inasmuch as a bullfrog would have to pack water on his back to camp on this site, the town was named by a man of high-powered fancy. The camp had another distinction in that it was the last outpost of the gold seeker. To push on toward the south meant a journey of a hundred and twenty-five miles to reach the nearest railroad, within sight of the Funeral Range, whose ramparts march along Death Valley.

Bullfrog was somewhat in the condition of a man with a ten-thousand-dollar bank note in his pocket who is likely to go hungry before he can break it. The rush was over, and the hills were speckled with claims and the ore was there. The hundreds who tarried to hold down their locations and wait for something to turn up lacked capital to take out the ore; and when they had it on the dump, they were so far from a railroad that hauling it over the desert cut too heavily into the profits. Therefore they sat tight and held on, waiting for the railroad which must come to them in a few months. Meantime there was much gold in the hills and little cash in the camp. But hopes were high, and it was good to see the rows of tents that stood for pluck and courage, on the firing line of civilization.

Next day I was invited to lunch at one of the show mines of this district. "Bob" Montgomery was one of the tribe of desert prospectors when he stumbled upon this bonanza. When I saw it the miners had been cross-cutting and tunneling into the white and chalk-like rock only a few months. They had piled up several thousands of tons of ore that was worth from \$200 to \$700 a ton. It was crumbly stuff that looked like lime, and it held no free gold that the eye could see. It

was costing fifty dollars a ton to freight it to a smelter, but it paid to ship such ore as this out of the remote desert. Inside the mine, a huge block of ore had been blocked out which assayed from \$230 to \$1,500 a ton. The experts estimated that three million dollars' worth of ore was already in sight. Taking it out was the cleanest and easiest mining imaginable. The soft, clean talc cut almost like cheese, and it was like removing sacks of gold from a vault. After a glimpse of such treasure finding as this, it was possible to understand the exuberant declaration of a wild-eyed young citizen of Bullfrog:

"Give us time enough and we'll demonize gold."

The story of one such strike as this lures thousands into the desert, and they paint another and a contrasting picture. For many are called and few are chosen by the fickle fortune that directs the trail of the gold hunter. Where these thousands of adventurous men of broken fortunes come from, and where they drift to when the stampede has passed, is one of the mysteries of the "gold strike." They leave behind them, however, cities where there was a desert, they help to redeem the waste places and in their wake is new wealth that flows into every artery of the nation's material welfare.

Twenty thousand people have been already added to the population of Nevada, and many millions in money to her resources. And the hero and the creator of it all is the dusty prospector with his hardy burros, his canteen, blankets and his gold pan and hammer. Behind him comes the army of careless and high-hearted invaders, whose truly American war-cry is:

"If it looks good to you, get to it."

(To be continued.)

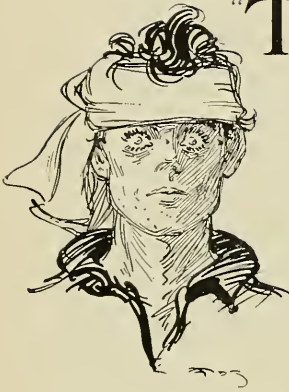


WINKLER ASHORE

V.—BRAINIE'S SUICIDE

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



“He were goin’ mad.”

“THE longest and the drearest voyage I ever took, sir,” said Winkler, —“and they was all drear and long—were from Sydney, Australia, to London, with no stops. Our captain were part owner in a fine, new clipper ship built by the Sewalls in Bath, Maine, and him and another clipper captain was out to beat each other and the record. We never busted no record, sir, but we got to London first, by reason of the other ship founderin’ in a gale off the Horn with all hands. We had nothin’ all the way but pork, beans, bilgewater an’ buffin’ winds. You’d a thought the old man o’ the sea were down on us. Off the Horn the mate were froze to death, which were in no way prophetic o’ where he mos’ likely went to, and off the Guineys a feller named Iron died o’ the heat. In the Cribban sea one o’ the men fell overboard, by reason o’ goin’ to sleep whilst leanin’ on the rail, and were et by a shark.

“The captain he had in charge a poor girl as was a offan, and wanted to get back to England, havin’ made her fortune in Australia, and the men they got so’s they couldn’t think o’ nothin’ but that girl. But it were hardis’ on Brainie M’Gan, who

were a ladies’ man out an’ out. He took sick, he did, and had delirilums, and when the captain went forward to have a look at him, he says, with his eyes tight shet, ‘Put your cool hand on my forrid, honey, I’m burnin’ up.’ And then he opens his eyes, and says, ‘I can’t see you, my own true dear, but I knows you’re there—touch me or I die,’ says he.

“‘Captain,’ says I, ‘he thinks you’re his girl, poor feller. Put your hand on his brow,’ I says. The captain done it. But Brainie he cast loose and begun to howl. ‘That ain’t your hand,’ he says; ‘that’s the hand of a fine strong man, but I wants your hand, dearie.’

“The captain were some pleased to be called a fine strong man, bein’ plain and undersize; so he says, ‘He needs to be nursed by a woman, poor feller; arsk Miss Jordan to step forward, with me compliments.’ So I fetches her, and she puts her hand on Brainie’s brow. With that he says, ‘God bless you, Hel-un,’ and shets his eyes.

“‘He’s asleep,’ says the captain; ‘we can leave him now.’ But the minut she takes away her hand, Brainie commences to scritch and yell.

“‘He ain’t asleep,’ says the captain; ‘put your hand back.’

“Brainie, he carmed down, he did, and the captain says, ‘This ain’t no place for a woman; we’ll fetch him arft, and give him pore Batie’s cabin that were friz, and you can nuss him,’ he says, ‘if you will.’

“Well, sir, Brainie were bore aft and made comfortable in the mate’s cabin that were friz, and Miss Jordan she nussed him, and it done him a heap o’ good. But one

day the captain he busted in when he weren't looked for, and Brainie he come forward a-flyin', and after that he were given all the mean work o' the ship, and more o' the rest than he could stand. If a captain's down on a man he can make hell for him, and that's what our captain done for Brainie M'Gan. He'd a kilt him if he could. Brainie took sick, and no pretendin' this time, but he weren't give no rest. He were worked and worked, and swore at an' roasted, till he'd a bin glad to change places with the cook in hell's kitchun. 'I'll tame you, my wild man,' says the captain, an' he done it.

"Brainie come down with fever and boils, sir, so's he couldn't sleep. He got thin and peaked, and his eyes took to rovin', and his mouth to squirmin'. I done my best to make things easy for him, but the captain were too sharp. 'You mind your own business, Winkler,' says he, 'and I'll thank you.' It got so's Brainie couldn't talk sensible. And one day, sir, he threwed hissself overboard; but were pulled out half drowned, and set to work the minut' he could stand. Anybody could see, sir, with half a eye, that he were goin' mad, and many's the night, sir, I wep', when I'd orter slep'.

"I got him ashore in London, sir, but all he says was, 'Now I can kill myself in peace.' 'You'll not do that,' I says. And when I says that, sir, he took my neck between his hands and squoze it till I seed black. Then he let me go. 'I'll kill myself in peace,' says he, 'and you'll not interfere,' he says. 'I'll not,' says I, 'bein' mad by reason of havin' been squoze so painful, 'I'll help you, my lad.'

"Then he wep' and said I were his only friend. 'You'll step round to the druggist, Winkie,' says he, 'and fetch me a pint of carbolic acid, and you'll set with me whilst I drinks your health,' says he.

"'I'll do that for you,' says I, 'but we'll get a room at Trawley's so's you can die cumtable,' I says. And we done it. I tried to get Brainie to lie down on the bed, but he wa'n't able by reason of the boils on his back. So he walks the floor while I steps out for the carbolic acid, which I didn't get, sir, but a quart bottle full of whiskey and gin.

"'There's the whiskey with it,' says I, 'to drown the dretful burnin' taste,' and I

passes him half a tumbler. 'Drink that, my pore friend,' says I, 'and you'll die peaceful.'

"Brainie he took the tumbler, and he were sufferin' that dretful in his body and head he didn't make no dyin' speeches but 'Here's how, Winkie,' and he drunk it down.

"'It 'll act quick,' says I, 'but you'll not go alone, bein' my bes' friend and me sick o' life.' So I pours a half tumbler, meanin' to get credit and a good drink all to onct. But Brainie he snatches the tumbler out of my hands, and says:

"'Don't, you iggit,' says he. 'My pleasure,' and he drinks it down.

"The second drink closed his eye some and eased the pain of his boils.

"'I wisht,' says he, 'I'd seed my way to livin' long enough to get even with the captain,' says he.

"'Never mind that,' says I; 'you'll be glad you didn't when you're onct gone. Is the acid beginnin' to burn?'

"'A little,' says Brainie; 'I'm sleepy.'

"'Have another swig,' says I, 'and lie down. You'll be for the long sleep now,' says I.

"Brainie he took another swig, and lies down, closin' his eyes.



"'Drink that, my pore friend, and you'll die peaceful.'

“‘I feel that peaceful,’ says he, ‘I most wish I wa’n’t dyin’.’

“‘Look at me onct more,’ says I.

“‘I can’t,’ says he, ‘my lids is that heavy.’

“‘Then good-by,’ says I, and squeeze his hand.

“‘Good-by,’ says Brainie, and a minut’ later he were snorin’ peaceful.

“Then I fetched a doctor, sir, to lance his back, which he done. And he says, ‘Give him lettuce and fruit and fresh vegetables when he wakes,’ says he, ‘and he’ll not want to suicide no more.’

“When the doctor were gone I drinks the rest of the whiskey and gin and lies down by Brainie. We slep’ twelve hours, and when we woke, Brainie he were a different man.

“‘You saved me, Winkie,’ says he, when I told him everythin’. ‘You’ve spared me to do the captain,’ says he.

“Well, sir, what with whiskey and fruit, Brainie he come round in a few days, and were hisself again.

“He found out where Miss Jordan were

livin’, and one day when the captain were payin’ her a call he drops in, and them as were with him, which were me, seed a fight that didn’t last long. When the captain were able to sit up, Brainie says to him:

“‘My man,’ says he, ‘let this be a lesson to you not to be jealous without cause. I don’t say I weren’t plannin’ to trifle with Miss Jordan’s affections, but she’ll bear witness I didn’t do no sech thing. And when you busts into the cabin that time she were repeatin’ Romeo and Capulet, to keep me quiet, which she knowed by heart, havin’ bin a actress. If you’d listened then you’d spared us both a heap o’ pain. Bein’ a thick-headed, illiterate dunderpate, with the soul of a skunk, you wouldn’t listen, and by consequences you had your bow and stern stove in so bad that if you fell overboard you’d sink.’

“That afternoon, sir, we ships for a cruise in the Meditrantin. I had to clear out o’ London, too, because durin’ the excitement I’d fetched the captain a few kicks on my own account that done us both a world o’ good.”

IN LUZON

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

Here the summer lingers on;
 But in my native north, I know,
 The splendid world is bright with snow,
 Where on the windy fields of dawn
 The curled drifts wander, break and grow.

Heavy here on gulf and palm
 The passion-laden planets shine;
 And dreams turn homeward to divine
 Again the dark auroral calm,
 The forest moon, the breath of pine.

Here the heart with summer breaks;
 The scented breezes come and go;
 And all the spirit faints to know
 The silence of the frozen lakes,
 The austere radiance of the snow.

GIVE THE BABY A CHANCE

“THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE—THE HAND THAT
SPOILS THE WORLD”

BY FRANK BARKLEY COPLEY



MOST mothers know little or nothing about bringing up babies. When they have had two or three, they gain some knowledge but nothing to speak of. Woman's vaunted intuition is of little value in caring for children. The maternal instinct is not a safe guide.

Do you call these statements pretty strong? Well, do you realize that, whereas nearly every child comes into the world healthy, about two-thirds of them die before reaching their third year? But use your own observation. How many babies do you know that do not have to be hushed to sleep? How many do you know that are not habitually fretting and whining? How many do you know that are not howling at all hours of the night and day for some one to come and amuse them? Precious few.

But, you object, have not babies whined and howled and had to be hushed to sleep since time immemorial? Yes, that's true. Doesn't that prove it is perfectly natural? It does not. It simply proves that babies since time immemorial have been spoiled.

And now look here: How many babies do you know that are rapidly developing into little devils of greed and selfishness—bad-tempered, impudent, self-willed, and as stubborn as balky mules? A great many, it is to be feared.

Innate depravity? Bosh! That child, now such a distressing spectacle, came into this world innocent and helpless, and without habits, good or bad. It was his mother

who made him what he is, let her try to evade the responsibility as she may.

“Pooh!” says the mother; “what do you, a mere man, know about babies?”

The writer respectfully steps aside with finger pointed at the Babies' Hospital of New York City. That institution, since it was established eighteen years ago, has cared for nearly six thousand infants, and all the statements here made are made upon its authority. Thus they have the certitude of a vast experience—an experience that you, my dear madam, can never hope to equal.

Let it be known that this same Babies' Hospital, by reducing them to a science, has revolutionized the methods of caring for babies wherever there has been a disposition to receive the light. It is certainly remarkable, when you come to think it over, that, although men for ages have systematically studied the raising of dogs, cats, poultry, cattle and horses, it was not until a few years ago that any scientific attention was paid to babies. But, young as is the science of baby-raising, it is already making giant strides. This is the age of the baby. The gospel is now being proclaimed to the far corners of the earth: *Babies have rights.*

BE REGULAR

The new science is iconoclastic. It breaks some of our most cherished traditions. What man, bearded and grizzled though he may be, can pause in the midst of his hurried, workaday life and recall without emotion the tender lullaby his mother used to sing to him? Yet the lullaby is denounced by the new science

as a grievous error. You have often heard it said that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. The new science boldly declares that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that *spoils* the world. Babies shouldn't be rocked.

Yes, it ruthlessly sweeps aside things about which cluster our most sacred memories, does this new science; but it has rewards to offer that more than compensate for the things it takes away. It saves the lives of thousands of innocents. It emancipates the mother from a thralldom that frequently wrecks her nervous system and brings her to a premature old age. It transforms the peevish, whining baby into a little creature all smiles and sunshine. Out of the baby it forms a child all sweetness and charm. In the child it inculcates habits of self-reliance that will stand him in good stead when he grows up to encounter the battle of life.

Will you not get in line with the modern ideas, all you mothers? Give the baby a chance—a chance to grow up healthy and strong, a chance to develop his own individuality, which is his most precious gift from God and with which you have not a shadow of right to interfere.

Begin training him as soon as he is born. Establish at once regular hours for his feeding and sleeping. For the first four weeks feed him every two hours between 6 A.M. and 6 P.M., once at 10 P.M. and once at 2 A.M. After a month he should be fed every two and a half hours between 6 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., with the two night feedings as before. When he is two months old he presumably requires stronger food and more of it, and from that time on he needs to be fed only every three hours from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., with an additional feeding at 10 P.M.

Stick to this system though the heavens fall. A large amount of the fretfulness and moaning of infants is due to stomach disorders brought on by feedings at irregular intervals and in irregular quantities. Once thoroughly established, the system will be found to work admirably. Go into the Sloan Maternity Hospital in New York City, where it is in vogue, and you will see scores of newly born infants wake up like clockwork at the hours mentioned, and where silence had reigned there will be a terrible rumpus until food is forthcoming. If your baby, however, should continue to

sleep when feeding time comes round, don't hesitate to arouse him. Keep him strictly to business during his meal, but if at any time he shows a disposition to stop short of the customary allowance, let him. Babies have rights. Their little "tummies" know better than you when they need a rest.

DO NOT STERILIZE THE MILK

Nothing has been found that will quite take the place of mother's milk. Therefore a mother should nurse her baby, if possible. When it is not possible, the best substitute is pure cow's milk raw, after it has been duly modified in accordance with the age of the child. Raw milk, however, is unsafe for baby during warm weather, on account of the germs that are sure to develop in it. Pasteurization, therefore, must be resorted to in summer. But don't sterilize the milk. Sterilized milk is now under a ban. It has been discovered that in the process of sterilization the bone-forming qualities in the milk are destroyed along with the germs, and that infants fed upon it for any length of time are likely, not only to have soft bones, but rickets, scurvy and the most distressing diseases of the joints. The difference between sterilized and pasteurized milk is simply in the degree of heat to which they are submitted and the length of time the heat is applied. Pasteurization consists of heating the milk to 150 or 160 degrees Fahrenheit for thirty minutes. Milk is sterilized by heating it to 212 degrees for one hour or an hour and a half.

Give the baby a chance to form good sleeping habits. During the first few days of his existence he should sleep most of the time. As he grows older, his sleep during the day will gradually diminish, but until he gets to be a great, big child indeed he should continue to have fully twelve hours' sleep at night. By the time he is one year old the normal baby will take two naps in the daytime, totaling from two to three hours. As he grows still older, he will take only one nap in the day, and this habit should be kept up until he is four or five at least.

DO NOT ROCK THE CRADLE

Regular feedings will assist the baby's sleeping. If he doesn't go to sleep at once, let him alone. Supposing he does want to

make use of his eyes for a while longer!—that's his right. *Under no circumstances ever try to coax him to go to sleep.* Never sing to him, never rock him, never walk with him, never lie on the bed with him—never resort to any device whatsoever to put him to sleep, and you never will have to; if you do it when he is young, you have taken the first step toward making the baby a little tyrant and yourself his slave. Do it if you will, but when you get all run down from “taking care of” the baby, pray have the decency not to expect any sympathy. It is the baby who is entitled to the sympathy. Not only have you started him on the road to impudent selfishness, but you have unduly hastened the development of his brain and seriously injured his nervous system. It is not even necessary that things should be quiet when the baby goes to sleep. Let the usual noises go on, and he will never have any difficulty in sleeping among them.

But, you say, supposing the baby cries when he is put down for sleep? Ah! now we've come to a highly important part of our subject. Supposing the baby cries? Well, there are cries and cries. Crying is the baby's language; it is about his only means of expression. You, as a mother, must learn to understand him. Baby cries are divided into six classes—the normal cry and those of pain, temper, illness, hunger, and indulgence or habit. Here are some hints that will help you to distinguish these cries:

Normal.—Loud and strong, and the nature of a scream; baby gets red in the face with it.

Pain.—Usually strong and sharp, but not generally continuous; it is accompanied by contortions of the features, drawing up of the legs and other symptoms of distress.

Temper.—Loud and strong and usually violent; accompanied by kicking or stiffening of the body.

Illness.—Usually more of fretfulness and moaning than real crying, although real crying is excited by very slight causes.

Hunger.—Usually a continuous, fretful cry, rarely strong and lusty.

Indulgence or habit.—Stops short when the baby gets what he wants, only to begin again when the object is withdrawn.

Now you know that the baby comes into the world with a cry. Pessimists interpret

this as indicating the essential misery of life, but that's nonsense. That cry is nature's wise provision to expand the little lungs to the utmost, and fill them with air. But here is the important point: The baby, if he is to have good, strong, tough lung tissue, must go on screaming from fifteen to thirty minutes every day. This is the normal cry. It is healthy and wholesome—the baby's exercise, in fact. If the mother interferes with it, she is simply ruining the child to humor her own nerves. Among the baby's rights is the right to a good, old-fashioned, red-faced bawl, and please don't forget it.

But suppose it is the cry of pain? Well, find out what is making him uncomfortable. Is there a pin sticking in him? Is his clothing rumpled under his body? Is his napkin wet or soiled? Are his hands and feet cold? Has he got colic, earache or constipation? If any of these things are to blame, you will only injure him by rocking, walking him, dancing him up and down, or giving him something to suck. *Get at the cause and remove it.* If necessary, send for the doctor. These remarks also apply to the cry of illness. As for the cry of hunger, you must remember that a false appetite is often engendered by irregular feedings. You know what to do, then, if this cry is sounded abnormally.

LET HIM CRY

And now as to the cry of temper and the cry of habit and indulgence. You don't have to be told, little mother, what these cries indicate. You know perfectly well they indicate you have made a false start. You know that blessed baby is crying for a light in his room, to be rocked, to be carried about, for a bottle to be sucked, or to be indulged in some other bad habit you have been the means of his acquiring. Well, the thing has got to be checked right here and now. What are you going to do? There is only one thing to do if you are satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt that it is the cry of temper or indulgence—don't go near the little darling.

“What! let him cry?” Exactly. “But he will go on crying!” Well, God bless his little soul! let him bawl it out if it takes one, two, or even three hours. “You don't really mean that?” Yes, I do. “But he

may hurt himself!" No, he won't. If he is a very young baby, you will see that his abdominal band is properly applied, and then there will be not the least danger of rupture. And if he is more than a year old, there will be no danger of rupture under any circumstances. "But what *will* happen if he goes on crying for three hours?" That's easy—he will stop. And what's more, it is ten to one that the next time he cries from temper or indulgence, he will keep it up for ten or fifteen minutes; and then, seeing it's no use, he will quit for good and all.

"Oh! but I never could stand to hear baby cry for three hours!" Why couldn't you? "It would break my heart! You don't know anything about a mother's feelings! I love him so!" All tommyrot! If your husband is a man, he will step in and give you the sharp, quick word of command. If you can't stand this ordeal, don't lay the flattering unction to your soul that it is because you love your baby; it is only because you are silly, weak and cowardly—the very qualities in you, no doubt, that have made the struggle with the baby necessary. Love isn't a sickening mush of concession. Love is firm. Love is just. Love has good, red blood in its veins. Looking ever to the ultimate good of its object, love frequently decrees suffering and anguish of spirit.

And I tell you what, my dear madam: Some day, for his bad temper and impudence, you are going to slap or spank that child you now are too tender-hearted to let cry. Yes, you are, just as sure as you are born. And you won't slap him in love, either! Think of the shame of it!—you are going to beat the child for the evil qualities that you yourself instilled in him. You are going to beat him in anger, thereby making open confession that your mean, petty, starved nature has not enough moral force by which to rule him. Shame! Shame!

Give the baby a chance to have a healthy brain and nervous system. Do you realize that his brain grows more during his first year than in all his other years combined? That means, don't ever play with him during his first year, or let any one else play with him. "Kitchee-coo!" cries the visitor. "Oh, oo sweet, precious 'ittle dear!" And poor baby gets poked in the ribs and

tossed up in the air. Very bad. Baby may laugh, and baby may crow; but by and by will come the inevitable wail and sleepless hours to tell of the over-stimulated brain and the severe tax on the nervous system.

DON'T SHOW OFF THE BABY

Too great emphasis cannot be laid on this matter of shielding the baby from excitement. Undoubtedly the temptation to show him off is very great—he is such a cunning little dear, and he has such pretty tricks. But decide now. Is it your desire to gratify your pride or promote your baby's welfare?

It is a great mistake to handle an infant any more than necessary, not only on the score of his nerves, but on that of his bones. Baby's bones, you know, are soft; thus constant handling tends to destroy the shapeliness of his body. The greater part of his early life should be spent on the bed. When he gets tired of lying in one position, gently roll him over without picking him up. When it is strictly necessary to lift him, there is only one way to do so without subjecting any part of his body to pressure or strain that may endanger a delicate organ: With your right hand grasp his clothing just below his feet, and then spread out your left hand and extend it along his spine until your palm is supporting his back and your three middle fingers his neck and head. In this way baby's clothing is made to form a hammock in which he comfortably lies.

Nervous diseases are on the increase. Something must be done to stop it. You say your baby was born nervous. In that you are mistaken; but it may be that he has inherited nervous tendencies. If that is the case, there rests upon you a double duty to shield him from excitement. One good way to overcome his nervous tendencies is to overcome your own nervousness.

A nervous mother infects her baby. She should practice rigid self-control for his sake, if not for her own. Many women are nervous because they take pride in it. They have a silly idea that nervousness indicates some sort of superiority—refinement, delicacy, or some other such rot. If the average nervous woman, instead of going around whining, "Oh, dear, I'm so

nervous!" would brace up and say, "By God, I won't be nervous!" she would be cured in short order. And her baby's chances for success in life would be greatly increased.

THE DRUG HABIT

Never will a mother, as she values her future peace, give the restless baby soothing syrups or other quieting drugs. Why? Why, for the simple reason that when their effect passes off they will leave the baby weaker and more excitable than ever. By resorting to such means to gain a temporary peace, she is also implanting in him the insidious drug habit, with all that it is likely to lead to—whiskey, opium and morphine. If the baby's restlessness is due to some slight disorder, he can be safely soothed and quieted by a warm sponging of his entire body. Never under any circumstances give drugs of any kind whatsoever to a child without the advice of a physician.

Another cause of nervousness in babies is too much amusement. Once more shall it be said that among the most important rights of the new-born baby is the right to be let alone. The sources of all the amusements he needs are within himself, and all he asks is for a chance to develop them in his own way. His fingers and toes—bless his little heart!—suffice to entertain him for hours, and then comes the delight of studying one by one the things he begins to notice (of his own accord, be it understood) in the little world that is gradually unfolding to his developing senses.

As he grows older, give him a chance to feed his imagination by letting him have only the simplest of toys, such as a soft ball of bright color, a rubber doll and a bright picture or two. It is really wonderful how a child, when left to himself, will invent method after method of getting pleasure out of the simplest things. Not only is he much happier with the simple things, but he will not play with them beyond the limits of his endurance, and thus he is never overtaxed by them as he is by the more elaborate toys.

DO NOT SHIRK YOUR DUTY

Just a few words more. Mothers, yours is a tremendous responsibility. The assumption is, of course, that you have not shifted it on to the shoulders of some stranger of a nurse girl. If you have, I am sorry you have read this article. You are not worth talking to. Of those who realize the blessed responsibility of motherhood the question is asked: How are you meeting it? Are you being guided by your impulses or your judgment? Don't be a fusser. Don't scurry to your baby as soon as he opens his little mouth to cry—give him a chance to stop of his own accord. Don't drivel over him. Don't surfeit him with the sweets of affection, even as you would not surfeit him with any other kind of sweets. Love is gold, but gold must be alloyed to make good coin. Let the gold of your love be mixed with the iron of justice.

You must study. You must read up on the subjects of fresh air, baths, exercise, and clothing as they relate to babies. Your task is not easy—Heaven knows that is true! I am sorry if anything that has been said here has seemed unsympathetic. Still, there is no reason why your task should not be altogether a delight, no reason why maternity should not be looked forward to with rejoicing instead of dread.

As it is never too late to mend, so is it never too early to start right. Guard against the first false steps. Correct your false steps as soon as they are made known to you. Have a definite policy, and let it be a noble one. You are called to the heights of self-sacrifice. You should be satisfied with no ideal short of that of training your child—ah! bitter-sweet it will be—to become absolutely independent of you. Meanwhile take care of yourself. As you are, so is your child likely to become. The influence of heredity is small; the influence of environment is great. It is useless to teach your child to be one thing, and remain another thing yourself. The child is influenced by what you *are*, not by what you *say*. May this be your motto: My baby first and last, but myself for my baby's sake.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN FEATS OF SKILL

BY W. R. C. LATSON, M.D.

THE term "feats of skill," as used here, signifies any of those athletic achievements which depend for their success upon the exercise of strength, skill and judgment. Pitching a ball, doing the giant swing on the horizontal bar, guarding the wicket in cricket, driving in golf, serving in tennis, bowling, riding, fencing, swimming—all these are feats of skill. And to the mastery of these feats of skill enthusiastic young people, and some less young, spend many hours of wearisome and useless drill. It is to reduce the amount of this drill, and to call attention to a factor in the performance of feats of skill which is usually quite overlooked, that I shall devote this article.

By skill as shown in the various feats of sports, games and athletics, we mean a combination of three things: Muscular strength, control of the body as a whole, and mental activity. A combination of these three things in high degree will inevitably give us a champion athlete. But he must have all three. The tripod cannot stand on one leg; and the athlete cannot depend for success upon any one thing. Strength alone, control alone, good mental powers, any one or two of these will fail, unless united with the others. If, however, we develop by scientific methods all of them together, we shall in every case produce not only an athlete of exceptional powers, but a man superbly equipped to fight the battle of life.

To succeed, then, in feats of skill, the athlete must have these three things: Strength, control of his body and a good mind. And by what means can these essential elements of skill be developed?

Among athletes and those interested in physical development, there was during many years the impression that, in order

to gain strength, it was only necessary to increase the size of the muscles. Happily, it is now coming to be understood that physical strength depends far more upon the general health and the condition of the nerves than upon the size of the muscles. The extreme development of the muscles is now, I think, recognized by the general athletic world to be what it is, a fallacy, a delusion and a snare.

To be strong, then, a man must have good health, good muscles and good nerves. And, of course, the first of these includes the other two. To have efficient nerves and healthy, normal muscles, one must have good blood; for it is out of the blood that the body is renewed. If the body as a whole be sound and healthy, then the organs which digest the food, which change it into blood, which propel that blood through the body and which keep it clean—then those organs will do their work properly and the result will be health.

If health be defective the blood will be poor; and neither nerves nor muscles will be capable of doing their best work. Over-feeding, overwork, worry, errors in feeding, deficient exercise, bad air—all these and many other conditions that might be named render the blood less rich, less pure, less able to do its work of cleansing and sustaining the body and its organs. Thus they fail, and the health and muscular strength are impaired.

Next we have the matter of dexterity, control in the handling of the body, as a factor in the successful performance of feats of skill. It is through this control of the body only that one can gain the highest degree of quickness, ease, precision and power, all four of which are essential in athletic feats. Now in reality, all those four factors in skill are one; and there are

certain exercises which, if properly and persistently practiced, will develop all of them.

If we analyze for a moment any athletic feat—pitching a ball, wielding a racket or striking a blow—we shall find that it involves all these four factors, quickness, ease, precision and power. Let us take, for instance, that feat of skill which is perhaps of all athletic achievements the most difficult—striking a blow in boxing. To get a clear idea of the real factors in the act of landing an effective blow will help us greatly to understand the art of skill as applied to athletic feats in general. For what I say of the blow applies to all other feats of skill.

The blow must be given rapidly. Otherwise it would lack "steam," and then even if it did find its mark the force would be insufficient to damage a trained man. To have such quickness the blow must have ease, for a stiff, forced movement can never be as rapid as one that is made easily and lightly. The blow must be well aimed; it must, in other words, have precision. A blow which, if aimed with precision for the critical point upon the jaw, would send an opponent to the floor for the count, might land upon the shoulder without making him wince. And necessarily the blow, to be effective, must have power that comes not from great outlay of muscular strength, but from momentum and weight, from swing. The secret of striking a blow lies to a great extent in the proper use of the weight of the body. And to so control and utilize the body there must be ease of movement.

Thus we see that in the feat of skill known as striking a blow these four factors—rapidity, ease, precision and force—are essential; and that each one helps the others—that all combine to make a skillful boxer.

Now, if I had described some other feat of skill—handling a tennis racket, doing the giant swing on the horizontal bar or making a good drive on the golf links, it would have been equally clear that the four factors—quickness, ease, exactness and force—were all just as essential. And underlying all of them is one thing—ease, flexibility of movement. The flexible, easy movement is rapid, exact and forceful; and the athlete who has naturally the habit of mov-

ing easily in wide, swinging, effortless circles, finds it an easy matter to acquire proficiency in almost any feat of skill, even if he would not be remarkable for muscular strength or for mental acuteness. For instance, among pugilists the hardest hitters have not been the strongest men, but those who were notable, as was Fitzsimmons, for ease and quickness. The masters of ring tactics have in every case been remarkable during their best days for rapidity and flexibility. Unfortunately the methods of "training," in general use tend to so overdevelop and stiffen the muscles that few boxers retain for very long their original ease and quickness. Once lost, it is usually lost forever; and then the remarkable champion joins the ranks of the "has beens," making room for his new and unspoiled successor; who will, in turn, under the influence of the usual training methods, soon grow slower, stiff and effortful in movement, and will then be displaced by still another. This ruining of champions has been well illustrated in the history of the light-weight pugilists for the last few years.

In all feats of skill the influence of the mind is most important. To perform in thoroughly good style any difficult feat of skill it is absolutely necessary that the mind must be free from fear, anxiety or nervousness. I knew once, years ago, a man who had been a bull fighter in Spain. During one of his glowing accounts of the sport I expressed my surprise that he should have left the life. His reply was: "One day I was about to enter the ring, and I had a little creepy feeling of fear. Then I stopped for good. The man who feels fear is sure to be killed."

And it is equally true that the man who fears is heavily handicapped, no matter what the contest may be. Anxiety and nervousness are closely akin to fear; and both are so powerful in their effect as to render it almost impossible for one to perform perfectly any difficult or delicate feat of skill. The man who is afraid or anxious or nervous is almost sure to fail.

All emotions when intense have a powerful effect upon the muscles. This is plainly seen in the tension of the muscles, clenching of hands and arms as well as of the face in anger, in the spasmodic breathing of excitement, in the muscular weakness



1

and trembling of fear and in many other conditions that might be mentioned. Now in feats of skill of whatever nature, whether balancing, juggling, marksmanship, tumbling or shot putting, it is necessary that just the right muscles must be used at just the right instant, and to just the right degree. When, however, the muscles are disturbed by emotional excitement, such delicate adjustment is impossible, and the probable result is failure.

The mental state most conducive to success in games of skill is confident calmness. And by practice this state of mind may be made a habit—a habit most valuable in all games of skill, even in that game of skill called life. A volume might be written upon this subject; but enough, perhaps, has been said to show the immense importance of confidence and calmness, and that these can be cultivated by effort of will.

And now the question will naturally be asked: "By what methods can we most quickly and easily gain the strength and bodily flexibility which are essential to success in feats of skill?"

First of all by taking care of the general health. Secondly by forming the habit of easeful, flexible movement, and of then applying such effortless movement in going through the motions involved in the particular feat of skill in which you purpose to excel.

The careful and persistent practice of the exercises here presented will conduce most noticeably to the general health and nervous vitality, although to achieve or maintain health it will be necessary to give attention to several other things—diet, bathing and general care of the body. The main object, however, of these exercises is to develop flexibility—the power to direct the movements not so much by muscular power as by the natural swing of the body and limbs, reserving the muscular strength for the sudden effort of the crucial moment. For instance, in striking a blow there are four movements: a

swaying of the body as a whole forward, a pivoting or rotation of the body in the direction of the mark, a pulling forward of the shoulder and a straightening of the arm. Such a method

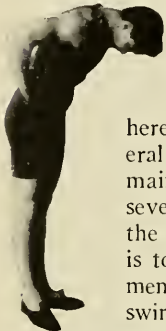
enables the boxer to make the blow really with the large and powerful muscles of the legs and trunk, as well as to so utilize the weight of the body as to add force to the impact.

Now the faster a body is moving, the more force will it exert. So the motion of striking a blow must be made rapidly. And, as we have seen, to move rapidly the body must be moved easily; at the moment of impact, however, when the blow lands, all the muscles of the body must be firmly set. For a moment only, then, the muscles are relaxed, so that the next motion, guard, counter or blow may be made most rapidly and with least expenditure of one's precious strength.

And in all other feats of skill, whatever they be, we find the same alternation—relaxation and contraction, flexibility and tension. Unfortunately athletes have generally lost sight of the fact that it is far more necessary to train for flexibility than for power of muscle, and to this oversight may be attributed many failures at feats of skill.



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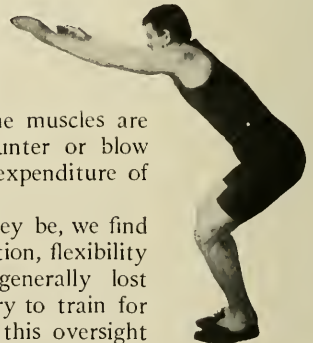
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6



7
The exercises given herewith may be practiced as much as is desired. They cannot be overdone; they cannot fail in every case to increase health and vital force, and in time to greatly augment one's proficiency at all games of skill.

EXERCISE NO. 1.—Stand easily, arms at the sides. Take full breath, at the same time swaying the body forward. Then, holding the

breath, stretch head upward and backward and the arms downward and backward. (See Fig. 1.) Relax and return to position.

No. 2.—Place arms akimbo, finger tips forward. Now bend head forward upon the chest, and let body follow, at the same time slowly inhaling breath. (See Fig. 2.) If this be done correctly, you will feel the waist expand under your hands. After a moment exhale without holding and return to position.

No. 3.—Stand easily, one foot slightly in advance of the other. Now swing the arms easily up at the sides, swaying the body forward until the arms are extended up over the head, at the same time inhaling full breath. (See Fig. 3.) Then, without holding the breath, swing the arms downward, exhale the breath and bend the body, quite collapsed, head and arms hanging. (See Fig. 4.)

No. 4.—Stand easily, feet somewhat apart, weight upon left foot. Now swing the left arm easily back and forth, allowing it to sweep up higher and higher until it is passing forward and upward as high as shown in Fig. 5, backward as far as you can. Move body slightly in harmony.

Afterward take weight upon right foot and swing right arm in the same way.

No. 5.—Stand with arms hanging at the sides, all the muscles relaxed. Begin to swing the arms slowly back and forth. Let the swing become wider and wider, throwing more and more of the body and

legs into the movement, until the extreme forward movement is like that depicted in Fig. 6.

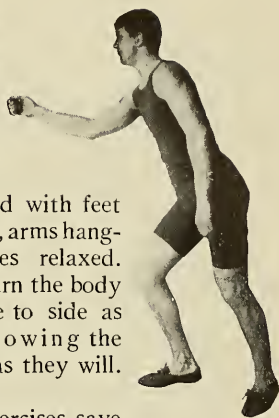
No. 6.—Stand with feet somewhat apart, arms hanging, all muscles relaxed. Now begin to turn the body gently from side to side as on a pivot, allowing the arms to swing as they will. (See Fig. 7.)

In all these exercises, save the first, the one great object is to move as easily, as lightly and with as much swing as possible. The less muscular force used the better. This method of handling the body may be afterward applied to the performance of feats of skill with surprising results.

No. 7.—Tack up against the wall a sheet of white paper upon which has been made with black ink a small circle. Stand near the wall, holding a lead pencil lightly in the right hand. Now with a free motion swing the arm up over the head, and as it sweeps downward try, without in any way interrupting the movement, to so direct it as to make a pencil mark through the circle. (See Fig. 8.) Try the same in other directions, diagonally downward from left to right and from right toward the left, also by making a horizontal sweep both from right to left and from left to right. The same may be tried upward, both directly and diagonally.

In making this movement, the body should also participate in the swing; and all the muscles should be kept as loose and relaxed as possible.

After, by the practice of these movements, the athlete has gained the power of moving easily, he is ready to apply this method of moving to the actual feat in which he is interested. He should go through the motions incidental to this feat repeatedly, working only for ease and freedom; and eventually he will find that in these simple motions lies the secret of success in feats of skill.



PHOTOGRAPHING THE HERON FAMILY

BY A. EARL MARR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS E. MARR

IT was the summer before, when engaged in doing some work on a country estate, that I learned of the location of the heron rookery, and, owing to the season being too far advanced then, mentally made a note that I would pay the herons a visit early the next summer, in season to study their family life.

Early on the morning of the tenth of May, I started on my mission, with an assistant who assured me that he was "great on climbing"—and who afterward had a chance—an eight by ten camera, the usual outfit of lenses, etc., and two dozen plates. It might be wise to add here that when visiting herons wear old clothes. We found these, with rubber boots and a plentiful supply of stout cord, as essential as the camera.

After an hour's ride we reached the nearest station, and then followed a walk of nearly two miles with a heavy load and the temperature that of midsummer. The rookery was located in a dense swamp, mostly spruce, with a bottom wet and spongy. We had no uncertainty of mind as to whether we were in the right place, or if the birds were at home. The noise, as we attempted to crawl, push and scratch our way in, was well-nigh deafening.

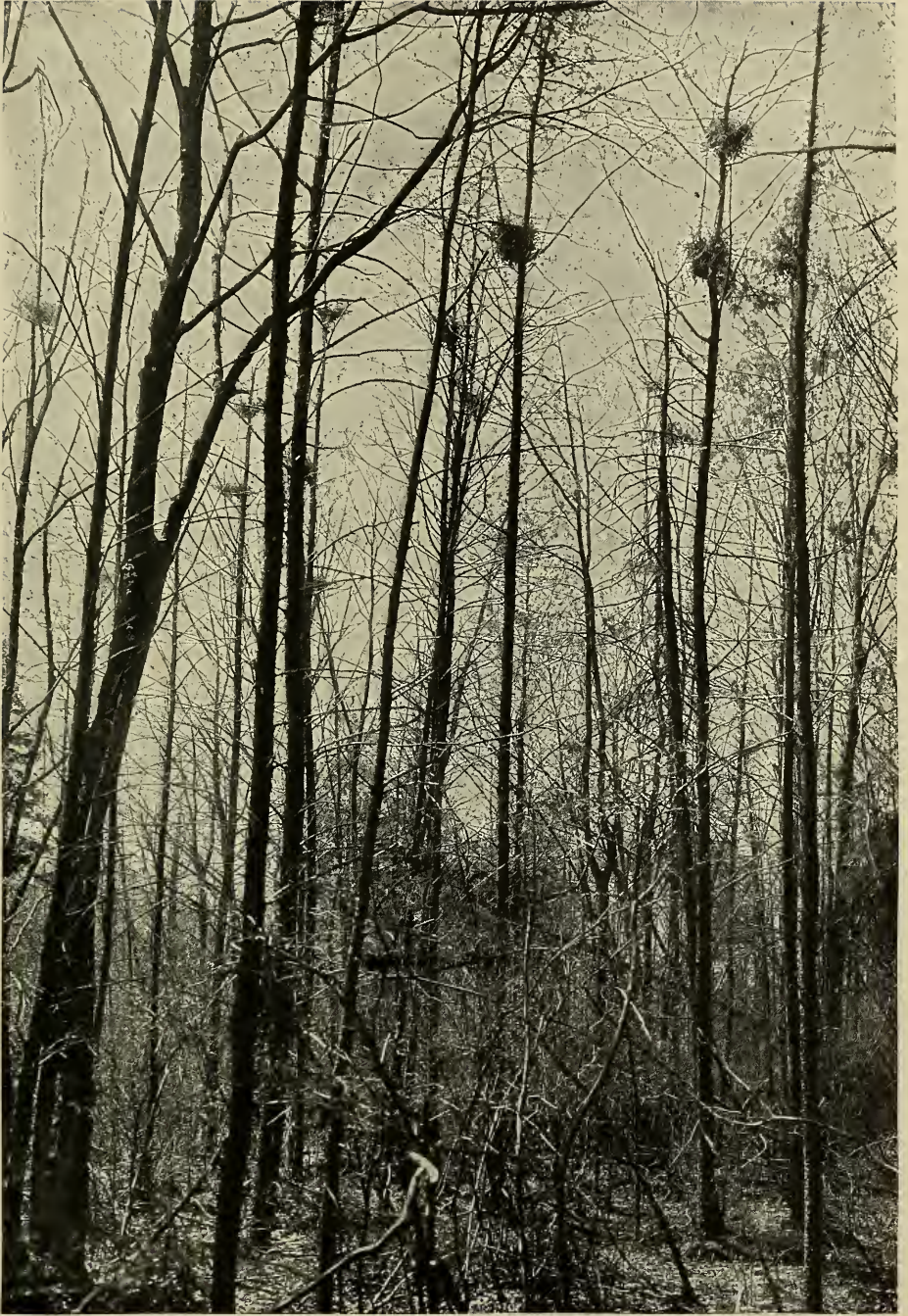
Our first trip was intended for photographing the eggs and nests, and it was with some trepidation we prepared to ascend the first tree, fearing that the hatching process might be too far advanced, thus losing us the first stage in the series planned. Our doubts were soon dissipated; the nest contained four eggs, about the size of hens' eggs, and light green in color.

The trees grew closely and were generally

small in diameter. This made climbing difficult, and then the nests were built near the tops. We soon discovered it would be quite out of the question to attempt to photograph the nests from the trees themselves. Accordingly, my assistant, who was "great on climbing," began his climb, and succeeded in reaching the first nest only through his light weight and the tenacity with which he hugged the trunk. The cord then came into use, and with that and an old soft felt hat the eggs were carefully lowered to the ground for photographing—then followed the nest. Afterward the nest was hauled back and craftily pressed into place again.

Upon our entrance into their domain the birds had quickly left the vicinity with much loud squawking. Now a few, more bold than their fellows, carefully flew back, but quickly left when they discovered that the unwelcome visitors were still there. We explored still farther into the swamp and found a seemingly endless number of nests. Some trees contained but one, though rarely; usually there were four, five and six—sometimes more. From the tree tops, as far as one could see, nests were discernible, composed of dried branches and twigs; in size, perhaps, about a foot and a half in diameter. The nests were usually built from thirty to forty feet from the ground, and contained, at this time, all unhatched eggs and generally four in a clutch, rarely five. After photographing a sufficient number of specimens, we concluded to leave the rookery to the dutiful parents.

Our next trip occurred on the first of June, sufficient time having elapsed, we be-



"We explored still farther into the swamp, and found a seemingly endless number of nests."



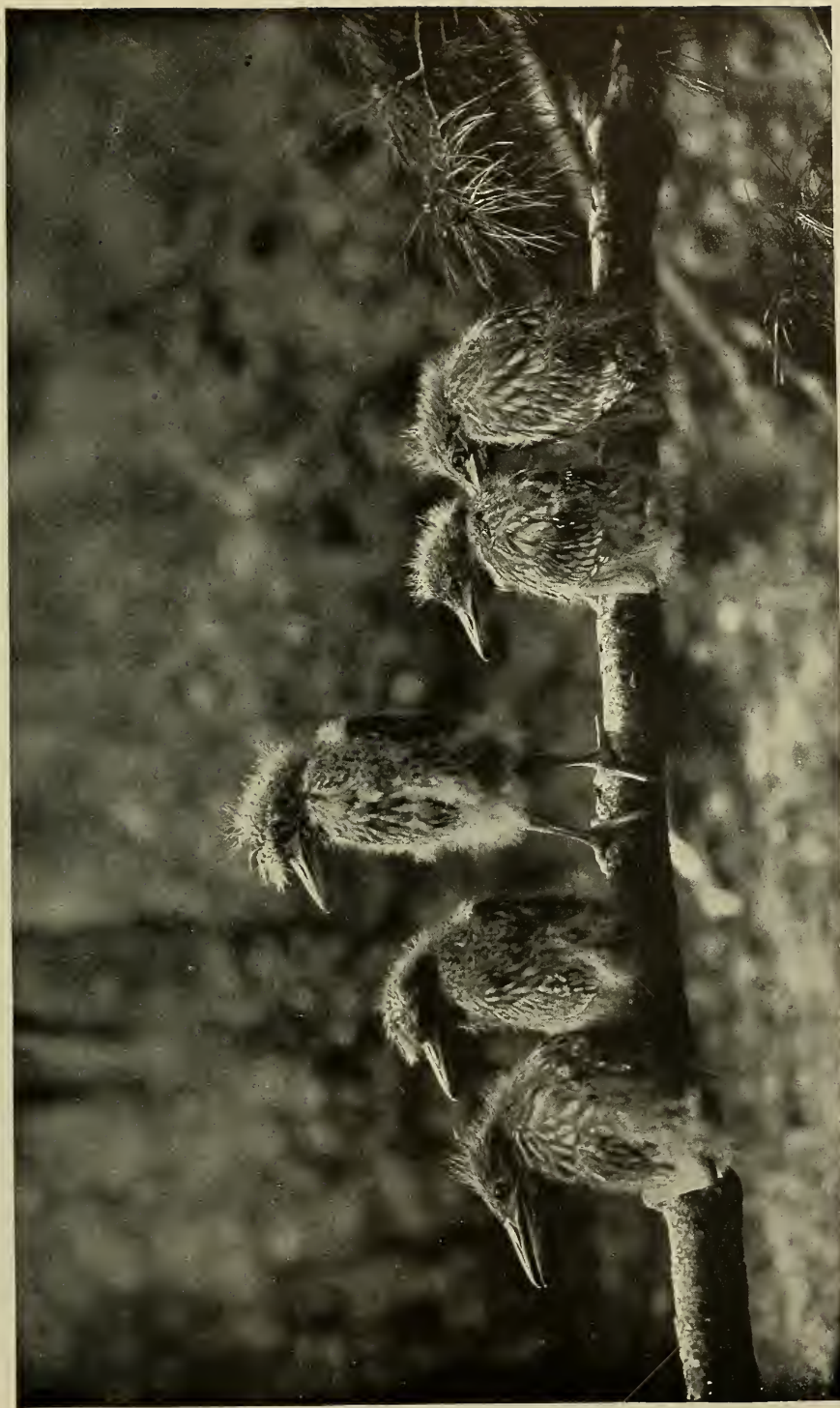
"On this trip we found both eggs and young in the nests."



They had the instinct of their fathers, really frightening one with their loud cries and repeated thrusts of bills.¹¹



‘The young had now attained a fair growth.



and in many cases were sitting out upon the limbs near to the nests."

lieved, to have caused a decided change in the families of the herons. This day was as hot as the first—it seemed heat and herons were inseparable. The noise was apparently more deafening than on the previous trip, and we soon learned it was caused by their attention to their young and quarreling among themselves.

The small vines and swamp growth had taken quite a start, and the place presented even more the appearance of an undisturbed wilderness. The old birds were just as prone to leave the vicinity upon the entrance of undesirable intruders, except that they hovered rather longer above their young, and after many loud, penetrating squawks took themselves away to safer realms, leaving their children to our care.

On this trip, we found both eggs and young in the nests. The oldest had apparently celebrated their first birthdays about two weeks previously. The majority were very young in days, but had the instinct of their fathers, really frightening one with their loud cries and repeated thrusts of bills. This time we had to exercise more care in handling our subjects. Removing them from their nests, we carefully placed them in the hat and lowered them—the nests followed. It was an easy matter then to do the rest, and when the tenants and their homes had been returned, the day's work was finished.

Our third trip we planned for a date late enough to give the birds time to become more fully grown, yet not quite large enough to fly.

We left Boston on the first train on the morning of June the tenth. The usual heron weather prevailed—very hot. By this time the swamp presented a most tangled appearance, and we experienced considerable difficulty in pushing our way in and pulling our traps after us. The young had now attained a fair growth, and in many cases were sitting out upon the limbs near to the nests.

The usual diet is fish, and for the past three weeks this vicinity had been one vast boarding-house. What with the hot sun beating down upon the putrid fish and the dead young—for very many of them die through natural causes and falling from the nests—the odor was almost unbearable.

I found the older ones, which were more desirable for my purpose, had developed

a most remarkable sense of caution and agility since my last visit, and it taxed my brain to discover some means to attain my object. The hat would certainly not answer the purpose; even if one put them in, they would not stay put. One had to catch them first, and therein lay the difficulty. They were forewarned before my assistant had covered more than half the distance up the tree, and upon a closer approach the youngsters, with a remarkable agility, would spring from limb to limb, and in that way pass from tree to tree.

They used their long necks to great advantage, jumping and hooking their heads over the limb aimed at, holding on in that fashion while they clawed with their sharp nails until they gained the limb; and then the process was repeated with varying success, but with much speed, nevertheless. I finally resorted to shaking the smaller trees, and in that way succeeded in eventually getting one down. This method was repeated from farther up on the trees, and after much time we collected sufficient for our first sitting; and a most unwilling group of sitters it was. For a time they devoted all their endeavors to striving to get away; in the meantime keeping up a continual squawking. Some, more fortunate than the others, succeeded in getting free, and then commenced a foot race, with all the honors to the chased. It is almost incredible with what swiftness they covered the ground—over fallen, rotted logs, across mud patches, under masses of growing vines and briers, through it all they sped, trusting to bold speed rather than to the more timid hiding. Once the chase was started with the bird a few feet ahead, almost near enough to grasp, it was practically a sure thing that Master Heron was safe.

Yet, withal, they were apparently a timid party, and I thought I might be able to do much with patience and gentle handling. In this I was correct, and succeeded in actually training them in a while so they lost their fright and evinced practically no fear of their strange companion. They became, from the most unruly of subjects, the most tractable of models, strange as it may seem. One in particular became especially friendly, without the least sign of fear, remaining perfectly still in the positions I placed him in for a minute or more



"Succeeded in actually training them so that they lost their fright and evinced practically no fear of their strange companions."



“When they learned that they could sit quietly without danger, they took very readily to the new conditions.”



"They became, from the most unruly of subjects, the most tractable of models."

at a time. Before the work was finished I became much attached to the little ones, and wished that it were not impracticable to take some of them home with me. At this time we found no unhatched eggs, though many grim evidences of tragedies—the suspended bodies of the young hanging by the necks, with the heads caught in the crotches of the trees, a monument to over-zealous ambition.

When we had finished with our subjects, we placed them upon some of the lower limbs below their nests, and they lost little time in seeking their familiar quarters.

It might be interesting to know how I began the training so they would pose. This I did by placing their feet on a limb already chosen, and held them in that position for a little while, then released my hold very gently. This had to be repeated a number of times, until finally they ceased to struggle. When they learned that they could sit quietly without danger, they took very readily to the new conditions.

We experienced some difficulty, owing to the very soft and spongy ground, in adjusting the camera, and I would suggest to those attempting a like feat to provide themselves with some small, light boards, just large enough to answer for the legs of the tripod to rest on and yet broad enough to prevent the legs from settling down into the swamp. Of course, the exposures were generally long, the place being much shadowed by trees.

Each year, regularly, this colony of great black-crowned night herons appears and monopolizes completely their section of the swamp.

The nearest feeding ground is the salt-water creeks near the old town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, five miles from the rookery. Their diet is mainly small fish, caught by standing perfectly motionless on the flats in a few inches of water, watching keenly, without turning the head, for some luckless fish who may come within catching

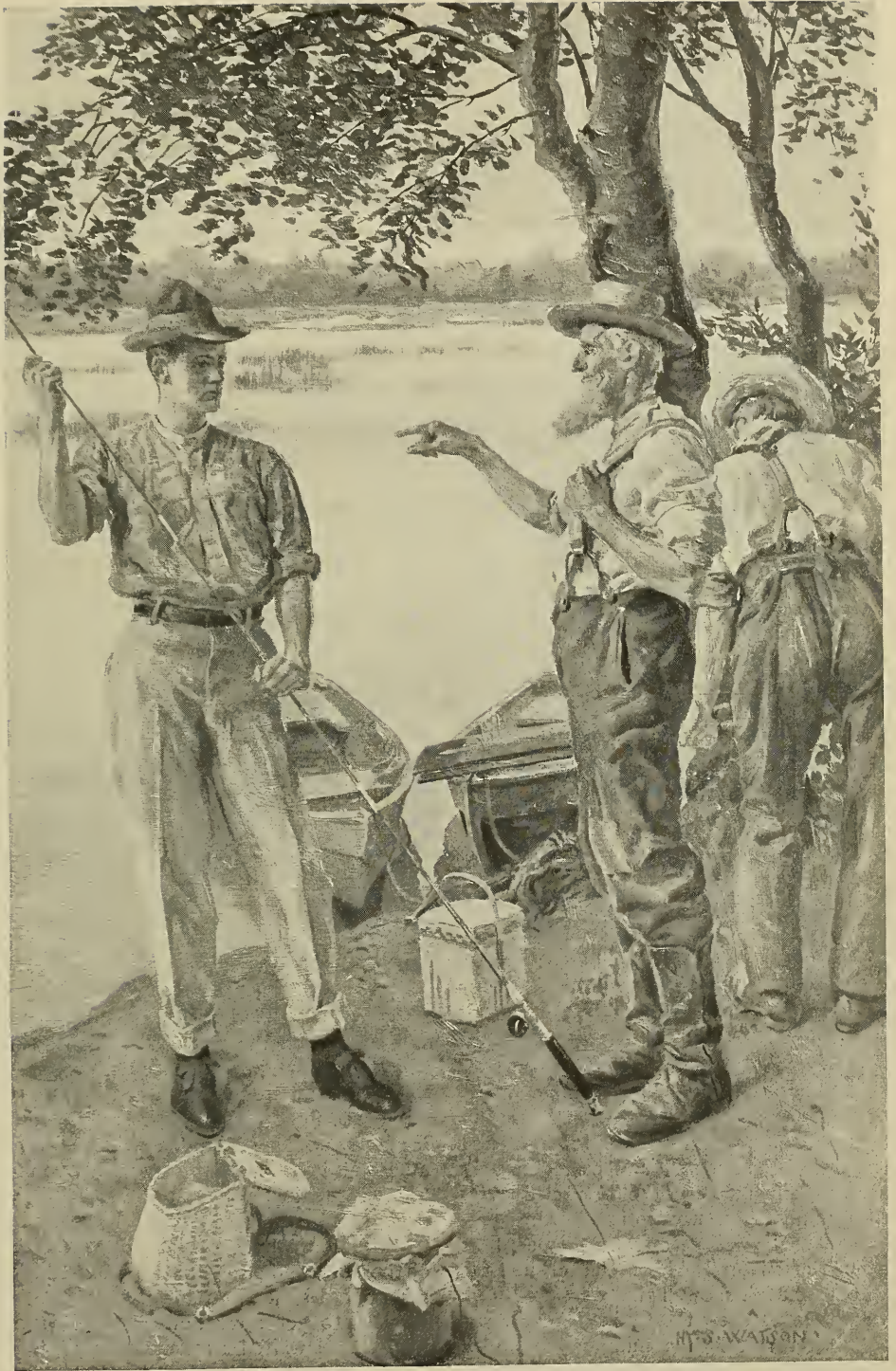
distance. One quick dart, and it is over; and our friend, the heron, assumes the same statuelike pose—he is indeed a most patient fisherman.

Now, a word to the amateur who may pay a visit to a heron rookery. First, let me impress upon the mind that one must undergo some few hardships; yet, if you enjoy nature, you will be surprised with the amount of pleasure you will derive from your experiences. Attention to a few important details, and your trip should be successful. Wear old clothes; such ones as you can throw away when your work is completed, for it is more than likely that you will wish to. Rubber boots will usually be found desirable; some long, stout cord and an old soft hat, or something equivalent, for lowering eggs and young.

One should be a good climber, though that might be overcome by the use of a pair of lineman's climbers. If one is desirous of doing much of this work, it would be much better to have a pair made for one. This can be done at a slight cost, having the spurs longer so that they will penetrate through the bark and imbed firmly in the solid wood, thus saving a fall when the bark gives away. If the spurs are placed at the instep, and slightly under, with the spurs inward and downward, you need not fear the tallest tree.

Concerning the camera, by all means use one with which you can focus on your object carefully, without guessing. The size is a personal matter, although the large plate is a great advantage.

I can especially recommend this branch of photography to amateurs, feeling sure that they will find it interesting sport. By using care in focusing, good judgment in giving the proper length of exposure and exercising plenty of patience with your subject, who seems unduly modest about publicity, striking results can be obtained—ample to repay you fully for the trials and hardships endured.



Drawing by Hy. S. Watson.

WHERE THE BIG FISH ARE

SALMON FISHING ON THE FORTEAU, LABRADOR

BY LAWRENCE MOTT



WELL, Jack, here's for the first fish on the Labrador!" I stood on the bank of the river, whose clear waters rushed foaming and tumbling at my feet. Just below me was what we had named the "Sea Pool"; an ideal bit of water. At its head a long, even rapid sparkled in the sunlight, very quick water at the top, slowing down to a deeper and heavier current below. There was plenty of room for the back cast, and a level bottom to wade out on. I breathed the crisp air with a sense of exhilaration, and lingered, enjoying my anticipation to the utmost.

"There's a fish, sir, and a good one!" Dawson pointed to a widening lot of ripples. I looked my flies over; the air was clear and the bottom light-colored. "About a No. 10 Jock this morning, Jack?" "That will do, I think, sir," my head guide, philosopher and friend replied. I looped the small fly on a medium weight gray leader and waded out. Ye fishermen that love the casting of a fly, that glory in the first cast of the season, can appreciate my feelings and my thoughts. I lengthened the line to thirty feet and cast obliquely across the fast water; the fly circled beautifully and I kept my tip in slight motion.

"There he is!" Dawson whispered as a flash of silvered sides and the flirt of a wide black tail showed that our friend was watching. I drew the fly in slowly.

"Better rest him a minute; a twenty-pounder if an ounce!" quoth I, and holding a few feet of line in my hand I made a short cast directly below me, twitching the

fly gently as it hung in the bubbles of a big eddy.

"Got one!" I shouted as I felt a surge on the rod; the fish had taken the Jock under water, making no swirl on the surface. "Curious fish, Dawson!" The line cut back and forth across the current with an audible humming, and the fish hugged the deep water close; not a run, not a jump even, only this peculiar zigzag motion, and it was continued for several minutes.

"He's got to get out of that!" I walked down as far as I could and tried to swing the fish up stream. No use! I could not steer him, nor influence him in the least. This may be thought strange; I should have told you that I am a great believer in the use of the lightest tackle possible. The rod I had in hand was an eight-ounce Leonard, ten feet long; the line was next to the smallest waxed taper that I could get, and the reel a medium-sized Vom Hofe (trout). Therefore, it will be understood when I say that I was powerless with my criss-crossing friend.

"Heave a rock at him, Jack, move him somehow!" I called back to Dawson, who was leaning on the gaff and watching this new continuous performance with interest.

He threw a stone accurately.

"That fixed him!" Indeed it did! *Whir-r-r-r-r!* *Z-i-i-i-pp!* a wild rush and a beautiful curving leap way up above me.

"A buster!" I yelled at the sight of the deep shoulder and gleaming length. By this time the salmon was almost at the foot of the pool, and still going; I checked him a little, but he kept on down.

"Got to get after him now," Dawson advised. I waited a moment longer, hoping to turn the fish, then I splashed my way ashore, slipping and stumbling in my mad haste, and footed it at a good pace.

Time I did so! I only had a little line left, and His Majesty never hesitated or swerved in his course. "He's bound for the sea!" Dawson chuckled, and I commenced to worry; the salt water was but two hundred yards below us. Once there I was snubbed, as a steep rock shelf blocked the way for farther chasing. "Now or never," I thought, and held hard. The light line sung with the strain, and I had to straighten the rod or run the risk of getting a cast in it; I gritted my teeth and prepared for the sickening snap that I dreaded at each second—but the gods were kind. The pull was too much for the big fellow; he turned like a flash and came at me furiously; I reeled in like mad, running backward up the beach as I did so, and more by good luck than good management, kept a tight line on him. Up, up, up and still up stream he went at a great rate, I after him. Then he began to jump! And such jumps they were! Worth going ten thousand miles for! Long leaps, short ones, then a skating effect along the surface with the spray and foam glistening, and drops flying high in the sunlight and shining like globules of mercury. Back somersaults, forward twists, everything that a fish could do this one did. I have never experienced any salmon play equal to it either on the Restigouche or any other famous salmon waters. This fish seemed imbued with a doggedness and deviltry that was superb; I had fought him hard for fifty minutes, in heavy water, keeping below him most of the fight, and yet he did not show any signs of tiring.

Once I thought that the end was near; the fish was lying out in the quickest water, cleverly playing the current against me; I picked up a pebble and started him, as I imagined, for Dawson and the gaff. Nearer and nearer I led him. "A cracker-jack," Dawson announced, peering through the stream. I could see the long, dark shape, and a vision of the first salmon of the season lying at my feet rose before me—and nearly cost me the fish! I hurried him a bit too much, and tried to drag him within reach of the gaff; instantly that he felt the extra pressure, and realized that he was in shoal water, he gave a mighty surge, a quick lunge, and there he was out in the pool again, but, misery of miseries, behind a sharp ledge that projected black and ugly

over the surface; the line led directly on it, and I dared not try to work it off for fear of fraying it, in which case, good-by to His Majesty. I sized up the situation and saw that the only thing to do was to get across the stream—but how? The water was very swift and deep unless I went up to the top, and that would entail a sure necessity of sawing the line. No, I must wade it here!

"Come and get my fly boxes, Jack; it may be a case of swimming," I shouted. Dawson relieved me of those, also of my broad hat and sweater, and I started. The water was very cold, and the bottom slippery as the mischief; a few yards and I was in to my armpits, and the bottom fast receding from my face! I had gone in below the fish and slackened up on the line so as not to disturb him. "Now for swim!" and swim I did as best I could with one hand, holding the rod up with the other. It wasn't far to go and I paddled on desperately and struck bottom twenty-five yards below where I had gone in. I dripped ashore, shivering.

"Ah, there, friend, it's up to you again!" Unconsciously I spoke aloud to the fish, and Dawson laughed. "Go above and come across!" I shouted, which he did.

Very carefully this time I coaxed the salmon away from his rock and got him into clear water. He took two short runs and another "skitter," then came in tamely. "Now, Jack!" A flutter of foam, a lift, and he was on the beach! I laid the rod down and knelt over him, lingering on the glorious colors and scintillating scales, and dreaming, yet realizing the joy of it all.

"A fine fish, sir." Dawson's voice "woke" me.

"Weigh him." Jack brought out the dear old instrument that had recorded many, many pounds of the king of fish in varied and widespread waters.

"Twenty-two and a half, sir."

Ah, that *was* a fish! A nery fighter, a schemer with a will that only gave out when its shell could do no more; superb in life, beautiful in death.

"That's enough for the morning. I am going to take a walk and a look at the river above. Tell the others that I will be back in an hour or so, and ask Mr. — to come out on this pool; he is sure of fish," I said.

Dawson looked reproachfully at me. Dear Jack! Ever since I was a wee bit of a chap he has looked after me on our trips after the salmon. Aye, more than looked after me, but he did love to see lots of fish on the beach! That is when he and I had tiffs.

"I know what is on your mind, lad," I teased. "Never mind, we have three months on this coast and are going to try every river worth trying, and there will be plenty of fish."

"Humph!" he grunted, "come way up here on this trip, and now that fish are fairly leapin' for the fly you stop at one!" and he walked off, still muttering.

I went up to the top of the pool, and climbed the bank on to the moss and tundra barren. The Forteau River comes to the sea from a system of lakes in the interior, and for fifteen miles its lower reaches lie in a valley or cleft in the barrens. The day was glorious, and I breathed the very breath of immortality as I wandered slowly onward, following the river. Series of quick waters, with long, fascinating and delightfully tempting pools between them, met my eager eye at every turn. The water was so limpid and wondrous clear that I could see the dark outlines of salmon lying behind their rocks; I tossed little stones into the pools and watched the big fish and the grilse scurry about, then settle quietly back to their places. Overhead, great billowy masses of white clouds bellied and rolled across the heavens, their tops dazzling in the sun, their under sides gray and deep blue in the shadows; their outlines mirrored on the river and turning its water dark-colored—sometimes in the deepest pools it seemed quite black. It was only for a few moments, though; then the sun streamed out again and six feet of water seemed but a scant foot. The light north wind blew from over the distant blue-hazed mountains with a suggestion of far-off snows, and it waved the heather pines on the banks with gentle whisperings.

"Hello, you!" I called to J. K. H., as I came on to the bank below which he was casting industriously. "How's the luck?"

"Rotten, d—n it! I've lost four fish, one after the other; can't seem to keep 'em above that cussed rapid," he shouted, pointing to the stiffish white water below him. As he spoke, I saw a fish gleam as it

took his fly and I heard the merry song of the reel. With that freedom of fishermen, I yelled sundry advices to him such as: "Keep him up! Work him upstream!" and then, because I saw that the fish—a good one it was—inclined strongly toward "that cussed rapid," I tumbled down the bank beside him.

"Hold as hard as you dare, and swing your rod out stream," I suggested. He did so, and the salmon turned back.

"Thanks," he called, and I sat on a boulder to see the fun. Round and round, up and down, over and across, out of water and in—another devil such as mine had been. Although my pal had never killed a salmon, he handled this one exceedingly well. I ventured a word now and then, but not often. At last the big fish tired, and the gaffer did a pretty job. We danced a miniature fling and then I left and continued up river.

In an hour I came to the first of the lakes. It shone blue and dancing before me, and stretched away a mile or more to the northeast. There I stopped and gazed with scenic-saturated eyes toward the looming mountains of the Labrador that raised their tall heads above the level barrens. A fine pool lay at the foot of the rapid out of the lake, and as I watched, salmon after salmon rose in sportiveness, creating wide swirls and bulging ripples that flowed away to the pebbled shores. Among these big rises were many of the heavy sea trout, of which thousands wend their way up river to the spawning grounds.

When I returned I found that the rest of the party had had fine sport, and a number of large fish reposed in the little stone-bound fish-pond that we had made for this purpose. Several big trout were among the lot; one of six and three-quarters was especially to be admired. The "crowd" were happy, I was happy, we were all happy but poor old Jack, who still murmured that "the Captain" (my nickname) "didn't fish as he should ought to!"

The camp was situated on the river at the top of the Sea Pool rapid, and the roar of the quick water sounded lullingly in our ears.

"Give us an idea of your theories of this kind of salmon fishing," the crowd asked, so I proceeded to tell them what little I knew of the salmon lures of the far North.

"The first and great thing to learn is to reconcile yourselves to using *small* flies. It is very true that you lose many fish by so doing, *but* it is worthy of remembering that you will hook far more fish by using small flies than you will in adorning your leader with No. 6's and 4's. Also burden your minds with the fact that it is always well to approach a pool with due caution. Don't blunder on to its very edge and then cuss because you do not get a rise; the fish often lie close to the banks, especially in the early morning when the sun warms the shallows a bit, and if you will curb your impatience to reach the more tempting water you will find, I think, that many fish will rise to you much nearer the shore than you would suppose. Always cast athwart the current, say at an angle of forty-five degrees; let your fly swing with the stream, and move the tip of your rod up and down with a slight and always regular motion. Don't try to reach all over the pool from one spot. A forty to fifty foot cast is plenty; then when you have covered that water carefully (*never* hurry over your water) move down the length of your last cast and begin over again. Above all, never let yourself become restless and impatient, and cast over a fish that you have risen at once!

"You will find by disappointing experience, as I have, that nine times out of ten a fish that is of any weight at all will not rise again if he sees the fly he missed but a second before float over him in so short a time. In all my fishing of these northern waters I have found that the Jock Scott is the first choice, be the day bright or dark. Next comes the Silver Doctor. On some rivers, especially in Newfoundland, the Silver Doctor is a most killing fly; indeed on the Upper Humber, the Little and Grand Codroy, Fischell's, and the Barrachois rivers in Newfoundland, this fly is preferable even to the Jock. Farther down the list of preferences come the Durham Ranger, Brown Fairy and Black Dose; always remembering that sizes eight to twelve are by *far* the greatest takers. Another thing: you fellows have great heavy Forest rods; you can see for yourselves that they are not necessary, can't you? Use light rods, anywhere from seven to twelve ounces. They are plenty powerful enough, and will give you far more *sport* than the fourteen

to sixteen foot rods that you have. The rivers like this one we are on, up in this country and in Newfoundland, average small, and you can reach all over with a Leonard such as I am using. It's all very well to say that I am prejudiced toward light rods, but the fact remains that I am *not*. What I want is the sport that is obtained in using light tackle. It is more sportsmanlike, and gives your fish a decent chance to fight you. That, to me, is the whole pleasure; to know, unless one is very careful, and handles his fish with a glove, so to speak, that the fish is very liable to carry away everything and leave one minus the whole outfit. This is the sort of feeling I crave. Just one more suggestion: Don't kill fish for the sake of killing! There is no use in slaughtering them just because they rise plentifully to your fly; in using these small flies it is only one fish in a hundred that is hooked in the tongue. Look at that fish-pond! There are enough salmon there to feed an army, and what earthly good are they to us? Would it not have been better to have had your sport with them, and then instead of gaffing the poor devils that afforded you that sport to have beached them and let them go? I shall not gaff another fish this season!" (Growls from Jack in the background.) I waited.

"We're with you," they shouted; "no more salmon gaffed or killed unless we need them to eat!" I bowed my acknowledgments.

It was time for supper. Behind the camp the sunset colors were glorious, and changed with shifting hues as we watched them. The first night in the wilderness is always the acme of delight and comfort that one longs for during the tedious winter months. And as we sat by the fire that shone ruddy and warm in our faces, and watched the guides' shadows lengthen and shorten as they moved about the flames, we were truly indescribably happy. There were no sand flies to bother us, and we sat there till long into the night talking, singing and counting the falling stars that flashed and trailed across the twinkling heavens. Then, one by one, the crowd turned in, and one by one the fires went out, leaving but the star darkness shining mystically on our five-tent camp on Forteau River, Labrador.



"In the full glare of the afternoon light, crouching in the entrance of the cave, the cubs saw the lynx mother."

Drawing by Frank E. Schoonover.

WHITE FANG*

BY JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

PART II—BORN OF THE WILD

CHAPTER I

THE BATTLE OF THE FANGS

IT was the she-wolf who had first caught the sound of men's voices and the whining of the sled-dogs; and it was the she-wolf who was first to spring away from the cornered man in his circle of dying flame. The pack had been loath to forego the kill it had hunted down, and it lingered for several minutes, making sure of the sounds, and then it, too, sprang away on the trail made by the she-wolf.

Running at the forefront of the pack was a large gray wolf—one of its several leaders. It was he who directed the pack's course on the heels of the she-wolf. It was he who snarled warningly at the younger members of the pack or slashed at them with his fangs when they ambitiously tried to pass him. And it was he who increased the pace when he sighted the she-wolf, now trotting slowly across the snow.

She dropped in alongside by him, as though it were her appointed position, and took the pace of the pack. He did not snarl at her, nor show his teeth, when any leap of hers chanced to put her in advance of him. On the contrary, he seemed kindly disposed toward her—too kindly to suit her, for he was prone to run near to her, and when he ran too near it was she who snarled and showed her teeth. Nor was she above slashing his shoulder sharply on occasion. At such times he betrayed no anger. He merely sprang to the side and ran stiffly ahead for several awkward leaps, in carriage and conduct resembling an abashed country swain.

This was his one trouble in the running

of the pack; but she had other troubles. On her other side ran a gaunt old wolf, grizzled and marked with the scars of many battles. He ran always on her right side. The fact that he had but one eye, and that the left eye, might account for this. He, also, was addicted to crowding her, to veering toward her till his scarred muzzle touched her body, or shoulder, or neck. As with the running mate on the left, she repelled these attentions with her teeth; but when both bestowed their attentions at the same time she was roughly jostled, being compelled, with quick snaps to either side, to drive both lovers away and at the same time to maintain her forward leap with the pack and see the way of her feet before her. At such times her running mates flashed their teeth and growled threateningly across at each other. They might have fought, but even wooing and its rivalry waited upon the more pressing hunger-need of the pack.

After each repulse, when the old wolf sheered abruptly away from the sharp-toothed object of his desire, he shouldered against a young three-year-old that ran on his blind right side. This young wolf had attained his full size; and, considering the weak and famished condition of the pack, he possessed more than the average vigor and spirit. Nevertheless, he ran with his head even with the shoulder of his one-eyed elder. When he ventured to run abreast of the older wolf (which was seldom), a snarl and a snap sent him back even with the shoulder again. Sometimes, however, he dropped cautiously and slowly behind and edged in between the old leader and the she-wolf. This was doubly resented, even triply resented.

* Copyright, 1905, by Jack London.

When she snarled her displeasure, the old leader would whirl on the three-year-old. Sometimes she whirled with him. And sometimes the young leader on the left whirled, too.

At such times, confronted by three sets of savage teeth, the young wolf stopped precipitately, throwing himself back on his haunches, with fore legs stiff, mouth menacing, and mane bristling. This confusion in the front of the moving pack always caused confusion in the rear. The wolves behind collided with the young wolf and expressed their displeasure by administering sharp nips on his hind legs and flanks. He was laying up trouble for himself, for lack of food and short tempers went together; but with the boundless faith of youth he persisted in repeating the maneuver every little while, though it never succeeded in gaining anything for him but discomfiture.

Had there been food, love-making and fighting would have gone on apace, and the pack formation would have been broken up. But the situation of the pack was desperate. It was lean with long-standing hunger. It ran below its ordinary speed. At the rear limped the weak members, the very young and the very old. At the front were the strongest. Yet all were more like skeletons than full-bodied wolves. Nevertheless, with the exception of the ones that limped, the movements of the animals were effortless and tireless. Their stringy muscles seemed founts of inexhaustible energy. Behind every steel-like contraction of a muscle lay another steel-like contraction, and another and another, apparently without end.

They ran many miles that day. They ran through the night. And the next day found them still running. They were running over the surface of a world frozen and dead. No life stirred. They alone moved through the vast inertness. They alone were alive, and they sought for other things that were alive in order that they might devour them and continue to live.

They crossed low divides and ranged a dozen small streams in a lower-lying country before their quest was rewarded. Then they came upon moose. It was a big bull they first found. Here was meat and life, and it was guarded by no mysterious fires nor flying missiles of flame. Splay hoofs

and palmated antlers they knew, and they flung their customary patience and caution to the wind. It was a brief fight and fierce. The big bull was beset on every side. He ripped them open or split their skulls with shrewdly driven blows of his great hoofs. He crushed them and broke them on his large horns. He stamped them into the snow under him in the wallowing struggle. But he was foredoomed, and he went down with the she-wolf tearing savagely at his throat, and with other teeth fixed everywhere upon him, devouring him alive, before ever his last struggle ceased or his last damage had been wrought.

There was food in plenty. The bull weighed over eight hundred pounds—fully twenty pounds of meat per mouth for the forty-odd wolves of the pack. But if they could fast prodigiously they could feed prodigiously, and soon a few scattered bones were all that remained of the splendid live brute that had faced the pack a few hours before.

There was now much resting and sleeping. With full stomachs, bickering and quarreling began among the younger males, and this continued through the few days that followed before the breaking-up of the pack. The famine was over. The wolves were now in the country of game, and though they still hunted in pack, they hunted more cautiously, cutting out heavy cows or crippled old bulls from the small moose-herds they ran across.

There came a day, in this land of plenty, when the wolf-pack split in half and went in different directions. The she-wolf, the young leader on her left, and the one-eyed elder on her right, led their half of the pack down to the Mackenzie River and across into the lake country to the east. Each day this remnant of the pack dwindled. Two by two, male and female, the wolves were deserting. Occasionally a solitary male was driven out by the sharp teeth of his rivals. In the end there remained only four: the she-wolf, the young leader, the one-eyed one, and the ambitious three-year-old.

The she-wolf had by now developed a ferocious temper. Her three suitors all bore the marks of her teeth. Yet they never replied in kind, never defended themselves against her. They turned their shoulders to her most savage slashes,

and with wagging tails and mincing steps strove to placate her wrath. But if they were all mildness toward her, they were all fierceness toward one another. The three-year-old grew too ambitious in his fierceness. He caught the one-eyed elder on his blind side and ripped his ear into ribbons. Though the grizzled old fellow could see only on one side, against the youth and vigor of the other he brought into play the wisdom of long years of experience. His lost eye and his scarred muzzle bore evidence to the nature of his experience. He had survived too many battles to be in doubt for a moment about what to do.

The battle began fairly, but it did not end fairly. There was no telling what the outcome would have been, for the third wolf joined the elder, and together, old leader and young leader, they attacked the ambitious three-year-old and proceeded to destroy him. He was beset on either side by the merciless fangs of his erstwhile comrades. Forgotten were the days they had hunted together, the game they had pulled down, the famine they had suffered. That business was a thing of the past. The business of love was at hand—ever a sterner and crueler business than that of food-getting.

And in the meanwhile the she-wolf, the cause of it all, sat down contentedly on her haunches and watched. She was even pleased. This was her day—and it came not often—when manes bristled, and fang smote fang or ripped and tore the yielding flesh, all for the possession of her.

And in the business of love the three-year-old, who had made this his first adventure upon it, yielded up his life. On either side of his body stood his two rivals. They were gazing at the she-wolf, who sat smiling in the snow. But the elder leader was wise, very wise, in love even as in battle. The younger leader turned his head to lick a wound on his shoulder. The curve of his neck was turned toward his rival. With his one eye the elder saw the opportunity. He darted in low and closed with his fangs. It was a long, ripping slash, and deep as well. His teeth, in passing, burst the wall of the great vein of the throat. Then he leaped clear.

The young leader snarled terribly, but his snarl broke midmost into a tickling

cough. Bleeding and coughing, already stricken, he sprang at the elder and fought while life faded from him, his legs going weak beneath him, the light of day dulling on his eyes, his blows and springs falling shorter and shorter.

And all the while the she-wolf sat on her haunches and smiled. She was made glad in vague ways by the battle, for this was the love-making of the Wild, the sex-tragedy of the natural world that was tragedy only to those that died. To those that survived it was not tragedy, but realization and achievement.

When the young leader lay in the snow and moved no more, One Eye stalked over to the she-wolf. His carriage was one of mingled triumph and caution. He was plainly expectant of a rebuff, and he was just as plainly surprised when her teeth did not flash out at him in anger. For the first time she met him with a kindly manner. She sniffed noses with him, and even condescended to leap about and frisk and play with him in quite puppyish fashion. And he, for all his gray years and sage experience, behaved quite as puppyishly and even a little more foolishly.

Forgotten already were the vanquished rivals and the love tale red-written on the snow. Forgotten, save once, when old One Eye stopped for a moment to lick his stiffening wounds. Then it was that his lips half writhed into a snarl, and the hair of his neck and shoulders involuntarily bristled, while he half-crouched for a spring, his claws spasmodically clutching into the snow surface for firmer footing. But it was all forgotten the next moment as he sprang after the she-wolf, who was coyly leading him a chase through the woods.

After that they ran side by side, like good friends who have come to an understanding. The days passed by, and they kept together, hunting their meat and killing and eating it in common. After a time the she-wolf began to grow restless. She seemed to be searching for something that she could not find. The hollows under fallen trees seemed to attract her, and she spent much time nosing about among the larger snow-piled crevices in the rocks and in the caves of overhanging banks. Old One Eye was not interested at all, but he followed her good-naturedly in her quest,

and when her investigations in particular places were unusually protracted he would lie down and wait until she was ready to go on.

They did not remain in one place, but traveled across country until they regained the Mackenzie River, down which they slowly went, leaving it often to hunt game along the small streams that entered it, but always returning to it again. Sometimes they chanced upon other wolves, usually in pairs; but there was no friendliness of intercourse displayed on either side, no gladness at meeting, no desire to return to the pack formation. Several times they encountered solitary wolves. These were always males, and they were pressingly insistent on joining with One Eye and his mate. This he resented, and when she stood shoulder to shoulder with him, bristling and showing her teeth, the aspiring solitary ones would back off, turn tail, and continue on their lonely way.

One moonlight night, running through the quiet forest, One Eye suddenly halted. His muzzle went up, his tail stiffened, and his nostrils dilated as he scented the air. One foot also he held up, after the manner of a dog. He was not satisfied, and he continued to smell the air, striving to understand the message borne upon it to him. One careless sniff had satisfied his mate, and she trotted on to reassure him. Though he followed her, he was still dubious, and he could not forbear an occasional halt in order more carefully to study the warning.

She crept out cautiously on the edge of a large open space in the midst of the trees. For some time she stood alone. Then One Eye, creeping and crawling, every sense on the alert, every hair radiating infinite suspicion, joined her. They stood side by side, watching and listening and smelling.

To their ears came the sounds of dogs wrangling and scuffling, the guttural cries of men, the sharper voices of scolding women, and once the shrill and plaintive cry of a child. With the exception of the huge bulks of the skin lodges, little could be seen save the flames of the fire, broken by the movements of intervening bodies, and the smoke rising slowly on the quiet air. But to their nostrils came the myriad smells of an Indian camp, carrying a story that was largely incomprehensible to One

Eye, but every detail of which the she-wolf knew.

She was strangely stirred, and sniffed and sniffed with an increasing delight. But old One Eye was doubtful. He betrayed his apprehension, and started tentatively to go. She turned and touched his neck with her muzzle in a reassuring way, then regarded the camp again. A new wistfulness was in her face, but it was not the wistfulness of hunger. She was thrilling to a desire that urged her to go forward, to be in closer to that fire, to be squabbling with the dogs and to be avoiding and dodging the stumbling feet of men.

One Eye moved impatiently beside her; her unrest came back upon her, and she knew again her pressing need to find the thing for which she searched. She turned and trotted back into the forest, to the great relief of One Eye, who trotted a little to the fore until they were well within the shelter of the trees.

As they slid along, noiseless as shadows, in the moonlight, they came upon a runway. Both noses went down to the footprints in the snow. These footprints were very fresh. One Eye ran ahead cautiously, his mate at his heels. The broad pads of their feet were spread wide and in contact with the snow were like velvet. One Eye caught sight of a dim movement of white in the midst of the white. His sliding gait had been deceptively swift, but it was as nothing to the speed at which he now ran. Before him was bounding the faint patch of white he had discovered.

They were running along a narrow alley flanked on either side by a growth of young spruce. Through the trees the mouth of the alley could be seen, opening out on a moonlit glade. Old One Eye was rapidly overhauling the fleeing shape of white. Bound by bound he gained. Now he was upon it. One leap more and his teeth would be sinking into it. But that leap was never made. High in the air, and straight up, soared the shape of white, now a struggling snowshoe rabbit that leaped and bounded, executing a fantastic dance there above him in the air and never once returning to earth.

One Eye sprang back with a snort of sudden fright, then shrank down to the snow and crouched, snarling threats at this thing of fear he did not understand. But

the she-wolf coolly thrust past him. She poised for a moment, then sprang for the dancing rabbit. She, too, soared high, but not so high as the quarry, and her teeth clipped emptily together with a metallic snap. She made another leap, and another.

Her mate had slowly relaxed from his crouch and was watching her. He now evinced displeasure at her repeated failures, and himself made a mighty spring upward. His teeth closed upon the rabbit, and he bore it back to earth with him. But at the same time there was a suspicious crackling movement beside him, and his astonished eye saw a young spruce sapling bending down above him to strike him. His jaws let go their grip, and he leaped backward to escape this strange danger, his lips drawn back from his fangs, his throat snarling, every hair bristling with rage and fright. And in that moment the sapling reared its slender length upright and the rabbit soared dancing in the air again.

The she-wolf was angry. She sank her fangs into her mate's shoulder in reproof; and he, frightened, unaware of what constituted this new onslaught, struck back ferociously and in still greater fright, ripping down the side of the she-wolf's muzzle. For him to resent such reproof was equally unexpected to her, and she sprang upon him in snarling indignation. Then he discovered his mistake and tried to placate her. But she proceeded to punish him roundly, until he gave over all attempts at placation, and whirled in a circle, his head away from her, his shoulders receiving the punishment of her teeth.

In the meantime the rabbit danced above them in the air. The she-wolf sat down in the snow, and old One Eye, now more in fear of his mate than of the mysterious sapling, again sprang for the rabbit. As he sank back with it between his teeth, he kept his eye on the sapling. As before, it followed him back to earth. He crouched down under the impending blow, his hair bristling, but his teeth still keeping tight hold of the rabbit. But the blow did not fall. The sapling remained bent above him. When he moved it moved, and he growled at it through his clenched jaws; when he remained still, it remained still, and he concluded it was safer to continue remaining still. Yet the warm blood of the rabbit tasted good in his mouth.

It was his mate who relieved him from the quandary in which he found himself. She took the rabbit from him, and while the sapling swayed and teetered threateningly above her she calmly gnawed off the rabbit's head. At once the sapling shot up, and after that gave no more trouble, remaining in the decorous and perpendicular position in which nature had intended it to grow. Then between them the she-wolf and One Eye devoured the game which the mysterious sapling had caught for them.

There were other runways and alleys where rabbits were hanging in the air, and the wolf pair prospected them all, the she-wolf leading the way, old One Eye following and observant, learning the method of robbing snares—a knowledge destined to stand him in good stead in the days to come.

CHAPTER II

THE LAIR

For two days the she-wolf and One Eye hung about the Indian camp. He was worried and apprehensive, yet the camp lured his mate and she was loath to depart. But when, one morning, the air was rent with the report of a rifle close at hand, and a bullet smashed against a tree trunk several inches from One Eye's head, they hesitated no more, but went off on a long, swinging lope that put quick miles between them and the danger.

They did not go far—a couple of days' journey. The she-wolf's need to find the thing for which she searched had now become imperative. She was getting very heavy and could run but slowly. Once, in the pursuit of a rabbit, which she ordinarily would have caught with ease, she gave over and lay down and rested. One Eye came to her; but when he touched her neck gently with his muzzle she snapped at him with such quick fierceness that he tumbled over backward and cut a ridiculous figure in his effort to escape her teeth. Her temper was now shorter than ever; but he had become more patient than ever and more solicitous.

And then she found the thing for which she sought. It was a few miles up a small stream that in the summer time flowed into the Mackenzie, but that then was frozen over and frozen down to its rocky

bottom—a dead stream of solid white from source to mouth. The she-wolf was trotting wearily along, her mate well in advance, when she came upon the overhanging high clay bank. She turned aside and trotted over to it. The wear and tear of spring storms and melting snows had underwashed the bank, and in one place had made a small cave out of a narrow fissure.

She paused at the mouth of the cave and looked the wall over carefully. Then, on one side and the other, she ran along the base of the wall to where its abrupt bulk merged from the softer-lined landscape. Returning to the cave, she entered its narrow mouth. For a short three feet she was compelled to crouch, then the walls widened and rose higher in a little round chamber nearly six feet in diameter. The roof barely cleared her head. It was dry and cozy. She inspected it with painstaking care, while One Eye, who had returned, stood in the entrance and patiently watched her. She dropped her head, with her nose to the ground and directed toward a point near to her closely bunched feet, and around this point she circled several times; then, with a tired sigh that was almost a grunt, she curled her body in, relaxed her legs, and dropped down, her head toward the entrance. One Eye, with pointed, interested ears, laughed at her, and beyond, outlined against the white light, she could see the brush of his tail waving good-naturedly. Her own ears, with a snuggling movement, laid their sharp points backward and down against the head for a moment, while her mouth opened and her tongue lolled peaceably out, and in this way she expressed that she was pleased and satisfied.

One Eye was hungry. Though he lay down in the entrance and slept, his sleep was fitful. He kept awaking and cocking his ears at the bright world without, where the April sun was blazing across the snow. When he dozed, upon his ears would steal the faint whispers of hidden trickles of running water, and he would rouse and listen intently. The sun had come back, and all the awakening Northland world was calling to him. Life was stirring. The feel of spring was in the air, the feel of growing life under the snow, of sap ascending in the trees, of buds bursting the shackles of the frost.

He cast anxious glances at his mate, but she showed no desire to get up. He looked outside, and half a dozen snow-birds flattered across his field of vision. He started to get up, then looked back at his mate again and settled down and dozed. A shrill and minute singing stole upon his hearing. Once, and twice, he sleepily brushed his nose with his paw. Then he woke up. There, buzzing in the air at the tip of his nose, was a lone mosquito. It was a full-grown mosquito, one that had lain frozen in a dry log all winter and that had now been thawed out by the sun. He could resist the call of the world no longer. Besides, he was hungry.

He crawled over to his mate and tried to persuade her to get up. But she only snarled at him, and he walked out alone into the bright sunshine to find the snow surface soft under foot, and the traveling difficult. He went up the frozen bed of the stream, where the snow, shaded by the trees, was yet hard and crystalline. He was gone eight hours, and he came back through the darkness hungrier than when he had started. He had found game, but he had not caught it. He had broken through the melting snow-crust and wallowed, while the snowshoe rabbits had skimmed along on top lightly as ever.

He paused at the mouth of the cave with a sudden shock of suspicion. Faint, strange sounds came from within. They were sounds not made by his mate, and yet they were remotely familiar. He belled cautiously inside and was met by a warning snarl from the she-wolf. This he received without perturbation, though he obeyed it by keeping his distance; but he remained interested in the other sounds—faint, muffled sobbings and slubberings.

His mate warned him irritably away, and he curled up and slept in the entrance. When morning came and a dim light pervaded the lair, he again sought after the source of the remotely familiar sounds. There was a new note in his mate's warning snarl. It was a jealous note, and he was very careful in keeping a respectful distance. Nevertheless, he made out, sheltering between her legs against the length of her body, five strange little bundles of life, very feeble, very helpless, making tiny whimpering noises, with eyes that did not open to the light. He was surprised. It

was not the first time in his long and successful life that this thing had happened. It had happened many times, yet each time it was as fresh a surprise as ever to him.

His mate looked at him anxiously. Every little while she emitted a low growl, and at times, when it seemed to her he approached too near, the growl shot up in her throat to a sharp snarl. Of her own experience she had no memory of the thing happening; but in her instinct, which was the experience of all the mothers of wolves, there lurked a memory of fathers that had eaten their new-born and helpless progeny. It manifested itself as a fear strong within her, that made her prevent One Eye from more closely inspecting the cubs he had fathered.

But there was no danger. Old One Eye was feeling the urge of an impulse, that was, in turn, an instinct that had come down to him from all the fathers of wolves. He did not question it, nor puzzle over it. It was there, in the fiber of his being; and it was the most natural thing in the world that he should obey it by turning his back on his new-born family and by trotting out and away on the meat trail whereby he lived.

Five or six miles from the lair the stream divided, its forks going off among the mountains at a right angle. Here, leading up the left fork, he came upon a fresh track. He smelled it and found it so recent that he crouched swiftly and looked in the direction in which it disappeared. Then he turned deliberately and took the right fork. The footprint was much larger than the one his own feet made, and he knew that in the wake of such a trail there was little meat for him.

Half a mile up the right fork, his quick ears caught the sound of gnawing teeth. He stalked the quarry and found it to be a porcupine, standing upright against a tree and trying his teeth on the bark. One Eye approached carefully, but hopelessly. He knew the breed, though he had never met it so far north before; and never in his long life had porcupine served him for a meal. But he had long since learned that there was such a thing as Chance, or Opportunity, and he continued to draw near. There was never any telling what might happen, for with live things events were somehow always happening differently.

The porcupine rolled itself into a ball, radiating long sharp needles in all directions that defied attack. In his youth One Eye had once sniffed too near a similar apparently inert ball of quills, and had the tail flick out suddenly in his face. One quill he had carried away in his muzzle, where it had remained for weeks, a rankling flame, until it finally worked out. So he lay down, in a comfortable crouching position, his nose fully a foot away and out of the line of the tail. Thus he waited, keeping perfectly quiet. There was no telling. Something might happen. The porcupine might unroll. There might be opportunity for a deft and ripping thrust of paw into the tender, unguarded belly.

But at the end of half an hour he arose, growled wrathfully at the motionless ball and trotted on. He had waited too often and futilely in the past for porcupines to unroll, to waste any more time. He continued up the right fork. The day wore along, and nothing rewarded his hunt.

The urge of his awakened instinct of fatherhood was strong upon him. He must find meat. In the afternoon he blundered upon a ptarmigan. He came out of a thicket and found himself face to face with the slow-witted bird. It was sitting on a log, not a foot beyond the end of his nose. Each saw the other. The bird made a startled rise, but he struck it with his paw and smashed it down to earth, then pounced upon it and caught it in his teeth as it scuttled across the snow trying to rise in the air again. As his teeth crunched through the tender flesh and fragile bones, he began naturally to eat. Then he remembered, and, turning on the back-track, started for home, carrying the ptarmigan in his mouth.

A mile above the forks, running velvet-footed as was his custom, a gliding shadow that cautiously prospected each new vista of the trail, he came upon later imprints of the large tracks he had discovered in the early morning. As the track led his way, he followed, prepared to meet the maker of it at every turn of the stream.

He slid his head around a corner of rock, where began an unusually large bend in the stream, and his quick eyes made out something that sent him crouching swiftly down. It was the maker of the track, a large female lynx. She was crouching,

as he had crouched once that day, in front of her the tight-rolled ball of quills. If he had been a gliding shadow before, he now became the ghost of such a shadow, as he crept and circled around and came up well to leeward of the silent, motionless pair.

He lay down in the snow, depositing the ptarmigan beside him, and with eyes peering through the needles of a low-growing spruce he watched the play of life before him—the waiting lynx and the waiting porcupine, each intent on life; and, such was the curiousness of the game, the way of life for one lay in the eating of the other, and the way of life for the other lay in being not eaten. While old One Eye, the wolf, crouching in the covert, played his part too, in the game, waiting for some strange freak of Chance that might help him on the meat trail which was his way of life.

Half an hour passed, an hour; and nothing happened. The ball of quills might have been a stone for all it moved; the lynx might have been frozen to marble; and old One Eye might have been dead. Yet all three animals were keyed to a tenseness of living that was almost painful, and scarcely ever would it come to them to be more alive than they were then in their seeming petrification.

One Eye moved slightly and peered forth with increased eagerness. Something was happening. The porcupine had at last decided that its enemy had gone away. Slowly, cautiously, it was unrolling its ball of impregnable armor. It was agitated by no tremor of anticipation. Slowly, slowly, the bristling ball straightened out and lengthened. One Eye, watching, felt a sudden moistness in his mouth and a drooling of saliva, involuntary, excited by the living meat that was spreading itself like a repast before him.

Not quite entirely had the porcupine unrolled when it discovered its enemy. In that instant the lynx struck. The blow was like a flash of light. The paw, with rigid claws curving like talons, shot under the tender belly and came back with a swift ripping movement. Had the porcupine been entirely unrolled, or had it not discovered its enemy a fraction of a second before the blow was struck, the paw would have escaped unscathed, but a side-flick of the tail sank sharp quills into it as it was withdrawn.

Everything had happened at once—the blow, the counter blow, the squeal of agony from the porcupine, the big cat's squall of sudden hurt and astonishment. One Eye half arose in his excitement, his ears up, his tail straight out and quivering behind him. The lynx's bad temper got the best of her. She sprang savagely at the thing that had hurt her. But the porcupine, squealing and grunting, with disrupted anatomy trying feebly to roll up into its ball protection, flicked out its tail again, and again the big cat squalled with hurt and astonishment. Then she fell to backing away and sneezing, her nose bristling with quills like a monstrous pin-cushion. She brushed her nose with her paws, trying to dislodge the fiery darts, thrust it into the snow, and rubbed it against twigs and branches, and all the time leaped about, ahead, sidewise, up and down, in a frenzy of pain and fright.

She sneezed continually, and her stub of a tail was doing its best toward lashing about by giving quick, violent jerks. She quit her antics, and quieted down for a long minute. One Eye watched. And even he could not repress a start and an involuntary bristling of hair along his back, when she suddenly leaped, without warning, straight up in the air, at the same time emitting a long and most terrible squall. Then she sprang away, up the trail, squalling with every leap she made.

It was not until her racket had faded away in the distance and died out that One Eye ventured forth. He walked as delicately as though all the snow were carpeted with porcupine quills, erect and ready to pierce the soft pads of his feet. The porcupine met his approach with a furious squealing and a clashing of its long teeth. It had managed to roll up in a ball again, but it was not quite the old compact ball; its muscles were too much torn for that. It had been ripped almost in half, and was still bleeding profusely.

One Eye scooped out mouthfuls of the blood-soaked snow, and chewed and tasted and swallowed. This served as a relish, and his hunger increased mightily; but he was too old in the world to forget his caution. He waited. He lay down and waited, while the porcupine grated its teeth and uttered grunts and sobs and occasional sharp little squeals. In a little

while One Eye noticed that the quills were drooping and that a great quivering had set up. The quivering came to an end suddenly. There was a final defiant clash of the long teeth. Then all the quills drooped quite down, and the body relaxed and moved no more.

With a nervous, shrinking paw One Eye stretched out the porcupine to its full length and turned it over on its back. Nothing had happened. It was surely dead. He studied it intently for a moment, then took a careful grip with his teeth and started off down the stream, partly carrying, partly dragging the porcupine, with head turned to the side so as to avoid stepping on the prickly mass. He recollected something, dropped the burden, and trotted back to where he had left the ptarmigan. He did not hesitate a moment. He knew clearly what was to be done, and this he did by promptly eating the ptarmigan. Then he returned and took up his burden.

When he dragged the result of his day's hunt into the cave, the she-wolf inspected it, turned her muzzle to him, and lightly licked him on the neck. But the next instant she was warning him away from the cubs with a snarl that was less harsh than usual and that was more apologetic than menacing. Her instinctive fear of the father of her progeny was toning down. He was behaving as a wolf-father should, and manifesting no unholy desire to devour the young lives she had brought into the world.

CHAPTER III

THE GRAY CUB

He was different from his brothers and sisters. Their hair already betrayed the reddish hue inherited from their mother, the she-wolf; while he alone, in this particular, took after his father. He was the one little gray cub of the litter. He had bred true to the straight wolf-stock—in fact, he had bred true to old One Eye himself in physical respects, with but a single exception, and that was that he had two eyes to his father's one.

The gray cub's eyes had not been open long, yet already he could see with steady clearness. And while his eyes were still closed, he had felt, tasted and smelled.

He knew his two brothers and his two sisters very well. He had begun to romp with them in a feeble, awkward way, and even to squabble, his little throat vibrating with a queer rasping noise (the forerunner of the growl) as he worked himself into a passion. And long before his eyes had opened he had learned, by touch, taste and smell, to know his mother—a fount of warmth and liquid food and tenderness. She possessed a gentle, caressing tongue that soothed him when it passed over his soft little body, and that impelled him to snuggle close against her and to doze off to sleep.

Most of the first month of his life had been passed thus in sleeping; but now he could see quite well, and he stayed awake for longer periods of time, and he was coming to learn his world quite well. His world was gloomy; but he did not know that, for he knew no other world. It was dim-lighted; but his eyes had never had to adjust themselves to any other light. His world was very small. Its limits were the walls of the lair; but as he had no knowledge of the wide world outside, he was never oppressed by the narrow confines of his existence.

But he had early discovered that one wall of his world was different from the rest. This was the mouth of the cave and the source of light. He had discovered that it was different from the other walls long before he had any thoughts of his own, any conscious volitions. It had been an irresistible attraction before ever his eyes opened and looked upon it. The light from it had beat upon his sealed lids, and the eyes and the optic nerves had pulsed to little, spark-like flashes, warm-colored and strangely pleasing. The life of his body, and of every fiber of his body, the life that was the very substance of his body and that was apart from his own personal life, had yearned toward this light and urged his body toward it in the same way that the cunning chemistry of a plant urges it toward the sun.

Always, in the beginning, before his conscious life dawned, he had crawled toward the mouth of the cave. And in this his brothers and sisters were one with him. Never, in that period, did any of them crawl toward the dark corners of the back wall. The light drew them as if they were plants; the chemistry of the life that composed

them demanded the light as a necessity of being; and their little puppet bodies crawled blindly and chemically, like the tendrils of a vine. Later on, when each developed individuality and became personally conscious of impulses and desires, the attraction of the light increased. They were always crawling and sprawling toward it, and being driven back from it by their mother.

It was in this way that the gray cub learned other attributes of his mother than the soft, soothing tongue. In his insistent crawling toward the light, he discovered in her a nose that with a sharp nudge administered rebuke, and later a paw that crushed him down or rolled him over and over with swift, calculating stroke. Thus he learned hurt; and on top of it he learned to avoid hurt, first, by not incurring the risk of it; and second, when he had incurred the risk, by dodging and by retreating. These were conscious actions, and were the results of his first generalizations upon the world. Before that he had recoiled automatically from hurt, as he had crawled automatically toward the light. After that he recoiled from hurt because he *knew* that it was hurt.

He was a fierce little cub. So were his brothers and sisters. It was to be expected. He was a carnivorous animal. He came of a breed of meat-killers and meat-eaters. His father and mother lived wholly upon meat. The milk he had sucked with his first flickering life was milk transformed directly from meat, and now, at a month old, when his eyes had been open for but a week, he was beginning himself to eat meat—meat half digested by the she-wolf, and disgorged for the five growing cubs that already made too great demand upon her breast.

But he was, further, the fiercest of the litter. He could make a louder rasping growl than any of them. His tiny rages were much more terrible than theirs. It was he that first learned the trick of rolling a fellow-cub over with a cunning paw-stroke. And it was he that first gripped another cub by the ear and pulled and tugged and growled through jaws tight-clenched. And certainly it was he that caused the mother the most trouble in keeping her litter from the mouth of the cave.

The fascination of the light for the gray cub increased from day to day. He was perpetually departing on yard-long adventures toward the cave's entrance, and as perpetually being driven back. Only he did not know it for an entrance. He did not know anything about entrances—passages whereby one goes from one place to another place. He did not know any other place, much less of a way to get there. So to him the entrance of the cave was a wall—a wall of light. As the sun was to the outside dweller, this wall was to him the sun of his world. It attracted him as a candle attracts a moth. He was always striving to attain it. The life that was so swiftly expanding within him urged him continually toward the wall of light. The life that was within him knew that it was the one way out, the way he was predestined to tread. But he himself did not know anything about it. He did not know there was any outside at all.

There was one strange thing about this wall of light. His father (he had already come to recognize his father as the one other dweller in the world, a creature like his mother, who slept near the light and was a bringer of meat)—his father had a way of walking right into the white, far wall and disappearing. The gray cub could not understand this. Though never permitted by his mother to approach that wall, he had approached the other walls, and encountered hard obstruction on the end of his tender nose. This hurt. And after several such adventures he left the walls alone. Without thinking about it, he accepted this disappearing into the wall as a peculiarity of his father, as milk and half-digested meat were peculiarities of his mother.

In fact, the gray cub was not given to thinking—at least, to the kind of thinking customary of men. His brain worked in dim ways. Yet his conclusions were as sharp and distinct as those achieved by men. He had a method of accepting things, without questioning the why and wherefore. In reality, this was the act of classification. He was never disturbed over *why* a thing happened. *How* it happened was sufficient for him. Thus, when he had bumped his nose on the back wall a few times, he accepted that he could not disappear into walls. In the same way

he accepted that his father could disappear into walls. But he was not in the least disturbed by desire to find out the reason for the difference between his father and himself. Logic and physics were no part of his mental make-up.

Like most creatures of the Wild, he early experienced famine. There came a time when not only did the meat-supply cease, but the milk no longer came from his mother's breast. At first, the cubs whimpered and cried, but for the most part they slept. It was not long before they were reduced to a coma of hunger. There were no more spats and squabbles, no more tiny rages nor attempts at growling; while the adventures toward the far, white wall ceased altogether. The cubs slept, while the life that was in them flickered and died down.

One Eye was desperate. He ranged far and wide, and slept but little in the lair that had now become cheerless and miserable. The she-wolf, too, left her litter and went out in search of meat. In the first days after the birth of the cubs One Eye had journeyed several times back to the Indian camp and robbed the rabbit snares; but, with the melting of the snow and the opening of the streams, the Indian camp had moved away, and that source of supply was closed to him.

When the gray cub came back to life and again took interest in the far white wall, he found that the population of his world had been reduced. Only one sister remained to him. The rest were gone. As he grew stronger, he found himself compelled to play alone, for the sister no longer lifted her head nor moved about. His little body rounded out with the meat he now ate; but the food had come too late for her. She slept continuously, a tiny skeleton slung round with skin in which the flame flickered lower and lower and at last went out.

Then there came a time when the gray cub no longer saw his father appearing and disappearing in the wall nor lying down asleep in the entrance. This had happened at the end of a second and less severe famine. The she-wolf knew why One Eye never came back, but there was no way by which she could tell what she had seen to the gray cub. Hunting herself for meat, up the left fork of the stream where lived the lynx, she had followed a

day-old trail of One Eye. And she had found him, or what remained of him, at the end of the trail. There were many signs of the battle that had been fought, and of the lynx's withdrawal to her lair after having won the victory. Before she went away, the she-wolf had found this lair, but the signs told her that the lynx was inside, and she had not dared to venture in.

After that the she-wolf in her hunting avoided the left fork. For she knew that in the lynx's lair was a litter of kittens, and she knew the lynx for a fierce, bad-tempered creature and a terrible fighter. It was all very well for half a dozen wolves to drive a lynx, spitting and bristling, up a tree; but it was quite a different matter for a lone wolf to encounter a lynx—especially when the lynx was known to have a litter of hungry kittens at her back.

But the Wild is the Wild, and motherhood is motherhood, at all times fiercely protective whether in the Wild or out of it; and the time was to come when the she-wolf, for her gray cub's sake, would venture the left fork, and the lair in the rocks, and the lynx's wrath.

CHAPTER IV

THE WALL OF THE WORLD

By the time his mother began leaving the cave on hunting expeditions, the cub had learned well the law that forbade his approaching the entrance. Not only had this law been forcibly and many times impressed on him by his mother's nose and paw, but in him the instinct of fear was developing. Never, in his brief cave life, had he encountered anything of which to be afraid. Yet fear was in him. It had come down to him from a remote ancestry through a thousand thousand lives. It was a heritage he had received directly from One Eye and the she-wolf; but to them, in turn, it had been passed down through all the generations of wolves that had gone before. Fear!—that legacy of the Wild, which no animal may escape nor exchange for pottage.

So the gray cub knew fear, though he knew not the stuff of which fear was made. Possibly he accepted it as one of the restrictions of life. For he had already learned that there were such restrictions. Hunger he had known; and when he could

not appease his hunger he had felt restriction. The hard obstruction of the cave wall, the sharp nudge of his mother's nose, the smashing stroke of her paw, the hunger unappeased of several famines, had borne in upon him that all was not freedom in the world, that to life there were limitations and restraints. These limitations and restraints were laws. To be obedient to them was to escape hurt and make for happiness.

He did not reason the question out in this man fashion. He merely classified the things that hurt and the things that did not hurt. And after such classification he avoided the things that hurt, the restrictions and restraints, in order to enjoy the satisfactions and the remunerations of life.

Thus it was that in obedience to the law laid down by his mother, and in obedience to the law of that unknown and nameless thing, fear, he kept away from the mouth of the cave. It remained to him a white wall of light. When his mother was absent, he slept most of the time; while during the intervals that he was awake he kept very quiet, suppressing the whimpering cries that tickled in his throat and strove for noise.

Once, lying awake, he heard a strange sound in the white wall. He did not know that it was a wolverine, standing outside, all a-tremble with its own daring, and cautiously scenting out the contents of the cave. The cub knew only that the sniff was strange, a something unclassified, therefore unknown and terrible—for the unknown was one of the chief elements that went into the making of fear.

The hair bristled up on the gray cub's back, but it bristled silently. How was he to know that this thing that sniffed was a thing at which to bristle? It was not born of any knowledge of his, yet it was the visible expression of the fear that was in him, and for which, in his own life, there was no accounting. But fear was accompanied by another instinct—that of concealment. The cub was in a frenzy of terror, yet he lay without movement or sound, frozen, petrified into immobility, to all appearance dead. His mother, coming home, growled as she smelt the wolverine's track, and bounded into the cave and licked and nozzled him with undue vehemence of affection. And the cub felt that somehow he had escaped a great hurt.

But there were other forces at work in the cub, the greatest of which was growth. Instinct and law demanded of him obedience. But growth demanded disobedience. His mother and fear impelled him to keep away from the white wall. Growth is life, and life is forever destined to make for light. So there was no damming up the tide of life that was rising within him—rising with every mouthful of meat he swallowed, with every breath he drew. In the end, one day, fear and obedience were swept away by the rush of life, and the cub straddled and sprawled toward the entrance.

Unlike any other wall with which he had had experience, this wall seemed to recede from him as he approached. No hard surface collided with the tender little nose he thrust out tentatively before him. The substance of the wall seemed as permeable and yielding as light. And as condition, in his eyes, had the seeming of form, so he entered into what had been wall to him and bathed in the substance that composed it.

It was bewildering. He was sprawling through solidity. And ever the light grew brighter. Fear urged him to go back, but growth drove him on. Suddenly he found himself at the mouth of the cave. The wall, inside which he had thought himself, as suddenly leaped back before him to an immeasurable distance. The light had become painfully bright. He was dazzled by it. Likewise he was made dizzy by this abrupt and tremendous extension of space. Automatically, his eyes were adjusting themselves to the brightness, focusing themselves to meet the increased distance of objects. At first, the wall had leaped beyond his vision. He now saw it again; but it had taken upon itself a remarkable remoteness. Also, its appearance had changed. It was now a variegated wall, composed of the trees that fringed the stream, the opposing mountain that towered above the trees, and the sky that out-towered the mountain.

A great fear came upon him. This was more of the terrible unknown. He crouched down on the lip of the cave and gazed out on the world. He was very much afraid. Because it was unknown, it was hostile to

him. Therefore the hair stood up on end along his back, and his lips wrinkled weakly in an attempt at a ferocious and intimidating snarl. Out of his puniness and fright he challenged and menaced the whole wide world.

Nothing happened. He continued to gaze, and in his interest he forgot to snarl. Also, he forgot to be afraid. For the time fear had been routed by growth, while growth had assumed the guise of curiosity. He began to notice near objects—an open portion of the stream that flashed in the sun, the blasted pine tree that stood at the base of the slope, and the slope itself, that ran right up to him and ceased two feet beneath the lip of the cave on which he crouched.

Now the gray cub had lived all his days on a level floor. He had never experienced the hurt of a fall. He did not know what a fall was. So he stepped boldly out upon the air. His hind legs still rested on the cave lip, so he fell forward head downward. The earth struck him a harsh blow on the nose that made him yelp. Then he began rolling down the slope, over and over. He was in a panic of terror. The unknown had caught him at last. It had gripped savagely hold of him and was about to wreak upon him some terrific hurt. Growth was now routed by fear, and he ki-yi'd like any frightened puppy.

The unknown bore him on he knew not to what frightful hurt, and he yelped and ki-yi'd unceasingly. This was a different proposition from crouching in frozen fear while the unknown lurked just alongside. Now the unknown had caught tight hold of him. Silence would do no good. Besides, it was not fear, but terror, that convulsed him.

But the slope grew more gradual, and its base was grass-covered. Here the cub lost momentum. When at last he came to a stop, he gave one last agonized yelp and then a long, whimpering wail. Also, and quite as a matter of course, as though in his life he had already made a thousand toilets, he proceeded to lick away the dry clay that soiled him.

After that he sat up and gazed about him, as might the first man of the earth who landed upon Mars. The cub had broken through the wall of the world, the unknown had let go its hold of him, and

here he was without hurt. But the first man on Mars would have experienced less unfamiliarity than did he. Without any antecedent knowledge, without any warning whatever that such existed, he found himself an explorer in a totally new world.

Now that the terrible unknown had let go of him, he forgot that the unknown had any terrors. He was aware only of curiosity in all the things about him. He inspected the grass beneath him, the moss-berry plant just beyond, and the dead trunk of the blasted pine that stood on the edge of an open space among the trees. A squirrel, running around the base of the trunk, came full upon him, and gave him a great fright. He cowered down and snarled. But the squirrel was as badly scared. It ran up the tree, and from a point of safety chattered back savagely.

This helped the cub's courage, and though the woodpecker he next encountered gave him a start, he proceeded confidently on his way. Such was his confidence, that when a moose bird impudently hopped up to him he reached out at it with a playful paw. The result was a sharp peck on the end of his nose that made him cower down and ki-yi. The noise he made was too much for the moose bird, who promptly sought safety in flight.

But the cub was learning. His misty little mind had already made an unconscious classification. There were live things and things not alive. Also, he must watch out for the live things. The things not alive remained always in one place; but the live things moved about and there was no telling what they might do. The thing to expect of them was the unexpected, and for this he must be prepared.

He traveled very clumsily. He ran into sticks and things. A twig that he thought a long way off would the next instant hit him on the nose or rake along his ribs. There were inequalities of surface. Sometimes he overstepped and stubbed his nose. Quite as often he understepped and stubbed his feet. Then there were the pebbles and stones that turned under him when he trod upon them; and from them he came to know that the things not alive were not all in the same state of stable equilibrium as was his cave; also, that small things not alive were more liable than large things to fall down or turn over.

But with every mishap he was learning. The longer he walked the better he walked. He was adjusting himself. He was learning to calculate his own muscular movements, to know his physical limitations, to measure distances between objects and between objects and himself.

His was the luck of the beginner. Born to be a hunter of meat (though he did not know it), he blundered upon meat just outside his own cave-door on his first foray into the world. It was by sheer blundering that he chanced upon the shrewdly hidden ptarmigan nest. He fell into it. He had essayed to walk along the trunk of a fallen pine. The rotten bark gave way under his feet, and with a despairing yelp he pitched down the rounded descent, smashed through the leafage and stalks of a small bush, and in the heart of the bush, on the ground, fetched up in the midst of seven ptarmigan chicks.

They made noises, and at first he was frightened at them. Then he perceived that they were very little, and he became bolder. They moved. He placed his paw on one, and its movements were accelerated. This was a source of enjoyment to him. He smelled it. He picked it up in his mouth. It struggled and tickled his tongue. At the same time he was made aware of a sensation of hunger. His jaws closed together. There was a crunching of fragile bones, and warm blood ran in his mouth. The taste of it was good. This was meat, the same as his mother gave him, only it was alive between his teeth, and therefore better. So he ate the ptarmigan. Nor did he stop till he had devoured the whole brood. Then he licked his chops in quite the same way his mother did, and began to crawl out of the bush.

He encountered a feathered whirlwind. He was confused and blinded by the rush of it and the beat of angry wings. He hid his head between his paws and yelped. The blows increased. The mother ptarmigan was in a fury. Then he became angry. He rose up, snarling, striking out with his paws. He sank his tiny teeth into one of the wings and pulled and tugged sturdily. The ptarmigan struggled against him, showering blows upon him with her free wing. It was his first battle. He was elated. He forgot all about the unknown. He no longer was afraid of anything. He was

fighting, tearing at a live thing that was striking at him. Also, this live thing was meat. The lust to kill was on him. He had just destroyed little live things. He would now destroy a big live thing. He was too busy and happy to know that he was happy. He was thrilling and exulting in ways new to him and greater to him than any he had known before.

He held on to the wing and growled between his tight-clenched teeth. The ptarmigan dragged him out of the bush. When she turned and tried to drag him back into the bush's shelter, he pulled her away from it and on into the open. And all the time she was making outcry and striking with her wing, while feathers were flying like a snowfall. The pitch to which he was aroused was tremendous. All the fighting blood of his breed was up in him and surging through him. This was living, though he did not know it. He was realizing his own meaning in the world; he was doing that for which he was made—killing meat and battling to kill it. He was justifying his existence, than which life can do no greater; for life achieves its summit when it does to the uttermost that which it was equipped to do.

After a time the ptarmigan ceased her struggling. He still held her by the wing, and they lay on the ground and looked at each other. He tried to growl threateningly, ferociously. She pecked on his nose, which by now, what of previous adventures, was sore. He winced but held on. She pecked him again and again. From wincing he went to whimpering. He tried to back away from her, oblivious of the fact that by his hold on her he dragged her after him. A rain of pecks fell on his ill-used nose. The flood of fight ebbed down in him, and, releasing his prey, he turned tail and scampered off across the open in inglorious retreat.

He lay down to rest on the other side of the open, near the edge of the bushes, his tongue lolling out, his chest heaving and panting, his nose still hurting him and causing him to continue his whimper. But as he lay there, suddenly there came to him a feeling as of something terrible impending. The unknown with all its terrors rushed upon him, and he shrank back instinctively into the shelter of the bush. As he did so a draught of air fanned him,

and a large, winged body swept ominously and silently past. A hawk, driving down out of the blue, had barely missed him.

While he lay in the bush, recovering from this fright and peering fearfully out, the mother ptarmigan, on the other side of the open space, fluttered out of the ravaged nest. It was because of her loss that she paid no attention to the winged bolt of the sky. But the cub saw, and it was a warning and a lesson to him—the swift downward swoop of the hawk, the short skim of its body just above the ground, the strike of its talons in the body of the ptarmigan, the ptarmigan's squawk of agony and fright, and the hawk's rush upward into the blue, carrying the ptarmigan away with it.

It was a long time before the cub left his shelter. He had learned much. Live things were meat. They were good to eat. Also, live things, when they were large enough, could give hurt. It was better to eat small live things like ptarmigan chicks, and to let alone large live things like ptarmigan hens. Nevertheless he felt a little prick of ambition, a sneaking desire to have another battle with that ptarmigan hen—only the hawk had carried her away. Maybe there were other ptarmigan hens. He would go and see.

He came down a shelving bank to the stream. He had never seen water before. The footing looked good. There were no inequalities of surface. He stepped boldly out on it, and went down, crying with fear, into the embrace of the unknown. It was cold, and he gasped, breathing quickly. The water rushed into his lungs instead of the air that had always accompanied his act of breathing. The suffocation he experienced was like the pang of death. To him it signified death. He had no conscious knowledge of death, but like every animal of the Wild, he possessed the instinct of death. To him it stood as the greatest of hurts. It was the very essence of the unknown; it was the sum of the terrors of the unknown, the one culminating and unthinkable catastrophe that could happen to him, about which he knew nothing and about which he feared everything.

He came to the surface, and the sweet air rushed into his open mouth. He did not go down again. Quite as though it had

been a long-established custom of his, he struck out with all his legs and began to swim. The near bank was a yard away; but he had come up with his back to it, and the first thing his eyes rested upon was the opposite bank, toward which he immediately began to swim. The stream was a small one, but in the pool it widened out to a score of feet.

Midway in the passage the current picked up the cub and swept him downstream. He was caught in the miniature rapid at the bottom of the pool. Here was little chance for swimming. The quiet water had become suddenly angry. Sometimes he was under, sometimes on top. At all times he was in violent motion, now being turned over or around, and again being smashed against a rock. And with every rock he struck he yelped. His progress was a series of yelps, from which might have been adduced the number of rocks he encountered.

Below the rapid was a second pool, and here, captured by the eddy, he was gently borne to the bank and as gently deposited on a bed of gravel. He crawled frantically clear of the water and lay down. He had learned some more about the world. Water was not alive. Yet it moved. Also, it looked as solid as the earth, but was without any solidity at all. His conclusion was that things were not always what they appeared to be. The cub's fear of the unknown was an inherited distrust, and it had now been strengthened by experience. Thenceforth, in the nature of things, he would possess an abiding distrust of appearances. He would have to learn the reality of a thing before he could put his faith into it.

One other adventure was destined for him that day. He had recollected that there was such a thing in the world as his mother. And then there came to him a feeling that he wanted her more than all the rest of the things in the world. Not only was his body tired with the adventures he had undergone, but his little brain was equally tired. In all the days he had lived it had not worked so hard as on this one day. Furthermore, he was sleepy. So he started out to look for the cave and his mother, feeling at the same time an overwhelming rush of loneliness and helplessness.

He was sprawling along between some bushes, when he heard a sharp intimidating cry. There was a flash of yellow before his eyes. He saw a weasel leaping swiftly away from him. It was a small live thing, and he had no fear. Then, before him, at his feet, he saw an extremely small live thing, only several inches long, a young weasel, that, like himself, had disobediently gone out adventuring. It tried to retreat before him. He turned it over with his paw. It made a queer, grating noise. The next moment the flash of yellow reappeared before his eyes. He heard again the intimidating cry, and at the same instant received a severe blow on the side of the neck and felt the sharp teeth of the mother weasel cut into his flesh.

While he yelped and ki-yi'd and scrambled backward, he saw the mother weasel leap upon her young one and disappear with it into the neighboring thicket. The cut of her teeth in his neck still hurt, but his feelings were hurt more grievously, and he sat down and weakly whimpered. This mother weasel was so small and so savage! He was yet to learn that for size and weight the weasel was the most ferocious, vindictive and terrible of all the killers of the Wild. But a portion of this knowledge was quickly to be his.

He was still whimpering when the mother weasel reappeared. She did not rush him, now that her young one was safe. She approached more cautiously, and the cub had full opportunity to observe her lean, snake-like body, and her head, erect, eager and snake-like itself. Her sharp, menacing cry sent the hair bristling along his back, and he snarled warningly at her. She came closer and closer. There was a leap, swifter than his unpracticed sight, and the lean, yellow body disappeared for a moment out of the field of vision. The next moment she was at his throat, her teeth buried in his hair and flesh.

At first he snarled and tried to fight; but he was very young, and this was only his first day in the world, and his snarl became a whimper, his fight a struggle to escape. The weasel never relaxed her hold. She hung on, striving to press down with her teeth to the great vein where his life-blood bubbled. The weasel was a drinker of blood, and it was ever her preference to drink from the throat of life itself.

The gray cub would have died, and there would have been no story to write about him, had not the she-wolf come bounding through the bushes. The weasel let go the cub and flashed at the she-wolf's throat, missing, but getting a hold on the jaw instead. The she-wolf flirted her head like the snap of a whip, breaking the weasel's hold and flinging it high in the air. And, still in the air, the she-wolf's jaws closed on the lean, yellow body, and the weasel knew death between the crunching teeth.

The cub experienced another access of affection on the part of his mother. Her joy at finding him seemed greater even than his joy at being found. She nozzled him and caressed him and licked the cuts made in him by the weasel's teeth. Then, between them, mother and cub, they ate the blood-drinker, and after that went back to the cave and slept.

CHAPTER V

THE LAW OF MEAT

The cub's development was rapid. He rested for two days, and then ventured forth from the cave again. It was on this adventure that he found the young weasel whose mother he had helped eat, and he saw to it that the young weasel went the way of its mother. But on this trip he did not get lost. When he grew tired he found his way back to the cave and slept. And every day thereafter found him out and ranging a wider area.

He began to get an accurate measurement of his strength and his weakness, and to know when to be bold and when to be cautious. He found it expedient to be cautious all the time, except for the rare moments, when, assured of his own intrepidity, he abandoned himself to petty rages and lusts.

He was always a little demon of fury when he chanced upon a stray ptarmigan. Never did he fail to respond savagely to the chatter of the squirrel he had first met on the blasted pine, while the sight of a moose bird almost invariably put him into the wildest of rages; for he never forgot the peck on the nose he had received from the first of that ilk he encountered.

But there were times when even a moose bird failed to affect him, and those were times when he felt himself to be in danger

from some other prowling meat-hunter. He never forgot the hawk, and its moving shadow always sent him crouching into the nearest thicket. He no longer sprawled and straddled, and already he was developing the gait of his mother, slinking and furtive, apparently without exertion, yet sliding along with a swiftness that was as deceptive as it was imperceptible.

In the matter of meat, his luck had been all in the beginning. The seven ptarmigan chicks and the baby weasel represented the sum of his killings. His desire to kill strengthened with the days, and he cherished hungry ambitions for the squirrel that chattered so volubly and always informed all wild creatures that the wolf-cub was approaching. But as birds flew in the air, squirrels could climb trees, and the cub could only try to crawl unobserved upon the squirrel when it was on the ground.

The cub entertained a great respect for his mother. She could get meat, and she never failed to bring him his share. Further, she was unafraid of things. It did not occur to him that this fearlessness was founded upon experience and knowledge. Its effect on him was that of an impression of power. His mother represented power; and as he grew older he felt this power in the sharper admonishment of her paw; while the reproving nudge of her nose gave place to the slash of her fangs. For this, likewise, he respected his mother. She compelled obedience from him, and the older he grew the shorter grew her temper.

Famine came again, and the cub with clearer consciousness knew once more the bite of hunger. The she-wolf ran herself thin in the quest for meat. She rarely slept any more in the cave, spending most of her time on the meat trail and spending it vainly. This famine was not a long one, but it was severe while it lasted. The cub found no more milk in his mother's breast, nor did he get one mouthful of meat for himself.

Before, he had hunted in play, for the sheer joyousness of it; now he hunted in deadly earnestness, and found nothing. Yet the failure of it accelerated his development. He studied the habits of the squirrel with greater carefulness, and strove with greater craft to steal upon it and surprise it. He studied the wood-mice and

tried to dig them out of their burrows; and he learned much about the ways of moose birds and woodpeckers. And there came a day when the hawk's shadow did not drive him crouching into the bushes. He had grown stronger, and wiser, and more confident. Also, he was desperate. So he sat on his haunches, conspicuously, in an open space, and challenged the hawk down out of the sky. For he knew that there, floating in the blue above him, was meat, the meat his stomach yearned after so insistently. But the hawk refused to come down and give battle, and the cub crawled away into a thicket and whimpered his disappointment and hunger.

The famine broke. The she-wolf brought home meat. It was strange meat, different from any she had ever brought before. It was a lynx kitten, partly grown, like the cub, but not so large. And it was all for him. His mother had satisfied her hunger elsewhere; though he did not know that it was the rest of the lynx litter that had gone to satisfy her. Nor did he know the desperateness of her deed. He knew only that the velvet-furred kitten was meat, and he ate and waxed happier with every mouthful.

A full stomach conduces to inaction, and the cub lay in the cave, sleeping against his mother's side. He was aroused by her snarling. Never had he heard her snarl so terribly. Possibly in her whole life it was the most terrible snarl she ever gave. There was reason for it, and none knew it better than she. A lynx's lair is not despoiled with impunity. In the full glare of the afternoon light, crouching in the entrance of the cave, the cub saw the lynx mother. The hair rippled up all along his back at the sight. Here was fear, and it did not require his instinct to tell him of it. And if sight alone were not sufficient the cry of rage the intruder gave, beginning with a snarl and rushing abruptly upward into a hoarse screech, was convincing enough in itself.

The cub felt the prod of the life that was in him, and stood up and snarled valiantly by his mother's side. But she thrust him ignominiously away and behind her. Because of the low-roofed entrance the lynx could not leap in, and when she made a crawling rush of it the she-wolf sprang upon her and pinned her down. The cub saw

little of the battle. There was a tremendous snarling and spitting and screeching. The two animals threshed about, the lynx ripping and tearing with her claws and using her teeth as well, while the she-wolf used her teeth alone.

Once, the cub sprang in and sank his teeth into the hind leg of the lynx. He clung on, growling savagely. Though he did not know it, by the weight of his body he clogged the action of the leg and thereby saved his mother much damage. A change in the battle crushed him under both their bodies and wrenched loose his hold. The next moment the two mothers separated, and, before they rushed together again, the lynx lashed out at the cub with a huge fore paw that ripped his shoulder open to the bone and sent him hurtling sidewise against the wall. Then was added to the uproar the cub's shrill yelp of pain and fright. But the fight lasted so long that he had time to cry himself out and to experience a second burst of courage; and the end of the battle found him again clinging to a hind leg and furiously growling between his teeth.

The lynx was dead. But the she-wolf was very weak and sick. At first she caressed the cub and licked his wounded shoulder; but the blood she had lost had taken with it her strength, and for all of a day and a night she lay by her dead foe's side, without movement, scarcely breathing. For a week she never left the cave, except for water, and then her movements were slow and painful. At the end of that time the lynx was devoured, while the she-wolf's wounds had healed sufficiently to permit her to take the meat trail again.

The cub's shoulder was stiff and sore, and for some time he limped from the terrible slash he had received. But the world now seemed changed. He went about in it with greater confidence, with a feeling of prowess that had not been his in the days before the battle with the lynx. He had looked upon life in a more ferocious aspect; he had fought; he had buried his teeth in the flesh of a foe; and he had survived. And because of all this he carried himself more boldly, with a touch of defiance that was new in him. He was no longer afraid of minor things, and much of his timidity had vanished, though the unknown never ceased to press upon him

with its mysteries and terrors, intangible and ever-menacing.

He began to accompany his mother on the meat trail, and he saw much of the killing of meat and began to play his part in it. And in his own dim way he learned the law of meat. There were two kinds of life—his own kind and the other kind. His own kind included his mother and himself. The other kind included all live things that moved. But the other kind was divided. One portion was what his own kind killed and ate. This portion was composed of the non-killers and the small killers. The other portion killed and ate his own kind, or was killed and eaten by his own kind. And out of this classification arose the law. The aim of life was meat. Life itself was meat. Life lived on life. There were the eaters and the eaten. The law was: *EAT OR BE EATEN*. He did not formulate the law in clear, set terms and moralize about it. He did not even think the law; he merely lived the law without thinking about it at all.

He saw the law operating around him on every side. He had eaten the ptarmigan chicks. The hawk had eaten the ptarmigan mother. The hawk would also have eaten him. Later, when he had grown more formidable, he wanted to eat the hawk. He had eaten the lynx kitten. The lynx mother would have eaten him had she not herself been killed and eaten. And so it went. The law was being lived about him by all live things, and he himself was part and parcel of the law. He was a killer. His only food was meat, live meat, that ran away swiftly before him, or flew into the air, or climbed trees, or hid in the ground, or faced him and fought with him, or turned the tables and ran after him.

Had the cub thought in man-fashion, he might have epitomized life as a voracious appetite, and the world as a place wherein ranged a multitude of appetites, pursuing and being pursued, hunting and being hunted, eating and being eaten, all in blindness and confusion, with violence and disorder, a chaos of gluttony and slaughter, ruled over by chance, merciless, endless.

But the cub did not think in man-fashion. He did not look at things with wide vision. He was single-purposed, and entertained but one thought or desire at a time. Be-

sides the law of meat there were a myriad other and lesser laws for him to learn and obey. The world was filled with surprise. The stir of the life that was in him, the play of his muscles, was an unending happiness. To run down meat was to experience thrills and elations. His rages and battles were pleasures. Terror itself, and the mystery of the unknown, lent to his living.

And there were easements and satisfac-

tions. To have a full stomach, to doze lazily in the sunshine—such things were remuneration in full for his ardors and toils; while his ardors and toils were in themselves self-remunerative. They were expressions of life, and life is always happy when it is expressing itself. So the cub had no quarrel with his hostile environment. He was very much alive, very happy and very proud of himself.

(To be continued.)



Mount Baker from Baker Lake.



The Cholas dress in gaudy shawls and jewelry, with the omnipresent bundle held on their backs by vari-colored *fajas*.

ON THE ROAD TO QUAIN LA PAZ

BY W. T. BURRES, M.D.

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COMPARATIVELY few travelers reach the plateaus of the central Andes, the majority vaguely peopling South America with savages. It is true that in the Amazon and the Orinoco basins, and in other isolated sections, absolute savages roam unacquainted with civilized man; but the entire coast country, and many miles inland, furnish a variety of interesting sights which well repay the long and at times inconvenient journey.

The first thought of the South American traveler should be of the prehistoric peoples that have left cyclopean ruins in an almost continuous line from Colombia to Bolivia. The present inhabitants are a mongrel product of various bloods, and interesting merely as a study of degenerative changes following indiscriminate racial mixing. Exception must be made, however, to large regions populated almost entirely by Quechua, Aymara, and other Indians that are doubtless in the same relative state they were thousands of years ago.

The object of this article is not to discuss the origin and history of these races, but to tell of a journey across Lake Titicaca to the ruins of Tiaguanaco and quaint old La Paz.

To reach the Lake, which is about three hundred miles from the Pacific Coast, requires two days by rail from the seaport of Mollendo, with a stop over night at Arequipa. Especially is the second day uncertain in its possibilities, for the antiquated engines are subject to breakdown at any moment. The added probability of suffering from mountain sickness in the high altitudes, and the poor food procurable

along the line, do not inspire one with insatiable longing to repeat the journey. However, such is the easiest and quickest way of reaching Puno, the Peruvian port which rests on the western shore of the Lake, at 12,500 feet elevation.

A stay in the cold, uninteresting town is hardly enjoyable, but two sights are worth the traveler's attention. One is a really beautiful view from a rocky hill just west of the town, where the beholder is removed from the unwashed people and the malodorous and unsanitary streets which characterize Spanish-American towns. The second object of interest is the old cathedral, built in the time of Pizarro, and still standing firm and intact.

The market, stores and buildings do not merit comment. The water front, however, presents some novel features, chief of which are the numerous native boats, called balsas, which are made of reeds and rushes ingeniously bound together with fiber cords and vary in length from thirteen to twenty feet. They carry two upright wooden poles which support the reed-mat sail. Not a particle of metal enters into the construction and the balsa is unsinkable, but after a few weeks of usage becomes water-logged and clumsy. With a favoring breeze fair time is possible, but in a calm or against the wind they are poled over the shallow margins of the Lake. The Indian generally carries his family, dogs, sheep and other possessions in his balsa, as well as skins, potatoes and other articles of barter which he exchanges at the stores for utensils or donates to the priests; but the greater portion is converted into alcohol on which he becomes gloriously drunk, together with his squaw and



The market at Puno—a beggar on the right.

friends. He is a stupid, shiftless, and degenerate animal—the Peruvian Indian.

Two small steamers ply between Puno and the port of Guaqui on the Bolivian side, over a hundred miles distant, and it is difficult to realize one is navigating at two and a half miles above sea level.

Numerous waterfowl are seen all over the shallow portions of the Lake; ducks, gulls, snipe, and still more noticeable are many flocks of flamingoes. Fish may be seen at any time in the clear, cold water, but none of them is large. Some varieties furnish good food and are consumed in quantities



Quechua Indian types, who live as did their ancestors a thousand years ago.

by the Indians, and served in the hotels of Puno and La Paz. On reaching the principal body of the lake the wind increases, the waves become choppy, the steamer pitches and rolls disagreeably, and few escape seasickness. Land fades from view and the sensation of traveling at sea is complete.

As the steamer nears from time to time the irregular coast line, the surrounding hills show frequent villages and horizontal lines, indicating the terraces of cultivated patches, dotted with grazing sheep and llamas. The passengers always look eagerly for the famous Island of Titicaca, the fount of Inca traditions, which is chief of a small archipelago measuring about three by seven miles, and contains a number of ruins of ordinary workmanship, much inferior to those of Cuzco.

Several hours before reaching Guaquí the boat follows a deep, narrow strait between islands of considerable beauty, whose picturesque villages give them an air of importance, each town having its conspicuous chapel, often dilapidated and ancient in appearance. The rolling hills as usual are well cultivated, with fields of barley and potatoes which alternate with bright red and purple patches of quinoa. Balsas spread their unique sails across the strait or skirt the rush-lined shore, but no song is wafted across the water. No

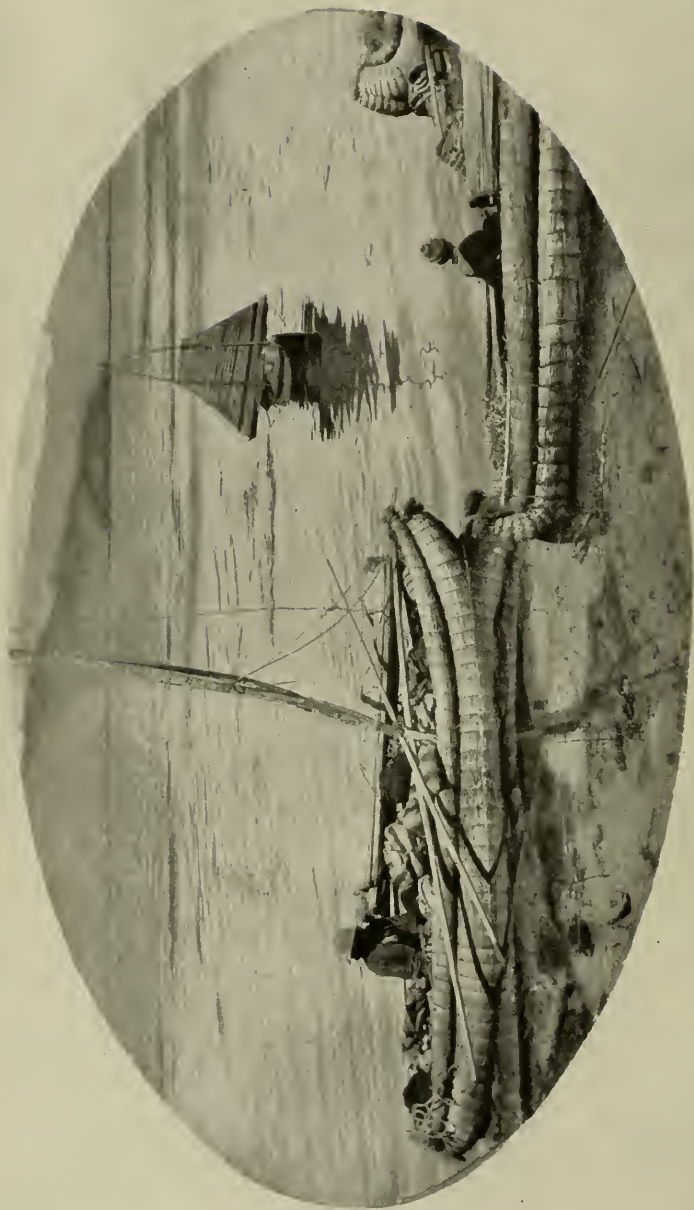
laughter and merry-making issue from the stupid, unromantic Indian as he views his beautiful surroundings. Stolidly he follows the beaten path of centuries, repeating the monotonous life of his ancestors, with neither the ability nor the desire to advance. He simply forms a unit among the myriads of inferior races that since time immemorial have lived their aimless lives and complicated the great human problem.

As the snowy range of mountains—the pride of Bolivia—comes into view far off in the east, the steamer reaches another narrow channel, bumps from one side to the other, and draws up to the wharf at Guaquí. This small port is not attractive with its new buildings and galvanized iron roofs, but new and comfortable American cars carry the traveler the three or four hours' journey across the plateau which separates this from the other new and galvanized-roof station of Alto



Buildings overlooking a stream that runs through La Paz.

La Paz, lying above the valley of the capital city. The ride is over a long, narrow valley, bounded on either side by low, cultivated hills. Cattle, llamas, donkeys and sheep are numerous and seem to thrive well enough on the scanty vegetation. Many sections of the valley bed are planted, and the remainder show furrows of former cultivation. The soil is not rich and evidently will not mature crops. Mile after mile



The balsas on Lake Titicaca are made of reeds and rushes ingeniously bound together with fiber cords.

shows nothing but gravel, while approaching the Alto continuous gravel beds of great depth are disclosed by the cuts and excavations of railroad construction. In all directions, and from fifty to one hundred feet apart, are mounds of surface rocks which the Indians have gathered in order that the soil might be made cultivable.

The most important and the first station out of Guaqui is Tiaguanaco, the goal of every South American traveler interested in archæology. The sadly neglected condition of these monuments of a former remarkable race stands for a government's crime. Bolivia must face the shame of having allowed their indiscriminate and avaricious destruction by bands of so-called scientists. Arches and walls have been thrown down in the mad search for hidden golden treasure. Hewn blocks and carved images have been removed to build and adorn "modern" buildings; and even the statues remaining have been disfigured by vandals who have used them as targets for gun practice. Eyes and ears, scroll-work and hieroglyphics have been in part destroyed by bullets whose lead splashes are now visible. And more. Sordid treasure seekers have carried away for general sale images, ornaments, utensils, etc., etc., and in their mad and ignorant search have destroyed rare ceramic treasures of whose value they were ignorant.

Grand though they are even in desolation, the present state of these ruins, as the direct result of gross vandalism, arouses the indignation and the sorrow of the traveler. Excavations extend in all directions, but the work is not yet half done. It should be carried on in a scientific manner under government control, so the archæological world may be enriched by whatever discoveries are made. Being upon a nearly level site, the ruins of Tiaguanaco are not so imposing as those of Cuzco and Ollantay-tambo, but they are probably older by centuries and represent a somewhat higher civilization, if that term may be applied to the achievements of a semi-barbaric people.

The traveler arrives at the Alto with the pampa and the low (measured from the valley bed) hills behind him; to the left glisten the snow and the glaciers of lofty Andean peaks, and in front is the sharp rim of the hidden valley. Boarding one

of the numerous coaches which await each train, he begins a forty minute drive which he will never forget. Almost immediately a sharp turn reveals a panoramic view of beauty rarely seen, and difficult to describe.

Ages of weather wear have cut out the La Paz valley, carrying away the loose gravel, dissolving successive layers of volcanic mud and ash, leaving fantastic earth-pyramids to act as sentinels along the well-demarcated rim. To the north-east the snow-covered Huaina Potosi, though many leagues distant, looks over the rim, and twenty-five miles to the south-east the majestic mountain of Illimani, held in superstitious awe by the Indians, raises its 21,000 feet of snow- and ice-covered rock as an immovable guardian of the whole region. On the south and west the earth-pyramids fade away in hazy colors. Fifteen hundred feet below nestles red-roofed La Paz in peaceful quietude, as if conscious of the protecting influence of the mountain barriers.

The rattling coach soon brought us back to practical thoughts as it dashed down the winding road and around the curves under the reckless care of a native driver. Reaching the outskirts of the town we ran into a six-horse freight team, and were thus delayed a quarter of an hour extricating the horses, which proved tractable, due, probably, to many like experiences.

Many interesting features arrest the attention of the traveler at La Paz, which is so far from the beaten path that it is little changed by foreign contact. A limited number of electric lights and telephones are the only up-to-date improvements. No tramways are seen, or other modern means of altering the primitive life. A goodly number of German and French, a few English, and perhaps a dozen American residents make up the foreign total of 60,000 inhabitants. A military band plays twice a week in the plaza, when the people promenade — the aristocratic portion walking back and forth on the upper side of the square, instead of encircling it as they do in all other Spanish-American towns which I have visited. The young men congregate to stare at the young ladies, who are seldom on the streets at other times. I did not see a single beautiful woman at the many such gatherings I attended, but there are, however, pretty

types among the Chola class, as that mixture of Spanish, Indian and foreign blood is called. Little glazed hats, high-heeled shoes and fancy stockings which are displayed by very short skirts, form the distinctive dress of the Cholas. Gaudy shawls and jewelry, with the omnipresent bundle held on their backs by vari-colored *fajas*, are also a part of their makeup. Their usually pretty teeth, eyes and natural ruddy color give them an appearance so pleasing as to have made them famous in southern countries. Especially on the numerous feast days do they bedeck themselves in great splendor. Those of Chola blood are widely separated from the stupid and unattractive Indians, but cannot aspire to the inner aristocratic circle.

As the capital city, La Paz is the social and political center, and its streets present an animated business-like appearance, the volume of commerce carried being enormous. Competition is exceedingly keen in all lines, and the great number of stores of every description creates wonderment among sight-seers as to where the buyers come from. In addition to the shops is also one of the largest outdoor markets in South America, where in a big, many-stalled building every article and variety of product under the Bolivian sun is placed on sale. In the streets adjoining hundreds of women sit on the curbing or paving stones, each with her stock of merchandise placed in view on the ground to attract

custom. Saturdays and Sundays are the days of greatest activity, when hundreds of Indians arrive from the surrounding country. Flowers are very abundant, and fruits also when in season, but the latter are expensive and of inferior quality. Jaguar and leopard skins and gaudy feathers brought from the Beni region beyond the Cordillera, bright-colored Indian blankets, belts of intricate design, woolen hoods and vicuña ponchos are also on sale.

La Paz, which is the center of what culture exists in Bolivia, is admitted by the authorities to contain ninety per cent. of illiterates, and doubtless the estimate is as favorable as possible. Several Roman Catholic schools exist where a narrow, elementary education is given; also a university with various departments, including law, medicine and theology. Several able physicians practice in the city, but they were educated in foreign schools. The theological department receives its crude material from almost any source, and many of the priests are liberally supplied with Indian blood, some of them low-browed, immoral loafers, whom any amount of training would never convert into men of high ideals.

The Prado is a wide street converted into a promenade by eucalyptus and other trees, and several creditable statues and fountains; it provides a very refreshing retreat from the motley crowds of the streets.

IN JUNE

BY MATILDA HUGHES

A quiet hour beneath the trees;
 A little, whispering, lazy breeze;
 A perfect sky,
 Where, now and then, an idle cloud
 Strayed from its mates to wander by,
 And near the border of the wood
 A thrush that sang, serene and strong,
 The flute notes of the perfect song
 We almost understood;
 Then eventide—and in the light
 The mystery that precludes the night.



Photograph by A. B. Phelan.

"AND ALL THE FISH THAT HE DID CATCH WERE IN HIS MOTHER'S PAIL."

HIS BATTLE

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL

IT was rather late in the evening when the battle-scarred veteran hitched his chair out from behind the stove and coughed ever so slightly as he stole a glance at the proprietor, who was wiping the bar.

"Boys," said he, "I've been through a good many things that the heft o' you fellers would agree was middlin' tough, but the wust I ever was through was Turkey Ridge. Ever hear o' Turkey Ridge?"

He cast an eagle eye at the circle of bronzed faces and smiled wearily as he moved his gaze in the direction of the proprietor.

"What kind of a disease is it, Cap?" interrogated an individual in a far corner.

The veteran stiffened.

"It was th' dingdongdest kind of a maulin' match that took place durin' th' hull war, an' fer one I'm mighty glad I got out alive. Why, out o' thirty-seven hundred men that went into it all I ever see arterward was me 'n Jabe Wiggins. I tell ye, th' way us two fellers stood with our backs agin' each other an' fit was a caution to——"

"When was this eppysode, Cap?" broke in the proprietor, as he poised the towel in mid-air.

The veteran glanced up quickly and exposed his snaggy gums.

"Febbywary th' 'leventh, '65," said he. "We was under Grant an' we'd been brushin' up agin' ol' Stunwall Jackson till we'd got reduced down to jest twenty-eight hunderd fightin' men. Our camp was on a big slope, an' one day we got word that th' Johnnies was congregatin' down below us about fifteen thousand strong. They had us cornered all right and things looked blue for the ol' Twenty-ninth, I tell ye. Grant was a-saddlin' up his racin' hoss to make his escape when I goes over an' slaps 'im on th' shoulder.

"'Brace up, Simp, old boy!' I says—allus called 'im Simp, bein' on sech good

terms with 'im—'brace up strong! If them fellers are goin' to tackle us while me 'n Jabe Wiggins is here, they'll get somethin' they ain't a-hankerin' fer,' I says.

"That tickled th' general a heap, I could see, an' he onbuckled th' saddle agin.

"'Thanky, Jim,' says he, 'yer th' bravest sojer I ever see,' says he, an' Grant never said them same words to no other person afore ner sinst.

"I teched my hat an' bowed half way to th' ground, for th' braver a man is th' per-liter he allus gits—ever notice it?"

"Well, about four o'clock next mornin' th' bugle busted loose an' we heard a terrific hullabaloo from down below. I stuck my head out o' th' tent flap an' see th' enemy a-chargin' rippity-snort right at us, laying behin' their ponies' necks an' yellin' their war-whoops to beat all git——"

"War-whoops?" ejaculated the proprietor.

"Exactly, sir, an' when up'rds o' twenty-two thousand man-eatin' Sioux Injuns are whoopin' all to once like they did at Turkey Ridge, I want to tell ye it interferes with sleepin'. In a minute them savages begun firin' arrers in onto us thicker 'n hailstuns, an' then come tommyhawks an' bowie knives in a manner fit to make a statoo nervous.

"Me 'n Jabe was gettin' our clothes on about as lively as we could under th' circumstances an' I says to Jabe, says I:

"'Jabe, there's only nine hundred of us in this here trap, an' if I die ye'll tell th' folks about it, I reckon?'

"'I will, Jim,' says he.

"'Tell 'em how it was—fightin' to th' last—ammynition all gone, sword broke off to th' hilt, an' wallerin' in blood?'

"'I'll tell 'em jest how it was, Jim,' he says.

"'An' I'll do th' same for you,' says I.

"Then we grabs our guns an' steps out, an' there was th' hull intire Mexikin army

a-circlin' round us led by ol' Santy Anny hisself on a pink pinto. Me 'n Jabe drops on one knee an' begins sawin' into them Greasers like a man mowin' corn, but they kep' a-comin'. There was thirty-one thousand of 'em in thet bunch. I reckon th' rick o' carkisses in front o' me 'n Jabe was all o' five foot high, every man in it hit plunk in th' eye, fer us two fellers was about th' deadeest shots there was in Grant's army at that time.

"But our boys was droppin' like saplin's an' th' Confedrits, led by Lee on a milk-white stallion, was a-pressin' us close. Purty soon I heard th' bugle tootin' a retreat an' I looks acrost to Jabe.

"Shell we run?" says I.

"Never!" says Jabe. 'We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!'

"Arter th' battle I heard it said as how it was Grant who spoke them words, but it wa'n't Grant—it was my ol' bunkie, Jabe Wiggins.

"Well, our boys skedaddled—what there was left of 'em—an' there was us two a-stan'in' off them forty-five thousand naked Pawnee bucks with our trusty rifles. Time an' agin they rushed us, an' once they got so close that one of 'em picked Jabe's pocket, but we clubbed 'em back.

"Jest about this time I happens to look back over my shoulder, an' there was ol' Stunwall hisself a-straddle of his sorrel hoss a-chargin' down lickity-larrup at th' head o' fifty-two thousand picked men.

"It's all up, Jabe!" says I, as I give my faithful pard a nudge with the hot end o' my rifle.

"Jabe looks around an' then pulls his plug an' gnaws a quid offen one corner afore he spoke.

"'Pears like it!' was his words, an' I guess I'll never fergit 'em.

"They was purty nigh onto us when somethin' happened. Th' ol' sorrel stepped onto a dead Injun an' throwed Stunwall right into Jabe's arms. Jabe grabs 'im an' waves his free hand at th' army.

"'Back!' says he, 'back, or I'll be under th' painful necessity o' harmin' Stunwall!'

"Notice th' perliteness o' Jabe in th' face o' danger—it's onusual, sech perliteness is.

"Th' army throwed itself back onto its haunches an' looked at us perfectly helpless.

"'We'll show them Rebs a set o' tactics Jim,' says Jabe, in a whisper; 'p'int yer gun at 'em!'

"Then he gives Stunwall a leetle boost from behind an' hollers:

"'Hep! Hep! Right about face—double-quick—march!'

"Well, we'd marched them fellers a good sixteen mile down th' slope when all of a sudden *ki! yi!* and round a bend in th' road came th' darndest snarl o' painted blood-huntin' Apaches—about sixty-three thousand of 'em—a-whoopin' it up th' wust I ever heard. We see to once they had broke out o' th' reservation an' was on th' warpath with all four feet.

"They had their skinnin' knives in their teeth an' was hammerin' their cayuses like a blind man poundin' a carpet.

"'Halt!' yells Jabe to th' army. 'Load yer guns!'

"'Stunwall,' says he, 'I'm a-goin' to parole ye long enough fer ye to wipe out them redskins. Will ye do it?'

"'With pleasure!' says Stunwall, bowin' till he could see the sky between his knees.

"'Git at it, then!' says Jabe, an' he turned 'im loose.

"Well, me'n Jabe set there on a big rock an' superintended one o' th' wooliest gougin' fights that has took place sinst C'lumbus discovered Ameriky. It was nip an' tuck from th' drop o' th' hat. Them Apaches was as game as a baskit o' stale eggs, an' they rid right up agin th' Rebs' eyelashes time an' agin.

"We'd been settin' there 'bout two hours enjoyin' that fight, an' arter a while we both fell sound asleep. But in less 'n a minute th' *Oregon*, which was cruisin' in th' harbor, opened up with her 12-incher, an' th' fust shot hit that rock square in th' collar bone—an' say! It woke me 'n Jabe up about as quick as ye could crack a walnut! Th' rock was nowhere to be seen, an' what do ye suppose had took place?"

The speaker glanced appealingly toward the proprietor.

"What was it?" said the latter.

"Well, sir—Jabe had had a touch o' nightmare an' rolled out agin th' center-pole. Thet loosened th' camp kittle an' she come down kerwhang square into my solar plexum. It knocked th' wind clean—eh? Why—I—certainly! I'll take a nip o' that 'leven-year-old, Dave!"



"Hopalong's Colts peeped over the ears of his horse,
and he backed into a corner near the bar."

Drawing by Frank E. Schoonover.

BAR 20 RANGE YARNS

IV.—HOPALONG KEEPS HIS WORD

BY CLARENCE EDWARD MULFORD

THE waters of the Rio Grande slid placidly toward the Gulf, the hot sun branding the sleepy waters with streaks of molten fire. To the north arose from the gray sandy plain the Quitman Mountains, and beyond them lay Bass Cañon. From the latter emerged a solitary figure astride a broncho, and, as he ascended the topmost rise, he glanced below him at the placid stream and beyond it into Mexico. As he sat quietly in his saddle he smiled and laughed gently to himself. The trail he had just followed had been replete with trouble which had suited the state of his mind, and he now felt humorous, having cleaned up a pressing debt with his six-shooter. Surely there ought to be a mild sort of excitement in the land he faced, something picturesque and out of the ordinary. This was to be the finishing touch to his trip, and he had left his two companions at Albuquerque in order that he might have to himself all that he could find.

Not many miles to the south of him lay the town which had been the rendezvous of Tamale José, whose weakness had been a liking for other people's cattle. Well he remembered his first man hunt: the discovery of the theft, the trail and pursuit and—the ending. He was scarcely eighteen years of age when that event took place, and the wisdom he had absorbed then had stood him in good stead many times since. He had even now a touch of pride at the recollection how, when his older companions had failed to get Tamale José, he with his undeveloped strategy had gained that end. The fight would never be forgotten, as it was his first, and no sight of wounds would ever affect him as did those of Red Connors as he lay huddled up in the dark corner of that old adobe hut.

He came to himself and laughed again as he thought of Carmencita, the first girl he had ever known—and the last. With a boy's impetuosity he had wooed her in a manner far different from that of the peons who sang beneath her window and talked to her mother. He had boldly scaled the wall and did his courting in her house, trusting to luck and to his own ability to avoid being seen. No hidden meaning lay in his words; he spoke from his heart and with no concealment. And he remembered the treachery that had forced him, fighting, to the camp of his outfit; and when he had returned with his friends she had disappeared. To this day he hated that mud-walled convent and those sisters who so easily forgot how to talk. The fragrance of the old days wrapped themselves around him, and although he had ceased to pine for his black-eyed Carmencita—well, it would be nice if he chanced to see her again. Spurring his mount into an easy canter he swept down to and across the river, fording it where he had crossed it when pursuing Tamale José.

The town lay indolent under the Mexican night, and the strumming of guitars and the tinkle of spurs and tiny bells softly echoed from several houses. The convent of St. Maria lay indistinct in its heavy shadows, and the little church farther up the dusty street showed dim lights in its stained windows. Off to the north became audible the rhythmic beat of a horse, and soon a cowboy swept past the convent with a mocking bow. He clattered across the stone-paved plaza and threw his mount back on its haunches as he stopped before a house. Glancing around and determining to find out a few facts as soon as possible, he rode up to the low door and pounded upon it with the butt of his Colt. After

waiting for possibly half a minute and receiving no response, he hammered a tune upon it with two Colts, and had the satisfaction of seeing half a score of heads protrude from the windows in the near-by houses.

"If I could scare up another gun I might get th' whole blamed town up," he grumbled whimsically, and fell on the door with another tune.

"Who is it?" came from within. The voice was distinctly feminine and Hopalong winked to himself in congratulation.

"Me," he replied, twirling his fingers from his nose at the curious, forgetting that the darkness hid his actions from sight.

"Yes, I know; but who is 'me'?" came from the house.

"Ain't I a fool!" he complained to himself, and raising his voice he replied coaxingly, "Open th' door a bit an' see. Are yu Carmencita?"

"O-o-o! But you must tell me who it is first."

"Mr. Cassidy," he replied, flushing at the 'mister,' "an' I wants to see Carmencita."

"Carmencita who?" teasingly came from behind the door.

Hopalong scratched his head. "Gee, yu've roped me—I suppose she has got another handle. Oh, yu know—she used to live here about seven years back. She had great big black eyes, pretty cheeks an' a mouth that 'ud stampeed anybody. Don't yu know now? She was about so high," holding out his hand in the darkness.

The door opened a trifle on a chain, and Hopalong peered eagerly forward.

"Ah, it is you, the brave Americano! You must go away quick or you will meet with harm. Manuel is awfully jealous and he will kill you! Go at once, please!"

Hopalong pulled at the half-hearted down upon his lip and laughed softly. Then he slid the guns back in their holsters and felt of his sombrero.

"Manuel wants to see me first, Star-eyes?"

"No! no!" she replied, stamping upon the floor vehemently. "You must go now—at once!"

"I'd shore look nice hittin' th' trail because Manuel Somebody wants to get hurt, wouldn't I? Don't yu remember how I used to shinny up this here wall an' skin th' cat gettin' through that hole up there

what yu said was a window? Ah, come on an' open th' door—I'd shore like to see yu again!" pleaded the irrepressible.

"No! no! Go away. Oh, won't you please go away!"

Hopalong sighed audibly and turned his horse. As he did so he heard the door open and a sigh reached his ears. He wheeled like a flash and found the door closed again on its chain. A laugh of delight came from behind it.

"Come out, please!—just for a minute," he begged, wishing that he was brave enough to smash the door to splinters and grab her.

"If I do, will you go away?" asked the girl. "Oh, what will Manuel say if he comes? And all those people, they'll tell him!"

"Hey, yu!" shouted Hopalong, brandishing his Colts at the protruding heads. "Git scarce! I'll shore plug th' last one in!" Then he laughed at the sudden vanishing.

The door slowly opened and Carmencita, fat and frowsy, wobbled out to him. Hopalong's feelings were interfering with his breathing as he surveyed her. "Oh, yu shore are mistaken, Mrs. Carmencita. I wants to see yore *daughter!*"

"Ah, you have forgotten the little Carmencita who used to look for you. Like all the men, you have forgotten," she cooed reproachfully. Then her fear predominated again and she cried, "Oh, if my husband should see me now!"

Hopalong mastered his astonishment and bowed. He had a desire to ride madly into the Rio Grande and collect his senses.

"Yu are right—this *is* too dangerous—I'll amble on some," he replied hastily. Under his breath he prayed that the outfit would never learn of this. He turned his horse and rode slowly up the street as the door closed.

Rounding the corner he heard a soft footfall, and swerving in his saddle, he turned and struck with all his might in the face of a man who leaped at him, at the same time grasping the uplifted wrist with his other hand. A curse and the tinkle of thin steel on the pavement accompanied the fall of his opponent. Bending down from his saddle he picked up the weapon, and the next minute the enraged assassin was staring into the unwavering and, to him, growing muzzle of a Colt's .45.

"Yu shore had a bum teacher. Don't yu know better'n to *push* it in? An' me a cow-puncher, too! I'm most grieved at yore conduct—it shows yu don't appreciate cow-wrastleers. This is safer," he remarked, throwing the stiletto through the air and into a door, where it rang out angrily and quivered. "I don't know as I wants to ventilate yu; we mostly poisons coyotes up my way," he added. Then a thought struck him. "Yu must be that dear Manuel I've been hearin' so much about?"

A snarl was the only reply and Hopalong grinned.

"Yu shore ain't got no call to go loco that way, none whatever. I don't want yore Carmencita. I only called to say hullo," responded Hopalong, his sympathies being aroused for the wounded man before him from his vivid recollection of the woman who had opened the door.

"Yah!" snarled Manuel. "You wants to poison my little bird. You with your fair hair and your cursed swagger!"

The six-shooter tentatively expanded and then stopped six inches from the Mexican's nose. "Yu wants to ride easy, hombre. I ain't no angel, but I don't poison no woman; an' don't yu amble off with th' idea in yore head that she wants to be poisoned. Why, she near stuck a knife in me!" he lied.

The Mexican's face brightened somewhat, but it would take more than that to wipe out the insult of the blow. The horse became restless, and when Hopalong had effectively quieted it he spoke again.

"Did yu ever hear of Tamale José?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm th' fellow that stopped him in th' 'dobe hut by th' arroyo. I'm tellin' yu this so yu won't do nothin' rash an' leave Carmencita a widow. Sabe?"

The hate on the Mexican's face redoubled, and he took a short step forward, but stopped when the muzzle of the Colt kissed his nose. He was the brother of Tamale José. As he backed away from the cool touch of the weapon he thought out swiftly his revenge. Some of his brother's old companions were at that moment drinking mescal in a saloon down the street, and they would be glad to see this Americano die. He glanced past his house at the saloon and Hopalong misconstrued his thoughts.

"Shore, go home. I'll just circulate around some for exercise. No hard feelings, only yu better throw it next time," he said as he backed away and rode off. Manuel went down the street and then ran into the saloon, where he caused an uproar.

Hopalong rode to the end of the plaza and tried to sing, but it was a dismal failure. Then he felt thirsty and wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. Turning his horse and seeing the saloon he rode up to it and in, lying flat on the animal's neck to avoid being swept off by the door frame. His entrance scared white some half a dozen loungers, who immediately sprang up in a decidedly hostile manner. Hopalong's Colts peeped over the ears of his horse and he backed into a corner near the bar.

"One, two, three — now, altogether, *breathe!* Yu acts like yu never saw a real puncher afore. All th' same," he remarked, nodding at several in the crowd, "I've seen yu afore. Yu are th' gents with th' hot-foot get-a-way that vamoosed when we got Tamale."

Curses were flung at him and only the humorous mood he was in saved trouble. One, bolder than the rest, spoke up: "The señor will not see any 'hotfoot get-a-way,' as he calls it, now! The señor was not wise to go so far away from his friends!"

Hopalong looked at the speaker, and a quizzical grin slowly spread over his face. "They'll shore feel glad when I tells them yu was askin' for 'em. But didn't yu see too much of 'em once, or was yu poundin' leather in the other direction? Yu don't want to worry none about me—an' *if yu don't get yore hands closter to yore neck they'll be b-l to pay!* There, that's more like home," he remarked, nodding assurance.

Reaching over he grasped a bottle and poured out a drink, his Colt slipping from his hand and dangling from his wrist by a thong. As the weapon started to fall several of the audience involuntarily moved as if to pick it up. Hopalong noticed this and paused with the glass half way to his lips. "Don't bother yoreselves none; I can git it again," he said, tossing off the liquor.

"Wow! Holy smoke!" he yelled. "This ain't drink! Sufferin' coyotes, nobody can accuse yu of sellin' liquor! Did yu make

this all by yoreself?" he asked incredulously of the proprietor, who didn't know whether to run or to pray. Then he noticed that the crowd was spreading out, and his Colts again became the center of interest.

"Yu with th' lovely face, *sit down!*" he ordered as the person addressed was gliding toward the door. "I ain't a-goin' to let yu pot me from th' street. Th' first man who tries to git scarce will stop something hot. An' yu *all* better sit down," he suggested, sweeping them with his guns. One man, more obdurate than the rest, was slow in complying, and Hopalong sent a bullet through the top of his high sombrero, which had a most gratifying effect.

"You'll regret this!" hissed a man in the rear, and a murmur of assent arose. Some one stirred slightly in searching for a weapon, and immediately a blazing Colt froze him into a statue.

"Yu shore looks funny; eeny, meeny, miny, mo," counted off the daring horseman; "move a bit an' off yu go," he finished. Then his face broke out in another grin as he thought of more enjoyment.

"That there gent on th' left," he said, pointing out with a gun the man he meant. "Yu sing us a song. Sing a nice little song."

As the object of his remarks remained mute, he let his thumb ostentatiously slide back with the hammer of the gun under it. "Sing! Quick!" The man sang.

As Hopalong leaned forward to say something a stiletto flashed past his neck and crashed into the bottle beside him. The echo of the crash was merged into a report as Hopalong fired from his waist. Then he backed out into the street, his horse carefully avoiding the outstretched form of Manuel. Wheeling, he galloped across the plaza and again faced the saloon. A flash split the darkness and a bullet hummed over his head and thudded into an adobe wall at his back. Another shot and he replied, aiming at the flash. From down the street came the sound of a window opening, and he promptly caused it to close again. Several more windows opened and hastily closed, and he rode slowly toward the far end of the plaza. As he faced the saloon once more he heard a command to throw up his hands and saw the glint of a gun, held by a man who wore the

insignia of sheriff. Hopalong complied, but as his hands went up two spurts of fire shot forth and the sheriff dropped his weapon, reeled and sat down. Hopalong rode over to him and, swinging down, picked up the gun and looked the officer over.

"Shoo, yu'll be all right soon—yore only plugged in th' arms," he remarked as he glanced up the street. Shadowy forms were gliding from cover to cover, and he immediately caused consternation among them by his accuracy.

"Ain't it h—l?" he complained to the wounded man. "I never starts out but what somebody makes me shoot 'em. Came down here to see a girl, an' finds she's married. Then when I moves on peaceable like, her husband makes me hit him. Then I wants a drink, an' he goes an' fans a knife at me, an' me just teachin' him how! Then yu has to come along an' make more trouble. Now look at them fools over there," he said, pointing at a dark shadow some fifty paces off. "They're pattin' their backs because I don't see 'em, an' if I hurts them they'll git mad. Guess I'll make 'em dust along," he added, shooting into the spot. A howl went up and two men ran away at top speed.

The sheriff nodded his sympathy and spoke. "I reckons you had better give up. You can't get away. Every house, every corner and shadow holds a man. You are a brave man—but, as you say, unfortunate. Better help me up and come with me—they'll tear you to pieces."

"Shore I'll help yu up—I ain't got no grudge against nobody. But my friends know where I am, an' they'll come down here an' raise a ruction if I don't show up. So, if it's all the same to yu, I'll be ambling right along," he said as he helped the sheriff to his feet.

"Have you any objections to telling me your name?" asked the sheriff as he looked himself over.

"None whatever," answered Hopalong heartily. "I'm Hopalong Cassidy of th' Bar 20, Texas."

"You don't surprise me—I've heard of you," replied the sheriff, wearily. "You are the man who killed Tamale José, whom I hunted for unceasingly. I found him when you had left and I got the reward. Come again some time and I'll divide with

you; two hundred and fifty dollars," he added craftily.

"I shore will, but I don't want no money," replied Hopalong as he turned away. "Adios, señor," he called back.

"Adios," replied the sheriff as he kicked a near-by door for assistance.

The cow-pony tied itself up in knots as it pounded down the street toward the trail, and, although he was fired on, he swung into the dusty trail with a song on his lips. Several hours later he stood dripping wet on the American side of the Rio Grande, and shouted advice to a score of Mexican cavalymen on the opposite bank. Then he slowly picked his way toward El Paso for a game at Faro Dan's.

The sheriff sat in his easy chair one night some three weeks later, gravely engaged in rolling a cigarette. His arms were practically well, the wounds being in the fleshy parts. He was a philosopher and was disposed to take things easy, which accounted for his being in his official position for fifteen years. A gentleman at the core, he was well educated and had visited a goodly portion of the world. A book of Horace lay open on his knees and on the table at his side lay a shining new revolver, Hopalong having carried off his former weapon. He read aloud several lines and, in reaching for a light for his cigarette, noticed the new six-shooter. His mind leaped from Horace to Hopalong, and he smiled grimly at the latter's promise to call.

Glancing up, his eyes fell on a poster which conveyed the information in Spanish and in English that there was offered

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$500) REWARD
FOR HOPALONG CASSIDY,
of the ranch known as the Bar 20,
Texas, U. S. A.

and which gave a good description of that gentleman.

Sighing for the five hundred, he again took up his book and was lost in its pages when he heard a knock, rather low and timid. Wearily laying aside his reading, he strode to the door, expecting to hear a lengthy complaint from one of his townsmen. As he threw the door wide open, the light streamed out and lighted up a revolver, and behind it the beaming face of a cowboy, who grinned.

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated the sheriff, starting back in amazement.

"Don't say that, sheriff, you've got lots of time to reform," replied a humorous voice. "How's th' wings?"

"Almost well; you were considerate," responded the sheriff.

"Let's go in—somebody might see me out here an' get into trouble," suggested the visitor, placing his foot on the sill.

"Certainly—pardon my discourtesy," said the sheriff. "You see, I wasn't expecting you to-night," he explained, thinking of the elaborate preparations that he would have gone to if he had thought the irrepensible would call.

"Well, I was down this way, an' seeing as how I had promised to drop in, I just natchurally dropped," replied Hopalong, as he took the chair proffered by his host.

After talking awhile on everything and nothing, the sheriff coughed and looked uneasily at his guest.

"Mr. Cassidy, I am sorry you called, for I like men of your energy and courage, and I very much dislike to arrest you," remarked the sheriff. "Of course you understand that you are under arrest," he added with anxiety.

"Who, me?" asked Hopalong with a rising inflection.

"Most assuredly," breathed the sheriff.

"Why, this is the first time I ever heard anything about it," replied the astonished cow-puncher. "I'm an American—don't that make any difference?"

"Not in this case, I'm afraid. You see, it's for manslaughter."

"Well, don't that beat th' devil, now?" said Hopalong. He felt sorry that a citizen of the glorious United States should be prey for troublesome sheriffs, but he was sure that his duty to Texas called upon him never to submit to arrest at the hands of a Greaser. Remembering the Alamo, and still behind his Colt, he reached over and took up the shining weapon from the table and snapped it open on his knee. After placing the cartridges in his pocket he tossed the gun over on the bed and, reaching inside his shirt, drew out another and threw it after the first.

"That's yore gun; I forgot to leave it," he said, apologetically. "Anyhow yu needs two," he added.

Then he glanced around the room, no-

ticed the poster and walked over and read it. A full swift sweep of his gloved hand tore it from its fastenings and crammed it under his belt. The glimmer of anger in his eyes gave way as he realized that his head was worth a definite price, and he smiled at what the boys would say when he showed it to them. Planting his feet far apart and placing his arms akimbo, he faced his host in grim defiance.

"Got any more of these?" he inquired, placing his hand on the poster under his belt.

"Several," replied the sheriff.

"Trot 'em out," ordered Hopalong shortly.

The sheriff sighed, stretched and went over to a shelf from which he took a bundle of the articles in question. Turning slowly he looked at the puncher and handed them to him.

"I reckons they's all over this here town," remarked Hopalong.

"They are, and you may never see Texas again."

"So? Well, yu tell yore most particular friends that the job is worth five thousand, and that it will take so many to do it that when th' mazuma is divided up it won't buy a meal. There's only one man in this country to-night that can earn that money, an' that's me," said the puncher. "An' I don't need it," he added, smiling.

"But you are my prisoner—you are under arrest," enlightened the sheriff, rolling another cigarette. The sheriff spoke as if asking a question. Never before had five hundred dollars been so close at hand and yet so unobtainable. It was like having a check-book but no bank account.

"I'm shore sorry to treat yu mean," remarked Hopalong, "but I was paid a month in advance an' I'll have to go back an' earn it."

"You can—if you say that you will return," replied the sheriff, tentatively. The sheriff meant what he said, and for the moment had forgotten that he was powerless and was not the one to make terms.

Hopalong was amazed and for a time his

ideas of Greasers staggered under the blow. Then he smiled sympathetically as he realized that he faced a white man.

"Never like to promise nothin'," he replied. "I might get plugged, or something might happen that wouldn't let me." Then his face lighted up as a thought came to him; "Say, I'll cut th' cards with yu to see if I comes back or not."

The sheriff leaned back and gazed at the cool youngster before him. A smile of satisfaction, partly at the self-reliance of his guest and partly at the novelty of his situation, spread over his face. He reached for a pack of Mexican cards and laughed. "God! You're a cool one—I'll do it. What do you call?"

"Red," answered Hopalong.

The sheriff slowly raised his hand and revealed the ace of hearts.

Hopalong leaned back and laughed, at the same time taking from his pocket the six extracted cartridges. Arising and going over to the bed, he slipped them in the chambers of the new gun and then placed the loaded weapon at the sheriff's elbow.

"Well, I reckon I'll amble, sheriff," he said as he opened the door. "If yu ever sifts up my way, drop in an' see me—th' boys 'll give yu a good time."

"Thanks; I will be glad to," replied the sheriff. "You'll take your pitcher to the well once too often, some day, my friend. This courtesy," glancing at the restored revolver, "might have cost you dearly."

"Shoo! I did that once an' th' feller tried to use it," replied the cowboy, as he backed through the door. "Some people are awfully careless," he added. "So long——"

"So long," replied the sheriff, wondering what sort of a man he had been entertaining.

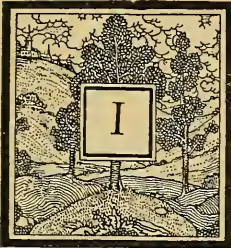
The door closed softly, and soon after a joyous whoop floated in from the street. The sheriff toyed with the new gun and listened to the low caress of a distant guitar.

"Well, don't that beat hell?" he ejaculated.

IN THE SHADOW VALLEY

A MORNING'S FISHING

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK



It was early. The Sportswoman, standing outside my door, beat on it with a vigorous pounding of both little hands, expostulating at the same time through the keyhole in whispers accompanied by some irritating and uncalled-for wind effects. "Get up," wheezed the keyhole urgently, "it's going to be a perfectly grand day. Do get up and look out. The view from your window is all mountains; just think, seven mountains to do what you like with! That's the trout stream you hear rushing down the valley—oh, do get up! do be enthusiastic! what's the use of sleeping any more?"

I turned on my pillow, eying the keyhole with drowsy severity, deciding that I would keep perfectly still and ignore this foolishness, particularly the concluding question. Such words, addressed to a person just returned, as was I, from a land where the hardest labor consisted of picking up gold dollars in the public streets, could only seem obtuse. What did I care for getting up and looking at views? I had for some hours been the frequenter of luxurious palaces and gardens where I was made the object of special condescensions from illustrious nobility and nabobbery. I had been clad in the most magnificent costumes, drawn by Arabian steeds through huzzaing multitudes to fêtes and festivals. In short, I had been in that place of satisfied Ego, the land of dreams. Why, coming direct from a life so stimulating and elevating, should I care to rise and look at a mere view?

As I made no effort to reply, the keyhole's sibilances ceased, which I half regretted, wondering that the Sportswoman should so soon abandon her laudable purpose. Before I could lose myself again, however, it was my ill fortune to see, crawling stealthily through the crack between the door base and the sill, a half sheet of note paper. Again the keyhole took up its rune and I was given to understand that the Sportswoman was pushing in a communication of tense and thrilling interest; a communication, urged the asthmatic keyhole, which I would do well to rise and consider.

Under these adroit stimuli as applied by the knowing Sportswoman, my eyes widened to the possibilities of things. To see a paper waggling its way into one's room in a sneaking and furtive progress is to grow suddenly wild with curiosity. Mystery had always been the Sportswoman's strongest play and I had never yet failed to respond—yet hold! was I being trifled with?

For answer the sheet of note paper went through a series of passionate appeals, which taking into consideration its size, the circumscribed area of its operations and its simple motive power, were astonishing. It advanced and retreated energetically. It beckoned with shy entreaty, and then as if mortally offended, completely disappeared. I leaned over watching for it, whereupon it returned, but sadly and without confidence, immediately beginning preparations for a slow, regretful, but final departure. I was roused. To see that paper vanishing before my very eyes was too much. Rushing over to the door I fell upon it, seized it and began reading its message, a reading which was substantiated and eked out by various giggling manifestations on the part of the keyhole.

Paper: There is a doctor in room 48 and a clergyman in 49; they've come up for the fishing. . . .

Keyhole: "How can you be so indifferent about the mountains? No, don't open the door. I must scuttle back."

Paper: They are both crack woodsmen. . . .

Keyhole: "I could hear them telling yarns last night; one of them has shot a tiger, the other knows all about ranches."

Paper: They say that there's one big trout up in Diana's Pool that won't be caught, that every one tried for him last year.

Keyhole: "You and I will go up right after breakfast and get him."

Paper: Did you remember to bring any soap? I can't bear the pink kind they always have here. . . . Here both paper and keyhole suddenly ceased. The noise of a distant banging door must have startled the Sportswoman.

Plunging into the solemn occupation of dressing, I bethought me of the mountains waiting to be noticed, but concluded not to raise the shade until they were ready to see me, thinking that perhaps a mountain would not like being taken by surprise. I finished tying all bows and introducing all buttons to congenial buttonholes, reflecting that, no matter how many oceans one has patted on the back, one should avoid familiarity with mountains. "Never take a mountain for granted," I said to myself, going toward the window; "they don't like it." I raised the shade. I opened the window. I leaned out. . . . Exactly! There they stood, seven of them, looming up from the valley like lusty towers, pushing their snow-streaked aridness into the pale morning sky. Seven of them. Glum. Important. A white-haired aristocracy keeping up appearances in spite of rusty clothes and an inevitable down-at-heelness. The sun came scaling over the top of one, lying flat on its brow like a great seal, dripping gold wax and scarlet fire. Down at their bases a brawling stream swept through masses of rock, through fir and pine, through grove and cairn and clove; and all about their lofty shapes, slanting through the trees, huddling behind the rocks, watched a dim crowd of tattered demalions, an unkempt crew of shadows.

As I leaned out, trying to get my vision to adapt itself to the magnitude of things, it was that unkempt crew I tried hardest to see. But I was familiar enough with the ways of shadow life to realize that it was yet too early. I knew that they were coming to life under the overhanging boulders; floating their unsubstantiated shapes on the treeless peaks; stretching cold and slab-sided on the trails, or fluttering sketchily in the willows along the stream; but they were all lying low, hanging back, and I forsook them to make my manners to the mountains. I approached the seven, thus: "How do you do?"—this with emphasized politeness and the exaggerated manner of one not sure of his position. No answer. Seemed to think it impertinence. Took it as if they were a faculty and I a book agent.

Those who have had the chilling experience of being brought face to face with a limitless extension of family tradition will know what I felt trying to overcome the exclusiveness of these mountains. Mountains can't just say "Howdy" and have done with it. Their "Who are you?" is inevitable. They have talked down and been looked up to too long. Like the unlettered rich and the inexperienced good people of the world, they think themselves the only important parts of the universe; everything else floats around them as nebulous and unconvincing as the white of an egg. It would be fun to make a mountain get up on its hind legs and beg for biscuit, once.

Things began to grow a little oppressive. I could see I was not going to make an impression and I was casting about for some remark with which to gracefully take my leave when my eye caught the flash of a swift signal down in the valley. I saw the dip of a white guidon and realized that I was being noticed at last, that the mountain stream was wig-wagging me. Racing in and out among the rocks was this gypsy whose full vitality and untamed passion made the forest ring. I could see her, far off, dancing through the Clove with the fling of a foamy scarf and the soft click of sparkling castanets. "Coming?" she called eagerly to me, but she did not wait to hear my answer. I leaned farther out and saw how her way led among fallen logs, around knolls and silver sands, and

knew she was the one who could show me shadows; shadow paintings, elusive and subtle; shadow mosaics, unstable, shimmering and dissolving; colored shadows such as a mountain stream hoards in her secret caskets for girdle and tiara. "Coming, Girl!" I called back softly to the gypsy. I made a parting face at the Seven Glum Ones. "Who cares for you?" I said boldly, and ran off down to breakfast.

At the table I found the Sportswoman in a hilarious mood, full of satisfaction at having gotten the start of the doctor and the clergyman. These harmless individuals, who had arrived the night before and whose highly respectable hats hung on the Inn tree vouching for their owners' integrity, the Sportswoman chose to regard as interlopers and persons of greed and low cunning. They were to be, she intimated, outwitted, disciplined and generally suppressed. "I discovered this place and this lovely Innkeeper and his wife," she protested, "and we came early in the season to avoid those old things. Why don't they keep away, why can't they fish off wharves or in boats in their natural haunts and not go meddling around the country?" This was said with a fierceness quite adorable, and it struck me that the doctor and the clergyman, could they overhear it and see the Sportswoman's sweet face, contrasting deliciously with her fierce words, might not be altogether displeased.

"But after all, there's a good deal of room up here in these mountains," I observed, thoughtfully, sugaring my cereal; "we can't use the whole place at once, you know."

The Sportswoman was inclined to think we could. "Anyway," she pouted, "they, the doctor and the clergyman, would scare all the fish and rub all the bloom off the scenery and eat their luncheon all over everything." But there was no time to argue about the characters of the defenseless unknown, for seeing me eat my last bit of biscuit, the Sportswoman tyrannized me into a rapid swallowing of my coffee, folded my napkin and dragged me away from the table. "Come on," she said eagerly; "now we'll go and dig worms."

"Worms!" I exclaimed. I followed her out of the big, bare dining-room and we paused in the hall before the snapping logs of the fireplace—"Worms?"

"Yes, worms," mocked the little Sportswoman with great spirit; "please don't roar it out like that, either, or we'll have those men waking up and hurrying down." She spoke the last words thickly as she emerged half suffocated from the neck of her gray sweater; she regarded me calmly but suspiciously through stray locks of her tumbled hair and repeated—"worms, why not?"

Without waiting for my response she picked up her fishing-rod, threw the creel over her shoulder and caught up by its strap one of the two little tin bait boxes; I followed suit meekly enough, feeling snubbed but not altogether effaced, and as we went out on the sunlit piazza, exclaiming with pleasure at the tingle and stimulus of the mountain air, endeavored to explain myself. I said I had always supposed that the really scientific fishing was done with little smashed-wasp things that come in books, things with names like "The Fantail Flick," "The Blue Fay Tricky," "The Buff Sauce-box"—struggling to recall the actual titles of the flies I had seen in a book treasured by the Sportswoman. We clattered down the wooden steps, walking toward the kitchen garden at the back of the Inn, and as I concluded my explanations reached a place where the broken soil lying dark and heavy on a long-cultivated slope presented a promising surface for our labors.

"Well," descended the Sportswoman, dragging a rusty spade to the scene of operations, "of course I do expect to cast flies for some of my fish—but—er—well—I'm sort of waiting, you see. That doctor and that clergyman, you know. I want to hide somewhere first and watch how they do it—if they're not any better at it than I am I'll just come boldly out in the open—but until then"—the Sportswoman paused significantly; continuing, "But don't ever be ashamed of worms. The Innkeeper says the trout are very gamy this month and are biting at anything; besides, worms are the simple, beautiful bait nature provides; Izaak Walton wasn't above them, and Adam and Eve did all their fishing with them. Here—I'll dig, you pick up."

As we worked a silence fell upon us. The Sportswoman dug, I picked up. Bending over my labors and controlling expressions

of distaste, I did some reflecting. My reflections were something like this:

I am exceedingly fond of the Sportswoman. She is a very talented and delightful comrade. She is as dainty and fresh as a flower, as ardent and spirited as a bird. I love her round chin with the cleft in it. Her plaintive expression of wistfulness always touches me deeply. Her light laugh, a delicate ascending chromatic, carries me with it right up to the moon. She has the keenest sense of honor, also of humor, and the refinement which expresses itself in a hundred unconscious little restraints. . . . *She is the one person in this world for whom I would pick up a worm.*

Further reflection: It may be that if one "follows the motion" of the worm one will feel less discomfort. Note:—I find this to be an impossible feat.

Further reflection: It occurs to me that the curious and interesting physical economy of a worm necessitates his reeling in one's fingers in such a manner as to suggest that he is endeavoring to turn himself inside out, but his capacity for auto-suggestion is horrible and unwarranted. I tried taking them by what may have been their heads or by what may have been their tails. In loops. In hoops. In ascending spirals. I tried to hold them as I'd like to be held if I were a worm, but always with the same sickening result, the worm yearning away from my unwilling fingers vigorously, in a series of desperate clammy involutions that somehow connected themselves with all that was unstable in my character. At last—"It is too soon after breakfast," I gasped feebly.

"Pooh!" returned the Sportswoman, scornfully; glancing up, however, with an anxious look. "Nonsense! Are you afraid of nice, quiet little country worms? Oh, there's a lovely one, get him!" She turned over a fresh clod—"Oh, see that beauty, he's a perfect treasure!"

"If I could only get them off my mind, you know," I said unhappily; "if I could only understand which end it is they prefer being picked up by, and why it is that when the spade cuts one in two, both pieces start off in different directions as if each piece wanted to get away from its identity. I see how they got their reputation for turning, but how do they ever decide which

point of them is the turning-point? Oh, dear!—Oh, dear!"

The Sportswoman was genuinely concerned. "Here, you dig, I'll pick up," she offered nobly. "They do get on one's nerves, don't they? We might shut our eyes and quote poetry to keep our minds off them. Ugh!" She shuddered violently as a long specimen twined around her fingers. "Quick, let me get him in the box; here's another. Ah!—E-e-e-e-e-h! *Mercy!!!*

The Sportswoman ingloriously dropped the worm she had a minute ago called "a perfect treasure" and turned very pale. "What did he do?" I inquired, in a kind of agony, watching the "perfect treasure" sprawl back into his chosen element. "Do?" she wailed hysterically, "Don't ask me! I won't touch another one. We've enough, anyway; put some earth in your box so they won't get so mixed up with each other, poor things. I suppose," she went on thoughtfully, as we gathered up our belongings, "the reason they make us feel so is that we move upright and have an axis; a worm hasn't any axis, and when he tries to get away two ways at once in utter defiance of our laws of gravitation and locomotion it destroys our balance and equilibrium." I agreed to this in all gravity; and followed the Sportswoman with the feelings of reverence and respect that are due to logic, no matter how imperfect it may be.

Rods limbering over shoulders, baskets swaying on hips, bait boxes strapped around waists, we walked rapidly out on the mountain road and began the ascent up the valley. Alongside on our left the brawling stream tore through its rock gates, whirled in pools and foamed over half-formed breakwaters of dead leaves and broken limbs. The winding uphill road was wild and lonely. We met no living thing and saw no friendly roof suggesting habitation. Once in a while the gray slouch of a deserted shack pushed out from the trees on the mountain side, and far ahead of us we could hear the great coarse violin of a sawmill sending its rasped tremolo down the valley; all the rest was evergreen dimness full of the noise of water; a thousand voices confused, haunting, suggestive.

It was cold, but cold of a light, cham-

pagne-like dryness; a sparkle, streaked with warmth, mellowed where the dips in the road held tepid air. We went through hollows where great trees darkened the soil beneath them with spread carpets of pine needles, but when we came out again along the gray-fenced hill pastures we could feel the spring flutter in the atmosphere. It was cold, but we saw little naked buds illuminating with their silver softness the young willows by the water; cold, but the sunshine, attached to the earth by a myriad gleaming, glancing threads, drew the frost from the hard soil, leaving it in strange wrinkles and wry contortions.

For a while the Sportswoman kept up an edifying discourse upon the habits, philosophy and manners of brook trout, and I learned among other things:

1. A trout, if he's going to bite, generally goes for the bait right away. If he doesn't jump at the first chance it's very foolish to hang around in that one place looking patient and hoping he'll change his mind; he can see you better than you see him and you cut a ridiculous figure in his eyes.

2. Don't pay any attention to the fish that are speckled plain red and yellow; they are only California trout put in the brook for people who are easily imposed upon. Genuine brook trout are speckled pink, blue, brown, gold and green; they are the only things in nature that are as bright as they are sometimes painted.

3. A trout measuring under six inches must not be kept, but put back in the brook; he'll understand why; only it's a pity that law was ever made, for they are apt to remember and won't bite when they grow up.

4. All fish *like* to be caught. They always hold their mouths in the shape to take a hook, and no fish wants to die of old age, so it's perfect nonsense to be sentimental about catching them.

We tramped on in silence, plunging deeper into the loneliness of things, watching the water below us widen and spread in turbulence and chatter over the extended ravine where small islands of gravel and cobble pushed up their ragged surfaces. The noise beat in our ears like certain of the Wagnerian strains with an overwhelming quality of persistence, but at last the road stretched away a little and turned into the steep mountain pass, and farther up, where

the forest was only broken here and there by filtering sunlight, it was quieter and we could hear the cascades falling into the mottled green-gold depths of Diana's Pool.

All of a sudden the Sportswoman, with a new light in her eyes, broke from my side, glancing back to whisper, "You fish this side and keep on toward the Pool; I'll take the other." She scrambled down the bank to the stream's bed, threading her way among fallen trees and rocks, tramping sturdily over the loose cobbles to where a huge trunk bridged the racing water. I watched her light, unerring little figure cross this rough suspension and push into the wall of hemlock overhanging the other bank. A moment later I beheld her hatless, braced for action, perched on a huge boulder mid-stream unreeling her line. The Sportswoman had commenced the business of the day, she had forgotten me, forgotten everything reasonable and comfortable for what she seemed to see in the dim lurking places beneath the riffles. In a second she sprang to another rock; anxiously examining her bait, she then turned her intense gaze up stream, and as she vanished around a bend it was borne in upon me that she was going for "Him," the big trout, and that until she had satisfied herself concerning "Him" I had lost the Sportswoman.

As the last bit of her dark corduroy skirt disappeared I sighed with relief. My time had come for relaxation; the hour of my exemption from polite interest had arrived. Perhaps it had been an oversight of mine not to mention to the Sportswoman, perhaps it had been merely prudence, but I had never confessed to her that I did not care for trout fishing. She had remained all along ignorant of my true feeling in the matter and the real object with which I had come up into Shadow Valley. I think I acted justly, for why create discord or wet-blanket enthusiasm, and why, when the friend of one's heart is intent upon catching real fish, state stupidly that one is only going out to try one's luck with a paltry shadow or two? Yet, now that I could indulge in a favorite pastime without offending any one, who so happy; left alone by the mountain stream, throwing lines and setting nets for the shadows floating in the big Pool of the valley?

Of course every one will agree that only a very foolish and vacant person would go

fishing for shadows, and until one has fished for them a good deal, and had luck—brought them home and mounted them with their wings, or their fins, or whatever it is that they fly with, prettily spread—one had little idea what a fantastic, instructive, improving sort of sport they are. I should never think of recommending this sort of fishing, however, to practical people, those who are engaged in writing their aspirations, affections and comprehensions under the dollar sign. But to artists and musicians and other benighted beings, whose idea of life seems to be that it is a very trifling reality clothed and invested with a hundred very beautiful and significant unrealities, the casual shadow comes gratefully. One may be forgiven for using it as a background for his conception of all things temporal, or eternal; a keynote to the colors of his cosmos, for no matter how grotesque and misshapen a quality is the shadow, it is never coarse, false or crude. It somehow fixes objects and occasions, makes them vivid, imprints them lastingly, although itself be variable and perishing.

One may make his collection of shadows as varied and detailed as a collection of shells or of flowers; if he watches carefully enough he finds special kinds, species that occur only once, varieties of shade that unless caught and made sure of on the instant forever pass away; and this being so, the Shadow Fisherman grows to understand nearly all qualities of change and elusiveness; he makes sure of his shadows the moment he sees them; grasping at their subtleties eagerly and delicately as a child grasping at a soap-bubble or a smoke-ring, and storing them safely away in secret shadows of his heart and mind.

Wherever we see the shadow we brood over it. In the mystery of the eyes of children, in the hollow of waves where it dies beneath the crush of foam, under the listless sail, below the dreamy keel. At last we grow to look for it everywhere; it has inevitably become call, witchery, inspiration to us. Whether it reveals itself majestically, flying like Valkyrie over the cloud-ridden mountains, or pathetically leaving its sad skeleton behind some leafless bush, its plaintive, pure presence touches into poetry the homeliest scenes, deepens into tenderness the harshest aspect.

I put down my fishing-rod with a sigh,

relieved to have it safely out of my hands—relieved, because, if the intimations of the Sportswoman concerning this rod were true, I knew it for a very superior instrument—blessed by the Pope, well spoken of by the most grudging and pernicky of “high-hooks,” and possessing accomplishments only equaled by the rod of Moses. I felt that it reproved me for not fishing with it, and I half expected it, so conscientious a career had it enjoyed, to turn into a worm and go off fishing on its own hook. But I could not see my way to using it. If I fished it was to be for shadows only, and in fishing for shadows it is written one must use the old thorn stick of experience, and no double-jointed, triple-articulated contraption, flying into slender fits at its unwholesome tip.

I rested, half sitting, half lying on the bank, doing nothing. I felt my heart soften toward the Lotus Eaters, that bank of unconscionable loafers who took such comfort in watching the “emerald water falling through many a woven acanthus wreath divine,” and wondering what the rest of the world was doing. It seemed to me, too, that gazing down into the pellucid pools below me I saw circling in shadowy, mystical motion, forms and faces of people I knew. I could read their futures and trace their pasts. Like a seer gazing into his crystal ball, I saw omens and portents, the fall of kingdoms and the fame of men, and began in some slight degree to appreciate what a delightfully humorous time the Delphic Oracle must have had of it, getting all the news directly from the center of the whirl of the universe, and not being pinned down to the daily papers. Meanwhile, I knew, the Sportswoman must have reached Diana’s Pool, nearly a mile away, and was arguing with “Him,” trying, illogically, to get him to bite before dinner. I could imagine him, a little blasé, wanting to humor her, but inclined to evade the proposition and take his ease in his speckled house coat and peruse the morning paper. I knew she must be communing with him a good deal after the manner of the Vizier’s cookmaid—“Fish, Fish, art thou in thy duty?” and that he was responding like the yellow and blue fish of the Arabian Nights with that singularly evasive and uncompromising “If you reckon, we reckon.” For all her fortitude and unquenchable

love of fishing, I knew the Sportswoman would weary trying to persuade "Him" that the psychological moment had arrived. I hoped he'd soon be won over, yet it was hard to think of him, because of one act of generous belief and one jump toward higher things, flapping and thrashing around in the creel, his wild blood fevered with pain and his lovely colors fading into death.

As I lay with all this passing through my mind, I could smell the faint fragrance creeping into the turf and see the patches of new green stretching up through last year's dead grass. I heard the voices of anemones waking up underground, making over last year's dresses and hats for the spring opening. I heard old granny weeds unlocking doors and windows, and old grandpa roots wagging their long beards and swapping oldest inhabitant information. I heard things also in the water flowing beneath me. Intelligences were being carried from the mountains to the ocean of some universal joy that was to come, some soft, seductive yielding, the glowing feasts and rites of triumph, the glad pomps and ceremonies of happy birth.

One might learn, by these intelligences, that the maples would soon be pushing out on their boughs the red spongy lees of their rising wines. That the willows would ere long draw their slender fingers through the silver strings of the harp of rain. That Robin would tie bowknots on his pipe and blow bubbles of song down on the green blanket of spring, and that with the expanding and leafing of bud and twig and blossom the Shadows would grow stronger and come in greater hosts. Shadows would dwell in the meadows and along the lanes. Shadows would lurk in the tree-tops and rove half wildly, half solemnly in vagrom procession over the rocks and mosses and water. The Intelligence seemed to say that then, in that great gathering of strange forms, I might find a shadow for my very own, some purple patch that I might hold as a guerdon and wear as a talisman, a dream caught with the thorn stick of experience in the dusky Pool of the Valley. . . .

Hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo! The silvery call rang out above the noise of the water, sounding as if some jolly little rascal of an owl had cast away family precedent, and started out to paint the town red by broad daylight. I started up and ran out on the road. It had grown late morning and the flushed face of the Sportswoman coming over the brow of the hill was in the very eye of the sun. She was dripping wet and muddy, and as she advanced I wondered where she had left her hat and if she possessed other blue corduroy skirts. But her triumphant approach was sufficient as to whether she considered it all worth while. "I've got Him!" she announced joyously, and came up panting. I looked in the basket and marveled. There he was, bigger than I had dreamed, sorrowfully gasping and trying to explain that it was some one else's fault.

"It's just full of trout," continued the Sportswoman breathlessly, answering my excited inquiries. "I only came back for more bait. We ought to be getting back to the Inn and have Him cooked for dinner. Think of that doctor and that clergyman, I don't believe they've caught a thing. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" She danced around the road like a small, water-soaked nymph gone mad, and I, in a provisional and formal but sympathetic appreciation, danced too. Suddenly the Sportswoman came to a standstill, eying me.

"What is the matter with your bait box? what have you been doing?" she asked solemnly.

I looked down; the little green tin was hanging from my waist wide open, inverted and quite empty. There was no sign remaining of the Perfect Treasure, the Beauty, nor those others whom we had been at such pains to procure. While I had been dreaming, they, with an astuteness quite awful to think upon, knowing they weren't wanted, had crawled away. I did not know how to meet the Sportswoman's eyes—I am afraid I cringed—but all she said was, "If you would *only* take things seriously!"

Somehow I felt that it would be useless to explain to her that for shadow fishing one needs no bait except an illusion or a few fancies.

BY HOOK OR CROOK

THE TROUT THAT TOMAH PROMISED

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

WE fished—Tomah Mooin and I—giving ourselves to the employment, Peter-wise, with all the faith in the world. But to what avail? In the pleasing reflection that it is not all fishing to catch fish, we had our answer to a barren day; and I said so softly to Tomah, admiring the prettiness of the thought. Not all fishing to catch fish—perhaps! But Tomah's soul was the soul of the barbarian, demanding results concrete and effective, and he evaded the philosophy with a grunt:

“Sartin fish no catch um, for what you fish?”

I changed the topic. There was no flight of moral fancy that could tempt Tomah from his gloom; and over my shoulder I saw his fat face, as round as a moon, peering intently upon the water, and awaiting an answer from its depths. Hour after hour he had sat there, his arm outstretched like the figure of a Greek bearing gifts, and with a patience worthy of better use, jigging nefariously at a hand line. For with Tomah, the end ever justified the means; and he plugged, not for the sport of it, but because of the crying famine bred sharply in this keen New Brunswick air. Around us lay the pond, its broad acreage hemmed in by forest walls, and fairly *looking* trout—trout in every crook of its bending shore line. Place after place we fished, and met failure for our pains. Even the spring hole lying in its upper edge gave no answer to our quest; I tried it with every cast of flies I owned, and whipped its surface till I wearied. So, hunting for a cause, I laid our misfortune to the wind; and remembering the words of that honest angler, now with God, remarked that it blew from the east.

Tomah grunted again: “Nuh—not wind. Sartin not go right place, fish no catch um.”

So we turned our backs to failure, and over my shoulder the useless rod dropped aft, trailed its long cast in our wake like the dejected pennants of a rout. Not all fishing to catch fish! I felt sure of that now; and on top of the thought came Tomah's voice proclaiming its sorry answer to one's hunger. Said Tomah, asserting the fact: “Sartin fish no catch um, salt pork pretty tough!”

Which was, of course, only too true. There was no disputing that we had no fish, however hard and faithfully we had worked. I should hate to say how many times Tomah had driven the canoe about the rim of that one round of water, or for how many hours we lay at the spring hole, moored to the setting pole. Enough that we left no square rod of the waters, deep or shoal, unsought. In that time, too, we had tried all ways, leaving nothing undone that we should have done and doing nothing that we ought not to have done. We tried it far and fine—that is, I did, while Tomah looked on gloomily—and my cast ranged in all the sizes from a midge on the finest hook to that handful of feathers, the salmon fly of the deep and largest waters. But even far and fine brought no better luck than coarse and close—we were stumped, and that seemed plain enough.

In other years, Tomah and I had taken our fill from this small pool; and it came to my mind, now, how we had won our luck in weather good or bad, in sunshine or rain or in any cast of wind. If the breeze came out of the east, it made no odds at all—we had our plenty; and there were even days when the black water, lying like oil under a windless sky, glared back

at the sun like a mirror, and still gave up its treasures. Under the edge of the forest was always some patch of shadow where the big ones, like aldermen of this municipality, lay in wait by the spring brooks for their toll; and we took them with a cast long and far, pitching the flies almost to the mossy beaches underneath the tree limbs. Tomah, looking about him disdainfully, hunched up his shoulders in disgust.

"Pond no good any more," he grumbled. "Lumber feller camp over there las' winter. Shoot um fish with powder."

If that were true—and there seemed no reason to doubt it—what was the thing to do? Tomah drew the canoe to the shore and turned it turtle-wise before answering: "Dunno—place no good. Mebbe go somewheres to-morrow."

Knowing Tomah, I took it that he already had a mind of the matter. When we had made the best of pork and tea, that night, Tomah withdrew to his guttering pipe, and behind its clouds of smoke like a Jove retired to heavy meditation. The pond's day of glory was gone; plainly we must move. "*Nub!*" grunted Tomah, coming out of his trance, "place no good—another place try um over there."

I knew of Tomah's "places over there"—goals that tried one's soul to reach. But if Tomah could stand it, I thought I could stand it too, considering the fact that he must tote the canoe across the carries, and put in some licks of labor at the paddle. So at dawn we started, striking away into the bush.

It was, as I had suspected, a long haul and a trying one. There were no brushed-out portages to travel by, nor any blazed line to show the easy way; for the places that Tomah sought for sport were away from beaten trails. In and out among the trees he threaded his way along, the canoe bumping and scraping against the boles, and Tomah puffing and grunting in reply. There were his legs twinkling beneath the gunwales, going like a monster of dreams; and once, as a louder crash and its echoing grunt proclaimed trouble, I hurried on and found him sprawled beneath the load, uttering heathen curses. "Huh! No hurt um Tomah!" he growled, rising awkwardly. "Damn bad place catch um canoe in swamp. Trees no place for canoe at all."

We ended our journey with the day. Part of it lay by land, and the other part by dead water, stream and pond. Once, in a little chain of lakes, I saw the trout rising by the shore, but Tomah would not wait. "Better place got um pretty soon. Jus' mebbe one or two fish. That's all." But when we had quit that chain of lakes and come again to the bush, I wished strongly enough that we had tarried awhile afloat—fish or no fish—if only to have escaped the last stages of the journey, and the difficulties that beset us. For Tomah, losing his way, swerved aside into the depths of a cedar swamp; and in that trap, ridden down at every step by his clumsy, obstreperous load, performed miracles of maneuver that were fearful and wonderful and altogether hazardous. There was a time when the canoe, seized with a malign animation, took charge of the shop and fought us through the thickets, until, in that tangle, a battle-ship would have been no greater load on our hands than this birchen obstinacy that rushed into every path but the right one. "Hunh!" said Tomah, grinning; "canoe get tired. Mus' go home, mebbe!" But taking a fresh grip of the spreader, he plunged on at a reckless speed; and breaking through a last wall of foliage, before us there lay the water we had come so far to find.

It was a long and narrow stretch of the vividest greens—a pond whose depths gleamed with the liquid clearness of a gem. It lay in a cleft among the hills; and the trees, in their infinity, marched down close to its edges, save at one end where a little meadow, tracked by the moose and caribou, broke the dark monotone of forest with a splash of brighter colors. Gray, weathered windfalls, tumbled from their bases, lay around all the shore, their tops submerged, and the sharp stubs of their branches thrust upward as if to ward off intruders from the land. *Plomp!* There it was right under our noses, almost—the lunge of a rising fish! Tomah looked around with a grin.

"Fish catch um now, mebbe!" he boasted. *Plomp!* Another rise close at hand. I agreed with him. For around all the water in our view the fish were rising fast. Some came to the surface with a rush, darting through the clear water like

a bird; others rose with a quiet ease, barely lipping the surface; and there were some, too, on whom I had my eye, that lunged to the top, and wallowing with a surge that half bared their fat and comfortable backs, withdrew, leaving the water boiling in their wake. *Plomp!*

"Hunh!" grunted Tomah, sliding the canoe afloat; "sartin big one, that feller!"

Already the sun had dipped beneath the hills, and over the forest world and its silence lay that vivid yellow light that comes to end its summer's perfect day. There was no breeze—not even the ghost of an air to blur the mirroring surfaces; and every plunging fish, rising to the luckless mite of insect life that lured it sent the ripples widening afar. I could not wait. Stepping aboard with landing net and rod still unrigged, I balanced amidships, while Tomah, with a giant push, sent the canoe riding afloat and far out into the open. There I drifted alone, with hasty fingers slipping the ferruled joints together and one eye on the rising fish.

And after the barren waters we had quit this became a revelation. All about me were the trout coming to their food and play; and making haste, I rigged on the first cast of flies that I could lay my fingers to—a rig that the fish of a civilized stream would have regarded coldly as an affront to ordinary intelligence. There were, as I remember, first a Parmachenee Belle, in size of the bigness of a pickerel bob—a fly whose contrast of carmine and white showed in the liquid clearness of that water like the painted cheeks of a jilt; above that was the brown fuzziness of a Hackle; and last of all was a Montreal, its raw color blazing like a coal. All choices, you might say; but the fish seemed careless of taste. At the first cast, when the dry and kinking leader writhed in its coils on the water, some commotion boiled beneath it, and I struck with a loose line and felt the weight of a pricked fish for my pains. But what odds to lose one fish among such multitudes? A few casts in the air straightened the leader in a fashion; and when the next spring of the rod sent the flies dancing on their way, there was a quick flurry beneath the surface, a flash and a sudden scattering of the drops, and I had him, driving home the barb with a gentle twist of the hand. Then there was

work for the light rod to undertake—the task of leading him daintily away from the snarl of half-drowned windfalls that reached out from the rocky shore. "Oh, Tomah!" I yelled in exultation; and the thudding of Tomah's axe ended abruptly as he quit his camp work for the shore. "Hoh! Fish catch um now!" he called; and when the trout, a good, full pound in weight, came slapping to the net, Tomah, grinning, went back to his work with quiet contentment on his face.

And so it ran! As fast as the flies were offered they tumbled on them, making no choice of the three, but snapping the handiest as it passed. There was one of close to a couple of pounds that plunged desperately toward the snags as the pang of the hook stirred him, and but for another of half that weight that laid hold of the dropper in passing, I believe I would have lost him. But this diversion, acting as a drag, turned my bigger fish; and the two came off shore, answering to the pressure of the butt, while with a free hand I made shift to paddle the canoe away from that dangerous quarter. Once in clear water, I led the pair about till they tired of the fray, and admiring my own skill in advance, tried to take them at one sweep of the net. Somehow it didn't work. In the haste of it I made a pretty botch of the matter, for the smaller fish, writhing against the canoe, broke free and was gone. But the other—and the bigger!—I got with a quick lunge of the net, more by good luck than any art of mine; and in the joy of saving him forgot the first pangs of failure.

For who should care? Here were fish and in plenty, and little trouble to take them. I thought of this sport in contrast to other days—times spent along the worn-out streams of New England, where one went craftily like a thief in the night, keeping always hidden, and with a short line dropping the flies into the holes beneath the bushes. One had a reward for this work in a few brace of fish—a half dozen at the best, perhaps, and scaling close to the legal limit of size—and those were red-letter days, indeed, when the creel bore a pair of half-pounders, or may be, some buster that scaled close to full three-quarters.

As I looked up now, from clearing this two-pounder I had saved, my eye caught

a little fleck of white drifting slowly down the air, and dropping nearer and nearer to the pond—some small atom of ephemeral life going to its doom. As it alighted, teetering an instant on extended wings and perhaps a dozen feet away, the water boiled and there turned over beneath it, like a porpoise, a fish that showed in its lunge a back of the breadth of your wrist. For one moment he rolled there like a salmon, sucking in the morsel, and, turning, drifted back to the depths, leaving the pond's quiet surface eddying in his retreat. A quick cast covered the rise; the flies, springing across, dropped squarely in that circle of heaving water; but the fish that rose to the dropper was a miserable half-pounder, slashing and slapping on the surface as the hook struck home. In vain I gave him slack, hoping he would tear himself free; but he had hooked himself securely; and there was nothing else to do but lead him aboard and take out the barb from his jaw. Again I cast, and no answer—again and for the third time. But on the next cast, as the flies came skittering home, I saw a shadowy blur detach itself from the depths, and rising with the slow majesty of size, come quietly to inspect the offering. There was no rushing to the strike, but, instead, a ponderous and dignified advance; and as the leviathan moved nearer, following the tail-fly, I had a glimpse of him as he turned, his eye cocked up sagely, and marveled at his proportions. On he came—I dared not stop, but kept the flies drifting along till the rod lay over my shoulder and the cast sank back dead upon the water. That was the end of it. Had he struck then, I dare say I should have had the bootless pleasure of stinging him, and perhaps at the expense of a broken tip. Or, on the other hand, I might have stood and watched him maw the feathers and then leisurely spit them out. But trailing on till he saw the canoe, my big fish sheered away, and sinking slowly in the depths, like a fading shadow, was gone!

Thus ended the first lesson: the evils of a loose line. If I had taken up the slack from the rod rings in place of hauling on the cast by the leverage of the rod alone, there might have been a chance. But once the rod got behind me, I was done. Gathering up the coils, I went to work

again; but to little purpose. To be sure I took fish—trout after trout at nearly every cast; but the big one had departed for the day, affronted, no doubt, and wise to the fraud that had tempted him. Night fell and still found me at it; and when the glimmer of Tomah's fire came shining through the trees, I quit and paddled for the shore, leaving the fish still rising in the dark.

"Huh!" said Tomah, viewing my catch; "got um fish to eat now. Sartin, next day, big one catch um!"

Big one! Yes, perhaps; but although the figure of that fish I had let go by was still strong in my mind, I held out the two-pounder to Tomah, and asked what he thought of that. Tomah, as usual, grunted evasively: "Sartin good fish that. Bimeby big one catch um."

And Tomah doubtless knew. That night, when he had turned in satisfaction from the feast, he told me of a trip he had made here one winter, and of the fish he had taken through the ice. There, as usual, was the tale of the biggest that escaped; but when he held out his hands to show me, graphically, the size of some he had taken, I looked out longingly toward that sheet of water, now hidden in the gloom, and made great plans for the morrow.

Dawn came, and we pushed afloat. Around us lay the steep slant of hills still cloaked with the wisps of night mist, and over the blue-green surface of the pond a thin white fog, like smoke, trailed close. Tomah, dipping at the paddle, pushed along, the prow of the canoe turned toward a point half way down the lake. "Fish no catch um here," he bade me; "only small feller now. Bimeby catch big um." So I waited; and rounding the point, he pointed forward with the paddle. "Look!" he said, turning in toward the shore.

Out of the steep heights came a brook, boiling white along its steps of rock, and filling all the woods with sound. Swelling from the shore, it poured its swift current into the quiet pond; and all about us were the bubbles set free and sailing onward in a glittering argosy along the heaving surface. Clots of foam flecked the water here and there; and a great log, jammed against the rocks, reached out into the pond, holding against its side a sheet of

creamy lather. Deep water lay all about it; the shore shelved quickly; and though the sun now was shining over the hills, we could scarcely make out, even in that piercing light, the gray-green bottom strewn with bowlders from the cliffs above. Once, peering down, I saw a shoal of fish drift by, going on their way like a flight of birds; and on one flat space of yellow gravel lay another trout, its mottled back clearly outlined, and heading the current with a gentle undulation of its fins. "Ssh! Tomah—wait!" With a thrust of the paddle he stayed the canoe; and aiming for the edge of the foam lying by that fallen tree, I dropped the flies at its edge.

Splash! I had him! Screaming keenly, the reel gave out its line; and streaking toward the current, my fish went away toward the open pond, dragging slack as he went. Tomah, all alive now, swept the bow around, and we followed. Nor was it the quick dash of any lesser fish that took us follow-my-leader; but the strong and steady tugging of a big one. Out there in the open, he settled to the bottom, and chugging like a salmon, strove to work himself free. Tomah grunted exultantly. "Sartin big fish catch um now!" he boasted again, and as the trout went swinging around the canoe, fighting away at every sight of it, Tomah chuckled loudly. In time we had our fish alongside; and Tomah, slipping the net beneath him, brought the prize aboard, and cracked him across the snout with the paddle. "Sartin good fish," he observed, after a pause; "mos' t'ree pound, that feller."

Nor did the scales show that Tomah lied—it was three pounds less a scant two ounces; and speaking hopefully, Tomah said we might get a big one pretty soon. "P'raps not now," he ventured; "big fish not catch um now—mebbe to-night." Turning the canoe, he pushed back to that patch of foam; and the sailing flies fell at its edge again.

Not all fishing to catch fish, perhaps, but still the fish are a part of it. While Tomah, all intent, held the canoe against the gentle current, I took trout after trout almost as fast as the flies could be pitched to them. But they were all small fish and growing smaller in their quick succession as the hours passed and the sun climbed to its height above the trees. Tomah, knock-

ing the ashes from his guttering pipe, began to grumble anew; and as trout after trout, gingerly freed from the hook, was turned back to freedom and a greater age, he squirmed about uneasily and vowed that the fishing was done. "Sartin no big one now," he growled; "no use fishin'. Big one catch um by sundown." So we swung the canoe away, then, and paddled back to camp.

When the sun, pitching below the hills that afternoon, warned us to be up and doing, Tomah had a new surprise in store. Taking straight ahead, he slid by the cove and its torrent clinking down the pitch, and aimed for the meadow lying at the head of the pond. As we drew down upon it, he began looking about him sharply, fixing some range he had in mind, and with a sudden sweep of the paddle, brought us to a standstill. "Catch um big one here," he mumbled, and with that drove the setting pole into the bottom mud.

I turned and eyed him with uncertainty; for surely, after that idyllic corner of the cove, this seemed no place at all. But Tomah had chosen deliberately; and answering my look with a grin, crooked his arm about the setting pole and bade me fish. Close beside us lay the meadow, its muddy shore fringed with sedge, and beyond that was a small run creeping like a thread of oil beneath its fringe of alders. Its mouth lay just abreast of our mooring, a little bight in the shore, and at each side of it a broad float of lily pads heaved on the rising ripple. But when I leaned over to dampen the cast alongside, I found soon enough why Tomah had brought me here—the water touched my fingers with a chill of ice. Somewhere below a spring, boiling in the depths, drained the waters stored in the hills beyond, and Tomah, coming here by winter, had marked its open circle in the ice. It was, after all, a place for fish; and the first few casts brought a rise and a good one. But Tomah, fumbling at something in the stern, hardly looked up from his work as I brought the trout fighting to the net.

For a long time silence ruled. Cast after cast, I tried the water all about me, but after that first rise the trout seemed slow to answer. Drawing in, I changed the flies; and the ones that put forward now to try these inky depths were a glittering

trio left over from salmon rivers—a Jock Scott, Silver Doctor and last of all, a Butcher. Each was a small handful of feathers and tinsel in itself; for I felt assured that if we were to take fish from the black depths around us, we must give them something big enough to see. But even this assortment brought me no response—cast after cast I made, sending the flies in all directions, but the surface lay untroubled by even the rise of some worthless fingerling. It was slow work, and I said so, to which Tomah mumbled an affirmative, and with bended head busied himself at the stern.

Plomp! I swung about ready to cover what I took to be the rise of a heavy fish; and there sat Tomah, his arm outstretched, once more employed in the nefarious trade of plugging. He leered back at me with a grin, jiggling his hand line up and down; and although I had often scored Tomah for his obliquities, I felt somehow that the words were wasted. For Tomah, with a soul of the barbarian, fished for results, and not for the mere pleasure of fishing. "Sartin big one catch um now," he retorted, sulkily; "feathers no damn good. Mus' give big feller some-thin' to eat." There was logic in this—if you choose to see it that way—but I turned my back to Tomah, leaving him as a heathen in the darkness.

Long silence followed, ending abruptly in a grunt. "Hoh!" said Tomah. I turned around again, leaving the flies to settle passively in the depths. A change had come over him. His swart face, fixed on the hand line, gleamed with a sudden cunning; and he sat there, alert and quivering in the excitement of the moment. "Got um fish!" he remarked briefly; and I saw the hand line twitch in his fingers, and groaned in spirit at such butchery. But Tomah, barbaric to the last, awakened swiftly, and with a sudden yank made sure of his prey. Dragging in the line, hand over hand, he gave his victim no opportunity for escape; it was a big one, sure enough, and Tomah dragged him upward like a cod. But as the fish saw the dark shadow of the canoe above, it made a fiercer struggle to get free; the line ran hissing through the fingers of my Millicete, and he forgot all else, striving frantically to snub his fish. In that brief moment

I, too, performed maneuvers; the canoe rocked like a ship in a gale and for a period I thought we must swim for it. But on the next upward rush Tomah got his fish going swiftly, and sliding the line through his fingers, whipped the trout aboard, thumping and slatting on the splints. And at the sight of it a moment's sickness of envy came over me. There lay the trout, squirming between Tomah's thumbs, a good four pounds in weight; and I turned my back to his gloating.

"Sartin that big one now," he boasted, gutturally; but I had no word in answer, and as Tomah, with the paddle end, gave his fish the *coup de grace*, I turned to the fishing, but with all the heart gone from me. In that moment of depression I reckoned the sport—pound for pound—that this good fish would have offered to a light rod and gentle arts, and the thought of its untimely end was a living protest to the heathen in his darkness and his means to achieve an end. Tossing the flies toward the shore, I let them sink beneath the surface; and then, by little starts, drew them gently toward me, inch by inch and with a taut line, ready for what befell.

"Hoh!" cried Tomah.

There was a great splash along the surface—the waters parted and out of the depths arose a fan-like tail, waving challenge. More through instinct than from any other cause I struck at the flurry, and the rod hummed beneath my hand. *Chug!* I had him! At the stroke, I felt his weight sag back against the yielding of the lithe wand; and he turned over, showing his broad flank, and settled toward the bottom. Something stirred him then, and the reel buzzed as he went away, whipping off the line after him. Like all big trout, he fought the struggle heavily, sounding for the bottom first, and then scaling away from the shadow of the boat. Tomah, alive to responsibility, dragged out the setting pole from the mud; we lay there rocking; and though the rod arched itself in a half-moon, all the pressure of the butt could not stay that first ponderous rush. Foot by foot the silk thread fell away, till I watched for the spindle to show itself, and stood wondering whether the line was knotted to its shank.

"After him, Tomah!" I yelled; and Tomah, snatching up the paddle, put away

gingerly in pursuit. Once more we were over him, now, and settling to the floor of the pond, our fish chugged away at the line like a headstrong colt fighting at its halter. Nor could we stop him. There was life and backbone in that light rod I was using, but the weight of the fish and the courage of him fought off its pressure at every turn. Darkness came stealing over the forest and long shadows of the hills went trooping across the water. Thus, in the silence and in the gathering gloom of night, we fought it out. Another rush stripped the reel of its line—a quick plunge sounded as he broke beyond our view; and more from the feel of him than by any other help I worked away, giving him slack or reeling in as the occasion made its demand. Then when the last season of twilight popped out like an extinguished taper, pit-murk darkness settled over the pond; and still he played along, giving no signs of defeat. It was because we knew his bigness, I think, that made the battle so long. A smaller fish, though quite as vigorous, one would have pumped and driven till he quit; but the size of this one was a thing to caution care. Softly—softly was the watchword, and I think I overdid it, for once, getting a second wind, he dashed away with added strength, it seemed, well equipped to prolong the fray. The line, outstanding at a tangent to the bending rod, cut wide circles in the dark; and an occasional splash as he fought to the surface was all we had to go by. Once, when Tomah had pushed the canoe gently toward him, I pumped him to the surface, but at the sight of us he rushed bottomward again, rapping the rod against the gunwales till I waited in an agony for the smash-up to end it all. The tip, submerged, gave no play, and acting quickly, I threw the butt behind me, so that the line ran out, and thus saved us from disaster.

At last he came to the surface, and close at hand played about the canoe in circles. Tomah, crouching on his knees, held the landing net outstretched; but Tomah, I saw soon enough, was hardly a person to handle such affairs of delicacy. Once, as

the fish sheered past, he strove to bag it in full flight, and missing, struck the tense gut a heavy blow. Why it did not part I shall never know; I yelled to him in alarm; and grinning sheepishly, he settled down on his knees, waiting for another chance.

There lay the trout, now close at hand, his tail and fins beating weakly at the water; and well-nigh spent. Yet, with still unbeaten courage he made a last effort for freedom, churning the water in his flurry, so that hastily I gave him line. But once beneath the surface, that was the end of it—a moment's faint beating of the fins; he rolled over on his side, and led gently by the pressure of the rod, scaled along toward Tomah.

“Ready now with the net!”

Tomah leaned forward, bearing down on the gunwale and with his net half submerged. “Deeper!” I yelled in alarm; and at the cry Tomah sprang into life. With another quick swoop he struck at the fish, blindly almost, and lifting with that same gesture, strove to drag the prize aboard. The aim was poor, the effort clumsy and misplaced. For one brief instant—years, an eternity in its uncertainty—I beheld that fish we had come so far to kill poised on the edge of the landing net, and Tomah, writhing about, vainly trying to shuffle the prize inward. Then it fell—*gone*, I thought; but the Millicete, all alive now, struck again as the fish lay on the surface feebly pulsing, and this time had him.

All else was forgotten then. With a jerk, I instinctively righted the canoe as the water came pouring in across my knees; and Tomah, gaining his balance again, dragged the trout aboard. Sweet music that, after the struggle, to hear him thudding on the splints; and when Tomah's paddle had performed its last offices of charity, I reached aft and took him.

“*Hunh!*” That was Tomah's pean of joy. “*Hunh!*” he grunted; “sartin big fish got um now!”

Then I lighted a match; and with what that brief flare showed me lying at my feet, I gloried. It was worth it, after all.

LIMITATIONS OF THE BRUTE

BY M. D. FOLLIN



HERE are two classes of writers on natural history—those whose gift it is to go afield and there follow and record the happenings of the brutecreation with as much circumstance and accuracy as lies in their power; and those whose work lies in arranging and classifying the materials the others have gathered, to make out, if possible, the laws, physical and mental, governing the phenomena of creatures other than man.

What may be called the Romantic School of writers on natural history have, within the past few years, made the physical life of animals familiar to us in almost every detail. Further than this, they have entered into the mental life of the brute creation, investing them with human attributes and qualities to a degree which, however justifiable in the poetic mind of the writers, the older naturalists felt was not warranted by facts. The controversy as to whether animals can think or not was a fair example of this.

In support of their view the younger writers have carried on their campaign by fascinating stories of animal life in which almost human fertility of thought and invention was displayed by their brute friends. Against this the older writers, rallying under the standard of John Burroughs, put forth a number of scholarly articles maintaining that thought, so far as concerns the lower animals, is a flat impossibility, and the stories interesting as fiction, but distinctly misleading as fact.

Now, the point raised in this controversy is a nice one, and merits a somewhat more

philosophic handling than it has so far received. Mr. Burroughs has made a sturdy fight for his contention that animals do not think; and it must be admitted that the tendency of the younger men to allow the temptation of a dramatic situation to lead them into indiscretions has given the veteran abundant material for criticism. But a human, and more or less fanciful, interpretation of the actions of animals has been the immemorial prerogative of story tellers; and no one, except the very young, believes that the thing happened *exactly* as related, even in the "Just-So Stories." Mr. Burroughs should have seen that his quarrel lay with this interpretation rather than with the stories themselves. This mistake has led him to obscure what may have been veritable happenings in the animal world with a cloud of incredulity, when, by reason of his prominence in the scientific world, we should have expected from him unusual openmindedness in considering the work of others.

Now, it may be true that animals do not think. It is plain, however, that the question is not to be settled by multiplying instances of thought, or lack of thought, on the part of particular animals. The result will depend rather on what we mean by "thinking," one definition of which would as surely include the mental activities of creatures other than man, as another would exclude them.

If by "thinking" we mean a mere linking of cause and effect, or rather a mere voluntary one, one instance absolutely illustrating this is sufficient to establish the principle; and such an instance may be furnished from almost any one's experience. Every day we see dogs, horses, birds acting as man would act under like circumstances; exercising, though less

often than man, proper contributory causes toward desired effects. A horse will pick a knot with his teeth to free himself, or a dog will open the latch of a door; however accidentally the animal may have acquired this ability is not relevant; the important point is that it uses it voluntarily to accomplish a certain result.

Many writers lay great stress on numberless quite simple experiments in which animals have failed entirely to link cause and effect. It must not be overlooked that an experiment which seems quite simple to a man may not be at all simple to a dog or a horse. But, aside from this, these experiments show absolutely nothing except the failure of a particular animal to grasp a special situation. One example in which cause and effect are properly, and not fortuitously, joined outweighs them all, for it shows the thing *possible*.

The widespread belief that man was created "a little lower than the angels" has laid on many writers the strong necessity of differentiating him from the lower animals to an extent which denies much in common that they really have. A number will even refuse to allow them *any* mental processes like our own when by so doing man's sovereignty seems in danger. Now, to maintain that the proper connecting of cause and effect is the result of intelligence in man alone requires evidence in support of it more convincing than has as yet been brought forward. For proving that in the lower animals these certain mental processes do not exist involves views almost diametrically opposed to recognized evolutionary beliefs; in that lies, perhaps, its chief difficulty.

Mr. Burroughs says: "We so habitually impute thought to animals that we come unconsciously to look upon them as possessing this power. That is, creatures act as if they thought. We know that under similar circumstances we think, and therefore we impute thought to them. But of mental images, concepts, processes like our own they probably have none."

With all due respect for the eminence of this authority, it would seem, from the standpoint of evolution, that the *probability* was quite the other way. A physical brain much like that of man they undoubtedly have; it was developed in practically the same way, and for the same purpose as

our own, that is, the preservation of the individual and the race. It is therefore probable that within limits its functions are identical with the human one. If this were not so we should have to believe that man developed a highly specialized organ, the brain, functionally active to a tremendous degree, while the lower animals have developed in the same way a similar specialized organ which remains, save for sense impressions, functionally inert. From the evolutionist's standpoint such a view is almost unthinkable; nothing but the most indisputable evidence would force its acceptance, and such evidence has not yet been produced. A much sounder belief is that man and the lower animals share both mental and physical life up to a certain point.

In discussing this question it has often been insisted upon that we can experience the mental life of the lower animals only by being one of them, hence we cannot know definitely of their mental processes, for we must always interpret them in terms of our own. This view, to be philosophical, must be held in its entirety. Carried to its logical conclusion it is that one cannot know definitely the mental processes of *any* individual except himself; for it is equally true that these also must be interpreted in his own private terms.

But, since knowledge of things is entirely a knowledge of their relations to other things, and since these relations, so far as any individual is concerned, are determined by the individual's experience, it is obviously possible to share the mental life of another individual, man or brute, so far as the experiences of the two are identical. My knowledge of these relations can never be quite the same as my neighbor's, for my experience is never quite coextensive with his. Therefore I must always interpret his actions somewhat in terms of my own; but, in proportion as my experience and point of view agree with his, my interpretation will be correct. So also of the lower animals: in proportion as our experience comprehends theirs we are qualified to recognize their point of view and make a correct estimate of their actions.

One authority says: "It has often been said that animals have sensations and percepts, but that one ought not to ascribe to them the possession of concepts. Of the

conventional animal of the philosopher this may be quite true. We have a right to conclude by analogy that it is so, provided only that we are always prepared to admit that we do not know in the least how animals philosophize—how an ox recognizes his stable door.”

The old sovereignty of man dies hard; even eminent scientists are enlisted in its defense; but it should have its foundation in truth. It is not true that I do not know “in the least” how an ox knows his stable door, any more than it is true that I do not know “in the least” how my neighbor knows his house door. I believe that the action in both cases is intelligible; that is, capable of being understood by another intelligence. I believe that in both cases the individual recognizes its particular door by the door’s relations to certain other things. I cannot know *exactly* how the door is recognized, because I cannot know the particular relations laid hold of by another mind. But, since he has learned to distinguish it from other doors (either my neighbor, or the ox), I am justified in believing that he has laid hold of *some* of its special relations.

It will be said that this result is reached through reasoning by analogy. Partly so, I admit; but analogy is a perfectly legitimate process, unless abused; much of the practical work of reason is done by it. No one is entirely independent of it, therefore no one is in position to discredit it. The most zealous opponents of animal mentality allow them sensation; yet this is either pure analogy, or pure assumption.

Mr. Burroughs goes too far in saying that man and the lower animals have *no* mental processes in common; for this has not been satisfactorily proved, and is far from axiomatic. In fact, I believe it will be found that quite the contrary is the case. We share their physical life, though in many ways their physical reflexes differ from ours in degree. Thus, a polar bear will stand cold that would kill a man; a rattlesnake will endure heat that a man could not; a rabbit will hear things inaudible to us; a fly or a hawk see things beyond the power of the human eye. Only to a certain point, varying with the individual, do we have a physical life in common. But I believe that man could, in any of these directions, equal the powers of the animals in

question, given a sufficient time and the necessity for that special development.

To a certain point, likewise, I believe that both have a common mental life, but with this important difference: that, while man *might* develop any of the unusual physical capacities attained by the lower animals, neither time nor necessity, nor both, would enable them to follow us mentally much farther than they have already done; because they have not the gift of language. Means of communication they have, some not well understood by us, besides various cries and grunts of some little definiteness of expression; but nothing that could, in any sense, be considered articulate speech, even in its simplest form.

Mr. Max Müller, a recognized authority on matters psychological, has an analysis of man’s mental processes which may help us in our search for the difference which Mr. Burroughs has failed to make clear; it is as follows: First, Sensation (the response of the nerves to outside stimuli); from this comes Perception (a subjective cognition of Sensation); out of this grows Conception (a definite mental image with certain relations); then Language. He points out that these different terms are, of course, merely names for more or less indistinguishable steps in a continuous process; that each part of this is so bound up with the others as to be quite inseparable from them; but it makes the process clearer, more easily understood.

Accepting Mr. Müller’s analysis as substantially correct, at what point in it do man and the lower animals part company? Mr. Müller is of the opinion that animals have sensation and perception, but not conception. He frankly admits that he cannot explain why a percept, which invariably becomes a concept in the case of man, should not do so in the case of a brute; though he does not believe that it does. Mr. Burroughs and Prof. Thorndike both stop on the hither side of perception, allowing the lower animals mere sensation, though they must see that this leaves many mental acts without adequate explanation, as, for instance, how memory is possible without concepts.

We see that animals do learn by experience; that is to say, we see that their responses to outside stimuli, instead of being automatic and unchanging, are sometimes

modified in the individual when its advantage requires such modification. In "learning," the animal has come to recognize new relations; its point of view is changed, its normal action under given circumstances voluntarily inhibited, and a new and different action substituted from which it derives a benefit. To call this "mere recurrent perception" neither explains it nor removes it as an obstacle in the path of the mere perceptionist. Instead of being "mere perception" it is perception modified by new relations not inherent in the percept itself, which by the very presence of these acquired relations becomes a concept, and as such is a proper basis for memory.

Mr. Burroughs has the strong conviction that there is a marked difference between the mental life of man and that of the lower animals. In this he is quite correct; there *is* a difference, a gulf which probably can never be passed. But what he does not see, or at least what he does not make manifest, is what this gulf is and why they cannot cross it. His efforts to show exactly what this difference is are both vague and misleading; nor does it appear that Prof. Thorndike, on whom he leans, is much nearer the truth. To avoid the puzzling problems of perception and conception, they prudently deny to the poor brutes anything beyond mere sensation.

Now, as a working hypothesis, let us define thought as *conscious intellectual effort*, for this phrase not only tells what thought is, but at the same time sets it apart from all those related mental activities which have proved so confusing. With this definition we shall find that we can safely allow

the lower animals all the mentality that their faculties warrant without trespassing on a domain belonging exclusively to man. We can ascribe to them voluntary mental activity, we can leave them their simple images or concepts on which memory depends, we can permit them to link cause and effect as they undoubtedly do, and still have conscious intellectual processes, something entirely human.

Conscious intellectual effort depends absolutely on language, the final step in Mr. Müller's analysis, because conscious intellectual effort *is always communicable*. Language is the key to the whole matter; without language no thought, without thought no language, for language *is* thought. There can be no conscious mental activity except in words. The two, language and thought, are indivisible; sensation, perception and conception belong to man and the lower animals alike; but language to man alone. Through language man's conception is expanded to the *n*th power; without it the brute conception is limited to the barest necessity, and practically to individual experience. Therefore in man a noble quality, such as justice for instance, becomes infinitely developable; while in the brute it is, and without language must always remain, merely rudimentary.

All life is one; all that man has is potential in the brute, but only potential. Language is that breath of life by virtue of which man makes the potential the actual. Therefore in man shall knowledge grow from more to more till he ends in the spiritual image of God.



EXPLORING UNKNOWN AMERICA

CASPAR WHITNEY IN THE JUNGLE

LAST month it was Dillon Wallace and the news of his start upon his homeward journey by sled and snowshoe from the wilds of Labrador. This month it is Caspar Whitney who, by the time this magazine appears, is in the heart of the South American jungle.

Word has just arrived from Manaos at the junction of the Amazon River and the Rio Negro, where Mr. Whitney was preparing to begin his two thousand mile trip along the desolate interior waterways of northern South America. The task ahead of him, he says frankly, is one of the hardest he has ever undertaken, the very hardest since his famous Barren Ground trip.

He ascends the Rio Negro four hundred and twenty miles to Santa Isabel by a little flat bottom, stern wheel trading steamer, which at the time his letter was written was lying idle at Manaos because of low water, although it draws only three and a half feet. From Santa Isabel he transfers his outfit to a canoe and paddles three hundred and eighty miles to the mouth of the Cassiquiare River. He follows the Cassiquiare River two hundred miles to its junction with the Orinoco; and canoes down the Orinoco to Ciudad Bolivar, nine hundred and fifty miles, the end of the dangerous journey. He paddles, therefore, more than fifteen hundred miles of the way.

Along the upper Rio Negro he passes through a desolate country inhabited only by Indians. He has seen a few of these Indians at the fort of Manaos, "brought in from up the Rio Negro where their tribe had raided a small stray settlement and killed a number with their poisoned arrows. The Indians are rather tall, but very slender, copper colored, and use bows from six to seven feet long with arrows full six feet in length, the tip being dipped in a poison called *curare*, a very strong brew known only to the Indians. They wear no clothes."

The lower Cassiquiare district is also desolate. Of the upper Cassiquiare he has not been able to learn anything. Along the upper Orinoco he will probably en-

counter the reported white Indians who make the strongest kind of arrow and blow-gun dart poison used among South American savages. To find out about these tribes and those farther down the Orinoco, who are said to be unusually short of stature and to be cannibalistic, formed part of Mr. Whitney's object in making the trip.

There are rapids on the upper Negro which he must pack around, and thirty miles of rapids midway on the Orinoco where a portage will be necessary. The jungle through which he will paddle for fifteen hundred miles is known only for its Indians, its yellow fever and its desolation, promising little or nothing in the way of food.

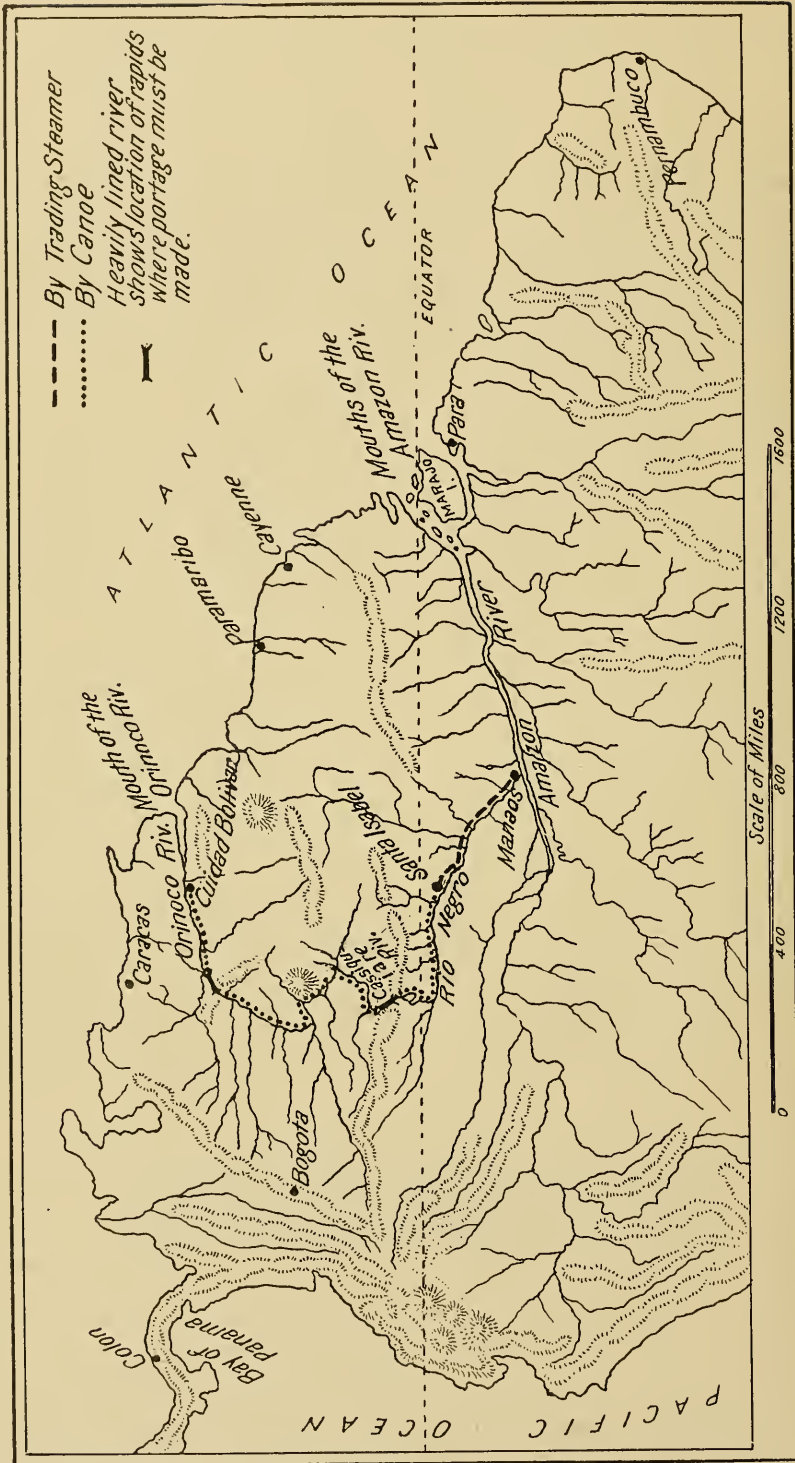
He reports from Manaos great difficulty in getting any one to go with him. The Brazilians shake their heads at the idea of going farther into the wilderness than they have gone or of going beyond certain defined limits of known territory. At the time he was writing he was trying to obtain the services of enough Indians to make up his expedition.

"I expect a hard trip," he writes, "but I am not going into it with my eyes closed or only partially open. I know I am to have one of the hardest—the very hardest since my Barren Ground venture. You can have full confidence in my getting through, however, because I intend to go through, right side up. I am prepared to encounter everything from yellow fever to Indians, grubless country and all the rest of it."

Dillon Wallace has returned from Labrador, and the thrilling story of his journey will begin the August issue.

Mr. Whitney is, of course, the editor of THE OUTING MAGAZINE, and Mr. Wallace represents, in his successful journey through unmapped Labrador, the spirit of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., once an associate editor of THE OUTING MAGAZINE, who gave up his life on that first expedition into the Labrador wild. This magazine has sent out both of these expeditions as it has sent out others in the past, not only be-

MAP SHOWING CASPAR WHITNEY'S PRESENT TRIP UP THE AMAZON AND DOWN THE ORINOCO, A JOURNEY WHICH HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN UNDERTAKEN.



From Manaos to Santa Isabel, 420 miles.

From Santa Isabel to the mouth of Cassiquiare, 380 miles.

On the Cassiquiare River to the upper Orinoco River, 200 miles.

On the Orinoco River to Ciudad Bolivar, 950 miles.

A total distance from Manaos to Ciudad Bolivar of 1,950 miles, of which Mr. Whitney travels more than 1,500 miles by canoe.

cause it stands for the adventurous American, the man in whom remains, undying, the old-time pioneer spirit, but because as well it believes it is doing a valuable public service in exploring new parts of what is getting to be an old country, in carefully mapping out districts that have been practically unknown, and in furnishing accurate knowledge of the people and the animals and the vegetation that live in them; in making the way easier, in a word, to coming generations of Americans.

This is, we believe, part of the mission of an optimistic American magazine, a magazine that believes in our national future.

THE AUTHOR OF "WHITE FANG"

THE publication in THE OUTING MAGAZINE of Jack London's latest serial, "White Fang," is one of the leading literary events of the year in the United States. From the editorial view-point, it is another striking proof that the appeal of this magazine has far outgrown what may be called the field of authoritative sport. While it maintains its prestige in this quarter, it has also become one of the leading magazines for the general reader who likes virile and wholesome fact and fiction, as hopeful and stimulating as the great outdoors which is the peculiar province of THE OUTING MAGAZINE. "White Fang" follows serials by Stewart Edward White, Alfred Henry Lewis and Charles G. D. Roberts, and will be succeeded by an uncommonly entertaining serial by Chester Bailey Fernald.

Jack London, in the opinion of a multitude of readers, wrote his best story in "The Call of the Wild." He has returned to a similar atmosphere, background and movement in "White Fang," with a kindred theme, handled as a contrast in development when compared with "The Call of the Wild." The hero is a dog, and it is not telling the story too much in advance to reveal the fact that this wild and wolfish hero with which the tale opens is, in the end, tamed and led away from his primitive savagery.

There are men in the story, of course, and they are the red-blooded, elemental

types which Jack London has stamped with his own hall-mark. For so young a man, his influence upon current fiction has been singularly impressive. A host of imitators has followed in his wake, but without the touch of genius to handle these big passions and motives. Jack London has dealt much with cruelty and lust of blood and the raw and naked brute in man, but there has been always a story to tell, a motive to handle, and a fine sense of proportion.

He is one of the most picturesque products of that literary California which has given us Bret Harte and Frank Norris and Joaquin Miller. An untamed and unconventional man from his youth up, London has fought his way to the front with a cheerful disregard for obstacles. A sailor and sealer and fisherman in San Francisco Bay and on the Pacific, the world brutally clubbed him for years, but it could not keep him down. His sympathies were enlisted in the cause of the Under World because he lived in it, and he became a rampant socialist by force of environment. It is true, however, that even those who laugh at his socialistic theories, admire his work as that of one of the dominant figures in the American fiction of to-day, while at the same time they respect his honesty of purpose in championing the down-trodden of our complex civilization.

Just now Jack London is building a forty-foot schooner in which he will set out for a seven-year voyage around the world. His wife will go with him, and there will be only two men in his crew. This is, in a way, a literary pilgrimage, but it is safe to say that the young man's love of adventurous living and for the wide and open spaces has had something to do with this hazardous purpose. In other words, what he writes he lives, and when he tells of the sea, or of a "Sea Wolf," he grips you hard because he has gathered his facts and his inspiration at first hand.

"The Call of the Wild" was inspired by the author's own experiences in the Klondike as a gold-seeker. "White Fang" is another great story, not only because Jack London has the gift of story-telling, but also because he has lived and suffered all that he so intimately describes.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE WORLD

BY RALPH D. PAINE

A VERY WORTHY TRIBUTE TO JAMES
E. SULLIVAN

A FEW weeks before the American team of athletes sailed to compete in the Olympic Games at Athens, James E. Sullivan was a guest of President Roosevelt for luncheon at the White House. The President had been requested by the King of Greece to appoint an official representative who should accompany the American team in order that fitting honor and respect might be paid the nation whose strong and fleet young men had undertaken so formidable a pilgrimage for no other reward than glory. Instead of naming some one who might claim this distinction by reason of political or social preferment, the President selected James E. Sullivan as the official delegate from this government.

By means of this selection President Roosevelt wished to pay his own tribute to the many years of devoted effort toward the cause of clean sport in the United States which Mr. Sullivan has placed to his credit as Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union. And inviting him to luncheon was President Roosevelt's wholesome fashion of letting Mr. Sullivan know that his work was appreciated and that his success had been followed by this most distinguished citizen of the nation who could find time to pat a champion of clean athletics on the back and say: "Good work. You have done more than any other one man to make our organized athletics what they ought to be—a fair field and no favor."

Shortly after his visit to Washington, Mr. Sullivan said to a friend:

"That was a more satisfactory reward for my work than if somebody had handed me a purse of ten thousand dollars. Think of the President finding time to dig me up and talk over the problem of keeping amateur athletics straight in this country, when the Secretary of War and the Secretary of State were at the same table."

Now the work of "Jim" Sullivan has often taken him from his chosen province of supervising the athletic club organization and the regulation of amateur status at large, into the field of college athletics which are, generally speaking, under a government of their own. And when the Secretary of the A. A. U. has invaded the college world by ruling or criticism, his opinions have been worth listening to. Not long ago he was talking about certain undergraduate athletes who have been competing under the colors of outside athletic clubs.

"I cannot understand the state of mind of the college man who would rather run

for an athletic club than for his college, even in vacation time," he said. "There is added honor for the college if it includes among its athletic trophies the holding of a national championship. But when a man represents an athletic club, he surrenders his personality and his college prestige to the club team. It would be much better for him to go into these outside competitions wearing his college colors and proud of them. I think that a man should take as much pride in winning a national championship for his college as in winning an intercollegiate championship. This point has been under discussion for a good many years, whether or not college men in college should compete for athletic clubs while they are undergraduates. It seems to me most advisable to bar them from this kind of competition until they have ceased to wear the college colors. Then they can do as they please."

It was pointed out in the course of the discussion that in thirty years only five men have competed for the national championships of the A. A. U. under their college colors. These loyal sons were Sherrill, Brooks and Mitchell of Yale; Prinstein of Syracuse and Page of the University of Pennsylvania. Of course the attraction for the college athlete to enroll himself in some strong athletic club for the summer consists of the training table and expense account, the free trips and the good fellowship of training at such a charming country club as the home of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island.

But his first duty is to his college after all. He has learned to run or to jump, he has been cared for and developed, by the college trainer and the college organization, and the college athletic treasury has footed the bills to put his talent on edge and bring him out. If by competing in important outside events in vacation time he can bring honor to his college and increase the respect for and the prestige of her colors, there lies his duty, as straight as a string. And by calling attention to a practice which really lies beyond his own boundaries, Secretary Sullivan shows again how genuine is his interest in the best kind and the most wholesome conduct of American athletic pastime. And he got no more than he deserved when President Roosevelt warmed the cockles of his heart by paying formal tribute to his work toward making honest and sturdy Americans.

THE TRAINING TABLE AND ITS SENTIMENT

In the general overhauling of college athletics, the new brooms have threatened to sweep away the training table. It has

been vigorously attacked by many reformers as one of the symptoms which go to show that athletics are made a business of. Some colleges have shortened the training table season, where it has not been actually abolished, and henceforth it is to be made a less important item of the athletic outlay. Now it is true that the training table has been extravagantly conducted, and maintained for a longer period of the season than may be necessary. But a good many thousand of us one-time athletes will rise to defend its sentimental value apart from its practical worth in the programme of making sound bodies.

The worst charge that can be laid against it is that it has provided a means for giving free board to "athletic students," who have figured this gratuitous provender as among the inducements which have swayed their choice of a college. If there is an honest endeavor and purpose to keep the athletics of a college clean, the training table need not be a menace to honesty. It is simply a matter of bookkeeping to charge every man a fair price for his board and see to it that he pays it. Because the training system has been abused, it is not fair to blame the system. The trouble rests with the men who are running college athletic affairs every time.

In any college where athletics have been established through two or three generations, the training table has certain traditions and customs whose origin is obscure. Things are done in a certain way, because they were done that way last year and the year before, and so on back as far as the memory of the onlooker can carry it. Now and then there comes an outburst of investigation, the reformers get busy and are rash enough to ask why things have to be done in just such and such a fashion. Because the crew training table has always started in the first week of March, your old-timer never thinks of trying to find out whether the oarsmen would not thrive as lustily if the date was postponed until April. Or he will observe:

"We have always had rice pudding Tuesdays and Thursdays for dinner, and ice cream Sundays, and I suppose we always will. I don't know whether the systems of the men would be upset if we switched the pudding to Mondays and Fridays, but I'd hate to take a chance on it."

There was once a football training table at which for many years the men were fairly tortured by thirst. They were permitted to drink two glasses of water at each meal, and none between times, and one glass just before going to bed. This might have sufficed an ordinary man engaged in a sedentary pursuit, but these young gladiators were sweating off from three to five pounds of their weight every warm afternoon. Team after team suffered and swore and was feverish for lack of enough drinking water, until a bold

captain came along who was not afraid to grab precedent by the tail and swing it around his head. His men were given all the chilled, not iced, water they cared to drink, and they were happy and strong and wiped up the field with their doughtiest foe.

Going back of this a few years, we find the college athlete subsisting on a barbarous diet of raw beef and oatmeal. If he dared nibble the wholesome diet of the average mortal, something dreadful would happen to him, but he was so loyal to his absurd system that he never took any risks. Step by step, the training table has resolved itself into a rational programme of diet with a wide variety, such as all of us ought to stick to the year round. And now its term is to be curtailed, a sensible proceeding, for there is no sound reason why an athlete should spend half his college year living on the treasury, for there is a very wide margin between the price of board that can be fairly charged up to the eater, and the cost of the same. I have known the cost of the training table to run as high as fifteen and eighteen dollars a week per man, which is absurd. It must be remembered, however, that the athlete when he is really hungry, which is most of his waking time, consumes twice the weight of provender you could really expect him to hold. He has no use for Horace Fletcherism, or any other foolish notions about playing at eating. College towns are full of landladies who have gone bankrupt on contracts to run a training table, after doubling the price charged normal guests.

Eliminating the unreasonably long season and the "free board" evil, the training table becomes an admirable part of the athletic organization. It throws together in a close communion a lot of pretty manly young fellows, who find here reward for their toil on field and track and river. It is almost the only social feature of their training life, and Heaven knows we need all the diversion our young men can find in their football and rowing. It makes friendships and knits the bonds of college loyalty and makes for a fine kind of sentiment. It maintains a discipline and restraint, which is another good thing for young men to experience, and it teaches regular hours and good habits of living. As a rule you will find that the man who ate at the training table in college has carried along into his later years a simple and vigorous appetite for the right kinds of food. He is not finicky, he does not have to spur a jaded palate, and he has only one grave fault to find with all existing rations, no matter how costly the menu:

"I can never, never find beef like that we used to get at the training table."

Alas, beef is as prime and juicy now as then, but our critic has grown older. Tinker with the training table, oh, ye athletic overseers, restrain its operation within normal bounds, but do not let your strenuous

ous zeal for reform lead you to banish it from the training programme.

A READJUSTMENT OF ATHLETIC CONDITIONS

The sports of spring time are in full swing, and the baseball and track and rowing squads are gloriously busy, thousands upon thousands of them. More young men have turned out to "try for teams" than ever before, and the reports the country over indicate that college sport was never in such healthy and flourishing condition. The storm which swept the football world has eddied into the kindred fields of sport, and in the readjustment of conditions, rowing and track athletics and baseball have new problems to solve. Wherever football has been abolished or suspended, as at Columbia, Northwestern University and at the Stanford and California universities, the college athletic finances have been jolted to their center. Many amiable but uninformed critics of swollen football gate receipts seemed to be under the impression that these surplus bank accounts were thrown out of the window, or into the wrong pockets. The fact is that football has been supporting the other branches of sport which could not pay their way, such as rowing and track athletics. If football gate receipts are seriously reduced, then the non-supporting pastimes must be maintained by popular subscription.

Football and baseball games ought to be offered to the undergraduate for a small price of admission, at the same time letting the outside public pay for its tickets such amounts as would supply a surplus which could be devoted to supporting the poverty-stricken departments of athletics. Yale has put into operation a commendable reform by wiping out the "level premium" system by which every undergraduate was dunned for eight dollars a year toward the support of the athletic association. Hereafter the undergraduate is to be given a square deal at New Haven, where a reasonably economical administration will provide abundant funds for the conduct of almost all sports from the gate receipts of football alone. Elsewhere, however, reform will have gone to a very unwise extreme if football receipts are so cut down as to cripple the other sports dependent upon them. The financial problem cannot be rightly solved by any headlong attack upon existing methods until there has been worked out a careful method for finding funds that are genuinely needed in order to diversify the range of athletic pastime for the campus.

The decision of the Western Colleges Conference to limit the price of admission to fifty cents, including reserved seats, for all members of the university is a wise handling of this important problem. The undergraduate ought to pay no more than

this to see his own teams compete, while on the other hand it is as fair to charge the outsider two dollars or two dollars and a half, which he will cheerfully pay. The issue in this crusade against college athletic finances is, after all, not the amount of money handled, but the manner of spending it. If these funds are used to equip playing fields, and foster a wide variety of pastime, then a big income is as legitimate for the athletic association as for the college treasury.

THE RISE OF RUGBY FOOTBALL

The English game of Rugby football, oddly enough, has become a flourishing spring sport, on many fields challenging baseball for student interest. The young men who are playing it find it good fun, and some of them are talking of it seriously as a rival of the American college game which has been recently torn to shreds and tatters by friend and foe. Rugby will be no more than a minor sport on the American campus, however, and its popularity at present is somewhat faddish and reactionary. It is easy to play the game after a fashion, but not easy to play it well, as all will agree who were fortunate enough to see the experts from New Zealand play an exhibition match in New York. The American collegians who are "monkeying with it" at present will not be content to leave the scrimmage formless and inchoate if they make a serious study of the game, and sooner or later they will begin to systematize it, just as their forefathers did when they took it and fashioned from it the American college game.

It is the fashion now to bark at the men who have made the American game, but it ought to be remembered that this game has been an evolution, largely influenced by truly American traits of character and temperament. The Rugby game became in time a highly systematized machine because of the American talent for organization in business and pastime. It became at length too highly organized, and the machine has had to be loosened up again. The new Rules Committee has done its work with commendable thoroughness and intelligence. The game as it will be played this year will include the most radical changes made since the introduction of interference. More has been accomplished than the most ardent reformers of two years ago hoped to see in their day and generation. The ten-yard rule, the forward pass, and the practical abolition of mass play behind the line mean a vastly more interesting game, with wide opportunity for brilliant coaching innovations. All friends of college sport will suspend judgment until the new game is thoroughly tested. Meanwhile Rugby will be played, and long life to it, for we cannot have too many kinds of games on our athletic fields.

TAKING AN AUTOMOBILE ABROAD

BY WALTER HALE

WE never realized the interest our friends and acquaintances took in our welfare until we declared our intention of touring Europe in an American car. From that time on we were overwhelmed with advice from all quarters. Advice is cheap anyway, and it seemed of little moment that most of the advisers had never dreamed of undertaking a similar stunt themselves.

"You must be sure and carry yards and yards of stout rope," said a friend in Chicago.

"Why rope?" I asked.

"Rope is one of the finest things to have around an automobile. You never can tell when you may need a tow; it's useful to tie on luggage, and when you are going through sandy places and on slimy roads you can cut it up in chunks and tie it around the rear tires to keep the car from skidding."

As a matter of fact, the only time we had occasion to harness a horse to the car, the farmer who came to our aid was amply provided with straps to fasten the traces to the front axle. This horse had evidently been nursing a grouch against automobiles for a long time. It took us half an hour to get him hooked up, and when we finally started he gave a snort of wrath and galloped into the little town of Aiguebelle, in Savoy, as though the devil himself was at his heels.

A man in New Orleans wanted to know if I was quick with a gun. I told him I didn't know; that I'd always been a fair shot with the old Springfield, when I was in the Minnesota militia.

"Oh, it isn't the same thing, at all; that's just child's play, nothin' to it. What you want is a 'Colt 38.' If you don't know much about it, practice on the gulls on the way over, and when you start from Naples have it handy in your coat pocket. You never can tell what you're going to meet up with in those mountain fastnesses; and the fancy game is to shoot 'em up a whole lot first, and then inquire what's the matter afterwards. I know those Eye-talians; we have a whole bunch of 'em workin' round here on the railroad."

Through all our tour on the Continent, on lonely stretches in the Pontine Marshes and wild passes in the mountains, the most formidable object we encountered was a placid black cow, which loomed up in the glare of the searchlight, and looked to my distorted imagination like a highwayman on horseback.

Some of the suggestions were practical, like the one from a friend in Champaign,

Illinois, who told me to carry a hydrometer to test the gasoline. The Italians in the country towns have a habit of watering their stock, and the first *panne* we had came from that cause.

We were told to get a canopy top, too; but I refused, secure in the belief that we would encounter little rain during the summer months. It poured almost constantly for the three weeks we were in the Apennines and along the Adriatic coast, though our ponchos and rubber caps were ample protection against the occasional showers we ran through afterwards.

Clocks, shock absorbers, technical books, extra brakes, muffler cut out (many a time in the mountains I regretted not having that put in), alcohol stove for making tea, luncheon basket, speed indicator, aneroid barometers for taking the altitude, field glasses, wicker basket for holding extra can of gasoline, and innumerable styles of hampers, were among the accessories we were told we couldn't possibly do without.

A delightful tour through Normandy and Brittany, with the late Kirke La Shelle, had first inspired me with the ambition to own and drive a car on the Continent myself, and the experience was of great assistance in showing me what was really necessary for the trip. So I was adamant when I found Madame on the day before sailing standing distracted in the midst of motor-ing hats, caps, goggles, veils, cloaks, boots, parasols, gauntlets, face masks and foot muffs, all recommended by persistent friends, and a great deal of which I insisted must be sacrificed.

Wealthy automobilists have been touring Europe for years. It is for the benefit of men, who, like myself, must consider the cost, and who believe that half the sport comes from driving the car, and overcoming the obstacles alone, *sans chauffeur*, that I'm giving a list of our equipments and showing the principal expenses they must meet.

I have a friend from the West who owns and drives a high-powered "Fiat," who confesses he doesn't know what goes on when he changes speed; he leaves that to the chauffeur. He was among the number who sent up prayers for my safety and pictured me under the car in a broiling sun, or keeping lonely vigil by its side on a dark night in the mountains waiting for help to come from the nearest town.

When we sailed from Boston on the White Star liner *Canopic* last May, the car was crated and stored in one of the forward holds, where it could be easily gotten at on landing. One of the agents had agreed to

carry it uncrated, but an obstacle loomed up at the last moment in the shape of a dock superintendent, who it developed was really a more powerful factor than the manager of the company himself. We argued in vain, with the result that the car was hastily, though thoroughly, boxed on the dock at a cost to me of only about thirty-five dollars. Under ordinary circumstances to crate a fully equipped touring car costs from sixty dollars to one hundred dollars. The price for the same work is considerably less in France.

The rate from Boston to Naples at the time was twelve shillings sixpence per ton of forty cubic feet; it has since been raised to twenty shillings on all important lines, sailing to the Mediterranean. At the old rate, my car cost thirty-six dollars, which did not include lighterage from the ship to the wharf, in Naples, amounting to about five dollars more. The cost of getting it through the custom house is not very heavy, but I thought it ridiculously slow and full of red tape, until I had experienced the hold-up on one's return to his native land. There was a tax for stamp, and another for *guardia*—a gentleman in uniform who stared vacantly at the car for two hours, and saw that the Neapolitan wharf rats didn't run away with it. Then a charge of two dollars for issuing the license, another of about three dollars for keeping the office open after hours in order to issue the license, then the license itself, permitting me to drive where I wotted in the King's domain, and finally the duty, which amounted to twenty-five dollars in Italy, and one hundred and twenty-six dollars in France, remitted in both cases on crossing the frontier.

The duty is based on the number of springs in Italy, and on the weight of the car in France; in the former case a leaden seal is attached to one of the springs, and another to the steering wheel, and they must not be disturbed or tampered with, if the owner expects to recover his money on leaving the country. Most drivers declare their cars considerably under weight on entering France, to make the deposit as small as possible, though all of this annoyance can be avoided if one is a member of the Automobile Club of America, which has established reciprocal relations with the Touring Clubs of both countries, allowing many privileges, and the special price for their valuable books and maps.

The car went through the Italian *dogana* in about three hours; they kept it in the New York Custom House, on our return, for over two weeks and the crate disappeared entirely, though I had distinctly stated that I wished it kept for use another year. I had shipped it by steamer from Naples to Antwerp, then we changed our plans, and it was given a boat ride back to Havre to await our sailing. It had been so constantly in my thoughts that I really became attached to that crate.

For equipment, we carried a trunk on the platform at the rear of the car held in place by straps running fore and aft and from side to side, through iron clips screwed to the floor. There was room for a deck basket between the trunk and the seat, in which we carried four extra inner tubes, ponchos, waterproof caps, guide-books, wraps and articles that we wished to have easily accessible.

We strapped a suit case on top and a long box was placed on the footboard on the right side of the car, fastened by lock and key. In this we carried the heavier tools for repairs and adjustments, a jack, a rubber pail, which we found most useful, extra spindle bearings and spare parts packed in waste, oil and grease, carbide for the generator, tire-repair kit, pump, oil cans, files, etc.

You can buy gasoline anywhere in France, but for long runs through the mountains in Italy I found it necessary to carry a five-gallon can strapped to the board in front of the tool box for use in emergencies. The smaller parts were stored under the seat, a complete supply of extra bolts and nuts, and chamois for straining the gasoline, extra spark plugs, vibrator springs, contact points, coils of copper wire, spanners and other tools. Except for the balls, cups, cones, etc., of the bearings, we carried no heavy extra parts, like connecting rods, spokes or extra gears.

We hung two extra shoes on side irons at the left of the car, and the odometer showed only on the wheel, where it wasn't half so useful as the more expensive ones on the dash. I added a searchlight to the usual lamp equipment, which we found of the greatest service on the winding roads in the hills, where it could be operated from side to side to pick out the curves long before the car reached them. I had a sprag attached to the front axle, which could be dropped from a hook on the dash; we seldom found use for it, but on one occasion it held when the brakes didn't, and probably saved us from trouble.

It is rather hard to determine what of these extras would be found most useful; we were unusually fortunate in escaping serious breaks and accidents. Our tour began at Naples, and ended at Havre, a total distance of 2,323 miles, through Rome, Foligno, Gubbio, and over the Apennines to Pesaro and Rimini, which is the end of the Via Flaminia, the ancient highway built by the Romans to connect the Capitol with the cities of the Adriatic. Then the route lay along the wide and level Via Emilia, another Roman relic, and one of the finest roads in all Italy, to Bologna and Piacenza. We went back over the mountains again to Genoa—which is approached from the north by an atrociously rocky highway nearing the city—and recrossed them a fourth time from Savona on the Italian Riviera, *en route* to Turin. We

reached Susa, at the foot of the Alps, on Sunday, July 16th, the day of the great hill-climbing race up the Mont Cenis Pass. The distance is twenty-three kilometers, or about seventeen miles, and the road turns and twists through gorges and around dizzy ridges, up a twelve per cent. grade, till it is lost above the clouds at the summit 7,000 feet above the sea. Our route then lay through Lanslebourg, Chambery, Aix les Bains, Lyons, Roanne, Nevers and Montargis to Paris and from there through Vernon, Rouen and Yvetot to Havre.

We never took the extra shoes off the side irons during the journey and only picked up two punctures in the whole distance, which was great good luck for us and spoke well for our tires.

I had a lot of trouble in Italy through watered and dirty gasoline, though I always saw that it was carefully strained, and I had only two serious breaks with the engine. The high speed clutch broke when I was thirteen miles up in the mountains from Savona, and I had to alternately coast and climb on the low speed to get back to the city. The car was ready again in three days, and the cost of casting a new band at the foundry and making a new clutch out of Bessemer steel was a trifle less than twenty-five dollars, or about what it would cost to make the wooden pattern alone at home.

It is a mistake to suppose that mechanics on the Continent do bad work on an American car, as I had been told, or that they charge exorbitant prices for repairs. It takes them a little longer to understand the engine, but once they do, they work quickly and thoroughly, generally at a price far below what we expect to pay for it.

The brakes had seemed all right when I started to cross the Alps, but when we began the descent they failed to hold, and I had to throw in the low speed to check the car at the turns and used the reverse to stop it when we got to the foot of the Pass. The strain stripped the gears, and the car had to be dismounted, new brake bands made, and the gears thoroughly overhauled in Aix, yet the whole bill was not more than sixty dollars.

As for the hotels in Italy, they are inclined to raise the prices for motorists.

"Car coming!" they cry, and the green-aproned porters rush out to greet the travelers, laying violent hands on the luggage, while the landlord murmurs "Sting 'em," or its Italian equivalent. He at once shows you the bridal chamber, a large, cold, hall-like place; but we adopted the system of not shutting off the engine, and generally convinced him that we could easily go somewhere else, and that all Americans were not necessarily millionaires.

In France they make every effort to encourage travel by automobile, realizing how it has brought new life to the country hotels and little villages and what a vast industry its manufacture has become. It

is pre-eminently the country for the motorist, just as he will avoid the rock-throwing peasants and general ill feeling in Switzerland as he would the plague. The roads are perfect and beautifully graded, generally running through avenues of trees. Sign boards and warnings of dangerous descents and curves are sprinkled everywhere, and the food and service in the little hotels are infinitely better than in more pretentious places in the United States, at about half the cost.

While the Italians may hold you up for hotel prices, they do it so politely that it's almost a delight to be robbed; and on the countryside everywhere one gets a "*buon giorno*" or a wave of the handkerchief from the peasants in the fields, who have not yet become *blasé* about the automobile and look upon it as a nine days' wonder. The French countryman is so accustomed to motor cars that they awaken little interest in him. I was surprised to find how little his superiors observed the etiquette of the road, as we are taught to practice it at home. During the four or five times I was stopped *en panne* a number of automobiles whizzed by without even slowing down to suggest assistance. On the other hand, the Italians invariably come to a full stop, with an offer of help, when they find a brother motorist in trouble.

Gasoline in Italy cost me as much as one dollar and twenty-five cents per gallon in some places, and wasn't good at that; though the average price was from eighty cents to a dollar, and in France, where the quality is uniform, it only costs about twice as much as it does in New York. It is really the most serious item of expense, but the cost of living is so much less, and the charges for repairs are so much cheaper that the balance is really all in favor of touring abroad.

The question of taking an American car over depends largely on the owner's familiarity with the engine.

That it can be done, and done successfully, tourists are proving every summer. The most important thing is to thoroughly understand your car, and to put it through the most rigid tests, so that whatever flaws exist can be remedied before it is put aboard the steamer.

The roads on the Continent, leading through forests, along poplar-lined avenues, past villages and vineyards in the valleys and under snow-capped peaks in the mountain passes are beautiful almost beyond words; but from a practical standpoint they are frightfully hard on tires, and their flinty surfaces, smooth enough to the eye, put a constant hammering strain on the working parts of an automobile. A car must be stoutly built to stand up to such work, and it's rather amusing to hear some patriots howl against the foreign cars, because, as they say, they are not adapted to our roads, which, to be sure, are rougher but much more resilient.

Half the so-called touring cars made in the United States in no way deserve the title from the standard established in France, Italy and Germany. It is not always a question of horse power, but of strength and adequate control. Three speeds or more ahead are an absolute necessity; the hills are seldom short enough to rush them, and the steady steep grades in the mountains are out of the question on the high speed, except for high powered cars geared low. An owner who thinks of taking a car with two speeds ahead to the Continent for touring purposes will save himself a lot of nervous worry if he leaves it at home, and, by the same token, four cylinders relieve some of the responsibility one feels who has only two.

A writer in one of the magazines recently says that a touring car should be supplied with at least four brakes, which is rather too many in my opinion, though when one has come down 4,000 feet of an Alpine Pass without any at all he is apt to become a stanch advocate of a machine that brakes on the transmission as well as on the hubs.

When your car is properly equipped and tested, there is a beautiful holiday awaiting you along the natural highways on the Continent. There are picturesque old towers and castles dotting the landscape, ancient Roman walls and bridges, and miles of verdant forest through which the white road winds like a snake to end abruptly at some little village, where the inn is open night and day with a kindly welcome for the motorist. There are no speed laws except in the cities, and those the thoughtful driver would observe anyway. There is uniform courtesy if one meets the people half way. With ordinary good luck you

will escape serious trouble, and if things break or get out of order, the nearest town is not far distant, with nearly always a blacksmith and a mechanician.

There are roads up steep hills into some medieval stronghold in Italy, where the battlements frown at the twentieth century invader, or under covered driveways into the residence of one of the Bourbon kings in France; there are rugged passes along the gorges or through tunnels in the Apennines, and the wonderful blue lines of the Adriatic dotted with bright-colored sails spread at one's feet when the summit is reached. There is the quick change from the sun-baked roads on the plain of the Emilia to the chill winds and gray skies of the Alps, where the villages down in the valley become smaller and smaller until the sunlight is shut off entirely, and one is enveloped in a cloak of mist which deadens all sound save the steady purring of the engine.

There are nights along the Riviera, when the soft wind in one's face is heavy with the scent of flowers; there are roads in France patrolled so well that one can follow the way past lake and river and over the hills in absolute safety, though the moon is behind the clouds; or again when the rain falls in torrents and the car skips and skids in the mud, and the warmth and comfort of the country hotel are doubly welcome when the journey is ended.

All this, and more, awaits the motorist who can say, with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine"; but if he has the true interests of the sport at heart, he will observe the rules of the road and save himself a lot of annoyance by showing proper consideration and respect for the customs of the country.

THE RACQUETS SEASON REVIEWED

BY GEORGE H. BROOKE

THE annual championships in racquets of the United States both in singles and doubles, were won by representatives of Boston. Percy Haughton, the famous ex-fullback of Harvard, won the singles, and Hugh D. Scott paired with Richmond Fearing, won the doubles. Mr. Scott is a former Philadelphian and represented that city in racquets for several years, but he learned his game originally in Boston when he was an undergraduate at Harvard.

The singles championship held in Boston brought out a good field of entries, although the absence of Harold McCormick of Chicago and Clarence H. Mackay and Milton S. Barger of New York was a distinct loss,

for their presence in the tournament would have completed entirely the list of racquets experts in this country.

The victory of Haughton was unexpected, but it should not have been as much of a surprise as it was in the light of his athletic achievements in other lines. And although Mr. Haughton has not been playing racquets very long, comparatively speaking, yet from the very beginning he has displayed an unusually good form and style in his play. It was this easy form combined with remarkable coolness which took him through the tournament and won him the championship this year in his final contest with Payne Whitney.

Owing to an agreement entered into several years ago the championship was played off in the courts of the Boston Athletic Association which are quite inferior to the Bickley courts at either the Boston or the New York Racquet and Tennis Clubs. The front wall and floor in the Athletic Association courts have been "Bickley-sized," but even at that the court was quite tricky and uncertain. Perhaps this trickiness of the court had something to do with the failure of Quincy A. Shaw, Jr., to make a better showing, because Mr. Shaw plays remarkable shots when he gets well set for the strokes; but no one can get well set for a stroke when the court is uncertain.

Perhaps this same result might have happened in the case of Clarence H. Mackay if he had been playing in this tournament, for he is another expert who plays in beautifully finished form. He is absolutely at home in the perfect courts of the Tuxedo Club and has proven invincible there. Mr. Mackay also went easily through to the championship of the New York Racquet and Tennis Club this year, playing the most brilliant racquets of his career which includes a singles championship a few years ago. It was regretted on all sides that business made it impossible for him to go to Boston. His style of game is very pretty to watch, but his most telling stroke is killing the ball in the front corners.

One of the most interesting and comparatively unknown players is Harold McCormick of Chicago. Ever since Mr. McCormick came to New York last year in the championships and played through the first round, his game has been much discussed and argued about. He won his first match with great ease and brilliancy, and in his preliminary practice matches with George Standing, the New York professional, he exhibited a form that caused the wisecracks to back him heavily for the championships; but unfortunately a telegram from Chicago took him out of the tournament before any real test had come. He has been taught by Boakes, the Chicago professional, who is considered a clever teacher and it is said that his pupil, Mr. McCormick, does not know how to make a shot in bad form. Milton S. Barger is a hard and consistent veteran player and always at his best in a match.

It is necessary to consider these racquets experts in any discussion of racquets in this country. But getting back to the single championship in Boston, the entry list brought out a strong field in which were four former champions, namely, Shaw of Boston, Whitney and Waterbury of New York, and Brooke of Philadelphia. Other players were Hugh D. Scott, Austin Potter and Matthew Bartlett of Boston and George Thorne and Paul Hamlin of Chicago.

All of these tournaments are now played under the Bagnell-Wilde system of drawing which goes through a weeding-out process until only a very few survivors are left.

The first match of importance was between Lawrence Waterbury, 1905 champion, and Austin Potter. Potter surprised his friends by his excellent showing against the 1905 champion. He won the first and fourth games, Waterbury taking the second and third. When it came to the pinch in the last game, however, Waterbury's superior service told and he won the game by the one-sided score of 15-6. The second round found four Boston players, two from New York and one each from Chicago and Philadelphia left in the struggle. At the end of this round all were weeded out but two Bostonians and two New Yorkers.

The feature of this round was the sensational finish of Whitney in his match with Brooke, after the latter had won the two first games. Whitney then did better and after a very hard fight won the last three games. Whitney's service was remarkably effective in this match, and he scored no fewer than 41 aces by service out of his total of 71 aces in the whole six games. His most effective service was a terrific cut that carried from the side wall to the back wall and then went dead on the floor off the back wall.

In this round also came the match between Shaw and Waterbury. Many Bostonians thought the fate of the tournament hung on this match. The match proved to be an extremely interesting one. Waterbury took the first game quite easily and Shaw the second game still more easily. Then both men settled down into a fight to the finish. In the third game Waterbury by a remarkable run of service made the score 14-1, when Shaw went in and by racquets of the most brilliant order, pulled out 11 aces in three successive hands. Then he put himself out on an unlucky miss which barely cut the tell-tale and Waterbury took the game by one of his clever volleys which he dropped out of Shaw's reach. The fourth game was a long fight, each player going in to serve a number of times. At one point in this game Shaw led by 10-9, but Waterbury made a clever rally and ran 6 aces which gave him the game and match.

In the semi-finals Whitney met H. D. Scott who had already put out Thorne of Chicago, in a match which was highly interesting to some of those present and Waterbury went up against Percy Haughton. Scott, who had only just returned from South America, was not in very good form, having only had a week in which to practice. He had done a little practicing in a court at Buenos Ayres but not enough to get him into shape. Scott was the favorite in the betting, but the old Yale oarsman played splendid racquets all through and won out three games to one. It was two to one in Whitney's favor when the last game was started, and Scott made a splendid effort in the last game to tie his opponent for it was set at 13—all, but Whitney's con-

dition told and he ran the necessary 5 aces at the end.

Haughton beat Waterbury three games to one. The old Harvard football player was getting on his game better with every match in the tournament and in this contest was in great form. He went at his active and clever adversary with the utmost coolness and never lost his easy style or his head for a moment. He used a clever drop stroke with telling effect and varied his service splendidly. Waterbury missed a number of easy kills and Haughton but once or twice failed to take advantage of this kind of an opportunity. So the finals brought together Haughton and Whitney, and the latter being a veteran and former champion was the favorite. All through his matches thus far Whitney had been winning most of his aces on his severe service and his remarkably hard and accurate forehand stroke. Haughton, however, showed great skill and head work in keeping the ball to Whitney's back hand and in handling his difficult service.

The finish of this match was an exact reversal of what Whitney had accomplished in his match with Brooke. Whitney won the first two games with seeming ease and seemed to have the match well in hand with a good lead in the third game, but Haughton coolly shifted his hard long service to an exceedingly telling short nip service and took the last three games, slowly but surely overhauling the New Yorker. The score of these three games shows the desperateness of the play. 15—12, 15—13, 15—13. Haughton displayed a coolness and headiness throughout the entire tournament which cannot be too highly praised and his championship was well deserved in every particular.

It is an interesting fact when one looks over the list of racquets experts who played in this tournament, to note how many of them are clever all-around athletes and experts at various games. It only goes to show the severe test of the game of racquets.

Most of the experts who have been in the singles tournament in Boston came down to New York later on for the doubles championship which was played off in the splendid new courts of the Racquet and Tennis Club of the latter city. This tournament was won by Hugh D. Scott and George R. Fearing, representing the Boston Racquet and Tennis Club; the same pair that were champions last year. Other pairs entered were Lawrence Waterbury and Charles Sands of New York; R. K. Cassatt and G. H. Brooke of Philadelphia; Clarence H. Mackay and George C. Clarke, Jr., of New York, Quincy A. Shaw, Jr., and Percy Haughton of Boston. These teams were considered the strongest.

Others entered were R. P. and Ford Huntington of New York, W. E. Bates and Barclay H. Warburton of Philadelphia (the latter player having been out of racquets

for several years) and Willing Spencer and T. Truxton Hare of Philadelphia. One of the Philadelphia pairs and a New York team did not qualify after entering, but the field lacked nothing in quality because of their withdrawals. The absence of Payne Whitney and Milton S. Barger, who always play together, was regretted because they were conceded to be among the strongest in the country.

The two teams from Boston were considered equally dangerous; Haughton and Shaw being thought by some to be even better than the champions, Scott and Fearing. The New York pairs did not seem to be as strongly partnered as might have been, because both Mackay and Waterbury were paired with players whose records have not been as brilliant as either of these two ex-champions. Sands who played with Waterbury, however, was really the surprise of the tournament for individual showing, because his specialty is rather court tennis than racquets. He was steady as a rock and heady and aggressive throughout the matches.

H. D. Scott has now three times been one of the pair to win the championship and is now conceded by all of the experts to be the best doubles-player in America. The game of doubles is coming more into favor in this country, and rightly so because it is more interesting than singles. This fact, however, has long been recognized in England. The rallies are longer, the play is faster and team-work enters as a strong factor. One rally in the second game of the final match of the tournament between Scott and Fearing and Waterbury and Sands brought the gallery to its feet madly applauding, for it was racquets of the most brilliant and sustained order.

One of Scott's strongest points is his knowledge of team-play, which makes him a rare partner. He is a hard hitter from any position and generally equal to the emergency, especially at the most critical points. In the final contest when his partner was pretty tired and the games three to two against them, Scott arose to the occasion and jumped out to the middle of the court and took nearly everything until his partner had rested up a bit. Then Scott proceeded to play and win out in a most brilliant manner, for out of 23 points in the last two games, 21 were made off of his bat. This record was kept by Morton S. Paton, the veteran expert.

Fearing, Scott's partner, played an able and consistent game throughout; his service being the best of any player in the tournament. His great reach enabled him to make gets in the rallies that seemed fairly impossible. When he serves he hits the ball slightly above his shoulder and brings it down into the courts with good length, great speed and a heavy cut. A record of aces made on service in this tournament would prove to be in favor of Fearing by quite an easy margin.

The most important early match in the three days' play was between Shaw and Haughton and Brooke and Cassatt. This was won by the Philadelphians, four games to two, after the Boston men had won the first two games. The Philadelphia contingent then had high hopes of their team getting into the finals, but these hopes were blanked when the next day Brooke and Cassatt were defeated by Waterbury and Sands. Shaw and Haughton took the first two games by very fast and accurate play; the scores being 8-13 and 15-9. In the third game Brooke and Cassatt braced up and overwhelmed their opponents by 15-0 and followed this by another win of 15-2, making the score two games all. Then they took another game 15-6. In the sixth game Shaw and Haughton seemed in a fair way to tie the games, having the lead of 10 aces to 4. Brooke and Cassatt, however, went together in good team-play and kept pegging away and won out by 15-12.

In the semi-final round Fearing and Scott met Mackay and Clarke. Clarke was runner up in the single championship last year and with Mackay as his partner was expected to make a good showing. Although Mackay and Clarke had already played a match in the morning against Spencer and Hare of Philadelphia, they made a clever showing against Fearing and Scott, going especially strong toward the end of the match. The Boston pair started out at a terrific pace and took three games straight, 15-9, 15-9 and 15-10; then the New Yorkers took the fourth game 15-12, clearly outplaying their opponents, making 8 aces by service.

The fifth and last game was won by Boston after a very hard struggle, 18-16. In this game each team made 9 aces on service. Fearing and Scott made 3 aces to their opponents' 2 in placing and missed one less stroke than did Mackay and Clarke. If Clarke and Mackay could have pulled out this last game the match might very easily have gone on to seven games with the outcome doubtful.

Waterbury and Sands beat Brooke and Cassatt four games to two. The New Yorkers took the first two games, 15-8 and 15-6, and then the Philadelphians won the third game, 15-7, but went down on the fourth, 15-3. They braced, however, in the fifth game which they won, 15-11, making the score two to three against them.

The sixth game was a splendid contest and after the score was against Brooke and Cassatt 12-3, they ran it up to 13—all, only to fall down at the finish when Sands went in and served 5 aces.

The final match which brought Messrs. Scott and Fearing of Boston against Messrs. Waterbury and Sands of New York, assumed somewhat the aspect of an inter city fight, but the betting was two to one on the Boston pair. This contest was undoubtedly the best that has ever been played in

championship doubles in this country. Each man was keen and throughout the contest played at the top of his game. Throughout the whole trying ordeal there was no pause, no breathing spell, no faltering. At one time the New York team unexpectedly led by three games to two and the excitement at this point was intense.

The team that went down to defeat deserves the very greatest credit. For the first four games the tide of victory flowed first one way and then the other. Waterbury and Sands seemed a trifle rattled at the start, losing 9 aces by misses in the first game. The second game, however, went their way, they scoring 8 points by service and winning the fifth by their opponents' misses and scoring 2 on clever placing. The third game went to Boston, 15-6, the winners making most of the points by service. As the match went on fewer and fewer points were won by opponents' misses and the play settled down into splendid racquets.

The fourth game went to Waterbury and Sands, 15-11, making the score two all. Waterbury went into service at the start of the fifth game and the day seemed brighter for them. When his side took this game at 15-9 only making two misses, the gallery gave them well-merited applause. With the score three games to two against his side, Mr. Scott of Boston came into evidence and from now on he stayed in evidence, making as has been said 21 aces out of 23 off his own bat; the other 9 points being scored by seven opponents' misses and two kills from the bat of Fearing. This tells the story of the finish of this memorable contest.

A good standard of sportsmanship was established when the New York Committee in charge of the tournament, finding that the original drawings were all in favor of New York, changed them around at the last moment and practically put their own teams at a disadvantage and especially Messrs. Mackay and Clarke, who, as has been said, had to play two matches in the same day—a great handicap. In the original drawings Boston and Philadelphia had to fight it out for the honor of meeting New York in the finals. As the drawings were changed all representatives had an equal chance for the finals.

An interesting point came up in regard to the allowing of a "let" ball in the match between Scott and Fearing and Mackay and Clarke. The writer was referee at the time and in his several years of experience has never seen a similar point arise. It occurred in this way. Clarke, who was serving into the back hand court to Fearing, jumped across the middle of the court to handle the latter's return. He hit straight up and down, Fearing in the meantime coming up behind him. As Fearing returned Clarke's straight hit, his bat, at the finish of his stroke, hit Clarke over the eye and stunned him for a second. Owing to

this he was unable to try for Fearing's next shot which was an easy one and claimed a let, which was allowed. If Fearing had hit Clarke at the beginning of his stroke, the latter would not have been entitled to ask for a let himself if he had not won the point.

The question of allowing lets in our American game is rather a serious and difficult one, especially in doubles where the action is very quick and intricate. American players take chances in hitting each other in their keenness to win which I understand English players refuse to take. There has never yet been a serious injury, however, in any of our big tournaments, although there have been a number of narrow escapes. Professional players never have to ask for a let because they stop their bat if there is the least possibility of hitting an opponent and that opponent then allows the let without question. Amateurs are pretty apt to claim everything in sight in the way of lets, so the question is a pretty difficult one sometimes for a referee to decide.

It is generally agreed if a player has his bat on the ball, and if he continued the stroke he would thereby endanger an opponent, that he then may claim a let. If

he has not his bat on the ball, however the let will not be allowed. A point in this connection which is not sufficiently considered is that a player is not able always to show that his bat is on the ball without going so far with the stroke that it is impossible to draw back, but referees can do a great deal toward lessening the danger by establishing the custom of allowing lets wherever there is the slightest reasonable cause for the same.

Speaking generally the class of amateurs in this country showed considerable improvement this year. Most of the experts showed ability to do something with the ball besides hitting it hard when it came their way and also increased ability to hit off the side wall, or from any position, with confidence.

It is a great shame that more of our colleges and schools do not build racquets and tennis courts as they do in England, for thereby we would have a greater interest in these two splendid indoor games. When a man leaves college and goes into business he needs exercise more in the winter than at any other time of the year, and an inbred love for a game like racquets or court tennis would go a long way to help him obtain it.

A NEW ERA IN YACHTING

BY FRANK BARKLEY COPLEY

"PUT-PUT, put-put!" It is the voice of the gasoline marine motor. You hear it everywhere now—on sea, bay, river and mountain lake. And even when you don't hear the "put-put," you see great, stately sail yachts gliding swiftly along without a shred of canvas unfurled, and you know the motor must be there. Within the short period of three years the sturdy little marine motor has been brought to a state of such really splendid efficiency and reliability as to enable it to win a notable victory over the average sailorman's prejudices. The pleasures of the water have been made possible for scores who have been debarred from them by considerations of time and expense. In fact, we have reached the dawn of a new era in yachting.

These statements refer particularly to the use of the motor as a power auxiliary to that of the wind. The exploits of auto or motor boats designed, for racing purposes, to attain the sensational speed of twenty-eight or more statute miles an hour have drawn the public's attention to the possibilities of distinctly "power" craft of all descriptions; but the gasoline marine engine has won its greatest victory over

prejudice, in connection with its installation on sail yachts.

Our inventive friends were led to realize many years ago that if an auxiliary power could be supplied to help out yachts during periods of stress it would gain for the sport many additional followers; but the problem at first seemed insurmountable. An engine would have to be devised that would not take up much room, nor add materially to the yacht's displacement. It was strictly necessary that the power should be ready to hand when wanted, and be capable of being quickly shut off when not wanted. It was desirable that the power should not require the services of high-priced attendants. The engine would have to be of the highest economy, as there could be carried only a limited amount of fuel. Furthermore, if the cabin space were not to be infringed upon, the fuel itself would have to contain highly concentrated energy.

These requirements naturally put steam and electricity out of the question. What then? As all the world knows, the answer eventually was gasoline. It was some fifteen or twenty years ago that the possibilities of gasoline engines first became ap-

parent. But there was a good deal of talk and shaking of heads when they were first installed on sail yachts. To the sailormen who thought they could afford to take chances on being becalmed, the auxiliary yacht, thus created, was an outrageous profanation of the sentiment of the sea. It was scornfully sniffed at as a "hybrid"—something that was neither one thing nor the other.

The implication of course was that the person who did not care to submit to the caprices of the wind should get a steam yacht. To this polite suggestion the advocates of the auxiliary had two ready answers. The first was that, while a steam yacht was a very pretty plaything indeed, the pleasure one got out of it was not the same as that which one got out of a sail yacht. The second answer was that, leaving aside all considerations of the first cost of such pretty playthings, one had to come dangerously near being in the millionaire class to keep even the smallest of them in commission.

The auxiliary was designed, therefore, to retain all the advantages of sailing craft while doing away with all its disadvantages. As it was not to be made into the equivalent of a steamer, but, on the contrary, was to remain distinctly a sailing craft, able at all times, for economical as well as sentimental reasons, to take full advantage of the power it gets gratis when the wind blows, the engines installed were of moderate power in proportion to the size of the boat. When of their own efforts they were able to drive the yacht along at the rate of four or five knots an hour, they were considered very satisfactory, this speed being about all that could be desired, not only to enable the yacht to continue a cruise or make a harbor when the wind died away, but to permit it to leave its moorings without the aid of a tug.

It was also found that the auxiliary engine added to the safety of the yacht, in that it was of assistance in flying before a storm and obviated all danger of drifting on to a lee shore. But, in spite of its manifest advantages, the auxiliary yacht, for many years after its introduction, made slow progress in winning popular favor. Sentiment is a tremendous force to oppose, and all innovations have a hard time of it in this conservative world of ours; but the trouble was largely due to the fact that the gasoline marine motor was still in a more or less inchoate state. Even the smallest were rather heavy and cumbersome, while the larger ones had the additional defect of excessive vibration. All sizes were likely to get out of order when subjected to anything save the most expert of handling, and the methods of their installation were occasionally so defective as to cause explosions that led people to be afraid of them.

But in the last three years or so there has been a great change. For this we are

greatly indebted to the automobile; it was the sudden bound of these machines into widespread popularity that induced inventive ingenuity to apply itself diligently to the perfection of gasoline motors of all sorts. The racing craze, both on land and water, helped the good work along. Remember this when you feel inclined to condemn speed tests as altogether foolish. There is nothing like a hard, forced run to bring out all of an engine's latent defects and reveal all of its possibilities.

A marine engine has developed, therefore, that is well calculated to meet all the objections that have been brought against those of the internal combustion type. Its general principle of operation remains the same (which is to say that its power is created by a series of explosions caused by the ignition of a mixture of gas and air compressed into a clearance above the piston); but its weight has been materially reduced by the abandonment of useless parts and the substitution of lighter metals for other parts; and its general efficiency has been greatly enhanced by a more compact and economical arrangement. The greatest gain, however, has been made in reliability. The engines turned out nowadays approximate pretty closely the ideal state of being "foolproof;" that is, they are built so as not to require much intelligence on the part of the operator. This has been brought about chiefly by having the engine perform automatically several functions that previously had to be performed by hand.

This, then, is the gist of the whole matter: It is now possible, at a cost ranging between a few hundred dollars and a few thousand in accordance with the horsepower desired, to equip a sail yacht with a durable, reliable and clean-working little engine that is easily attended to by one man and operated at a small expense. The best that are made consume when running under full load only one pint of gasoline an hour for each horse-power developed, and, when they are slowed down, the consumption is automatically reduced. As the price of a pint of gasoline ranges between a cent and a cent and a half, one can run a yacht equipped with a ten horsepower engine at top speed at a cost of between ten and fifteen cents an hour. Such an engine can drive a fifty-foot cruising yacht at the rate of a little more than six statute miles an hour, and enough gasoline can be safely stored on the yacht to keep the engine going for four hundred miles continuously.

In installing an engine, builders show a tender consideration for sail-boat sentiment by hiding it away under the lazarette, beneath a companionway, behind a partition, or in a casing that looks like a piece of furniture. Even when it is in operation, its presence on board would hardly be suspected; for the latter-day high-class marine motor has little or no vibration, and

the "put-put" and the odor are diminished by means of a pipe through which the exhaust gas, along with the exhaust water, is discharged below the boat's water-line. And so the man on the auxiliary yacht is able not only to retain his cabin, but his nautical conscience is left untroubled by any suggestion of machinery, while, however fickle may be the breeze, he is always certain of making his harbor.

So general has become the conviction of the motor's utility and desirability that it is being installed in all kinds of sailboats from little dories up to the old-time schooner yachts, 80, 90 and 100 feet long. The only danger from a gasoline engine lies in possible leakage from tank or feed pipe, and it is unfortunate that the best way to guard against this remains an open question among experts. Some maintain that the tank should be placed in a bulkhead at the bow, where sea water, admitted through holes, can circulate around it, and that the feed pipe should extend to the engine along the keel on the outside. On the other hand, the dictum is laid down that the tank should be as near the engine as possible, so as to have the least possible piping, and that any plan that does not permit the tank and pipe to be accessible at all times is an objectionable one. When the installation is in accordance with this principle, the precaution is taken to place the tank in a false tank or over a tray, so that possible leakage may be collected and conducted overboard through a pipe.

The latter plan is the more prevalent one, but the conflict of opinion is such that on some yachts the tank will be found at the bow, on others against the motor, and on still others boxed in on deck. It has been asked whether all danger could not

be overcome by substituting kerosene for gasoline. This surely would be a desideratum, not only for reasons of safety, but because of the possibility, as well, that the supply of gasoline may not be able to keep pace with the constantly increasing demand, and some believe that kerosene will be the ultimate solution of the problem. The trouble is, however, that the very fact which constitutes the greater safety of kerosene, namely, that it will not generate an explosive gas until heated to a high degree, makes it of less value than gasoline for use in an engine. There is, also, the far more important fact that, since its combustion is not complete, it leaves a residuum that is likely to get into the parts and corrode them. No entirely satisfactory method of disposing of the waste matter has yet been devised.

After all, the danger from gasoline marine engines is more theoretical than actual. Have your motive apparatus installed by a man who knows his business, and you need not worry so long as you use common sense. So satisfactory have been the workings of gasoline, that many owners of sail yachts equipped with motors able to drive four or five miles an hour have taken them out and replaced them by others which could give a speed of eight or even ten miles. The practice is also growing of utilizing motor and wind at the same time.

Taking it all in all, it is not exaggerating the situation to say that the development of the gasoline engine has done more to add to the popularity of yachting than anything else within recent years. Some sentiment the auxiliary motor may have outraged, but it is in line with the American spirit—the spirit which looks, first of all, to practical results.

MAKING THE COUNTRY HOME

HOW TO CARE FOR THE FRUIT, VEGETABLE AND FLOWER GARDENS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

FOR fertilizing fruit trees nothing is superior to wood ashes and bone meal. Use in the proportion of 200 pounds of the latter to a ton of ashes. This makes a complete, well-balanced fertilizer, cheap, easily prepared, and one of the most effective of all manures for orchard use. Scatter it liberally about the trees.

Continue to spray apple trees with Bordeaux mixture, for the scab, and use the mixture of Bordeaux and Paris green advised last month, for maggot and other insects.

Cease to cut asparagus, and let the tops grow for the remainder of the season.

Late, persistent cutting will injure the roots permanently. Keep all weeds down, the soil open, and apply commercial fertilizer freely.

If the tops of this plant turn brown, and take on a rusty look, you may know that fungus growth has established itself on it. Cut the tops and burn them, as soon as it is discovered.

Nip off the young blackberry shoots when they are two and a half or three feet tall. Allow only three or four to a plant to grow.

Cabbage and cauliflower should be set

now, and another lot at the end of the month for a late crop. Manure heavily. Be on the lookout for worms and insects and bacteria. Use Paris green for the former, and apply Bordeaux mixture if leaf-blight appears. Be prompt in the use of fungicides and insecticides, for it is much easier to check a disease in its incipency than when it has become well established. Set celery plants now for the main crop. Put them a foot apart, in rows, and use plenty of manure.

Spray the currant bushes with Paris green, to kill the currant worm. Keep on doing this till the fruit sets. Hellebore is often advised, but it is not an easy matter to get the fresh, strong powder. If not fresh it is worthless, and you run the risk of losing the entire crop of fruit in experimenting with it. There is no danger in using Paris green if the use of it is not continued after the fruit has reached its full size. A shower will wash it off the plants. None of its poisonous properties are ever absorbed by the fruit or leaves.

Spray gooseberries with sulphide of potassium—half an ounce to a gallon of water—for mildew.

Continue the use of Bordeaux mixture on grapes. Rub off all the new shoots that are not needed for keeping the vines well supplied with fruit-bearing wood. If fruit sets heavily, it is well to thin half of it out. You may not get as many bunches if you do this, but you will get larger, finer fruit in every way, and probably as great a quantity of it.

Look out for bugs and beetles on melons and cucumbers. A screen of mosquito netting over a frame of stout wire can easily be made, to place over the young vines. As a further precaution against enemies, tobacco dust can be sifted thickly over the plants. Be on the watch, also, for the potato bug. Use the Bordeaux mixture and Paris green combined, as advised last month, to kill off blight, rot and bugs.

Keep the ground well cultivated for squashes. Cover the joints of the vines with soil, to counteract the effect of the borer. It may be necessary to use screens over these plants, if the beetle shows an inclination to take up his abode on them.

Plow up old strawberry beds which have outlived their usefulness, and prepare new ones. Set them with the strongest of the young plants from the old stock, or with new varieties obtained from the best growers. Do not go in for "fancy" sorts, but get such kinds as have established good claims to merit. Beds bearing their first crop of berries should have their runners clipped at least once a week, to throw the strength of the plant into itself, and the soil should be kept free from weeds and well cultivated.

To secure early tomatoes, train the plants on a trellis and pinch off the side shoots, in order to concentrate the strength of the

plant in the main vine. Spray with Bordeaux mixture if signs of blight are seen. This may be told, on any plant, by the turning brown and curling of the edge of the leaves. Summer varieties of radish can be sown now. Remember a very rich, quick soil is required to grow this delightful vegetable to perfection.

THE FLOWER GARDEN

Keep the weeds down here. Remember that every weed you allow to grow and form seed will furnish progeny enough to fill the entire garden next season, and hold steadily to the determination that not a weed shall escape your vigilance—and your hoe.

If plants are thick in the beds, thin them out at once. Every plant that is not needed there robs the necessary plants of the nutriment that should be concentrated on them. Do not throw away the plants that you pull up. Some friend or neighbor may be glad to get them. If no one wants them, put them out in a corner by themselves, and let them furnish a supply of flowers for cutting.

Lilacs will complete their flowering this month, after which the bushes can be given whatever pruning they need. Apply manure freely, to assist their annual growth, which will take place as soon as flowering is over.

Be on the lookout for the enemies of the rose. You will have to fight for every fine flower. I have given up the use of hellebore, because it is so unreliable. Paris green is likely to burn the foliage if strong, and if weak it fails to accomplish the purpose for which it is used. I depend on a homemade remedy which is made by melting half a cake of the ordinary size of Ivory soap and mixing it with a teacupful of kerosene. Dilute this mixture with ten gallons of water and apply with a sprayer, being careful to have it get to all parts of the plant. This preparation is far more satisfactory than any of the insecticides for sale by the florists, and will never injure the foliage or flowers. It is a good plan to begin the use of it before the various rose enemies put in an appearance, and keep up its use until their season of activity is over.

House plants can be put out-of-doors with entire safety now. The best place for them is on a veranda sheltered from the afternoon sun. Leave them in their pots. Plan for free circulation of air about them. Do not allow any that are to be made use of in the house next winter to bloom during the summer. Throw their strength into the production of branches. These should be nipped at the end, from time to time, to force the production of side branches, thus securing a bushy, compact plant, with plenty of flowering points. If not properly trained, most plants adapted to house cul-

ture will grow into awkward shapes, but with a little attention at the proper time, they can easily be made symmetrical. The proper time is *now*, while the plant is in process of development.

A correspondent asks why I do not advise turning plants out of their pots, and putting them in the ground in summer. My reason is this: Plants treated in that manner will make a great growth of roots, most of which must be sacrificed when the time comes to lift and pot the plants in fall. This leaves the plants in a weak, crippled condition at the very time when they ought to be at their best, in order to stand the trying change of conditions which they have to meet when they are taken indoors. Plants kept in pots escape this ordeal.

Very likely your hollyhocks will begin to look rusty by midsummer. The edges of their leaves will turn brown and crumble away and the whole plant will look as if it thought of dying. "It has the rust," your neighbors will tell you. But the right name for the trouble is bacteria. Bordeaux mixture is the only remedy, and the sooner you apply it after you find that your plants are affected, the more chance you stand of getting flowers.

If you are going to have beds of "foliage plants," like the coleus, centaurea, pyrethrum, alternanthera and achyranthes, procure them at once. Let the soil be mellow and moderately rich—if *very* rich the growth will be too rank and coarse for beauty—and set the three first-named plants about eight inches apart, the other two about four. Provide yourself with some pruning shears, for all plants used in working out designs or patterns will have to be clipped whenever their branches threaten to straggle out of their own premises and into those belonging to an-

other color. If this is not done, all clearness of outline will be lost sight of, and there will simply be a mass of confused colors. Use the hoe and the weeding hook often enough to keep the soil light and porous. This is important.

When the sweet peas come into bloom, cut their flowers off as soon as they begin to fade. This prevents them from forming seed, and the plants, in their efforts to perpetuate their kind, will straightway produce more flowers, and keep on doing this as long as interfered with. In this manner, flowers are secured throughout the entire season. But if seed is allowed to form, you will have comparatively few flowers during the latter part of summer.

Start young plants of Boston and other varieties of fern for winter use. Give them a rich, turfy soil, with considerable sand mixed with it. Keep them well watered, and out of the sun.

Get your window boxes ready at once. Fill them with a rich soil. Fasten them securely in place as they will be heavy when the soil is filled with water and may break loose from an ordinary support.

Fill them with such plants as geraniums, fuchsias, petunias, nasturtiums, heliotropes and verbenas, to furnish flowers, ferns, ficus, coleus and pyrethrum, for foliage, and vines like moneywort, lysimachia, tradescantia, and glechoma, to droop over the front of the box. If you use a pailful of water on a box of ordinary size, daily, you can grow plants just as well in it as they can be grown in pots. Plenty of water is the secret of success in window-box culture.

Keep your chrysanthemums growing steadily by giving them all the water they can make use of, and applying some good fertilizer at least once a fortnight.

HOW TO SHOE YOUR HORSE

BY F. M. WARE

PROPER shoeing of the horse has much to do with his satisfactory condition, and this article might appropriately have been included in that of last month. As originally applied, a shoe was meant simply to protect the horse's foot from excessive wear, but latter-day ingenuity corrects with it various defects in action. For ordinary everyday use, the simpler the methods we adopt the better, and the chief ends to be attained are the preserving or restoring of the natural angle and direction of the hoof. This is accomplished first by rasping (never by cutting) away any surplus growth of wall, and, as a general rule, lowering it to the level of the sole, which, together with the frog, is *never under any circumstances* (in the healthy foot) to be

touched, since these parts throw off all old horn, unless it is worn away by ordinary attrition. The sole can never be too thick, nor the frog too large. The heels must, in healthy feet, never be opened, although occasionally a foot may prove to be so strong-growing that it may need easing just in the angles between bars and crust. The shoe should be nailed on firmly, with not over six nails, and these driven so that while they take a *wide* hold of the horn, they come out for clinching low down on the foot; thus minimizing the chances of pricking the sensitive portions, and also enabling the nail-holes to quickly grow down and disappear. The nails should be driven with sundry rather gentle taps, rather than with a few blows, as thus any

splitting or indirection of the nail-points may be readily detected; as the animal will flinch before the quick is really touched. The driven nails should not be "drawn" too vigorously in clinching, lest discomfort or pain ensue; should be filed gently, that they may clinch easily; and the clinches themselves hammered smooth, and rasped with as little disturbance of the horn as possible, that the beautiful enamel with which Nature has covered all hoofs may be uninjured. This covering, which prevents a too rapid evaporation of moisture, is customarily ruthlessly mutilated, or almost entirely removed by the rasp of the average smith, and in its place thoughtless fashion has decreed that a quantity of greasy and filthy "dressing" shall be smeared about the feet, which chokes their pores, and injures their texture, hurts their appearance, and renders them defiling to hands or gloves. No more idiotic fad than this obtains in connection with equine management.

As small and as few nails as will hold the shoe for the work intended should be used—six or seven for ordinary work, eight perhaps for draught horses. Nail as much as possible around the toes, where the horn is thickest, and rarely beyond the turn of the wall, at all events on the inside, thus insuring freedom to the quarters of the feet. Shoes left on too long will be drawn to the outside quarter, and the bearing thus shifting on to the inner wall will cause a bruise (or corn). The hind feet rarely give trouble, and then chiefly because the inner quarters may grow too strongly, and curl under. Clips should be turned up at toe and outer quarter, and they should always be thin and on the edge of the shoe. Not a tool should be allowed to touch the normal foot but the rasp and the hammer. The knife and the buttress are more than useless—from them come nine-tenths of the ills to which equine feet are heir. Care of the feet should begin at early colthood, but this means only a monthly overhauling with the rasp to level unevenly worn walls, and to shorten and round up the toes. Many malformations and faults in action can thus be permanently corrected by gradual methods which, if neglected, must insure early and certain disability.

Personally the writer believes in, and for thirty years has persistently used, tips—alternately, in the snows of winter, or the mud of spring or in any sandy locality, with the feet bare and entirely unprotected. Not all horses can wear tips—those with very oblique pasterns, with low, fleshy heels and thin soles, with navicular disease, laminitis, etc.; but for the normal foot, or to those subjects affected by contracted feet, corns, thrush, quarter-crack (usually) or those who interfere, speedy cut, or overreach, they are simply invaluable; and they are also most economical. They should be as thin and light as possible; preferably of steel; and *invariably counter-*

sunk or they are worse than useless, as the elevation of the toe will put too much strain upon the back tendons. They are worn on fore as well as hind feet, or on either, in combination with shoes; they are as effective for riding as for driving; and the nearly bare foot is as adhesive to the all-pervading asphalt as the costly rubber pads. Three precautions must be exercised in their use: First, that the toe is well shortened and lowered, and the heels left alone, as attrition will attend to them; second, that the toe is frequently re-shortened, as the frog-pressure will cause the whole foot to grow in extraordinary fashion; third, that, naturally, for the first few weeks the horse may, if driven much over gravel, etc., wear a little thin in the heels, and require rest for a few days, or possibly the application of a full shoe for a short period—which will not happen once Nature arranges for the demand for an extra supply of horn. Bare feet are equally practical under certain conditions, and for several months each year the average horse could go unshod while at work to his general betterment; for not only will his feet benefit as well as his legs, in the relation of the joints to each other, but we can ascertain if we will only take the trouble, how he wears his hoof. The worn shoe and the bare foot are pages full of information to any one who cares to read.

Another advantage of the tip and the naked hoof is, that if the animal kicks another, or any person, the effect is probably harmless; while if he steps on your foot, results are equally free from damage; nor does he ever calk himself—in short the system's only drawback is that horses so shod will not step high, nor will tips "balance" an animal ill-shaped enough to require the maintaining of an artificial equilibrium.

Contracted feet always benefit—and the trouble generally disappears if not too complicated—by using tips. Certain forms, however, require more gradual frog-pressure, removing excessive horn, straightening out the curled-in quarter or quarters, and the copious application of moisture by soaking the feet, by poultices, and by wet applications about the coronets. Mechanical spreading of the heels is in general favor, but also in not unusual abuse, and should be undertaken only by the competent veterinary. Much torture to the animal has been caused by it. If frog-pressure, well-fitting shoes, watchfulness of the quarters and moisture are always accorded the feet, we shall never see a contracted hoof. If shod, great freedom must be allowed the quarters when the frog-pressure is provided, that they may obtain its full benefits.

Quarter-crack comes usually from a contracted quarter; from too much dryness of the horn; from inferior nutrition of the horny structure; from unequal leveling of the wall of the foot which imposes undue

stress upon a certain part which concussion causes to give way. One of the chief drawbacks to the system of cold-fitting shoes (*i. e.*, doing away with the application of the hot shoe to get a level bearing) was its tendency to cause quarter-crack because the human eye is not true enough to detect all inequalities. Tips will cure most cases, but a bar-shoe well "sprung" under the crack, and the horn cut away there, will be surer and enable the horse to work on.

Corns are bruises, usually in the inner heel, arising generally from the shoes shifting or remaining too long without renewing; or from a stone or gravel bruise. Blood makes a red spot on the horn, and, in bad cases, an ulcer with serious internal complications. The bar-shoe again is useful, well sprung off both heels if the horse is to work; or tips in some cases answer well.

Interfering is rare indeed where tips are worn. If the horse is shod in full shoes the clinching should be carefully watched, and no nail driven where the offending hoof is struck; the shoe itself fitting very close under the wall, and especially at the heel; even beveled sharply its whole inside length; the inside heel may be cut off (three-quarter shoe); or that heel raised or lowered a little; inside calks should set well to the inside of the web, and the outside heel be rather long, especially if the horse is inclined to slide when he sets down his hind feet.

Forging or over-reaching depends largely upon the natural shape of the animal. Is he heaviest before or behind? high- or low-headed? upright, or slanting of shoulder? legs disproportionately long? long, elastic, or short and upright pasterns? long sweeping action behind? little hock action, or a good deal? toeing-in (with weak hocks), or toeing-out (with "cow" hocks)? These are a few of the combinations. Every case is a study—and every case can be cured. First "hang him up right" as to carriage of head, neck, etc.; second, drive or ride, him well in hand; third, find out where he strikes—heel, toe, or quarter?—or "cross-fires" on to the opposite fore-foot. If the heel is struck, bevel it sharply, or cut it away (as in a three-quarter shoe); if the inside of web at toe, cut that away, and shift the weight to the heel. Very heavy hind shoes may help with the weight in the toes, and the toes rather long; extreme cases yield to bar-shoes on the *hind feet* with the toes cut off. Excellent results come from raising the heels high behind (no toe calks), and "rolling" the front shoes sharply, or even making the toes square.

Interferers and "knee-knockers" may be greatly helped by placing between the shoe and the foot on the inside a strip of leather beginning just beyond the turn of the wall, and gradually widening to about an inch at the heel. This is notched like saw-teeth, and, while almost unnoticeable, acts as a reminder if the horse goes close,

and as a buffer if he actually strikes; while it has other advantages in that the animal is not dependent upon some careless groom to see that he is protected before work.

If a horse persistently "crossfires" he will be helped by using a very sharply beveled shoe behind, almost triangular-shaped on the inside for two-thirds the distance to the heel, and with a very long outside heel. The shoe on the front foot is as sharply beveled where it is struck, and the feet in both cases are allowed to set well out over the shoes. The so-called "Memphis shoe" with double bar across sole will help some horses.

Of late years a veritable craze has arisen for the growing of long toes on both carriage and saddle horses, and this foolish fashion is working much harm to the unfortunate animals concerned. So many of our native horses are double-gaited, and inclined to amble, or to mix their gaits that to insure a free and bold trot with attendant high action, long toes both before and behind have been found useful and necessary (unfortunately) in certain celebrated cases. Ignorant of the manner in which show horses are kept, forthwith the purchasers of all animals thus artfully and artificially balanced by ingenious purveyors, retain the abnormal length of the hoof with which they find their purchases provided, and are amazed to discover that, in the ordinary work-a-day life of the average carriage horse, these unfortunates quickly and frequently become lame, and do not retain their physical condition under ordinary work because the exertion of locomotion is so vastly more fatiguing when the subject is, as it were, always traveling uphill. Great stress is thus thrown upon the back tendons, concussion is augmented, the joints are thrown out of proper relations—and especially is the evil magnified when, in addition, the animal is used under saddle. If these long toes are *suddenly* shortened, the owner is likely to find that he has been harboring a very mixed-gaited horse, or possibly a confirmed and pure-going pacer; but *gradual* diminution of the excessive toe with each succeeding shoeing will probably provoke no such disheartening relapse.

Even as we may gradually shorten all toes to normal length, so may we as cautiously decrease the weight of the shoes until a reasonable avoirdupois is attained. Supposing a horse wears sixteen ounces at purchase; four weeks' wear will greatly lighten the shoe, and still he will go level, and in form. Weigh this worn shoe, and replace it with one of the same weight, which will be quite a bit lighter. Nine times in ten the animal will go as before, and thus the shoes may be gradually reduced in weight to as light a figure as ample protection warrants. A varying adjustment of the weight in such shoe will help retain the desired balance and action, but long toes and heavy shoes (save only for an odd show harness-horse or two) have no

place in modern practical farriery either for park, road, speedway or track.

Rubber pads are nowadays a necessity in our asphalt streets, and a boon on any pavement, their only drawback being that, if a horse has weak quarters, they will occasionally cause lameness, and that they prevent the free application of moisture to the sole, without which no foot can long remain perfectly healthy. Still they are far better than the old calks which never remained sharp long in city work, and they save both their wearer's limbs from many wounds and stable floors from much chipping, while they also place the horse's feet—and consequently all joints above them—at a restful angle, as they are slightly higher at the heels. Any horse at liberty, given the opportunity, will stand with his feet downhill, so that such posture must be restful to him.

There has never seemed any special value in the various "stoppings" of oil-meal, wet clay, etc., which are so frequently used. A small, wet sponge confined in the foot by a bit of steel sprung between shoe and hoof on both sides is equally moist, and certainly more cleanly; or the ordinary soaking-tub is thoroughly efficacious. Web swabs tied about the coronets are very valuable, and somehow the shod horse must get a chance at plenty of moisture for his feet, especially if the blacksmith is to work his wonton will with the rasp on the external hoof in the effort to turn out a neat job. We prop the poor creature up on shoes; we open his heels, and pare his bars and sole; we bind his feet with nails too near the quarters; we file off that marvellous external varnish which nature provides; we clog the pores with regular applications of grease; we twist him out of balance and true relations in every joint; we violently and occasionally soak his poor toes instead of frequently and slightly moistening the horny surfaces—and then we wonder that all our "intelligent care(?)" produces in a few months or years a crippled horse! Look at the feet of the average animal passing in the streets, and see how distorted they are, how disfigured his ankles and legs, how altered his gait and natural bearing—and yet the S. P. C. A. agents apparently find no occasion for interference, and look with supreme indifference on thousands of cases which are suffering torture that could be corrected, or greatly palliated, in a brief space of time.

There exists a crying need in our cities for a cheap pad which may, in time of frost or wet, be quickly fastened into the ordinary shoe, so that the animal may get about safely during the few days, or hours, when these conditions obtain. Rubber pads are too costly for the average horse owner, and the ordinary shoe if properly set, so that the big and unmutated frog has a chance to do its work, is sufficient for average conditions. A fortune awaits any one who

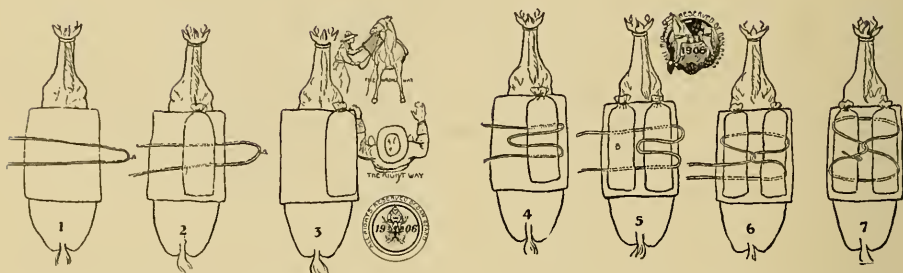
can successfully invent such a pad: cheap, durable, easily put on and off; stout enough in its fastenings to withstand the stress of *pulling* and of *backing* vehicles and their loads, something that the peddler, butcher, grocer, etc., may carry in their wagons, and use as occasion arises; not a rich man's convenience, but a poor man's (and his horse's) blessing. Through success shall accrue to the lucky inventor many shekels, and countless blessings from the hearts of those who are yearly and daily made indignant and heartsick at the really dreadful sights everywhere evident along city thoroughfares during any wet or freezing spell of weather. A pad of leather interwoven with piano wire (or any highly tempered wire) might answer; wire loops going over each heel of the shoe; confined at the toe (this seems the difficult feature) by a similar loop pushed through an aperture at toe, on the ground surface between it and the shoe, and confined in some way (as by a wedge) outside the foot in front. This pad should be thick enough to bring its surface well below the foot, that the woven wire may come fully in contact with the pavement, and the fastening contrivances of wire would be easily strong enough for ordinary driving, delivery work, etc., and might be made so even for draught horses. A rubber, or even a rope pad might be arranged in the same way, and such an article, in sets of four, should cost only a trifle and last for years through its infrequent use.

Shoes have been put on the market containing rubber, rope and piano wire on the ground surface, and other arrangements of calks, etc., have been patented, but none have proved satisfactory. The "filled" shoes would not retain the "filling"—it would "mash" out; this "filling" also required to contain it a flat upper surface to the shoe (next the horn), and upon heavy horses especially this bearing so bruised the sole that lameness usually followed. Another vital defect was that all these shoes had to be "cold-fitted"—*i.e.*, applied as they were, without heating—and neither the average eye, nor the usual patience and intelligence suffices to do this accurately. No shoe can fit *just* right unless it can be heated, and adjusted *exactly* to the foot, not (as is far too usual) the foot to it. Find any horses worked regularly with cold-fitted shoes, and you shall find a rare assortment of battered legs as silent protests against attempting the impossible.

Perhaps we will ultimately work back to the simplest appliances of all—tips—and if so, assuredly satisfaction will augment with further acquaintance. All the best things in life—the most memorable, the most enjoyable, the most practical, the most worthy—are the simple things and if this is obvious in our own affairs, not less exactly may it apply in the treatment of our horses and their feet.

HOW TO PACK A PACK HORSE

BY DAN BEARD



In a previous number of this magazine, I told how to pack and unpack one's duffle for wilderness travel. It is now incumbent upon me to tell how to secure the dunnage on a pack animal's back.

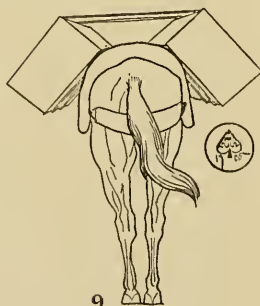
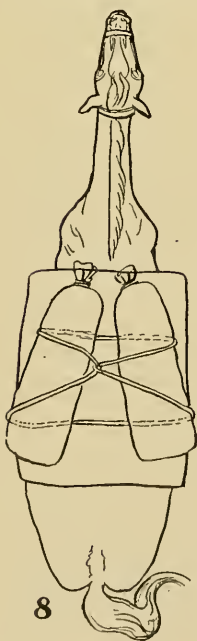
In the first place the pack animal should be blindfolded. If it is never led nor forced to move while blindfolded it soon learns to stand perfectly still as long as the bandage is over its eyes.

We will suppose you have the pack saddle, lash-rope, cinch, aparejo, and all the needful accouterments of a pack animal. The aparejo, by the way, is a leather or canvas bag stretched over a light springy framework of willow and stuffed with straw. It must be stiff at the edges and corners where the pull comes.

HOW TO USE THE SLING-ROPE WHEN THERE IS NO TOP PACK

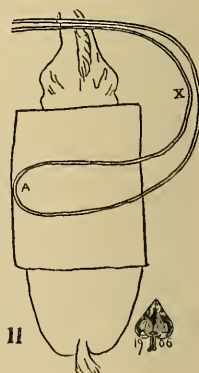
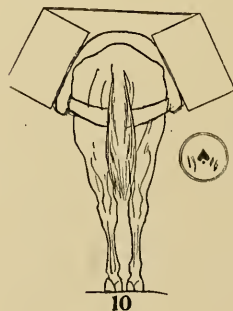
Fig. 1. Head packer throws sling-rope across aparejo with loop on right side.

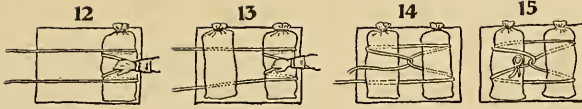
Fig. 2. Head packer throws first side pack on top of sling-rope and on the right side of horse where it is held in place by second packer.



AFTER THE SLING-ROPE IS TIED

Fig. 8. The head packer says "Break your pack." Then each man taking the pack (on his side of the horse) by both ends, pulls down hard with a sawing motion. This takes up all the slack on the sling-rope. As a horse's back is broader near the hind quarters than at the withers the packs should be farther apart at the hind end (as in Fig. 8) to better fit the horse.





HOW TO TIE YOUR SLING-ROPE WHEN YOU HAVE A TOP PACK

Fig. 11. Head packer, standing on left side of animal, throws sling-rope across horse, so that loop A hangs across aparejo, and the two loose ends across horse's neck, on left side.

Fig. 12. Head packer throws first side pack on horse on right side where second packer holds it in place (see diagram 3). Second packer then throws bight of sling-rope over side pack. Head packer throws loop of sling-rope to second packer who holds it in right hand.

Fig. 13. Head packer throws on left side pack—over sling-rope.

Fig. 14. Head packer passes one loose end of sling-rope over left side pack and through loop of sling-rope which is tossed to him by second packer.

Fig. 15. Head packer passes second end of sling-rope over left side pack and knots it to first loose end. Packers then shake down packs (see Figs. 8, 9 and 10).

Fig. 16. Head packer throws on top pack, which fits in hollow between side packs, and now you are ready for the diamond hitch. Of course the top pack will settle down on the horse's back, but the better to show position of ropes the middle pack is not shown on horse's back in diagram.

Fig. 9. When the pack is composed of boxes they often jam the sling-ropes and

hang in this position, with nothing but a small piece touching the horse. As can be seen the boxes in this case have a tendency to act as a lever and press in. This is very bad for the horse's back.

Fig. 10. To remedy this "break the pack," by lifting the box with your chest and pulling the top away from the horse with your two hands. Then the boxes will lie flat.

HOW TO THROW SLING-ROPE FOR MOUNTAIN PACK SADDLE FOR SIDE OR TOP PACK

Fig. 17. Mountain pack saddle—sling rope way over.

Fig. 18. Packer takes a turn with loose ends of sling-rope around horns.

Figs. 19 and 20. Packer puts right side pack on inside of loop and takes up slack, pulling one end of sling-rope.

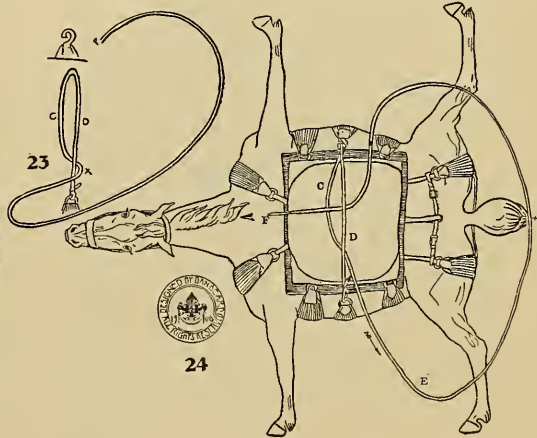
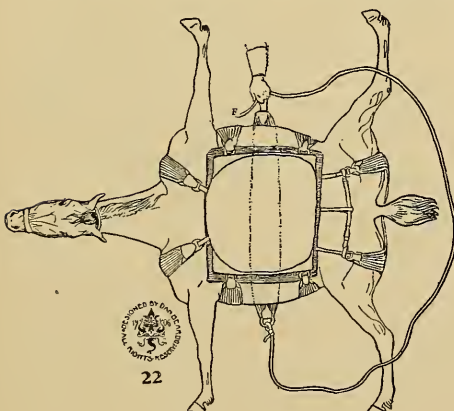
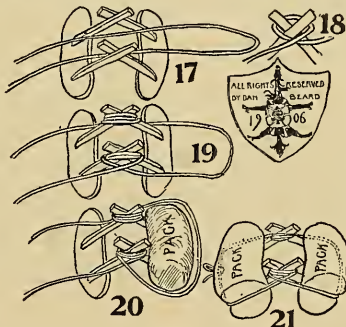
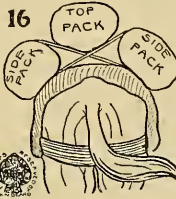
Fig. 21. Packer puts on left pack, and ties sling-rope, and you are ready for diamond hitch.

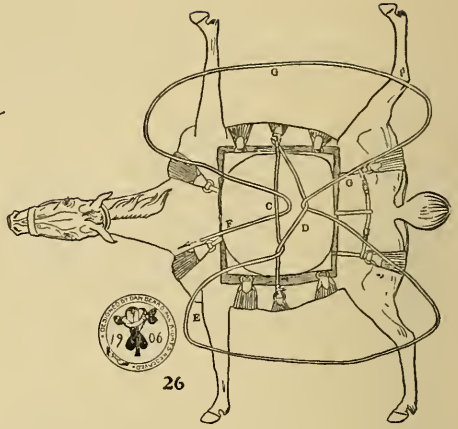
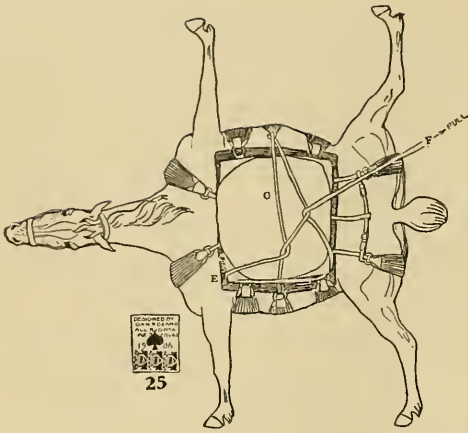
But before throwing the diamond, cover load neatly with the piece of canvas, which is made for that purpose. This is not fastened in any manner before throwing the hitch, because the diamond will hold it and everything else securely in place.

HOW TO THROW NORTH ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIAMOND

First blindfold horse.

Head packer stands on left side of horse, second packer stands on right side. Head packer throws cinch under horse to second packer (Fig. 22), and throws loose end of rope on the ground to second packer. Second packer takes cinch and loose ends



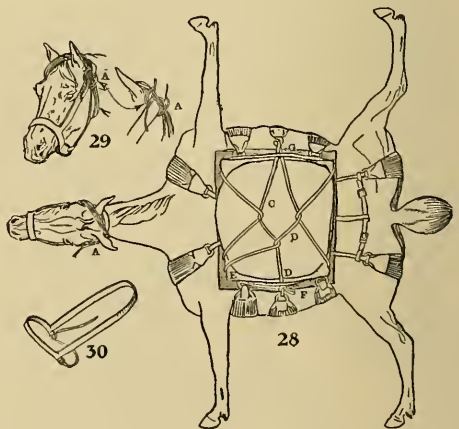
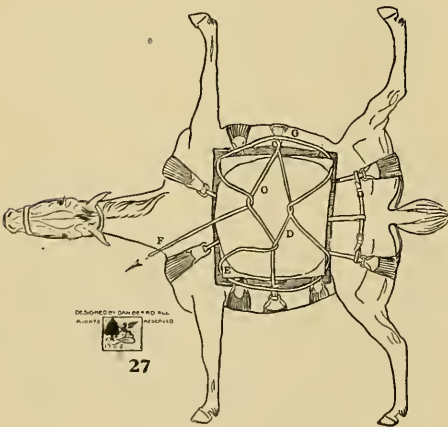


F in his left hand, head packer throws loop C D (Fig. 23) to second packer, making twist X. Second packer hooks loop C D (Fig. 23) into cinch hook and passes the loose end F under D (Fig. 24). Both packers cinch; second packer pulls up on rope, head packer takes in slack on E (Fig. 24).

Head packer passes loop E under aparejo and second packer pulls loose end F toward rear of the horse, taking in slack (Fig. 25). While second packer pulls the bight G, he throws loose end F over horse on the top of pack to head packer who passes it under C (Fig. 26). When a packer is cinching, packer on opposite side should hold down his side of pack to prevent shifting of load.

While head packer holds down pack he slips loose end F under C (Fig. 26. Diagram made with loose loops so as to be better understood). While second packer pulls bight G under aparejo and pulls from the head of the horse, head packer takes loose end F and pulls in the slack (Fig. 27).

Head packer makes loose end F fast with hitch to rope D (Fig. 28). While head packer is making fast, second packer winds halter rope around horse's neck behind left ear and in front of right ear (Fig. 29), making end fast by weaving under halter and over rope (Fig. 28), then pulling the loose end under bight where rope crosses halter. Fig. 30 shows useful type of halter for pack-train work.



ROD AND GUN

LIVE BAIT FOR BASS AND PIKE

By LOUIS RHEAD

THE all-round angler usually likes to reserve the month of May for trout. Then for change he courts larger game and rougher methods. Bass and pike are alike in being savage water tyrants, and both are often found in the same water, the former choosing a rocky bottom, the latter lying near weeds, grasses and lily pads; although at times they may both be found in opposite sections of a lake or pond, so that the bait used is suitable for both.

The best live bait may safely be placed in the order named—minnows, helgramite, crawfish, frogs, lampreys, grasshoppers and at times the big nightwalker worms. The methods used, both in casting and trolling, vary somewhat, and in an article as contracted as this must be, only the most salient features can be given, though enough perhaps to start the young angler on the high road to success in landing fish.

The term "minnow" means any small fish used for bait, the young of larger fish, or adult small ones. Young chubs, shiners, suckers, even yellow perch (their dorsal fins clipped) will often be attractive. All are welcome to the ever-ready maw of pike or bass. A three-quarter pound bass will take a good-sized minnow just as readily as a small one, although usually large bass go for large minnows. The most important thing is to have him always lively and kicking, as well as properly hooked. Anglers are most negligent in this respect. The shiner is an excellent bait because he is white and silvery, though not nearly so tough in the mouth as a chub, who lives longer and therefore is lively for a longer time.

To bait a minnow properly, hook him through the lower lip and out through the nostrils. For larger minnows, hook through both lips—the lower one first. They will live much longer if hooked properly and will be taken quicker.

Next to the fly, minnow casting is the hardest to learn and takes the longest time to attain perfection in. The two methods are quite different—the fly rod being long and pliable, the bait rod short and stiff. The fly line is much heavier so that it forces the fly forward, while the bait and sinker give the necessary force in casting the minnow. The fly is cast over the head and in front of the angler, while the minnow is cast to one side or the other by underhand casting with a six-ounce, eight-foot rod. The bait casting reel should be of the very best make, because great importance lies in its running perfectly smooth and

regularly with a line of No. 6 plaited raw silk, about fifty yards in length. Use the Sproat hooks, numbers 1, 2 and 3, tied on good strong gut snells, or a gimp snell may be used should pike or pickerel take the line.

In casting with minnows the reel should be underneath the rod, not on top. In that way the rod can be held more steadily, and is better balanced, and more accurate casting is done.

To attempt to describe the art of minnow casting would require a chapter to itself, and I doubt if the novice would be able to gain any advantage from written instructions. The only way to begin is to cast in some quiet spot and throw the line with the object of placing it in a given spot on the water as lightly as possible. After some practice the angler begins to gain command over both rod and line. It requires much practice to get over kinking the line, or getting it entangled; but like most things that require skill and practice it is best to begin in a small way by making short casts, taking longer ones as experience is gained. A perfect cast is one that lets the bait drop lightly, sliding on the surface as it were, not with a violent splash that kills the minnow by the force with which it strikes the water. After each cast the line slackens. It should be slowly reeled in until the entire line is retrieved. Make frequent casts and give a rapid swimming motion to the bait.

When the fish takes the bait with a jerk, hook him quickly. If he just plays with it take your time for most likely he has the minnow crosswise in his mouth, so that it is well to let him run a distance with it till he pulls steadily. Then hook him by a quick turn with the wrist. If he is well hooked he will at once break water. Keep a firm hold, and give no slack line. If the break is on a short line, raise the rod to keep the line above him, then lower it again as he falls. Be very careful to keep him from running into weeds or snags, stumps or rocks, and play him till he is thoroughly tired. Be calm. Don't bungle or dash the net at him but place it well below him and with a quick upward stroke land him safely in the boat or on shore, and be sure to kill him right away or he may jump out again.

Both bass and pike will take a minnow at any time in lake or stream. It is the most alluring bait that can be used, when alive and moving naturally in the water. The late William C. Harris always claimed it to be the most killing bait of all, alive or dead, if hooked properly. If allowed to float down a runway in swift water, it is sure to be taken by bass, pike or trout.

I should place the helgramite next in order to the minnow in effectiveness and popularity. They are found on the riffles

of streams under rocks and flat stones, and if these are turned over the helgramites will roll up and float and be easily captured. They are a curious, flattened and repulsive looking worm, with six legs that hold tight to rocks and boulders. Their pincers are strong and powerful and hold tight to any object, so that it is well to not give them time to secure a hold. Hook them from behind forward by inserting the point of the hook under the cap that covers the neck, bringing through to the head. They are especially good for casting in shallow water of lakes, or rapid running water of streams. Precisely the same method and tackle should be used in casting as are used with the minnow.

The crawfish is another bait that hides and clings fast to rocks or any hole he can get into. He is a constant care and trouble. His movements are so rapid that in an instant he is under a stone, and the only way to get him out is to wait till he moves of his own accord or a bass gets an eye on him. I make a point of giving a sudden jerk backwards a few inches every second or two when fishing a rocky bottom with a crawfish. This should, however, be done gently to imitate the natural movement of the bait, for bass are so easily scared that often they retreat a short distance and wait till the angler is almost out of patience. When he does grab it take your time, until you feel sure that the bait is well placed; then strike the barb home. Don't half do it; give a quick, sudden twist, not a yank or pull. To hook a crawfish properly the point should go through the middle of the tail, from the under side. If done neatly he will stay alive longer than any other live bait.

Young frogs are more readily taken by pike than by bass, though a bass by no means ignores a small-sized green frog if it can be persuaded to swim slowly along the surface of the water. The great difficulty in frog casting is that it soon gets limp and turns on its back; especially if the angler in casting slaps it hard on the surface. Try to just plop it gently, with about the same force it would naturally use in jumping into the water. Then let it swim around or float awhile on top. If the fish sees the frog it will make a savage dash and then go down, while the force hooks the fish.

Frogs should be hooked by the lips—inserted from the under side. When still-fishing, keep the frog continually on the move, or like the crawfish, it will crawl under stones and fasten itself so securely that no pulling will get it out.

I have used frogs with especially good results in swift runways, just letting them float down and into the eddies—very often to some kind of a quarry. Fish always lie where the current takes the bait, and most good anglers pay especial attention to the

natural movements of the creatures the fish feed on.

Grasshoppers can be used with telling effect in the fall. When they are plentiful thousands of them jump into the water and are gobbled up. The flying species has a large plump body which makes a very attractive bait. If hooked carefully on the upper part of the body it will live and float on the surface for some time. Its struggles to free itself attract the attention of the fish.

The young lamprey is a small, wriggling wormlike creature, and is used mostly in rivers where it breeds. They are found by digging up the muddy sand at the river-side. When hooked they are very tough and lively and make every effort to get free and back to their mud bottom. Most anglers native to the Delaware and lower Beaverkill consider the lampreys the best kind of live bait, though personally I have found them a great nuisance and much given to getting stuck fast. Though very lively at first, they soon die, turning from a brown to a bluish-purple color. At such times they are poor bait. The secret of success is to have the bait alive, and acting in the water as naturally as it does when free—also to place it a good distance from the angler; this would apply to all methods in fishing with live bait, be it casting, skittering or trolling. It is a rare thing to see an angler who is a perfect or even a good caster. Distance, however great, while important, is not the only quality required. One can never repeat it too often that a light, delicate plop on the water means a great deal, as the fish will stay and go for the bait, instead of being scared away, which means half an hour's impatient waiting till they return and rise.

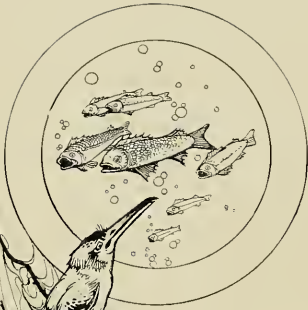
So many readers of this magazine wrote to me personally, asking for information as to the best place to go for trout, that I here give a number of places to go for bass and pike—both being often found in the same water:

Some of the best fishing I have enjoyed is in the St. Lawrence, with headquarters at Clayton, N. Y.; also good bass fishing at Belgrade Lakes, Maine. At much less cost and nearer New York there are many good lakes and rivers, foremost being the Delaware round about East Branch, to Hancock, Fish's Eddy, Cook's Falls, from the latter place fishing up stream five miles, and also down stream ten miles where the river (Beaverkill) joins the Delaware. This section is in New York State, 150 miles from the city.

The late William C. Harris for many years fished a stretch of three miles of the Schuylkill River from Rogers Ford to Yankee Dam—about thirty miles from Philadelphia.

Greenwood Lake in New Jersey yields a good catch of bass and wall-eyed pike. On Long Island is another good place, Lake Ronkonkoma, which provides excellent sport for bass and pike with an occasional brown trout.

Nearly every large pond and lake contains bass or pike, often both, all over the highlands of the Catskills and Adirondacks. Many of the railroads now publish booklets giving a list of places, and the angler has but to choose those he fancies most likely to suit.



JV LY





"Lee on a tour of inspection through his camp
in South Carolina."

Drawing for General Henry Lee by Stanley M. Arthurs

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



Vol. XLVIII

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Number 4

'LONG COWALLIS CRICK

BY HOLMAN DAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. M. ALBAUGH

WE have been meeting the Todd trio quite regularly along Cowallis Crick since the spring term of district school closed.

They're Jeduthan Sproat Todd's children. A strong name, that, but Jeduthan has gone stronger.

A fashion of statuesque terminology seems to cling to the various generations in the Todd family. We discovered this, the Judge and I, the first time we came across the Todd trio. We found them cozily convened at "Straddle-root pool," enjoying the nine legal points of possession. They reaped the advantages of that delectable and reliable nook where we had craftily sprinkled chopped liver for our June "tole."

As we came over the knoll, and just as the Judge began to growl a sort of coffee-mill growl in his beard, the rugged and rustic end of the longest pole ducked "splash!" into the water. The youth "derricked." The limber ash buckled along its knotted

length. The taut line "slished" the water to right and to left. The end of the pole again sagged to kiss the troubled stream.

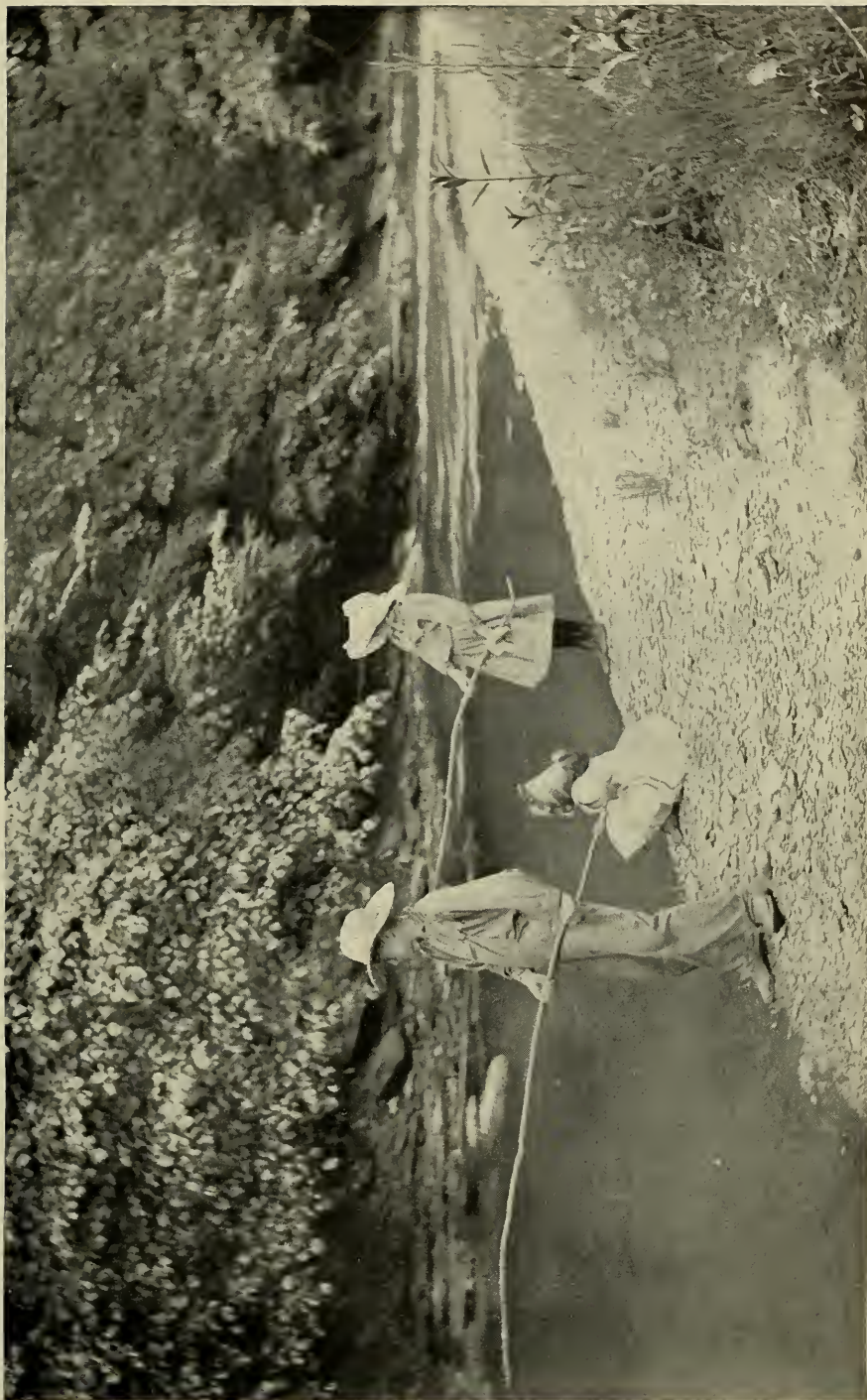
"Play him! Play him, you blunderation little fool!" roared the Judge. The youth hooked his chin over his shoulder for an instant, peered at the Judge from the solemn shade of his cabbage-leaf hat brim and set his clutch anew on his pole.

"Play your grawn-maw," he retorted, with that assurance that the pride of possession gives to the weakest and tamest of us. Then he set his teeth, braced his feet against old "Straddle-root," and pop! the fish came out with a sort of a beer-bottle cork effect. His glistening body went up and over through the zipping leaves, and he fell afar off on the sward. That instant the captor was upon him, plunging on hands and knees. Scooping grass and dried leaves, he clutched him and brought him to us, the burnished body writhing, his spots glowing.

"I ain't here to play. I'm here to fish,"



The three Todds, in light marching order, *en route* for "Straddle-root pool."



"We found them cozily convened at 'Straddle-root pool,' enjoying the nine legal points of possession."

explained the boy a bit humbly, for he thought that the Judge's scowl was rebuke for his pertness.

The Judge pinched on his eyeglasses and took the trout. Both of us at the same time saw the frayed end of a leader hanging from a corner of the gasping mouth. I held the jaws apart and the Judge deftly picked out the fly. It was a Babcock, yellow and black.

"That's the last fly he took from me," said the Judge. "I wonder what he has done with the others he has snagged off against that root? There's only one like him in this crick. I'm sure of that. I've played him a half dozen times this season."

The boy was looping on another worm.

"Father says," he imparted,

"'Fools go fubbin' their time in fun;
But a wise chap plays when his work is done.'"

"Who is your father?" inquired the Judge with a grimness that suggested he might be going to look up that impertinent phrasemaker.

"Jeduthan Sproat Todd. I'm Voltaire Marengo Todd. My biggest sister here is Elzara Oral Todd. This other one is Izannah Omenia Todd. Father and mother and the other three boys are down the crick, and with meat vittles prices up where they be now, fishin' is bus'ness with us."

He paused to take a hornpout off the smallest girl's hook, cautiously setting the defensive spines between his fingers.

"If you want that trout for a quarter you can have him," said the brisk young business head of this detachment of the Todd family. "Trouts don't eat as well at our house as pouts—the way mother cooks pouts. We skin 'em, roll 'em in plenty o' salt and meal, pan-fry 'em with good pig pork and you can lift out the whole back bone to once. They're juicier than trouts. There ain't northin' suits us better unless it's eels. Now you take an eel——"

"No, I don't take an eel, not if I know it in time," replied the Judge. He set his rod case against a tree, sat down on the crick bank and lighted a cigar.

"If this is where you fish regular," said the boy a bit wistfully, "me and my little sisters will go away. Father says that whatever the Todds have been and ain't

been there was none of 'em ever raised brustles instead of a beard."

Such spirit of submissiveness indicated that the Todd trio were ready to acknowledge with rural courtesy the inalienable rights of "sojourners." When "sojourners" discern that trait in a flourishing condition they, on their part, ought to go more than half way. Witness the city lion and the bucolic lamb lying down together all over our broad land o' summer times!

Why, in our case it has arrived at the point where we have had a mess of hornpouts fried in "mother's way" at the Todd homestead.

The Judge still refuses to catch hornpouts. Therefore, the Todds gallantly surrender to him the swift water, the deep pools where the swirls make under the dark shadows, and all the known lurking places of the trout. I have little inclination for wet feet and wadings on slippery rocks, and with a temper that becomes absolutely shameless when a leader snarls about a tree limb, still prefer to consort with the Todds on the banks beside the still waters and respond to plain, old-fashioned "twigging," with prompt and effective derricksings by a stiff pole.

And thus I have time and opportunity for favorable and amicable consortings with the ilk of the Todds. Would that all "sojourners" might win over the natural aloofness of the native fishermen, as the Judge and I have done since we broke the ice with the Todd trio. It is something to have broken into the exclusiveness of Cowallis Crick, and we are grateful. It was only yesterday that Jeduthan Sproat Todd sent along Lurchin Trundy Todd, Number Four in the family stepladder, to climb trees and bring down the Judge's leader.

It was on the same day that Velzora Alwilda Todd, aged five, gave me bashfully, and yet with pride her special nomenclature of the months of the year as follows:

"Jenny Mary, Fubiderry, Mush, September, Ockjuber, Fourth o' July, St. Padrick's Day and Christmas."

All Nature smiled with a little extra breadth—and what's the fun in fishing when Nature isn't smiling?

Were it not for Jeduthan Todd's profound craft and his magnanimity, "Old Sockdolager" would still be finning the gloomy depths of Big Rock pot-hole and



"Father and Mother and the other three boys are down the creek."



It's easier work fishin' than doin' chores.

Photograph by J. H. Furbell.

chuckling in his gills. You ought to hear the Judge tell about that. But it takes him too long.

"There are people in the city who are at their tasks to-day,
Who are living all unconscious of the doom
that points their way.
Alack, the ear drums battered in, the senses
battered out!
The Judge is coming back to tell the story of
that trout!"

"That one the boy caught with your fly hangin' to his chops was a fair fish—a mighty fair fish," said Jeduthan. "He's fit to be called Uncle Trout. But the one that's in Big Rock pool is Granther Trout, and you can take my word for it. But he knows more 'n a Philadelpy lawyer. Do you want to see him?"

"Yes," said the Judge, not displaying great interest.

"Then," directed Jeduthan, his eyes still on his bob, for Jeduthan takes no chances when he is fishing, "you go scuff in the grass and catch the biggest hoppergrass you can."

The Judge brought a gray one, pinching him by his wings—one of the sort that fly with a queer grating noise and that the boys call "quackers."

"Hitch your smallest split shot to him with a thread," said Jeduthan, yanking vigorously to set his hook in a candidate, and failing.

"Now go down around the bend to Big Rock pool. Keep away from the bank so that your shadder won't fall on the water, and throw grasshopper, grasshopper gray, gimme some 'lasses to-day, jest as fur to'ards the middle of that pool as you can."

I didn't go along, for it was too comfortable, lolling in the sun beside Jeduthan.

The Judge came running.

"Give me my rod—give me my rod," he gasped, as passionately as though some one were willfully keeping it from him. "He's—he's the—gimme my pole, I say!"

"Did you see him, Jedge?" asked Jeduthan, exploring a pout's cavernous mouth with his thumb after a swallowed hook.

"See him! That quacker spacked down on the water with his wings spread and he floated a second, and then up rolled the biggest—say, gimme my rod!"

"A minit, a minit, now," advised Jeduthan soothingly. "You can't go at that

fish like you'd go after the cows. Ain't you fished that pool day in and day out? Did you ever see Granther before? No, you never did. He hears footsteps like he had his own telephone line. He sees folks that stand on the rock or the bank, like he was fitted up with a telescope. It needs figgerin' to git him. I've been figgerin' a good many years."

"You've known that fish is there and haven't tried to catch him?" demanded the Judge.

"Oh, I'm patient about fishin'," smiled Jeduthan, stringing on a fresh worm. "I ain't ever suffered for fish yet. If he'd been the last one in the crick I'd have prob'ly thunk harder and got after him. I'm willin' you should ketch him and you've got more time to put into it than I have. I have been thinkin'. I think I have got it thunk. You go git some short fence rails and cob-pile a raft together—not more'n ten foot square."

When the rails were piled together Jeduthan gave it his nodded approval.

"Now take my big knife," he said, "and cut a big heap of sweet fern bushes and young birch tops and t'other green stuff, and heap 'em onto that raft."

The Judge toiled in the sun, perspiration streaming, and Jeduthan watched him with bland compassion.

"I'm glad to tell him," he vouchsafed to me. "I'd like to see it tried and I don't reckon I'd ever have the gimp to do it myself. Accordin' to my notion there ain't much fun in the kind of fishin' where you can't set down and let 'em come to you. Us that live on Cowallis Crick ain't goin' hungry for fish, be we? City folks come here and run up and down the bank like they was on foot races. It makes us reg'lar fishermen tired to watch 'em—and we don't come here to be made tired."

I got further light on the generally intolerant spirit displayed toward "sojourners."

"Now, Jedge," he continued when the raft had been heaped, "you nustle down into that browse and let your friend here push you off. Bait with another quacker. Let about fifteen feet of line trail jest careless like. Don't move. Don't go to slashin' and whippin'. As I figger it Granther will cock his eye up at that brush heap when it floats into the pool and he'll

wonder. Then he'll see that it ain't nothin' but brush and he'll fin along into the shade of it—it bein' middlin' hot today. Then he'll see another of them quackers like what he had just now, flo'tin' along,—and the other tasted good and didn't have no pricklers in it, and so—well, go 'long and see what will happen."

I saw it from afar, for the Judge would have committed justifiable homicide if by jarring footsteps or wavering shadow I had interfered.

I had long to wait, for the raft moved across the pool with the dignified sluggishness of a glacier. But at last there was a swirl, a flash, a gobble—and the fight was on.

At the first buzz of the reel the judicial dryad emerged from his leafy covert with a whoop, the raft scattered and out of the flotsam the Judge came beating and spouting his way.

It was as fair a contest as I ever saw. 'Twas an open question whether the Judge would get the trout or the trout get the Judge. The Judge won. I have small memory for fishing details, but—the Judge won! After he had floundered two rods to a footing he stood with water to his waist and fought it out. When at last I came to him where he was weakly recumbent on the crick's bank he was mumbling strange words in his dripping beard and kissing the glossy sides of "Sockdolager." It was as acute a case of delirium piscator as I ever witnessed. The Judge has had a snapshot taken by a local amateur in which he and his rod are Lilliputian, and the fish, held well in front of him, is Brobdingnagian. And he adds new foot-notes and appendices every time he relates the story. It is already a two-evening serial. 'Twill be a busy fall and winter for the Judge's friends!

Jeduthan pinched his bamboo pole between his knees, slowly gnawed off the corner of a black plug while he surveyed the trout sideways and remarked:

"He'll go best baked and stuffed and with egg sass."

We came across the Three Wise Men of Gilead on our way back to the tavern. The tavern is in Gilead, you know.

There is a short cut to the tavern from Big Rock pool, but the Judge wouldn't go that way. He insisted on making a triumphal tour of the crick's bank. He

carried "Sockdolager" dangling from two fingers poked into his gills.

The Three Wise Men were down at Pond Lily eddy, "skipping" for pickerel. Two of 'em were skipping and the third was keeping them supplied with bullfrogs' hind legs. They're great skip-bait, frogs' legs are! The Cowallis Crick pickerel, pampered in the matter of taste, poise finning under lily-pads and scowl at strips of sunfish and chubs, goggle resentfully at pork rinds, but just stick your hook through the thick part of a frog's hind leg and describe an arc on the rippling surface! There's a dark-green swerve, the flirt of a tail, the heart-hopping strike of the pickerel and still another testimonial to the esculent qualities of frogs' legs.

"It's all in bait on this crick," said one of the Wise Men, casting a critical eye on the Judge's catch. "What did the Todd boy use to catch him with?"

He interrupted the Judge's indignant remonstrance.

"You bought t'other big one off'n him, didn't you?"

Then followed the first rehearsal of a great story. It did not interrupt the "skipping," but it interested, none the less.

"It's the right bait that does it," said one at last. "Did you ever hear Rhymer Tuttle's song about it? He used to fish here on the crick.

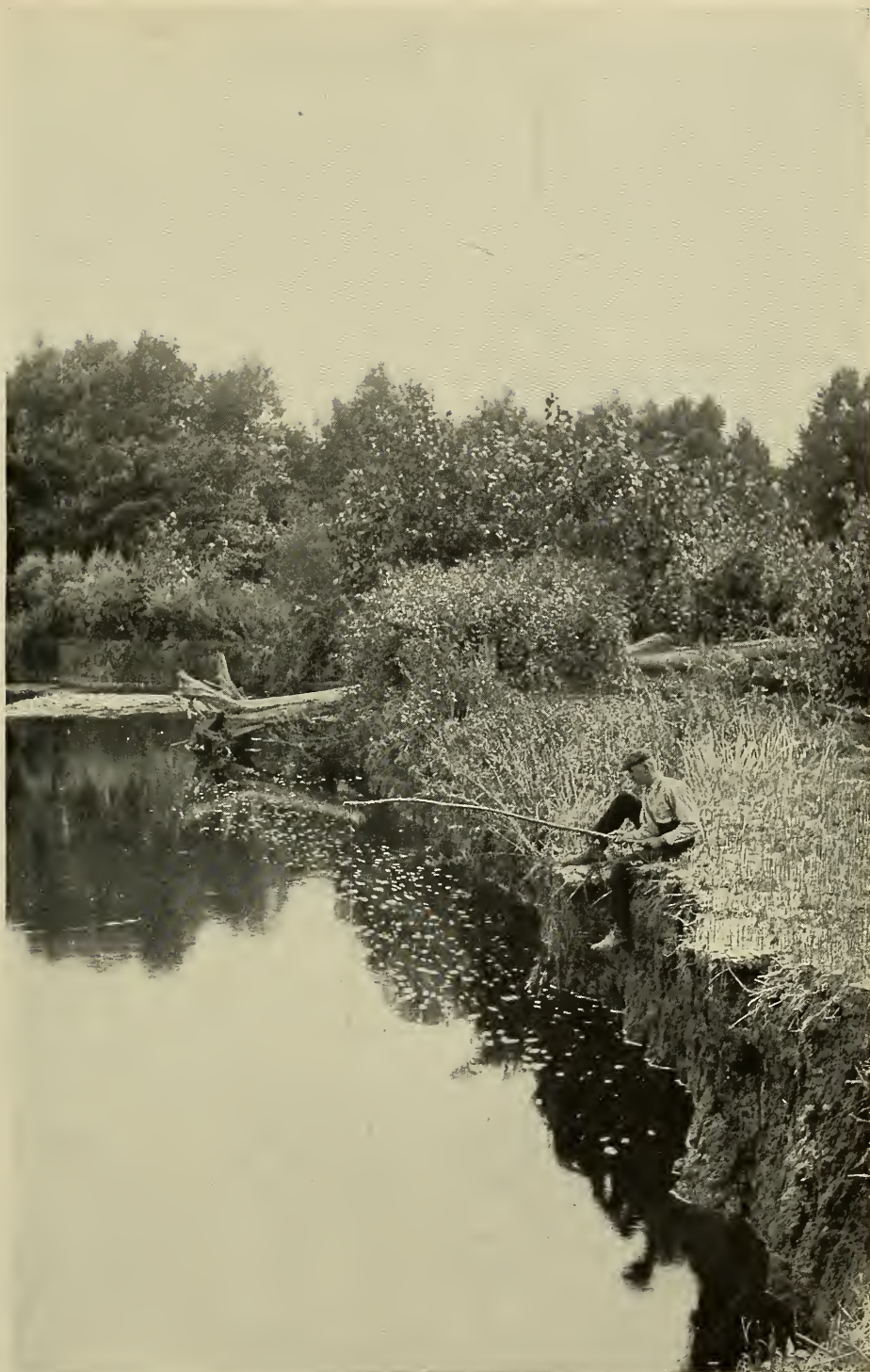
"I ain't no gre't singer," he confided at last in reply to pressing invitations. "But I can remember the words of it. I'll sing it to the tune the old cow died on." He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth:

"Fol di rol,
Oh, rol di fol!

Pick right bait for to make your haul.
Old Ez Joe Skenks he used to say
That a cent for bait would ketch Ben Gray.
Old Nick some day, so I ser-pose,
He'll jiggle a cent front o' Old Ben's nose.
And as soon's Old Ben he gits a smell
He'll bite and be yerked plum straight to—
Fol di rol,
Oh, rol di fol!

It takes right bait for to make a haul."

Now that is crude, but there is a point of moral philosophy in it that—but we'll let it drop. I have heard folks say that it is that kind of talk that spoils Ike Walton's book for them.



"It suits our taste better along Cowallis Crick."

The Judge and I have been down to Bucket Pond once. Cowallis Crick flows into that pond. It isn't far, but we shall not go again. There's a summer hotel on the shore. The men "sojourners" wear knee panties and slouch hats with flies hooked around the hat-bands, and they chalk up their day's fish scores on a blackboard in the hotel office, and then stand around the board and discuss the matter all the evening.

And the funny part of it is, they have no fish to show.

The pond has been stocked with black bass, bristly, spiny, piratical, voracious chaps that have driven out everything else except some hard-jawed, lean old racers of pickerel.

The men in knee panties go out each day in boats with a native guide to row them around. They cast for the bass and often get two and sometimes three strikes at a cast. More than that, they get excited. It is a peculiar fact that every native guide at Bucket Pond has from one to a dozen nicks in his ears. That's where the swirling, slashing flies of delirious bass fishermen have caught and held. I believe the current guerdon for hooking an ear is one dollar, but some fishers are more generous or more conscience-smitten.

Angle-worms are a cent each and small frogs five cents each and are as staple as currency.

And out of it all the fishermen have no fish to show. The pond has been stocked

by the hotel people and the angler is expected to allow his guide to immediately put back into the water each fish that is caught. It doesn't harm the iron-mouthed bass. Some of them whose marks are distinguishable, such as a brindled back or a white fin or a nicked tail, have been named, and "Frederick" or "Adolphus" or "Lycurgus" are affectionately greeted when they come over the boat side.

We shall not go down to that aquarium again this summer. It suits our taste better along Cowallis Crick, now that we have broken into native society by the aid of the Todd trio.

There's something honest about really and truly country fishing. There are no fish hogs, whose only aim is a record catch. The "mess" is the standard in the country. And provided the "mess" is coming along all right there is time for contemplative discourse along the banks of the crick, and opportunity for the gathering of much that is wise and diverting and profitable.

As Jeduthan Sproat Todd was relating the other day—but without the drowsy hush of the summer noon, the shimmer of heat against the blue hills, the golden dance of the light flecks through the leaves, the couch of sward and pillow of sweet fern; without the distant tinkle of scythe to make us rejoice in our own laziness, the chuckle of water about the mossy stones, all to serve as frame and accompaniment of that story, what is the use of trying to report Jeduthan Sproat Todd?



"Homeward bound."

THE WHITE WINGS OF THE GREAT LAKES

BY WILBUR BASSETT



THE stanch and able schooners of the Great Lakes, the "Hookers" of the past generation, are fast retiring before the advance of steel and steam. In the prosperous harbors whose youth they succored and defended they lie now disgraced as hulks and barges, or sink into the Nirvana of shifting sands.

Yet sail is not gone from the Lakes, for from the blackened ruins of that once great fleet have sprung myriad graceful forms of pleasure craft. There are stately schooners with towering spars and decks immaculate; sturdy, comfortable yawls ready for distant cruises; powerful racing sloops, lean and swift; and all the flitting raceabouts and dories that hover at the harbor mouths.

In all the great cities of the Lakes, and in scores of summer settlements, groups of men who love the water have banded together to form yacht clubs and to build sail-boats for cruising and for racing. And all of this movement is comparatively new, for it is but yesterday that any leisure class began to be in the great outposts of the Northwest, and even now the yachtsman who can leave his *terra firma* of business and sail away on distant cruises is looked upon as an idler. Yet every sailor knows that to the mastery of his craft he must bring years of study and practice and that loving care which makes sailing a fine art. It is no game for a summer half-holiday, to be taken up at will and as lightly cast aside.

So it is that sailing for pleasure is only

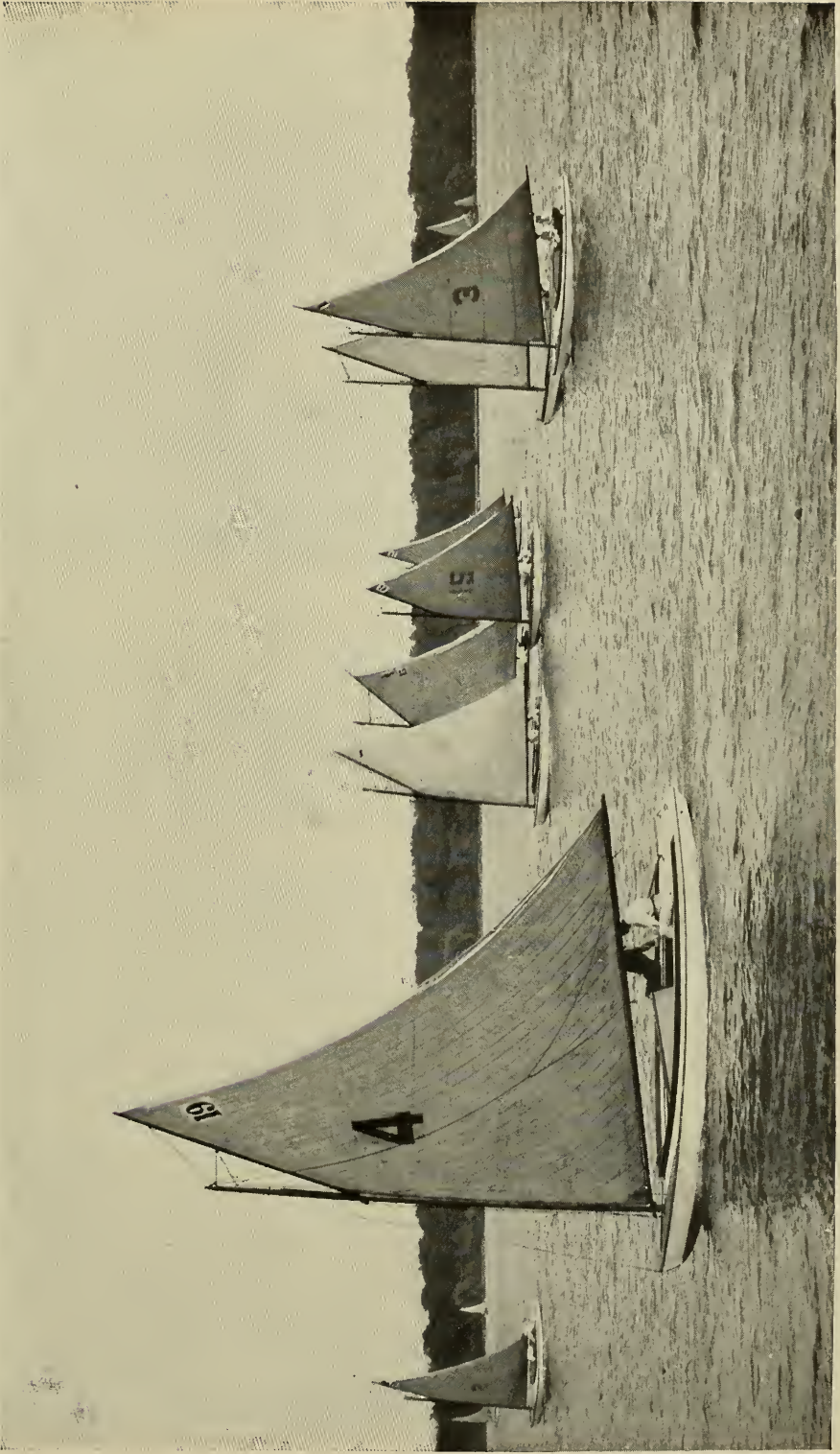
possible in a community which has emerged from the strenuous days of its struggle with the swamp and the forest, into the golden age of boulevards and parks and country clubs. Out of the caves and dungeons of great cities the yachtsman emerges into the pure air that blows over the Lakes, and sails away, care-free and clean of lung, into a life beyond the reach of buyers and sellers, of telephones and messengers, of appointments and engagements, into a world of health and freedom. You will find him feasting on canned beans and smoked herring in the fair stretches of the North Channel, reckless of the price of wheat and the fluctuations of industrials. You may visit him in lonely harbors in the uncharted areas of Georgian Bay, and you will find him lost to the world of landmen and of shore conventions, following the call of the Red Gods "to the camps of proved desire and known delight."

They are hearty good fellows, these yachtsmen of the sweet waters, for the sailor is the same the world over. Whether you meet him on the Tea wharf or on Front Street, in Oahu or Singapore or Mackinac, you find him a whole-souled man, prompt to greet you as a brother in the greatest of families, full of the praises of his own ship and his own waters, ultra-masculine in his moods, hospitable, reminiscent, and fond of technical detail. He will care little for your worldly wealth or shore attainments, your cut-glass or mahogany, but will search to the last detail for virtues or faults in your rigging and hull and spars. No magnificence of inlaid woods or polished brass will avail you if you are lacking in the theory and practice of the game in all its manifold details.

Salt-water sailors affect to look down upon fresh-water sailors, and class them



Running before the wind.



A close finish on the Detroit River.



Lipton Cup racers *La Rita*, *Sprite* and *Yo San*—21-foot class.

Photograph by R. H. Hall.

with the boatman of the rivers and inland lakes. They will tell you that it is no trick to sail along the shore from light to light. He who has roared around the world in a skysail clipper or pressed on canvas across the Western Ocean in some splendid cruising yacht, may well disdain to acknowledge kinship to the schooner man from Grand

Haven or the yachtsman from Detroit or Duluth, and yet no man who really knows the Great Lakes in their sterner moods will ever scorn them or underrate the men who can find livelihood or sport in daring their majestic wrath. No North Atlantic gale can be more terrible than the autumn storms which rage across these waters, toss-



The Milwaukee Yacht Club boat-house.

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One-designers of The Saddle and Cycle Club.

Photograph by R. H. Hail.

ing powerful steamers ashore like dories, swallowing piers and docks, and sweeping away leagues of shore. The seas are not those of the North Atlantic or the Horn, to be sure, mountainous and irresistible, but they are fast traveling and short with cross seas that are extremely dangerous. There is the lee shore always imminent,

and the tremendous and unwieldy freighter always dangerously near. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety in these crowded seas, and he who has not the nerve to claw off a lee shore in a gale or slip and run from some poor harbor with only his anchor watch, is not fit company for these adventurers of the Great Lakes. The courses



The Detroit Yacht Club, Belle Isle.

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The *Priscilla*.

Photograph by Detroit Publishing Co.



A part of the fleet at anchor.

Photograph by Detroit Publishing Co.

laid out for racing are in the open lake where the racers have no escape from sea and wind, and cannot, like their brothers of the coasts, trust to the shelter of bays or estuaries. Once beyond the harbor mouth there is nothing to do but take the full force of wind and wave. And yet in spite of the size of many of the boats and the frequency of summer storms it seldom happens that a race is abandoned. That the love of the sea is strong in the West is testified to by the rolls of the Navy. Admiral Evans is quoted as saying, "The bulk of our new enlistments come from the Central West, wherever that is." The doughty sea dog is an lowan himself, but perhaps he has been so long at sea he has forgotten where the Central West is.

The yachting months on the Lakes are June, July, August, September and early October. May is likely to be raw and unsettled, and late October is usually stormy. July and August are the favorite months, when the waters are warm and pleasant weather the rule. But though the sailing months are long delayed, the activities of the game begin with ever-renewed enthusiasm at the first sign of spring. Plans which have been worked-out during the winter are unfolded, calking hammers and paint scrapers resound, dockyards and shops are visited, sailmakers and riggers are set to work, and the delights of the fitting-out season are at hand. Shadow your sailor, lawyer or broker or banker these spring afternoons and you may discover him, flat on his back in the mud, scraping the garboard strake of some big yawl or racing sloop, his face plastered with paint and dirt, his back aching and his breath short, but his eyes intent upon every detail of his cherished ship. Nobody can do this work just right but himself, and nobody is quite so anxious as he to know every inch of that under body upon whose good condition his life may depend. Later, if you find him superintending rigging, and the bending-on of canvas, you may be sure that he is a safe man to sail with. This is the type of yachtsman who began as a boy with a home-made sailing canoe, and through succeeding years has advanced season by season through all the intermediate stages of dory and cat and small sloop until he reached the present exalted position as

owner and master of an able and comfortable cruiser. He will tell you there is nothing beyond.

About the first day of May the ways are greased, and the ship railways equipped for the launching of the fleet. All of the lighter craft and such of the heavier ones as need rest or repairs are out of the water during the winter and housed under canvas and boards to await the coming of spring. Then with sides freshly painted, and bilges dry and clean, they slide into the water and are ready for spars and rigging. This work is all finished by the middle or end of May and the season has fairly begun.

The wide porches of hospitable club houses are thronged with men eager to see the new boats and greet the old, every one anxious to know whether the old *Betty* has really been replanked, and how able the ex-commodore's new schooner is likely to be. They are closely tied together by an absorbing common interest, and by that intimacy born of the close quarters of the game. There are a thousand camps and schools among them, founded upon inspired formulas and types of boats; but beyond a deep pity for each other's ignorance and a joint hostility toward all regatta committees, these smouldering embers seldom break into flame. These very differences and the enthusiasm with which they are maintained are an index of the genuineness of the spirit in which the sport develops. Formulas, designs, scantling restrictions, racing rules, and types of boats are searched by the white heat of criticism, torn apart by committees and technical journals, and pass into history as living things.

There is a sense of perspective and of historic development always present in the mind of your true yachtsman. Every sailing event has its relation to the growth of the game, every ship a true position in the development of her class. Let some ancient schooner appear upon the horizon, and your yachtsman will tell you that from the cut of her jib and the set of her main topsail she must be such-a-one. She was built many winters ago at Manitowoc, or Toronto, and had a yellow deck and a raked foremast her first year; she never was fast on windward work because she is too bluff; she has a new foretopmast this year, and is reported

to have had her galley enlarged during the winter. All conversation, reading, games and even naps are at once postponed until the identification and history of the distant ship are complete. This same deep interest embalms the memory of notable races, of great storms, of beautiful days, of courses and soundings, of harbor bars and sunken reefs, and is ready to reconstruct at a moment's notice the intimate history of ships and men and days that have passed away.

The element of change and evolution which characterizes yacht racing in all waters is strongly marked among these clubs of the Great Lakes, whose life is yet young, and whose tastes are fickle. No sooner is a type of boat developed than it is literally torn to pieces by the critics, who build another class upon its ruins. Sometimes splendid trophies serve to perpetuate a class, but its every detail is sure to be unsatisfactory to a host of enthusiasts, and the boats that are cherished in one locality are considered worthless by the nearest neighbor. Chicago has her twenty-one-foot cabin class, the east shore of Lake Michigan its twenty-one-foot raceabouts, Detroit has leanings toward cat-boats, and Toronto is proud of her fleet of dories. There is no such thing as forcing a class upon these enthusiasts, who laboriously develop the class most suited to their own needs, and care little for yachting associations and racing unions. There is a strong tendency, however, to profit by the experience of the older clubs of the Atlantic coast, and to adopt so far as possible the results worked out by them. This is made feasible through the general circulation and exchange of plans and working drawings.

International racing on the Lakes is represented by the contests for the Canada's Cup, a trophy offered by Toledo in 1896. In that year *Canada* of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, beat *Vencedor* of Chicago, and the cup was dedicated as a perpetual trophy under the name of the winner. *Vencedor* and *Canada* were fifty-foot sloops, but the contests were not confined to that class by the deed of gift, and in 1899 Chicago challenged for a race in the thirty-five-foot class. *Genesee* of Rochester was chosen to represent the American clubs, and brought back the trophy. Two

years later the Canadian yacht *Invader* defeated *Cadillac* at Chicago, and the cup again went back to Canada. Rochester, ever ambitious, challenged the Canadians in 1903, and chose as her representative the forty-footer *Irondequoit*, which wrested the trophy from the veteran Jarvis on the *Strathcona*. Last summer the Canadians sent the thirty-footer *Temeraire*, designed by Fife of Scotland, to Rochester, with orders to bring away the cup again. Rochester met them with *Iroquois*, a Herreshoff-Lawley creation, and successfully defended the cup in a series of splendid races. Thus in recent years the upper Lake men have had no part in the international races, which have developed into a duel between Toronto and Rochester. Again in 1907 the rivals will meet at Rochester to challenge and defend.

Another international trophy on fresh water is the Seawanhaka Cup for twenty-footers, which is raced for under the auspices of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal. This is a smaller Lake series which has developed keen rivalry and a high class of talent in the designing and handling of small boats.

Leading up to these major struggles which make fame for designers and builders, sailmakers and skippers, there are a host of local contests which develop local talent, and keep scattered yachtsmen closely in touch. The circuit races of the Lake Yacht Racing Association and the regattas of the Inter-lake Yachting Association and the Lake Michigan Yachting Association are looked forward to in those waters with the keenest interest. On the day fixed for one of these meets the local club acting as host is gay with bunting and white duck. A band plays on the broad veranda, and there are luncheon and dinner parties buzzing with excitement. As the visiting fleet sails in, noisy cannon and cheers salute them, and colors dip their formal salutes. Flag officers and committee men dash about in launches and pulling boats, with greetings and instructions, and the last careful touches are given to rigging and canvas. After the little fleets have run the courses, there are joyful gatherings on the larger boats and in the club house, where the story is retold and passes into the annals of the club. At nightfall, when the riding lights are lit,

harbor and house are ablaze with light, and from rail and yardarm paper lanterns swing gayly. There is a dance on shore, with no end of pretty girls and sunburned sailors, and for the hard-shells who disdain such land enticements there are little gatherings in the cabins and under the awnings, with plenty of good cheer and the same old sailor songs. When on the morrow or later the visitors sail away there are salvos of cheers and artillery to speed the parting guests. Never were prettier girls than those who cheer you as you glide away from the anchorage where you have been an honored guest and won a well-sailed race. Often there are many days of festivity in connection with these races, and the races are sailed in series, with Venetian nights and water carnivals to fill the interim. On the last night there is sure to be a general love-feast, when each victorious captain receives his prizes and tells what a good crew he commanded. The hosts are pledged to return the visit, and there are endless sailor yarns and many a good song.

In addition to the international races and local regattas there are two annual events of general interest to yachtsmen by reason of the splendid trophies offered. These are the races for the Lipton Cup, held at Chicago, and for the Walker Cup, at Detroit. These trophies are at present offered in the twenty-one-foot class, and have afforded abundant sport. Each club also has its series of races and racing cruises in which the whole local family takes part. The races may be for the big fellows or for dories, but they are always gala affairs and their every incident passes into club history. They are so arranged as to give even the slowest and most antiquated cruiser and the smallest "bug" a chance, and are the nursery of the racing game.

One of the most beautiful and valuable of American trophies is the cup given by Sir Thomas Lipton to the Columbia Yacht Club of Chicago, to be raced for by small boats. This contest is now confined to the twenty-one-foot water-line class, which has through its influence become the best-known racing class in the West. The races are sailed off Chicago in midsummer and arouse the keenest rivalry. Yachtsmen from Detroit, Milwaukee and Cleveland are sure to be present as spectators

or competitors, and these races have done much to bring the yachting fraternities of these cities closer together. *Ste. Claire*, *La Rita*, *Spray*, *Sprite*, *Yo San*, and *Mendota* are famous craft of this class. *Ste. Claire*, owned by Franklin H. Walker of the Detroit Country Club, is the present cock-of-the-walk, having handily won the past two series of races.

The interest in small-boat racing, encouraged by these contests for the Lipton Cup, led in 1903 to the donation of another splendid trophy for twenty-one-foot water-line boats, given to the Detroit Country Club by Commodore Walker. Races for the Walker Cup are sailed on Lake St. Clair, a beautiful expanse of water surrounded by summer homes, the gateway between the upper and lower lakes. The home of the Country Club stands on the northwest shore of the lake, a few miles above the Detroit River, a comfortable and well-appointed house, surrounded by verdant lawns. It is this ideal spot which has done much to make Detroit the chief yachting center of the Great Lakes. In the last series of races for the Walker Cup *Ste. Claire*, victorious at Chicago, was defeated by *Spray* of Detroit, which thus lays claim to be the fastest of western small racers. Mr. Wadsworth Warren and Dr. C. G. Jennings have, with Commodore Walker, been prime movers in Detroit yachting.

Among the cruising boats from the City of the Straits the big yawl *Sitarab*, of Mr. Russell Alger, Jr., is notable as the only contestant to weather the norther which broke up the cruising race to Mackinac last July.

In spite of the popularity of the twenty-one-footers there are already signs of a movement in favor of smaller boats, with such restrictions as shall insure stability and weathery qualities. Detroit is in favor of a twenty-foot water-line, and restrictions for eighteen-foot classes have already found favor among upper and lower Lake men.

Toronto and Rochester are strong in both racers and cruisers, and the local clubs have gained celebrity through their splendid struggle for the Canada's Cup. Æmilus Jarvis is perhaps the best-known of Canadian racing skippers, and has more than once borne away the coveted inter-

national trophy. He has now become enamoured of cruising, and is wedded to the fine yawl *Merrythought*. Toronto has evolved an interesting class of small boats which developed from a crude sailing dinghey to a well-defined racing boat of sixteen-foot water-line. Neighboring clubs have taken up the class with enthusiasm, and it offers an able little single-hander at a minimum cost. The National Club of Toronto, which brought forth the wily *Skirmisher*, is an organization of able Corinthians, who are proud of their ability to build and sail their own boats. *Little Nell*, *Clip* and *La Souris* are champions in this "flitabout" class, and its leading spirits are such men as George Gooderham, J. St. Clair Robertson and Father Whitcombe of Hamilton.

Rochester has made a splendid name by her good sportsmanship and the able way in which she has conducted the international races. Lorenzo G. Mabbett, skipper of *Iroquois*, the last defender, is her present idol, and among her well-known yachtsmen are Charles Van Voorhis and T. B. Pritchard.

The waters about the Thousand Islands are the chosen haunts of lower Lake cruisers. Such yachts as *Merle* of Buffalo, a comfortable cruising sloop; *Priscilla*, the beautiful two-masted auxiliary schooner of Commodore George H. Worthington of

Cleveland, and *Merrythought* of Toronto, are typical of the cruisers to be found in these waters.

Cleveland sailor men are at a disadvantage in that their harbor has a northerly entrance and they have no place to run to before a norther. The club houses are a short way below the main harbor in well-protected water. Put-in-Bay is their cruising ground in common with the yachtsmen from Toledo and Detroit.

West of the Straits the chief yachting centers are Chicago and Milwaukee. Milwaukee has a beautiful bay on the west shore of Lake Michigan, and her sailors are keen racing men. R. P. Brown and R. B. Mallory are foremost among the Cream City men who have sought Lipton Cup honors.

Chicago's sobriquet, "The Windy City," gives evidence that her yachtsmen seldom need to be towed, and in fact with the exception of the sunrise and sunset hours of midsummer there is always a breeze along her splendid and imposing water front. Although yachting is yet young in Chicago there are three local clubs, The Chicago Yacht Club, The Columbia Yacht Club and Jackson Park Yacht Club, which are strong and flourishing organizations. The Chicago Club, the senior, has a racing history, but her present interest centers in cruising, and her fleet of cruisers is the pride of these waters. The schooners *Alice*, *Hawthorne* and *Mistral*, the yawls *Arcadia*, *Naiad*, *Rosamond* and *Tannis*, and the sloops *Vanenna* and *Siren*, are known to every harbor from Michigan City to Pathfinder Bay.

The Columbia Yacht Club, on the other hand, is deeply interested in racing, and justly proud of the honor of conducting the Lipton Cup races. The club conducts many regattas and is well represented in all western racing meets.

The Jackson Park Yacht Club is the youngest organization, and has its anchorage in one of the picturesque lagoons made for the world's fair of 1893, in the shadow of the convent of La Rabida. Being seven miles from the soot-laden air of the city, the sails and rigging of these suburban sailers



Hawthorne, Chicago Yacht Club.



Ste. Claire, which won Lipton Cup 1904 and 1905.

have less of the coal dirt by which one marks Chicago yachts from afar.

Warner, McClurg, Baum, Soule, Fox, Cameron, Atkins, McConnell, Price and Thompson are names prominent among the records of Chicago yachting. These men are on the lee shore of a long, narrow lake many miles from refuge and far from cruising grounds, yet they have with characteristic Chicago energy made the names of their clubs watchwords in American yachting.

No distance race in American waters is of more interest than the annual cruising race of the Chicago Yacht Club from Chicago to Mackinac Island, a three hundred and twenty mile course. The race was established as an annual event for late July to preface the cruising season in northern waters, and with the exception of the transoceanic races, has no equal in point of distance. On the day of the first race, two years ago, the entire fleet set spinnakers and balloons before a hard and shifting southerly blow, which carried them all the way to the finish line at a ten-knot pace, with a tremendous following sea. It was during this blow that Captain Charles Fox took the schooner-yacht *Hawthorne* into Frankfort without her rudder, repaired the steering gear with the aid of

the village blacksmith and returned to the race. Last year, on the contrary, a northerly of high velocity piled up seas which drove all the smaller craft to shelter, and showed that only powerful and seaworthy craft of cruising size are suited to this long and uncertain course. It is believed that this race will do much to encourage the building of able cruisers by giving them a fair chance for racing honors.

The spirit of competition which has developed the more exciting side of the sport burns itself out of the yachtsman of advancing years, and there comes a day when the most successful racing skipper joins with the tired business man who has had his fill of the strenuous side of life, and gives up racing for the milder joys of cruising. There comes a day when these two no longer enjoy full cockpits and a press of canvas, stripped cabins and racing gear, and turn gladly to some sturdy cruiser, well-sparred and rigged, with comfortable cabin and safe freeboard. She may be schooner or yawl, large or small, but she must be roomy and able, with power enough to hold her own in a gale, and sail spread sufficient to drive her in light airs.

The most beautiful of lake cruisers is



Steel yawl *Arcadia*.

the schooner, which always looks trim and well balanced, at anchor or under sail. Her long bowsprit stretches eagerly forward with its snowy drifts of headsail, or mirrors itself in the waters of some quiet roadstead. Her slender, tapering topmasts sustain the swaying topsail triangles that surmount her lower canvas. If she be deep enough her decks are flush, and broken only by cockpit and hatches. Her forecabin gives accommodation for a crew of three or four, and her galley rejoices in a coal range, one luxury which always attracts the small-boatman, weary of oil stoves. Her cabins have bunks and state-rooms for from four to twenty men, and there are sail-lockers, paint-lockers, skin-lockers and "grub"-lockers in plenty. It is always cool under her awnings, and one may promenade her decks or lounge on steamer-chair or rug like a passenger on a liner. She is a ship in every sense, and he is indeed a monarch who commands such a craft.

More numerous, because less costly to construct and maintain, are the cruising yawls which have increased many-fold in the past two years. These boats with their big mainsail and diminutive mizzen are not so handsome as the schooners, but they are easily handled by a small crew, and are simpler in rig. While schooners are seldom built smaller than forty or fifty feet on the water-line, the yawl fleets include able cruisers as small as twenty-five feet. These wanderers are stoutly built and every inch of cabin space is utilized for comfort. The larger yawls are as commodious and comfortable as the schooners, and even the smallest are marvels of convenience and adaptation. Many of them are equipped with auxiliary power in the form of a compact motor tucked away under a hatch or table out of the way.

The love of wandering and adventure inherited from our nomadic and sea-roving ancestors burns fiercely with every recurring spring. It is not permissible in these gray and solemn days to sack and ransom the village across the lake or storm some distant outpost for its loot, and so for the landsman the day of romantic adventure is dead, and he must be content with an automobile and a flower-bed. For the sailor, however, the book of the romance and tragedy of the youth of the

world is still open. For the yachtsman and the sailing fisherman alone, the old gods of sea and wind that menaced Jason and Ulysses, Drake and Da Gama, still brew their potent spells. The sailor is the craftsman of an ancient art, and the technique of that craft has passed from the merchant sailor to the yachtsman. The thorough sailor must always be an artist in the sense that his craft demands of him the development of higher faculties beyond the limits of mere technical skill.

The yachtsman reaches the higher expression of his activities in cruising rather than in racing. There he is alone with his ship. Day and night, apart from all strife and competition, he may steep himself in the delights of mere sailing for sailing's sake. On the lower lakes the favorite cruising ground is Put-in-Bay at the eastern extremity of Lake Erie. Here during July and August scores of yachts from the shores of all the lakes gather to cruise and race. Cleveland, Detroit and Toledo are near and this is their common ground. From here north there is a stretch of river sailing, through le Detroit, Lake St. Clair, and the St. Clair River to Port Huron. This passage is the greatest ship thoroughfare in the world in point of tonnage, and is therefore highly dangerous for yachts. The writer well remembers the terror of being becalmed in a yawl in the channel of Lake St. Clair, when through a long night fog horns, flares and night-signals barely sufficed to warn the tremendous steel hulls from our unhappy little ship. Each side of the channel lies a paradise of summer homes and country clubs, and the visitors' megaphone is kept busy in answering hails and inquiries.

Northward from Port Huron one gladly quits the narrows for the broad waters, where he may stow his lead line and breathe more easily. Northwestward stretches the verdant shore line of Michigan, broken by the deep inset of Saginaw Bay. There he may shorten sail and stand by, for this is a miniature Bay of Biscay, across whose jaws sweep boisterous northers, and out of whose depths come hard southwesterers. This is a coast of lumber-camps, and there are occasional "lumber hookers" still to be seen, with their characteristic rig. They are usually

three-masted, with the curious triangular foretopsail known as a "raffee." Many of them carry deckloads piled so high as to seriously impede the proper handling of foresail and mainsail, and for this reason they occasionally have the mainmast cut away. This is the "Grand Haven rig," and when the mizzen-staysails are set it presents the curious appearance of two big sloops overlapped. Many of the old schooners are well-rigged and decidedly fast, and it is no uncommon thing in a breeze for them to hold a steamer for many watches. Their masters, like the captains of many Lake liners and Atlantic coasters, may know nothing of the mathematics of navigation, but they are able seamen and pilots, and will not hesitate to crack on canvas with only a mate and a boy for crew.

Mackinac Island is the cruising rendezvous for all the upper lakes, a place teeming with historic interest, and the outpost of the northwest. It is a round island, scarcely a league across, dotted with cottages and summer hotels. Here came Le Griffon, the first sail on the Lakes, the envoy of Monsieur de La Salle. Here gathered the hardy voyageurs of the early trading companies. What a sight it must have been when the three score canoes of the Hudson Bay Company, with their dozen men each, and their two hundred tons of goods, arrived at Mackinac in the spring!

Lake Michigan offers attractive cruising ground with its Green Bay on the west shore and Grand Traverse Bay on the east. The cruiser may hunt for Singapore, the lost city, whose spires sometimes appear above the shifting dunes at the mouth of the Kalamazoo River, or visit the deserted harbor of Grand Haven, the once mighty lumber-camp and harbor of refuge. The solitary Manitou and Beaver Islands, and the quaint little settlements of the upper west shore have a charm of their own. He who has been becalmed in August in the clear waters of the Manitou passage, with the loom of Point Betsy and the Beavers suspended in the air and seeming like reflections of the flat-based and soft-topped clouds that hang above, can never forget the delicate coloring and calm beauty of the spot. The straits themselves seem wild and threatening, sowed with black buoys, and guarded by the light-house on its solitary rock in mid-channel.

Lake Superior, too, has her own wild charms for the cruiser, although her clear waters are too cool for the cherished morning dip. There are leagues of unvisited shore and expanses of solitary waters dotted with wild islands for the adventurous explorer. Standing at the head of the St. Mary's River, where vessels totaling three hundred thousand tons have entered and left this greatest of the lakes in a single day, it is hard to believe that as late as 1840 there were but two small vessels on these waters.

But if Lake Michigan is attractive, and Lake Superior wild, it must be said that both are excelled as cruising ground by that part of Lake Huron known as the North Channel and Georgian Bay. Here are splendid stretches of cold transparent water dotted with myriad islands whose number defies the memory and even the cartographer. Here are solitudes beyond the track of steamers, coves where there is incomparable fishing, and Indian villages where one may buy pretty things and hear strange stories of the great portages to the north. It is impossible to sail or steam at night through these sunlit labyrinths where countless reefs can be seen by day below the placid surface, and it is not always safe or possible by day for a sail-boat to stem the currents and avoid the rocks. For this reason auxiliary power is very useful in these waters, and some of the large schooners are towed among the islands by their tenders.

As September approaches the cruisers turn sorrowfully from their chosen haunts toward the lights of home. In a few days the crew will step ashore and return to the life of landsmen. The merry evenings in the cabin will be over, and the loose white clothes discarded. There will be no more sun baths in the long afternoons and canoe trips by moonlight. It is always a healthy, brown-skinned and hard-fisted crew that swing their dunnage onto the home pier; but somehow as they stand at the clubhouse door with the soft calling of the waves behind them, and face the smoke and roar of the great settlement, these men seem saddened by their home coming, which returns them to the little world of conventions, and ends the free days and starry nights of a never-to-be-forgotten cruise.

DIETING *vs.* EXERCISE TO REDUCE FLESH

BY G. ELLIOT FLINT

WHY some persons are fat, while others are thin, seems to be not generally known. Many assume that the stout eat a great deal; but they do not—in fact, they are often small eaters. That they do not even assimilate well is indicated by their frequently having dyspepsia, and by their being not so energetic, nor so strong, nor so long-lived, as are thin persons. But if the constitutionally fat are, as a class, neither large eaters nor good assimilators, yet they have attributes in common. Most of them are of sluggish temperament; that is, their respiratory, circulatory, secretory and excretory functions are inactive; more, their general oxidation is deficient. In view of these facts it would seem that the most rational cure for overfatness lies in the stimulation of the eliminative organs, and in increasing the oxidation of tissue.

When a muscle contracts blood flows to it in an amount proportional to the intensity of its contraction. Thus much less blood will flow to muscles lightly worked than to those heavily worked. Now, as blood contains oxygen taken from the lungs and nourishment absorbed from the digestive organs, it follows that the harder-worked muscles will lose more fat by the greater amount of oxygen, whose function it is to destroy fat, and will be better nourished, than the lighter-worked muscles. This principle we see exemplified in the fact that men's legs, which habitually do heavy work, are more solid and muscular than the arms and trunk which, ordinarily, perform only light work. One's legs carry one's body along slowly, as in walking; rapidly, as in running; and up and down stairs; but whatever kind of work the legs do, it is always heavy work, for the body, which the legs must support, is heavy. And herein

is the reason why men are less symmetrical than other animals. Horses, dogs, tigers, subject all their muscles at all times to nearly equal strains; hence fat accumulates in no part more than in another, and there is, in their case, bodily symmetry. If men could devise exercises which would put proportionately intense strains on all their muscles, they, too, would become symmetrical.

I have said that deficient oxidation was one principal cause of overfatness. Probably the reader has noticed that fat persons are usually short-winded and weak-voiced. So, to increase the lung capacity is the first step in the reduction of flesh. For this purpose running is, I think, superior to any other exercise. Boxing and hand-ball are also excellent for the "wind." And these exercises will do more than increase the respiratory functions; they will greatly stimulate the circulation as well as all the secretory and excretory processes. What leg exercises will not do, however, is oxidize, to any great extent, the soft tissues of the trunk and arms. True, by stimulating the general circulation and by increasing lung capacity, leg exercises will oxidize upper tissues somewhat; but when fat is not replaced by muscle it has a strong tendency to re-form. A bad effect of leg exercises exclusively is that they draw a major part of the blood, rich in oxygen, to the lower limbs; whereas if vigorous arm and trunk exercises were executed, beside the leg exercises, much blood would be attracted also to the upper parts which would then be oxidized to the best advantage, their lost fat would be, at the same time, replaced by solid tissue, and there would be no tendency for it to re-form. Running, therefore, splendid exercise though it is, should be supplemented by vigorous. "up-

per" exercises. By vigorous upper exercises I do not mean calisthenics nor any kind of so-called light exercises; I mean reasonably hard work.

That general exercise is the only natural and the best way to reduce obesity is certain. During exertion the volume of air taken into the lungs is vastly increased, and the circulation of the blood is much quickened, as, laden with a large supply of oxygen and nutriment, it flows to the muscles, nourishing them, while it at the same time burns up and carries away particles of their fat.

In a subject who begins to exercise systematically, excessive oxidation occurs within the tissues, until the relation of their constituent parts becomes normal; that is, when the proportion of fat to flesh is correct; for healthy muscles should be surrounded with, and should contain, a certain quantity of fat. Only when such a proportion is reached do muscles attain their proper symmetry.

I speak thus positively, although I am well aware that, at present, the preferred method for reducing flesh is "dieting" or semi-starvation. But that kind of dieting is neither a radical nor a natural cure for adiposis. A low diet deprives the system of its proper nourishment—impairs the digestion, by accustoming the stomach to digest merely certain kinds of food, and these only in small quantity—weakens all the organs, which should be continually supplied with rich blood—and, what is most important of all, not only fails to assist the eliminating organs to get rid of waste products, whose presence in any considerable quantity in the system is alone sufficient to cause ill health, but actually renders the actions of such organs still more sluggish. Again, the reduction of flesh by minimizing the supply of food has the disadvantage of being but temporary, and can be maintained for even a short time only by a rigorous abstinence which is disagreeable, unnatural and hurtful.

The reduction of weight accomplished by the forced "sweatings" of Turkish baths is as unpermanent as that brought about by the low-diet régime. Turkish baths will, in a few hours, deplete the blood of several pounds of water; but profuse perspiration engenders an acute thirst which must be satisfied, when the blood

will again absorb the amount of water that it lost.

It is notorious that small, wiry persons are, as a rule, longer lived than are stout and apparently healthier folk. What follows may explain why. The thin are, usually, large eaters; that is, they ingest daily a large quantity of food. But little of this can remain as waste product, for the subjects do not become fat. What then becomes of it? Assuredly it must be burned up to supply energy—thin persons are usually energetic—and its waste products must afterward be completely eliminated. On the other hand, the systems of fat persons are choked with waste products, which degenerate the more the longer they remain, until they at last produce divers diseases that carry the subjects off prematurely. So I repeat that, for the obese, exercise is much more beneficial than dieting, if only for the reason that the former strengthens, while the latter weakens, the organs of elimination.

There are, however, cases in which adiposis is produced by overeating. These, without dieting in the sense of not satisfying the tissue demand for nutriment, should yet reduce their amount, and change somewhat their kind of food. Potatoes, peas, baked beans, cereals, fats, sweets—such as puddings, pies and cake—ale, beer, sweet wines and even water when taken with meals, all conduce to obesity. But, in lieu of the foregoing flesh producers, one may satisfy hunger with a moderate amount of lean meats, poultry, fish; with fruits (excepting figs, dates and bananas), and with vegetables, such as spinach, string beans, eggplant, celery, beets, etc. I would recommend also that those overfat from a too rich and too generous diet abstain from much liquid at meals, but that they drink copiously of water between meals to flush their systems. Water, be it remembered, is an excellent purgative.

Still another important factor in taking off weight needs to be mentioned. Fresh air, because it contains considerably more oxygen than does ordinary indoor air, has a greater potentiality for destroying fat. Hence while exercising one should be particular to have air as fresh as possible to breathe.

As most of a stout person's fat accumulates about the abdomen, abdominal exer-

cises, to draw large quantities of oxygenated blood to that part, are important. Here are two:

First, lie flat on your back on the floor or in bed, and, after placing the toes beneath some sufficiently firm object, rise slowly to a sitting posture; then sink slowly back. Repeat until tired.

Second, lie as before, but with the feet free; now raise the legs, extended straight, slowly up, back and over the head; bring them down again slowly. Repeat until tired.

Another home exercise, as excellent for the triceps, chest and wrists as for the abdomen, is to support the body, maintained rigidly straight, face downward, above the floor, by means of the hands and toes; now, allowing the lower point to do duty as a fixed fulcrum, bend the arms, until the chin touches the floor; then push up to straight arm again. Repeat until tired.

Digging a trench, shoveling coal, wood-chopping, moving furniture, carrying loads—being general exercises—are all excellent for the health as well as for the general strength; but that kind of work is inconvenient for many, and may be practiced habitually only by those who earn their living thereby.

The advantages dumb-bells possess over apparatus are many. Easily portable and occupying but little space they can be kept in one's own room, where they may be used conveniently at one's leisure; and the busiest man has some leisure, if only at the time he retires. Again, the stout and inactive who would find exercises with apparatus difficult, can easily learn how to handle dumb-bells. Lastly, and this is perhaps their chief advantage, dumb-bells may be of sizes to suit particular strengths.

That it is healthful to exercise just before retiring has been disputed. Personally, while I admit that night may not be the best time to exercise, I believe it is a good time. After a day and perhaps an evening of intellectual endeavor, exercise favors sleep by drawing blood from the brain and pleasantly fatiguing the body. Moreover, the blood being especially rich in nutriment at night, and prolonged repose following muscular exertion near bed time, muscles and organs seem to "make" particularly well then. At all events, I think that exercise does more real good at night than

before breakfast; for in the early morning vitality is lowest and the blood has least nutritive power. The writer, when engaged days and evenings in literary labor, exercised regularly at midnight for many months, and derived marked benefit from it. No bad effect from the unusual amount of work was felt, and his weight remained the same.

First curling, and then putting up two moderately heavy weights, simultaneously, is a general exercise that imposes a considerable strain upon, and therefore develops greatly, *all* the important muscles and organs in the body.

The stout subject, however, should use only those dumb-bells that are light enough to allow him to repeat the double movement of curling and pushing eight or ten times. Curl and push as follows: Grasping a dumb-bell in each hand, stand with the body inclined slightly forward, and with the legs straight and a little apart; now turn the palms upward and curl the weights to the shoulders by at once flexing the wrists and arms and straightening the back; then throw the head back and the chest out, bend backward and push the weights to straight arm above the shoulders.

Now, because of the wide distribution and the intensity of the strain, the amount of carbonic acid (the chief product in the decomposition of active tissues) formed during the above performance is enormous; hence the destruction of fat and the subsequent general oxygenation of the entire system must be equally enormous. Moreover, it cannot be supposed that the heart and lungs, the prime ministers to the tissues, do not participate in a strain to which so great a number of muscles are subjected; therefore, those organs, so long as the strain remains physiological, must also be largely developed and strengthened.

Of course, if the strain be too great it becomes overstrain, which is hurtful and always dangerous. So, as much care should be taken that the weights be not too heavy, as that they be not too light.

Provided, then, that the weights be not beyond, nor too much below, the strength of the subject, the foregoing simple movement would seem to be almost unparalleled as at once a reducer for the too fat, a developer for the too thin, and a promoter of general strength and symmetry.

The movement of "see-sawing" dumb-bells; or, putting one and the other up alternately, should be practiced as well as the simultaneous movement.

The exact size of the weights one should employ in the above dumb-bell exercises is of such great importance as to call for explicit directions on this point. I have recommended the use of moderate weights; by which I mean dumb-bells weighing from fifteen to fifty pounds. Just what weights would be "moderate" to any particular individual can be determined only by himself. Let us say that a man of average strength who has never regularly exercised can curl and put up two 15-pound dumb-bells, one in each hand, ten times in succession; then to him those weights are moderate. But if a second man who has undergone considerable training can curl and put up two 40-pound dumb-bells, ten times in succession, then 40-pound dumb-bells are moderate to that individual. Thus, by trying his strength with different weights, any one can easily discover the particular weights with which he can repeat ten times; and those weights, whatever they may be, will be the proper ones for him to use. When one can repeat more than ten times with his proper dumb-bells, he may safely use those that weigh about five pounds more each. The writer has seen a professional wrestler who weighed two hundred and eighty pounds, put up two 85-pound dumb-bells twelve successive times. To this giant those enormous weights must, therefore, have seemed only moderate. When one uses only those weights with which he can repeat the same movement ten times, there is little danger of strain.

Chest weights are valuable to reduce flesh. The many movements possible with those machines may be learned from the pamphlets accompanying them. But I would warn my readers, if they wish to derive benefit from this kind of exercise, not to pull weights which are very light; for doubtless there will be many, physical culturists included, who will declare that the arms should not strenuously exert themselves; which same men will, in the next breath, recommend running, it not occurring to them to explain their inconsistency.

After the hard and rather slow work with the dumb-bells and chest-weights the obese

subject should take some sort of quick exercise to promote perspiration—such as fast walking, running, hand-ball, boxing, or fencing. Many outdoor athletic sports are useful for this purpose. Home exercises are: Swinging light dumb-bells in the curling and pushing and see-sawing movements already described, the bells weighing from three to ten pounds according as the subject is moderately or very strong; swinging Indian clubs, running upstairs several steps at a time, and punching a canvas bag hung in an open doorway.

If one can work in a gymnasium he will find the "medicine ball" especially useful to reduce weight. This is made of canvas, and may weigh from four to sixteen pounds. One individual tosses it to another from various positions: With two hands, from above the head, or from between the legs; with the right arm alone, and with the left arm alone; or the player may turn half way around and throw the ball backward above his head. The medicine ball's virtue consists in its being a means to general exercise, affecting in a nearly equal degree all the muscles and organs.

My reason for combining lighter exercises with heavy work, in order most effectually to take off flesh, is this: Heavy work, necessitating as it does intense combustion in and around muscles, results in the formation of much waste products; while more active and longer-continued exercises stimulate secreting and excreting organs to quickly eliminate these.

I met in a gymnasium one day a man who looked to be about fifty years of age. He was five feet ten inches in height, well built and, I should judge, weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. He said that as a boy he had been thin; but stoutness came with age (he went up to two hundred and forty-five pounds), and also ill health. Then he began to practice with dumb-bells, and, by gradual training, learned to put up fairly heavy weights, either with one hand, or with two hands. He practiced also the two abdominal exercises described in this article, wrestled, boxed and played hand-ball. He declared that, within two years, these exercises combined had not only restored his health, but incidentally they had reduced his waist-girth *twelve* inches, and had given him a symmetrical figure.

WHAT AN AVERAGE DAY'S HORSE RACING COSTS

BY RENÉ BACHE

"THEY'RE off!"

A hundred bookmakers have hastily fetched their tall stools from the betting ring, and, placing them on the greensward in front of the grand stand, have mounted upon them, surveying the track from this position of vantage. A couple of minutes later, as the horses, each of them bestridden by a rider in gay colors, sweep by, a roar like that of the sea goes up from the vast crowd.

A moment afterward, as the roar dies down, it is followed by a tumult of voices, some of them naming the winner, others uttering yells of delight. But those who have lost money on the race—and they are an enormous majority—are silent. It is above all a spectacle of the emotions—the scene at the finish—and to the psychologist it affords an interesting study.

In the brief interval recorded to the split second by the official timekeeper's watch a prize of sixty-five thousand dollars has been won; at least three-quarters of a million has changed hands, and the greatest of all American turf events—the Futurity—has passed, for the year 1905, into history.

No more stupendous gambling was ever seen in the world than is done on such an occasion as this. Beneath the main grand stand more than a hundred bookmakers cater to the eager demand of the people for an opportunity to risk their money, each of them surrounded by a struggling, pushing, elbowing crowd. In his right hand each bookmaker holds up a small rectangular board, the left side of which is occupied by a slate ruled in vertical columns, with the figures one, two, three at the top; while on the other side is fastened with clamps a strip of programme giving the names of the horses. From time to

time he chalks down, rubs out and chalks again the odds he is offering against the various equine participants in the race about to be run.

The size of some of the bets is staggering to an onlooker unfamiliar with such scenes. Five thousand dollars, ten thousand, twenty-five thousand are placed in single wagers. It is marvelous how the bookmakers, in the midst of the excitement and the crush, keep track of everything with such unflinching accuracy. At the elbow of each of them is a man who records all the bets as fast as they are made, while a second assistant accepts, with rapid counting, the bundles of green and yellow bills handed in.

Beneath the field stand, which is in a separate inclosure, a similar scene is being enacted simultaneously. But it is a much cheaper crowd, composed largely of clerks and other relatively humble folks from the near-by city, who prefer a seat at one dollar to the comparative luxury of a place on the main grand stand at three dollars. Rarely do their bets exceed five dollars, and as a rule their wagers are only one dollar or two dollars. For these are the "pikers"—the small-fry patrons of the racing game, whose money is nearly always lost, because, unlike the great plungers, they venture it not upon any basis of accurate information or knowledge, but merely on a guess. They have no chance worth mentioning to win; and yet, because they have the gambling fever, they must risk and lose their hard-earned dollars, no minnow being too contemptible in size to be caught by this net of finer mesh which the professional gamblers spread.

Not from all points of view are the pikers contemptible, inasmuch as, in the aggregate, they contribute very largely to the

support of the racing institution. There is a considerable sprinkling of them in the main grand stand, and one does not find the real gambling aristocracy until, if the precious opportunity be granted, he enters into the exclusive precincts of the track club, whose members are enabled to enjoy their share of the sport under circumstances of superior comfort and luxury.

The club has its own private grand stand—a broad piazza at an adequate elevation, on which the members, with their families and guests, including many beautifully costumed women, repose themselves in easy chairs, amusing themselves during the intervals between races with conversation, the consumption of mint juleps or other beverages fetched from the bar below, and the incidental placing of wagers, which are sent into the ring through their own messengers. There is a first-rate restaurant on the premises, and they can order what they like to eat. For them there is no scramble, no crowding, no discomfort of any kind.

If you would really enjoy racing, this is the way to do it. The little casino at the track is organized like any other country club, and, as a member, you have the advantage of feeling that you possess a proprietary interest in the gambling institution. It may be that you are a millionaire—the persons most actively engaged in furthering the interests of the track are in that class—and, if so, it is quite possible that horses of your own are taking part in the contests of the day. Naturally, under such conditions, the fun is greatly augmented.

Man, it is said, must eat and will drink. It is also true that he will gamble. If so, there is surely no more attractive method of gambling than on horse races. It has an equal seduction for all classes of people, from the humble folk who come to the track by trolley to the aristocracy whose presence on a day like that of a Futurity is made manifest by five hundred glittering automobiles drawn up in a phalanx on the lawn in the rear of the grand stand. The racing park is itself an exquisite picture, beautified by the best that the gardener's art can do. All of this beauty and luxury costs a great deal of money, of course, but the public is willing and glad to pay.

If it be reckoned that a quarter of a

million of dollars is spent on racing in this country every week-day during the season, the estimate in all probability will not be excessive. The figures that follow apply to an average day, of course:

Three thousand grand-stand tickets at \$3.	\$ 9,000
Four thousand field-stand tickets at \$1.	4,000
Expenses of 200 bookmakers, at \$50 each.	10,000
Fifteen thousand programmes at ten cents.	1,500
One hundred Pinkertons.	500
Pay of starter and assistants.	100
Pay of two judges.	100
Pay of other officials.	100
Upkeep of the track and park.	5,000
Interest on investment in track and park.	5,000
Expenses of stable owners.	5,000
Maintenance of 1,000 pool rooms.	200,000
Total.	\$250,300

This is merely an attempt to estimate in a rough way the amount of money spent for an average day's racing. Of course, the cash paid for grand-stand tickets goes to liquidate the cost of keeping up the track, employing the Pinkertons, and running the races—so that, in one sense, this expenditure might be said to be counted twice. But, making allowance for this point, which on mathematical grounds is open to criticism, it is obvious that the total outlay by the public for the amusement cannot be much under two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per diem during the season, the main disbursement being in the shape of betting losses.

To account for this great item of loss, it should be realized that hundreds of bookmakers, with a horde of underlings, look to the racing game for their means of support, while from the same source the pool rooms of fifty cities are kept in profitable operation—without reckoning the maintenance of a multitude of hangers-on of the tracks, who derive their subsistence in one way or another from the gambling industry.

On occasions such as the Futurity or the Suburban, when special events draw exceptionally large crowds to the tracks, the expenditure is doubtless much larger.

For example, on the day of the Futurity—a race for which, curiously enough, the horses are entered before they are born—the owners of the park at Sheepshead Bay count upon selling about thirty thousand tickets to the grand stand at three dollars, and fourteen thousand to the field stand at one dollar each, making a total of one hundred and four thousand dollars spent by the race-going public for this item alone. With such a source of income, it is obvious

that the profits of the racing associations would be well-nigh fabulous, were it not for the fact that none of the tracks is in operation more than thirty days out of the year. Even thus, however, they do a satisfactory business, their gains from the sale of tickets being supplemented by the proceeds of beer and eating privileges and the sale of programmes. Sometimes as many as twenty-seven thousand programmes are sold on a single afternoon, netting a tidy sum.

Expenses, on the other hand, are very large. A park such as that at Sheepshead Bay represents an original outlay of about three million dollars, including grand stands and other buildings. To maintain it costs a good deal of money—perhaps seven hundred dollars a day for labor alone, with five to six hundred dollars added on each racing day for the employment of Pinkerton men as extra police. On the day of the Futurity one hundred and fifty Pinkertons are required. The mere upkeep of the track, including repairs, painting and a considerable amount of gardening that has to be done, demands an expenditure of something like one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Inasmuch as the park has not more than thirty racing days in a twelvemonth, reckoning is made on this basis in the above table, dividing the total outlay by thirty to get the disbursement for each day of racing.

There is an expensive corps of officials, who, though appointed by the Jockey Club, are paid by the track association. The starter, at fifty dollars a day, has five assistants at ten dollars a day each. Five thousand dollars a year is paid to the handicapper, a very important functionary, who allots the weights to be carried. There are two judges, at fifty dollars a day each; a timer, at ten dollars a day, and a starting judge at ten dollars. The paddock judge, who gets fifteen dollars a day, sees that the horses are properly saddled, and that they come out of the paddock when the bugle blows. A clerk of the scales, at twenty-five dollars a day, weighs the jockeys, and keeps a record of the races run. The association itself appoints a physician, to be on hand in case of accidents to jockeys or other persons, paying him one hundred dollars a week; but the official veterinarian is nominated by the Jockey Club, his most im-

portant business being to examine the horses, to see if they are in condition to start, and to make sure that they have not been dosed with whiskey or any other drug. This practice, by the way, called "doping," used to be permitted, so long as the object sought was merely to accelerate the speed of the animal, but is now prohibited.

The most important single item of expenditure by far, however, is for purses; the track association sometimes contributing as much as thirty-five thousand dollars to render the stakes attractive for special occasions, while on an ordinary day it may put up seven or eight thousand dollars. In this way the owners of the park at Sheepshead Bay give away something like one hundred and fifty thousand dollars during the two brief meetings of a season. To the Futurity stakes alone they add twenty thousand dollars, making the winning of that great contest worth a considerable fortune. That all of this money comes in reality out of the pockets of the people goes without saying, but so long as they are willing to pay so heavily for the amusement nobody has a right to complain.

The tracks in the neighborhood of New York are owned by different groups of multi-millionaire capitalists, but the same men are conspicuous in the management of nearly all of them. They run the games and furnish the gambling outfit, with a green sward in place of the green cloth which the keeper of an indoor betting enterprise provides. There are not a few who claim that the racing game does more harm than all the faro banks and other gambling institutions put together; but, whether this be true or not, it would certainly be difficult to discover any form of gambling in which the every-day individual has a smaller chance of success than in venturing his money on what are popularly known in these days as "the ponies." The only persons who win are a few knowing ones, who risk their cash systematically on one or two races daily, basing the outlay upon information derived from private sources.

On Futurity Day, it is said, the book-makers at the Sheepshead Bay track provide themselves with about one million dollars in ready money to use for betting. Formerly they were obliged to pay for their privilege, thus contributing largely to the

income of the racing associations, but this has been done away with. At the present time their daily expenses are about fifty dollars each. Each bookmaker is obliged to employ an expert accountant, at ten to twenty-five dollars per day, known as a "sheet-writer," who registers every bet. It is work requiring great skill, inasmuch as prices are changing every minute. In addition, he must have a cashier, at fifteen dollars a day, to take charge of the money, and two or three messengers to bring information and otherwise make themselves useful.

It is apparent, then, that quite a little army of people is maintained in connection with the betting business alone, the public, of course, supplying the funds for its support. Notwithstanding their large expenses, the profits of the bookmakers must be very satisfactory, inasmuch as they are conspicuous, as a rule, for lavish living. They wear diamonds in profusion, and are frequently seen in boxes at the theaters, accompanied by handsome and beautifully dressed women. In short, they are the "high rollers" of the city, and their employees and the other small fry of the tracks, who are all of them ambitious of recognition as "sports," imitate them to the extent of their means.

Unfortunately, the cost of all this extravagant living is liquidated to no small extent by poor clerks and other people to whom even petty losses by gambling signify discomfort, if not distress. To the tracks a great and never-failing stream of money flows, carrying with it the pitiful earnings of the shop boy, together with the squanderings of the spendthrift on the highroad to dishonor. For the mischief-making power of this gambling industry is enormously extended and amplified through the medium of the pool rooms, scattered all over the country.

Great sums of money are spent in maintaining the racing stables. Probably it does not cost James R. Keene less than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year to keep the forty horses which he now has in training. Sydney Paget has an equal number stabled at the Sheepshead Bay track. Thirty horses belonging to John Madden, the Kentucky breeder, are running this season, and Captain Sam S. Brown, a breeder from Pittsburg, prob-

ably has as many. Harry Payne Whitney has thirty horses in training, and H. B. Duryea, his associate and close friend, pays the bills for a "string" of twenty. H. K. Knapp, who owns most of the Brooklyn ferries, is running twenty horses, and R. T. Wilson, Jr., whose sister married young Cornelius Vanderbilt, maintains a stable of racers quite as large.

As a rule, the great racing men stable their horses at the tracks. For example, Sydney Paget keeps his string at Sheepshead Bay. At four hundred dollars a year any of the track associations will rent a stable adequate for the accommodation of twenty animals, together with a house and separate kitchen for the trainer and his assistants. This, of course, is merely a nominal charge, but the lessee is required to furnish the kitchen and house. When he goes to another track to run his horses, he must pay two dollars a month per stall. August Belmont, E. R. Thomas and Harry Payne Whitney keep their racers on their own country places, but this is exceptional.

If you are a millionaire, and are seized with an ambition for the turf, it will cost you anywhere from fifty to two hundred thousand dollars to make a start in the racing business. Supposing that you want a string of about twenty horses, you go into the market and buy yearlings on speculation, unless you prefer to acquire at fancy prices animals with records already made. For the yearlings you may pay from one hundred to ten thousand dollars apiece, according to "looks" and pedigree. They are always a gamble, inasmuch as nobody can tell how they will turn out. If you are lucky, you may get some bargains in this way. Murillo, a famous racer, sold for one hundred dollars as a yearling, and the auctioneer could hardly obtain a bid for Waterboy when he was a youngster. On the other hand, the late W. C. Whitney considered *Nasturtium* a good investment, as a two-year-old, for fifty thousand dollars.

The yearlings come from all over the country, the cream of the breeders' output being sold in New York—at Coney Island in the summer, and at Madison Square Garden in the winter. If you start with a string of twenty, you will need, to take care of them, twenty men and boys, at an

average monthly wage of twenty-five dollars, a foreman at forty-five dollars, a night watchman at twenty dollars, and a trainer at two thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars a year, to take general charge. You will have to furnish board and lodging for all hands, and a cook and kitchen helper will be required to prepare the meals. The cost of feed for the horses will be a large item, amounting to from one dollar to two dollars per day per animal; for a rich man is obliged to pay more for such things than ordinary folks. Shoeing will come to seventy-five dollars or one hundred dollars a month for the string. Then there are the services of a veterinarian to be paid for, and many minor incidentals help to swell expenses.

Race horses must have every luxury, if the best they are capable of is to be got out of them. Their stalls are really rooms, at least four times the size of an ordinary stall, so that the equine occupant has plenty of space for rolling on a bed of straw three or four feet in depth, which is renewed with fresh material every day or two. Each stall is provided with a door of wire net, to exclude flies, and disinfectants are used to prevent the breeding of those insects in the droppings of the animal. It should be mentioned, by the way, that the owner usually pays ten per cent. of all his winnings to the trainer. When it is considered that the jockey, who is an indispensable adjunct—it is not customary for a racing stable to employ more than one "jock"—demands from five thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars a year for his services; it will be seen that, with a string of twenty racers, you are not likely to pay less than sixty thousand dollars per annum for the maintenance of the outfit.

As the meetings succeed each other at the different tracks, you find yourself under heavy expense for transportation. Probably you will not want to ship more than eight or ten of your horses, but a car will have to be provided for them, and to convey that number of animals from Sheepshead Bay to Saratoga and back, for instance, will cost you not less than five hundred dollars, without counting car fare and other incidentals for the trainer and his assistants, who must go along. On the whole, you will be lucky to get off for sixty thousand dollars—though, of course, you

may win some good-sized purses, which, if you are so fortunate, will diminish your net expenditure proportionately.

For the Futurity there are likely to be as many as one thousand entries, the horses, as already stated, being entered actually before they are born. Only a few of those entered start in the race, the great majority being withdrawn because it is obvious that they have no chance to win, but the fees paid go to augment the stake, which is the largest in the world, the twenty thousand dollars added by the track association bringing it up to sixty thousand dollars or seventy thousand dollars. The race is run by two-year-olds, colts and fillies together; but the Produce at Brighton Beach, and the Matron at Belmont Park, which are likewise contests for horses as yet unborn when entered, are each of them split into two races, one for fillies and the other for colts.

All of the racing tracks in the state of the Realization (thirty thousand dollars), run at Sheepshead Bay, for three-year-olds; the horses being entered as yearling colts; the Suburban (twenty thousand dollars), run at Sheepshead Bay; the Metropolitan Handicap (twelve thousand dollars), run at Belmont Park; the Brooklyn Handicap (twenty thousand dollars), run at Gravesend; the Great Trial Race (twenty-five thousand dollars guaranteed), for two-year-olds, run at Sheepshead Bay; the Junior Champion (fifteen thousand dollars), run at Gravesend, and the Great Republic (fifty thousand dollars—this is its last year, by the way) run at Saratoga.

All of the racing tracks in the state of New York are under the control of the Jockey Club, though nominally managed by the Racing Commission, consisting of three members, who are appointed by the Governor. No track can legally do business without the permission of the Commission, and when this has been given, the Jockey Club allots the dates for racing. For each meeting the Club appoints stewards, who take charge of the track from the moment the races start; but the judges, starter, timekeeper, and other officials (all of them appointed by the Jockey Club) are employed by the season, during which they go from track to track as the scene of the racing is changed successively from one park to another.

To the telegraph companies racing is a vast source of income, and until recently (when the law made certain drastic reforms) they were obliged to pay large sums to the track associations for their privilege. The amount of matter sent out over the wires from the tracks to the pool rooms and to other places all over the country is in the aggregate enormous, the dispatches flowing in a continuous stream, and reporting not only results, but each race in all the stages of its progress from start to finish. This, indeed, is only a part of the electric correspondence transmitted; and it appears that wireless telegraphy has now entered the field, the new floating pool room on Lake Michigan—a steamer specially constructed for gambling, and equipped for the accommodation of one thousand persons—being provided with the necessary apparatus.

A few years ago, enterprising racing men in St. Louis started in to improve the game by running horses at night under electric light. Thus racing by daylight was supplemented by racing in the evening, and speculation on the after-dark contests went on all over the country, results being telegraphed to every important city. Unquestionably the idea would have been adopted elsewhere, and we should now have electric races at all the tracks, but for the fact that public opinion would not tolerate the innovation. The law stepped in, and the gambling fraternity, to its profound disgust and indignation, has since been compelled to restrict its racing activities to the daytime.

Most of the people who go to the races run in the neighborhood of the metropolis are probably unaware that betting on such contests is against the laws of the state of New York. In fact, the business of the bookmakers at the tracks is, from a legal point of view, on exactly the same basis as the selling of lottery tickets. But the restrictions imposed by the statutes are evaded by the simple expedient of placing all gambling transactions of the kind on a basis of "honor," as it might be termed, instead of contract. Nowadays, if you make a bet with a bookmaker at any of the New York tracks, you place yourself entirely at his mercy in the matter. You receive from him not even a memorandum of the wager, and if he chooses to deny that it was made, you cannot compel him to pay

it. Your only means of redress in such a case is to appeal to the Jockey Club, which may compel the gambler (such things have happened occasionally) to satisfy your claim.

How many ways there are in this world of beating the devil around the bush! Pool rooms, as everybody knows, are run under a multitude of disguises, and all the power of the law has not been adequate to interfere to any serious extent with their activities. Occasional raids make interesting "copy" for the newspapers, but do the gamblers little harm. As the latest development in this line of enterprise, we have, in New York and other large cities, pool rooms whose patronage is restricted to persons of the gentler sex, and which are frequented to some extent by women undeniably respectable—mothers of families, many of them, who neglect their husbands and children and squander their house-keeping money in fruitless efforts to pick winners.

In the last ten years the total gross receipts of the racing associations doing business under license in the state of New York have risen from about five hundred thousand dollars annually to nearly four millions of dollars. This gives a notion of the increase in the popularity of racing. Out of these receipts something like one million five hundred thousand dollars is paid out in the shape of purses to winners. In addition, five per cent. (amounting to nearly two hundred thousand dollars for 1905) is taken by the state and paid over to the agricultural societies—county and town fair associations. This tax, it should be explained, was originally levied as a license fee for betting privileges at the tracks—a source from which the track owners under the old régime derived immense revenue.

Racing furnishes the only satisfactory test for the selection of stallions and brood mares. It gives incitement to breeders of superior horses by making prices for such animals high. Hence its undeniable usefulness to growers of equine stock—a relation in which it assumes an importance distinctively agricultural. To the state of New York it brings largest profit because here prizes are greatest and competition keenest. It is possible here for horses of merit to earn more money than anywhere else in the world. To the neighborhood of

the Metropolis have gravitated all the great racing stables of America, and here all of the best animals find a market. Meanwhile, owing to improvement of breed, the American thoroughbred has achieved celebrity abroad; and an export demand, which promises to put much money into Yankee pockets, has been created.

Only within the last twenty years has racing in this country assumed the importance of a business. Up to that time it was pursued mainly for amusement, the owners of stables being mostly Southern gentlemen. But the North saw that there was money in the pastime, and so took it up as a commercial enterprise. To-day an immense aggregate of capital is invested in the industry—if such a term can be applied to a pursuit the chief feature and *raison d'être* of which is gambling.

The racing business, as at present organized, is on a scale truly gigantic. In the immediate neighborhood of New York are six tracks: Belmont Park, owned by the Westchester Racing Association; Gravesend, owned by the Brooklyn Jockey Club; Sheepshead Bay, owned by the Coney Island Jockey Club; Brighton Beach, owned by the Brighton Beach Racing Association; Jamaica, owned by the Metropolitan Jockey Club, and Aqueduct, owned by the Queens County Jockey Club. All of these are under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club—the governing institution, which has its headquarters at Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street. Under the same jurisdiction, it should be added, are the tracks at Saratoga, owned by the Saratoga Racing Association; Kenilworth Park (Buffalo), owned by the Buffalo Racing Asso-

ciation; Bennings (D. C.), owned by the Washington Jockey Club; Pimlico (Md.), owned by the Maryland Jockey Club, and Narragansett Park (Cranston, R. I.), owned by the Narragansett Breeders' Association.

There are racing tracks, of course, scattered all over the country, the most important of those not already named being at New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, Nashville, Memphis, Latonia (Ky.), Hot Springs (Ark.), Los Angeles and Oakland, near San Francisco.

Recently, however, racing has been stopped entirely in Chicago and in St. Louis by the rigid enforcement of law. There is, of course, no legal enactment against the running of horses, but betting in connection with the sport has been prohibited, killing the game. No better illustration could be offered of the fact that the speculative element is essential to this form of amusement, which, like poker or bridge, loses interest the moment the gambling feature is withdrawn from it. Stop the betting, and there is an end to racing.

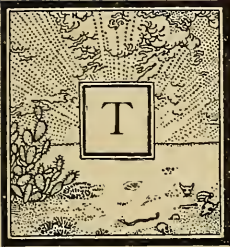
Racing, considered as a sport, is healthful. It takes hundreds of thousands of people out-of-doors, furnishes them with recreation, and distracts their minds from the cares and worries of every-day life. In a spectacular sense the sport is delightful. But on the present basis it is primarily a gambling game, and on this side lies its chief interest for the public at large. That it does an immense deal of harm is undeniable. The question whether its benefits suffice to counterbalance or outweigh the injury it inflicts is one in regard to which every thinking person must form his own opinion.



BAR 20 RANGE YARNS

V. THE ADVENT OF McALLISTER

BY CLARENCE EDWARD MULFORD



THE blazing sun shone pitilessly on an arid plain which was spotted with dust-gray clumps of mesquite and thorny chapparal. Basking in the burning sand and alkali lay several

Gila monsters, which raised their heads and hissed with wide-open jaws as several faint, whip-like reports echoed flatly over the desolate plain, showing that even they had learned that danger was associated with such sounds.

Off to the north there became visible a cloud of dust and at intervals something swayed in it, something that rose and fell and then became hidden again. Out of that cloud came sharp, splitting sounds which were faintly responded to by another and larger cloud in its rear. As it came nearer and finally swept past, the Gilas, to their terror, saw a madly pounding horse and it carried a man. The latter turned in his saddle and raised a gun to his shoulder, and the thunder that issued from it caused the creeping audience to throw up their tails in sudden panic and bury themselves out of sight in the sand.

The horse was only a broncho, its sides covered with hideous yellow spots, and on its near flank was a peculiar scar, the brand. Foam flecked from its crimson jaws and found a resting place on its sides and on the hairy chaps of its rider. Sweat rolled and streamed from its heaving flanks and was greedily sucked up by the drought-cursed alkali. Close to the rider's knee a bloody furrow ran forward and one of the broncho's ears was torn and limp. The broncho was doing its best—it could run at that

pace until it dropped dead. Every ounce of strength it possessed was put forth to bring those hind hoofs well in front of the forward ones and to send them pushing the sand behind in streaming clouds. The horse had done this same thing many times—when would its master learn sense?

The man was typical in appearance with many of that broad land. Lithe, sinewy and bronzed by hard riding and hot suns, he sat in his Cheyenne saddle like a centaur, all his weight on the heavy, leather-guarded stirrups, his body rising in one magnificent straight line. A bleached moustache hid the thin lips, and a gray sombrero threw a heavy shadow across his eyes. Around his neck and over his open, blue flannel shirt lay loosely a knotted silk kerchief, and on his thighs a pair of open-flapped holsters swung uneasily with their ivory handled burdens. He turned abruptly, raised his gun to his shoulder and fired. One of his pursuers threw up his arms and slid from his horse, and a second later an agonized, quivering scream floated faintly past. The man laughed recklessly and patted his mount, which responded to the confident caress by lying flatter to the earth in a spurt of heart-breaking speed.

"I'll show 'em who they're trailin'." This is th' second time I've started for Muddy Wells, an' I'm goin' to git there, too, for all th' Cheyennes an' Sioux out of Hades!"

To the south another cloud of dust rapidly approached and the rider scanned it closely, for it was directly in his path. As he watched it he saw something wave and it was a sombrero! Shortly afterward a real cowboy yell reached his ears. He grinned and slid another cartridge in the greasy, smoking barrel of the Sharp's and fired again at the cloud in his rear. Some few minutes later a whooping, bunched

crowd of madly riding cowboys thundered past him and he was recognized.

"Hullo, Frenchy!" yelled the nearest one. "Comin' back?"

"Come on, McAllister!" shouted another, "we'll give 'em blazes!" In response the straining broncho suddenly stiffened, bunched and slid on its haunches, wheeled and retraced its course.

The rear cloud suddenly scattered into many smaller ones and all swept off to the east. The rescuing band overtook them and, several hours later, when seated around a table in Tom Lee's saloon, Muddy Wells, a count was taken of them: two had escaped and the other twelve lay somewhere under the stolid sun.

"We was huntin' coyotes when we saw yu," said a smiling puncher who was known as Salvation Carroll chiefly because he wasn't.

"Yep! They've been stalkin' Tom's chickens," supplied Waffles, the champion poker player of the outfit. Tom Lee's chickens could whip anything of their kind for miles around and were revered accordingly.

"Sho! Is that so?" asked Frenchy with mild incredulity, such a state of affairs being deplorable.

"She shore is!" answered Tex Le Blanc, and then, as an afterthought, he added, "Where'd yu hit th' War-whoops?"

"'Bout four hours back. This here's th' second time I've headed for this place—last time they chased me to Las Cruces."

"That so?" asked Bigfoot Baker, a giant. "Ain't they *allus* interferin', now? Anyhow, they're better 'n coyotes."

"They was purty well heeled," suggested Tex, glancing at a dozen repeating Winchester's of late model that lay stacked in a corner. "Charley here said he thought they was from th' way yore cayuse looked, didn't yu, Charley?" Charley nodded and filled his pipe.

"'Pears like a feller can't amble around much nowadays without havin' to fight," grumbled Lefty Allen, who usually went out of his way hunting up trouble.

"We're goin' to th' Hills as soon as our cookie turns up," volunteered Tenspot Davis, looking inquiringly at Frenchy. "Heard any more news?"

"Nope. Same old story—lots of gold. Shucks, I've bit on so many of them rumors that they don't feaze me no more. One

man who don't know nothin' about prospectin' goes an' stumbles over a fortune, an' those who know it from A to Izzard goes 'round pullin' in their belts."

"*We* don't pull in no belts—*we* knows just where to look, *don't* we, Tenspot?" remarked Tex, looking very wise.

"Ya-as we do," answered Tenspot, "if yu hasn't dreamed about it, we do."

"Yu wait; I wasn't dreamin', none whatever," assured Tex. "I *saw* it!"

"Ya-as, I saw it too, onct," replied Frenchy with sarcasm. "Went and lugged fifty pound of it all th' way to th' assay office—took me two days; an' that there four-eyed cuss looks at it an' snickers. Then he takes me by th' arm an' leads me to th' window. 'See that pile, my friend? That's all like yourn,' sez he. 'It's worth about one simoleon a ton, at th' coast. They use it for ballast.'"

"Aw! But this what I saw was *gold!*" exploded Tex.

"So was mine, for a while!" laughed Frenchy, nodding to the bartender for another round.

"Well, we're tired of punchin' cows! Ride sixteen hours a day, year in an' year out, an' what do we get? Fifty a month an' no chance to spend it, an' grub that 'd make a coyote snuffle! I'm for a vacation, an' if I goes broke, why, I'll punch again!" asserted Waffles, the foreman, thus revealing the real purpose of the trip.

"What 'd yore boss say?" asked Frenchy.

"Whoop! What didn't he say! Honest, I never thought he had it in him. It was fine. He cussed an hour frontways an' then trailed back on a dead gallop, with us a-laughin' fit to bust. *Then* he rustles for his gun, an' we rustles for town," answered Waffles, laughing at his remembrance of it.

As Frenchy was about to reply his sombrero was snatched from his head and disappeared. If he "got mad" he was to be regarded as not sufficiently well acquainted for banter and he was at once in hot water; if he took it good-naturedly he was one of the crowd in spirit; but in either case he didn't get his hat without begging or fighting for it. This was a recognized custom among the O-Bar-O outfit and was not intended as an insult.

Frenchy grabbed at the empty air and arose. Punching Lefty playfully in the

ribs, he passed his hands behind that person's back. Not finding the lost head-gear he laughed and tripping Lefty up, fell with him and, reaching up on the table for his glass, poured the contents down Lefty's back and arose.

"Yu son-of-a-gun!" indignantly wailed that unfortunate. "Gee, it feels funny," he added, grinning, as he pulled the wet shirt away from his spine.

"Well, I've got to be amblin'," said Frenchy, totally ignoring the loss of his hat. "Goin' down to Buckskin," he offered and then asked, "When's yore cook comin'?"

"Day after to-morrow, if he don't get loaded," replied Tex.

"Who is he?"

"A one-eyed Greaser—Quiensabe Antonio."

"I used to know him. He's a h—l of a cook. Dished up the grub one season when I was punchin' for th' Tin-Cup, up in Montana," replied Frenchy.

"Oh, he kin cook *now*, all right," replied Waffles.

"That's about all he can cook. Uster wear his knives in th' coffee pot an' blow on th' tins. I chased him a mile one night for leavin' sand in th' skillet. Yu can have him—I don't envy yu none whatever."

"He don't sand no skillet when little Tenspot's around," assured that person, slapping his holster. "Does he, Lefty?"

"If he does yu oughter be lynched," consoled Lefty.

"Well, so long," remarked Frenchy, riding off to a small store where he bought a cheap sombrero.

Frenchy was a jack-of-all-trades, having been cow-puncher, prospector, proprietor of a "hotel" in Albuquerque, foreman of a ranch, sheriff and at one time had played angel to a venturesome but poor show troupe. Besides his versatility, he was well known as the man who took the stage through the Sioux country when no one else volunteered. He could shoot with the best, and his one pride was the brand of poker he handed out. Furthermore, he had never been known to take an unjust advantage over any man, and, on the contrary, had frequently voluntarily handicapped himself to make the event more interesting. But he must not be classed as being hampered with self-restraint.

His reasons for making this trip were two-fold: he wished to see Buck Peters, the foreman of the Bar 20 outfit, as he and Buck had punched cows together twenty years before and were firm friends; the other was that he wished to get square with Hopalong Cassidy, who had decisively cleaned him out the year before at poker. Hopalong played either in great good luck or the contrary, and I have, myself, out of curiosity, counted his consecutive winnings up to seventeen. Frenchy played an even, consistent game and usually left off richer than when he began, and this decisive defeat bothered him more than he would admit, even to himself.

Hopalong Cassidy, the younger by a score of years, was a product of the land; he had grown up there and he had been "toting" a gun ever since his arrival when a boy of seven. He ranked high as a gun-fighter, his quickness and accuracy being among those things for which he was justly famed. He had wandered to the Bar 20, where he had worked his way from chore boy to an expert, full-fledged cow-puncher, as he had been taken in hand and trained by a master, or rather, by several of them. For some years all his money had been spent for cartridges and he had developed a passion for shooting, which, under the guiding hands of Buck Peters and the others, had made his ability in this line almost beyond belief. Naturally irrepressible and sunny, he had adopted the good points of his associates with a minimum of the bad, for the foreman's eye was quick to detect and his hand as quick to chastise; he was a combination of reckless nerve, humor, mischievousness, earnestness and nonchalance, and, as a result, he was continually getting into trouble, which he promptly got out of.

The ranch of the Bar 20 in what is now a well-known county of southwestern Texas, was made up of eight irrepressible cow-punchers, who were very well known throughout the cow country as an aggregation that never "took water." They enjoyed the reputation of being square, and that fact extended to them some privileges.

The round-up season was at hand and the Bar 20 was short of ropers, the rumors of fresh gold discoveries in the Black Hills having drawn all the more restless men north. The outfit also had a slight touch

of the gold fever, and only their peculiar loyalty to the ranch and the assurance of the foreman that when the work was over he would accompany them, kept them from joining the rush of those who desired sudden and much wealth as the necessary preliminary of painting some cow-town in all the "bang up" style such an event would call for. Therefore, they had been given orders to secure the required assistance and they intended to do so, and were prepared to kidnap if necessary, for the glamour of wealth and the hilarity of the vacation made the hours falter in their speed.

As Frenchy leaned back in his chair in Cowan's saloon, Buckskin, early the next morning, planning to get revenge on Hopalong and then to recover his sombrero, he heard a medley of yells and whoops, and soon the door flew open before the strenuous and concentrated entry of a mass of twisting and kicking arms and legs, which magically found their respective owners and reverted to the established order of things. When the alkali dust had thinned he saw seven cow-punchers sitting on the prostrate form of another, who was earnestly engaged in trying to push Johnny Nelson's head out in the street with one foot as he voiced his lucid opinion of things in general and the seven in particular. After Red Connors had been stabbed in the back several times by the victim's energetic elbow, he ran out of the room, and presently returned with a pleased expression and a sombrero full of water, his finger plugging an old bullet hole in the crown.

"Is he enny better, Buck?" anxiously inquired the man with the reservoir.

"About a dollar's worth," replied the foreman. "Jest put a little right here," he drawled, as he pulled back the collar of the unfortunate's shirt.

"Ow! wow! WOW!" wailed the recipient, heaving and straining. The unengaged leg was suddenly wrested loose, and as it shot up and out Billy Williams, with his pessimism aroused to a blue-ribbon pitch, sat down forcibly in an adjacent part of the room, from where he lectured between gasps on the follies of mankind and the attributes of army mules.

Red tiptoed around the squirming bunch, looking for an opening, his pleased expression now having added a grin.

"Seems to be gittin' violent like," he

soliloquized, as he aimed a stream at Hopalong's ear, which showed for a second as Pete Wilson strove for a half-nelson, and he managed to include Johnny and Pete in his effort.

Several minutes later, when the storm had subsided, the woeful crowd enthusiastically urged Hopalong to the bar, where he "bought."

"Of all th' ornery outfits I ever saw—" began the man at the table, grinning from ear to ear at the spectacle he had just witnessed.

Hearing the strange voice, Hopalong, who was always on the alert, wheeled with his hand going toward his thigh and then stretched it forth in greeting.

"Why, hullo, Frenchy! Glad to see yu, yu old son-of-a-gun! What's th' news from th' Hills?"

"Rather locoed, an' there's a locoed gang that's headin' that way. Goin' up?" he asked.

"Shore, after round-up. Seen any punchers trailin' around loose?"

"Ya-as," drawled Frenchy, delving into the possibilities suddenly opened to him, and determining to utilize to the fullest extent the opportunity that had come to him unsought. "There's nine over to Muddy Wells that yu might git if yu wants them bad enough. They've got a sombrero of mine," he added, deprecatingly.

"Nine! Twisted Jerusalem, Buck! Nine whole cow-punchers a-pinin' for work," he shouted, but then added thoughtfully, "Mebby they's engaged," it being one of the courtesies of the land not to take another man's help.

"Nope. They've stampeded for th' Hills an' left their boss *all* alone," replied Frenchy, well knowing that such desertion would not add any merits to the case of the distant outfit.

"Th' sons-of-guns," said Hopalong, "let's go an' get 'em," he suggested, turning to Buck, who nodded a smiling assent.

"Oh, what's th' hurry?" asked Frenchy, seeing his projected game slipping away into the uncertain future and happy in the thought that he would be avenged on the O-Bar-O outfit. "They'll be there till to-morrow noon — they's waitin' for their cookie, who's goin' with them."

"A cook! A cook! Oh, joy, a cook!" exulted Johnny, not for one instant doubt-

ing Buck's ability to capture the whole outfit, and seeing a whirl of excitement in the effort.

"Anybody we knows?" inquired Skinny Thompson.

"Shore. Tenspot Davis, Waffles, Salvation Carroll, Bigfoot Baker, Charley Lane, Lefty Allen, Kid Morris, Curley Tate an' Tex Le Blanc," responded Frenchy.

"Umm-m. Might as well rope a blizzard," grumbled Billy. "Might as well try to git th' Seventh Cavalry. We'll have a pious time corralling that bunch. Them's th' fellows that hit that bunch of inquiring Crow braves that time up in th' Bad Lands an' then said by-bye to th' Ninth."

"Aw, shut up! They's only two that's very much, an' Buck an' Hopalong can sing 'em to sleep," interposed Johnny, afraid that the expedition would fall through.

"How about Curley and Tex?" pugnaciously asked Billy.

"Huh, jest because they buffaloeed yu over to Las Vegas, yu needn't think they's dangerous. Salvation an' Tenspot are th' only ones who can shoot," stoutly maintained Johnny.

"Here yu, get mum," ordered Buck to the pair. "When this outfit goes after anything it generally gets it. All in favor of kidnappin' that outfit signify th' same by kickin' Billy," whereupon Bill swore.

"Do yu want yore hat?" asked Buck, turning to Frenchy.

"I shore do," answered that individual.

"If yu helps us at th' round-up, we'll get it for yu. Fifty a month an' grub," offered the foreman.

"O. K.," replied Frenchy, anxious to even matters.

Buck looked at his watch. "Seven o'clock—we ought to get there by five if we relays at th' Barred-Horseshoe. Come on."

"How are we goin' to git them?" asked Billy.

"Yu leave that to me, son. Hopalong an' Frenchy 'll tend to that part of it. All yu has to do is to keep yore gun loose, in case any trouble busts, which I ain't a-figurin' on," replied Buck, making for his horse and swinging into the saddle, an example which was followed by the others, including Frenchy.

As they swung off Buck noticed the condition of Frenchy's mount and halted.

"Yu take that cayuse back an' get Cow-an's," he ordered.

"That cayuse is good for Cheyenne—she eats work, an' besides, I wants my own," laughed Frenchy.

"Yu must had a reg'lar picnic, from th' looks of that crease," volunteered Hopalong, whose curiosity was mastering him.

"Shoo! I had a little argument with some feather dusters—th' O-Bar-O crowd cleaned them up."

"That so?" asked Buck.

"Yep! They sorter got into th' habit of chasin' me to Las Cruces an' forgot to stop."

"How many'd yu get?" asked Lanky Smith.

"Twelve. Two got away. I got two before th' crowd showed up—that makes fo'teen."

"Now th' cavalry 'll be huntin' yu," croaked Billy.

"Hunt nothin'! They was in war-paint—think I was a target?—think I was goin' to call off their shots for 'em?"

They relayed at the Barred-Horseshoe and went on their way at the same pace. Shortly after leaving the last-named ranch Buck turned to Frenchy and asked, "Any of that outfit think they can play poker?"

"Shore. Waffles."

"Does th' reverend Mr. Waffles think so very hard?"

"He shore does."

"Do th' rest of them mavericks think so too?"

"They'd bet their shirts on him."

At this juncture all were startled by a sudden eruption from Billy. "Haw! Haw! Haw!" he roared as the drift of Buck's intentions struck him. "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"Here, yu long-winded coyote," yelled Red, banging him over the head with his quirt. "If yu don't 'Haw! Haw!' away from my ear, I'll make it a Wow! Wow! What d'yu mean? Think I am a echo cliff? Yu slab-sided doodle-bug, yu!"

"G'way, yu crimson topknot, think my head's a hunk of quartz? Fer a plugged peso I'd strew yu all over th' scenery!" shouted Billy, feigning anger and rubbing his head.

"There ain't no scenery around here," interposed Lanky. "This here be-utiful prospect is a sublime conception of th' devil."

"Easy, boy! Them highfalutin' words 'll give yu a cramp some day. Yu talk like a newly made sergeant," remarked Skinny.

"He learned them words from that sky-pilot over at El Paso," volunteered Hopalong, winking at Red. "He used to amble down th' aisle afore th' lights was lit so's he could get a front seat. That was all hunky for a while, but every time he'd go out to irrigate, that female organ-wrangler would seem to call th' music off for his special benefit. So in a month he'd sneak in an' freeze to a chair by th' door, an' after a while he'd shy like blazes every time he got within eye range of th' church."

"Shore. But do yu know what made him get religion all of a sudden? He used to hang around on th' outside after th' joint let out an' trail along behind th' music-slinger lookin' like he didn't know what to do with his hands. Then when he got woozy one time she up an' told him that she had got a nice long letter from her hubby. Then Mr. Lanky hit th' trail for Santa Fé so hard that there wasn't hardly none of it left. I didn't see him for a whole month," supplied Red innocently.

"Yore shore funny, ain't yu?" sarcastically grunted Lanky. "Why, I can tell things on yu that 'd make yu stand treat for a year."

"I wouldn't sneak off to Santa Fé an' cheat yu out of them. Yu ought to be ashamed of yoreself."

"Yah!" snorted the aggrieved little man. "I had business over to Santa Fé!"

"Shore," indorsed Hopalong. "We've all had business over to Santa Fé. Why, about eight years ago I had business——"

"Choke up," interposed Red. "About eight years ago yu was washing pans for cookie an' askin' me for cartridges. Buck used to larrup yu about four times a day, eight years ago."

To their roars of laughter Hopalong dropped to the rear where, red-faced and quiet, he bent his thoughts on how to get square.

"We'll have a *pleasant* time corraling that gang," began Billy for the third time.

"For heaven's sake get off that trail!" replied Lanky. "Most of them knows Buck an' Hopalong, an' when they sees them with their holsters tied open they won't make no getaway. Of course they ain't none of them empty-guns, an' I never

heard of them skedaddlin' from trouble, but they's square when the joke's on 'em. We ain't goin' to hold 'em up. De-plomacy's th' game."

Billy looked dubious and said nothing. If he hadn't proven that he was as nery as any man in the outfit they might have taken more stock in his grumbling.

"What's th' latest from Abilene way?" asked Buck of Frenchy.

"Nothin' much 'cept th' barb-wire ruction," replied the recruit.

"What's that?" asked Red, glancing apprehensively back at Hopalong.

"Why, th' settlers put up barb-wire fence so's th' cattle wouldn't get on their farms. That would a been all right, for there wasn't much of it. But some Britishers who own a couple of big ranches out there got smart all of a sudden an' strung wire all along their lines. Punchers crossin' th' country would run plumb into a fence an' would have to ride a day an' a half, mebby, afore they found th' corner. Well, naturally, when a man has been used to ridin' where he blame pleases an' as straight as he pleases, he ain't goin' to chase along a five-foot fence to 'Frisco when he wants to get to Waco. So th' punchers got to totin' wire-snips, an' when they runs up agin a fence they cuts down half a mile or so. Sometimes they'd tie their ropes to a strand an' pull off a couple of miles an' then go back after the rest. Th' ranch bosses sent out men to watch th' fences an' told 'em to shoot any festive puncher that monkeyed with th' hardware. Well, yu know what happens when a puncher gets shot at."

"When fences grow in Texas there'll be th' devil to pay," said Buck. He hated to think that some day the freedom of the range would be annulled, for he knew that it would be the first blow against the cowboys' occupation. When a man's cattle couldn't spread out all over the land he wouldn't have to keep so many men. Farms would spring up and the sun of the free and easy cowboy would slowly set.

"I reckons th' cutters are classed th' same as rustlers," remarked Red with a gleam of temper.

"By th' owners, but not by th' punchers; an' it's th' punchers that count," replied Frenchy.

"Well, we'll give them a fight," inter-

posed Hopalong, riding up. "When it gets so I can't go where I please I'll start on th' warpath. I won't buck th' cavalry, but I'll keep it busy huntin' for me an' I'll have time to 'tend to th' wire-fence men, too. Why, we'll be told we can't tote our guns!"

"They're sayin' that now," replied Frenchy. "Up in Topeka, Smith, who's now marshal, makes yu leave 'em with th' bartenders."

"I'd like to see any two-lajged cuss get my guns if I didn't want him to!" began Hopalong, indignant at the idea.

"Easy, son," cautioned Buck. "Yu would do what th' rest did because yu are a square man. I'm about as hard-headed a puncher as ever straddled leather an' I've had to use my guns purty considerable, but I reckons if any decent marshal asked me to cache them in a decent way, why, I'd do it. An' let me brand somethin' on yore mind—I've heard of Smith of Topeka, an' he's mighty nifty with his hands. He don't stand off-an' tell yu to unload yore lead-ranch, but he ambles up close an' taps yu on yore shirt; if yu makes a gun-play he naturally knocks yu clean across th' room an' unloads yu afore yu gets yore senses back. He weighs about a hundred an' eighty an' he's shore got sand to burn."

"Yah! When I makes a gun play she plays! I'd look nice in Abilene or Paso or Albuquerque without my guns, wouldn't I? Just because I totes them in plain sight I've got to hand 'em over to some liquor-wrastler? I reckons not! Some hip-pocket skunk would plug me afore I could wink. I'd shore look nice loping around a keno layout without my guns, in th' same town with some cuss huntin' me, wouldn't I? A whole lot of good a marshal would a done Jimmy, an' didn't Harris get his from a cur in th' dark?" shouted Hopalong, angered by the prospect.

"We're talkin' about Topeka, where everybody has to hang up their guns," replied Buck. "An' there's th' law——"

"To blazes with th' law!" whooped Hopalong in Red's ear, as he unfastened the cinch of Red's saddle and at the same time stabbing that unfortunate's mount with his spurs, thereby causing a hasty separation of the two. When Red had picked himself up and things had quieted down again the subject was changed and several

hours later they rode into Muddy Wells, a town with a little more excuse for its existence than Buckskin. The wells were in an arid valley west of Guadaloupe Pass, and were not only muddy but more or less alkaline.

As they neared the central group of buildings they heard a hilarious and assertive song which sprang from the door and windows of the main saloon. It was in jig time, rollicking and boisterous, but the words had evidently been improvised for the occasion, as they clashed immediately with those which sprang to the minds of the outfit, although they could not be clearly distinguished. As they approached nearer and finally dismounted, however, the words became recognizable, and the visitors were at once placed in harmony with the air of jovial recklessness by the roaring of the verses and the stamping of the time. Hopalong grinned and closed his holster flaps; no trouble would be likely to exist there.

Oh, we're red-hot cow-punchers playin' on our luck,
An' there ain't a proposition that we won't buck:
From sunrise to sunset we've ridden on th' range,
But now we're off for a howlin' change.

Chorus.

Laugh a little, sing a little, all th' day;
Play a little, drink a little—we can pay;
Ride a little, dig a little an' rich we'll grow.
Oh, we're that bunch from th' O-Bar-O!

Oh, there was a little tenderfoot an' he had a little gun,
An' th' gun an' him went a-trailin' up some fun.
They ambles up to Santa Fé to find a quiet game,
An' now they're planted with some more of th' same!

As Hopalong, followed by the others, pushed open the door and entered, he took up the chorus with all the power of Texan lungs and even Billy joined in. The sight that met their eyes was typical of the men and the mood and the place. Leaning along the walls, lounging on the table and straddling chairs with their forearms crossed on the backs were nine cowboys, ranging from old twenty to young fifty in years, and all were shouting the song and keeping time with their hands and feet. In the center of the room was a large man dancing a fair buck-and-wing to the time

so uproariously set by his companions. Hatless, neck-kerchief loose, holsters flapping, chaps rippling out and close, spurs clinking and perspiration streaming from his tanned face, danced Bigfoot Baker as though his life depended on speed and noise. Bottles shook and the air was fogged with smoke and dust. Suddenly, his belt slipping and letting his chaps fall around his ankles, he tripped and sat down heavily. Gasping for breath, he held out his hand and received a huge plug of tobacco, for Bigfoot had won a contest.

Shouts of greeting were hurled at the newcomers and many questions were fired at them regarding "th' latest from th' Hills." Waffles made a rush for Hopalong, but fell over Bigfoot's feet and all three were piled up in a heap. All were beaming with good nature, for they were as so many schoolboys playing truant. Prosaic cow-punching was relegated to the rear and they looked eagerly forward to their several missions. Frenchy told of the barb-wire fence war and of the new regulations of "Smith of Topeka" regarding cow-punchers' guns, and from the caustic remarks explosively given it was plain to be seen what a wire fence could expect should one be met with, and there were many imaginary Smiths put *hors de combat*.

Kid Morris, after vainly trying to slip a blue-bottle fly inside of Hopalong's shirt, gave it up and slammed his hand on Hopalong's back instead, crying: "Well, I'll be dog-goned if here ain't Hopalong! How's th' missus an' th' deacon an' all th' folks to hum? I hears yu an' Frenchy's reg'lar poker fiends!"

"Oh, we plays onct in a while, but we don't want none of yore dust. Yu'll shore need it all afore th' Hills get through with yu," laughingly replied Hopalong.

"Oh, yore shore kind! But I was a sort of reckonin' that we needs some more. Perfesser P. D. Q. Waffles is our poker man an' he shore can clean out anything I ever saw. Mebby yu fellers feels reckless-like an' would like to make a pool," he cried; addressing the outfit of the Bar 20, "an' back yore boss of th' full house agin urn?"

Red turned slowly around and took a full minute in which to size the Kid up. Then he snorted and turned his back again.

The Kid stared at him in outraged

dignity. "Well, what t'ell!" he softly murmured. Then he leaped forward and walloped Red on the back. "Hey, yore royal highness!" he shouted. "Yu-yu-yu—oh, hang it—*yu!* Yu slab-sided, ring-boned, saddle-galled shade of a coyote, do yu think I'm only meanderin' in th' misty vales of—of——"

Suggestions intruded from various sources. "Hades?" offered Hopalong. "Cheyenne?" murmured Johnny. "Misty mistiness of misty?" tentatively supplied Waffles.

Red turned around again. "Better come up an' have somethin'," he sympathetically invited, wiping away an imaginary tear.

"An' he's so young!" sobbed Frenchy.

"An' so fair!" wailed Tex.

"An' so ornery!" howled Lefty, throwing his arms around the discomfited youngster. Other arms went around him, and out of the sobbing mob could be heard earnest and heartfelt cussing, interspersed with imperative commands, which were gradually obeyed.

The Kid straightened up his wearing apparel. "Come on, yu locoed——"

"Angels?" queried Charley Lane, interrupting him. "Sweet things?" breathed Hopalong in hopeful expectancy.

"Oh, d—n it!" yelled the Kid as he ran out into the street to escape the persecution.

"Good Kid, all right," remarked Waffles. "He'll go around and lick some Greaser an' come back sweet as honey."

"Did somebody say poker?" asked Bigfoot, digressing from the Kid.

"Oh, yu fellows don't want no poker. Of course yu don't. Poker's mighty uncertain," replied Red.

"Yah!" exclaimed Tex Le Blanc, pushing forward. "I'll just bet yu to a standstill that Waffles an' Salvation 'll round up all th' festive simoleons yu can get together! An' I'll throw in Frenchy's hat as an inducement."

"Well, if yore shore set on it make her a pool," replied Red, "an' th' winners divide with their outfit. Here's a starter," he added, tossing a buckskin bag in the table. "Come on, pile 'em up."

The crowd divided as the players seated themselves at the table, the O-Bar-O crowd grouping themselves behind their repre-

sentatives; the Bar 20 behind theirs. A deck of cards was brought and the game was on.

Red, true to his nature, leaned back in a corner, where, hands on hips, he awaited any hostile demonstration on the part of the O-Bar-O; then, suddenly remembering, he looked half ashamed of his warlike position and became a peaceful citizen again. Buck leaned with his broad back against the bar, talking over his shoulder to the bartender, but watching Tenspot Davis, who was assiduously engaged in juggling a handful of Mexican dollars. Up by the door Bigfoot Baker, elated at winning the buck-and-wing contest, was endeavoring to learn a new step, while his late rival was drowning his defeat at Buck's elbow. Lefty Allen was softly singing a Mexican love song, humming when the words would not come. At the table could be heard low-spoken card terms and good-natured banter, interspersed with the clink of gold and silver and the soft pat-pat of the onlookers' feet unconsciously keeping time to Lefty's song. Notwithstanding the grim assertiveness of belts full of .44's and the peeping handles of long-barreled Colt's, set off with picturesque chaps, sombreros and tinkling spurs, the scene was one of peaceful content and good-fellowship.

"Ugh!" grunted Johnny, walking over to Red and informing that person that he, Red, was a worm-eaten prune, and that for half a wink he, Johnny, would prove it. Red grabbed him by the seat of his corduroys and the collar of his shirt and helped him outside, where they strolled about taking pot shots at whatever their fancy suggested.

Down the street in a cloud of dust rumbled the Las Cruces-El Paso stage, and the two punchers went up to meet it. Raw furrows showed in the woodwork, one mule was missing and the driver and guard wore fresh bandages. A tired tenderfoot leaped out with a sigh of relief and hunted for his baggage, which he found to be generously perforated. Swearing at the God-forsaken land where a man had to fight highwaymen and Indians inside of half a day, he grumblingly lugged his valise toward a forbidding-looking shack which was called a hotel.

The driver released his teams and then turned to Red. "Hullo, old hoss, how's

th' gang?" he asked genially. "We've had a h—l of a time this yere trip," he went on without waiting for Red to reply. "Five miles out of Las Cruces we stood off a son-of-a-gun that wanted th' dude's wealth. Then just this side of the San Andre foothills we runs into a bunch of young bucks who turned us off this yere way an' gave us a runnin' fight purty near all th' way. I'm a whole lot farther from Paso now than I was when I started, an' seein' as I lost a jack I'll be some time gittin' there. Yu don't happen to sabe a jack I can borrow, do yu?"

"I don't know about no jack, but I'll rope yu a bronch," offered Red, winking at Johnny.

"I'll pull her myself before I'll put dynamite in th' traces," replied the driver. "Yu fellers might amble back a ways with me—them buddin' warriors 'll be layin' for me."

"We shore will," responded Johnny eagerly. "There's nine of us now an' there'll be nine more an' a cook to-morrow, mebby."

"Gosh, yu grows some," replied the guard. "Eighteen 'll be a plenty for them glory hunters."

"We won't be able to," contradicted Red, "for things are peculiar."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the tenderfoot, who sported a new and cheap sombrero and also a belt and holster complete.

"Will you gentlemen join me?" he asked, turning to Red and nodding at the saloon. "I am very dry and much averse to drinkin' alone."

"Why, shore," responded Red heartily, wishing to put the stranger at ease.

The game was running about even as they entered and Lefty Allen was still singing his love song, the rich tenor softening the harshness of the surroundings. Hopalong laughed joyously at a remark made by Waffles and the stranger glanced quickly at him. His merry, boyish face, underlined by a jaw showing great firmness and set off with an expression of aggressive self-reliance, impressed the stranger, and he remarked to Red, who lounged lazily near him, that he was surprised to see such a face on so young a man and he asked who the player was.

"Oh, his name's Hopalong Cassidy," answered Red. "He's th' cuss that raised that

ruction down in Mexico last spring. Rode his cayuse in a saloon and played with the loungers and had to shoot one before he got out. When he did get out he had to fight a whole bunch of Greasers an' even potted their marshal, who had th' drop on him. Then he returned and visited the marshal about a month later, took his gun away from him and then cut the cards to see if he was a prisoner or not. He's a shore funny cuss."

The tenderfoot gasped his amazement. "Are you not fooling with me?" he asked.

"Tell him yu came after that five hundred dollars reward and see," answered Red good-naturedly.

"Holy smoke!" shouted Waffles as Hopalong won his sixth consecutive pot. "Did yu ever see such luck!" Frenchy grinned and some time later raked in his third. Salvation then staked his last cent against Hopalong's flush and dropped out.

Tenspot slipped to Waffles the money he had been juggling, and Lefty searched his clothes for wealth. Buck, still leaning against the bar, grinned and winked at Johnny, who was pouring hair-raising tales into the receptive ears of the stranger. Thereupon Johnny confided to his newly found acquaintance the facts about the game, nearly causing that person to explode with delight.

Waffles pushed back his chair, stood up and stretched. At the finish of a yawn he grinned at his late adversary. "I'm all in, yu old son-of-a-gun. Yu shore can play draw. I'm goin' to try yu again some time. I was beat fair and square an' I ain't got no kick comin', none whatever," he remarked, as he shook hands with Hopalong.

"Oh, we're that gang from th' O-Bar-O," hummed the Kid as he sauntered in. One cheek was slightly swollen and his clothes shed dust at every step. "Who wins?" he inquired, not having heard Waffles.

"They did, d—n it!" exploded Bigfoot.

One of the Kid's peculiarities was revealed in the unreasoning and hasty conclusions he arrived at. From no desire to imply unfairness, but rather because of his bitterness against failure of any kind and his loyalty to Waffles, came his next words: "Mebby they skinned yu."

Like a flash Waffles sprang before him, his hand held up, palm out. "He don't

mean nothin'—he's only a damn-fool kid!" he cried.

Buck smiled and wrested the Colt from Johnny's ever ready hand. "Here's another," he said. Red laughed softly and rolled Johnny on the floor. "Yu jackass," he said, "don't yu know better'n to make a gun-play when we needs them all?"

"What are we goin' to do?" asked Tex, glancing at the bulging pockets of Hopalong's chaps.

"We're goin' to punch cows again, that's what we're goin' to do," answered Bigfoot dismally.

"An' whose are we goin' to punch? We can't go back to the old man," grumbled Tex.

Salvation looked askance at Buck and then at the others. "Mebby," he began, "mebby we kin git a job on th' Bar 20. Then turning to Buck again he bluntly asked, "Are yu short of punchers?"

"Well, I might use some," answered the foreman, hesitating. "But I ain't got only one cook, an'——"

"We'll git yu th' cook, all O. K.," interrupted Charley Lane vehemently. "Hi, yu cook!" he shouted, "amble in here an' git a rustle on!"

There was no reply and, after waiting for a minute, he and Waffles went into the rear room, from which there immediately issued great chunks of profanity and noise. They returned looking pugnacious and disgusted, with a wildly fighting man who was more full of liquor than was the bottle which he belligerently waved.

"This here animated distillery what yu sees is our cook," said Waffles. "*We eats his grub, nobody else. If he gits drunk that's our funeral; but he won't get drunk!* If yu wants us to punch for yu say so an' we does; if yu don't, we don't."

"Well," replied Buck thoughtfully, "mebby I *can* use yu." Then with a burst of recklessness he added, "Yes, if I lose my job! But yu might sober that Greaser up if yu let him fall in th' horse-trough."

As the procession wended its way on its mission of wet charity, carrying the cook in any manner at all, Frenchy waved his long-lost sombrero at Buck, who stood in the door, and shouted, "Yu old son-of-a-gun, I'm proud to know yu!"

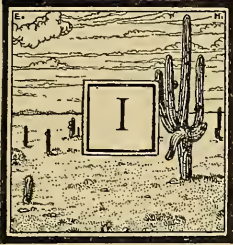
Buck smiled and snapped his watch shut. "Time to amble," he said.

THE BUILDERS

V. THE MEN OF THE UNTAMED DESERT

BY RALPH D. PAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



It was in the camp of Bullfrog that Mitchell, the big, brick-red mining man of Nevada, told me his view of law on the desert:

“If you are prospecting with an unreasonable hog of a partner who wants to eat three slices of bacon and half a loaf of bread for breakfast, and lets the canteen gurgle down his throat, while you get along with a strip of bacon and just moisten your lips when you take a drink, then you’re all right if you kill him. I’d kill him if there wasn’t anything else to do. It’s a tough game, and it’s your life or his when you’re lost or your grub-stake and water are giving out.”

These observations were suggested by the arrival in camp two days before of the bones of a prospector who had died of thirst some forty miles from Bullfrog during the previous summer. He had been a carpenter, earning wages of eight dollars a day in the new camps during the “boom,” but the gold-fever led him away from this safe and profitable toil. He picked up a partner, they loaded their burros and trailed off south toward the Death Valley country to prospect in the Funeral Range.

Three weeks after the desert swallowed them up the partner wandered into a freighters’ camp, half-crazed with thirst and exhaustion. He was able to tell the freighters that the carpenter was somewhere out beyond, lost and without water, too helpless to move. The partner was too weak and fevered to go back with the

rescue party of freighters, so they left him in camp. He directed them as well as he could, but the search was bootless, and Griffin, the carpenter of Bullfrog, was added to the long list of desert victims. Several months later a party of prospectors stumbled, by chance, across what was left of him. There were no traces of his outfit; he had thrown away his gun, his canteen and his hat. One shoe was found thirty feet from his body, and he had torn off and flung away most of his clothing. These were the ghastly evidences of the last great fight he had made to struggle on.

“When they’re dying for water,” said Mitchell, who knew the “desert game,” “they throw away everything until all their clothes are gone, and you generally find them without a stitch on.”

To those who have not been in the Nevada desert it seems almost incredible that men should wander there and die, a dozen or more every summer, and that others will follow them and die of thirst in there so long as there are inaccessible mountains to be searched for gold. Nor is it always the heedless prospector that loses his life by daring the desert. I heard many of these stories while crossing this stretch of country, and passed more than one little heap of lava fragments that marked the grave of a victim of thirst, but that which made the most haunting impression ran as follows:

A prosperous mining man of Delamar, Nevada, started to drive from his home to Pioche, an old silver-mining camp which was a large and tumultuous city thirty years ago. Pioché lay across an expanse of desert, but the driver had made the trip many times and had no more thought of



"Old Pop" Gilbert, the desert stage driver.

danger than if he were taking a train for San Francisco. He had a good pair of horses and a buckboard in which he stowed a full canteen, food and a keg of water for his horses. With good luck he expected to cover the distance between daylight and dark, and to return home next day. It was hardly worth saying good-by to his family.

Somewhere out in the sand and sagebrush he got out of his buckboard, for what purpose no one knows. It may have been to adjust the harness, or to kill a rattlesnake with his whip. By an almost incredible twist of fate it happened that he would have been a luckier man to jump from the deck of a liner into mid-ocean. His horses took fright and ran away and left him. They wandered into Delamar on the day after, and the empty buckboard told the town that disaster had overtaken the driver.

A party was hastily equipped and the wheel tracks were followed until dark. Then a dry camp was made and the search was picked up on the following day. When they found the man only three days had elapsed since he left home. He was naked and stark mad. He became conscious for a little while, long enough to tell how the tragedy had happened, and he died soon after they carried him home, of thirst, fever and a shattered mind.

"Why didn't he follow his wagon tracks back home?" said the man from Delamar who was reminded to tell the story. "It's most likely that he did try for a little way, and then he went off his head, just scared crazy at the bare thought of being lost on foot out there with no water in thirty or forty miles, and he figured that he could never make the distance, and that made him locoed. Or maybe he thought he saw a spring and lost the trail and couldn't find it again. The desert plays queer tricks with a man's thinkin' outfit."

When I was in Bullfrog last year a stage line had been recently put across a stretch of a hundred and twenty-five miles of this desert to connect the new gold camps with the railroad which runs from Los Angeles to Salt Lake. It was a

hardy and venturesome enterprise, backed by the Kimball Brothers, two young men of the stuff that men are made of in the new West. They came naturally by their liking for the stage business, for their father had been one of the partners in the Overland Mail when Ben Holliday was making a new highway across the continent.

To set this desert enterprise going they had to establish supply and water stations, for in the route of a hundred and twenty-five miles there were only two springs, and not a human being except for the lonely ranchers that dwelt in these two little oases. Three wells were driven so that water stations were about thirty miles apart, and by these wells were pitched the tents of the station keepers who fed and watered the change horses.

There was no way traffic, and the revenues must come from the daily mail contract and the few passengers who went through to the gold camps or came out to the railroad at twenty-five dollars a head. Whether or not the young men gained profit by the enterprise, they were sure of the distinction of operating the loneliest and most forbidding stage route in the United States.

When I decided to come out of Bullfrog by this route, my acquaintances agreed that the idea was wholly asinine.

"Go back to Goldfield in an automobile and take a train for Reno," they chorused. "That stage trip to Las Vegas is the worst ever. Those who have lived through it swear they'll die here of old age before they'll try to escape the way they came in. It's the limit."

The project sounded so uncommonly forbidding that it seemed well worth undertaking. Surely the kind of men who drove and supplied the stage line, as well as the wayfarers to be met along the route, were helping to build up the unpeopled places after their own solitary fashion, and they would be far more worth knowing than the commonplace traveling acquaintances one is wont to make in the beaten ruts of railway journeying.

The stage halted to pick me up at the Beatty Hotel in the Bullfrog District at five o'clock in the morning. The starlit night was yet chill with the windless and crystalline air that refreshes the desert when the sun has left it. A covered Concord wagon pulled by two horses came slowly up the tented street that was ankle deep in white alkali dust.

Here and there a canvas wall glimmered from an early candle light within. The little camp, cuddled in the rugged arms of the mountains that locked it round about, seemed very lonely and almost forlorn, so far it was from the more permanent habitations of men and women, so brave an outpost of a civilization that has almost outgrown this kind of pioneering. It needed the talk and

stir of its rough-clad, sunburned men in the raw, new streets, and the noise of pick and blast in the prospect holes that burrowed the slopes, to detach it from the lifeless silence that broods over the desert.

There were no other passengers for the stage, and the driver welcomed me like a long-lost brother, for he did not like to drive his thirty-mile stretch alone. We passed out through a gap in the mountains and they were just beginning to flush with the singular glory of the desert dawn. In the wake of a shrouding haze of blue which lingered briefly, came a crimson flush that touched first the crests of the mountains, then stole swiftly down their sides, and the day leaped into being.

While it was yet early morning we passed through a tiny camp called Gold Center. Gold had not been found there, and it was the center of nothing except sand and moun-



"Old Man" Crump, a battered soldier of fortune.

tains. It was, in a way, left stranded in the ebb of the roaring tide of the first rush a few months before when the vanguard of the invaders took it hilariously for granted that gold must be everywhere in these mountains.

The more rational settlements of Beatty and Bullfrog lay only a few miles away, yet Gold Center persisted in being, and, *mirabile dictu*, misguided initiative was erecting a brewery in the camp, which was as far removed from malt and hops as it was possible to find this side of Hades. We stopped to pick up a passenger who was waiting at the canvas saloon fittingly named "The Last Chance." The driver in an ill-timed spirit of jest observed to the shaggy landlord:

"How are things in Dead Center?"

"Dead Center! hell!" indignantly snorted the leading citizen. "For two cents I'd pull you off that broken-down hearse and spill you all over Gold Center, which is booked to be the finest camp in the state of Nevada. Busted prospectors that have to drive stage to get a grub-stake mustn't come round here passing any gay remarks about 'Dead Center.'"

The passenger was tactful enough to add no fuel to this blaze as he clambered into the wagon and shook the dust of Gold Center from his battered boots. He slumped into the collar of his faded overcoat beside the driver, and pulled down over his eyes a dilapidated soft hat which in itself was eloquent of many things suffered in desert wandering.

He was a chunky, elderly man, with a blue eye, a flaming ruddiness of countenance and a thatch of tow hair which defied the onslaught of years to turn it gray. Ever and anon this "Bill" Crump extracted a bottle from his pocket, offered it to the driver, who always refused with a melancholy gesture, and drank therefrom a "slug to keep the chill off," with a deftness which gave weight to his claim that he was a son of old Kentucky. They were an oddly contrasting pair, the stout and garrulous Crump and the driver, who was a lanky man with a subdued and even chastened air, as if life were bound to be a losing fight.

Yet they were kindred spirits in that both had been rolling stones along the outer edge of civilization, and old age was overtaking them with naught to show for the

long years except an amazing variety of experiences.

Crump faced the future stoutly with a flamboyant courage, and you could picture in your mind's eye this battered, sturdy figure shaking his fist at fortune in city and camp and desert, always making the best of it and letting the morrow go hang.

As for the stage driver, he was and would be a dreamer to the end, industrious, sober, but never making a winning fight against the realities, moving on with an air of resignation to find the vision still beyond his grasp. Crump had just quit a government surveying party with which he had been horse-wrangler for four months. The expedition was moving into Death Valley to make the first map of that unpleasant region, and Crump decided that he needed change of occupation.

"I'm going to spend the winter in Los Angeles," he explained with his enduring bravado. "I need rest and change. I'm a furniture maker by trade. My chest of tools is in hock, but I'll get it out and make money and mix up with good people."

His versatility had included many years of driving stage. Indeed, he could rake up memories of stage routes in Texas forty years ago, but Heaven only knows how many things Crump had turned his hand to in the meantime. The driver had been fairly consistent as a miner "on and off" for twenty-five years. Last year he prospected in the desert for nine months and found nothing. Now he was full of a scheme to return to Alaska and outfit a party to trap for furs and incidentally look for gold. There was no chance of failure, he argued, and whoever should be bold enough to grub-stake him would inevitably reap a dazzling reward.

He was driving stage only until he could turn miner again. He had seen the partners of his youth make great strikes, and become the millionaires of Utah and Colorado. His own failures had not soured him. He was inclined to believe that every man got a square deal sooner or later, and his turn was coming, of course it was. Crump was not looking an inch beyond his florid nose, even when he talked so large about his plans for the winter, while the driver was continually dwelling with the visions that were as impalpable as the desert mirages.

When the sun swiftly climbed clear of the curtaining mountains the desert began to swim in a glare of heat. To the right ran the naked heights of the Charleston mountains, while a few miles to the left was the grim Funeral Range, beyond which lay Death Valley. Between these towering ranges stretched the desert, over which the stage crawled like a fly on a whitewashed floor. Through a notch in the Funeral Range we could see across Death Valley to the mountains which lifted high on the other side of it. There was something inexpressibly forbidding and mysterious about this view-point in the desert.

For Death Valley has been for long a fabled place in which have been focused many strange and dreadful stories, some of them true. It is one of the hottest corners of the globe, because, while Bullfrog, only thirty miles from the head of it, is four thousand feet above the sea, this narrow valley between two mountain ranges drops to a depth below sea level. Therefore it becomes a furnace in which no air is stirring. It is perilous to life because good water can be found in only two or three places in a length of more than a hundred miles, while there are many poison springs fatal to man and beast.

It is bad enough, in truth, without need of exaggerated pen pictures such as the western correspondent loves to paint. If

any disaster to outfit occurs, if the canteen runs dry, if a man should fall and break a leg while prospecting in the valley, he were wise to blow out his brains to avoid lingering in slow torture. A veteran prospector who had crossed Death Valley three times, and was known among his fellows as a man of unsurpassed physique, hardihood and experience, told me what he thought of the journey while we were in camp together in the desert:

"It's plumb foolishness to go into Death Valley with less than three or four men in your party, and twelve to fifteen burros. Load four or five burros with hay and barley for their own feed, three or four with canned stuff, flour and bacon, and at least four with water, and then if you don't get lost you will pull through all right. There's gold in there, though I don't take any stock in Scotty and his mysterious mine. He's a four-flusher. There's prospectors ransacking the Death Valley country all the time, and you can't hide a rich mine in this country any more than you can hide a brick building in a town."

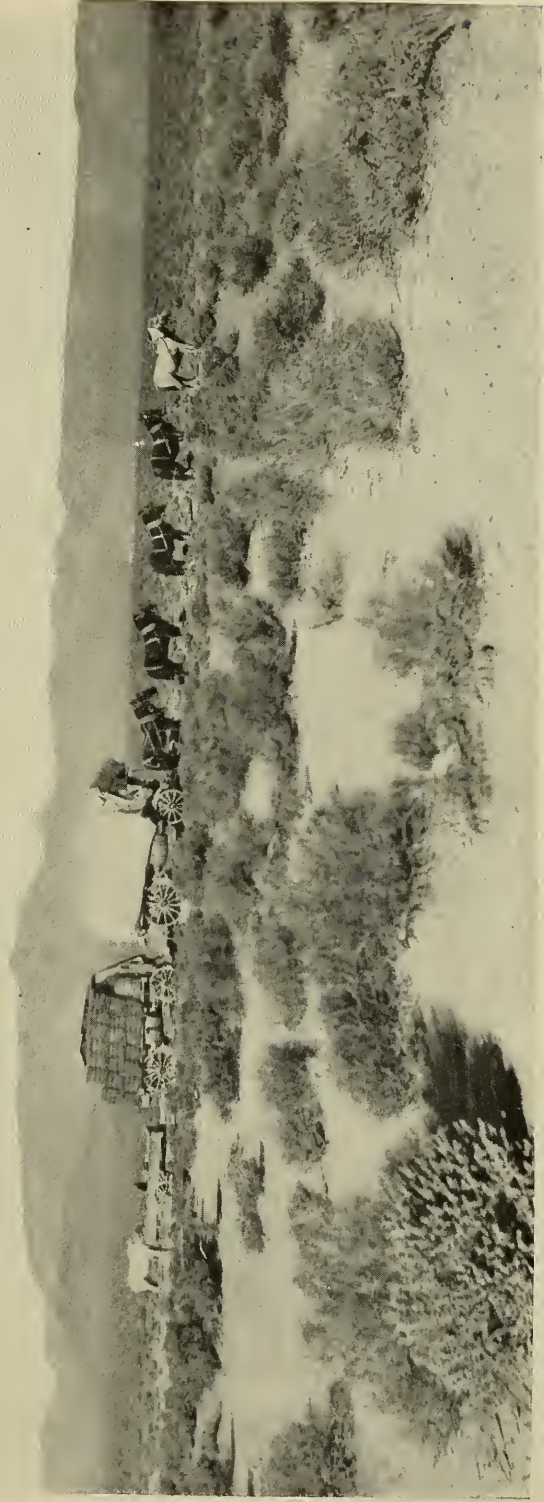
You cannot cross the Nevada desert without hearing much gossip about "Scotty," he of the meteoric special trains and the colossal bluffs. A "busted cow puncher" with an exotic imagination, he has juggled fact and fancy until the shrewdest men in the Southwest lock horns in argument as



A grizzled prospector on the sage-brush trail.



Prospectors in the heart of the desert (a rarely truthful impression of this forbidding landscape).



The plodding freight caravan making ten miles a day.



A stage station thirty miles from nowhere.

to whether "Scotty" has a mine in Death Valley or dreamed it. When I met him he was coming out of the desert with a bag of ore on a burro and the announcement:

"I'm due to take a little whirl down the road. I'm going to bluff old Harriman out of his boots. I'll bet him fifty thousand dollars I can beat him in a race from the coast to Chicago, me taking a special on the Santa Fé and that old figger-head pulling out on the Union Pacific. I'm afraid he'll take water. He's a counterfeit on the level, he is.

"They say I've killed fifteen men just to see 'em kick," continued "Scotty" as he cocked his hat over one eye. "It ain't so. I wouldn't do no such thing. They don't know me. I fool 'em all. I've got a pair of glasses that can see fifty miles, and a gun that shoots five miles, and when they try to trail me into the Valley I run blazers on 'em. I'm due for a little race down the pike behind an engine. Maybe I've got a mine and maybe not. Maybe it's on Furnace Creek, in the Funeral Range, Death Valley, and maybe it's somewhere else, and maybe I ain't got a cent."

A bizarre figure of a man who harmonizes immensely well with the romantic mystery of Death Valley, "Scotty" has managed to find and somehow maintain the notoriety that is dear to his soul. To my knowledge he "blew in" on his "whirl" some six or eight thousand dollars ad-

vanced under a grub-stake contract by a hypnotized New York banker, which funds were to be used in developing the alleged mining properties. "Scotty" refused to tell his backer where the mine was, and squandered all the money advanced, which accounts for a good part of his flaming prosperity. As a type of the vanishing West, he makes a crudely picturesque figure against the dull background of a tamed civilization.

While the stage toiled through the sand and the choking dust clouds at the depressing speed of three miles an hour, there moved in the far distance another pillar of alkali powder, heralding the approach of a freight outfit. By-and-by there emerged from this gray veil the long string of eighteen mules, stepping out with brave and patient endurance, pulling the linked trail wagons no more than ten or twelve miles in a day. The "mule-skinner" in the saddle of a wheeler and the "swamper" trudging alongside exchanged quiet greeting with the stage driver from the enveloping fog:

"How are you?"

"All right, how are you?"

"Pretty good."

The passing was like that of two ships at sea. The freighters were ten days out from Las Vegas. One trail wagon was loaded with hay and water kegs, for they must make dry camps between wells, and

they moved over the face of the desert with a lonely deliberation that made an impression of large and patient self-reliance. Scarcely anywhere in America could they be found outside of the desert. Nor will they linger much longer even here, for the railroad is creeping along their trail and soon they will be of a piece with the other relics of the genuinely "simple life" which made a nation of a wilderness.

At noon we stopped at a tent where there was a driven well. The keeper of the station lived here with his wife, and there were no other dwellers within thirty miles of them. Nothing grew around them but the sagebrush, nothing else could be made to grow without water. There was not a tree within a day's journey. But this cheerful, kindly, gray-haired man and his motherly wife said that they liked the desert. Perhaps it was because their faces hinted that home and contentment are where the heart is. A stage each way within the twenty-four hours, the occasional freight outfit or prospector that tarried for water—these were their only visitors. There were no neighbors.

The heat beat down on their shadeless tents as from a furnace, and the uneasy dust was always sifting into food and clothing and blankets. But their contentment in each other and the inscrutable fascination of the desert had turned the edge of their hardships.

A change of drivers was made, and a white-bearded patriarch turned back with us to drive over the same forty miles he had just covered northward bound.

"When you get home," he chuckled as he picked up the reins, "tell 'em you rode one stage with old Pop Gilbert, that crossed the plains with his dad way back in Fifty. We set out with ox teams to go from Illinois to California and we were six months on the way. Dad didn't like it out there, and being a sudden man he turned round and trailed back to Illinois. I'm still pretty chipper."

He was a "chipper" veteran of the frontier, for after a conversation with the invincible Crump and a pull at the black bottle, he became interested in the government survey lately forsaken by this passenger and asked:

"S'pose there's a chance for me to get that job you threw up? I like hosses, and Death Valley's one place where I hain't been. I don't mind hot weather. I'm a desert lizard, and my hide's turned to leather."

Crump was discouraging, but Pop" prattled for some time about missing this chance to be baked alive in Death Valley. It seemed absurd that danger should menace along a trail rutted by the wheel tracks of the stage, but in mid-afternoon we came up with an unexpected suggestion of the implacable hostility of these waste places.



A lone prospector making camp.



A desert watering place.

The stage had covered perhaps twenty miles from the noon-time camp, and the next station lay about the same distance beyond. A solitary man was staggering on ahead, reeling from one side of the trail to the other, frequently halting to throw himself flat on the sand and then more weakly scrambling on. Far in advance, mere dots on the horizon, were three other figures on foot.

Presently the voice of the derelict floated back in incoherent cries. He was so absorbed in trying to overtake those far ahead of him that he paid no heed to the stage until it was beside him. Then he fell on his knees with wild gestures and husky pleadings in Spanish. It seemed that the vanishing dots beyond were companions with whom he had set out to walk from the Bullfrog camps to the railroad. They had only two canteens among them, and since leaving the last well their water had given out, and his strength had been the first to break.

They had pushed on in desperation, leaving him to fall by the wayside, and as Crump expressed it, "the Greaser was all in." The pitiable wretch was given a lift in the stage, and a pull at the driver's big canteen. When his callous comrades were overtaken they were fluently cursed by old man Crump in vivid Spanish, and their canteens were filled for them, after which the abandoned one was dumped among them to shift for himself.

Of a different metal was the old prospector met a little while later. He was really an amazing figure of a man. Bent and partly crippled with rheumatism, he was trudging along alone, with no burros, and not even a blanket on his back. He had not a cent in his pocket, and his outfit consisted of a canteen and a paper parcel of bacon and biscuit given him by a generous freighter. While we stopped to breathe the horses in the sand, which made walking like pulling through a heavy snow, the old man made cheerful chat with us. He had been working a claim in the Funeral Range through the summer, and his grub-stake having run out, he was footing it into the mining camps to look for work to tide him over the winter. He pulled a few chunks of rock from his pockets, gazed at them with an expression of the most radiant confidence, and said that on the strength of

these samples he proposed to save enough money from his wages to outfit in the spring and return to his mountain solitude. Here was a man for you, who preached a concrete gospel of faith, hope and works.

In the early evening we toiled through a cañon or "wash," and found a tent inhabited by a youth in charge of a "dry camp." He was somewhat peevish as he protested:

"I've watered your fresh team of horses, but they drunk every drop I had, and there ain't enough left to make a pot of coffee. What am I going to do? If you don't send me back a barrel from Indian Spring in the morning, I'm up against it hard. I ain't a kicker, but likewise I ain't a lizard to live without water."

Now the stage crept along over a rolling country in which the darkness conjured many delusions and phantasies. We always seemed to be climbing the white trail that streaked the night, even when the desert was tilting downward. One could see, or thought he saw, houses, railroad grades, even trains of cars. These were only the shadowed shapes of bleak buttes and uncouth fragments of landscape that had been gashed by cloud-bursts tearing down from the distant mountain sides. The "Joshua trees," distorted caricatures of verdure, became clothed with an uncanny vagueness of aspect. Their twisted, spiked limbs took on the shapes of men who were crawling over the sand, or crouching in wait, or gesturing either in threat or appeal. All sense of proportion had vanished with the daylight. One's eyes were no longer to be relied upon. A low-hung star, barely veiled behind the ragged crest of a mountain "wash," cast an upward reflection which so well mimicked the glow of a distant camp fire that a lost tenderfoot would have struggled toward it, believing help was near.

Long after midnight we came to whispering trees around a spring, the first oasis in twenty hours of travel from Bullfrog, and as grateful a resting place as ever the school-day geographies pictured of a palm-fringed well in the Sahara. Water had done a miracle here, and when we pushed on at daylight after a few hours' sleep in a tent, green fields and pastured cattle were glimpsed, and the growing crops that sweetly contrasted with the desolation

round about. The rancher who made breakfast for the stage crew had lived in this place for many years, and by choice, for he said in parting:

"I went back to my old home in Vermont last year, and I didn't hanker to stay there. This place looked good to me when I drove in again."

Almost all that day the road led across the desert, until in the waning afternoon we were within sight of the town of Las Vegas, which came suddenly into being last year when the new railroad to Salt Lake marched through this region. At one end of the



A corner of the old Mormon ranch at Las Vegas.

new town, in a grove of splendid trees, are the adobe walls of a ranch and fort built by the Mormon pioneers when they pushed through Utah to Lower California in 1851. We had crossed their old trail on the previous day, and the road they made is still used to pass through the Meadow Valley Wash, where a party of scores of men, women and children perished together in that first heroic pilgrimage. A stone marks the place where their bones were found.

Over this route they pushed southward until they came to Las Vegas, and, wonder of wonders, found a spring that gushed from the thirsty plain like a young river. Here they camped and rested and refitted before the caravan moved along its four months' journey to the San Bernadino Valley. The new railroad, built by Senator Clark, follows, through Nevada and Utah, that old Mormon trail for much of

its length. Nor are the crumbling adobe walls of the old ranch at Las Vegas the only relics of that other age in the building of the West. When the grading camps of the railroad were moving up through the desert, they found the bleached bones of many of those pioneers, and buried them beside the track. I met an old man who crossed the desert even before the gold rush of Forty-nine, and who saw the Mormon vanguard on its march to Utah.

"There were six hundred wagons," said he, "moving in a trail of six abreast, and we saw the

dust which they made for two days before we overtook them."

The Mormons proved that water could make a garden of this desert area, and now, half a century later, Nevada, in the wake of Utah, is beginning to feel the stimulus of an irrigation movement which is certain to make for her greater wealth and population than all the gold and silver that have been found in her mountains.

Said President Roosevelt at Reno three years ago:

"And now here in Nevada a new future opens to you because of the energy, the foresight and the far-sighted intelligence of those who have recognized the absolute need of using for the tillage of your fields the waters that run to waste in your rivers. It would be difficult to find in the United States a locality better fitted to serve as an object lesson in the need of irrigation and the use of it."

The men who have been the scouts in the invasion of the desert, the hardy, patient pioneers of the gold camps, the prospecting outfit, the freight wagons and the stage lines, bulk big among the builders of this part of the West. Behind them, however, there will flock a population which will make its permanent settlement even in such a hopeless-looking desert as I have tried briefly to picture.

The irrigation work of the national government has made its first great conquest in this same Nevada. Into this parched sand and sage brush the water was turned last year from the works of the "Carson and Truckee Project." It was the most important event in the history of the state, of more lasting value even than the discovery of the Comstock lode. From the massive masonry dam constructed to hold the waters of the Truckee River, the blessed flow was turned over fifty thousand acres.

This was the first completed section of a plan which is to irrigate almost a million acres of desert. This means, within a few years, fifty-acre farms for twenty thousand families, on which they are certain of large and profitable crops. It means also new towns and cities to supply this great farming community with the products of the mills and mines and factories of the country, east and west.

More than that, it means a new population of perhaps two hundred thousand souls and a prosperous principality added to the greatness of the Union. It is all purely

creative, for wealth is made where there was none before, and magnificent opportunity offered for independent and self-reliant livelihood to those who seek it.

When one has seen the desert at close range, and then views the great beginnings of its redemption by means of water, he becomes impressed with the fact that there are two sides to the "Mormon question." Their wagon trains marked the path for the first survey of the first transcontinental railroad. And they pushed on into and claimed for their own a territory so forbidding that other pioneers shunned it as they would the shadow of death.

Before the sun had set on the second day of the Mormon camp in the Salt Lake valley, work had begun on the first irrigation ditch ever constructed by Anglo-Saxon hands.

The teeming mining camp may pass. Nevada is a graveyard of dead camps. In the seventies Virginia, Pioche, Belmont, Jefferson, Ely, flaunted what they believed was inexhaustible mineral wealth. Their streets roared with life and activity, their hills echoed to the thunder of stamp mills and hoisting engines. Their streets hold a hundred people where once fifteen thousand toiled and planned and hoped. Their smelters, furnaces and tall chimneys are rusted and forlorn. But the water that is turned into the desert brings with it an enduring prosperity that will eclipse all the present-day gold-bearing of Tonapah and Bullfrog.

(To be continued.)



An oasis.



SCENES FROM THE "REAL COUNTRY," BY R. R. SALLOWS

1. And Grandma thinks it strange that the hens don't lay.



SCENES FROM THE "REAL COUNTRY"

II. When the sun is hot at the "swimmin' pool."



SCENES FROM THE "REAL COUNTRY"

III. How to fish the old mill-pond without working.



SCENES FROM THE "REAL COUNTRY"

IV. The "old folks" still boil their own soft-soap.



SCENES FROM THE "REAL COUNTRY"

V. "Experience and a frying-pan can do pretty nigh anything."



SCENES FROM THE "REAL COUNTRY"

VI The summer song of the scythe and whetstone.



Drawing by Frank E. Schoonover.

"White Fang's free nature flashed forth again, and he sank his teeth into the moccasined foot."

WHITE FANG*

BY JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

PART III.—THE GODS OF THE WILD

CHAPTER I

THE MAKERS OF FIRE

THE cub came upon it suddenly. It was his own fault. He had been careless. He had left the cave and run down to the stream to drink. It might have been that he took no notice because he was heavy with sleep. (He had been out all night on the meat-trail, and had but just then awakened.) And his carelessness might have been due to the familiarity of the trail to the pool. He had traveled it often, and nothing had ever happened on it.

He went down past the blasted pine, crossed the open space and trotted in amongst the trees. Then, at the same instant, he saw and smelt. Before him, sitting silently on their haunches, were five live things, the like of which he had never seen before. It was his first glimpse of mankind. But at the sight of him the five men did not spring to their feet, nor show their teeth, nor snarl. They did not move, but sat there, silent and ominous.

Nor did the cub move. Every instinct of his nature would have impelled him to dash wildly away, had there not suddenly and for the first time arisen in him another and counter instinct. A great awe descended upon him. He was beaten down to movelessness by an overwhelming sense of his own weakness and littleness. Here was mastery and power, something far and away beyond him.

The cub had never seen man, yet the instinct concerning man was his. In dim ways he recognized in man the animal that had fought itself to primacy over the other animals of the wild. Not alone out of his own

eyes, but out of the eyes of all his ancestors was the cub now looking upon man—out of eyes that had circled in the darkness around countless winter camp fires, that had peered from safe distances and from the hearts of thickets at the strange, two-legged animal that was lord over living things. The spell of the cub's heritage was upon him—the fear and the respect born of the centuries of struggle and the accumulated experience of the generations. The heritage was too compelling for a wolf that was only a cub. Had he been full grown he would have run away. As it was, he cowered down in a paralysis of fear, already half proffering the submission that his kind had proffered from the first time a wolf came in to sit by man's fire and be made warm.

One of the Indians arose and walked over to him and stooped above him. The cub cowered closer to the ground. It was the unknown, objectified at last, in concrete flesh and blood, bending over him and reaching down to seize hold of him. His hair bristled involuntarily; his lips writhed back and his little fangs were bared. The hand, poised like doom above him, hesitated, and the man spoke laughing, "*Wabam wabisca ip pit tab.*" ("Look! The white fangs!")

The other Indians laughed loudly, and urged the man on to pick up the cub. As the hand descended closer and closer, there raged within the cub a battle of the instincts. He experienced two great impulses—to yield and to fight. The resulting action was a compromise. He did both. He yielded till the hand almost touched him. Then he fought, his teeth flashing in a snap that sank them into the hand.

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The next moment he received a clout alongside the head that knocked him over on his side. Then all fight fled out of him. His puppyhood and the instinct of submission took charge of him. He sat up on his haunches and ki-yi'd. But the man whose hand he had bitten was angry. The cub received a clout on the other side of his head. Whereupon he sat up and ki-yi'd louder than ever.

The four Indians laughed more loudly, while even the man who had been bitten began to laugh. They surrounded the cub and laughed at him, while he wailed out his terror and his hurt. In the midst of it he heard something. The Indians heard it, too. But the cub knew what it was, and with a last, long wail that had in it more of triumph than grief, he ceased his noise and waited for the coming of his mother, of his ferocious and indomitable mother, who fought and killed all things and was never afraid. She was snarling as she ran. She had heard the cry of her cub and was dashing to save him.

She bounded in amongst them, her anxious and militant motherhood making her anything but a pretty sight. But to the cub the spectacle of her protective rage was pleasing. He uttered a glad little cry and bounded to meet her, while the man-animals went back hastily several steps. The she-wolf stood over against her cub, facing the men, with bristling hair, a snarl rumbling deep in her throat. Her face was distorted and malignant with menace, even the bridge of the nose wrinkling from tip to eyes, so prodigious was her snarl.

Then it was that a cry went up from one of the men. "Kiche!" was what he uttered. It was an exclamation of surprise. The cub felt his mother wilting at the sound.

"Kiche!" the man cried again, this time with sharpness and authority.

And then the cub saw his mother, the she-wolf, the fearless one, crouching down till her belly touched the ground, whimpering, wagging her tail, making peace signs. The cub could not understand. He was appalled. The awe of man rushed over him again. His instinct had been true. His mother verified it. She, too, rendered submission to the man-animals.

The man who had spoken came over to her. He put his hand upon her head, and

she only crouched closer. She did not snap, nor threaten to snap. The other men came up and surrounded her, and felt her and pawed her, which actions she made no attempt to resent. They were greatly excited, and made many noises with their mouths. These noises were not indications of danger, the cub decided, as he crouched near his mother, still bristling from time to time, but doing his best to submit.

"It is not strange," an Indian was saying. "Her father was a wolf. It is true, her mother was a dog; but did not my brother tie her out in the woods all of three nights in the mating season? Therefore was the father of Kiche a wolf."

"It is a year, Gray Beaver, since she ran away," spoke a second Indian.

"It is not strange, Salmon Tongue," Gray Beaver answered. "It was the time of the famine, and there was no meat for the dogs."

"She has lived with the wolves," said a third Indian.

"So it would seem, Three Eagles," Gray Beaver answered, laying his hand on the cub; "and this be the sign of it."

The cub snarled a little at the touch of the hand, and the hand flew back to administer a clout. Whereupon the cub covered his fangs and sank down submissively, while the hand, returning, rubbed behind his ears and up and down his back.

"This be the sign of it," Gray Beaver went on. "It is plain that his mother is Kiche. But his father was a wolf. Wherefore is there in him little dog and much wolf. His fangs be white, and White Fang shall be his name. I have spoken. He is my dog. For was not Kiche my brother's dog? And is not my brother dead?"

The cub, who had thus received a name in the world, lay and watched. For a time the man-animals continued to make their mouth-noises. Then Gray Beaver took a knife from a sheath that hung around his neck, and went into the thicket and cut a stick. White Fang watched him. He notched the stick at each end and in the notches fastened strings of rawhide. One string he tied around the throat of Kiche. Then he led her to a small pine, around which he tied the other string.

White Fang followed and lay down beside her. Salmon Tongue's hand reached

out to him and rolled him over on his back. Kiche looked on anxiously. White Fang felt fear mounting in him again. He could not quite suppress a snarl, but he made no offer to snap. The hand, with fingers crooked and spread apart, rubbed his stomach in a playful way and rolled him from side to side. It was ridiculous and ungainly, lying there on his back with legs sprawling in the air. Besides, it was a position of such utter helplessness that White Fang's whole nature revolted against it. He could do nothing to defend himself. If this man-animal intended harm, White Fang knew that he could not escape it. How could he spring away with his four legs in the air above him? Yet submission made him master his fear, and he only growled softly. This growl he could not suppress; nor did the man-animal resent it by giving him a blow on the head. And furthermore, such was the strangeness of it, White Fang experienced an unaccountable sensation of pleasure as the hand rubbed back and forth. When he was rolled on his side he ceased the growl; when the fingers pressed and prodded at the base of his ears the pleasurable sensation increased; and when, with a final rub and scratch, the man left him alone and went away, all fear had died out of White Fang. He was to know fear many times in his dealings with man; yet it was a token of the fearless companionship with man that was ultimately to be his.

After a time White Fang heard strange noises approaching. He was quick in his classification, for he knew them at once for man-animal noises. A few minutes later the remainder of the tribe, strung out as it was on the march, trailed in. There were more men and many women and children, forty souls of them, and all heavily burdened with camp equipage and outfit. Also, there were many dogs; and these, with the exception of the part-grown puppies, were likewise burdened with camp outfit. On their backs, in bags that fastened tightly around underneath, the dogs carried from twenty to thirty pounds of weight.

White Fang had never seen dogs before, but at sight of them he felt that they were his own kind, only somehow different. But they displayed little difference from the wolf when they discovered the cub and his

mother. There was a rush. White Fang bristled and snarled and snapped in the face of the open-mouthed, oncoming wave of dogs, and went down and under them, feeling the sharp slash of teeth in his body, himself biting and tearing at the legs and bellies above him. There was a great uproar. He could hear the snarl of Kiche as she fought for him; and he could hear the cries of the man-animals, the sound of clubs striking upon bodies, and the yelps of pain from the dogs so struck.

Only a few seconds elapsed before he was on his feet again. He could now see the man-animals driving back the dogs with clubs and stones, defending him, saving him from the savage teeth of his kind that somehow was not his kind. And though there was no reason in his brain for a clear conception of so abstract a thing as justice, nevertheless, in his own way, he felt the justice of the man-animals, and he knew them for what they were, makers of law and executors of law. Also, he appreciated the power with which they administered the law. Unlike any animals he had ever encountered, they did not bite nor claw. They enforced their live strength with the power of dead things. Dead things did their bidding. Thus, sticks and stones, directed by these strange creatures, leaped through the air like living things, inflicting grievous hurts upon the dogs.

To his mind this was power unusual, power inconceivable and beyond the natural, power that was godlike. White Fang, in the very nature of him, could never know anything about gods; at the best he could know only things that were beyond knowing; but the wonder and awe that he had of these man-animals in ways resembled what would be the wonder and awe of man at sight of some celestial creature, on a mountain top, hurling thunderbolts from either hand at an astonished world.

The last dog had been driven back. The hubbub died down. And White Fang licked his hurts and meditated upon this, his first taste of pack cruelty, and his introduction to the pack. He had never dreamed that his own kind consisted of more than One Eye, his mother and himself. They had constituted a kind apart, and here, abruptly, he had discovered many more creatures apparently of his own kind. And there was a sub-conscious re-

sentment that these, his kind, at first sight had pitched upon him and tried to destroy him. In the same way he resented his mother being tied with a stick, even though it was done by the superior man-animals. It savored of the trap, of bondage. Yet of the trap and of bondage he knew nothing. Freedom to roam and run and lie down at will had been his heritage; and here it was being infringed upon. His mother's movements were restricted to the length of a stick, and by the length of that same stick was he restricted, for he had not yet got beyond the need of his mother's side.

He did not like it. Nor did he like it when the man-animals arose and went on with their march; for a tiny man-animal took the other end of the stick and led Kiche captive behind him, and behind Kiche followed White Fang, greatly perturbed and worried by this new adventure he had entered upon.

They went down the valley of the stream, far beyond White Fang's widest ranging, until they came to the end of the valley, where the stream ran into the Mackenzie River. Here, where canoes were cached on poles high in the air and where stood fish racks for the drying of fish, camp was made; and White Fang looked on with wondering eyes. The superiority of these man-animals increased with every moment. There was their mastery over all these sharp-fanged dogs. It breathed of power. But greater than that, to the wolf-cub, was their mastery over things not alive; their capacity to communicate motion to un-moving things; their capacity to change the very face of the world.

It was this last that especially affected him. The elevation of frames of poles caught his eye; yet this in itself was not so remarkable, being done by the same creatures that flung sticks and stones to great distances. But when the frames of poles were made into tepees by being covered with cloth and skins, White Fang was astounded. It was the colossal bulk of them that impressed him. They arose around him on every side like some monstrous, quick-growing form of life. They occupied nearly the whole circumference of his field of vision. He was afraid of them. They loomed ominously above him; and when the breeze stirred them into huge movements he cowered down in fear, keeping his

eyes warily upon them, and prepared to spring away if they attempted to precipitate themselves upon him.

But in a short while his fear of the tepees passed away. He saw the women and children passing in and out of them without harm, and he saw the dogs trying often to get into them and being driven away with sharp words and flying stones. After a time, he left Kiche's side and crawled cautiously toward the wall of the nearest tepee. It was the curiosity of growth that urged him on—the necessity of learning and living and doing that brings experience. The last few inches to the wall of the tepee were crawled with painful slowness and precaution. The day's events had prepared him for the unknown to manifest itself in most stupendous and unthinkable ways. At last his nose touched the canvas. He waited. Nothing happened. Then he smelled the strange fabric, saturated with the man-smell. He closed on the canvas with his teeth and gave a gentle tug. Nothing happened, though the adjacent portions of the tepee moved. He tugged harder. There was a greater movement. It was delightful. He tugged still harder and repeatedly until the whole tepee was in motion. Then the sharp cry of a squaw inside sent him scampering back to Kiche. But after that he was afraid no more of the looming bulks of the tepees.

A moment later he was straying away again from his mother. Her stick was tied to a peg in the ground and she could not follow him. A part-grown puppy, somewhat larger and older than he, came toward him slowly, with ostentatious and belligerent importance. The puppy's name, as White Fang was afterward to hear him called, was Lip-lip. He had had experience in puppy fights and was already something of a bully.

Lip-lip was White Fang's own kind, and, being only a puppy, did not seem dangerous; so White Fang prepared to meet him in friendly spirit. But when the stranger's walk became stiff-legged and his lips lifted clear of his teeth, White Fang stiffened too, and answered with lifted lips. They half circled about each other tentatively, snarling and bristling. This lasted several minutes, and White Fang was beginning to enjoy it, as a sort of game. But suddenly, with remarkable swiftness, Lip-lip leaped

in, delivered a slashing snap, and leaped away again. The snap had taken effect on the shoulder that had been hurt by the lynx and that was still sore deep down near the bone. The surprise and hurt of it brought a yelp out of White Fang; but the next moment, in a rush of anger, he was upon Lip-lip and snapping viciously.

But Lip-lip had lived his life in camp and had fought many puppy fights. Three times, four times, and half a dozen times his sharp little teeth scored on the newcomer, until White Fang, yelping shamelessly, fled to the protection of his mother. It was the first of the many fights he was to have with Lip-lip, for they were enemies from the start, born so, with natures destined perpetually to clash.

Kiche licked White Fang soothingly with her tongue, and tried to prevail upon him to remain with her. But his curiosity was rampant, and several minutes later he was venturing forth on a new quest. He came upon one of the man-animals, Gray Beaver, who was squatting on his hams and doing something with sticks and dry moss spread before him on the ground. White Fang came near to him and watched. Gray Beaver made mouth-noises which White Fang interpreted as not hostile, so he came still nearer.

Women and children were carrying more sticks and branches to Gray Beaver. It was evidently an affair of moment. White Fang came in until he touched Gray Beaver's knee, so curious was he and already forgetful that this was a terrible man-animal. Suddenly he saw a strange thing like mist beginning to arise from the sticks and moss beneath Gray Beaver's hands. Then, amongst the sticks themselves, appeared a live thing, twisting and turning, of a color like the color of the sun in the sky. White Fang knew nothing about fire. It drew him as the light in the mouth of the cave had drawn him in his early puppyhood. He crawled the several steps toward the flame. He heard Gray Beaver chuckle above him, and he knew the sound was not hostile. Then his nose touched the flame, and at the same instant his little tongue went out to it.

For a moment he was paralyzed. The unknown, lurking in the midst of the sticks and moss, was savagely clutching him by the nose. He scrambled backward,

bursting out in an astonished explosion of ki-yi's. At the sound, Kiche leaped snarling to the end of her stick, and there raged terribly because she could not come to his aid. But Gray Beaver laughed loudly, and slapped his thighs, and told the happening to all the rest of the camp, till everybody was laughing uproariously. But White Fang sat on his haunches and ki-yi'd and ki-yi'd, a forlorn and pitiable little figure in the midst of the man-animals.

It was the worst hurt he had ever known. Both nose and tongue had been scorched by the live thing, sun-colored, that had grown up under Gray Beaver's hands. He cried and cried interminably, and every fresh wail was greeted by bursts of laughter on the part of the man-animals. He tried to soothe his nose with his tongue, but the tongue was burnt, too, and the two hurts coming together produced greater hurt; whereupon he cried more hopelessly and helplessly than ever.

And then shame came to him. He knew laughter and the meaning of it. It is not given us to know how some animals know laughter and know when they are being laughed at; but it was this same way that White Fang knew it. And he felt shame that the man-animals should be laughing at him. He turned and fled away, not from the hurt of the fire, but from the laughter that sank even deeper and hurt in the spirit of him. And he fled to Kiche, raging at the end of her stick like an animal gone mad—to Kiche, the one creature in the world who was not laughing at him.

Twilight drew down and night came on, and White Fang lay by his mother's side. His nose and tongue still hurt, but he was perplexed by a greater trouble. He was homesick. He felt a vacancy in him, a need for the hush and quietude of the stream and the cave in the cliff. Life had become too populous. There were so many of the man-animals, men, women and children, all making noises and irritations. And there were the dogs, ever squabbling and bickering, bursting into uproars and creating confusions. The restful loneliness of the only life he had known was gone. Here the very air was palpitant with life. It hummed and buzzed unceasingly. Continually changing its intensity and abruptly variant in pitch, it impinged on his nerves and senses, made him nervous and restless

and worried him with a perpetual imminence of happening.

He watched the man-animals coming and going and moving about the camp. In fashion distantly resembling the way men look upon the gods they create, so looked White Fang upon the man-animals before him. They were superior creatures, of a verity gods. To his dim comprehension they were as much wonder-workers as gods are to men. They were creatures of mastery, possessing all manner of unknown and impossible potencies, overlords of the alive and the not alive—making obey that which moved, imparting movement to that which did not move, and making life, sun-colored and biting life, to grow out of dead moss and wood. They were fire-makers! They were gods!

CHAPTER II

THE BONDAGE

The days were thronged with experience for White Fang. During the time that Kiche was tied by the stick, he ran about over all the camp, inquiring, investigating, learning. He quickly came to know much of the ways of the man-animals, but familiarity did not breed contempt. The more he came to know them, the more they vindicated their superiority, the more they displayed their mysterious powers, the greater loomed their god-likeness.

To man has been given the grief, often, of seeing his gods overthrown and his altars crumbling; but to the wolf and the wild dog that have come in to crouch at man's feet this grief has never come. Unlike man, whose gods are of the unseen and the over-guessed, vapors and mists of fancy eluding the garmenture of reality, wandering wraiths of desired goodness and power, intangible out-croppings of self into the realm of spirit—unlike man, the wolf and the wild dog that have come in to the fire find their gods in the living flesh, solid to the touch, occupying earth-space and requiring time for the accomplishment of their ends and their existence. No effort of faith is necessary to believe in such a god; no effort of will can possibly induce disbelief in such a god. There is no getting away from it. There it stands, on its two hind legs, club in hand, immensely poten-

tial, passionate and wrathful and loving, god and mystery and power all wrapped up and around by flesh that bleeds when it is torn and that is good to eat like any flesh.

And so it was with White Fang. The man-animals were gods unmistakable and unescapable. As his mother, Kiche, had rendered her allegiance to them at the first cry of her name, so he was beginning to render his allegiance. He gave them the trail as a privilege indubitably theirs. When they walked, he got out of their way. When they called, he came. When they threatened, he cowered down. When they commanded him to go, he went away hurriedly. For behind any wish of theirs was power to enforce that wish, power that hurt, power that expressed itself in clouts and clubs, in flying stones and stinging lashes of whips.

He belonged to them as all dogs belonged to them. His actions were theirs to command. His body was theirs to maul, to stamp upon, to tolerate. Such was the lesson that was quickly borne in upon him. It came hard, going as it did counter to much that was strong and dominant in his own nature; and, while he disliked it in the learning of it, unknown to himself he was learning to like it. It was a placing of his destiny in another's hands, a shifting of the responsibilities of existence. This in itself was compensation, for it is always easier to lean upon another than to stand alone.

But it did not all happen in a day, this giving over of himself, body and soul, to the man-animals. He could not immediately forego his wild heritage and his memories of the wild. There were days when he crept to the edge of the forest and stood and listened to something calling him far and away. And always he returned, restless and uncomfortable, to whimper softly and wistfully at Kiche's side and to lick her face with eager, questioning tongue.

White Fang learned rapidly the ways of the camp. He knew the injustice and greediness of the older dogs when meat or fish was thrown out to be eaten. He came to know that men were more just, children more cruel, and women more kindly and more likely to toss him a bit of meat or bone. And after two or three painful adventures with the mothers of part-grown

puppies, he came into the knowledge that it was always good policy to let such mothers alone, to keep away from them as far as possible, and to avoid them when he saw them coming.

But the bane of his life was Lip-lip. Larger, older and stronger, Lip-lip had selected White Fang for his special object of persecution. White Fang fought willingly enough, but he was outclassed. His enemy was too big. Lip-lip became a nightmare to him. Whenever he ventured away from his mother, the bully was sure to appear, trailing at his heels, snarling at him, picking upon him, and watchful of an opportunity, when no man-animal was near, to spring upon him and force a fight. As Lip-lip invariably won, he enjoyed it hugely. It became his chief delight in life, as it became White Fang's chief torment.

But the effect upon White Fang was not to cow him. Though he suffered most of the damage and was always defeated, his spirit remained unsubdued. Yet a bad effect was produced. He became malignant and morose. His temper had been savage by birth, but it became more savage under this unending persecution. The genial, playful, puppyish side of him found little expression. He never played and gamboled about with the other puppies of the camp. Lip-lip would not permit it. The moment White Fang appeared near them Lip-lip was upon him, bullying and hectoring him, or fighting with him until he had driven him away.

The effect of all this was to rob White Fang of much of his puppyhood and to make him in his comportment older than his age. Denied the outlet, through play, of his energies, he recoiled upon himself and developed his mental processes. He became cunning; he had idle time in which to devote himself to thoughts of trickery. Prevented from obtaining his share of meat and fish when a general feed was given to the camp dogs, he became a clever thief. He had to forage for himself, and he foraged well, though he was oftentimes a plague to the squaws in consequence. He learned to sneak about camp, to be crafty, to know what was going on everywhere, to see and to hear everything and to reason accordingly, and successfully to devise ways and means of avoiding his implacable persecutor. It was early in the days of his persecu-

tion that he played his first really big crafty game and got therefrom his first taste of revenge. As Kiche, when with the wolves, had lured out to destruction dogs from the camps of men, so White Fang, in manner somewhat similar, lured Lip-lip into Kiche's avenging jaws. Retreating before Lip-lip, White Fang made an indirect flight that led in and out and around the various tepees of the camp. He was a good runner, swifter than any puppy of his size, and swifter than Lip-lip. But he did not run his best in this chase. He barely held his own, one leap ahead of his pursuer.

Lip-lip, excited by the chase and by the persistent nearness of his victim, forgot caution and locality. When he remembered locality, it was too late. Dashing at top speed around a tepee, he ran full tilt into Kiche lying at the end of her stick. He gave one yelp of consternation, and then her punishing jaws closed upon him. She was tied, but he could not get away from her easily. She rolled him off his legs so that he could not run, while she repeatedly ripped and slashed him with her fangs.

When at last he succeeded in rolling clear of her, he crawled to his feet, badly disheveled, hurt both in body and in spirit. His hair was standing out all over him in tufts where her teeth had mauled. He stood where he had arisen, opened his mouth, and broke out the long, heart-broken puppy wail. But even this he was not allowed to complete. In the middle of it White Fang, rushing in, sank his teeth into Lip-lip's hind leg. There was no fight left in Lip-lip, and he ran away shamelessly, his victim hot on his heels and worrying him all the way back to his own tepee. Here the squaws came to his aid, and White Fang, transformed into a raging demon, was finally driven off only by a fusillade of stones.

Came the day when Gray Beaver, deciding that the liability of her running away was past, released Kiche. White Fang was delighted with his mother's freedom. He accompanied her joyfully about the camp; and, so long as he remained close by her side, Lip-lip kept a respectful distance. White Fang even bristled up to him and walked stiff-legged, but Lip-lip ignored the challenge. He was no fool

himself, and whatever vengeance he desired to wreak could wait until he caught White Fang alone.

Later on that day, Kiche and White Fang strayed into the edge of the woods next to the camp. He had led his mother there, step by step, and now, when she stopped, he tried to inveigle her farther. The stream, the lair and the quiet woods were calling to him, and he wanted her to come. He ran on a few steps, stopped, and looked back. She had not moved. He whined pleadingly, and scurried playfully in and out of the underbrush. He ran back to her, licked her face, and ran on again. And still she did not move. He stopped and regarded her, all of an intentness and eagerness, physically expressed, that slowly faded out of him as she turned her head and gazed back at the camp.

There was something calling to him out there in the open. His mother heard it, too. But she heard also that other and louder call, the call of the fire and of man—the call which has been given alone of all animals to the wolf to answer, to the wolf and the wild dog, who are brothers.

Kiche turned and slowly trotted back toward camp. Stronger than the physical restraint of the stick was the clutch of the camp upon her. Unseen and occultly, the gods still gripped with their power and would not let her go. White Fang sat down in the shadow of a birch and whimpered softly. There was a strong smell of pine, and subtle wood fragrances filled the air, reminding him of his old life of freedom before the days of his bondage. But he was still only a part-grown puppy, and stronger than the call either of man or of the Wild, was the call of his mother. All the hours of his short life he had depended upon her. The time was yet to come for independence. So he arose and trotted forlornly back to camp, pausing once, and twice, to sit down and whimper and to listen to the call that still sounded in the depths of the forest.

In the Wild the time of a mother with her young is short; but under the dominion of man it is sometimes even shorter. Thus it was with White Fang. Gray Beaver was in the debt of Three Eagles. Three Eagles was going away on a trip up the Mackenzie to the Great Slave Lake. A strip of scarlet cloth, a bearskin, twenty

cartridges and Kiche went to pay the debt. White Fang saw his mother taken aboard Three Eagles' canoe, and tried to follow her. A blow from Three Eagles knocked him backward to the land. The canoe shoved off. He sprang into the water and swam after it, deaf to the sharp cries of Gray Beaver to return. Even a man-animal, a god, White Fang ignored, such was the terror he was in of losing his mother.

But gods are accustomed to being obeyed, and Gray Beaver wrathfully launched a canoe in pursuit. When he overtook White Fang, he reached down and by the nape of the neck lifted him clear of the water. He did not deposit him at once in the bottom of the canoe. Holding him suspended with one hand, with the other hand he proceeded to give him a beating. And it *was* a beating. His hand was heavy. Every blow was shrewd to hurt; and he delivered a multitude of blows.

Impelled by the blows that rained upon him, now from this side, now from that, White Fang swung back and forth like an erratic and jerky pendulum. Varying were the emotions that surged through him. At first he had known surprise. Then came a momentary fear, when he yelped several times to the impact of the hand. But this was quickly followed by anger. His free nature asserted itself, and he showed his teeth and snarled fearlessly in the face of the wrathful god. This but served to make the god more wrathful. The blows came faster, heavier, more shrewd to hurt.

Gray Beaver continued to beat, White Fang continued to snarl. But this could not last forever. One or the other must give over, and that one was White Fang. Fear surged through him again. For the first time he was being really man-handled. The occasional blows of sticks and stones he had previously experienced were as caresses compared with this. He broke down and began to cry and yelp. For a time each blow brought a yelp from him; but fear passed into terror, until finally his yelps were voiced in unbroken succession, unconnected with the rhythm of the punishment. At last Gray Beaver withheld his hand. White Fang, hanging limply, continued to cry. This seemed to satisfy his master, who flung him down roughly in the bottom of the canoe. In the meantime

the canoe had drifted down the stream. Gray Beaver picked up the paddle. White Fang was in his way. He spurned him savagely with his foot. In that moment White Fang's free nature flashed forth again, and he sank his teeth into the moccasined foot.

The beating that had gone before was as nothing compared with the beating he now received. Gray Beaver's wrath was terrible; likewise was White Fang's fright. Not only the hand, but the hard wooden paddle was used upon him; and he was bruised and sore in all his small body when he was again flung down in the canoe. Again, and this time with purpose, did Gray Beaver kick him. White Fang did not repeat his attack on the foot. He had learned another lesson of his bondage. Never, no matter what the circumstance, must he dare to bite the god who was lord and master over him; the body of the lord and master was sacred, not to be defiled by the teeth of such as he. That was evidently the crime of crimes, the one offense there was no condoning nor overlooking.

When the canoe touched the shore, White Fang lay whimpering and motionless, waiting the will of Gray Beaver. It was Gray Beaver's will that he should go ashore, for ashore he was flung, striking heavily on his side and hurting his bruises afresh. He crawled tremblingly to his feet and stood whimpering. Lip-lip, who had watched the whole proceeding from the bank, now rushed upon him, knocking him over and sinking his teeth into him. White Fang was too helpless to defend himself, and it would have gone hard with him had not Gray Beaver's foot shot out, lifting Lip-lip into the air with its violence so that he smashed down to earth a dozen feet away. This was the man-animal's justice; and even then, in his own pitiable plight, White Fang experienced a little grateful thrill. At Gray Beaver's heels he limped obediently through the village to the tepee. And so it came that White Fang learned that the right to punish was something the gods reserved for themselves and denied to the lesser creatures under them.

That night, when all was still, White Fang remembered his mother and sorrowed for her. He sorrowed too loudly and woke up Gray Beaver, who beat him. After that he mourned gently when the gods were around. But sometimes, straying off to

the edge of the woods by himself, he gave rein to his grief, and cried it out with loud whimperings and wailings.

It was during this period that he might have hearkened to the memories of the lair and the stream and run back to the Wild. But the memory of his mother held him. As the hunting man-animals went out and came back, so she would come back to the village some time. So he remained in his bondage, waiting for her.

But it was not altogether an unhappy bondage. There was much to interest him. Something was always happening. There was no end to the strange things these gods did, and he was always curious to see. Besides, he was learning how to get along with Gray Beaver. Obedience—rigid, undeviating obedience, was what was exacted of him; and in return he escaped beatings and his existence was tolerated.

Nay, Gray Beaver himself sometimes tossed him a piece of meat, and defended him against the other dogs in the eating of it. And such a piece of meat was of value. It was worth more, in some strange way, than a dozen pieces of meat from the hand of a squaw. Gray Beaver never petted nor caressed. Perhaps it was the weight of his hand, perhaps his justice, perhaps the sheer power of him, and perhaps it was all these things that influenced White Fang; for a certain tie of attachment was forming between him and his surly lord.

Insidiously and by remote ways, as well as by the power of stick and stone and clout of hand, were the shackles of White Fang's bondage being riveted upon him. The qualities in his kind that in the beginning made it possible for them to come in to the fires of men were qualities capable of development. They were developing in him, and the camp life, replete with misery as it was, was secretly endearing itself to him all the time. But White Fang was unaware of it. He knew only grief for the loss of Kiche, hope for her return and a hungry yearning for the free life that had been his.

CHAPTER III

THE OUTCAST

Lip-lip continued so to darken his days that White Fang became wickeder and more ferocious than it was his natural right to

be. Savageness was a part of his make-up, but the savageness thus developed exceeded his make-up. He acquired a reputation for wickedness amongst the man-animals themselves. Wherever there was trouble and uproar in camp, fighting and squabbling or the outcry of a squaw over a bit of stolen meat, they were sure to find White Fang mixed up in it and usually at the bottom of it. They did not bother to look after the causes of his conduct. They saw only the effects, and the effects were bad. He was a sneak and a thief, a mischief-maker, a fomenter of trouble; and irate squaws told him to his face, the while he eyed them alert and ready to dodge any quick-flung missile, that he was a wolf and worthless and bound to come to an evil end.

He found himself an outcast in the midst of the populous camp. All the young dogs followed Lip-lip's lead. There was a difference between White Fang and them. Perhaps they sensed his wild-wood breed, and instinctively felt for him the enmity that the domestic dog feels for the wolf. But be that as it may, they joined with Lip-lip in the persecution. And, once declared against him, they found good reason to continue declared against him. One and all, from time to time, they felt his teeth; and to his credit, he gave more than he received. Many of them he could whip in single fight; but single fight was denied him. The beginning of such a fight was a signal for all the young dogs in camp to come running and pitch upon him.

Out of this pack persecution he learned two important things: how to take care of himself in a mass-fight against him; and how, on a single dog, to inflict the greatest amount of damage in the briefest space of time. To keep one's feet in the midst of the hostile mass meant life, and this he learned well. He became cat-like in his ability to stay on his feet. Even grown dogs might hurtle him backward or sideways with the impact of their heavy bodies, and backward or sideways he would go, in the air or sliding on the ground, but always with his legs under him and his feet downward to the mother earth.

When dogs fight there are usually preliminaries to the actual combat—snarlings and bristlings and stiff-legged struttings. But White Fang learned to omit these

preliminaries. Delay meant the coming against him of all the young dogs. He must do his work quickly and get away. So he learned to give no warning of his intention. He rushed in and snapped and slashed on the instant, without notice, before his foe could prepare to meet him. Thus he learned how to inflict quick and severe damage. Also he learned the value of surprise. A dog taken off its guard, its shoulder slashed open or its ear ripped in ribbons before it knew what was happening, was a dog half whipped.

Furthermore, it was remarkably easy to overthrow a dog taken by surprise; while a dog, thus overthrown, invariably exposed for a moment the soft under side of its neck—the vulnerable point at which to strike for its life. White Fang knew this point. It was a knowledge bequeathed to him directly from the hunting generations of wolves. So it was that White Fang's method, when he took the offensive, was: first, to find a young dog alone; second, to surprise it and knock it off its feet; and, third, to drive in with his teeth at the soft throat.

Being but partly grown, his jaws had not yet become large enough nor strong enough to make his throat-attack deadly; but many a young dog went around camp with a lacerated throat in token of White Fang's intention. And one day, catching one of his enemies alone on the edge of the woods, he managed, by repeatedly overthrowing him and attacking the throat, to cut the great vein and let out the life. There was a great row that night. He had been observed, the news had been carried to the dead dog's master, the squaws remembered all the instances of stolen meat, and Gray Beaver was beset by many angry voices. But he resolutely held the door of his tepee, inside which he had placed the culprit, and refused to permit the vengeance for which his tribespeople clamored.

White Fang became hated by man and dog. During this period of his development he never knew a moment's security. The tooth of every dog was against him, the hand of every man. He was greeted with snarls by his kind, with curses and stones by his gods. He lived tensely. He was always keyed up, alert for attack, wary of being attacked, with an eye for sudden and unexpected missiles, prepared to act

precipitately and coolly, to leap in with a flash of teeth, or to leap away with a menacing snarl.

As for snarling, he could snarl more terribly than any dog, young or old, in camp. The intent of the snarl is to warn or frighten, and judgment is required to know when it should be used. White Fang knew how to make it and when to make it. Into his snarl he incorporated all that was vicious, malignant and horrible. With nose serrulated by continuous spasms, hair bristling in recurrent waves, tongue whipping out like a red snake and whipping back again, ears flattened down, eyes gleaming hatred, lips wrinkled back, and fangs exposed and dripping, he could compel a pause on the part of almost any assailant. A temporary pause, when taken off his guard, gave him the vital moment in which to think and determine his action. But often a pause so gained lengthened out until it evolved into a complete cessation from the attack. And before more than one of the grown dogs, White Fang's snarl enabled him to beat an honorable retreat.

An outcast himself from the pack of the part-grown dogs, his sanguinary methods and remarkable efficiency made the pack pay for its persecution of him. Not permitted himself to run with the pack, the curious state of affairs obtained that no member of the pack could run outside the pack. White Fang would not permit it. What of his bushwhacking and waylaying tactics, the young dogs were afraid to run by themselves. With the exception of Lip-lip, they were compelled to hunch together for mutual protection against the terrible enemy they had made. A puppy alone by the river bank meant a puppy dead or a puppy that aroused the camp with its shrill pain and terror as it fled back from the wolf-cub that had waylaid it.

But White Fang's reprisals did not cease, even when the young dogs had learned thoroughly that they must stay together. He attacked them when he caught them alone, and they attacked him when they were bunched. The sight of him was sufficient to start them rushing after him, at which times his swiftness usually carried him into safety. But woe the dog that outran his fellows in such pursuit! White Fang had learned to turn suddenly upon the pursuer that was ahead of the pack

and thoroughly to rip him up before the pack could arrive. This occurred with great frequency, for, once in full cry, the dogs were prone to forget themselves in the excitement of the chase, while White Fang never forgot himself. Stealing backward glances as he ran, he was always ready to whirl around and down the over-zealous pursuer that outran his fellows.

Young dogs are bound to play, and out of the exigencies of the situation they realized their play in this mimic warfare. Thus it was that the hunt of White Fang became their chief game—a deadly game, withal, and at all times a serious game. He, on the other hand, being the fastest-footed, was unafraid to venture anywhere. During the period that he waited vainly for his mother to come back, he led the pack many a wild chase through the adjacent woods. But the pack invariably lost him. Its noise and outcry warned him of its presence, while he ran alone, velvet-footed, silently, a moving shadow among the trees, after the manner of his father and mother before him. Further, he was more directly connected with the Wild than they; and he knew more of its secrets and stratagems. A favorite trick of his was to lose his trail in running water and then lie quietly in a near-by thicket while their baffled cries arose around him.

Hated by his kind and by mankind, indomitable, perpetually warred upon and himself waging perpetual war, his development was rapid and one-sided. This was no soil for kindness and affection to blossom in. Of such things he had not the faintest glimmering. The code he learned was to obey the strong and to oppress the weak. Gray Beaver was a god, and strong. Therefore, White Fang obeyed him. But the dog younger or smaller than himself was weak, a thing to be destroyed. His development was in the direction of power. In order to face the constant danger of hurt and even of destruction, his predatory and protective faculties were unduly developed. He became quicker of movement than the other dogs, swifter of foot, craftier, deadlier, more lithe, more lean with iron-like muscle and sinew, more enduring, more cruel, more ferocious and more intelligent. He had to become all these things, else he would not have held his own nor survived the hostile environment in which he found himself.

CHAPTER IV

THE TRAIL OF THE GODS

In the fall of the year, when the days were shortening and the bite of the frost was coming into the air, White Fang got his chance for liberty. For several days there had been a great hubbub in the village. The summer camp was being dismantled, and the tribe, bag and baggage, was preparing to go off to the fall hunting. White Fang watched it all with eager eyes, and when the tepees began to come down and the canoes were loading at the bank, he understood. Already the canoes were departing, and some had disappeared down the river.

Quite deliberately he determined to stay behind. He waited his opportunity to slink out of camp to the woods. Here, in the running stream where ice was beginning to form, he hid his trail. Then he crawled into the heart of a dense thicket and waited. The time passed by, and he slept intermittently for hours. Then he was aroused by Gray Beaver's voice calling him by name. There were other voices. White Fang could hear Gray Beaver's squaw taking part in the search, and Mit-sah, who was Gray Beaver's son.

White Fang trembled with fear, and though the impulse came to crawl out of his hiding-place, he resisted it. After a time the voices died away, and some time after that he crept out to enjoy the success of his undertaking. Darkness was coming on, and for a while he played about among the trees, pleasuring in his freedom. Then, and quite suddenly, he became aware of loneliness. He sat down to consider, listening to the silence of the forest and perturbed by it. That nothing moved nor sounded seemed ominous. He felt the lurking of danger, unseen and unguessed. He was suspicious of the looming bulks of the trees and of the dark shadows that might conceal all manner of perilous things.

Then it was cold. Here was no warm side of a tepee against which to snuggle. The frost was in his feet, and he kept lifting first one fore-foot and then the other. He curved his bushy tail around to cover them, and at the same time he saw a vision. There was nothing strange about it. Upon his inward sight was impressed a succession of memory pictures. He saw

the camp again, the tepees, and the blaze of the fires. He heard the shrill voices of the women, the gruff basses of the men, and the snarling of the dogs. He was hungry, and he remembered pieces of meat and fish that had been thrown him. Here was no meat, nothing but a threatening and inedible silence.

His bondage had softened him. Irresponsibility had weakened him. He had forgotten how to shift for himself. The night yawned about him. His senses, accustomed to the hum and bustle of the camp, used to the continuous impact of sights and sounds, were now left idle. There was nothing to do, nothing to see nor hear. They strained to catch some interruption of the silence and immobility of nature. They were appalled by inaction and by the feel of something terrible impending.

He gave a great start of fright. A colossal and formless something was rushing across the field of his vision. It was a tree shadow flung by the moon, from whose face the clouds had been brushed away. Reassured, he whimpered softly; then he suppressed the whimper for fear that it might attract the attention of the lurking dangers.

A tree, contracting in the cool of the night, made a loud noise. It was directly above him. He yelped in his fright. A panic seized him and he ran madly toward the village. He knew an overpowering desire for the protection and companionship of man. In his nostrils was the smell of the camp smoke. In his ears the camp sounds and cries were ringing loud. He passed out of the forest and into the moonlit open where were no shadows nor dark-nesses. But no village greeted his eyes. He had forgotten. The village had gone away.

His wild flight ceased abruptly. There was no place to which to flee. He slunk forlornly through the deserted camp, smelling the rubbish heaps and the discarded rags and tags of the gods. He would have been glad for the rattle of stones about him flung by an angry squaw, glad for the hand of Gray Beaver descending upon him in wrath; while he would have welcomed with delight Lip-lip and the whole snarling, cowardly pack.

He came to where Gray Beaver's tepee

had stood. In the center of the space it had occupied he sat down. He pointed his nose at the moon. His throat was afflicted by rigid spasms, his mouth opened, and in a heart-broken cry bubbled up his loneliness and fear, his grief for Kiche, all his past sorrows and miseries as well as his apprehension of sufferings and dangers to come. It was the long wolf-howl, full-throated and mournful, the first howl he had ever uttered.

The coming of daylight dispelled his fears, but increased his loneliness. The naked earth, which so shortly before had been so populous, thrust his loneliness more forcibly upon him. It did not take him long to make up his mind. He plunged into the forest and followed the river bank down the stream. All day he ran. He did not rest. He seemed made to run on forever. His iron-like body ignored fatigue. And even after fatigue came, his heritage of endurance braced him to endless endeavor and enabled him to drive his complaining body onward.

Where the river swung in against precipitous bluffs, he climbed the high mountains behind. Rivers and streams that entered the main river he forded or swam. Often he took to the rim-ice that was beginning to form, and more than once he crashed through and struggled for life in the icy current. Always he was on the lookout for the trail of the gods where it might leave the river and proceed inland.

White Fang was intelligent beyond the average of his kind; yet his mental vision was not wide enough to embrace the other bank of the Mackenzie. What if the trail of the gods led out on that side? It never entered his head. Later on, when he had traveled more and grown older and wiser and come to know more of trails and rivers, it might be that he could grasp and apprehend such a possibility. But that mental power was yet in the future. Just now he ran blindly, his own bank of the Mackenzie alone entering into his calculations.

All night he ran, blundering in the darkness into mishaps and obstacles that delayed but did not daunt. By the middle of the second day he had been running continuously for thirty hours, and the iron of his flesh was giving out. It was the endurance of his mind that kept him going. He had not eaten in forty hours and he was

weak with hunger. The repeated drenchings in the icy water had likewise had their effect on him. His handsome coat was dragged. The broad pads of his feet were bruised and bleeding. He had begun to limp, and this limp increased with the hours. To make it worse, the light of the sky was obscured and snow began to fall—a raw, moist, melting, clinging snow, slippery under foot, that hid from him the landscape he traversed, and that covered over the inequalities of the ground so that the way of his feet was more difficult and painful.

Gray Beaver had intended camping that night on the far bank of the Mackenzie, for it was in that direction that the hunting lay. But on the near bank, shortly before dark, a moose, coming down to drink, had been espied by Kloo-kooch, who was Gray Beaver's squaw. Now, had not the moose come down to drink, had not Mit-sah been steering out of the course because of the snow, had not Kloo-kooch sighted the moose, and had not Gray Beaver killed it with a lucky shot from his rifle, all subsequent things would have happened differently. Gray Beaver would not have camped on the near side of the Mackenzie, and White Fang would have passed by and gone on, either to die or to find his way to his wild brothers and become one of them, a wolf to the end of his days.

Night had fallen. The snow was flying more thickly, and White Fang, whimpering softly to himself as he stumbled and limped along, came upon a fresh trail in the snow. So fresh was it that he knew it immediately for what it was. Whining with eagerness, he followed back from the river bank and in among the trees. The camp sounds came to his ears. He saw the blaze of the fire, Kloo-kooch cooking, and Gray Beaver squatting on his hams and mumbling a chunk of raw tallow. There was fresh meat in camp!

White Fang expected a beating. He crouched and bristled a little at the thought of it. Then he went forward again. He feared and disliked the beating he knew to be waiting for him. But he knew, further, that the comfort of the fire would be his, the protection of the gods, the companionship of the dogs—the last a companionship of enmity, but none the less a companionship and satisfying to his gregarious needs.

He came cringing and crawling into the firelight. Gray Beaver saw him and stopped munching the tallow. White Fang crawled slowly, cringing and groveling in the abjectness of his abasement and submission. He crawled straight toward Gray Beaver, every inch of his progress becoming slower and more painful. At last he lay at the master's feet, into whose possession he now surrendered himself, voluntarily, body and soul. Of his own choice, he came in to sit by man's fire and to be ruled by him. White Fang trembled, waiting for the punishment to fall upon him. There was a movement of the hand above him. He cringed involuntarily under the expected blow. It did not fall. He stole a glance upward. Gray Beaver was breaking the lump of tallow in half! Gray Beaver was offering him one piece of the tallow! Very gently and somewhat suspiciously, he first smelled the tallow and then proceeded to eat it. Gray Beaver ordered meat to be brought to him, and guarded him from the other dogs while he ate. After that, grateful and content, White Fang lay at Gray Beaver's feet, gazing at the fire that warmed him, blinking and dozing, secure in the knowledge that the morrow would find him, not wandering forlorn through bleak forest stretches, but in the camp of the man-animals, with the gods to whom he had given himself and upon whom he was now dependent.

CHAPTER V

THE COVENANT

When December was well along, Gray Beaver went on a journey up the Mackenzie. Mit-sah and Kloo-kooch went with him. One sled he drove himself, drawn by dogs he had traded for or borrowed. A second and smaller sled was driven by Mit-sah, and to this was harnessed a team of puppies. It was more of a toy affair than anything else, yet it was the delight of Mit-sah, who felt that he was beginning to do a man's work in the world. Also, he was learning to drive dogs and to train dogs; while the puppies themselves were being broken in to the harness. Furthermore, the sled was of some service, for it carried nearly two hundred pounds of outfit and food.

White Fang had seen the camp dogs toiling in the harness, so that he did not resent over-much the first placing of the harness upon himself. About his neck was put a moss-stuffed collar, which was connected by two pulling-traces to a strap that passed around his chest and over his back. It was to this that was fastened the long rope by which he pulled at the sled.

There were seven puppies in the team. The others had been born earlier in the year and were nine and ten months old, while White Fang was only eight months old. Each dog was fastened to the sled by a single rope. No two ropes were of the same length, while the difference in length between any two ropes was at least that of a dog's body. Every rope was brought to a ring at the front end of the sled. The sled itself was without runners, being a birch-bark toboggan, with up-turned forward end to keep it from plowing under the snow. This construction enabled the weight of the sled and load to be distributed over the largest snow surface; for the snow was crystal powder and very soft. Observing the same principle of widest distribution of weight, the dogs, at the ends of their ropes, radiated fan-fashion from the nose of the sled, so that no dog trod in another's footsteps.

There was, furthermore, another virtue in the fan formation. The ropes of varying length prevented the dogs attacking from the rear those that ran in front of them. For a dog to attack another, it would have to turn upon one at a shorter rope, in which case it would find itself face to face with the dog attacked, and also it would find itself facing the whip of the driver. But the most peculiar virtue of all lay in the fact that the dog that strove to attack one in front of him must pull the sled faster, and the faster the sled traveled the faster could the dog attacked run away. Thus the dog behind could never catch up with the one in front. The faster he ran the faster ran the one he was after, and the faster ran all the dogs. Incidentally the sled went faster, and thus, by cunning indirection, did man increase his mastery over the beasts.

Mit-sah resembled his father, much of whose gray wisdom he possessed. In the past he had observed Lip-lip's persecution of White Fang; but at that time Lip-lip

was another man's dog, and Mit-sah had never dared more than to shy an occasional stone at him. But now Lip-lip was his dog, and he proceeded to wreak his vengeance on him by putting him at the end of the longest rope. This made Lip-lip the leader, and was apparently an honor; but in reality it took away from him all honor, and instead of being bully and master of the pack he now found himself hated and persecuted by the pack.

Because he ran at the end of the longest rope, the dogs had always the view of him running away before them. All that they saw of him was his bushy tail and fleeing hind legs—a view far less ferocious and intimidating than his bristling mane and gleaming fangs. Also, dogs being so constituted in their mental ways, the sight of him running away gave desire to run after him and a feeling that he ran away from them.

The moment the sled started, the team took after Lip-lip in a chase that extended throughout the day. At first he had been prone to turn upon his pursuers, jealous of his dignity and wrathful; but at such times Mit-sah would throw the stinging lash of the thirty-foot cariboo-gut whip into his face and compel him to turn tail and run on. Lip-lip might face the pack, but he could not face that whip, and all that was left him to do was to keep his long rope taut and his flanks ahead of the teeth of his mates.

But a still greater cunning lurked in the recesses of the Indian mind. To give point to unending pursuit of the leader, Mit-sah favored him over the other dogs. These favors aroused in them jealousy and hatred. In their presence Mit-sah would give him meat and would give it to him only. This was maddening to them. They would rage around just outside the throwing distance of the whip, while Lip-lip devoured the meat and Mit-sah protected him. And when there was no meat to give, Mit-sah would keep the team at a distance and make believe to give meat to Lip-lip.

White Fang took kindly to the work. He had traveled a greater distance than the other dogs in the yielding of himself to the rule of the gods, and he had learned more thoroughly the futility of opposing their will. In addition, the persecution he had suffered from the pack had made the

pack less to him in the scheme of things, and man more. He had not learned to be dependent on his kind for companionship. Besides, Kiche was well-nigh forgotten; and the chief outlet of expression that remained to him was in the allegiance he tendered the gods he had accepted as masters. So he worked hard, learned discipline and was obedient. Faithfulness and willingness characterized his toil. These are essential traits of the wolf and the wild dog when they have become domesticated, and these traits White Fang possessed in unusual measure.

A companionship did exist between White Fang and the other dogs, but it was one of warfare and enmity. He had never learned to play with them. He knew only how to fight, and fight with them he did, returning to them a hundred-fold the snaps and slashes they had given him in the days when Lip-lip was leader of the pack. But Lip-lip was no longer leader—except when he fled away before his mates at the end of his rope, the sled bounding along behind. In camp he kept close to Mit-sah or Gray Beaver or Kloo-kooch. He did not dare venture away from the gods, for now the fangs of all dogs were against him, and he tasted to the dregs the persecution that had been White Fang's.

With the overthrow of Lip-lip, White Fang could have become leader of the pack. But he was too morose and solitary for that. He merely thrashed his team-mates. Otherwise he ignored them. They got out of his way when he came along; nor did the boldest of them ever dare to rob him of his meat. On the contrary, they devoured their own meat hurriedly, for fear that he would take it away from them. White Fang knew the law well: *to oppress the weak and obey the strong*. He ate his share of meat as rapidly as he could. And then woe the dog that had not yet finished! A snarl and a flash of fangs, and that dog would wail his indignation to the uncomfoting stars while White Fang finished his portion for him.

Every little while, however, one dog or another would flame up in revolt and be promptly subdued. Thus White Fang was kept in training. He was jealous of the isolation in which he kept himself in the midst of the pack, and he fought often to maintain it. But such fights were of brief

duration. He was too quick for the others. They were slashed open and bleeding before they knew what had happened, were whipped almost before they had begun to fight.

As rigid as the sled discipline of the gods was the discipline maintained by White Fang amongst his fellows. He never allowed them any latitude. He compelled them to an unremitting respect for him. They might do as they pleased amongst themselves. That was no concern of his. But it was his concern that they leave him alone in his isolation, get out of his way when he elected to walk among them, and at all times acknowledge his mastery over them. A hint of stiff-leggedness on their part, a lifted lip or a bristle of hair, and he would be upon them, merciless and cruel, swiftly convincing them of the error of their way.

He was a monstrous tyrant. His mastery was rigid as steel. He oppressed the weak with a vengeance. Not for nothing had he been exposed to the pitiless struggle for life in the days of his cubhood, when his mother and he, alone and unaided, held their own and survived in the ferocious environment of the Wild. And not for nothing had he learned to walk softly when superior strength went by. He oppressed the weak, but he respected the strong. And in the course of the long journey with Gray Beaver he walked softly indeed amongst the full-grown dogs in the camps of the strange man-animals they encountered.

The months passed by. Still continued the journey of Gray Beaver. White Fang's strength was developed by the long hours on trail and the steady toil at the sled; and it would have seemed that his mental development was well-nigh complete. He had come to know quite thoroughly the world in which he lived. His outlook was bleak and materialistic. The world as he saw it was a fierce and brutal world, a world without warmth, a world in which caresses and affection and the bright sweetness of the spirit did not exist.

He had no affection for Gray Beaver. True, he was a god, but a most savage god. White Fang was glad to acknowledge his lordship, but it was a lordship based upon superior intelligence and brute strength. There was something in the fiber of White

Fang's being that made this lordship a thing to be desired, else he would not have come back from the Wild when he did to tender his allegiance. There were deeps in his nature which had never been sounded. A kind word, a caressing touch of the hand, on the part of Gray Beaver, might have sounded these deeps; but Gray Beaver did not caress nor speak kind words. It was not his way. His primacy was savage, and savagely he ruled, administering justice with a club, punishing transgression with the pain of a blow, and rewarding merit, not by kindness, but by withholding a blow.

So White Fang knew nothing of the heaven a man's hand might contain for him. Besides, he did not like the hands of the man-animals. He was suspicious of them. It was true that they sometimes gave meat, but more often they gave hurt. Hands were things to keep away from. They hurled stones, wielded sticks and clubs and whips, administered slaps and clouts, and, when they touched him, were cunning to hurt with pinch and twist and wrench. In strange villages he had encountered the hands of the children and learned that they were cruel to hurt. Also, he had once nearly had an eye poked out by a toddling papoose. From these experiences he became suspicious of all children. He could not tolerate them. When they came near with their ominous hands, he got up and walked away.

It was in a village at the Great Slave Lake that, in the course of resenting the evil of the hands of the man-animals, he came to modify the law that he had learned from Gray Beaver: namely, that the unpardonable crime was to bite one of the gods. In this village, after the custom of all dogs in all villages, White Fang went foraging for food. A boy was chopping frozen moose-meat with an axe, and the chips were flying in the snow. White Fang, sidling by in quest of meat, stopped and began to eat the chips. He observed the boy lay down the axe and take up a stout club. White Fang sprang clear, just in time to escape the descending blow. The boy pursued him, and he, a stranger in the village, fled between two tepees to find himself cornered against a high earth bank.

There was no escape for White Fang. The only way out was between the two tepees, and this the boy guarded. Holding

his club prepared to strike, he drew in on his cornered quarry. White Fang was furious. He faced the boy, bristling and snarling, his sense of justice outraged. He knew the law of forage. All the wastage of meat, such as the frozen chips, belonged to the dog that found it. He had done no wrong, broken no law, yet here was this boy preparing to give him a beating. White Fang scarcely knew what happened. He did it in a surge of rage. And he did it so quickly that the boy did not know either. All the boy knew was that he had in some unaccountable way been overturned into the snow, and that his club hand had been ripped wide open by White Fang's teeth.

But White Fang knew that he had broken the law of the gods. He had driven his teeth into the sacred flesh of one of them, and could expect nothing but a most terrible punishment. He fled away to Gray Beaver, behind whose protecting legs he crouched when the bitten boy and the boy's family came, demanding vengeance. But they went away with vengeance unsatisfied. Gray Beaver defended White Fang. So did Mit-sah and Kloo-kooch. White Fang, listening to the wordy war and watching the angry gestures, knew that his act was justified. And so it came that he learned there were gods and gods. There were his gods, and there were other gods, and between them there was a difference. Justice or injustice, it was all the same, he must take all things from the hands of his own gods. But he was not compelled to take injustice from the other gods. It was his privilege to resent it with his teeth. And this also was a law of the gods.

Before the day was out White Fang was to learn more about this law. Mit-sah, alone, gathering firewood in the forest, encountered the boy that had been bitten. With him were other boys. Hot words passed. Then all the boys attacked Mit-sah. It was going hard with him. Blows were raining upon him from all sides. White Fang looked on at first. This was an affair of the gods, and no concern of his.

Then he realized that this was Mit-sah, one of his own particular gods, who was being maltreated. It was no reasoned impulse that made White Fang do what he then did. A mad rush of anger sent him leap-

ing in amongst the combatants. Five minutes later the landscape was covered with fleeing boys, many of whom dripped blood upon the snow in token that White Fang's teeth had not been idle. When Mit-sah told his story in camp, Gray Beaver ordered meat to be given to White Fang. He ordered much meat to be given, and White Fang, gorged and sleepy by the fire, knew that the law had received its verification.

It was in line with these experiences that White Fang came to learn the law of property and the duty of the defense of property. From the protection of his god's body to the protection of his god's possessions was a step, and this step he made. What was his god's was to be defended against all the world—even to the extent of biting other gods. Not only was such an act sacrilegious in its nature, but it was fraught with peril. The gods were all-powerful, and a dog was no match against them; yet White Fang learned to face them, fiercely belligerent and unafraid. Duty rose above fear, and thieving gods learned to leave Gray Beaver's property alone.

One thing, in this connection, White Fang quickly learned, and that was that a thieving god was usually a cowardly god and prone to run away at the sounding of the alarm. Also, he learned that but brief time elapsed between his sounding of the alarm and Gray Beaver coming to his aid. He came to know that it was not fear of him that drove the thief away, but fear of Gray Beaver. White Fang did not give the alarm by barking. He never barked. His method was to drive straight at the intruder, and to sink his teeth in if he could. Because he was morose and solitary, having nothing to do with the other dogs, he was unusually fitted to guard his master's property; and in this he was encouraged and trained by Gray Beaver. One result of this was to make White Fang more ferocious and indomitable, and more solitary.

The months went by, binding stronger and stronger the covenant between dog and man. This was the ancient covenant that the first wolf that came in from the Wild entered into with man. And, like all succeeding wolves and wild dogs that had done likewise, White Fang worked the

covenant out for himself. The terms were simple. For the possession of a flesh-and-blood god, he exchanged his own liberty. Food and fire, protection and companionship, were some of the things he received from the god. In return, he guarded the god's property, defended his body, worked for him and obeyed him.

The possession of a god implies service. White Fang's was a service of duty and awe, but not of love. He did not know what love was. He had no experience of love. Kiche was a remote memory. Besides, not only had he abandoned the Wild and his kind when he gave himself up to man, but the terms of the covenant were such that if he ever met Kiche again he would not desert his god to go with her. His allegiance to man seemed somehow a law of his being greater than the love of liberty, of kind and kin.

CHAPTER VI

THE FAMINE

The spring of the year was at hand when Gray Beaver finished his long journey. It was April, and White Fang was a year old when he pulled into the home village and was loosed from the harness by Mit-sah. Though a long way from his full growth, White Fang, next to Lip-lip, was the largest yearling in the village. Both from his father, the wolf, and from Kiche, he had inherited stature and strength, and already he was measuring up alongside the full-grown dogs. But he had not yet grown compact. His body was slender and rangy, and his strength more stringy than massive. His coat was the true wolf gray, and to all appearances he was true wolf himself. The quarter strain of dog he had inherited from Kiche had left no mark on him physically, though it played its part in his mental make-up.

He wandered through the village, recognizing with staid satisfaction the various gods he had known before the long journey. Then there were the dogs, puppies growing up like himself and grown dogs that did not look so large and formidable as the memory pictures he retained of them. Also, he stood less in fear of them than formerly, stalking among them with a certain carelessness that was as new to him as it was enjoyable.

There was Baseek, a grizzled old fellow that in his younger days had but to uncover his fangs to send White Fang cringing and crouching to the right-about. From him White Fang had learned much of his own insignificance; and from him he was now to learn much of the change and development that had taken place in himself. While Baseek had been growing weaker with age, White Fang had been growing stronger with youth.

It was at the cutting up of a moose, fresh killed, that White Fang learned of the changed relations in which he stood to the dog world. He had got for himself a hoof and part of the shin-bone, to which quite a bit of meat was attached. Withdrawn from the immediate scramble of the other dogs—in fact, out of sight behind a thicket—he was devouring his prize, when Baseek rushed in upon him. Before he knew what he was doing, he had slashed the intruder twice and sprung clear. Baseek was surprised by the other's temerity and swiftness of attack. He stood gazing stupidly across at White Fang, the raw, red shin-bone between them.

Baseek was old, and already he had come to know the increasing valor of the dogs it had been his wont to bully. Bitter experiences these, which, perforce, he swallowed, calling upon all his wisdom to cope with them. In the old days, he would have sprung upon White Fang in a fury of righteous wrath. But now his waning powers would not permit such a course. He bristled fiercely and looked ominously across the shin-bone at White Fang. And White Fang, resurrecting quite a deal of the old awe, seemed to wilt and to shrink in upon himself and grow small, as he cast about in his mind for a way to beat a retreat not too inglorious.

And right here Baseek erred. Had he contented himself with looking fierce and ominous all would have been well. White Fang, on the verge of retreat, would have retreated, leaving the meat to him. But Baseek did not wait. He considered the victory already his and stepped forward to the meat. As he bent his head carelessly to smell it White Fang bristled slightly. Even then it was not too late for Baseek to retrieve the situation. Had he merely stood over the meat, head up and glowering, White Fang would ultimately have

slunk away. But the fresh meat was strong in Baseek's nostrils, and greed urged him to take a bite of it.

This was too much for White Fang. Fresh upon his months of mastery over his own team-mates, it was beyond his self-control to stand idly by while another devoured the meat that belonged to him. He struck, after his custom, without warning. With the first slash, Baseek's right ear was ripped into ribbons. He was astounded at the suddenness of it. But more things, and most grievous ones, were happening with equal suddenness. He was knocked off his feet. His throat was bitten. While he was struggling to his feet the young dog sank teeth twice into his shoulder. The swiftness of it was bewildering. He made a futile rush at White Fang, clipping the empty air with an outraged snap. The next moment his nose was laid open and he was staggering backward away from the meat.

The situation was now reversed. White Fang stood over the shin-bone, bristling and menacing, while Baseek stood a little way off, preparing to retreat. He dared not risk a fight with this young lightning-flash, and again he knew, and more bitterly, the enfeeblement of oncoming age. His attempt to maintain his dignity was heroic. Calmly turning his back upon young dog and shin-bone, as though both were beneath his notice and unworthy of consideration, he stalked grandly away. Nor until well out of sight did he stop to lick his bleeding wounds.

The effect on White Fang was to give him a greater faith in himself, and a greater pride. He walked less softly among the grown dogs; his attitude toward them was less compromising. Not that he went out of his way looking for trouble. Far from it. But upon his way he demanded consideration. He stood upon his right to go his way unmolested and to give trail to no dog. He had to be taken into account, that was all. He was no longer to be disregarded and ignored, as was the lot of puppies and as continued to be the lot of the puppies that were his team-mates. They got out of the way, gave trail to the grown dogs, and gave up meat to them under compulsion. But White Fang, uncompanionable, solitary, morose, scarcely looking to right or left, redoubtable, forbidding of aspect,

remote and alien, was accepted as an equal by his puzzled elders. They quickly learned to leave him alone, neither venturing hostile acts nor making overtures of friendliness. If they left him alone, he left them alone—a state of affairs that they found, after a few encounters, to be pre-eminently desirable.

In midsummer White Fang had an experience. Trotting along in his silent way to investigate a new tepee which had been erected on the edge of the village while he was away with the hunters after moose, he came full upon Kiche. He paused and looked at her. He remembered her vaguely, but he *remembered* her, and that was more than could be said for her. She lifted her lip at him in the old snarl of menace, and his memory became clear. His forgotten cubhood, all that was associated with that familiar snarl, rushed back to him. Before he had known the gods, she had been to him the center-pin of the universe. The old familiar feelings of that time came back upon him, surged up within him. He bounded toward her joyously, and she met him with shrewd fangs that laid his cheek open to the bone. He did not understand. He backed away, bewildered and puzzled.

But it was not Kiche's fault. A wolf-mother was not made to remember her cubs of a year or so before. So she did not remember White Fang. He was a strange animal, an intruder; and her present litter of puppies gave her the right to resent such intrusion.

One of the puppies sprawled up to White Fang. They were half-brothers, only they did not know it. White Fang sniffed the puppy curiously, whereupon Kiche rushed upon him, gashing his face a second time. He backed farther away. All the old memories and associations died down again and passed into the grave from which they had been resurrected. He looked at Kiche licking her puppy and stopping now and then to snarl at him. She was without value to him. He had learned to get along without her. Her meaning was forgotten. There was no place for her in his scheme of things, as there was no place for him in hers.

He was still standing, stupid and bewildered, the memories forgotten, wondering what it was all about, when Kiche

attacked him a third time, intent on driving him away altogether from the vicinity. And White Fang allowed himself to be driven away. This was a female of his kind, and it was a law of his kind that the males must not fight the females. He did not know anything about this law, for it was no generalization of the mind, not a something acquired by experience in the world. He knew it as a secret prompting, as an urge of instinct—of the same instinct that made him howl at the moon and stars of nights and that made him fear death and the unknown.

The months went by. White Fang grew stronger, heavier and more compact, while his character was developing along the lines laid down by his heredity and his environment. His heredity was a life-stuff that may be likened to clay. It possessed many possibilities, was capable of being molded into many different forms. Environment served to model the clay, to give it a particular form. Thus, had White Fang never come in to the fires of man, the Wild would have molded him into a true wolf. But the gods had given him a different environment, and he was molded into a dog that was rather wolfish, but that was a dog and not a wolf.

And so, according to the clay of his nature and the pressure of his surroundings, his character was being molded into a certain particular shape. There was no escaping it. He was becoming more morose, more uncompanionable, more solitary, more ferocious; while the dogs were learning more and more that it was better to be at peace with him than at war, and Gray Beaver was coming to prize him more greatly with the passage of each day.

White Fang, seeming to sum up strength in all his qualities, nevertheless suffered from one besetting weakness. He could not stand being laughed at. The laughter of men was a hateful thing. They might laugh among themselves about anything they pleased except himself, and he did not mind. But the moment laughter was turned upon him he would fly into a most terrible rage. Grave, dignified, somber, a laugh made him frantic to ridiculousness. It so outraged him and upset him that for hours he would behave like a demon. And woe to the dog that at such times ran foul

of him. He knew the law too well to take it out on Gray Beaver; behind Gray Beaver were a club and god-head. But behind the dogs there was nothing but space, and into this space they fled when White Fang came on the scene made mad by laughter.

In the third year of his life there came a great famine to the Mackenzie Indians. In the summer the fish failed. In the winter the cariboo forsook their accustomed track. Moose were scarce, the rabbits almost disappeared, hunting and preying animals perished. Denied their usual food supply, weakened by hunger, they fell upon and devoured one another. Only the strong survived. White Fang's gods were also hunting animals. The old and the weak of them died of hunger. There was wailing in the village, where the women and children went without in order that what little they had might go into the bellies of the lean and hollow-eyed hunters who trod the forest in the vain pursuit of meat.

To such extremity were the gods driven that they ate the soft-tanned leather of their moccasins and mittens, while the dogs ate the harnesses off their backs and the very whip-lashes. Also, the dogs ate one another, and also the gods ate the dogs. The weakest and the more worthless were eaten first. The dogs that still lived looked on and understood. A few of the boldest and wisest forsook the fires of the gods, which had now become a shambles, and fled into the forest, where, in the end, they starved to death or were eaten by wolves.

In this time of misery White Fang, too, stole away into the woods. He was better fitted for the life than the other dogs, for he had the training of his cubhood to guide him. Especially adept did he become in stalking small living things. He would lie concealed for hours, following every movement of a cautious tree-squirrel, waiting, with a patience as huge as the hunger he suffered from, until the squirrel ventured out upon the ground. Even then White Fang was not premature. He waited until he was sure of striking before the squirrel could gain a tree refuge. Then, and not until then, would he flash from his hiding place, a gray projectile, incredibly swift, never failing its mark—the fleeing squirrel that fled not fast enough.

Successful as he was with squirrels, there was one difficulty that prevented him from living and growing fat on them. There were not enough squirrels. So he was driven to hunt still smaller things. So acute did his hunger become at times that he was not above rooting out wood-mice from their burrows in the ground. Nor did he scorn to do battle with a weasel as hungry as himself and many times more ferocious.

In the worst pinches of the famine he stole back to the fires of the gods. But he did not go in to the fires. He lurked in the forest, avoiding discovery and robbing the snares at the rare intervals when game was caught. He even robbed Gray Beaver's snare of a rabbit at a time when Gray Beaver staggered and tottered through the forest, sitting down often to rest, what of weakness and of shortness of breath.

One day White Fang encountered a young wolf, gaunt and scrawny, loose-jointed with famine. Had he not been hungry himself, White Fang might have gone with him and eventually found his way into the pack amongst his wild brethren. As it was, he ran the young wolf down and killed and ate him.

Fortune seemed to favor him. Always, when hardest pressed for food, he found something to kill. Again, when he was weak, it was his luck that none of the larger preying animals chanced upon him. Thus, he was strong from the two days' eating a lynx had afforded him when the hungry wolf pack ran full tilt upon him. It was a long, cruel chase, but he was better nourished than they and in the end outran them. And not only did he outrun them, but, circling widely back on his track, he gathered in one of his exhausted pursuers.

After that he left that part of the country and journeyed over to the valley wherein he had been born. Here, in the old lair, he encountered Kiche. Up to her old tricks, she, too, had fled the inhospitable fires of the gods and gone back to her old refuge to give birth to her young. Of this litter but one remained alive when White Fang came upon the scene, and this one was not destined to live long. Young life had little chance in such a famine.

Kiche's greeting of her grown son was

anything but affectionate. But White Fang did not mind. He had outgrown his mother. So he turned tail philosophically and trotted on up the stream. At the forks he took the turning to the left, where he found the lair of the lynx with whom his mother and he had fought long before. Here, in the abandoned lair, he settled down and rested for a day.

During the early summer, in the last days of the famine, he met Lip-lip, who had likewise taken to the woods, where he had eked out a miserable existence. White Fang came upon him unexpectedly. Trotting in opposite directions along the base of a high bluff, they rounded a corner of rock and found themselves face to face. They paused with instant alarm, and looked at each other suspiciously.

White Fang was in splendid condition. His hunting had been good, and for a week he had eaten his fill. He was even gorged from his latest kill. But in the moment he looked at Lip-lip his hair rose on end all along his back. It was an involuntary bristling on his part, the physical state that in the past had always accompanied the mental state produced in him by Lip-lip's bullying and persecution. As in the past he had bristled and snarled at sight of Lip-lip, so now, and automatically, he bristled and snarled. He did not waste any time. The thing was done thoroughly and with dispatch. Lip-lip essayed to back away, but White Fang struck him hard, shoulder to shoulder. Lip-lip was overthrown and rolled upon his back. White Fang's teeth drove into the scrawny throat. There was a death-struggle, during which White Fang walked around, stiff-legged and observant. Then he resumed his course and trotted on along the base of the bluff.

One day, not long after, he came to the edge of the forest, where a narrow stretch of open land sloped down to the Mackenzie. He had been over this ground before, when it was bare, but now a village occupied it. Still hidden amongst the trees, he paused to study the situation. Sights and sounds and scents were familiar to him. It was the old village changed to a new place. But sights and sounds and smells were different from those he had last had when he fled away from it. There was no whimpering nor wailing. Contented sounds saluted his ear, and when he heard the

angry voice of a woman he knew it to be the anger that proceeds from a full stomach. And there was a smell in the air of fish. There was food. The famine was gone. He came out boldly from the forest and

trotted into camp straight to Gray Beaver's tepee. Gray Beaver was not there; but Kloo-kooch welcomed him with glad cries and the whole of a fresh-caught fish, and he lay down to wait Gray Beaver's coming.

(To be continued.)

CASPAR WHITNEY'S EXPEDITION

IT is hard to conceive of a present-day exploring expedition which has connected with it so much daring, so many deadly dangers, such complete isolation from the rest of the world as Caspar Whitney's trip into the heart of the unexplored South American jungle. To canoe fifteen hundred miles—alone except for a couple of partly civilized Indians—along unknown rivers which run, no one knows exactly where, between untracked shores of tangled wilderness; to brave the dangers of tropical fevers, of starvation in a land where food is a matter of luck, of the wild things in an untamed country, and of the cannibal Indians concerning whom many South American travelers have heard the stories of the whispering tradition but of whom none, so far as we know, has ever brought out an accurate description; such

a journey can scarcely fail to appeal to those in whom lingers any love of adventure or admiration for deeds of daring and pluck. It recalls necessarily Mr. Whitney's remarkable achievement on the Barren Grounds of the North.

There are two groups of Indians whom by report, he is likely to meet on the way: the copper-colored Indians of the upper Rio Negro, famous for their poison arrows, and the shorter white cannibal Indians of the Orinoco. The picture below is of a few of the former who had been captured and brought into Manaos—Mr. Whitney's starting point—after raiding a frontier settlement. As this number of THE OUTING MAGAZINE goes to press, no word has come from Mr. Whitney, but if he is successful, he should be heard from by the time the magazine reaches the public.



INDIANS OF THE RIO NEGRO

"Tall, but very slender, and copper colored. They use bows from six to seven feet long, with arrows six feet in length, the tip being dipped in poison."

SKIMMING DOWN THE DELAWARE

BY HOWE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. M. FOLLET



It is to be hoped that no one will accuse either Wux or me of sportsman-like conduct. The sensible way of doing things is usually the most obvious and therefore the least original. It was not perhaps the desire to do things differently from other people that saner methods were discarded with ceaseless regularity, but there is something about the artistic temperament which is antithetical to sound common sense. Let this be the cloak behind which we hide.

While Wux (my cadaverous friend) was in favor of a flat-bottomed boat, I clung to the canoe idea for many days and tried to influence him in most subtle fashion to my way of thinking. I had friends of mine, enthusiastic canoeists, talk to him; I sent his name with a request for illustrated catalogues to all the manufacturers of canoes; and one afternoon after a hearty luncheon, I brought him up suddenly before a store window which displayed one of the egg-shell craft in all the glory of its new coat of dried-grass green paint.

"Here you are," I exclaimed, as though it were the first time I had seen it. "She will ride the water like a swan. There is more poetry in that spruce paddle——"

"I don't want any poetry," he answered, with unnecessary emphasis. "What I want is an old mud-scow which will float two artists and a bunch of freight without turning into a submarine at every bit of rough water we come to."

I backed away from him as he grew more

violent in his denunciation of canoes till I was standing in the street and he on the sidewalk. Several persons stopped to listen.

But all arguments ended in the same way—that Wux could not swim; so I was compelled to cast my vote for a flat-bottomed rowboat as our method of conveyance down the rough waters of the upper Delaware.

On our arrival in Hancock, N. Y., which we had selected as the point of departure, we purchased a rowboat painted green. It had a perceptible upward curve at the bow, which was repeated, though in less degree, at the stern. This we found very useful for sliding over rocks close to the surface. The stern seat was broad, enabling one to stand erect while casting for bass, and under the middle seat was built a water-tight fish-box with holes in the bottom, which kept it partly full of water. Altogether it was a very stanchly built little boat, especially adapted to our use, and we cheerfully parted with the fifteen dollars which the owner asked for it.

Wux spent a day purchasing what he thought were the requisites of a trip which was to include camping at night on the banks of the river. These purchases included some eight dollars' worth of groceries and three dollars' worth of tin pans and other hardware. The drowsy clerks, who could often read a novel through at a sitting without being interrupted by a solitary purchase, exhibited signs of consternation at the nonchalant manner with which he tossed these large sums of money on the counter as though he was too tired to carry it any farther. Our financial standing soon became known and we received constant visits at our hotel from men who wished to

sell us boats, make us tent poles (which we had come without), carry our luggage to the water and dig worms for us.

Our boat was tethered to a log raft, and it was with a feeling of deep satisfaction that we noted several inches of her side board still above water after we had finished loading her.

When Wux had taken his seat in the stern and I amidships with the oars in hand, a prominent citizen with side whiskers shoved her nose off the raft and threw the chain in after us. He smiled and waved good-by, but it was not a hearty smile; there was something suspicious about it, hypocritical—the smile a physician wears as he informs a patient in the final stage of tuberculosis that he will be on his feet again in a few days. My companion cast an apprehensive glance at the water-line and tried to fathom the depth with his fishing-rod, but said nothing.

Getting into the current I found that the flow of the river made rowing for the time unnecessary if one were inclined to be lazy; so I filled my pipe, rolled up the sleeves of my shirt to let the sun beat down on tanless arms, while Wux, standing up in the stern, made cast after cast after the bass we had read about in the guide-books.

We dawdled away a half hour lazily floating onward, toy mountains on either side and just enough current to make them pass gently by. We felicitated ourselves that for once we were Mother Nature's children, while at that very hour those poor beggars, our co-workers, were seating themselves methodically at their respective desks with uncongenial tasks before them asking to be finished and done with.

"Look," said I, waving my arm over a quadrant of scenery, "there is not a skyscraper in sight, not even smoke, the mark of human occupancy, nor a sound other than the twittering"—I stopped to listen. A dull suspicious roar as of a train crossing a trestle reached my ear. Wux heard it, stopped casting and reeled in his line while he shaded his eyes from the sun and gazed ahead.

After a long, silent scrutiny he said, "I guess that mixture of soapsuds and growls is what is technically known as a rift."

"Oh, yes," I answered without a trace of nervousness; "those are the things we came up here to shoot."

"Those are the things—everything else is out of season." (It was the latter half of June.)

I stood up in the seat, arms folded and legs outstretched. To the right, a chaos of white water tumbling over and around black rocks; to the left—well, it looked as though the river ran rather smoothly over there. I cast a glance at the bottom of the river which was plainly visible; so did Wux.

"Look at the way the river bottom is sliding under us," he cried; "row for your life if you want to make that smooth water!"

It was indeed time, for the current was carrying us down at a stupefying pace into the very maw fringed with froth and speckled with fangs. I rowed for the smooth, trickling floor of water with all the strength acquired by years of wielding a lead pencil; and with one last, tense effort drove the nose of the boat into—the gravel bed. As the boat with its ponderous load of freight crunched on the gravel and came to a decisive stop there was a moment of embarrassing silence. Then my companion, getting on his legs again, said:

"I have no doubt that it is as evident to you as it is to me that we have not yet exhausted the sum total of human knowledge that pertains to river navigation. Over there to the right where the river looks nastiest and the rocks are thickest is the deep water and therefore the channel. Put down also on your mental slate that the channel is on the outside of the river bend, which is natural. In the future avoid the water which trickles—it's a sand-bar or gravel-ledge. For the present there is but one thing to do."

We stepped overboard into six inches of water and shoved and pushed, pulled and dragged the boat into waters deeper.

Below this rift we found the water quiet and deep; but shortly we heard the roar of another rift, and here with our newly acquired knowledge we selected the rough water and dodged the rocks as best we could.

As we shot rift after rift with increasing skill and many escapes from annihilation we decided that it was one of the finest sports nature had placed at the disposal of man.

The season for bass had but just opened,

and we found them not very hungry. Still, by assiduously casting at the foot of every rift we passed and in swift water we were usually rewarded at the end of the day with enough for supper and sometimes a few over. They were rather small, for the most part under ten inches, and many of the undersized ones were returned to their homes. We found a painted wooden minnow the most effective bait. With this contrivance we caught three-fourths of all the fish taken on the trip.

Large shad swimming with the dorsal fin out of water were often encountered. At this season they are stranded wayfarers who have neglected too long their return to salt water more than two hundred miles away. Eventually they go nearly blind and then die. Their shiny bodies dotted the bottom of the river, or were to be seen dragged up on the rocks and left half eaten by some water rodent.

Somewhile miles down the river we came to an island, the southern end of which was so inviting that although the day was still young we landed and made camp. We spent four delightful days here and, owing to a subsequent disaster, it was the only camping we did.

That it rained every night we were upon this island and that our second-hand tent leaked like mosquito netting, did not for a moment detract from the joy we felt at being absolutely alone on an uninhabited island and beyond the reach of human assistance. Doubtless through some mistake, there was a strip of dry canvas across the middle of the tent; and it was with the bland and happy smile of the man who has no relations and does not care much what happens next, that every night about eleven we got up as the rain poured down,

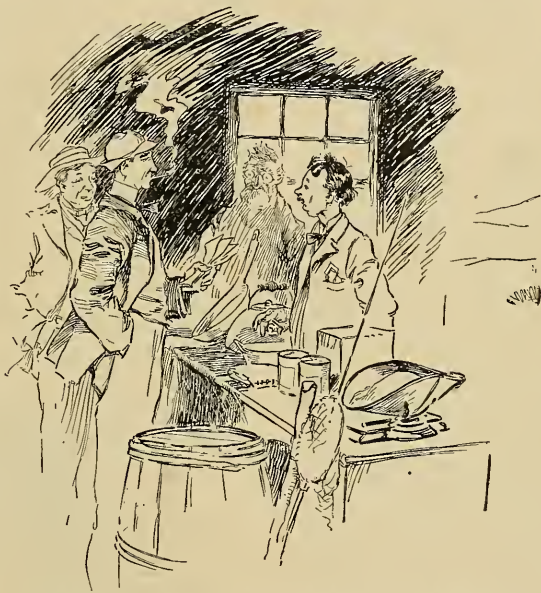
packed the blankets in the canvas bag, and shifted the cots so that it rained only on our heads and feet. With the lantern burning brightly from the ridge pole, a pail of fresh spring water, two tin cups and a bottle, from which the label had been washed by the rain, occupying the foot of space between the cots, we lay down fully clothed and challenged the howling elements without to make us wish we had not come. However, after three nights of wind, rain, lightning and whip-poor-wills, we decided to break camp, drop down the river to Equinunk and find somebody who knew how to make a tent waterproof.

At Equinunk, about dusk, we tied up to a log raft. We were wet through, and as

it was still raining, the idea of camping out for the night was not so pleasing a prospect as walking up the bank through the tall grass to a hotel overlooking the river.

The following day we set out in an intermittent rain. We were somewhat undecided whether to make camp down the river or to row to Callicoon and put up at a hotel. Wux was very fond of camping. He was a good

cook and was perfectly willing to clean the fish we caught. Further than that he would not go. So it devolved on me to wash the dishes and perform other menial tasks, as my one attempt at providing a meal subjected me to criticism at which my sensitive nature recoiled. So I cannot say that a soft bed in a hotel and a country dinner without the disagreeable aftermath of dish-washing were displeasing to me. Little did I care how much it rained, though Wux was constantly pointing out spots which, in his opinion, were fine sites for a camp; but as the rain continued he yielded the point and we



"The drowsy clerks . . . exhibited signs of consternation."

reached Callicoon about seven in the evening.

We fastened the boat temporarily to a rock, as there seemed to be no better place, and with the camera, rifle and fishing tackle under our arms, ascended to the hotel on the New York side. Here we learned that the only place to fasten a boat securely for the night was on the other side of the river, which is spanned at this point by a suspension bridge.

Rain was descending steadily and night approaching. We shoved the heavily-laden boat off the beach and jumped in. Just below the bridge we discovered a little rift. After those we had come through during the day it was indeed insignificant. We scorned it, but unfortunately failed to take into consideration the gathering darkness.

Sudden and disastrous events have a tendency to obliterate from the memory the lesser events which immediately precede them and the little details which accompany them. Still, I can recall with fair accuracy about what happened to us in the next few minutes after we passed under the bridge. I know that I was rowing merrily straight across instead of taking a slanting course with the current. I think we were consulting our appetites, formulating a menu of what we would have to eat on our return to the hotel—fried chicken with bacon and cream sauce and sweet potatoes, and all that sort of thing.

We were just about in the middle of the stream when the port side of the boat suddenly rose high in the air and remained there. Wux was thrown into the swift water which was about waist-deep, and clinging to the lower side of the boat shouted out orders to me. I climbed high up on the port side and sat there stupefied. It seemed as though the whole Delaware River rushed into that boat in one huge wave, scooping out the contents, searching every corner for more. We were jammed securely upon a rock, the water rushing in at the lower side in one mad wave and completely over the other side, tilted high in air.

The two canvas bags containing our wearing apparel were the first to go overboard and in a moment were out of sight far down the stream. They were followed by a long procession of all our worldly goods.

After the first wild, vain effort to stop the progress of destruction we let them go. I remember watching them with something of a grim humor as they faded out of sight; it occurred to me that I would not have to wash dishes or clean out greasy frying-pans with sand any more.

The tent I saw but a moment, but the pine box of groceries, being light in color, I could see as it floated far down the river till it too faded into the night. The tent poles and pegs, one oar, the folding cots, a telescope valise containing toilet accessories and shirts, four pairs of shoes and stockings (we were barefooted at the time), five pounds of bacon, all of the cooking utensils—not even a fork or tin pan being left in the bottom—a fishing-rod and landing-net, water pail, bottles of catsup, whiskey and lemon-juice, the lantern and the hatchet—all joined the merry throng.

After the boat had been cleared of everything there was in it even to the accumulation of sand on the bottom, I realized that something should be done, and climbed down from my perch. We tried to push her off the rock, but the force of the inflowing water nailed her down. Wux removed his coat and carelessly placed it on the bow, which was almost the only part out of water. In the pocket was a safety



Wux

"Enough for supper and sometimes a few over."

razor which he valued highly. He had grabbed it up from the open valise just as that piece of luggage went over. When he looked again the coat—and razor—were gone so I kept mine on.

We floundered in the water for some time to no purpose. We could not get the boat off and it was perhaps well that we could not, for we would have gone over the rift with but one oar between us and the near future.

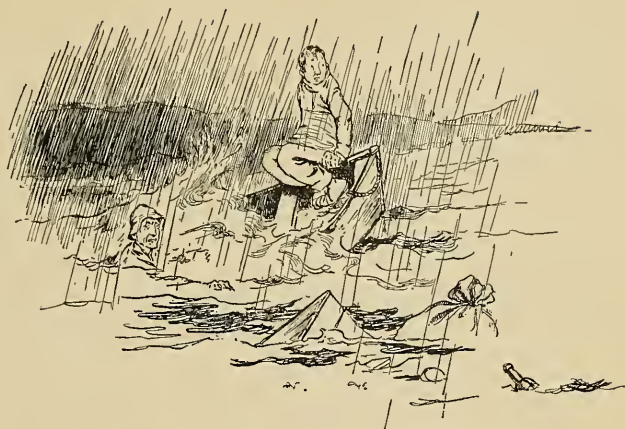
Presently a young man in a boat parted the gloom. He was a strong, healthy young man with a broad smile and red gums. This young man, Frank Klein by name, divided his time (so we learned later) between catching rattlesnakes for their oil, gathering ginseng on the mountains, and rescuing adventure-some tourists on the river. He admitted that he found the last quite as profitable as the other two.

After fastening our boat to his the three of us succeeded in pulling her ashore. Then Klein went on a salvage expedition and rescued the tent and a canvas bag, which he caught just as they were about to run over the next rift a mile below. This was all we ever recovered of our cargo.

We proceeded at once to the dry-goods store, which was filled with purchasers, most of them women. (It was a Saturday night.) A pleasant, sympathetic lady sold us some tennis shoes and socks which we put on, unabashed, on the spot. We then visited the hotel bar where we were surrounded by a curious and good-humored audience, and in a very few moments we were pooh-poohing the whole incident.

We had brought with us a neat map drawn by a canoeist who had made the trip several times. We found it in every respect admirable and accurate. The trout streams and the spots in the river where the best bass and pike fishing were to be found were indicated by a crude but intelligible diagram of a fish.

What interested us most, however, were a number of little triangles scattered down the river. Some of these triangles were



"I climbed high on the port side and sat there stupefied."

marked BAD in large letters. They represented rifts or falls. Now, although we had gone through some swift and treacherous water such as Plum Island and Rocky Rift, it was significant to us that none of these were marked with a triangle on the map. In short, our doughty canoeist thought them beneath his notice.

On the day following our experience beneath the Callicoon bridge we got out our map as usual to look over the day's course. We decided to make Narrowsburg, some fourteen miles below; but there, right between us and Narrowsburg was Cochection Falls, marked with a triangle, also marked BAD. This place had been described to us as the first really bad spot on the river.

The recovered tent and canvas bag we shipped home by freight as the loss of most of the outfit made camping impossible. So it was with a light boat and light hearts that we dropped down the river from Callicoon. Our luggage now consisted of the rifle, camera, fishing-rod and a valise purchased in Callicoon to replace the other one.

With the light draft of the boat we shot the rifts much more easily than before. As we approached Cochection they grew worse and worse, and I hesitate to think what would have become of us if we had not dumped that monstrous load of baggage farther up. As we had been somewhat misdirected, there were several times during the morning that we shot rapids the turbulence of which made us think they were Cochection Falls; we felt as if we had been to the dentist's and had an ugly tooth extracted and were glad it was over. Very

soon we discovered the tooth had not been extracted at all. Passing under a bridge a fisherman told us that just around the bend was Cochecton—and so it was. We stood up on the seats to get a look at it.

"What you want to do," said Wux, "is to run in close to that rock on the Pennsylvania shore, and we will go through there like a mountain climber sliding head-first down a glacier."

"That's the channel, all right. Better lash the rifle and camera to the seat. No matter what happens, old chap, you hang on to the boat."

We were rapidly approaching the point from which there is no recall. I braced my feet against the cleats at the side, for somehow this bit of water seemed to make more noise than the others, and it was whiter. There was no question about it; there was a new and exciting experience right before us. I knew that in exactly two minutes we would either be in quiet water below the falls, slapping each other on the back and saying, "Say, maybe we ain't all right;" or else we would be, perhaps, clinging to a rock in mid-stream while the boat floated away, leaving us no possible way of reaching shore excepting, of course, by aerial navigation.

"Now, if I could swim," said my friend, in a drawling tone which betrayed no excitement.

"Well, perhaps we had better look these falls over before we shoot them," I answered in an equally collected tone. "Shall we? Speak quick!"

"Well, you might drive her in here if you like." We were close to the shore, and I drove the boat in between two rocks at the head of the falls. Getting out, we jumped from rock to rock along the shore, beating the brush as we went with a stout stick as a precaution against rattlesnakes. (They do not come down to the water till August, but we did not know that.)

The falls seemed to be made up of three successive drops with waves about four feet high at the foot of the last one. The first two I felt we could make successfully, if we were lucky, but the last one had a huge rock placed at the bottom of the drop and almost directly in the course of any craft that essayed it. I looked at my companion and read in his face the same conclusion I had already formed.

"I don't believe the boat was ever built that could come over that mess without disastrous results."

"What shall we do about it?"

"You take the chain and hang on to it while I push out the stern with an oar, and we will let her down backward." This was easily done as the water near shore is sufficiently deep.

Our conclusion in regard to Cochecton Falls we were forced by the events of the following day to dismiss as poor judgment. Cochecton can be shot, at times even with a loaded canoe, though the condition of the water, the depth of which varies constantly, has much to do with it. My advice is to shoot it first and look at it afterward.

Just above Narrowsburg we passed two canoes, each containing two men. "Did you shoot Cochecton?" asked Wux.

"Oh, yes," one of them replied in an ordinary tone; "shipped a little water, but not much."

"Liar!" whispered Wux to me. But he wasn't.

At Narrowsburg we again consulted the map and discovered two triangles, one above and one below Westcolang Park. They were marked BAD. My friend looked at the triangles and thought of Cochecton. So did I. He looked out of the hotel window at the beautiful scenery about the little town and suggested tentatively that we spend the rest of our vacation there.

"I do not want to go home till we have shot some of the rapids on this river marked 'bad' on the map; and I know you do not. I am sorry we did not shoot Cochecton. It is a stigma upon us, a reproach."

"I know, I know. But we have not heard of anybody making this trip in a rowboat. Everywhere you see canoes; a canoe can dodge a rock when dead on, but a rowboat is lethargic and unwieldy. You can't write a letter S around two rocks the way a canoe will do it. And then," he continued, "you do not take a rift the way the natives do it; they go down stern first and row up stream as the current carries them down, thus deftly dropping the boat between the rocks. You go bow on with your back to the front and your head twisted around like an owl looking for mice. However we will go down to Lackawaxen

to-morrow and wipe those triangles off the map."

On the next day we got an early start and soon saw in the distance the canoeists who had encamped for the night above Narrowsburg. With an eye to what was before us we dawdled along, rowing lazily through the eddies and taking the rifts at the speed of the current. We wanted them to go first, and they soon paddled by and were lost to sight around a bend. About a mile above Westcolang we entered what seemed like a rather long rift, but quickly found ourselves in a seething mass of rocks and leaping water, and our little green boat darting into the midst of it like a hawk after a chicken. As I rowed with my face twisted forward I caught a momentary glimpse below the rift of two canoes drawn up on the shore and something white hanging from the bushes. It occurred to me that they were drying their underclothes after shooting the rift. We knew they were watching us with interest. But my attention was fully occupied for the moment. Wux was shouting out, "Rock on your right! Rock dead ahead!" Once the stern struck heavily, but he put a leg out and we were off again. It was all down hill now and there was nothing but the final leap into stiller water. I had not a moment to choose, for right before us the water fell over a huge table-rock and dropped a couple of feet, forming a mass of choppy waves. How deep the water was on this rock I did not know. It would

have made no difference anyway, for the boat insisted on going over it; and over it we went, the stern dragging on the rock but not retarding the speed. We dropped into a mass of waves which slapped Wux in the face and me in the back of the neck. The amount of water we shipped was surprisingly small when we looked back at what we had come through.

Our friends, the canoeists, were indeed drying their clothes. One of the canoes was half full of water and had been saved from a spill by the paddler in the stern, who dexterously leaped to a rock, righted her and jumped back in again.

"What do you think of that water?" asked my companion of one of them who was wiping the water from a shotgun with his pocket handkerchief.

"We shipped less water going through Cochection Falls."

Turning to me Wux remarked, "We could have gone through Cochection just as easily as an eel can squirm through your fingers."

The next bad place just above Lackawaxen we went through with the ease and confidence born of vast experience. We simply ate it up with an appetite for more. There is an intoxication about running rapid water which few other things produce. It is akin to the feeling of the small boy after his first battle and victory; he wants to fight the whole neighborhood.

At Lackawaxen we counted our small change, looked at the calendar and sold the green boat for six dollars.



GENERAL HENRY LEE

“LIGHT HORSE HARRY” OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

FRONTISPIECE ILLUSTRATION BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

IN the political status, social complexion and moral temper of the two centers of English colonization that were most influential in the creation of the republic, there were, as all readers of history know, wide and seemingly unreconcilable differences. New England, narrow, frugal, intense and Puritan, possessed a larger measure of political autonomy than the Old Dominion, and was perhaps more deeply imbued with the spirit of freedom. But Virginia, aristocratic, wealthy, cavalier and Anglican in religion though she might be, was not less insistent on what she deemed her rights. The flame of war was first fanned to life by the determined spirit of the men of New England; but Virginia made far greater sacrifices for the cause. The claim of being “the cradle of liberty” and the “birthplace of the republic,” so long put forth by the sons of New England for their soil, seems strange in the light of facts. For though New England writers have called Colonial Virginians “slaves of church and king,” it was Virginia that first dissolved its allegiance to that king. It was, too, a Virginian who moved in the Continental Congress that “these united colonies are and ought to be free and independent colonies”; another Virginian who wrote the Declaration of Independence; another who led the armies of the states to victory and was the first president of the new nation; another is called the “Prophet of the Revolution,” and still another the “Father of the Constitution.”

In the reign of Charles I. there came to Virginia an English gentleman by the name of Richard Lee. He was a staunch royal-

ist, and sprung from an ancient and noble family. The founder of his line was Sir Launcelot Lee, who came to England with William the Conqueror. Richard bought large tracts of land in Westmoreland County, and built a manor house which, from his native home, he called “Stratford House.” He was so ardently cavalier in sentiment that during the protectorate of Cromwell he visited Prince Charles in exile and offered to set up the standard of revolt in Virginia. Yet this same Richard Lee was the founder of that family, pre-eminent in all those qualities upon which Virginians most pride themselves, which perhaps gave a larger number of really distinguished men to the Revolution than any family in the Colonies. Francis Lightfoot Lee, scholar and statesman, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was his great-grandson; so was Arthur Lee, statesman and diplomat; so too was Richard Henry Lee, statesman and orator, who also signed the Declaration, and who was the mover of the first resolution that dissolved the political connection between Great Britain and the Colonies. The old royalist was also the great-great-grandfather of General Henry Lee, the subject of this sketch, who was the most brilliant officer of his years in the American army and the most renowned of its cavalry leaders.

If so much of genealogy in so brief a sketch seems a violation of proportion, it is offered to illustrate how, with the very birth of a republic of equal opportunity and rights, all class distinctions were merged by the patriots in the Old Dominion. If aristocratic Virginia gave bountifully of her best to democratic statecraft, she gave



The Peale portrait of General Henry Lee, hanging in the Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

to its battles not less bountifully from all her classes. She gave gallant Daniel Morgan, who was of her plebeian blood, and who rose to be, after his great chief, the most efficient officer among her sons; but she gave also to the army the flower of her patrician stock: she gave Washington and she gave Lee.

Henry Lee was born in Westmoreland County, Va.,—a county which has been the birthplace of two presidents and many statesmen of the first class—on the 29th day of January, 1756, and so was nineteen years of age when the battle of Concord and Lexington was fought. The old ré-

gime was at its height when he came into the world. On the lordly estates, lavish hospitality and courtly manners of that time a class of historians and novelists of our day love to dwell. Young Henry was emphatically of “quality.” He was nurtured and bred in an atmosphere of cavalier sentiment and custom. At Stratford, the great manor house of his cousin, he mingled with an exclusive society of officials and planters who wore powdered wigs and silk stockings; and when his father took him to Williamsport, the old colonial capital, he saw the court of Lord Dunmore and his lady, and watched the

stately dames and gallant cavaliers as they stepped the ceremonious measures of the minuet. No doubt, too, at Raleigh tavern he heard the gentlemen discuss over their port the latest affair of gallantry or the latest duel. Henry was most carefully trained and educated in all that it was then deemed a gentleman should know, could ride hard on the fox's trail, fence dextrously and use the pistol with skill. When his future companion in arms, Daniel Morgan, was drinking and brawling in a Virginia country tavern, private tutors were instructing Henry's boyhood, and under their tuition he proved himself an apt scholar. He entered Princeton College just as his great compatriot, the profound and studious Madison, took his degree, and was writing Latin verses while the Revolution was brewing. He was graduated at eighteen, the celebrated Dr. Shippen presaging his future eminence, and returned home to find his native state seething with political unrest. His father was over the mountains engaged in negotiating on behalf of the Colonies a treaty with the Indians, and young Henry took charge of the large estate and managed it with consummate skill for a year or more. The Lees had been the staunchest of royalists and churchmen for a century, but they were Virginians first of all, and when the rights of the colony were threatened stood forth, without hesitation, in the front rank of patriots. Revolution was in the air. Patrick Henry was thrilling the burgesses and people with the fire of his eloquence. Jefferson had just printed his "Summary View of the Rights of British America," and Richard Henry Lee had conceived and brought about the Committees of Correspondence which united the Colonies. Young Henry's patriotism was ardent. He set himself to the study of military science; he read with relish and zeal the history of every European war. His love of horses, his delight in riding and skill as a horseman made him choose the cavalry arm of service, and in 1776, at the age of twenty, he received a captain's commission in the Virginia Dragoons. He drilled his company with unflinching effort. It became noted for the precision, dash and rapidity of its maneuvers. In September, 1777, he joined Washington's army in Pennsylvania.

From the very first he won distinction. His care of men and horses, his young and fiery spirit, his personal dash and bravery, made his services doubly efficient. Though his command was small, at his own solicitation he was allowed to do much independent work. He scoured the country on the flanks of the army, harassed the enemy's outpost, brought in as prisoners foragers and stragglers. In a few weeks he so won Washington's admiration and regard that the chief chose Lee's company as his guard when the battle of Germantown was fought, Oct. 4, 1777.

When the British marched upon Philadelphia, Colonel Alexander Hamilton and Captain Lee, with a few dragoons, were sent by Washington to destroy a certain mill and the flour it contained, to prevent the same from falling into the hands of the enemy. The detachment narrowly escaped capture. As they were embarking in scows to recross the mill stream, the advance of the enemy came up, and Lee now gave a striking illustration of his resource and daring, which saved the little command: Gathering quickly the bravest of the horsemen, he made a dash for a bridge farther up the stream, which was held by the foe. The diversion gave Hamilton time to get away, but that officer was much concerned for Lee's safety. The gallant Lee, however, cut his way to the other shore and immediately dispatched word to Washington of Hamilton's peril. As the General was reading this dispatch Colonel Hamilton rode up to report Lee's probable loss.

During the terrible winter of '77 and '78 at Valley Forge, Lee's high and hopeful temper, his youthful cheerfulness and enthusiasm, served to inspire officers and troops. He laughed to scorn all thought of discouragement, and was at once so full of energy and cautious courage that his little command, which owing to his rigid care was among the few effectives, was sent on many daring missions, and he kept Washington informed of the enemy's movements. His system of tactics was as efficient as it was novel, and he so annoyed the outposts of the foe that the British commanders determined to destroy his command and capture his person. In January, '78, when scouting and foraging in the neighborhood of the enemy's line, he advanced close to their outposts with

ten picked men. A British officer discovered his move, and dispatched two hundred troopers to take him. Lee's four patrols were seized, but they gave alarm and the young captain threw his little force into a stone house and derided the summons to surrender. An assault was made, but Lee, well fortified and armed, defended himself with desperate valor. A hotter little battle never took place. The British, confident in their overwhelming numbers, attacked on all sides of the house. Lee's men were few, but he had with him the crack shots of his company and was no mean marksman himself. The fight raged for an hour. The assaulting troopers were without protection, and Lee and his little band picked off their officers. After suffering severely the British retired to cover to devise new measures, and Lee, with no loss except his patrols, made a dashing escape. His services during that winter of intense suffering won him the rank of Major, and his proved resourcefulness as an independent leader soon brought him the command of a partisan corps of three companies of cavalry, with a small body of supporting infantry. With this command he continued to render most conspicuous service. The celerity with which he moved, his impetuous dash, which yet was always prudent, led Washington to select him for skirmishing and foraging duty during the campaign of '78. His youth delayed promotion, but his fame grew. He began to be called "Legion Harry" and "Light Horse Harry Lee." Detached bodies of the enemy's troops were always cautioned to look out for Lee's ubiquitous light dragoons. At the head of his fleet troop of horse—legion, he loved to call it—he had a variety of romantic adventures and keen races with the enemy's cavalry, all of which suited his enthusiastic youth. But a more momentous service awaited him in the South, and in so brief a sketch we can only mention his most brilliant exploits while with the army of the North.

In the summer of 1779, while stationed near the Hudson a little south of the highlands, Lee discovered on one of his frequent scouting expeditions that the British fort at Paulus Hook, opposite New York and on the site of the present water front of Jersey City, was occupied by a careless and negligent garrison. The place was natu-

rally so strong that apparently no fear of attack was entertained. Mad Anthony Wayne's achievement in storming and capturing Stony Point had stirred the emulation of young Major Lee. From Washington he begged and obtained leave to attempt the assault of Paulus Hook. It seemed a mad venture. The point lay out some distance in the river, and the only land approach was by a sandy isthmus, winding along and crossing which was a deep creek, and between the creek and the fort a canal had been dug across the isthmus. This trench was crossed by a drawbridge, on the fort side of which was a barred gate, and beyond the gate a double row of abattis surrounding the fort. Its capture seemed hopeless, but the enterprise aroused Lee's daring genius. He laid his plans with the utmost secrecy, and on the afternoon of the 18th of August, 1779, started on his march. His three hundred troops he divided into two bodies, which were to take different routes to avoid arousing suspicion. But in the march his supporting column unfortunately got lost. Lee at the head of the other party arrived at his destination near the fort at midnight. For three nervous hours he awaited the arrival of the other column, and then, daylight approaching and the tide rapidly rising, he ordered an advance. With a rush the men plunged into the swamp and through the waist-deep creek—Lee at their head. They were not discovered. Silently they plunged into the canal, but when they were climbing over the abattis the alarm was given. A volley of musketry saluted them, but they answered it only with a shout as they broke for the fort. It was a mad and ludicrous race for the inner defenses, between the outer garrison and the assaulting party. In they went together, but Lee's men were superior in numbers and desperately in earnest. The commanding officer of the fort and sixty of the inner garrison, utterly surprised though they were, had time to throw themselves into a block-house to the left of the fort. After bayoneting a few of the remaining one hundred and sixty, the rest surrendered and were made prisoners. Daylight now dawned. The fort could not be held, and the alarm had reached the other shore. There was no time to reduce the block-house or even to destroy the fort. The cannons were

spiked, light arms seized, the prisoners quickly marshaled and a retreat begun. It was a headlong affair, for Lee was hard pressed by British light dragoons thrown across from New York, but after a desperate race and some sharp skirmishing he reached safety with all his prisoners and the loss of but two men. It was a brilliant and gallant exploit. Thousands of the best British troops were just across the Hudson and the post was supposedly impregnable. It was in fact, as one American historian has suggested, something "like pulling the king's nose upon his throne."

Lee served with increasing fame in the North; in every engagement he distinguished himself for gallant conduct, and when the affairs of the Colonies became so pitifully desperate in the South after Gates' crushing defeat, he was one of the officers selected by Washington to serve under Greene, who had taken command of the remnants of the shattered army in the Carolinas. The Commander-in-chief wrote Congress that "Major Lee has rendered such distinguished service and possesses so many talents," and that "he deserves so much credit for the perfection in which he has kept his corps, as well as for the handsome exploits he has performed." In so brief a sketch we can only give the most fragmentary glimpses of him in his new field, where he won such brilliant laurels and proved himself the ablest commander of cavalry in the war.

Greene's task was as momentous as ever fell to a commander. To suffer one real defeat would have been the ruin of the cause of independence, for he led the last army, ill-equipped, inadequate, unpaid, half starved, that the Colonies could bring into the field to oppose Cornwallis in the South, and he had to face an able and experienced general commanding the best troops Britain could muster. Greene scarcely dared risk a victory for fear of its cost. He fought; inflicted what damage he could and then retired. "We fight, get beaten and fight again," he wrote Washington, and the great Charles Fox exclaimed in the British Commons after one of Greene's defeats—a defeat which had cost Cornwallis nearly forty per cent. of his command—"Another such a victory would destroy the British army." Greene

did in truth win victory through defeat and showed himself one of the greatest strategists in the world. He appreciated Lee at his full worth. With the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, that young officer now led his legion, acting much of the time independently. He commanded the rear guard, the post of greatest danger, in the retreat into Virginia, and fought and won a brisk cavalry battle with the British troopers. After Greene had made his escape, Lee was sent with his light dragoons into North Carolina to harass Cornwallis, and at this time a picturesque incident occurred: On the march he met with a messenger from Colonel Pyle, who commanded a regiment of Tories that were endeavoring to join Cornwallis. The messenger, not suspecting that any hostile cavalry could be in the district, mistook Lee for Colonel Tarleton, the British cavalry chief; Lee allowed the mistake to pass, assumed to be Tarleton, and sent the messenger back with orders to Colonel Pyle to bring on his troops in haste. After waiting a little time he marched to meet the advancing Tories, and falling upon them completely destroyed the force.

Just before the battle of Guilford Court House, Lee, again in the American rear nearest the advancing enemy, suddenly wheeled and dashed against the British advance guard under the savage Tarleton and drove it back upon the main line, inflicting much loss. He spoke very modestly of this victory, and ascribed it to the superior weight of his horses. Colonel Tarleton's horses were much inferior to ours, he said. "When we met, the momentum of the one must crush the other."

At the battle of Guilford Court House, March 15, 1781, Lee, though deserted by the militia that was to support him, fought with desperate valor, and held the British at bay, and again covered Greene's retreat. He was the hero of a day so stubbornly fought that though the British were left masters of the field their casualties were tremendous, and Cornwallis was compelled to retreat and leave his wounded to the care of Greene. "The name of victory was the sole enjoyment of the conqueror, the substance belonged to the vanquished."

When Cornwallis withdrew into Virginia to so cruelly waste the land and to destroy property to the value of fifty millions of

dollars, a fabulous sum in those early days, and to end the war in his own destruction at Yorktown, Greene's army marched south again and Lee joined that greatest of guerilla chiefs, Marion, in South Carolina. Their joint exploits in the reduction of Forts Watson and Mott we have already mentioned in the sketch of Marion. Lee's command, uniting with Pickens, afterward assaulted and took Fort Grierson, and laid siege to and captured Fort Cornwallis, the defenses to Augusta. He led one of the assaulting columns against the celebrated British post known as Ninety-Six, when Greene attempted to storm that stronghold, and displaying his habitual intrepidity, was successful. But as the supporting column failed, he was compelled to relinquish his victory.

All through the desperate war in the South Lee showed not only unsurpassed daring but also what Washington called "his great resources of genius."

Lee was a scholar and a man of letters, no less than a man of action. He wrote a lucid and impartial account of Greene's campaigns, and his volume of reminiscences and Greene's dispatches are the chief authorities for the history of the war in the Carolinas. From his graphic accounts of bloody battles he sometimes digresses gracefully. He tells, among a hundred others, this incident that occurred on one of his independent expeditions, which he thinks "worthy of relation from its singularity." He was moving secretly and swiftly to join Marion and was in camp near the Little Pedee. "Between two and three in the morning the officer of the day was informed that a strange noise had been heard in front of the picket stationed on the great road near the creek, resembling that occasioned by men marching through a swamp. Presently toward that quarter the sentinel fired, which was followed by the sound of the bugle calling in the horse patrols, as was our custom on the advance of the enemy. The troops were immediately summoned to arms and arrayed for defense. The officer of the day and one patrol concurred in asserting that they heard plainly the progress of horsemen, concealing with the utmost care their advance. In a few moments, in a different quarter of our position, another sentinel fired, and soon from another quarter an-

other. Never was a more perplexing moment." With every change of front a new alarm came from flank or rear. Lee was now sure he was surrounded by the enemy in force, who "had reconnoitered with perseverance and placed himself in every spot most certain of success." But Lee determined to fight and attempt to cut his way through when the daylight attack came. "Brave soldiers can always be trusted with the situation," says Lee. He "passed along the line of infantry, made known our condition, reminding them of their high reputation, enjoining profound silence, and assuring them with their customary support there was no doubt but that a way could be forced to the Pedee." To the cavalry he "briefly communicated the dangers that surrounded us, mingled with expressions of thorough confidence that every man would do his duty." So the dark hours of suspense wore away. Then, with the first glimpses of daylight, "the van officer directed his attention to the road for the purpose of examining the trail of our active foe, when to his astonishment he found the track of a large pack of wolves," and on examination it was found that the beasts, interrupted in their march, had passed entirely around the camp. Our agitation vanished and was succeeded by facetious glee. Nowhere do wit and humor abound more than in camps. Never had a day's march been more pleasant. For a time the restraint of discipline ceased. Every character, not excepting the commanders, was hit, and very salutary counsel was imparted to him by the men under cover of a joke." Lee tells another remarkable story, the romantic interest of which leads us to include it: When Savannah was invested by the American army, Captain French, with a small body of British regulars and five small vessels, was stationed twenty miles up the river, and the proximity of the American force made him nervous. Col. John White of the Georgia line wanted to capture this detachment, but no soldiers could be spared by the American general for the undertaking. Now the colonel was a determined and masterful man and resolved to make the venture on his own account. He persuaded his three orderlies and Captain Etholm to aid him. At the fall of night they built a great many fires in the woods near the

British post, arranged so as to give the impression of a hostile camp of large force. Then the Colonel and his four friends, "imitating the manner of the staff, rode with haste in various directions, giving orders in a loud voice. French became satisfied that a large body of the enemy were upon him, and being summoned by Colonel White, he surrendered his detachment, the crews of five vessels and one hundred and thirty stand of arms." Colonel White pretended that he must keep back his troops, as Tory outrages had infuriated them and indiscriminate slaughter might take place. He took the parole of the British captain and soldiers not again to serve, gave them three guides, his orderlies, to escort them to safe quarters, and hurried them away before daybreak lest the fury of his pretended soldiers should fall upon them. "The affair approaches too near the marvelous," adds Lee, "to have been admitted into these memoirs, had it not been uniformly asserted at the time, as uniformly accredited, and never contradicted."

Greene, aided by such independent corps as those commanded by Lee and by Col. William Washington, a distant relation of the Commander-in-chief and after Lee the most brilliant of American cavalry leaders, and by the partisan troops led by the great Marion and by Pickens, Sumner and others, had at length won every post in the interior of the Carolinas, and the British fell back toward the coast. As always, Greene hung upon their heels, striking when he could. Finally, having united all the partisan bands with his main army, he stole upon the enemy's camp near Eutaw Springs, and here was fought what proved to be his last pitched battle. Here, too, Lieut. Colonel Lee rendered by his impetuous daring his most important service during the campaign. Lee's account of the battle is as modest as it is lucid, and we may be pardoned if we quote a few sentences. He always speaks of himself in the third person. "Greene advanced at four in the morning, Sept. 8, 1781, in two columns, with artillery at the head of each, Lieut. Colonel Lee in front and Lieut. Colonel Washington in his rear." A foraging party and their guards were put to flight and partly captured. Still advancing, they struck the British line of battle drawn up in front of the camp. The Americans at once fell

into order of battle. "The North Carolina militia under Colonel Malmedy, with that of South Carolina led by Brigadiers Marion and Pickens, making the first, and the Continentals making the second line; Lieut. Colonel Campbell with the Virginians on the right, Brigadier Sumner with the North Carolinians in the center, and the Marylanders conducted by Williams and Howard on the left, resting its left flank on the Charleston road. Lee with his legion was charged with the care of the right, as was Henderson with his corps with that of the left flank." The artillery was divided between the front and the rear lines, and Lieut. Colonel Washington commanded the reserves. One of the bloodiest and most important of Revolutionary encounters followed. The militia fell back after a stout resistance, but their place was immediately filled up by the Continentals, and for an hour victory hung in the balance. Then it was that the genius of Lee asserted itself and saved the army and perhaps the cause. Perceiving that his extreme right overreached the enemy's line, he gathered it together, formed it with masterly skill, and then hurled it with all his fury upon the left flank of the enemy, who were thus doubled back in confusion, and then by a general and spirited advance along the whole American front, driven with great slaughter from their camp. "In our pursuit we took three hundred prisoners and two pieces of artillery." A great victory seemed to have been gained. But unfortunately Greene's half-famished pursuing soldiers, in passing through the captured British camp, scented the breakfast that had been preparing when the enemy was surprised, and unable to resist stopped, in spite of their officers' efforts to urge them on, to satisfy their ravenous hunger. Unfortunately, too, Colonel Washington, who had struck the enemy's reserve in an attempt to gain the rear, had not been as fortunate as Lee but, entangled in the brush, his horse fell under him and he was wounded and taken prisoner. The forces opposed to him, however, had fallen back to cover their defeated comrades, but the delay of the too tempting breakfast gave the British time to re-form, and advancing upon the American soldiers as they ate, they regained their camp. The account would seem ludicrous if it did not so piti-

fully attest the pinching want of the American troops. Eutaw Springs, however, was a substantial victory. The Americans, driven from the British camp, re-formed and were ready to advance again, when night fell and the battle ceased, and Greene was obliged to retire to a quarter where water could be secured. Part of the British, however, had never stopped in their flight, and next day the whole British force decamped, after destroying their baggage and stores. Lee, as usual, was in hot pursuit. He met and defeated the cavalry of the rear guard in a hot skirmish; he also captured some of the enemy's wagons carrying the wounded, but, as he says, "the success turned out to be useless, for the miserable wounded supplicated so fervently to be permitted to proceed that Lieut. Colonel Lee determined not to add to their misery and to his trouble, but taking off his own wounded, returned to Marion, leaving the wagons and their wounded to continue their route." Eutaw Springs had been bloodily contested. "Of six commandants of regiments bearing Continental commissions, Williams and Lee only were unhurt." The British had 2,500 men, Greene 2,300, and the ratio of loss was nearly twenty-five per cent. to each army. Greene fell back to the high hills to recuperate. Nearly one-half of his army was disabled by wounds or sickness. Unpaid for months, much of the time half clad and underfed—never were soldiers more patriotic. And they fought with unsurpassed valor. The armies of the Revolution were small, but their battles were terribly sanguinary. No such ratio of loss is recorded in any modern wars.

Eutaw Springs proved to be Lee's last battle of any consequence. He was sent by Greene to consult with Washington when the British had retired upon Charleston, and before he returned Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781. Lee had won a military fame of imperishable glory at the age of twenty-five. Washington's opinion of him as a soldier we have seen, and when in 1798, after his presidential terms, he accepted again supreme command of the national army and found himself, as he wrote Hamilton, "embarking once more upon a boundless field of responsibility and trouble," he wished that "the principal officers

of his staff should be such as he could place confidence in," and asked that Colonel Lee be made a Major General. He often testified to his "love and thanks" to Lee as a man; indeed the fact that both Washington and Lee were of the patrician stock of the Old Dominion, and the further fact that Lee's mother was that early sweetheart of the great chief to whom in his ardent youth he wrote verses, have led some to think that his favor rested not altogether on intrinsic value. But Lee's record as a soldier was won on the highest merit alone. The illustrious Greene, least partial of chiefs, declared himself to be under an obligation to Lee that he "could never cancel," and on an occasion of some slight difference between them he wrote Lee: "I believe that few officers, either in Europe or America, are held in so high a point of estimation as you are. Everybody knows I have the highest opinion of you as an officer, and you know I love you as a friend. No man in the progress of the campaign had equal merit with yourself."

Lee was twenty-seven years old when the treaty of peace was signed, and thirty-five years of conspicuously useful and honorable life that was full of interesting incidents remained to him. But we have to confine ourselves to sketching thus imperfectly the adventurous career of this able, brilliant, devoted and dauntless patriot. He was sent to Congress several times by his district; he was Governor of Virginia from 1792 to 1795. While Governor he was selected by Congress to lead the troops that suppressed the Whiskey Rebellion in Pennsylvania. He was in Congress when Washington died, and being appointed to pronounce the eulogium, was the author of those words of eulogy which have been more quoted than perhaps any words ever spoken in the national legislature, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

With the election of Jefferson, Lee retired to private life. He was twice married. By his first wife, a second cousin named Matilda Lee, he came into a large estate which included the old Manor House of Stratford, the seat of the founder of the American branch of the Lee family. He had received a good property from his father and was now a wealthy man. But lordly living and lavish hospitality im-

paired his fortune, and his later life was embarrassed by pecuniary troubles. By his second wife he left a large family, and his masculine descendants have added to the glory of American arms.

One more warlike and unfortunate adventure awaited his last years. Riots had resulted in Baltimore in 1814 from publications in the *Federal Republican* of that city, and the mob destroyed the printing house and threatened the home of the editor. He was a warm personal friend, and the chivalric spirit of Lee prompted him to offer his services in the defense of his house. Two of the mob were killed and many wounded. The military authorities found it necessary to shield Lee and his friends from the fury of the rioters by lodging them in the city jail, but in the night the mob reassembled in overpowering numbers, broke open the jail and killed or frightfully maimed the inmates. Lee barely escaped with his life and he never regained his health. A sea voyage to the

West Indies proving of no avail, he returned to die in the land he had so ably and nobly served. His gallant spirit passed away at Cumberland Island, Georgia, on the 25th of March, 1818.

Lee was a very handsome man, above the average height, and was possessed of a sweet and frank temper. His social charm was equal to his courage and capacity. He was in all ways typical of the best blood of the South. If he appreciated his own worth, his high breeding forbade offense. His generous mode of life sprang from old custom and aristocratic training, but he was republican to the core, and underwent the hardships of the most arduous and terrible campaigns with unruffled spirit. He was fitted to shine in many fields, and is one of the most brilliant characters of our early history. But perhaps when all is said his greatest distinction in the heart of his native South is that he was the father of the beloved and able leader of the armies of the Confederacy.

MIDSUMMER

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

The world is in its splendor of a lavish, fair outflowering,
 And in the idle valleys the dreams are thick and sweet,
 While every wind from golden west and purple south is showering
 The petals of the roses all about our gypsy feet.

In every glen and dingle, in every popped meadow,
 Is upgathered all the ripeness and the sweetness of the year;
 All the hills are drunk with sunshine, all the woodways pranked with
 shadow.

Oh, the best that ever artist limned or poet sung is here!

WINKLER ASHORE

VI. WINKLER'S DUCHESS

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"IT were after we found the money in the pest house, sir," said Winkler, "that Brainie M'Gan, as ever was, an' me run out of a job in Southampton, and allowed we'd have an outing on the Continent and take a look at the chief dovers of art and religion that has retracted the progress of the Old World since the time of the Merojinjin kings.

"So we bought swell clothes, and crossed to Cherbourg in a old side-wheeler, that was forsakin' by everything except rats. You'll have been to Cherbourg, sir, and taken note of the fine break-water with cannons along the top, and the hills and apple orchards beyond the town. Cherbourg is a famous summer resort for French warships, but it's knowed chiefly because of the hand-to-hand encounter which once occurred there between two American ships, and because of a race in which an English yacht tried to cheat an American yacht out of a cup that she had won.

"Well, sir, we went aboard a train, and traveled first-class, like gentlemen, to Paris; and there we went to a fashionable hotel and started in to do the town.

"The first day in the morning we went to the Louver, and come out with headaches and kinks in the backs of our necks. And Brainie he let on to be in love with the Venis der Milo, and said if she ever come to life she could stow her clothes in his chest, which were perlite, but misleadin'. In the afternoon we visited Notre Dam and the Morgue—the first because it sounded profane, and the second as a warning to Brainie; and the next day we took seats on a four-horse rig and drove to Versels with a crowd of fine people, and saw the fountains spout,

and the pictures of various kings and queens that had had their heads cut off for eating too much bread. And the next day we visited the Invalids, which is mostly dead, and had dinner at a place with sawdust on the floor, off a duck which the man put whole with a piece of lemon into a kind of cotton-press and squeezed into soup plates, through a spiggot. And then Brainie he began to kick. Says he:

"Winkler, this may be your idea of doin' Paris, but it ain't mine. Paris is the place for women and wine, Winkler, and I passes out no more money to institortions. To-day we'll tank up at the different coffees on the Avenue Delopera, and to-night we'll chasten this antique city and paint her red. I'm for my money's worth,' says Brainie, and he give me a leer and jingled the gold in his pockets.

"What could I do, sir, being weak and easy led, and Brainie that masterful and determined?

"Sooner than see you make a beast of yourself, Brainie,' says I, 'I'll drink with you till I can't see at all, and if you finishes up in the Morgue,' says I—'and mighty snug you'd look on one of them slabs with the water runnin' over you—it won't be for solitary drinkin', which is against decency and nature.'

"So we went to the nearest coffee on the Avenue Delopera, and it weren't necessary to go no further.

"Brainie and me begun by callin' for a gin-fizz apiece, for there was a sign in English which allowed that in that coffee and no other they knowed how to mix American drinks. We drank it down, but it weren't very good. So we tried a couple of rye highballs, and they was no better. And



"The first day . . . we went to the Louver."

the cocktails we ordered next was worse than the highballs. Then Brainie says:

"'Winkie,' says he, 'when you're in Rome do as the Romans do.'

"And I says, 'Brainie, we ain't in Rome, but I'm open to anything except another American drink.'

"'Done with you,' says Brainie, and he cheeped to the head-waiter, who was a bust-in' Frenchman that talked a little English; and Brainie says:

"'When a French gentleman wants a drink what does he order? I don't mean what does he order when he feels like a swig of slops or dishwater, but when his tongue is hangin' out of his mouth, and his hands is twitchin', and his feet is restless, and the money is burnin' his pockets, and he wants a drink.'

"'Absinthe,' says the head-waiter, 'dripped.'

"'What's that?' says Brainie.

"'It's long,' says I, 'and it's green and cool;' for I was better edocated than Brainie.

"'Bring two,' says Brainie, and they was brought.

"'Tastes like the seed-cookies my grandmother used to make,' says Brainie, and he finished his in two swallows. Then he looks toward me and seen that mine were already a part of the dim past.

"'Two more,' says Brainie, and he commenced to lick his lips.

"That were a peculiar day, sir. At first there was just me and Brainie conversin' intimate and sociable, and drinkin' our drinks. And then there was four of us, all drinkin', me and Brainie and two ladies that claimed to be duchesses, and looked like empresses, bein' all feathers an' friendliness; and then, sir, there was night and stars and clear water ahead, and trees and villages and lights rollin' by, and behind me something spun and clicked like a big top, but I dassn't look, because just beyond my nose was a kind a long, slantin' wedge, with water rushin' round it, and whenever I moved the wedge moved, and in a second I found that my hands was glued to the spokes of a wheel, and that I was steerin' a boat. But it might have been a jolly shark, sir, it moved so fast, though it steered more like a salmon, and the hairs begun to stand up on my head, sir, which ached. Pretty soon I seen dead ahead a kind of Fourth of July celebration, but it was only the lights of a bridge. In a minute we was at it.

"'Heads!' I bellus, and ducks mine. But for all I knowed I were alone in the boat. Beyond the bridge there was the outskirts of two towns, one on each side of the river, and then dark forests and wide water. I steadies the wheel and looks round. In the midships section of the boat—she might have been sixty foot long—I seed a chunk of metal which give out the spinning noise, and the shadder picture of a man.

"'What boat is this?' I sings out.

"'Search me,' comes back a voice, and it were Brainie's.

"'How'd we get here?' I calls.

"'Search me,' says Brainie.

"'Slow her down,' says I.

"'Bin trying to for a hour,' says Brainie. 'She's a motor boat. I run one a year ago on the Hudson, but this is a new kind.'

"The words weren't out of his mouth when the spinnin' noise stopped, and the boat commenced to slow down.

“Got it,” says Brainie. ‘Oh, man, but I’m in a lather.’

“A minute or two more, sir, and the only headway we had was give us by the current of the river.

“Now,” says Brainie, ‘ask *them* what it means!’

“Them!” says I, and I looked in the bottom of the boat; and there, sir, by all that’s holy, clinched like two wrestlers in the rubber boat, was the two duchesses.

“Ladies,” I says, ‘where are we?’

“Then, sir, the duchess which was my especial duchess she sat up, and begun to tidy her hair and reach for her hat.

“Where are we, Duchesses?” says I.

“Then the other one she sat up and commenced to tidy her hair.

“Them duchesses has lost their tongues,” says Brainie. ‘Wasn’t we all talkin’ friendly enough in the coffee? Wasn’t we? And now they don’t understand nothin’.’

“Now that I think of it, Brainie,” says I, ‘they didn’t talk none. But whenever I spoke up they nodded and smiled.’

“They done the same for me,” says Brainie, sharp as a pin. ‘And if they didn’t talk none, you foolish little man, how did we get on to the fact of them bein’ duchesses? I asks you that.’

“Maybe they was introduced to us, you hair-splittin’ nicumpoop,” says I. ‘And however it were, it don’t matter none. The facts is what we want. Whose boat is this and how did we get her?’

“We don’t know whose she is,” says Brainie, ‘and we think we stole her.’

“Then we’ll go to jail,” says I, ‘us and the duchesses.’

“Not if you’re the man I takes you for,” says Brainie, ‘and not if I can mother this engine,’ says he. ‘We’ll run for it, and they might as well fish for a shark that won’t take bait, as to chase after this jigamaree.’

“How about coal?” says I.

“They burn coal under your grandmother’s grid,” says Brainie, ‘but this here’s a motor boat, sabe, and she burns gasoline. She’s gasolined for a week.’

“What will we do with the duchesses?” says I.

“We’ll learn ’em English and manners,” says Brainie, ‘and take ’em for a bang-up cruise. And send them home with their hearts broke and their pockets bulgin’ with money.’

“And while we talked and planned, sir, the duchesses fixed each other’s hair as well as they could, and the stars begun to dim, and we drifted down the river in the dawn.

“After a time Brainie he got the hang of the engines, and the day broke, bright and blue. We made out that the boat’s name was *La Fleche*—which is the French for arrier—and Brainie set the engines goin’ very slow, and we mosled down the river till it got to be breakfast time.

“There was nothin’ to drink in the boat but gasoline (which is only a little safer than absinthe, sir), and nothin’ to eat but the duchesses; so we held a parley which led to nothin’, until, by and by, we come to the mouth of a creek which was all hemmed about with thick trees, and the duchess which were my particular duchess—and a particular white duchess, by your leave, sir,—she motioned to me to run the boat into the creek, which I done. We had a light skiff towin’ behind, half full of water, and the duchess which were my particular duchess, she signaled Brainie to fetch her alongside, which Brainie were in no hurry to do. If ever a man’s face looked like a dissepated *wby*, sir, it were Brainie’s. But my duchess she understood, which were because she were a white duchess. First she points to her mouth, then to her bosom, and nods her head and smiles. Then she makes out to be chewin’. Then she points off through the trees and jumps up and down



“All feathers and friendliness.”

and then she points to the boat. Then she points to that part of her dress which would have been a trousers pocket if she had been a man, and then she holds out her hand palm up, toward me, and says:

“‘Cheenk—cheenk—if you please.’

“‘The poor, profane creature has gone nutty,’ says Brainie.

“‘Nutty yourself,’ says I, ‘she’s askin’ me for money, so’s she can go and get food and drink;’ and I says to my duchess, kind of playful, sir:

“‘Duchess want chink—chink—sabe?’

“And the duchess she nodded her head and laughed. And the upshot were that we set her ashore with a gold piece and our best wishes. But Brainie’s duchess she were lazy, and she curled up on the cushions and went to sleep.

“After two hours’ waitin’ we hears a voice like a little girl’s way off in the woods, callin’:

“‘Allo, ’meestairs, good morning, please, allo, all right.’

“And we shouts in answer, and Brainie’s duchess woke up, lookin’ underfed, and my duchess she come a-waltzin’ through the trees, with her eyes bright as stars and a big hamper in each hand.

“Them hampers contained wine, sir, and water, and roasted chickens and strawberries, and milk and a brown jar of cream with a strawberry leaf tied over the top, and clubs of bread, and a hunk of cheese painted red on one side; and the duchess, my duchess, sir, she spread them out, and she sat clost to me, sir, and she laughed and talked in French, sir, and swore in English, till it seemed to me like I had died and woke up in heaven, sir.

“The other duchess—Brainie’s, as was—she showed some signs of life, sir, but that was mostly those of a shark. And it weren’t till she had fed that her laugh had any heart in it.

“‘And now,’ says I, ‘girls and boys, what’s to be done? I wish I knowed where we was.’

“And Brainie says, ‘Try ’em in Spanish. Spanish don’t sound like English and French don’t sound like English, so it looks as if Spanish and French ought to sound alike.’

“So I hove California Spanish into my duchess hot. And she answered back, makin’ sounds that I could understand.

And it come out that she was a sure-enough duchess, out for a lark, and that Brainie’s duchess were only a lady’s maid, and that we was on the river Sane somewheres between Paris and the channel. Then I asked the duchess how much of a lark she was out for, and she allowed she had infloential friends in England, and wanted to know if me and Brainie could get her acrost in the motor boat. We allowed we could if there were no perlice interference and the weather were clear, because the *Fleche*, or *Arrer*, could knock the stuffin’ out of thirty knots without raisin’ her feathers.

“So we poled out of the creek, for there was no way of backin’ the *Arrer*, and begun to slip down the river again, under what Brainie called our third speed, which were a rate of goin’ neither pell-mell nor draggin’.

“My duchess made me learn her to steer, and standin’ in the bows with her garmints pressin’ into her with the wind, she looked like the woman called the Winged Victory in the Louver, only she had a head and a hat with feathers, which is items that the *Victory* were shipped without.

“The reason we didn’t go fast were Brainie’s. He said if we kind of sort of loafed along nobody would suspect us of nothin’, and that when the pinch come it would be time to show clean heels.

“That were a happy cruise. Whenever we got hungry or thirsty we hove to, and set the duchess ashore with the empty hampers and waited till she come back with ’em full. And then the other duchess that were a fake duchess would cheer up. But there were nothing real class about her, like my duchess. And she couldn’t talk two words of no languidge excep’ French, and so I guess she didn’t hand that cut any too precise.

“Well, sir, it were all too happy to last. When we passed a town the people come out on the wharves and waved to us some, but nobody seemed on to us bein’ robbers in a stole boat.

“And we come in time to the mouth of the Sane, which is two curved dikes of stone with a flag on the end of each one, before there were any trouble. There was a lot of men in high hats standin’ round the flags on one of the dikes, and the minute we hove into sight a puff of white smoke come out from among their legs, and they begun to wave their arms and look up river. At

first we thought it was us they was lookin' at, but the duchess, who were steerin', she looked over her shoulder and give a squall, and there tearin' down the river after us was six motor-boats, the water roarin' white about them.

"Let her go," I yells to Brainie, and makes for the wheel. But the duchess she pushed me aside, and she says in Spanish, with a laugh: 'Place for the ladies.' And she steadied the *Arree* straight between the flags with one hand, and with the other she pulled the pins, which had diamond heads to 'em, out of her hat, and threw the pins and the hat into the bottom of the boat.

"By that the other boats was almost on us, and I looked to be took. But Brainie he weren't idle. And the *Arree* she give a jerk and a jump, her stern settled, her bows riz, and she moved for England like a telegram.

"Just as we run between the flags the gents in the high hats took a crack at us with the cannon they had. Brainie and me we dropped ourselves like hot horseshoes, and the fake duchess fetched a screech and commenced to gruel in the bottom of the boat. But my duchess, she never moved, only smiled and kissed her hand to them as had tried to murder her.

"The six motor-boats was hard on us, and splitting theirselves to close up, but the flags, sir, was a part of history, they was that far behind the times. When I looked two of the perlice boats that was after us was suddenly jerked backward from the bunch. And another begun to lose ground. But there was three left, runnin' neck and neck and lookin' hungry. And it seemed to me they was closin' up some. And every second I thought they'd pull guns and try to pot us. But they must have left the perlice station in a hurry and forgot to bring anything but their clubs. Not a shot were fired.

"Them three boats, sir, held us half way to England. Then we struck into a tide rip, cross wind and chop sea all to onct, and that fixed two of 'em. The third she kep' on, but she weren't in the runnin'! Messed waters was the *Arree's* strong point. But strong waters was more in the fake duchess's line. And the only thing she could hold on to were the *Arree's* port rail. The spray hit us, sir, like shots out of a gun, and when we come to smooth water

under the cliffs of Britain, we was half drowned.

"But my duchess she only laughed and swore, and she run the *Arree* straight for a harbor that were full of yachts dressed in flags of all nations. Two of the yachts was lyin' to under mainsails, and each mainsail had a big black number on it. The duchess she made for the line between them yachts, and the second she crossed it one of them let go a cannon. And then, sir, the sailing yachts they let off cannons and the steam yachts they let off whistles and sirens, till you'd a thought they was mad, and everybody yelled and waved their hats.

"The duchess she told me to tell Brainie to slow down, which he done, and then she run the *Arree* alongside a wharf. And Brainie and me made her fast and clumb ashore. I hove up the duchess, and Brainie he hove up the fake duchess, and then, sir, because we didn't darst to be took, we made for to give 'em the slip, sir. But I says to mine in Spanish, I says:

"They'll be easy on you, my dear, bein' a woman, and you can say as it were me stole the boat and made you come. And here's all the money I've got, for your trouble," says I. 'And you're my fancy,' I says, 'for to cruise with, and here's a kiss, my dear, for good-by.'

"But the duchess she pushed away the money, which were all I had, and she backed off from the kiss, which I forgot to say that at no time she hadn't let me kiss her nor hold her hand, even though for the rest she were very friendly. And she hauled a silk purse out of her pocket, bulgin' with gold, and she slips it to me, and says—and she says it in sure-enough English, sir, which proved that she'd being guyin' us from the start—says she:

"I thought you was sober when I engaged you, Mr. Winkler. But you was full of absinthe, it seems, and when we come aboard, and your companion, who is a low fellow, couldn't manage the motor, I thought we was lost. The plan was to stop at my chato, and pick up my husband and my clothes for the motor race between France and England. But we wasn't able to stop, and it was too late to go back, and I was daft to have my boat win, and that's the argument. I overheard your low companion talking to you about motor-boats, and that was how I come to engage him, for

my shofer had been took sick. But you don't remember.'

"'No,' says I, feelin' pretty foolish.

"They was a crowd around us now, loafers and swells mixed. And the swells kep' arrivin' in boats and climbin' up the wharf to shake the duchess's hands and admire at her. But the duchess she gives me her hand to shake, and she laughs and says, 'Winkler, I likes you.' Then she gives me a ring with a tolerable diamond in it. 'If you ever wants help,' says she, 'send this to the Duchess of Toulon, and you'll get it. Your friend is a low beast, Winkler, but he

had his points as a shofer, and so here's luck to you both. I thanks you, particular, for the respect you have showed to a woman that for all you knowed was light. And I wish you many prosperous voyages.'

"That were the last I ever seed of my duchess, sir. But it don't do to mention her to Brainie, sir, because she said he was a low beast. Now Brainie were a low beast, sir, he couldn't deny it himself. But it doesn't do to tell a man the truth."

I said good-night to Winkler, and strolled aft, wondering if he had told the strict truth to me.



SUMMER ABSENCE

BY ELSA BARKER

I wonder if the trees that beckon thee
 To their deep shadows in thy lone retreat
 Are tender as my arms; and if the sweet
 Soft yielding grass clings to thee lovingly
 As I in drowsy hours. The ecstasy
 That quivers in the ever-moving wheat
 Whispers of love to thee, and the strong beat
 Of Nature's heart woos thee continually.

Love, we are one, the moving wheat and I,
 And the great heart of Nature. When the trees
 Beckon to thee, I beckon; when the blades
 Of grass caress thy fingers as they lie
 Entangled with them, I am even in these,
 And I am hidden in the twilight shades.

THE MAGIC OF THE RAIN

BY CHARLES QUINCY TURNER

TO the observer of trifles by the way-side there are always surprises, and the longer one observes the wider does the horizon grow. A single fact stowed away to-day illumines to-morrow the way to another otherwise passed by unheeded; and the two are the key, years hence, to some deeply interesting problem.

Let me give a case in point, "a sermon in stones," in Shakespeare's and not the conventional sense. During the month just passed it was my daily necessity to pass to and fro on one of the busiest thoroughfares of one of the largest of our Eastern cities, where, as is common in these hustling days, an old-fashioned, two-storied corner store was torn down, the excavations at once beginning. The top surface of glacial drift stones, ranging from "nigger-heads" to coarse gravel, was very soon removed, and here and there the mica-schist rock was exposed, indicating the existence of a hollow pocket with shelving rock around. At the bottom of the pocket, over the basin of rock, were two or three feet of clayey marl, perhaps better described as brick earth.

At this point some delay arose in the building operations, and a fortnight of warm, rainy weather followed. This developed over the patch of clay in the bottom of the excavation a crop of a beautifully fine, dark green grass, close and even, like a lawn. Naturally this little oasis in the surrounding desert of sheer rock caught my eye and excited my curiosity. How did it get there? There was no apparent source. The site was one entirely surrounded by standing buildings, the season was not one when vagrant seeds could be in the air, and the velvety covering was green and close, no straggling shoots of stray oats.

There was but one explanation, and that was suggested by two of my experiences of years ago. The drift rubbish which had for ages covered the lower clay soil had, I have said, been removed, and the seeds of thousands of years agone, opened once more to the influence of light and air and the magic of the rain and sunshine, had bourgeoned and asserted their old-time right. That seeds long deprived of natural surroundings retain their vitality has been partially proved by wheat grown from seeds taken from Egyptian tombs, where it had lain three thousand years; but my light to the grass-grown patch was a closer analogy.

When I was a boy I was, as all healthy boys are, a bit of a collector, and amongst other things which came to my net were butterflies. Now I was not a high and dry scientific collector, but I knew some who were, and among the some was an old village tailor who spent his every spare hour hunting for, and capturing and breeding, caterpillars into butterflies and moths, and he had in his collection some few of the rarest kind—in fact, of presumably extinct species; "the great copper," I think he called them in the vernacular. Anyway, where he got them and how he got them was the puzzle of the butterfly wisecracs.

It often happens that a foxy old collector as he was enjoys the mystery of his gatherings and the perplexities of his scientific friends so much that he is obliged to confide in somebody, in order that he may have company to chuckle over their bewilderment; and so my old tailor friend told me, then a youngster, where he got them, whereby hangs the beginning of light on my patch of unexpected grass.

It appeared that by some means, which I was happily too unscientific to bother

about, he had become acquainted with two or three curious facts. First, that underneath an old white-sand sea bottom left high and dry miles inland and given up to the rabbits and pine trees, the sand whereof was like silver sand (much of the consistency of that on the shore of Arverne on the Atlantic side of Long Island), there was two feet beneath the surface a layer of black, peaty soil, and below that again a white marl; secondly, that if one dug through the three strata and turned them topsy-turvy, there would, when the rains came, grow on the newly exposed surface a beautiful crop of a species of wild mustard, of which plant there was no other sign in the whole district; and thirdly, that on the wild mustard (how they got there I am not now discussing) he would in due season invariably find feeding the little caterpillar which ultimately became the mysterious butterfly for which the savants hungered.

Now it so happened that many years afterward a railway invaded this very much left alone district, and scoring its way in cuttings through the slight elevations, transported the soil therefrom to form viaducts over the shallow intervening valleys. I saw the line in course of construction the most part of one winter, and I traveled over it in the following July, when I saw half a mile of both sides of a viaduct literally covered, without room to drop a stone between, with millions and millions of the most glorious scarlet poppies—a gleam of color the like of which I never expect to see again. I had occasion to be in that neighborhood for a few days, and as I knew the contractor who made that viaduct, I asked him to point out to me the cutting from which the soil had been removed for this bank. There were no poppies in all that district, and I was satisfied then and am now that all that wealth of poppy glow came from long-buried seed turned up by the spade and wheelbarrow into the daylight and the rain again, and, glorying in a new birth, created a new world of beauty.

From all which I feel satisfied of the possibility and indeed high probability that my grass patch in the city excavation came from seed buried for ages beneath the ice cap and the débris of the glacial moraine, and opened by the enterprising twentieth-century engineer for a few brief

days to the influences of heavenly light and air and the magic of the rain. 'Twas but a few days; the blaster and the excavator cut short its career ere seed-time.

Yes, the magic of the rain is wonderful! Magic is the only term which covers its wonder working; in verification of this let me add the testimony of a recent correspondent on the drought which for years had paralyzed the grassless and scorched downs of western Queensland.

The material loss in the years of drought can scarcely be comprehended. In one instance out of a flock of 95,000 sheep only 300 survived; and out of a herd of 30,000 cattle only 500. "As the cattle and sheep perished, the dingoes (wild dogs) multiplied upon the offal, until it appeared as if whole districts would go back to a solitude more desolate than that which existed before the foot of a white man touched the Australian soil."

At last, where rain had been unknown for years the clouds, in the figurative words of the Psalmist, literally "dropped fatness" over two thirds of the continent.

Before its advent "there was one long panorama of desolation. Ground burnt and calcined without a blade of green to lighten the dead monotony. From railway fence to horizon there was absolutely nothing. The line of the horizon cut hard against the sky, with no softening outline. Near by the ground was cracked and fissured, and in the middle distance were clumps of dejected trees that told of a watercourse that once fed them. At Wyandra the downs, broader and more extensive than ever before, stretched in hopeless barrenness to the limit of the view. There was not even a dead twig to break the level. There is no adjective in the English language to describe it. Awful, terrible, horrible, are each inadequate. And most pitiful of all were the long lines of felled mulga, the only thing that kept the sheep alive until they died and the dust came and mercifully hid their bones. But great is the soft magic of the falling rain! At its touch the gray, heat-wasted, desolate landscape turned emerald green, and grew lush with grass. What was yesterday the floor of a Sahara, became to-day a mass of herbage which the moist English valleys and canal-fed meadows of Holland in summer time might envy."

Whether this Australian drought of years' duration, like so many others which have settled into permanence, arose from the natural or commercial denudation of the woodlands I cannot say; but whichever the cause, it no way lessens the value of the fact that a treeless country is a rainless country (whereof Americans cannot be too often reminded), and thereby let me instance the Island of Ascension—to me one of the most interesting examples of cause and effect within my knowledge.

To begin at the beginning, for the sake of an exact comprehension let any reader turn to a good atlas, and he will find the smallest of small specks indicated in the southern Atlantic about half way between the coasts of South America and Africa, roughly two thousand miles from each. That is the Island of Ascension, about eight miles long and seven wide, and it is bounded on the north and south by the North Pole and South Pole respectively. When one adds that it is a volcanic mountain ten thousand feet high and lies in the wastes of the sea, itself absolutely waterless and fruitless, sufficient has been said to make it understandable why nobody up to the year 1815 had even taken the trouble, though it had been known three centuries, to hoist a national flag over it. However, fate was working out its salvation in a very curious byway.

It came about in this wise. Great Britain had, after the battle of Waterloo, taken charge of the Emperor Napoleon and banished him to the island of St. Helena. Fears of a filibustering expedition for effecting his release were groundless except from one rendezvous in the world, and that was the

Island of Ascension, eight or nine hundred miles away, and lest some adventurers should pick up this unconsidered trifle and use it surreptitiously for a vantage place, Great Britain sent a naval and military expedition and took possession of it. They found it a barren heap, the residual product of ages of volcanic eruption, a barren cone sloping down from its central crater to the sea in all directions. No drop of rain ever fell upon its scorched and withered sides.

The Englishmen were there, however, to stay and for duty, and though they had to send to St. Helena for every drop of water they used, they set about a beginning of making something grow toward sustaining life, or at least modifying its conditions. Gradually by slow degrees, but surely, their efforts were successful. Kindly nature requires but little encouragement, and the dews fell and crystallized and the herbage and shrubbery spread, and little trees took root and shed their seed, and the mountain in the long course of years became largely covered, until at last this one-time waterless heap of waste products of a lifeless volcano became able to provide millions upon millions of gallons of water, which are stored in its caverns for the ships that pass to and from the Cape of Good Hope and to Australia; and beneath the shades of umbrageous terraces, high up in the cool air, the inviolated soldier from tropical Africa and India and the Orient finds a restoring sanatorium which has brought back to health and life many a weary soul and stricken body. Truly there is magic in the rain and healing in the forests!

CASPAR WHITNEY'S SUCCESS

A cablegram has just been received from Caspar Whitney from Port of Spain, Trinidad, which tells the whole story, in as far as it can be told except by Mr. Whitney himself after his return, of the remarkable success of his daring venture in the South American jungle:

“Hardest, fullest adventure, most successful exploring hunting expedition my career First man to visit hostile Indians, headwaters Orinoco.”

BOATS AND BOAT-HANDLERS

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

NOT many years ago there was a type of yachtsman which one seldom meets to-day. He had his own little club, which might be anything from the loft over a ship-chandler's to a snug bungalow along the beach. All of the members of this club were "yacht owning members" and the yachts were of every sort and description, from the Chesapeake "bug-eye" schooner-rigged with leg-o-mutton sails to a Bay of Fundy "pinkey" with lines like the ace of spades and as deep as she was long. The swell racing craft was the old-fashioned "sand-bagger" sloop with its skimming-dish build and yards of boom out-board. When they raced, each owner sailed his own boat; there were separate classes, of course, but in her class the first boat home was the winner; if there happened to be wind the best nerve and the stoutest gear were apt to win out, and if there was calm there was no race, because in those days they did not build and rig boats to sail over the course in the allotted time when it was necessary to watch the flame of a match to see where the wind was from.

The owners of these boats knew their crafts from truck to keel and from stem to gudgeon. Often they were their own riggers, carpenters, painters and not infrequently, builders! They were yachtsmen of a frequent type, too; each watering place had its coterie, and when they were richer and went into the sport on a larger scale they sailed their own fleet schooners into foreign ports.

Although the conditions of modern yachting are popularly supposed to have given a great impetus to the interest and nautical skill of those who sail for pleasure, it is doubtful if this is the case. The social features, the element of fashion and gayety; in fact all of the bright and spectacular features of a thriving yacht club in the fulness of its mid-summer bloom are charming and interesting, but they are crowding the true boat-lover into shoal waters while the broad-beamed "rocking-chair fleet" swing in mid-channel at the end of a long scope.

To-day, the passion seems all for speed and style, but there are a good many non-professional sailormen left who love a stanch and able boat for her own sake, and it is probable that these will get back to early principles and rescue the sport from the hands of the faddists just as the true lovers of other sports, tennis, golf, fencing, etc., have done.

The gravest fault of the modern yachtsman lies in the fact that he is too proud to begin at the foot of the ladder. There are several ways in which one may learn to handle a boat, two of which are chiefly in vogue. The first is to get a small skiff with a sail and a centerboard, dress lightly and then select the proper day to work the problems out; the second is to buy a fair-sized sailboat and then hire a man to teach one how to handle her.

Of the two methods, the first is not only the quicker but also the more thorough; incidentally it is much cheaper as it saves wages and one cannot create much havoc amongst the shipping with a light, fourteen-foot skiff, and the man who owns the larger boat will invariably discharge his sailing-master before he graduates. But the principal reason which makes the sailing-skiff the better is that a man cannot afford to skip any of the elemental principles in boat-handling, as later on he is certain to be at times responsible for the safety of his guests. He has no right to handle a tiller until he can handle an oar; yet it is amazing to see how many of the men who sail their own boats do not know how to "scull" with the boat sweep which every small boat should carry.

The evolutions of a man experimenting by himself in a sailing-skiff are interesting to himself and others, but it is wonderful how soon he will learn, and these principles which he culls by harrowing experience are the same to be applied to anything which carries a fore-and-aft rig. In fact, the sailing-skiff is in many ways more difficult to handle than the larger boat. Being close to the water it does not hold the breeze as true as the tall sail, because the lower stratum of wind will strike the water and ricochet at a slightly different angle; also the force is constantly varying because each separate puff or lightening of the breeze makes itself felt at once, whereas upon a large sail, these slight variances of force and direction are averaged over the whole area of canvas. Other disadvantages due to lightness of material, etc., are obvious.

To appreciate the liberal course in boat-handling which a sailing-skiff can furnish the beginner, one has but to watch his manoeuvres for a little while. This is a favorite diversion of the "rocking-chair fleet," most of whom can box the compass, discourse on the barometer, expound the tide theory and name the head-sails on a four-masted schooner, but few, if any, of



Drawing by Hy. S. Watson.

ARMS AND THE MAN" AT THE PICNIC LANDING

whom could bring a thirty-foot sloop up to a sea-wall in a fresh breeze without "shutting her up like an accordion." To understand how much more the tyro in the sailing-skiff gets for his money than the man in the knockabout, let us watch him from the start. He has a fifteen-foot sharpie (flat-bottomed) skiff with a jib and mainsail rig. The boat is tied to the lee side of the club-house float by a long painter.

The beginner hauls her in and steps aboard forward of the mast. Next he tries to slip around the mast, but the boat heels toward him. He grabs the mast high up, where his leverage is so great that the boat rolls him off into the water to a chorus of delighted cries from the "rocking-chair fleet." The water is waist deep and in climbing back into his craft he grips the mast low down near its foot where he discovers that it will bear his weight. (Lesson 1.) The higher the strain on the mast the greater the tax on the stability of the boat. Some day when he wants to haul up his anchor out in deep water he will not try to step up in the eyes by grasping the mast above his head.

He casts off the stops securing his sail and hoists the jib. The sail fills and the boat, still held by her painter, seems suddenly possessed of a devil. She makes a vicious dive at a boat on one side of her, and her master has no sooner tried to fend her off with his hands and got his fingers jammed than she turns and rams a neighbor lying on her quarter. He sees that the jib is inciting this fit of bad temper, so he drops it. Peace again. He tries hoisting the mainsail and the boat lies quiet. (Lesson 2.) Hoist the mainsail first, and (Lesson 3) fingers are poor fenders.

He decides to sail off before the wind as the interest of the "rocking-chair fleet" annoys him and this method promises the swiftest escape. He is sure of being able to sail that way and he is willing to take his chances on getting back again. The function of the center-board is not quite clear to him, but deciding that it would not be there unless useful, he lowers it. As the jib has proved itself to be an unmanly sail he decides not to use it until better acquainted.

He hauls in his sheet and makes it fast as it looks more ship-shape so, casts off his painter and scrambling aft takes the tiller, which he shoves hard-up. The wind has drifted the skiff a little below the float, but as the close-hauled mainsail fills, the skiff leaps ahead and charges the pier leading to the float. The helmsman is bewildered for here is a double-barreled paradox! A boat defying all the laws of physics, for in the first place she is rushing dead into the wind's eye; in the second, she utterly ignores the force exerted by her rudder and selects the direction least indicated in the natural order of things. *Crash!* she tries to crawl under the gangway but is stopped by her jib-stay. Fortunately this holds.

Cries of encouragement come from the "rocking-chair fleet" and he hears the contact of hands on thighs. He tries to shove clear, but as often as he does so the skiff rushes back again. Observing the mainsail tugging at the sheet-rope he clambers aft and lets it run. The sail flaps, and the skiff drifts astern. (Lesson 4.) Headway against the wind can be lost by slacking the sheet until the wind is spilled.

As he turns the cause of his trouble in his mind he sees that to have fouled the gangway he must have sailed almost directly against the wind, and he wonders how such things can be. His eyes fall upon the center-board with a flash of understanding. Solved! He hauls up the board with a slam and shoves in the pin. (Lesson 5.) To sail against the wind, *i.e.*, tack, one needs a center-board.

Having drifted clear of impedimenta he tries to steer off before the wind, but although the skiff does not dash at the pier she seems loath to turn. He remembers that she had no such scruples when he hoisted the jib, so he hoists it again. The effect is magical. (Lesson 6.) To swing the bow of a boat a jib is useful.

He is amazed at the speed suddenly developed. The skiff is flying through the water. He decides that it is just as well not to let her run away with him, and accordingly he proceeds to haul the tiller toward him; that is, to the side opposite the sail.

The effect is swift and terrifying; for a moment the sail seems to hang slack, then suddenly the wind catches it on the other side. The boom is jerked high in air. He sees it aiming a vicious blow at his head and drops in time to save his skull, but not his cap. Instinctively he seeks to remedy the trouble by shoving the tiller back the other way, but the sail is on the other side now which makes relative conditions between sail and tiller the same as before. Back comes the sail with another wicked jibe and this time the main-sheet fouls his feet and spills him in the bottom of the boat. Faint cries reach him from the "rocking-chair fleet."

The beginner is no fool and he sees that both times he has shoved his tiller to the up, or *weather* side of his boat. He has two guesses and this time he shoves it to the down, or *lee* side. The effect is gratifying; the sail flaps but makes no hostile move. He hauls it in, keeping a pressure on the tiller until he is heading well into the wind. The sail flaps again and he hauls it flatter, continuing this until he gets an approximate proper relation between sail and wind and course, as he can tell from where he is heading. (Lesson 7.) To turn a sail-boat gracefully, shove the tiller to the down, or lee side.

But suddenly he observes to his consternation that although his skiff is heading up-stream she is traveling *sideways!*

Ah, bitter experience has already taught him how to make her rush at the wind. The center-board! He drops it and observes the result with a thrill of pride. He has simply applied Lesson 5.

And so one may follow him through the whole course of his joys and sorrows and derive much amusement therefrom, but *this* man will learn to handle a boat! He has already learned more in this first attempt than the man in the knockabout will learn from his instructor in a week, or to be more accurate, he has gained more. What he has learned will stay by him, and some day when he gets caught in a nasty place he will act quickly and instinctively without hopping up and down and trying to remember what some one has told him, until there comes a crash and he finds himself in the water under his sail and goes out the next day in a launch to help drag for his guests. The man in the skiff has learned as the result of *his own personal experience*; falling overboard, ramming the row-boats, fouling the pier, losing his cap, getting foul of the main-sheet, etc. Perhaps his bitterest experience is when he tries to come up to the float. Three times he charges past, traveling at such a speed that reason tells him that if he tried to stop he would land up amongst the "rocking-chair fleet," who cheer him as he goes past and admire his parade. Eventually he lowers his sail and rows in, but the next day he goes out and practices rounding up to an oyster-stake until he finds out how to do it. When finally he comes to take the tiller of some big, steady boat he will be surprised to discover how much easier she is to handle than his erratic little dragon-fly. The selection of a boat is of course a matter of individual taste. One may buy a \$300 boat, in which case one will not get much, or one may buy \$500 worth of boat, in which case one will get a great deal. It is amazing how cheaply a good, sound boat, say 20 to 30 feet water-line, can be bought by a person who knows how to go about it, and it is even more surprising to learn how cheaply such a boat may be maintained. Almost any oysterman or clammer or fisherman can pick up a reasonably fast, sound and able boat for that sum, and there are plenty of much larger boats which have been bought for less. I am referring, of course, to sound boats; one can pay anything from \$5 to \$5,000 for a rotten, wormy or nail-sick boat, according to the personal equation of buyer and seller. An unsound boat like an unsound horse will usually be offered either at a very high or a very low price. A fair price will not attract interest.

The modern craze for racing machines and swift, stylish cruisers has put the old-fashioned type of boat at a very low price. I do not mean to detract from the merits of the modern small cruising-yachts, say of the knockabout or sea-going yawl-

rigged type; they are excellent boats, fast, able, comfortable, and in every way superior to the old *Emma Jane* or *Four Winds*, but to my mind they are not half as good boats for the money they cost. One can hardly compare a \$500 with a \$5,000 boat just because they happen to be of about the same length of water-line. But think of it; by looking around a little one can buy a sound, able boat of say 35 feet over all with a cabin in which three people could cruise comfortably; a little vessel in which a man could sail around Cape Cod or go down "outside" to the Delaware Capes in comfort and safety, for the same price as a little 18-foot, open race-about or knockabout or flop-about. Yet nine men out of ten will choose the flop-about because she has a hard-wood finish, creamy sails and bright-work, and then they will hire Swedes to dry out the sails after a shower, hog the mahogany run until it glistens and wipe the verdigris off the bright-work. It is here that the yachting spirit corrodes the non-professional sailor-man.

The man who owns the race-about learns to sail, possibly to figure time allowances from measurements and sail-area, and to manoeuvre in a race; the man on the *Emma Jane* or *Four Winds* learns to sail, to navigate by dead-reckoning, to rig, and incidentally to cook. Also he learns geography. By the time he has been ship-mates with the *Four Winds* for several seasons he is a pretty good sailor-man.

As far as the cost of keeping a boat is concerned, the *Four Winds* will be less expensive than the race-about, because a boat of the former type does not need to be spick-and-span to command respect. Her "shippyness" will do that, whereas there is no more forlorn, dejected-looking object afloat than a slatternly yacht. On the *Four Winds* paint takes the place of shellac, galvanized iron is used instead of brass, and the discarded sails of some yacht can be picked up at a low figure and cut down to fit. She will not require half the care and her gear need not be absolutely new. It can be purchased in any yacht-yard for a surprisingly low figure, and as far as anchors and blocks and lights and nautical instruments, etc., are concerned, one has no idea of the resources of a South Street junk-shop until one has tried. Another thing to consider in buying is that an out-of-date yacht is a very difficult thing to sell; as difficult, in fact, as an out-of-date automobile, whereas there is always an open market for a boat which can work for her living.

By the foregoing I do not wish to have it understood that I should advise a man who wants to own and sail his boat to go out and buy some obsolete junk with a stern like a water-melon and a bow which can only be told from the stern by the presence of a bow-sprit. Neither do I mean a heavy, clumsy oyster-sloop, or

some big, floating freight-car of a sharpie. Personally, I loathe sharpies, except as house-boats. The type of boat which I have in mind is such as one sees down at the eastern end of Long Island Sound, either blue-fishing for the market or taking out fishing-parties; also the boats used by the fishermen about Cape Cod and Narragansett Bay. If one expects to do much sailing in very shoal water an excellent boat is that of the type used by the fishermen in the Great South Bay. These are carvel-built, but with such a broad beam that a 30-foot boat will not draw more than two feet with her board up. They are stiff, stanch and able sea-boats and not bad-looking. A keel-boat is always preferable where the local depths of water permit, not only for stability and sea-going qualities, but for cabin comfort. Probably the most all-round, convenient and practical boat is one which combines both keel and center-board, and while able to work to windward without her board, requires it for pointing up and holding her ground when on the wind. She will draw three and one-half to four feet of water, and will have a comfortable cabin with perhaps six feet of head-room, a self-bailing cock-pit, and will be altogether a stanch little sea-going craft.

It seems to me that the English people have the right idea of yachting in its true sense. To them a yacht is any kind of a private pleasure craft from a Thames wherry to a full-rigged ship. A Deal lugger, bought and equipped for a cruise around the British Isles, rates with an ocean-going steam-yacht, if the people aboard her are the right sort, and a schooner-yacht of the type of one of our Gloucester fishermen would be a great swell. I was once looking over some small auxiliary bark-rigged steam whalers in Dundee, when I noticed that one of them was of rather better model and smarter in appearance than the others. Commenting on this to a man with whom I had entered into casual conversation, he informed me that this particular vessel was a yacht. I afterward met the leaser in Edinburgh; he told me that he had chartered this little whaler and had been on a twelve-months' trip to the Arctic, hunting musk-ox, polar-bears and walrus. This is the true yachting spirit; this yachting "with the bark on!"

During the last few seasons there seems to have arisen among those who sail for pleasure a spirit of yachting snobbery; that is to say, a tendency to regard with contempt any pleasure craft which is not modern and spruce and highly-finished, without reference to her qualities or the manner in which she is handled. There are to-day a good many able, non-professional boat-handlers who have given up sailing because they are unable to afford yacht-club membership and are ashamed of their rough old boats which they feel

to look shabby in the midst of the sparkling pleasure-fleet about a fashionable resort. They feel a certain humiliation in handling a smart, though roughly finished fishing-sloop, and rather than sail a vessel lacking in style and elegance they will give up the sport entirely.

This is sad, but true; also it is absurd and inconsistent. Since the whole game is purely for fun, what difference does it make whether a man prefers a 50-foot Maine fishing-boat or a 21-foot fin-keel flyer? The cost will be about the same and there are a good many people who will look with more pleasure and admiration at the stanch, shippy little schooner, with her tarred rigging and brown sails boiling in with everything drawing and a bone in her teeth, than at the slight, graceful little yacht, even though the latter may be flying the season's championship regatta pennant.

Within the last few years another factor has entered into boat-handling, and this is the gas-engine. This form of auxiliary has come to stay, and while at first sight it appears to rob the sport of much of its glamour and romance, there is a great deal to be said in its favor.

To-day, the outings of most people are subject to a definite time limit, whether the holiday be a matter of days or hours, and between the two factors of sail and power many a man is enabled to enjoy pleasures previously denied him. The high power for the slight sacrifice of space and small expense of running are irrefutable arguments for the gas-engine; others are the advantages in working through shoal, narrow and crowded water-ways under independent power and without being compelled to tie on behind a lumbering barge or being almost jerked out of the water by a snorting tug.

Whether she be sail or auxiliary, of gentle or humble birth, the man who gets the most of health and pleasure from his boat will be the man whose boat is less his plaything than his close and intimate friend. He must know her every mood and whim; understand each fault and virtue; be able to repair with his own hands any damage to hull or rigging. He should understand the use of tools as much as that of his compass and parallel rules; he should know the art of rope-lore; how to make splices and sennets and knots. His sea-going course should include a knowledge of how to put a neat patch in his sail, and he should know how to brew a strong pot of coffee and throw a clam-fritter at four in the morning just before he gets into his dinghy and goes out after snipe. If his gas-engine gets sulky he should be able to coax it into good humor or beat some sense into it with a hammer.

And when he can do all of these things he is a graduate boat-handler and has earned the right to sail the boat of his choice wherever it seems good to him.

WOMEN AND THE AUTOMOBILE

BY MARY MULLETT

EVERYBODY has heard of the eternal feminine. But to the man with his grip on the steering wheel of an automobile there is just one "eternal" trait in a woman, and that is her propensity for getting in front of his machine at the most critical and inconvenient moments.

The way a certain type of woman crosses a street would convert anybody to the theory of reincarnation. She does it exactly as she did when, in some previous earthly career, she was a nice, fat, speckled hen. Madly this way and that she scuttles, and it is only at her last gasp—and yours, too!—that she miraculously escapes, by a mere feather's breadth, from the rush of your swerving wheels.

To the honor and the glory of the sex be it recorded, however, that the woman in front of the machine isn't the whole story. There is also the woman behind the machine. The woman whose slender hands are as steady on the wheel as is the iron grip of the trained chauffeur; whose eyes are as sharp to see; whose wits as swift to respond; whose traditional nerves have given place to a degree of cool nerve which commands even a man's admiration.

Hundreds of women are driving their own machines. In this country actually more automobiles are run by women now than were run by men a few years ago.

In Newport last summer, fifteen or twenty women might have been seen any pleasant day, driving their own cars. In Washington—well, my private opinion is that in Washington half those women who are forever skimming around in little electrics, could run them in their sleep—and with one finger at that.

Even in New York there are women sufficiently plucky and expert to take a machine into and through that wonderful tangle of traffic which makes Fifth Avenue one of the show thoroughfares of the world.

To drive an auto on Fifth Avenue at five o'clock in the afternoon is a trick which is calculated to make even the coolest man suspect that he has a few nerves concealed about him. Yet I know of a woman who does that trick whenever she feels like it.

She is a slender, delicate southern girl who, a few years ago, undertook to combine the joys of nervous prostration with those of a severe illness. Her wise physicians viewed her with something like despair, but nevertheless gave her that great prescription which is the one and only sovereign remedy:

"Get out-of-doors!"

She was too weak for walking or for horseback riding. They had been her delight as a girl in the South and they made it seem, as she says, "positively too inane to sit in a carriage and be hauled about" as if she were helpless.

There remained the one resource of automobiling, and she promptly took it up. She knew much about the mechanism of a machine, for her husband was an enthusiast. But she had never run one. The first thing she did was to get a good instructor—not her husband. Several women offer advice on this point.

"Don't let the members of your own family teach you!" say these wise ones. "They patronize you in one breath, as if you were a feeble-minded infant, and the next minute they expect you to comprehend, in one brilliant, intuitive flash, the entire science of automobiling. Get somebody who knows his business—and who doesn't know you."

Her first lesson was half an hour in length; and before it was ended, an incident had occurred which tested her nerve to the complete satisfaction of her teacher.

She had been running the machine easily enough under his direction, but he kept dinning it into her ears that the most important part of running an auto was not running it, but *stopping* it.

"You may be able to start it and to steer it and to run it fast or slow," said he; "but if you haven't learned to stop it in its tracks, you're not fit to sit in that seat."

Before they had gone much farther, a little child suddenly ran from behind a wagon and appeared straight in the path of the woman-driven car. Well—she stopped it! And she did it with such startling dispatch that her agitated teacher very nearly went out in a flying shoot over the front.

When he had recovered enough breath to speak, he drily remarked that her talent for stopping amounted to positive genius. He added that he had taught scores of men to run automobiles, but that he had yet to see the mere man who, before the end of the first lesson, could have equaled that stop.

I consulted the representatives of at least twenty different machines in regard to the woman question, and I found only one who did not know personally of women who were running their cars. Most of them had flattering tales of feminine triumph to relate.

"Women often show a lot more sense about it than the men do," said one expert. "Did you ever hear of a woman running over anybody? I never did. And she's easier on the machine, too. You know how women's nerves go up in the air over any miserable little squeak that wouldn't disturb an excitable fly? Why, I'll bet some women will make a fuss in Heaven—provided they ever get there—if the pearly gates aren't lubricated early and often. It's all right though, for them to be fussy in an auto. If they hear a squeak, it's stop then and there and oil up! While if a man does hear the squeak, he says:

"Oh, that 'll quit of itself after a while."

"Perhaps it does, after a drop of oil has managed to leak through. But all that time there's been a lot of wear on the bearings, and it's going to give him trouble, sooner or later. Why, I know a woman who has been running one of our cars for about a year and whose whole bill of expense for that time is less than \$10."

Occasionally a husband and wife have been taught by the same instructor and the woman has proved to be by far the better pupil. The man who is generous enough, however, to revel in his wife's superior skill with an auto is as rare as the one who thinks a woman knows how to poke the fire with anything like his own masterly discretion.

In one instance of this sort, the husband had impulsively acquired an electric runabout, which was said to be so simple that a babe in arms could manage it. Maybe a babe in arms could; but at least one railway president couldn't—as the man very quickly found out.

His wife, on the contrary, seemed to discover some secret affinity between herself and that runabout. It was her slave. She ran it so deftly and gracefully, that when she was on the seat, steering-rod in hand, she basked in the wondering admiration of the populace. Everybody knows the second chapter to a haughty spirit. This woman encountered hers one evening, a week after she had decided that she was the "smoothest" motorist in that town.

She had skimmed off on some preliminary errand, leaving Mr. Blank on the front steps, waiting for her to come back and pick him up. Sure enough, along she came at dusk. But instead of slipping skilfully up to the curb, she sailed by.

Twice she circumnavigated the block before Mr. Blank, becoming convinced that she couldn't stop, boarded the vehicle with a flying leap in the course of its third round trip. Once on board, Mr. Blank found his surmise correct. The thing wouldn't stop. Mrs. Blank said they must try to make port at the garage. It took three round trips of the block to convey this to their daughter, now on the steps of the house.

Then they bore off to the garage. By the time they had swooped around that block a few times they had got a man to come outside and had shouted, in telegraphic terms, the information:

"Can't stop! What's matter?"

On the next round, the garage man was waiting for them.

"Pull out plug under seat!" he yelled.

Now, any beginner is liable to these mental aberrations, when one temporarily forgets plugs under the seat and similar small but essential details. Yet if it's a woman who does anything of the sort she must expect to be treated as if *only* a woman could have been guilty of such a lapse. If an accident happens to her machine, she must be prepared to have the men of her household exchange patronizing winks and say:

"Oh, of course she thinks she didn't do anything; but—well, you know, the car wouldn't do that of itself!"

And if—as in one instance I know of—she runs her machine constantly for over two years, even taking the entire care of it herself, without a single item for repairs except for one new tire, she must expect to be told that it was merely good luck.

On the other hand, the woman automobilist often gets really more than her fair share of praise. You will hear a man rave over a woman making "the prettiest stop inside of two car-lengths," when he wouldn't look twice at a regular chauffeur performing that feat.

As for the courtesy accorded the goddess-in-the-machine, that alone ought to tempt the modern woman to learn to run a car. Old-fashioned gallantry seems to be in a good deal of a trance nowadays, but it does sit up and take the most gratifying notice of the woman at the wheel.

"One is always hearing stories of meanness toward automobilists," said the southern girl who is taking the automobile cure for her nervous prostration, "but I've never received anything but the most considerate treatment. Perhaps it's partly due to the fact that I don't behave as if the streets 'and all that in them is' were created for my exclusive benefit. If a truck driver pulls up his team to let me go by, I don't act as if the right-of-way were my particular divine right. I look up at him and bow my thanks.

"In the country, too, if a horse is the least bit restive, I stop my machine and even shut off the power, so that I have to get out to start it again. I am always more than repaid by the appreciation people show."

People who don't know the facts, have a fixed idea that, in a tight place, the woman automobilist is going to look out for her own safety and let "all the world gang by," or over, or under, or wherever their mangled remains happen to light. As one cynical male remarked:

"If women are going to run autos, I'll

tie up my children in the back yard. I'd sooner risk their young lives within range of a woman who was trying to *throw!*"

The expert woman automobilist is not a freak of nature. The truth is that if you really are pining to risk your life in the path of an automobile, you ought to receive a discount on the price of your accident policy if you pick out a machine with a woman at the wheel.

"Were you ever face to face with danger of a serious accident?" I asked a woman who drives her own car.

"One of the closest shaves I remember," she said, "was on Jerome avenue, in the Bronx, at a point where a steep hill-road came into it at an abrupt angle. Because of houses and fences, one couldn't see this road until directly abreast of it. I was going along the avenue at a pretty good speed, when a boy who was coasting down the hill on his bicycle shot out directly in front of me. There wasn't time for him to clear my machine and there wasn't time for me to stop. There were just two things I could do. I could put on my brakes and hope that at least I wouldn't kill the child, or I could wheel sharply into the same direction that he was going and hope that I wouldn't kill myself.

"Of course it was a desperate chance. I might upset, or I might come up against one of those iron posts which seem to sprout out of the ground at every turn, or I might crash into a trolley car. My machine was a light one and wouldn't hurt the car much, but some one would have to write an epitaph for *me*."

"What did you do?"

"Do?" in surprise. "Why, I wheeled my car, of course. Luck was with me. I got nothing more than a shaking up and the boy flew by safely, at a rate which inclines me to think he is going yet. You've no idea what imps the children are. They stand in the road and dare you, trying to see who can be the last to dodge out of your way. It's perfectly maddening. When they are especially bad, I simply stop the machine. And when they find that I propose to sit there till they get out of the way, they take themselves off, with much hooting and howling.

"Then there are the people who walk blandly in front of your car, without so much as turning the tail of their eye to see if anything is coming. When they hear your horn, they jump ten feet. Generally that takes them out of the danger zone, and everything would be all right if only they wouldn't jump back again. If you haven't prepared, however, for just

that emergency, by taking out your clutch and getting ready to make a short stop, you will find yourself doing something to the death rate which won't be pleasant to think of."

"Oh yes, I daresay a woman could really get along quite well with a simple little runabout," one man admitted patronizingly; "but of course she would be quite incapable of running a big, 4-cylinder, 40 horse-power machine."

Unfortunately, when his high-mightiness delivered this lofty ultimatum, I hadn't the remotest idea whether a woman *could* run a 40 horse-power car or not. When he went on to talk learnedly about the terrors of its sliding gear, which, according to his story, demanded the simultaneous use of all the members of one's body, all the faculties of one's mind and all the attributes of one's soul, I felt as if the hand that rocked the cradle really couldn't expect to rule a 40 horse-power, 4-cylinder car. I felt that, after all, woman's sphere must remain a sort of 10 horse-power arrangement.

It would not be strictly truthful to claim that any large proportion of the feminine population is engaged in running big cars. But if some women can do it, plenty of others can. And there's no question that some women *are* doing it.

A dozen well-known New York society women run cars of that description and take a keen delight in it. Some of them even drive their own cars in the races. As for sheer nerve, it would be hard to find a better exhibition of it than one of them gave recently. She and her car were forced off a bridge and overturned; though by some miracle of good luck, both escaped serious injury. After a dozen men had succeeded in hoisting the car out of the depths, the woman—whose nerve might have been supposed to share in the general shake-up—resumed her place at the wheel and drove on as if nothing had happened.

One of the most startlingly incongruous cases is that of a girl in Maine, a ninety-pound creature who runs a car weighing just fifty times as much as she does.

Most women confine their personal dealings with an automobile to operating it. They do not clean, or oil it, or tinker with its vital organs. But there are a few who take a noble pride in the care of their machines. They have leather aprons and gloves, and somehow, when the car issues resplendent from their ministrations, they manage to shed every sign of dirt along with the gloves and apron, and to emerge as spick and span as the auto itself.

MAKING THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

WORK IN THE GARDEN

WEEDS, from this time on, will prove tractable, if, during the early part of the season, hoe and cultivator have been used thoroughly; but remember that a few weeds are capable of stocking a whole garden if they are allowed to go to seed.

Raspberry and blackberry bushes should be given attention now. Allow only as many canes to grow to each plant as will be needed for fruiting purposes. As soon as the old canes have perfected fruit, cut them out. When the new canes reach a height of two feet nip their tops off to induce the formation of side-branches. The soil about these plants ought to be made rich, and kept well hoed.

If you intend to use the old strawberry bed another season, go through it with a spade and turn over the soil in rows a foot or more wide. This will bury half the old plants and give those that are left a chance to spread satisfactorily. It will make a ragged-looking bed of it, but in a short time the runners sent out from the old plants will cover the spaded-up soil with a thrifty stock of new ones, from which you can expect a good crop of fruit next season. I have known beds of this plant to be kept in very satisfactory condition for a long term of years by following this method. The strip left unspaded this year should be turned over next year. In this way half the bed is made to renew itself yearly. It is not pretended, however, that it is the best method of obtaining record-breaking crops of fruit, but it will recommend itself to the man who has not much time to devote to gardening.

One must be constantly on the lookout for bugs among the cucumbers and squashes. I have found that dusting the plants with dry earth, while they are damp, is about as effective as anything. If these enemies can be kept in check until the plants get a good start they will do but little harm. It is during the early stages of the plants' growth that greatest care must be given. A little neglect then may ruin everything, as the bugs and beetles come suddenly, do their deadly work rapidly, and are often gone before you are aware of their being anywhere in the vicinity. Wood-ashes sifted over the young plants will often prove beneficial. Some persons recommend a mixture of Paris green and slaked lime, but I have always found that Paris green was too strong for the tender young plants.

Many professional gardeners tell me that

they find wood-ashes of great benefit in the treatment of club-foot and maggot among cabbage. A pail is filled with water and ashes—about one-quarter of the latter—and the mixture stirred until a thorough union takes place. The roots of the young plants are puddled in the infusion, at planting-time. This remedy is particularly useful for cabbage set out as a late crop.

Tomatoes are generally left to train themselves. This is wrong, as you get a rank growth of branches and not much fruit. Thin out the branches from time to time during the growing period, leaving not more than four or five to a plant. By all means train them to a trellis, tying them up well. After a quantity of fruit has "set," cut off the ends of the branches, thus forcing the strength of the plants into the development of the fruit for early use. One reason why we have so few tomatoes in the North, and why they come so late in the season that few of them ripen thoroughly, is because we let our plants grow and grow, and expend most of their energy in that direction, rather than in the production of fruit. Plants trained on trellises, where the sun and air can circulate freely among them, are almost always free from rot.

Another sowing should be made of vegetables which mature early in the season, like spinach, beets, and radishes. The soil in which they are planted should be rich, mellow and fully exposed to the sun, in order to hasten their development. The quicker their growth, the tenderer they will be, and their flavor will be far superior to that of plants grown in a soil that does not encourage rapid development. By planting nearly all vegetables in succession, up to the middle of summer, they can be enjoyed throughout the greater part of the season.

IN THE POULTRY YARD

The ideal site for a poultry-yard is a dry, rather high piece of ground, having a slope to the south or east. Natural drainage should be good. A yard located on a flat, undrained surface will never give satisfaction. A light soil is vastly superior to a heavy one—if sandy, so much the better. Clay land is objectionable because hens cannot scratch to advantage in it, and unless hens can scratch and pulverize the soil into dust they will not do well. Poultry-grounds should be protected on the north and west by buildings, a high, tight board fence, or a thick hedge of

evergreens—something that will break the force of the prevailing winds.

The size of the enclosure should be determined by the number of hens you propose to keep. At one of our recent poultry conventions the assertion was made by a most successful poultry grower that a space ten feet square should be allowed for each fowl. From this you can readily calculate the size of your yard. The statement was also made at this convention that few persons who start in without previous experience are likely to be successful if they begin with a large number of fowls. Disease is more likely to attack them, and is more difficult to control where there are many to treat. The amateur finds he has more on his hands than he had reckoned on, failure results, he becomes discouraged, and finally he comes to the conclusion that "there isn't any money in poultry."

It was said, also, that the man who begins with fifteen or twenty hens can care for them properly, and find time to learn the ins and outs of the business—the little things upon which success so largely depends—as he goes along. When these are learned, he can safely afford to increase the size of his flock, and not till then. The common mistake of the beginner in the poultry business is that he thinks he has mastered it because he has read some books on poultry-growing; success must be attained by the practical knowledge which comes of working among fowl, and not of reading about them. It was also agreed that only one male was needed for twenty hens. The male is necessary for breeding purposes only, as he has no influence on egg-production.

In building houses for winter shelter, plan them after some of the designs given in standard books on poultry management. Build substantially, and with a view to warmth in winter. Hens will not lay well in cold and draughty houses, nor will they be healthy in damp ones.

One experienced grower deplored the fact that the poultry-business has been made to seem a difficult and complicated one because of the elaborate care advised by many persons who write on the subject. He held that what he called a "common-sense ration" throughout the summer and fall was superior, in every way, to a "fancy" one, both for the health of the fowl and the production of eggs. He gave this as his rule for feeding: One-third each of oats, wheat bran, and crushed corn, dampened to mealiness and thoroughly mixed. After moulting begins a small quantity of linseed meal—perhaps two tablespoonfuls to twenty hens—is added. Some old nails are kept in the vessels of drinking water. Table scraps are given at noon, and during the rest of the day in summer the hens are allowed to forage in a grassy yard to suit themselves. On the approach of cold weather another feed of whole corn is given before the flock goes

to roost. Not a case of chicken-cholera has appeared in his flock, and egg-production has been large and regular.

AMONG THE FLOWERS

If the season happens to be a dry one do not begin to water the flower-garden unless you have ample facilities at hand for keeping up the artificial supply of moisture. Better let the plants take their chances of surviving the drouth than to meet their demands for water for a little time and then neglect them.

In applying water with the ordinary watering-pot remove the spray-nozzle. This will scatter water over the surface of the ground, and do but little good because not enough gets to the roots of the plants. Apply the water through the spout, concentrating it at the base of each plant, and be sure that enough is used to penetrate the soil to the depth of four or five inches. A smaller amount will be of very little benefit.

See that the dahlias and gladioli are well staked and neatly tied. Use strips of cloth rather than string, as the latter often cuts into the soft wood.

Keep the hoe going in dry weather. An open soil has something of the porosity of a sponge and absorbs whatever moisture there happens to be in the atmosphere, but a soil that is allowed to become hard and crusted over repels moisture.

In training vines about the house, be careful to give good support as they develop. Unless this is done they may be torn down by a sudden storm of wind or rain, and then it is impossible to put them back without injuring them. Prevent the possibility of harm of this kind by tacking them to the walls with strips of stout leather. Cloth rots in a season, and string is no better.

Seedlings of perennials can be transplanted to the beds and borders where they are to remain. Do this on a showery day, if possible, disturbing their roots but little. If they are watered well before lifting, the soil will cling about them and prevent root-exposure.

Cut back tea roses sharply after each period of bloom. This will induce the development of new branches on which blossoms are borne. Make the soil very rich about these plants, using old cow-manure, if obtainable, in preference to any other fertilizer.

After hybrid perpetual roses have perfected their first crop of flowers, cut them back well and manure heavily. Being similar in habit to the tea class, they should have about the same treatment. They cannot be expected, however, to bloom as freely as the teas, after June.

Now is the time to get ready for next winter. Cut your old Boston and Pierson ferns apart, and make half a dozen new plants from each one of them. Pot them in a soil of leafmold and sand, put them in a

shady place, water well and shower daily. Young plants secured in this manner will be worth a dozen old ones for winter use.

If you have geraniums—or any other plant, for that matter—that you intend to make use of in the window-garden next winter, do not allow them to bloom during summer. Nip off every bud as soon as seen. Throw the strength of the plant into the development of branches. These should be shortened from time to time and made to produce side-branches. In this way you get a bushy, compact plant with a score of blossoming-points where there would be but few if you allowed the plant to train itself.

Keep your chrysanthemums going steadily ahead. This is done by re-potting to larger pots if their roots have filled the old ones, by the liberal use of some good fertilizer, and thorough watering. In hot weather it may be necessary to apply water to the roots twice a day. Always keep the soil quite moist. Be on the lookout for the black beetle. This is the most dangerous enemy of the chrysanthemum. My remedy is Ivory soap, melted, and mixed with water, in the proportion of a small-sized cake to fifteen gallons of the latter. Apply with a sprayer, all over the plant. Do this repeatedly once or twice a day until not a beetle is to be seen.

THE REASONING POWER OF THE DOG

BY S. L. DE FABRY

WHETHER a dog's action, combining intelligence in execution with a definite purpose, is prompted by instinct or by reason is still an unsolved problem.

To teach a dog tricks or to train the sporting dog for field work is a purely mechanical lesson, impressed on his mind by memory in the first case, and by leading his inherited instinct into ways to serve us, in the second—neither has any relation to reasoning. The reasoning power in the animal shows itself if acts are accomplished which are the result of well-laid plans, executed after correct observation and carried out for a purpose, and not resembling the rudimental forms of instinct. Reasoning cannot be taught a dog as a trick can; it is the logical consequence of higher intelligence and of a well-developed mind. The dog which barks furiously at the cat on the tree, and attempts to crawl after her, is the simple dog; the intelligent animal would see at a glance the impossibility of the feat and not even try it.

Dogs are noted for their wonderful memory for places and objects, and they often return unaided from great distances through this gift.

Some interesting incidents showing reasoning power came under the writer's observation in his long experience with dogs. To the large breeds preference was given, especially St. Bernards and Great Danes, as capable of astonishing mental development if reared properly and brought up under the right conditions.

Amongst the many, I remember one whose doings were so rational that they are worth recording. This dog showed from his tenderest age remarkable intelligence, excellent memory and observing

capacity, and an affection and loyalty for me which I have never seen duplicated since. Whenever he was let out of his kennel his first thought would be to locate the writer, hunting all familiar places until successful. If I happened to be in the house he would scratch at the door or moan pitifully at the ground floor windows to attract my attention; he was untiring in his efforts, never relaxing in his watching, even if tempted with food by others. I mention this as it indicates will power. I never let an opportunity pass without putting this dog's adaptiveness to circumstances to a test. One day I happened to notice that a large oak tree overshadowed one of my outhouses. One branch nearly covered the roof of the shed, forming a bridge to the tree. Here was a chance which I decided to utilize. By placing a large wooden box against the wall of the shed and a smaller one on top of the first one, it was made possible for the dog to reach the nearly flat roof. The tree was successfully climbed with the aid of a ladder, the latter removed and the dog ordered to be let out of his kennel, some distance away.

He, as usual, came on a run, scenting at all the places he was wont to find me. He soon detected me in my lofty position. I shall never forget the dog's facial expression as he spied me, it was as near to a human smile as I ever saw. He circled the tree, then stood up against the trunk as if mentally measuring the height of the lowest branches. Then his correct conception of distances and power of observation showed itself; instead of wasting time in futile efforts, he gave his attention to every object near the tree, and it is

plausible to presume that his mind at that moment was reasoning to find a way to get up the tree. The moment he saw his way clear to get up on the roof, he instantly grasped the feasibility of getting near me in that way. With one bound he cleared the boxes and was on the roof in the next, then made his way carefully over the heavy foliage of the overlying tree to reach me. The dog reasoned correctly and judged at a glance the only way open to serve his purpose.

This same dog hated the confinement of his kennel and used the most remarkable tactics to break out. I used a six-foot wire fence. His adaptiveness to dig under the fence was amazing. Stones, logs, or boards were of no avail. He always found a place never thought of. If he found the ground too hard he would stand up against the wire fence, pushing his big paws through the mesh, then taking hold of the wire with his teeth he would throw his entire weight against it, pulling at it little by little until the posts gave somewhat. Then by doubling his efforts the top of the fence was pulled down low enough so he could clear it. This was not accomplished in a day or even a week; the dog had a definite purpose in view and worked until he accomplished his purpose.

To overcome this I had ten-inch boards nailed between the posts, on top of the fence, and the latter fastened on these boards. Things were satisfactory for a short time. One nice morning I found him at the house door bright and early wagging joyfully at me. I was really puzzled; and anxious to learn how he broke out this time.

A visiting dog had been shipped to the kennels the previous day. The newcomer was liberated in this dog's run and the crate left standing in the middle of his yard. The dog, as usual, made good his opportunity by taking hold of the laths with his powerful jaws and succeeded in moving the crate close enough to the fence so he could jump it. Of interest here is the memory of the dog, who evidently remembered by what means he got up on the roof previously, and reasoned that the crate would serve as the wooden boxes served before.

Being of an affectionate, kind disposition, he insisted on being treated in the same way. If ordered to return to his kennel he would obey at once by heading for it, but near the door he would stop, stand immovable, and no amount of coaxing or punishment would induce him to stir; but the moment I petted him, talking kindly, he would turn in seemingly satisfied.

One day I came into his kennel and found cuts on his muzzle, chest and front legs. Being under the impression that he had been fighting with his kennel mate, I started to punish both. The dog at once commenced to act queerly, as if he resented my act. He started forward a few yards and then pointed with his nose at the

fence. I soon found the real cause of his wounds. He had succeeded in biting through the wire at several places and had cut himself by trying to squeeze through a too small opening. The dog seemed to understand that I was making a mistake, and wanted to forestall unjust punishment.

Another dog I owned suffered a great deal with indigestion. The least indiscreet diet would bring on these attacks, and as they occurred very frequently I had a large bottle of medicine always on hand and kept it on a shelf in his kennel. The dog seemed to have acquired a thorough comprehension as to the relief-bringing quality of that bottle. Whenever he was ill and food was placed before him, he would scent it, walk away without touching it, then turn to the shelf and gazing steadily at the bottle, indicate plainly his wants. He took the medicine without the slightest balking, which is rather exceptional, as any one who ever tried to dose a dog will agree.

This dog when let out, would never disturb anything in the poultry yard, but the moment a stray chick lost her way into his yard, the savage got the better of him; he would catch the unfortunate straggler, kill and devour it, leaving only a few feathers as evidence of the "murder." Punishment always followed. The remnants of feathers were shown to the dog so as to impress on him his wrong-doings and make the cause of the punishment clear to him. From time to time young chickens would be missing, and all efforts to locate the guilty one were vain. The dog's yard was always scrutinized but nothing found.

My best broilers were disappearing at a rapid rate and I decided to have the dog watched. Soon he was caught in the act and the mystery solved. The moment the dog had finished his meal, he scratched the feathers in a heap and carried them with his teeth to a corner of his yard, where he buried them. The dog had the most embarrassed and helpless expression at the time he was caught that I ever noticed on a dog. An extra severe punishment was dealt out, and I do not know if the mortification of being trapped or the punishment did the work, but the dog was cured from that moment on.

The related observations show reasoning in order to accomplish something for a set purpose. I believe most animals possess the quality in some degree, more or less, according to their mental development.

In the last case described the dog's instinct led him to catch and kill the chicken; but memory told him that punishment would follow if found out. He reasoned that by hiding the evidence of his guilt he would escape punishment for his actions, which he understood to be wrong. The very fact of being able to discriminate between right and wrong and trying to check the consequences of the latter, shows the necessity of thinking, and therefore of reasoning power.

HOW TO BIT YOUR HORSE

BY F. M. WARE

THE interior of a horse's mouth will well repay lengthy study. The lower jaw is a bundle of most sensitive nerves; of bones covered with the most paper-like skin, protected from the brutality or carelessness of man only by the muscular cushion of the tongue. We speak of "making a horse's mouth"; it is really his tongue which we educate to obey our directions. Cut off the tongue, or let the animal get it over his bit, and one will find the creature at once unmanageable, or nearly so. The lower jaw, or tongue, of seventy per cent. of our horses of six years old and over betrays evidences of brutal usage.

You can never give a horse a proper mouth unless, first, you prevent his keeping his mouth open; second, you keep his tongue always under the bit, and not over it or "lolling" out of the mouth; third, you train him to go pleasantly up to it, and to bend himself, and never to be "behind" his bit, or to pull on it, or to drive upon either rein; fourth, you keep him always "alive on" and responsive to its slightest indications; fifth, you so balance him, that he *can* do all these things without suffering personal discomfort; sixth, you thoroughly deceive him as to the qualities and quantity of your power to control and direct. These essentials may all be simplified into two divisions: first, make him absolutely comfortable; second, fool him.

From earliest colthood the horse should be allowed to yield jaw and neck, of course, but never to open his mouth to the pressure of the bit. An enthusiast wrestling with the problem of biting *à la* Baucher, may train his horse to open his mouth to bit flexion—the most pernicious habit he could learn. This result is usual after the application of the "dumb jockey" (now rarely used), with its tight check, and rubber side lines cruelly shortened. When neck and jaw can stand the agony of restraint no longer, the opening of the mouth gives relief by yielding several inches, and the habit is adopted, in most cases to last through life; the tongue often works over the bit to escape pain, and "tongue lolling" becomes a confirmed habit.

No horse has so true and sensitive a mouth as the average horse handled by an American handler of colts. He uses the simplest and easiest bits; he sees that they fit, and that they hang where they belong; he rarely develops a puller (though he sometimes does develop a sluggard).

His pupils in heavy harness accept the puzzling curb-bit and pulley-bridoon without objection. We are, in heavy-harness bits, where we were a hundred years ago. All horses must be reduced to a unit, and go acceptably in the curb-bit, which varies hardly at all so far as the mouth-piece goes.

No horse can be really "in hand" and properly facing his bit whose mouth and bars are dry. The open mouth is always a dry mouth. If he opens it, it must be shut by tightening the nose-band, or by a nose-strap; only, however, when all other means fail. Many animals will close the mouth to a light hand which keeps the mouth "alive" with its delicate "take and give." Others will succumb to an adjustment of the bit, or a style of bit, that just suits them. Others need the tongue fastened down, not only to keep the mouth shut and to prevent "lolling," but sometimes to stop a curious habit of drawing the tongue up in the mouth to such an extent that respiration is interfered with.

Control is impossible unless the tongue stays under the bit. It may be tied down, or confined by a rubber band (both last resorts), or the bit may be raised high in the mouth, or a "floating port," or a stiff leather port of considerable length—about four inches—will keep the member in place. Many will respond to the dropping of the bit low in the mouth, so that the tongue may readily be put over or under. The reason is plain—the bit is in a new place, and to protect himself from pain, the subject keeps his tongue under it. Sharp teeth have much to do with this fault. Thorough "floating" has cured many a "tongue loller."

A bit with its mouthpiece curved in the segment of a circle is generally very successful with "green" horses, for the reasons that it affords room for the tongue to lie comfortably beneath it, without taking almost the entire pressure; that it rests evenly upon the bars of the mouth; that its curved surface produces a regularly graduated sensation throughout the entire jaw; that it does not burn the tender membrane if roughly pulled, moving round the jaw rather than through it; that it need not fit the mouth (in width) so exactly; that it comes as near the effects of a jointed-snaffle as any solid bar-bit can.

The heavy-harness bit may have a jointed mouth-piece (like a snaffle) instead of the usual solid form. We can

then only use it in the cheek, and the half-cheek; however, in the middle bar it will have little effect, and it will tend to pinch the jaw. "Green" horses always drive well thus bitted, as the effect is what they have experienced in light harness.

Any horse will go up to his bit if it suits his mouth. We shall have trouble if we attempt to drive in the middle-bar a horse which prefers the cheek, or if we use a tight chain, or a dropped bit when his mouth does not require such harsh measures. Horses vary from day to day, and arrangements which are O.K. on Monday may be quite the reverse on Wednesday. If we try to force a horse up to a bit too harsh for his mouth we provoke trouble of various kinds, and are quite certain to lay the foundation from which pullers are made.

No horse was ever born a puller. Deficiencies in conformation have much to do with the fault. The mere weight of the reins is quite an appreciable number of pounds and exerts a most tiresome effect upon the jaw muscles. If we force a horse to face this punishment we leave him a choice of two evils: either to suffer tortures in mouth, jaw and neck, or, by pulling harder, to cause the curb chain to quickly destroy all sensation. Thus he escapes pain, and this trick he acquires as the only reprisal possible. We often obtain the same results by regulating his paces and carriage to our own ideas.

Never court trouble, least of all with an animal, and unless we are sure that we can "win out." We can always beat a horse by artifice and deception—that is the only secret in handling him—but very often brute strength and severity will fail. Take, for instance, the horse who, on leaving the stable, likes to go away fast for the first few blocks, or the first quarter-mile. We object, and pull at him; he resists; we "come again," and possibly put in a jerk or two for good measure, and so it goes until it becomes a habit with him always to "take hold" as soon as he starts. Other horses will lug desperately in going round a corner; others drive pleasantly until you try to stop them, when they suddenly throw their whole weight on the bit, and blunder ahead anywhere; others plunge away at starting, and after a few yards are quiet; some pull one way, and some another—but all can be stopped. Of course, a low-headed, straight-shouldered, thick-necked, narrow-jawed "bull," as the dealers call them, is frequently almost hopeless.

One may fall in with a puller at any time which other people have cultivated to an exquisite proficiency, and there are various methods of getting the best of these nuisances without seriously hurting them. Any one who drives much should carry with him in his driving coat pocket two little straps and a piece of stout cord. One strap is about three-quarters of an

inch wide, long enough to go through the average mouth, and has sewn on each end the half of a curb chain. If all other resources fail, place this in the mouth *under* the tongue, and cross the chains under the chin, taking them up snugly on the curb-hooks. The other strap is long enough to go completely around the nose and has a buckle on one side to shorten it, and the curb chain on each end. Put this around the nose, above the nostrils, cross under the chin, and hook snugly. This keeps the mouth shut, and both these arrangements are very severe. The cord is a last resort, and goes *over* the upper jaw, but *under* the upper lip, back through the half cheek, and is tied there, more or less tight. This takes effect upon a surface never before touched, and must be applied with great care as a very high-couraged horse will sometimes fight it desperately. Of course all these arrangements are merely temporary makeshifts and lose their effect if frequently employed; nor should they be brought into use until other methods have failed. Nose-nets and other contraptions also lose all value if regularly worn. The very best way to cure a puller is to pass him along and let the other fellow tackle the job.

Horses that drive on one rein need thorough attention to their teeth at once. Few horses drive on one rein which are not also "foul gaited" in carrying one hind foot between the front; in sidling, and in other vagaries of locomotion, and such subjects frequently interfere, overreach, or cross-fire—which will stop when the original fault is corrected. The "bristle-burr" has excited much indignation from humanitarians who knew nothing of it, or its effects. Now the "burr" has upon its surface various bunches of bristles, about half an inch long, and if it inflicts pain to press your tooth-brush (even with all your power) against your own mouth angles, then the "bristle-burr" is an article of torture. Try it and see whether you suffer. Uncomfortable?—yes, if you persist in pressing on it—and so the horse finds it, and therefore he doesn't press on it, but carries his head straight and the "burr" away from the mouth-angle—which the width of the bit allows him to do. There are hundreds of horses in use to-day regularly wearing "bristle-burrs," and are comfortable with them and uncontrollable without them. It is of no use to haul and jerk at a "one-reiner" or a puller; little sharp "give-and-take" pulls that never let him get steadily hold of you are the manipulations that succeed. To pull, a horse must brace himself—set himself, and all his muscles. The little, imperceptible touches which become automatic on the part of a good reinsman, continually come at just the moment when the horse thinks, "Now, I've got you!" Harsh-biting never answers with a "one-reiner"; driving him circles on the side he pulls will

help; changing the position of his head, and his bits; varying the working-side in pairs; using a stick from the pad-terret to the bit to keep him straight; "bristle-burrs," and, finally, plain-leather-cheeks (as a reminder); rubber, or leather, or flannel-covered bits, etc., all help, but each horse is a study in himself.

In biting the saddle horse a lot of vexation has been caused amateurs by the study of the works of Baucher, and other experts, who so concealed their very simple methods behind a mass of verbiage that the neophyte was completely bewildered. Two obstacles always interfere with success in these undertakings. First, the student is unable to decide when to stop, or how to begin; nor does he ride well enough to secure the perfect and unconscious balance and seat without which fine "hands" are impossible. Second, he lacks the patience to persevere, and if he succeeds he finds that it is bothersome to keep his pupils always at their best, and that they are too finely educated for the average equestrian to ride at all. Horses trained to perfection, are not salable until "spoiled down to" the capacity of the average twice-around-the-park-for-my-liver's-sake rider. Buyers don't want horses that may make them appear ridiculous. Neither will any one pay for the time and skill required to thoroughly educate a saddle horse, and therefore mouths may be the most imperfect and still meet all requirements; in fact one that will "take hold" enough to allow the rider to haul himself up at each step in the trot, and to hold on by in the canter, or over a fence, is regarded as a delightful mount by most people.

In so brief an article as this, it is impossible to go into all the details of biting, and of producing perfect balance in the horse. To produce, and to retain it, the animal is never allowed to take a step of his own volition, but is "ridden" from the time the equestrian mounts. Certain supplings and bendings are practiced upon the subject's jaw and neck from the ground, but this may be carried as far as is worth while in the average saddle-horse, from the saddle. This biting is fully as much a matter of the legs and heels as of the hands, and no horse can be made to bend and collect himself unless the seat is good enough to allow of proper leg work and the balance true enough to aid and not to impede the process. A few important hints on the subject are:

In every movement asked of the horse, from yielding the jaw at a stand, action of the legs (or spurs at first) must always precede that of the hands. This is the basic rule of all horsemanship.

The hands must never yield until the jaw and neck have first done so; then instantly.

The snaffle is the harmless medium of the neophyte, the test of skill in the expert.

No horse's head can be properly placed, leaving at the same time a pliant mouth, except with the snaffle (or bridoon), in the full bridle.

Nature gave us two hands, and both are needed in equestrianism.

As the first step in attaining balance, the horse must, in all his paces, carry his face perpendicularly.

Lessons should be short—not over ten minutes—frequently repeated, twice or more daily, if possible; submission be followed by instant caress to the part addressed.

If a horse turns sulky, revert instantly to first principles; that was the way you learned the multiplication table.

The smaller the arena, etc., the quicker will the pupil bend himself, make his mouth, and come into balance. Even a box-stall will do.

Every horse has two ends, and we must obtain control of both; the "forehand" by our hands, the "backhand" by our legs.

The moment a horse rests upon the hand, that moment he is out of balance.

When the mouth is "making," and alive to address, it is always moist on bars and lip angles.

The bridoon "sets" the head, and gives the signals for turning, etc.; the curb restrains, aids the perpendicular carriage of the head, and so places it that the bridoon may act properly.

The first impulse of the horse is always to yield to the pressure of the hands and of the legs, but this yielding is evanescent (with the mouth at least), and must be instantly rewarded by the yielding hand.

Care must be taken that when the jaw is yielded it simply relaxes, and that the mouth does not open, lest this be interpreted as the object of the tension.

In all bending and suppling of the neck, the horse's head must be straightened by the opposite rein, and he must never be allowed to straighten it of his own volition.

Nothing makes a horse bend himself, come into balance, and carry himself light in hand better than backing.

These matters, while the A B C of biting for saddle work, include more attention than the average horse gets. The same sort of work is of great advantage for harness horses, and is better for all of them than the cruelly abused biting-gear.

ROD AND GUN

FLY FISHING FOR OUANANICHE

By LOUIS RHEAD

EVERY angler who has learned to cast a fly tolerably well, so that he can land a good-sized trout in a businesslike way, begins to think and wonder what he would do with a leaping salmon if he had him on.

The best place to go for salmon in my experience is the Grande Décharge of Lake St. John, two hundred and ninety miles above Quebec by the Lake St. John Railway to Roberval, stay there over night, then early next morning take a small steamer to the Island House which is about forty miles away and right near the Décharge. The best time to go is from June 15th to July 15th. The fish are then hungry, plentiful and gamey, and the gnats and mosquitoes are not so bad as they are later on when it gets warmer.

In providing tackle, a well-built trout rod of six or eight ounces, twelve feet long, is to my mind the best, but the all-important thing in tackle for ouananiche is to get the very best gut, line, reel and fly. It is the soundest economy to begrudge no expense connected with these four things on which the sport for all this outlay depends. Moreover, as regards gut, I believe that the best, and consequently the most expensive, is in the long run actually the most economical if proper care be taken of it. A good carefully picked salmon gut will outlast four inferior strands. I have two salmon leaders, bought nine years ago in England, which have been used every season either for salmon or bass, and they are still strong and sound, with a large number of fish to their credit, too.

A salmon gut leader should be six feet long with the upper fly three feet from the leader or end fly. Only two flies are used. In both trips of three weeks' duration the only flies I used were the Jock Scott and Silver Doctor. This was not because I had no other flies, for my salmon book contains nearly four hundred flies of a hundred different kinds. The two flies mentioned I found were used by the others. The guides said they were the best so I began with them and as I kept on landing fish I wisely let well enough alone.

Let the fly be a reasonably small one; a large-sized trout fly or a small-sized bass fly is right. I was sorry to see many fishermen using flies with a double hook. This is stepping down from high sportsmanship. It looks as if the angler were afraid to lose a fish, which to me is part of the game—adding zest and vim to the work of playing

with him—as well as successfully landing him from the surging waters.

As to the lines, I know of nothing better than the best braided silk lines. They are strong, round, even and pliable, as well as light, the last being all important in casting. The best line is that which tapers to the size of the gut.

Regarding the reel, it should be of the best, running smooth and easily with a heavy click, and black in color, for the ouananiche is just as easily scared as a trout, and while casting the bright glitter of shining steel scares away more fish than the angler supposes. I have never tried the automatic reel, but if one is used to it and can manage it handily no doubt it would be of great assistance in the rapid breaks and returns that the ouananiche is so justly famous for. The reel should be used underneath the rod and below the grip, not above and over as in bait casting.

The only thing remaining is to be provided with a net ample in size and with a handle at least four feet long. Although the guide invariably uses the net, there are times when the angler wishes to do the whole thing himself. As regards tackle this completes the outfit.

On arrival at the Island House the angler will have an opportunity to look around, unpack and make preparations for an early start on the following morning, for the greater part of the day is spent in crossing the lake, having lunch and getting ready for the fishing trip.

At the landing the guides are in waiting. Two are picked out by the house manager, and you squat down in the middle of the bark canoe with a guide at each end. It will be a convenient thing if you can speak French, for out of the whole lot I found only one who could make himself intelligently understood in English.

A picturesque feature is the genuine birch-bark canoe instead of the commonplace canvas substitute. Those made of new bark are of a golden-orange color which after long service becomes a silvery gray. These canoes are made by the Montagnais Indians during the summer at their little reservation near Roberval. They cost about twenty-five dollars. The bark is stripped from the trees on their hunting trips in the winter.

Because of the rapid water and numerous currents it is necessary to have two guides. We soon got to the Grand Falls where the best pools are. Casting and landing in a canoe are difficult and disagreeable. For that reason very few try it. It is much better and easier to fish from the rocks, most of the pools being near shore. As we crossed the boiling water to one of the numerous islands, we could see great

masses of floating foam, sometimes from forty to sixty feet square. In this floating white mass are myriads of flies caught by the torrent, and underneath the salmon may be seen on the feed.

Now the time had arrived, after traveling so far, our only thoughts were on the number and size of the quarry, but we were told there is a limit of twenty fish per day for one angler. The average fish is two pounds, a good one is four pounds, a "corker" is six. I have never caught a "corker," and to tell the truth I would not like to labor with many six-pound ouananiche.

And now for the cast! A long caster has the best chances. A cast of fifty feet is good; one of seventy is better, one of a hundred gets the largest fish. Our object is to land the fly on the foam in the middle, if possible, and let it sink just a few seconds, sometimes less. Remember the foam is constantly moving; sometimes it touches the rocks. Then the tyro has his chances, but this applies only to the smaller fish. The larger fish stay out at least fifty feet. They see the fishermen casting and are therefore wary. When a large fish takes the fly he at once feels something wrong. He first gives a quick shake, maybe to shake the fly down; then he feels the barb, for he cannot swallow that. Instantly down into the deep water he plunges like a runaway horse. Nothing will stop him. Then from the bottom we can feel him sailing up again at the same breakneck speed, and like a flash he breaks through the water high into the air. There is something in this moment never to be forgotten—"our first salmon," the roaring water of the falls, and the reel screaming! Down again he goes, but not so deep this time. He tears along, and to our surprise he breaks again one hundred feet away. Like lightning he is back at our very feet and out of the water again. What a beauty he is—for a second in the air with gills expanding and mouth wide open, and we stand there breathing hard, not knowing what to do or what is coming. Our line is trailing in the water, for we are not as yet accustomed to his antics. After he views his tormentor he goes down below, eighty feet deep, and then he holds himself there and shakes his body back and forth like a bulldog. With arms tired and aching you still hold on, and here comes the final test of the gut, and that test will prove if you understand just the right tension to hold. A jerk or just a little give will lose him. He is well hooked and only poor handling will give him a chance. Meanwhile the guide goes down the rock to the edge of the water, standing calm with net in hand, now and then giving a word of advice, which gives us confidence in ourselves so that we mentally resolve to land that salmon if possible. During this sulk the fish will lie there from five to twenty

minutes, the line being kept taut all the time. Suddenly the reel again sings merrily, for if you have been wise you will have held the line between your fingers, reeling in the surplus line. He will now break water at a reasonable distance and you will gradually reel him in nearer and nearer. He will hold back doggedly all the time until he is near enough to see the net, which sets him on fire again. Though angler and fish are both tired, he makes a last spurt away and breaks water for the last time. Then he comes up and the guide with a swift, deep stroke brings the struggling, kicking beauty ashore. He is a four-pound fish and your guide praises you greatly and says in French, "You are a fit antagonist."

Never attempt to net the fish yourself on the first day or so; let the guides do that and see how they manage it. One practical lesson is worth a good deal. The ouananiche is very hard indeed to get in the net; he is so frightened at it and the angler that he will again and again dart off, and the same careful playing must be repeated every time. It is no use to hurry matters with the fine tackle I recommend, and heavy coarse tackle they will not take.

There are times when both flies are taken at once. In such cases more care is required and it is absolutely necessary that the guide should net them. He knows just the right moment to get them, that is, when the fish are close to each other.

And so the fishing goes on through the day with a short interval for a fish lunch if any are caught. Otherwise a can of beef is opened; but it is considered very unfavorable to open a can, and if the angler is a duffer the guide will himself offer to try his skill. As he says, "Just enough for our luncheon," and invariably he gets enough for luncheon. Afterward we enviously try to emulate his skill.

At the close of the day, thoroughly tired, we gather the fish and once more embark for the return journey. Our twenty fish will weigh from thirty to seventy pounds. At this season of the year there is no need to try any other flies, for none are so effective as the good Silver Doctor and Jock Scott. These flies may be purchased in the best and most reliable tackle shops in New York City for forty cents each. They can be purchased in Quebec at the same price.

This gamey fish may also be caught in Maine, but the conditions are entirely different. They are mostly in deep lakes and their mode of capture is essentially different and to my mind not half so exciting. At the Décharge the turbulent water gives a dash and go to the game entirely lacking so far as I know in Maine waters. The expense of the trip is somewhat lower in Maine, but the Canadian experience is well worth the extra cost.

SAVING THE CROPS

BY A. S. ATKINSON

THE economy of spraying fruit and vegetable trees and plants is not to be questioned; but there is another side to the subject that is worth emphasizing. We can fight the bugs, worms, beetles, and other insects quite effectually in garden and orchard by observing very simple rules. One of the best checks to insect pests is to adopt a sensible rotation of crops. From the point of view of maintaining the fertility of the soil a proper system of rotation is essential, but when we add to it the benefit derived in checking the spread of insects it should be emphatically recommended.

We can partly check the onion maggot, cabbage maggot and many similar pests by simply changing the crops from season to season. The insects are starved out by this process, and the larvæ hatched out from last season's crop find no natural food to live on. No crop should be raised more than two successive seasons on the same piece of ground. In some cases one year for each crop is better. Crops following should be as different in their characteristics as possible, so there may be no danger of the old enemies eating the new plants. Onions should not follow cabbages on the same piece of ground, nor lettuce come after tomatoes or parsley.

The rotation can be accomplished only by keeping a complete map or diagram of the garden from year to year. By a little planning next season's cabbage patch can be far removed from this season's, so that the maggots cannot readily find it. Corn may follow the cabbages, and turnips may come after the spring and summer lettuce. By the right rotation of crops, and proper care so that the plants will grow rapidly, the insect pests can be controlled to a considerable extent. In the case of the Hessian fly decided benefits are obtained in the wheat fields by changing the position of the crop each successive season.

The second step in fighting the insect pests without spraying is to cut down all the weeds, bushes and certain wild trees of the roadsides, hedges and nearby fields which tend to harbor insects. The wild cherry tree is the worst offender in this respect. It is found growing nearly everywhere, and usually in late summer it is thick with insects. The wild cherry tree affords excellent food and shelter for the apple tree tent caterpillar. The descendants of the caterpillars nourished on the leaves of the wild cherry fly into nearby orchards and deposit their eggs on the apple trees. Likewise the grapeberry moth, which so disastrously attacks many vineyards, breeds and multiplies in the small hedge bushes and young trees of all kinds

along roadsides. The army worm takes possession of the weeds along the hedges, and later appears in great numbers to raid the orchards, gardens and fields. It is a surprise sometimes to know where so many of these worms suddenly come from, but the secret is an open one. They have been quietly breeding among the bushes and weeds. By cutting them down and burning them in early summer we destroy thousands of the insects.

The third step to check insect spreading is to encourage the growth of natural enemies of noxious worms, flies and insects. These beneficial insect destroyers should be known and recognized by all. The common toad is one of the best friends of the gardener. A single toad will destroy a score or two flies and insects every day. Toads should be encouraged to spend their days of usefulness in the garden. Birds, especially the martins and bluebirds and common swallows, are great insect destroyers, but unfortunately it is difficult to keep these around in great numbers. However, by feeding them and building bird houses for their young, it is possible to encourage them to stay with us.

The insects which prey upon noxious insects are the most difficult friends for us to recognize. Extensive efforts have been made to introduce insects in this country for destroying garden and orchard pests, but we would do well to recognize the virtues of our own common garden friends. The California lady beetles have accomplished much in destroying the cottony cushioned scale; and now the Chinese lady beetles have been imported to fight the San José scale. All the lady beetles destroy noxious insects, and the common tiger beetle is another excellent fighter in our behalf. The common ants will destroy many noxious insects, and if their own numbers are not allowed to increase so as to prove a nuisance, their presence in the garden is more beneficial than injurious. Nearly all the lady beetles eat plant lice, so that the latter may be kept down without much difficulty. There are many parasites which attack the cocoons of noxious insects, and their presence should be encouraged. Instead of destroying cocoons that show signs of attack by parasites, it is wise to let them remain, so the parasites may do their work and spread for another season. The fresh cocoons, which show no signs of injury, are the ones to destroy; the slimy, worm-eaten ones are the ones to leave.

All of these steps in fighting insects supplementary to spraying with insecticides are important in the ordinary garden.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



THE RENAISSANCE OF CONEY

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON

FAR down on the New York Bowery there exists to-day a highly colored poster of a young woman in an abbreviated-skirt, a décolleté waist and a plumed picture-hat. The poster is pasted on a billboard and the board leans against the front of a dance hall. In the mornings the place is quite deserted, but during the late afternoon hours and again at night the little tin tables which are scattered about the room are fairly well occupied; there is a rush of waiters in soiled coats between the bar in front and the groups about the tables, and a young woman sings ballads and comic songs from a little stage in the rear of the hall. This young woman has a hard, rasping voice, but sufficient in volume, however, to reach the passers-by on the street. Like the lady on the picture outside, she has a short skirt, but there the resemblance ends, for the poster outside is usually of some well-known celebrity such as Lillian Russell or a divinity of the French music halls. There is no intention on the part of

the proprietor to deceive, for his class of patrons probably have never heard of Miss Russell or the divinities of the French music halls; the poster is simply the emblem, and the east-side tough and the sailor ashore for a spree know it and know that within they can find wine, women and song, and all of the three in their most degraded forms. The day has not long passed when the Bowery was fairly rich in such resorts, but now they are gone, and so far as I know all that is left is the dive of which I have spoken and which still hangs out its brazen banner on the sidewalk.

When the traffic deserted its old haunts the managers of the dance halls gathered up their paraphernalia and the greasy-coated waiters and started a new Bowery far from the old stand—a land unknown to the reformer and where law and justice cut but a sorry figure. This chosen spot was called Coney Island, and they christened that part of it which they chose to degrade the Bowery—probably in grate-

ful memory of the palmy days when they were allowed to ply their trade much nearer to City Hall, even in the shadow of the Tombs. They opened the doors of the dance halls, and either side of the single street which constituted the town were lined with the three-sheet posters of the gaily bedecked artists who were supposed to perform within. In addition to the dance halls there were a few "shows" to which an admission was charged, but the shows were "fakes" of the most pronounced kind and their managers pretended them to be little else. Two classes of people supported these shows and dance halls—in-
 nocent souls from the country who believed that they were seeing city life in its most devilish form, and thoroughly knowing men and girls from the city who knew just how soiled "Coney" was and liked it for that very reason. It became the meeting place of the city's petty thieves, the touts from the neighboring race tracks and the lowest social strata of the Metropolis. Sometimes little parties of sight-seers of a better class dined at Brighton Beach and drove over afterwards for a look at "The Bowery." They went there prepared to buy gold bricks, and they were not disappointed. Coney Island in those days was synonymous for everything that was corrupt and lawless—and then there came the reformation, for the change seemed to have happened over night. From a social sore Coney Island was turned into the most extensive and best show place in the world. I have no interest, I regret to say, in any of the numerous enterprises which constitute this amusement village, nor any particular desire to advertise any of its attractions, but it is a pleasure to speak truly about a place which can give so much happiness to children of mature years. There is a theory that crime must be conceived in darkness, and it is an old practice of the authorities to clean up a vicious neighborhood by hanging

up a particularly bright electric light in its midst. It is highly improbable that the men who reformed Coney Island had this idea in view when they threw their network of millions of electric globes across this end of the Island, but the result was the same. Any one who can rob or even practice the mildest deception under the present white light of publicity is deserving of the swag.

There are several ways to reach Coney Island, at least New Yorkers will tell you there are, but the average New Yorker is for some reason wholly ignorant of the geography which immediately surrounds him. In a general way he knows that there is a North and an East River and a Bay and a Sound, but their exact location is usually rather hazy to his mind, and he differentiates them solely by the friends he happens to know who own summer homes on their various banks. When I first sought information as to the best mode of reaching Coney Island I am sure twenty different routes were presented, and each was guaranteed to be the safest and best. They included trips by excursion boats, ferry-boats, railroad trains, trolleys, elevated trains, hacks, automobiles and combinations of a part or all of these. I believe I tried every one of them, and eventually found that the only logical route is to take an elevated train at the Brooklyn Bridge; ask every guard's, policeman's and official's advice in sight, and then by taking



W. J. W.
 One of Coney's "children."

the trains you are told not to take you will eventually arrive at Coney Island. This route costs but a dime, and includes a trip across the bridge and a wonderful view of the chimneys and second-story bedrooms of all Brooklyn. The chimneys are distinctive in the fact that each one is decorated by a billboard painted to represent a huge human molar, and in the center of each is the picture of the painless dentist himself with a large black moustache. The Brooklyn second-

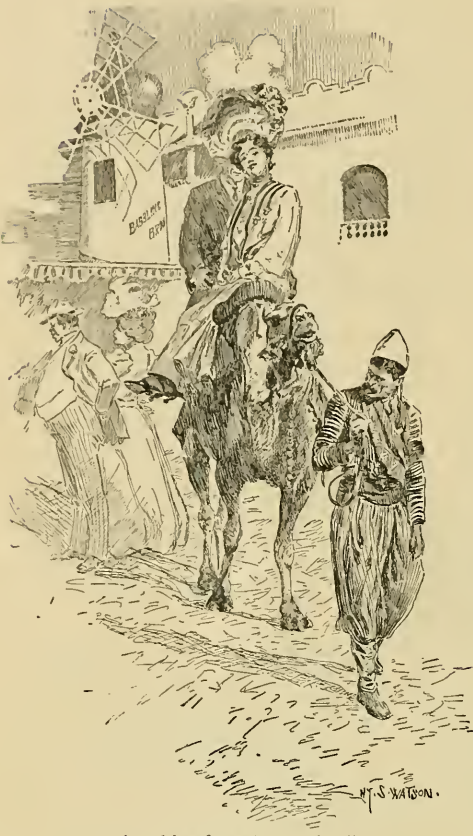
story bedrooms assert their similarity to each other in that whatever the hour the chambermaid seems to have always neglected to make up the bed since the previous night, and each room contains one occupant—a man sitting in his shirt-sleeves, always collarless, and reading an evening paper. The chimneys and bedrooms extend for many miles, but at last we get into the open and a land of semi-detached villas and arid acres, identified solely by large signs whereon real estate agents tell us that on these very acres great cities will soon arise. And then at last across the meadows we see the towers and the bizarre-shaped walls of the play-houses of the city of pleasure.

We enter Coney Island by the stage door as it were, and as the train slows down we find ourselves surrounded by the unpainted backs and wooden frame-work of the canvas walls of tinsel villages. The first thing that impresses us about this pleasure ground is that it is unlike the other "Midways" and "Pikes" and county fairs we have seen, in that it is a city and not the temporary show-place of the fakirs. The one street of which the town practically consists is paved, and there are cable cars and electric-light poles and policemen and all the other signs of the organized commonwealth. It is only in the architecture and the uses of the buildings that line the little street wherein we see the difference. Every house seems to be either a restaurant or a so-called amusement-palace. Here and there we find a modest little haberdasher or a trimming-store tucked away between the gaudy entrance to a scenic-railway or a "Johnstown Flood," but these little shops appear very insignificant and seem really sadly out of place. Even the res-

taurants afford some kind of entertainment—if it is only a gentleman who bangs out "rag-time" on a bad piano. Some of them rise to the dignity of the employment of so-called Hungarian bands, but these are all wide open on the street, and all are free and most of them are decorated with signs which announce that "basket-parties are welcome." Some day there will be a good restaurant at Coney Island, but that day is not yet. Several of those now existent have red lamp shades and one has beardless waiters, but the old régime had a keen disregard for fresh tablecloths, and its feelings are still respected. The same old régime also left a few of its members, who have tried to give the old tone to the new town. This remnant of the past has built its home on a little street just back of the main thoroughfare and directly on the sea, and here one finds a very mild and wholly uninteresting view of what was once typical of Coney Island. There are open dance halls and open



The main street in the "City of Fun."



Anything for a "sensation."

variety performances, where a lot of woody chorus girls and very dull comedians attempt to lure the passer-by in for a glass of beer. But the white light of the new town shines fiercely down upon them and upon their poor entertainment, and must eventually drive them as it did the other cheap and bad shows to another hunting ground.

It would be as difficult, in a short article, to describe, even enumerate, all the shows which line the main thoroughfares as it would be to see the sights of a world's fair in twenty-four hours. The best one can do is to wander along until he or she finds an electric sign which promises something to their taste. Should the visitor have a delight for horrors there is a rare choice of historical mishaps such as the Johnstown or Galveston floods, the Mount Pelee Eruption, The Fall of Pompeii, or several realistic exhibitions of whole blocks of burning build-

ings. The year of 1904 will be memorable, if for nothing else than those two terrible disasters, the burning of the Iroquois Theater and the excursion boat *General Slocum*. So great was the supposed revulsion of feeling on the part of the public after the first of these disasters that theatrical managers found it necessary to cut out any use of flames in a stage performance, and in several instances when a "fire-scene" was necessary to a production the whole play was abandoned. And yet, perhaps, the two most successful shows at Coney Island last summer were the exhibitions, really terrible in their realism, of burning buildings, which seems to show that the morbid love of the public for devastating flames is just as great as it ever was, only the public must be guaranteed absolute personal safety.

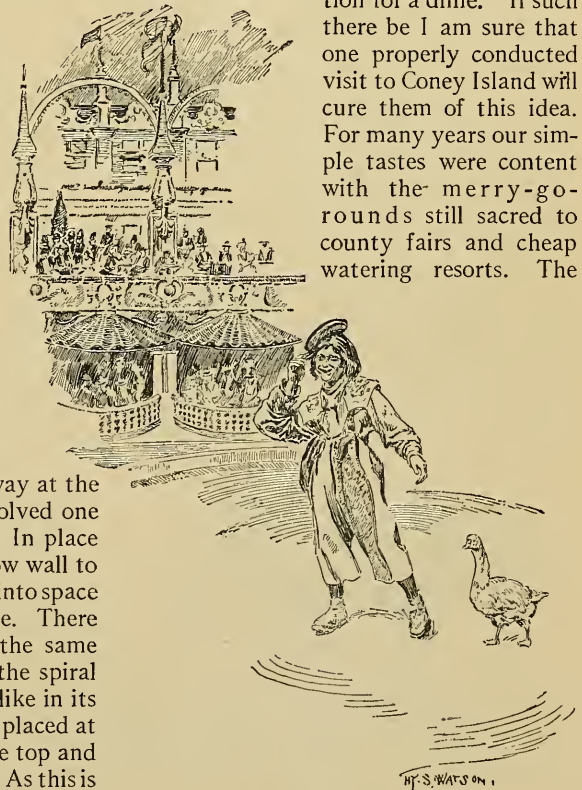
In addition to these grewsome exhibitions of disasters there are many other independent shows of a lighter nature such as trips through imitation coal mines and canals and even the sewers of the great cities. But the foundation of Coney Island's success is not so much in these independent shows as in the three great so-called "Parks" which form the nucleus of the pleasure village. Each of the three is a Midway in itself, and the only difference between them is the very natural advantages which the last two have gleaned from the successes and failures of their predecessors. The same crowd visits all the three, and each has its own particular attractions and faithful admirers. On a fine day or still better on a fine night these parks, which are incidentally built with solid floor foundations, and each covering as much space as a "Midway" or "Pike," are crowded with a great surging mass of men, women and children, and all with but one purpose—amusement.

That is where the showman of Coney Island has the advantage of the city theatrical manager. When a man or more especially a woman pays two dollars for an orchestra seat he or she becomes the critic and mentally demands the full worth of the money expended. The same public goes to Coney Island, spends many times the money it would at the theater, smiles continually and tries to see the best there is in everything. Coney Island is regarded as a lark, and it is treated with the same joyous regard as is the annual visit to the circus.

Old men and old women come with their children and grandchildren, and according to their worldly goods dine at a restaurant or bring their suppers in a basket and afterwards go to one show or fifty as the case may be, but they always go with the spirit of the holiday upon them, and it is this great mixed mass of humanity and the good-will that pervades it that more than all else make Coney Island what it is to-day. Just as the best scenery yet devised was arranged by the Creator of this world, so its best shows are those wherein the people are the leading actors. It is not the long-tailed thoroughbreds with their midget jockeys that make a Derby or a Grand Prix or a Suburban, but it is rather the waves of human beings frenzied with the love of gambling; it is not the broad roadways nor the overhanging trees of the Bois that make the show, but the women in the carriages and the clothes the women wear; the best part of a prize fight is not the sight of two human brutes pounding each other into insensibility on a resined floor, but rather the yelling, crazy mob with its innate love of carnage that the two brutes have turned into the principal actors. It is the same at a stock exchange or at Monte Carlo or a court ball—the people make the show. All it requires is a little stage-management, and this the promoters of pleasure at Coney Island well understand.

A clever person once devised a fire-escape for use in schools, which consisted of a huge metal tube containing a smooth spiral slide. It was only necessary to put a child at the top of the spiral slide, and it would eventually come out at an open doorway at the bottom. From this has been evolved one of the delights of Coney Island. In place of the metal tube there is but a low wall to keep the people from shooting out into space as they slide down the spiral chute. There is even a later development of the same idea at Dreamland. Instead of the spiral chute there is a broad slide glass-like in its smoothness, with raised obstacles placed at intervals. The slidee starts at the top and endeavors to avoid the obstacles. As this is quite impossible, the said slidee, after being

turned around three or four times, usually reaches the bottom of the slide head-first. At first glance this would seem to be an unnecessary mishap, and yet hundreds of men and women slide down all day and night, to the delight of the gaping thousands. It is surely a strange pastime for the sane, but the spirit of joy is abroad and the sight of a serene-looking and elderly fat lady bumping her way down this wooden hillside and ending with a couple of somersaults to finish off with seems but a proper and legitimate pastime after one has grown accustomed to the true spirit of the place. And yet these elderly Jacks and Jills pay for the pleasure of the bumps, while the crowd below watches the fun with shouts of glee and pays nothing. The fat lady would probably excuse herself by telling you that she was enjoying a new sensation, and in this perhaps is to be found not only truth but the great secret which underlies the success of Coney Island's pastimes. There may be cynically inclined worldlings who contend that it is not possible to obtain a real sensation for a dime. If such there be I am sure that one properly conducted visit to Coney Island will cure them of this idea. For many years our simple tastes were content with the merry-go-rounds still sacred to county fairs and cheap watering resorts. The



It takes a clever man to be a fool.

sensation was distinctly mild even in the case of children, and grown-ups were usually attacked with *mal-de-mer*. To offset this mildness the showman eventually built his merry-go-round with horses which plunged about independent of the general rotary movement of the whole concern. It is true that a child was sometimes thrown, but it was that little element of danger that made the game worth while. The same mental reasoning is what makes automobile-racing and tiger-hunting amusing.

But we eventually outgrew merry-go-rounds—children tired of them and old people could ride them without being ill—and so the scenic-railway was introduced. Statistics would probably show that accidents are about as rare on scenic-railroads as they are on hearses, but the effect, exhilarating to most people, is quite equal to that of going in an automobile at the rate of fifty miles an hour. It has one infinite advantage over the automobile, for by going down a grade it can drop you into apparently limitless space. The same effect could probably be obtained by an automobile being driven over the Palisades and dropping into the middle of the Hudson River. And yet it is this sensation of immediate disaster caused by scenic-railways, chute-the-chutes, loop-the-loops, all variations of the one idea, which takes most of the people to Coney Island. After some experience I am personally convinced that one can get a sensation for a dime.

A friend who had recently "done" Coney Island said to me one day: "Easily the best sensation at the Island is the scenic-railway with the wooden beam that looks as if it were going to hit you on the head. It's great." My friend was a somewhat soured person and satiated with the world's

sensations, and for several days I searched for the scenic-railway with the beam that looked as if it were going to hit me on the head. At last I found it at an independent enterprise a short distance from Dreamland. It was called a musical railway for some reason I could not understand unless the music was out being tuned. The name, however, may be just a whim of the manager, who I know has a real sense of humor for at the entrance of the first tunnel to his infernal railway there is a sign. The inscription is simple—"No Kissing Allowed in this Tunnel." The tunnel is built on the general plan of an artesian well and about as dark, and it seemed to me that the car dropped down the grade at the rate of several hundred feet a second. If an elevator containing a man and woman, complete strangers, were allowed to fall from the top floor of the Flatiron Building to the cellar it would be just as reasonable to accuse them of kissing during the fall as it would be to post such a notice in front of that tunnel on the Musical Railway. The real sensation of the beam, however, comes much later in the trip. It is at the end of a dark tunnel, and one sees it just after rounding a particularly dangerous curve. There it is, barely discernible through the darkened space—a great rough beam, built right across the tunnel and just low enough to knock our heads clear off our bodies. Of course we dodge instinctively and the beam passes over us many inches, perhaps feet away, for all I know. But the effect in the darkness and at the rate at which the car is rushing is most deceptive. Many people speculate at one time or another just what they would do if face to face with certain death. There is no longer any reason why they should have any doubt on the subject—the sensation can be obtained



Listening to the Barker's story.

at my musical railway, and for the small sum of ten cents. But I think the thing that annoyed me most about that beam was the nonchalant manner with which the gentleman who drove the car approached it. He not only refused to dodge, but not for a moment did he cease chatting with the beautiful lady on the seat back of him, and who I suppose must have been a friend of his as she seemed to be on the free list. There is an authentic case of an English officer who, having very narrowly escaped death on several occasions from flying shrapnell feared that he was losing his nerve. To definitely ascertain the truth in the matter he went up in a balloon and then descended to earth by means of a parachute. Then he was satisfied that he was all right. On somewhat the same principle I took five successive trips over that musical railway and four times I dodged the beam, but the fifth time I found my nerve and sailed under it with head erect. Another five rounds and I believe I could have banded a few words with the charming lady who rode free. This statement is intended for those who visit Coney Island and tempt each sensation but once. If tickets are bought for a sensation by the strip I honestly believe any one can become callous to any shock.

There are, of course, a great many ways to spend one's time at Coney Island, quite free from shocks. For instance there is the gigantic Ferris wheel, ponderous in its movement and most admirably suited for those sentimentally inclined, especially as the guards always seem to arrange that each car shall hold but two passengers although they are really built for twenty. This, incidentally, has nothing whatever to do with that other most excellent revolving machine, "the Barrel of Love." The Barker here will tell you that "the ladies like this show the best of all." Here is the reason for this statement given by the student of nature who wrote the official guide: "The young men (and every man is young when there is a woman in the



Everywhere there are children.

case) like it, because it gives them a chance to hug the girls; the girls (and every woman is a girl when there is a man in the case) like it, because it gives them a chance to get hugged."

The same author a little further along in the guide drops his psychological studies and does a little descriptive work in regard to the Mirrored Ball-Room:

"An enchanting evening sight is the numerous handsomely gowned ladies accompanied by gentlemen in full dress. With an attendance of nearly two million during the season of 1900, the services of a police officer were not at any time required.

"There are four bands of music; but the music created by our patrons themselves, by their spontaneous laughter, their sounds of merriment and harmony of action displayed, excel by far in volume and tone the creation of any band."

Here is one more morsel touching on the engine-room of the same park:

"The engines and dynamos are enamelled in white with gold mountings. A Vernis-Martin curio table holds the tools,

and a beautiful mosaic table, the oil cups. The white-gloved engineer, uniformed in white duck with brass buttons, has a Vienna desk for his special use. He is a college graduate, qualified to lecture upon his plant as well as to operate it."

Surely there is no "shock" or sensation here for the visitor so long as he does not touch the dynamos and contents himself listening to the lectures of the "white-gloved engineer." Indeed, for the young fiancée who demands no greater shock than a gentle pressure of her lover's hand much has been done at Coney Island. The sewers with their dark tunnels and stealthily moving, self-propelling skiffs may be highly recommended. Also a trip over the glistening Alps or through the canals of dank Venice surely breathes sentiment to those whose nostrils are constantly inflated for that modest passion. And again, for those averse to the strenuous life of the "shocks" and "thrills" there may be found in the various parks hanging Japanese tea-gardens, where elderly Geisha girls abound; a modest representation of the last Durbar; an array of infant incubators, and a fish-pond. For those not satiated with a knowledge of science and literature there is a good sample of a flying-machine, a papier-maché try at the infernal regions with a running lecture on the life and deeds of Dante, who we are told (the gentleman first having collected our dimes) was "a born poet who once lived in sunny Italy."

The one entertainment, whose title perhaps appeals to those whose tastes lead them to witness the *danse du ventre*, as given on the Chicago Midway, is "The Temptation of St. Anthony." But as a matter of fact it is not at all like the Midway shows, nor in fact are any of Coney's entertainments at present in the slightest need of Women's Leagues or Mothers' Clubs. In the present instance when the snickering audience has been relieved of its dimes and gathered in a small room, a curtain is withdrawn and a large oil painting disclosed. On the right we note the good saint praying hard, and standing back of him and quite beyond his vision is a lady draped in a garment modest only in its limitations. The gentleman who has sold us our admission tickets and who later pulled back the curtain, then dis-

appears behind the oil painting, and continues to growl out a life and history of the times of St. Anthony. At such intervals as the audience seems to become a trifle peevish, the panel on which the siren is depicted is removed and another one inserted. If the first lady was a blonde the painted lady of the second panel is sure to be a brunette, and equally ill-clad even for a Jersey summer resort, but it makes no difference to St. Anthony at all for he is painted to look the other way, and the merest layman who has paid his dime is really in more temptation than the good Saint. Even the darkened room and the rumblings of the gentleman back of the picture fail to create much illusion, as the ladies were not painted by even a Bougereau, and in the flesh would have considerable difficulty in securing places as show-girls in a musical comedy.

I must confess to a great admiration and a feeling of personal esteem for a successful barker—the gentleman who by his antics and nimble wit tries to allure the passer-by into the particulars how he happens to represent. The barkers at Coney Island are of many kinds and have been gathered from very divergent callings. For instance, one gentleman in front of an alleged humorous show did nothing but laugh. He happened to be a bad actor from a bad variety show, but his laugh was loud and infectious, and as he stood on the plaza laughing violently at the mere thought of the entertainment within, he was really not without his usefulness. There was also an animal actor who posed in front of a menagerie and called the attention of the public to his show by emitting very good imitations of the low growl of the King of the Forest, as well as the fiendish screech of the hyena, but the barker I liked much the best was one I first discovered in front of "The Fall of Pompeii." He was a smooth-faced, sad, cadaverous-looking young man who seemed to regard the calling of which he was so excellent an example as a terrible bore. It seemed to make but little difference what show he happened to represent, and I doubt if he had ever seen any of them. His methods varied greatly, but most of his effects were produced with a huge paper megaphone and a pointer such as are used in school-rooms. He would wait

until a party had passed him, and would then bring his pointer down with a resounding whack on the megaphone, and cry aloud, "look, look." The noise sounded exactly like a rifle-shot and the passing party would invariably start to run and eventually turn to find the sad-faced young man pointing at the entrance to his show. Sometimes he would run behind people and bark like a dog or growl like a carnivorous animal, but having once thoroughly frightened his prey he always returned to complete silence and the same interested pose. The second time I went to Coney Island I found that he had left "The Fall of Pompeii" and was selling tickets from a high stand in front of "The Canals of Venice." He had, however, not completely lost the love of his old calling, and during an occasional lull in business would once more attract attention to himself and the show by his unique methods. When I inquired why he had left "Pompeii," the erstwhile barker leaned over his stand and sighed deeply.

"There's nothin' doin' over there, and I tried so hard to get 'em in I lost my voice. I 'talked' fifteen hours a day in front of that show and still they wouldn't come. So they gave me a chance over here sellin' hard tickets, but the boss won't let me work any short change games, and all the graft I get is the change the men leave when they're in a hurry."

"How about the change the women leave?" I inquired.

The barker grew reflective and gazed for long across the park. "I can't remember a case now of a woman ever leavin' change."

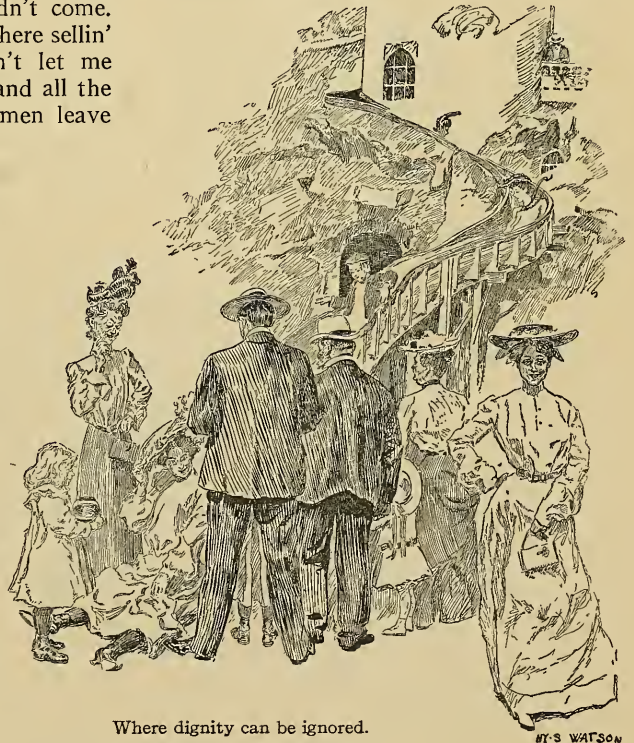
"And you have been in the business a long time?"

"Twenty years," he sighed. "The men left four-thirty to-day, but that isn't cigar money to me. Why, I had the ticket privilege every other day with a circus last summer. The ticket-wagon was supposed to open every night at seven, but I kept it closed 'til about seven-twenty. By that time there was a howlin' crush outside, and as soon as a rube came along with a girl and

would hand me a big bill just to show off I would give him short change. You see the crowd back of him would push him on, and he generally didn't set up his holler till he was about twenty feet away. Then he would run for a cop that was standin' just opposite my window and want to have me arrested. But the cop he was a partner of mine, just dressed up like, and we divided the graft. Sometimes the partner would only tell the rube to shut up, and sometimes he would beat him insensible just as occasion required." The barker gazed upward at the white lights that blazed down upon him and his open stand and the little bunch of tickets he held in his hand.

"It's a little too respectable for me down here, I guess," he sighed. "Four-thirty a day ain't enough for a good grafter—next summer it's me for the white tents and the red wagon; and where you can change the money under an old kerosene lamp."

As I said before, there are a great many ways to see the Coney Island of to-day, but after many visits I have concluded that



Where dignity can be ignored.

there are two vantage points better than all the rest, and neither requires an outlay of very much energy or expense. One is from a seat on a bench facing the vaudeville stage in the center of the great plaza at Dreamland. In front of you there are hundreds of people sitting at little round tables watching the performance. From one end you can hear the laughter of the brave people who are sliding down over the bumps and the thousands who are watching them, and from the other end come the shrieks of the merrymakers in the boats racing down the water chutes. And all about you there is a great surging mass of men and women and little children. And all of them are laughing and talking to their neighbor and guying each other, and all of them are equal. The millionaire with his wife and children has run down on his private car, and the clerk from the city who has come in a crowded steam boat with his best girl and the stout party he hopes to have for a mother-in-law, and there are many young men who wander in little groups and are rich enough to go from show to show, and there are crowds of girls from the city stores happy enough to get away for a breath of fresh air and arm-in-arm to march up and down the broad walks of this white city of pleasure. And above it all there rise the shouts of the barkers and the confused music of many bands of all nations mingled with the growls of strange animals from the me-

nageries and the babel of loud voices of a great army of merrymakers.

The other point of vantage is from a seat on the back porch of a bathing pavilion at the very end of the village. It is a very dark, deserted little place at night, and in all respects most suited for a clueless murder. On either side it is flanked by tenantless bath houses, and in front long, crescent-shaped tiny breakers creep up the sand to one's very feet. On a clear night one can look out on the swift moving yachts with their rows of electric lights, and the heavy sailing boats with their green and red signals, plowing their way to harbor. If you look to the right there is nothing but a deserted beach and endless black water and a darkened sky; but to the left one sees blazoned against the blue sky a beautiful white city with high walls and towers and great wheels revolving in the air and balls of scarlet flame and minarets of many colors, and all glistening in the rays of a fierce light whiter and clearer than the sun of noonday ever knew. This age of electricity and science has certainly done much to overthrow the superstitions of our youth, but to the sailorman at sea or to any one who sits on my little bath house porch at night it would seem that this same age which has destroyed our illusions has created in its place something which is as near Fairyland as we ever dreamed of in our days of tops and pinafores.

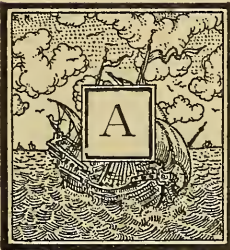


THE BUCCANEERS

WHEN PIERRE LE GRAND SET THE PACE

BY JOHN R. SPEARS

PAINTING BY N. C. WYETH



AMONG the people who lived on the Island of Tortuga, off the northwest coast of Santo Domingo, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was a man who was known to his neighbors as Pierre le Grand, a discontented, adventurous soul. The life of a planter was much too slow for him, and he determined to try bettering his fortunes by going to sea to cruise against the Spaniards. He had no ship nor any money with which to fit one out for such a cruise, but he had a sword and pistols, and what was better than money, he had the spirit of a born leader of men. Going among his friends he talked about the glory and profits of such an expedition until he persuaded twenty-eight of them to join him. Then in some way not described in history this company secured an open boat large enough to hold them all, together with food to last for a short cruise, and they rowed away, bound for the narrow waters that lie between Jamaica and Cape Tiburon, on the Island of Santo Domingo.

It was a long voyage for a small boat, but Pierre and his crew were skillful as sailors, and the weather was fair. In due time they arrived off Cape Tiburon and there lay on their oars waiting for the wind to bring them a prize.

Few more dangerous cruising grounds for such a boat as this could have been reached by these adventurers, for they were within sight of the enemy's land, and

off a headland around which Spanish warships passed at frequent intervals. But if Spanish warships frequently passed Cape Tiburon, so did Spanish galleons, and what was better, as Pierre le Grand and his companions knew very well, the grand "flota," or plate fleet that once a year put out from Spain and carried merchandise to Puerto Bello, on the Isthmus of Panama, would soon be due to pass the cape on its way back to Spain. Not a ship of this fleet but would be well ballasted with precious metals, pearls and emeralds.

With high hopes these uncommissioned privateers began their vigil on the sunlit seas, but days passed without ever a sail coming to greet their eyes, until their food was almost gone, and what was worse, their supply of water was as scanty as their food. Nevertheless they remained on watch until starvation had made them desperate, and then the bellying sails and the high-built poops and forecastles of the long-delayed "flota" came into view.

As the eager watchers in the open boat gazed upon the growing fleet they saw that one of the larger ships was reaching slowly along at some distance from the others, and a closer inspection showed them that this ship carried the vice-admiral of the fleet. It was therefore a ship that was second in the power of its armament and the number of its crew in all the fleet—a frigate at least, with cannon on poop and forecastle as well as on her main deck. What could twenty-nine men in an open boat do in combat with such a ship as that? In answer to this question, if it was propounded among them, there was but one reply from Pierre le Grand: they would try and see what they could do.

Accordingly they continued lying idle at their oars until the sun went down and the moonless night spread over the sea. While they waited they formed their plans, and then, when night had fully come, they bent to their oars and drove their boat toward the great ship. As soon as she was found to be within reach, the surgeon of the daring crew bored holes through the bottom of their boat that it might sink alongside, leaving them no foothold but on the enemy's deck, and with their feet wet by the incoming flood, these desperadoes took each a sword in one hand, a pistol in the other, and silently climbed over the rail of the enemy.

There their work was swift and sure. Cutting down every man that stood in their way, a part of the band made a dash to the gun-room, and secured it with its arms and ammunition. The others, led by Pierre le Grand himself, rushed into the cabin. The captain and some of his officers were found sitting at a table playing cards. A lookout had told the captain during the afternoon that the boat seen in the distance was probably manned by pirates, but the captain had replied: "What then? Must I be afraid of such a pitiful thing as that is?"

But now as the desperadoes presented their pistols to his breast and demanded that he surrender his ship, he cried:

"Jesus bless us! Are these devils, or what are they?"

It was a question that many another Spaniard asked in those days, and the answer to it has been growing in interest, apparently, from that time to this. As the captain learned after he had surrendered his ship, these desperadoes of the sea were a band of a fraternity known to history as the Buccaneers. Although no date is given in connection with this exploit, it is known that they were among the first to gain fame and fortune by what John Paul Jones would have called "exceedingly desperate fighting." Carrying his prize to Tortuga, Pierre le Grand turned his prisoners over to the authorities, divided the loot, and then, as Esquemeling says in his narrative, "he set sail for France, where he continued without ever returning to America again."

The story of the origin of the buccaneers is, in its way, as interesting as that of some

of their exploits. As a rule they began their careers in the West Indies as white slaves, or, as they were called, apprentices. Young men in England and other countries of Europe who heard of the sudden and great prosperity that some of their acquaintances found in the New World, and who were thereby made anxious to try their own fortunes in the golden regions, but lacked the money to go, very often sold themselves to serve literally as slaves to the masters who could employ them in any way in the longed-for country. Francis Lolois, Esquemeling, Sir Henry Morgan and other well-known buccaneers were originally indentured slaves in the West Indies.

A common practice was for the adventurous youth to indenture himself to the captain of a ship bound to some port in the New World. On arriving there the captain would sell the apprentice to any one wishing to buy. Some of the young men became planters, some house servants, but the work that demanded the greater number of apprentices in Tortuga and some of the other islands of the region was that of killing wild cattle. The masters to whom these apprentices were sold were not living in the West Indies for their health, if we may use a modern expression. They were there to get rich, and they worked these white slaves as they also worked their negroes. Esquemeling, who had himself suffered from the tortures inflicted by a cruel master, tells of one who, to punish a runaway slave that had been recaptured, had him tied up to a tree and whipped till his back was raw. The wounds were then covered with lemon juice, salt and pepper, after which the wretched slave was left hanging to the tree until the next day, when the whipping was continued until he died. Another planter who is named was accused of having whipped more than a hundred slaves and servants to death, including whites as well as negroes.

The life of an apprentice to the cattle killers was more attractive to many of these white slaves, however, than that on the plantations, though hard enough at best. The cattle killers were the original cowboys of America. Santo Domingo was the favorite hunting ground. The island had been well populated in the early part of the sixteenth century, but the wealth



The cattle killers were the original cowboys of America.

Painting by N. C. Wyeth.

of Mexico and Peru drew off all the more enterprising of the population, and the plantations that had been established were in many cases abandoned altogether. The cattle on these plantations were left to roam at will, and, finding the savannahs and forests habitable, they increased rapidly. In the meantime a demand for dried meat was found among the plantations of other islands, and especially in the towns. To meet this demand the wilder spirits of the regions began hunting the cattle and drying the flesh, which was called boucan. As the makers of boucan they soon became known as boucaniers, a title that has been changed in modern times to buccaneers.

In the beginning these meat hunters lived much as did the frontier hunters and trappers of the United States. Building small thatched huts on the banks of streams that were navigable for their canoes, they wandered around the woods killing the cattle, drying the meat and preparing the skins for market. One needed all the qualities of a Daniel Boone and the Wetzels combined to succeed in this business. The cattle were as dangerous as any wild animals that roamed the American forests. The puma and the still more dangerous *tigre* were as numerous as deer in the more northern forests. The most venomous serpents of the world thronged the region, and vicious alligators were ever ready, it appears, to make a meal of any unfortunate woodsman who came within reach. The dread which these men had for the alligator was greater than that inspired by any other danger. Dampier says that when an Irishman of his party, while wading in a swamp, was seized by an alligator and began to call for help, the others of the party fled instead of going to his aid. It was a fear-some danger that would make a buccaneer desert a comrade. But when we read in the account by Esquemeling that alligators seventy feet long and twelve feet broad were seen, the statement may be called an exaggeration, though no doubt some alligators did seem as large as that in the eyes of the buccaneers.

And in addition to the dangers of the wild was the ever-lurking Spanish coast guard, eager to catch a wandering boucan maker and carry him off to the torture. The buccaneers in their cattle hunting learned first of all to aim their guns with

deadly accuracy. They learned also every kind of woodcraft and they learned to hunt men as well as animals. For when the Spaniards came searching for them they retaliated and did not often wait for the Spaniard to begin the hunting. In fact, if cattle were scarce in any part where the buccaneers landed for a hunt they would go to the nearest plantation and, unless it were well defended, rob it of its cattle.

By natural process the buccaneers learned to stand together in time of danger, and at all other times, so far as the Spaniards were concerned. Even where race prejudices would have kept apart the French and the English the common hatred of the Spaniards bound them together. There were Englishmen, Frenchmen and Dutchmen in every notable expedition of the buccaneers, and in some of them the Yankees of New England had a part, though there is but little said of them in the records because they were then counted as Englishmen.

Living a woods or savage life, the buccaneers showed traits that in some particulars made them appear below the ordinary red man of America. In their love of a gaudy color, for instance, they were in the habit of making their shirts red by dipping them in the blood of the animals killed. Human life was held cheap. Men were killed through pure love of slaughter. Worse yet, many of the buccaneers were ferocious and cruel to a degree unsurpassed by any savages in the world. Inspired by race prejudice as well as by their innate cruelty, the buccaneers found pleasure in torturing a Spaniard. And in their ordinary pleasures they were as wild as they were in their work.

On the other hand, they had many admirable characteristics. Their courage was superb. In their ability to live the wild life of the forest, and to endure hardships, they were unsurpassed. Their skill with weapons and in the handling of ships was perhaps unequalled. Some, indeed, were able to build a ship, navigate her around the world, and handle her in any kind of fight known to the day. They could also make their own weapons. Some were men of education and could write, so that their work has not been ignored or forgotten.

"As they had no domestic ties, neither wife nor child nor sister nor brother, the

want of family relations was supplied by strict comradeship, one partner attending to household duties," while the other followed the chase. When one died the partner inherited his property, which was held in common. Their grand principle was fidelity, and "the maxim of honor among thieves was never more scrupulously observed than among them."

But the fraternity of feeling among the boucan makers did not prevent them from owning slaves. It was a common practice for them to buy the apprentices that were brought out from the old country to be sold for periods of from three to seven years, and the apprentices under the best circumstances were worked like very slaves. For not only were they obliged to help in the work of hunting and dressing the cattle, but they were also obliged to carry the product of the chase to camp, and when vessels were lying off the coast, to gather the dried meat and skins for market and transport the stuff from the camp to the ship.

Another guild from which the ranks of the buccaneers were recruited was that of the logwood cutters. Logwood sold in those days for fifteen pounds sterling per ton, and the trees grew in abundance in the moist ground along many of the streams of the Spanish main, and on some of the islands, especially in the Campeche region. William Dampier, one of the most noted of the buccaneers, because he took notes of his adventures and finally published them, was one of the logwood cutters.

The logwood cutters lived like cattle hunters—in huts built on the banks of streams that were navigable for canoes. In fact, some of them were logwood cutters one day and boucan makers the next. The logwood cutters hunted to supply themselves with food, if for no other purpose. Apparently, the loggers had harder work to do than the hunters; it was a task that tried the endurance of the strongest to fell trees in that climate, particularly in the swamps where the logwood grew. That the buccaneers did work and thrive in those swamps is an undisputed fact worth consideration among those who suppose that the tropical forest is by nature unhealthy, or that it is impossible for white men to labor in the swamps found in the torrid zone. The buccaneers subsisted chiefly on

a diet of meat—pork and beef, as a general thing—with a little flour or corn meal and a few peas, and they washed down this simple fare, whenever possible, with quantities of rum-punch large enough, one might suppose, to ruin utterly every hope of continued health. Says Dampier, in describing the visit of a New England trader to the camp of some logwood cutters on the Campeche coast:

"Mr. Hooker, being drank to by Captain Rawlins, who pledged Captain Hudswell, and having the bowl in his hands, said he was under an oath to drink but three draughts of strong liquor in one day, and putting the bowl to his head, turned it off at one draught, and so making himself drunk, disappointed our expectations till we made another bowl. I think it might contain six quarts."

The rum-punch of the day was a concoction of pure rum flavored with the juices of limes, pineapples, oranges and bananas, with a little sugar added; it was uncontaminated with water.

No citizen of the Americas ever lived a more strenuous life than the boucan makers and logwood cutters from whom the buccaneers were recruited, but it was a life that palled on the most industrious at times. Inspired in part by the migrating instinct, and if the truth be told, by a love of good fighting, these men of the forest laid aside their axes, saws and wedges, and cleaned their guns; molded a plentiful supply of bullets; sharpened the swords with which they commonly hewed their way through the tropical thickets; put an edge, too, upon such knives as they ordinarily used in dressing cattle, and then, grinning and chuckling in anticipation of sport to come, went hunting Spaniards. As already intimated, these hunting parties included at first the near-by isolated plantations where hogs and cattle were to be found in greater numbers than in the forests. Of course, the houses were looted as well as the ranges, and in these houses they found, now and then, silver pieces-of-eight (eight reales, equal to one dollar) and gold *onzas* or doubloons. Now and then they found jewelry and silks and laces which, though of no use to men who wore shirts made red with the blood of animals, were yet highly prized by the young women who lived in the West India ports that were frequently

favored by the presence of these woodsmen. They bestowed their loot upon the young women with a lavish hand, and thus gained reputations as "sporting" men that have never since been surpassed, and probably never equaled, unless, indeed, Jean Lafitte and his comrades of Barataria may have stood as high.

Most writers who have made a special study of the buccaneers lay much stress upon the Spanish exclusiveness in commercial matters, and especially upon their refusal to permit other nations to trade in their West India colonies, as the cause of the buccaneer raids. But other nations were exclusive also. The Dutch, for instance, cut down pepper trees in islands that they could not occupy, in order to preserve their monopoly of that popular product, and yet no buccaneers raided the Dutch. The truth is that Spanish exclusiveness was the excuse for, instead of the cause of, the buccaneer raids; the cause being found chiefly in the eager love of a wild life that prevailed among the woodsmen of the West Indies. There were, indeed, noted exceptions. Pierre le Grand, when he had made a fortune, went home to France to enjoy it. Morgan, with the proceeds of his raid on Panama, became a knight of the British realm and governor of Jamaica. Dampier tells how ill luck drove him into the ranks of the buccaneers, and the Sieur Ravenau de Lussan, in telling why he joined them, says:

"I had borrowed money in the meantime, and thought it the part of an honest man to repay it. My parents would have been very willing, perhaps, to have paid my debts, but they could hear nothing from me nor I from them. . . . I bethought myself of making one of the freebooters' gang, to go a voyage with them, and to

borrow for the payment of my debts as much money as I could from the Spaniards. Now this sort of borrowings have this advantage attending them, that there is no obligation of repayment, they being esteemed the product of a just war, and seeing the place of action is beyond the line, there is no talk there of making any restitution."

The need of money was his incentive; a "just war" was his excuse. And the necessity for an excuse became apparent only after he had returned to Paris and was writing an account of his adventures for publication.

There were exceptions to those who were simply looking for a fortune. Mansvelt, in a dim way — most dim — had an idea of an American republic, while Montbar and Lolonois were animated by a love of slaughter now incomprehensible. But the exceptions were few in number. The many thought first of the joys of a spree in Port Royal, Jamaica, and went raiding to get the means for it.

As already noted the West Indies of that time might well be called the frontier of Europe, and they were peopled by men who had crossed the sea in search of fortune — men who were so eager for fortune that they were willing to begin life as slaves to most cruel masters. In their experience first as slaves, and then as meat hunters and logwood cutters, they learned the arts of woods life, which included the arts of alongshore navigation. And out of the privations and hardships of the woods life grew a lust for the pleasures of which they were deprived that was not to be controlled. Among these men of wolfish instincts — wolfish in more ways than one, if you know the wolf — came the story of Pierre le Grand, with results that were literally the wonder of the world.



THE BUILDERS

VI.—WHERE RANCH AND CITY MEET

BY RALPH D. PAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

NOWHERE can old and new American conditions be found, side by side, in more picturesquely impressive contrast than in that sunny corner of the Pacific coast which is dominated by the spirit of Los Angeles. The city itself is a display of almost cyclonic enterprise, prosperity, and expansion which have safely weathered the perilous enthusiasms of the "boomer" and the "booster."

A foreign observer seeking the typical American spirit working at high pressure could do no better than to sit and "watch Los Angeles grow." This sounds a trifle like a real estate advertisement, but it is meant only as a passing tribute to a city which has outstripped every other American city through the last decade, in the rate of its increase in building operations, property values, and population.

Our observer would not have to dig out the facts and figures. They would be hurled at him by every other son of this magical city, and with an air of pride which makes your thorough-going western man distinctive. He boils over with loyalty and belief in the ultimate destiny of his particular town from his boot-heels up, and whether it be Spokane or Portland or Los Angeles, he feels that his individual fortune is vitally bound up in the future of his community.

Can you imagine a committee of citizens of an eastern town setting in operation a plan whereby all the boys and girls in the public schools pledge themselves that whenever they write a letter to friends or relatives "back East," they will include mention of the charms of climate, and the allurements of material prosperity to be found in their community and state? This

was one item in a recent "Boosters' Club" campaign in Spokane, and it is mentioned here to illustrate the spirit which is common to these coast cities.

Los Angeles is unique because it has become a city of two hundred thousand souls with a cheerful disregard of the laws of growth which are presumed to have a hand in upbuilding important commercial and distributing centers. Its back country is still undeveloped, its shipping is in its infancy, and its manufactures are as yet a minor factor. Three things have made it the prodigy among American cities—climate, trolley lines, advertising. At first glimpse, this does not look like a stable foundation, yet Los Angeles continues to grow and to turn the laugh on the prophets who have wailed that such expansion was top-heavy by the very nature of things.

Now this city of massive hotels and business blocks and beautiful homes, with an interurban electric railway system which makes eastern enterprise seem crude and primitive, has risen from a half-Mexican *pueblo* of ten thousand people in less than a generation. Figures are bald and unromantic, but let us deal with a few and have done with them. Los Angeles has more automobiles and telephones per head than any other American city; it led them all in increase of postal receipts last year; its assessed values are nearing the two hundred million dollar mark, and it has begun work on a water supply system which will cost twenty-one million dollars, and which will convey the mountain streams of the Sierras a distance of more than two hundred miles.

So much by way of showing that the era of frenzied speculation is past, and with it



A Mexican sheep-herder of Santa Anita Ranch.



A pastoral corner of the ancient ranch.

the days of the real estate auction circuses with brass bands and side shows, which ran amuck some twenty years ago. It is true that to-day the real estate market strikes a conservative easterner as fairly acrobatic. You cannot heave a brick anywhere within twenty miles of the city that will not light on an attractive speculation in town lots. The electric roads, four hundred miles of them radiating from Los Angeles, and five hundred miles more building along this corner of the coast, are bringing the whole country-side within touch of the city, and as a direct result there are such rapid increases in values as make one's head swim until he becomes acclimated. On these roads, which are built and ballasted like steam lines, trains of electric cars whizz and whirr at speeds of thirty and forty miles an hour, thereby sweeping all the land within fifteen miles of Los Angeles, for example, into the market for suburban property.

This tide of excessively up-to-date American expansion has swept before it the old life and atmosphere of the surviving Spanish and Mexican settlements. The prosaic Saxon first curtailed the beautiful name of his town, Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles (Town of the Queen of the Angels), and later obliterated the native himself. There is a straggling Mexican quarter of the modern Los Angeles, and in the outskirts you may find the 'dobe house and the mud hovel thatched with straw where dwell the descendants of the race which won this wondrous territory for the red and yellow banner of Castile. These are no more than melancholy and unimportant relics of a vastly romantic and picturesque era which has passed away within the memory of living men.

There still survives an opportunity, however, to find, in its last days, a magnificent survival of the life and background and conditions which immediately preceded the amazing modernity of Los Angeles and of the lamented San Francisco. One of the last of the ancient and lordly estates of Southern California lies at the very edge of Los Angeles, the Santa Anita ranch of "Lucky" Baldwin. Its doom is so imminent that the process of destruction has even begun. The electric road has gashed a path through its groves and orchards, and the real estate speculator is nibbling at its

outskirts. Within five years it is likely that this ranch will be dotted with the red-roofed cottages of the eastern pilgrim, and checkered with "boulevards" and "avenues."

It is still a feudal community unto itself, this princely realm of sixty thousand acres. But it must go because these sixty thousand acres are worth *ten million dollars* as city and suburban "real estate," a very pretty rise in values since "Lucky" Baldwin picked up these Spanish grants for a song as farming land some forty years ago. For more than a century these lands have been cultivated in a glorious sweep of vineyards, and orange and olive orchards, rich sheep and cattle pastures, and horse ranches, their life and customs handed down from the Spanish owners of the various rancheros which were swept into one estate by the pioneer, "Lucky" Baldwin.

The very names of the tracts which were grouped under the name of Santa Anita ranch sound mellow and reminiscent to the ear: La Puente, Portrero de Felipe Logo, Portrero Grande, La Merced, San Francisquito, Da Cienega, and Portrero Chice, all in the heart of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley.

With these ranches came one of the oldest vineyards and wineries of Southern California, founded by the Spanish padres from the San Gabriel Mission. And the low, white-walled adobe home in which the aged "Lucky" Baldwin lives to-day, was built as a fort and outpost by these same Spanish friars when these lands were being wrested from the wilderness. The links which lead from the modern Los Angeles back to the Spanish era are therefore unbroken.

The Santa Anita ranch, through which darts the electric car filled with tourists from the East, was tenanted when the tall galleons were bringing from Spain the priests and soldiers to govern this new land of theirs; when the little pueblo of Los Angeles was gay with *caballeros* who bade farewell to black-eyed girls before they set out for the unknown North; when, at length, the Sante Fé trail crept overland to reach the Pacific shore and brought the vanguard of the hardy American invasion which was to sweep over the Spanish speaking race like a landslide.



"Lucky" Baldwin driving over his estate.

The tourist and homeseeker, the real estate agent and the manufacturer, the trolley and the electric light denote the march of civilization, but something most attractive and in a way very precious will vanish when Los Angeles absorbs into its feverish activity this fine old Santa Anita ranch.

Even in these, its last days, it seems to stand remote and aloof with a certain strength of dignity and independence. It does not belong with that complex and interwoven civilization in which a man must depend upon other men to produce all that he eats and wears and uses. It is opposed to all that makes the life and commerce of a city.

Such an estate, if put to it, could to-day maintain its population of perhaps a thousand men, women and children without commerce with the world beyond. Cut the railroads, and Los Angeles must face starvation in three or four days. It consumes and devours with titanic appetite, but it does not produce.

Out at Santa Anita, however, its busy community could be clothed and fed in comfort and even luxury, without help from a railroad. Even during "Lucky" Baldwin's proprietorship, the twelve-mule freight teams, with jingling bells on the collars, trailed to and from Los Angeles, as the only link of communication with the

outside world, and the people of the estate were as comfortable and possibly as happy as they are to-day.

The lord of this ranch can drive eighteen miles in a straight line across his own acres. In such a tour he will pass his own general merchandise store, maintained for the convenience of his own people, the school supported for their children, the blacksmith shop, the church and the postoffice, all belonging to the equipment of the estate. He will pass through his vast orange and fig and olive orchards, his walnut groves and his vineyards where the Mission grape is gathered from the gnarled vines planted by the padres. There are also one hundred acres of lemons, one hundred acres of grapefruit, two thousand acres of vegetables, and twenty thousand acres of corn, hay and small grains. His thirty thousand sheep graze on the brown hillsides, and he could clothe his people with their wool, if he wished. His wheat ranch could feed them, his three thousand head of cattle could provide beef and leather. In other fields are five hundred work mules and five hundred draught and carriage horses.

These sixty thousand acres are divided into several ranches, each in charge of a superintendent who in turn reports to a general manager who is responsible to the owner. It is a paternal, feudal system, highly specialized by means of the Amer-

ican talent for systematic administration and organization.

Toiling in the flooding sunshine of these smiling fields and slopes are Japanese and Mexicans and negroes and Chinese and Americans, almost a thousand of them, scattered over many miles of country. Tucked away in the corners of little valleys under the spreading oaks, you will find the villages of this motley population. In the Mexican colony of thatched and flimsy huts, little brown children run about with no more clothing than would dust a gun-barrel. In sheep-shearing time, the population is enlivened by the coming of the band of half-breeds and Indians and "Greasers," who make festival with the residents when the work is done. Wandering about one of the odd corners of the ranch, watching the quiet and ancient habit of tilling and garnering the abundant fruits of the earth and the pasture, the Twentieth Century bustle of Los Angeles becomes a thing remote and incongruous.

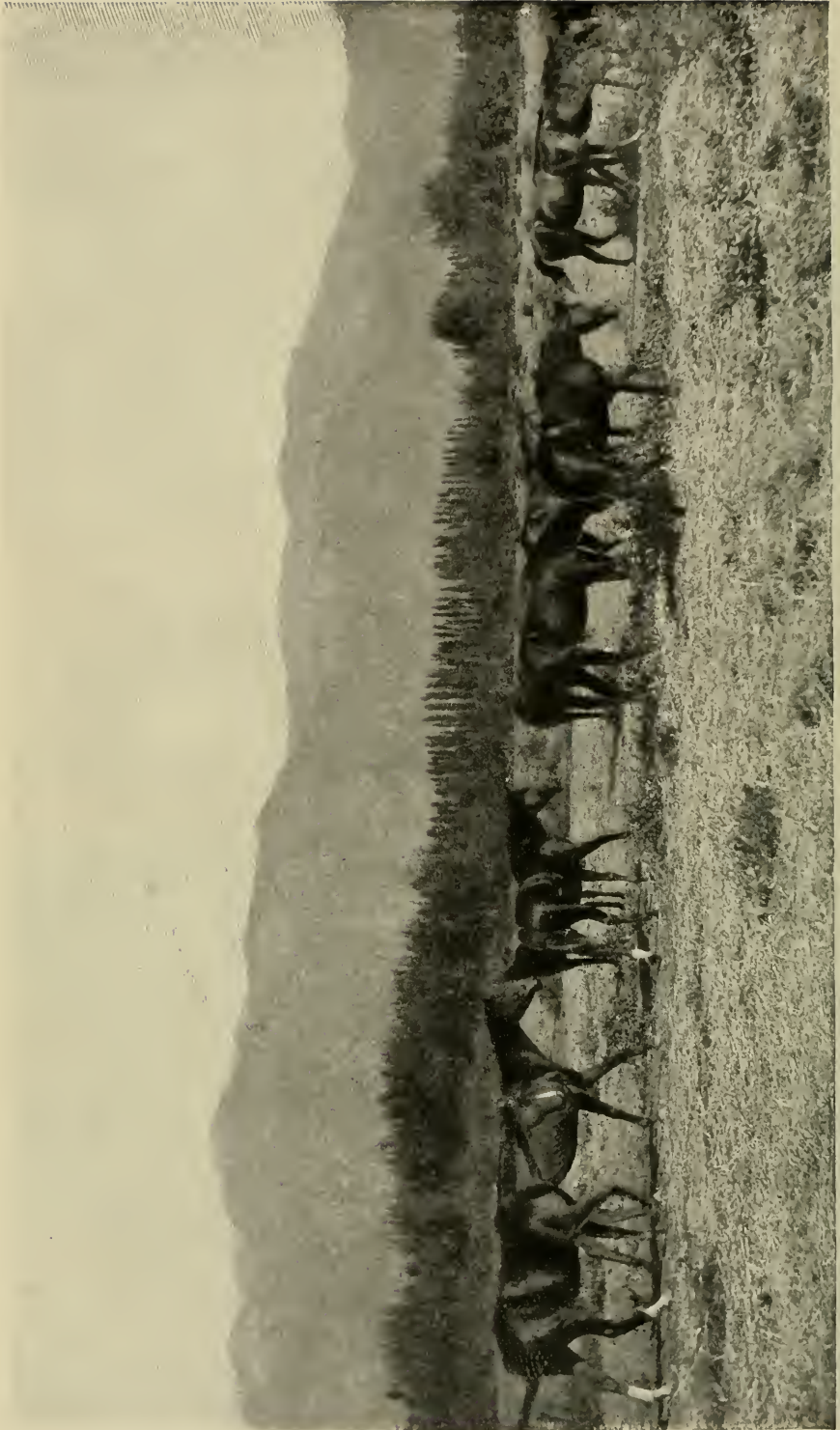
While this estate mirrors so largely the life of the Spanish grants of the early settlement of the Pacific coast, its latest owner in himself supplies a chapter which covers the last half century almost, from the time when Fremont, the Pathfinder,

unfurled the Stars and Stripes in Los Angeles in 1846. While the stout adobe walls of the home on Santa Anita ranch preserve the legends of a century and more ago, the aged man who dwells therein is a relic and a reminder of an era even more vivid and picturesque. "Lucky" Baldwin, belongs with the flamboyant days of the Forty-niners, with the age when life on the Pacific coast was a melodrama of great fortunes won and flung away with lavish hand and high heart, the era of the argonauts, the builders, and the gamblers with life and gold.

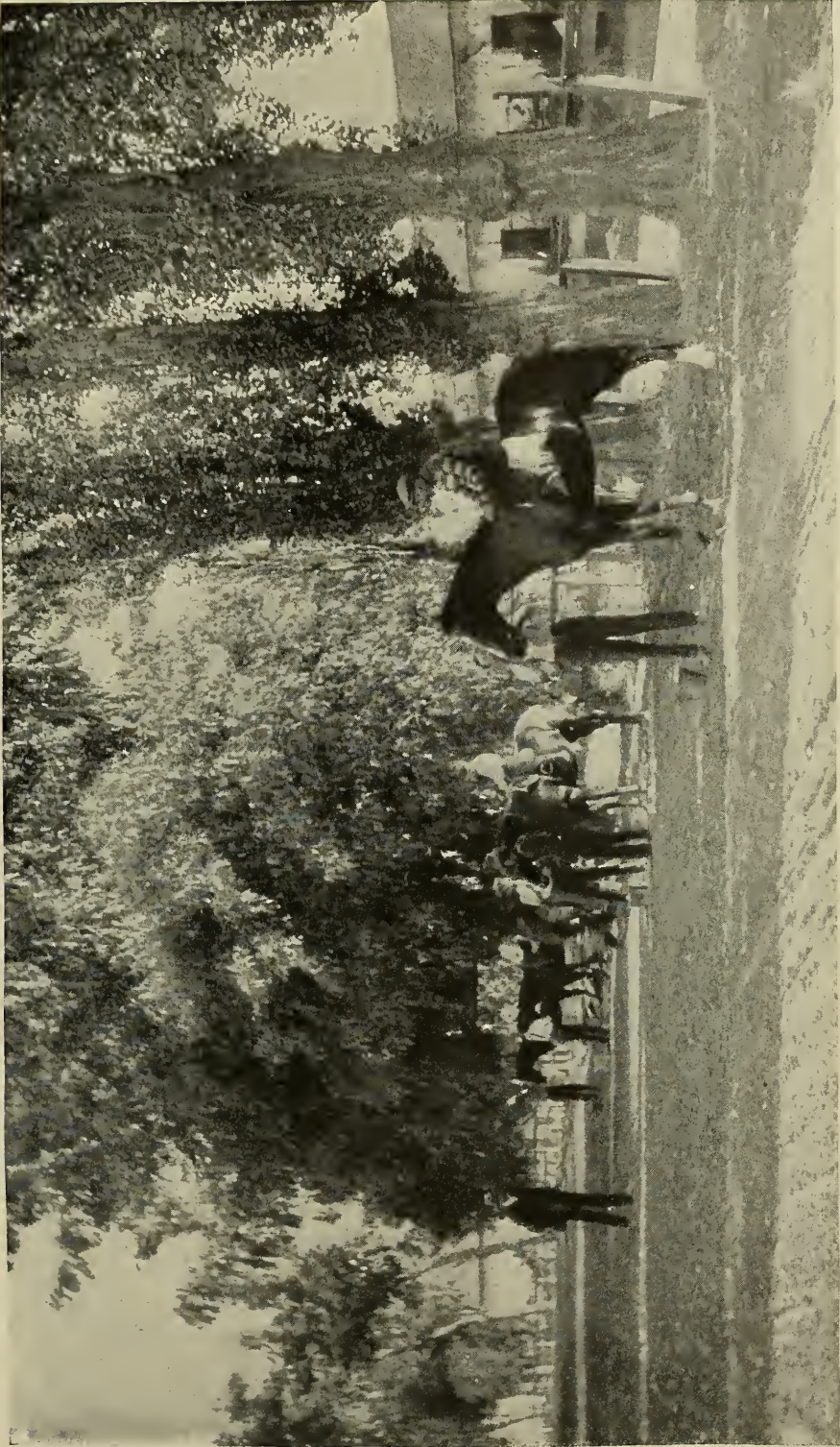
In 1853, or more than a half century ago, a little party of gold-seekers with a meager outfit of horses and wagons, started for California from the village of Racine, Wisconsin. In command of this adventurous expedition was a young man who took with him his wife and infant daughter. His name was E. J. Baldwin and he made a wise choice in shaking from his restless feet the dust of a tamer civilization. He needed a larger theater of action for his pent-up and surging activities. While trailing through the mountains of Utah the pioneers were attacked by Indians, who were beaten off during a six-hour fight in which young Baldwin killed their chief.



The home of "Lucky" Baldwin, the walls of which were a Spanish fort.



Thoroughbreds in their pasture by the Sierra Madre Mountains.



Ready for the early morning gallops.

After six months of hardship, the party reached Hangtown (later called Placerville) in California.

Here Baldwin tarried and began placer mining. He appears to have been no more than an ordinary red-shirted argonaut, meeting the ups and downs of mining luck, until the discovery of the Comstock Lode at Virginia City. Thither he drifted, and discovered that his natural bent was gambling with the mines that other men had opened. Amid a whirlwind of speculation, he fought his way with such success that he loomed from the smoke in a few months as "Lucky" Baldwin, the man who had cleaned up seven and a half million dollars in the gigantic deals in the stock of the Ophir mines.

San Francisco was the Mecca of those lucky sons of fortune who were rearing a great city by the Golden Gate. As a stock and mining speculator, "Lucky" Baldwin shone resplendent, but he was also a loyal son of San Francisco. He built hotels and theaters and business blocks, even while he was amazing that far from conservative community by madly freakish extravagances.

In a very lucid interval he bought all the Spanish grants he could find near Los Angeles, and there spent a million in making this ranch of his not only a splendidly productive property, but also one of the most beautiful estates ever laid out in this or any other country. It was his hobby, his pet, and he planted miles of avenues with noble shade trees, and made wonderful tropical gardens, so that to-day his home is surrounded by a paradise of vernal beauty.

"Lucky" Baldwin became interested in the turf while he was in the heyday of his wealth, health and headlong vigor. He made Santa Anita ranch famous as a home of winning thoroughbreds, and his racing colors flashed on every noted track. The racing stable is still a part of the ranch, and in the lush pastures wander costly bands of colts and brood mares, while in the stables are such sires and famous winners of historic events as Emperor of Norfolk, and Rey el Santa Anita, and Cruzadas. The mighty sire, Grimsted, who produced more stake-winners than any other horse in America, is buried in a park-like enclosure, over the gateway of which is an arch in-

scribed with the words "The Home of Grimsted." The grave and park are tended with scrupulous care, and betoken a strain of sentiment in this rough-and-tumble hero of a hundred bizarre adventures and hazards, "Lucky" Baldwin.

More than once it has been reported that this westerner's fortune had been swept away in speculation, or plunging on the turf, or in extravagant whimsicalities, yet through it all he clung to his beloved Santa Anita. The ranch was heavily mortgaged to help him weather one heavy storm, yet the value of this land has risen with such amazing swiftness because of its nearness to Los Angeles, that in the end he has a splendid fortune in the estate, which can be sold for more than fifteen hundred dollars an acre, as fast as he is willing to let it be chopped up by the city broker.

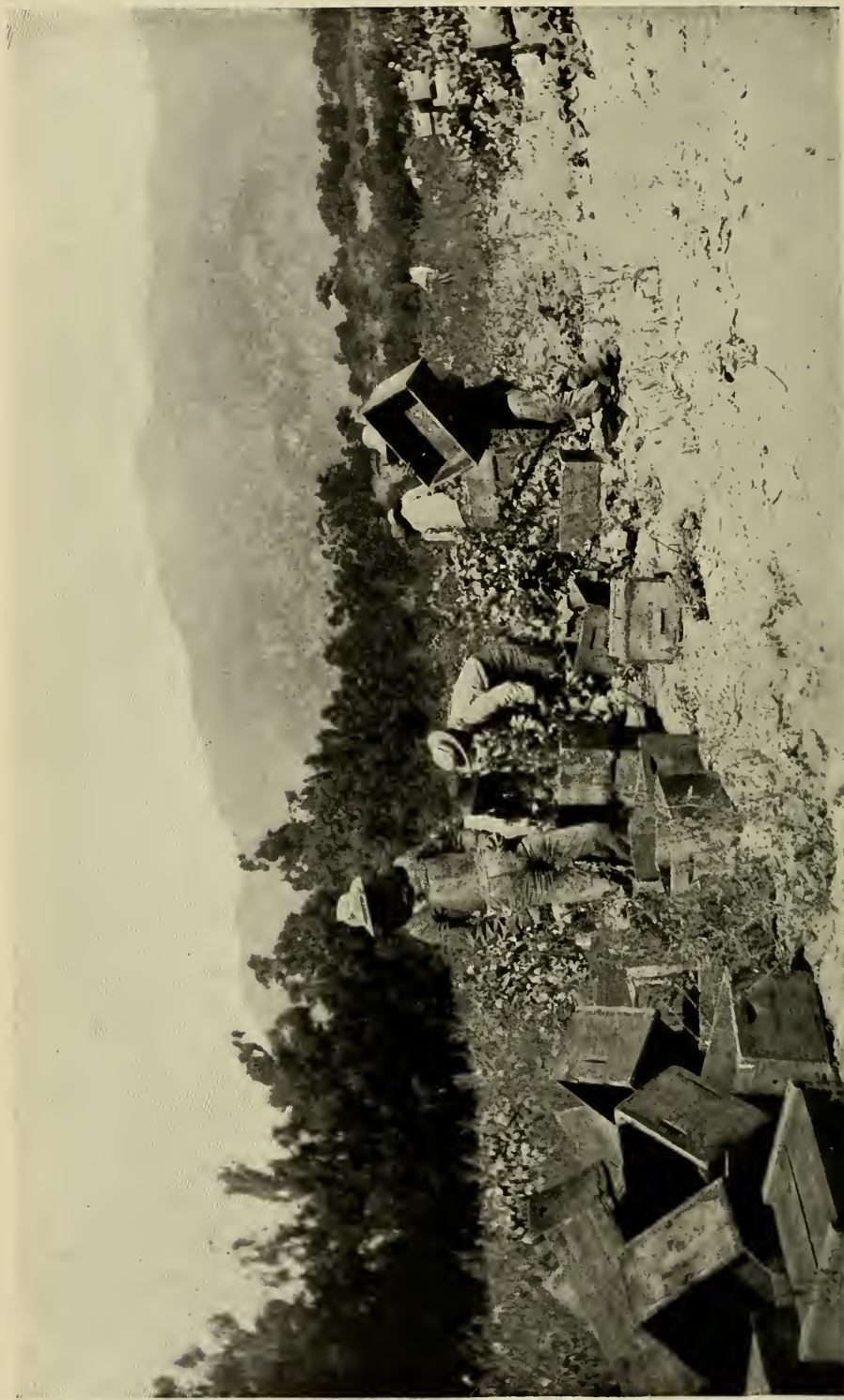
In his old age "Lucky" Baldwin retired to his ranch, there to spend the little time of his life that might be left for him. When I met him there last year, he was still alert in mind, and vigorous of frame, a wiry, sharp-visaged little man past his eightieth year, who had endured enough of reckless living and bruising shocks of fortune to kill ordinary men in their prime. Three mornings each week he arose at daylight and drove to his racing stables to see his string of thoroughbreds in their morning gallops around a half-mile track. They were being prepared for their campaigns on far-away tracks, but he would never more see them break and wheel in the start, and thunder past the finish post. His sight was fast failing, but he knew and loved his horses, as they filed by him, one by one.

Thus after as stormy and colorful a career as befell any of these bold jugglers with titanic fortune in the days of gold, he found a placid refuge on this noble ranch, the creation of which had been the work of his youth. With all his faults, and they have been many and notorious, he was one of the Builders of that Empire of the Pacific; and when San Francisco was overwhelmed by earthquake and fire, the destruction included no small share of "Lucky" Baldwin's creative effort in the upbuilding of that noble city.

This ranch of his is a monument also to his constructive genius. Its successful operation has been a task demanding un-



Along an avenue of stately poplars planted by "Lucky" Baldwin.



Japanese gathering grapes in a vineyard planted by the Spanish fathers.

usual talent and ability, and these qualities of his have preserved it intact with its imposing array of belated industries and activities in an age in whose social economy it can find no place. Just as he is a relic of another age in the expansion of this nation, so his ranch harks farther back into a more remote era and affords a vanishing glimpse of the life which was before the Stars and Stripes were flown over this vast territory to the west of the Rockies, and south of the area first explored and claimed by the Hudson Bay Company's pioneers who invaded the Pacific Slope from the north.

Not far from Santa Anita ranch is the old Mission of San Gabriel, whose life was co-existent with that of these Spanish grants and ranchers. The gray bell-tower, the massive adobe walls, and the quiet gardens where once walked the black-robed padres, and where their Indian converts toiled, have been preserved to lend a little touch of old-world atmosphere to the landscape of to-day. They will be kept as memorials, but the broad fields and orchards, the pastures and the groves of Santa Anita are being submerged in the roaring tide of American progress in material wealth and faith in the future.

"Lucky" Baldwin sat on the wide porch of his adobe mansion, whose walls were a Spanish fort a hundred and fifty years ago. On every side stretched the smiling fertility of his principality, watered by gushing streams from artesian wells, a water system as extensive as that of many cities. In the background marched the brown ramparts of the Sierra Madre Mountains, and even on those heights one could discern a ribbon-like trail cut for the sight-seeing tourist. The old man indulged in no poetic reverie over the passing of the old order of things. His mind dwelt on what he had done toward making the building of California and San Francisco. Thus in his last days this battered survivor of the blazing days of gilded toil and folly by the Golden Gate wished to be remembered for what he had done for the land he loved, and in this he showed the spirit of your true Californian.

"If you will look in Bancroft's 'Chronicles of the Builders,'" he said, "you will find all you want to know about me. Don't take any stock in all the stories you hear about

my foolishness in slinging fortunes around. There's a set of harness out there in the stable that cost me eight thousand dollars, and I've had a run for my money, but I helped make San Francisco a stronger, bigger city, and that counts for something. And I've made a beautiful spot of this ranch, and I've held it together, and I don't expect to live to see it cut up entirely. It's my home, and it means a damn sight more to me because I made it, sixty thousand acres, and every acre working for me."

His mood veered and his faded eye twinkled as he observed:

"Jim Jeffries was down here to see me the other day, and he told me he made twenty thousand dollars in a fight. I told him that I won five million dollars in one fight when I was in my prime, and that I guessed it paid better than pugilism while it lasted."

"Lucky" Baldwin, a type of the days of the young and riotous California, is too old to meet and conquer the new conditions which have shoved his ranch and himself far into the background of progress. As Los Angeles pictures the expanding Americanism of this century, so H. E. Huntington, the man who has led in its promotion, is a type of the American builder of to-day; and as he has driven his electric roads through the heart of Santa Anita ranch, so he is everywhere in his part of the country infusing old conditions with the new spirit of progress.

There has been nothing of the bizarre or spectacular about his programme of expansion. A trained railway man, schooled by his uncle, C. P. Huntington, he has swung his energy away from the steam road, to become the foremost promoter of the electric trolley as a means of developing and exploiting natural resources. He has made all the towns of Southern California near neighbors of Los Angeles, and this task has been accomplished in less than ten years. First came the purchase of existing lines, then consolidation and reorganization, and after that rebuilding and new construction, until within the city limits of Los Angeles alone there are two hundred miles of trolley tracks. Now you can whirl out into the country over standard gauge, double-track lines operated by automatic signal systems, at express speed.

The real estate "boom" of Los Angeles



In the Mexican quarter of Santa Anita Ranch.

cannot be fairly weighed without a knowledge of this wonderful transportation development. H. E. Huntington has made fortunes for others, while at the same time he has reaped great wealth for himself. He had bought up great tracts of unimproved land within a few miles of Los Angeles, and then put an electric road through the tree property thus acquired. Of course the coming of the railroad has increased the realty values by hundreds per cent. and Mr. Huntington, having bought on a certainty, has not suffered by this method of operation.

At the same time it should be remembered, even though it be the fashion to sling bricks at the railway magnate on general principles as an oppressor and a robber, that for every million H. E. Huntington has reaped from his transactions, the community has benefited tenfold in increased property valuations and ease of communication.

It is a magical sort of an operation, this development of the Los Angeles country. A small rancher is struggling to make both ends meet, away off in what appears to be an isolated corner of the landscape. He lives perhaps several miles from his nearest neighbor, and it is an all-day haul to get to the nearest market. Along come the surveyors, and then the construction gangs, and presto! the electric road has linked this ranch with Los Angeles by no more than half or three quarters of an hour in time. The little poverty-stricken ranch has become suburban property overnight, and our son of the soil is in affluence and thinks "The Arabian Nights" tame reading. The chances are even that he blossoms out as a real estate agent and invades Los Angeles with a bundle of blue-print maps under his arm.

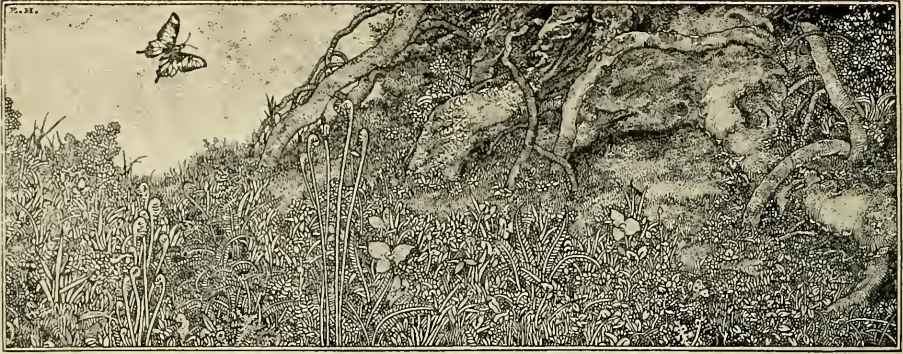
As a result of this prodigious railway development, the fifty thousand visitors who frequent Los Angeles most of the time no sooner land in the city than they plan to get out of it. The hotels are built like business blocks, essentially metropolitan of aspect. This disappoints the stranger who expects to find palm trees and gardens under his hotel window. He soon discovers, however, that the hotel is for eating and sleeping, nothing more. He streams with the multitude into the big street cars,

and flies into the country in almost any direction, to seashore, mountain, tropical city and resort, covering a hundred miles of landscape in a day, while the Pacific breezes blow through him, and he speeds over a dustless roadbed. He can visit one or more of fifty attractive places every day and return to the city for dinner.

When time hangs heavy on his hands he can find abundant entertainment in trying to figure out the why and wherefore of Los Angeles, and he must come back in the final issue to the three factors of climate, trolleys and advertising. As cosmopolitan a city as there is in America, made up of pilgrims from every state of East and West, these two hundred thousand men, women and children are fused in the smelting pot of local pride and enthusiasm until they are sure in their hearts that there is no place on God's green footstool worthy to be compared with Los Angeles, and that even though its present prosperity is fairly staggering, its future holds possibilities even more awe-inspiring. It is, in a way, like an air-plant, taking its sustenance from the climate and not from the soil, and there is no danger of bankrupting this chief asset.

The commercial bodies of this lusty young metropolis have spent three hundred and fifty thousand dollars within ten years in directly advertising its attractions. They have reaped big dividends, and today their city is the best-known pleasure and health resort in the world. San Francisco had a large share of this common western spirit, and neither fire nor earthquake can cripple it. The city which will rise on the ruins of the old San Francisco will be more like Los Angeles, essentially modern in every way, and proud of its modernity. The storied days of the Forty-niner have been obliterated in San Francisco, the memories of the argonauts have been destroyed, but their spirit lives and shines.

Los Angeles is sweeping away the last traces of the old era, and faces the future, not the past. We may sigh for the passing of Santa Anita ranch, but where thirty thousand sheep and cattle graze, as many Americans will be dwelling in their own homes within the life of this generation.



THE TOY-SHOP

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST HASKELL

IT is built on a magnificent plan; a veritable palace with colonnade, court and hall. Vast aisles stretch through it, crossing and recrossing one another and opening into rotunda, theater and balcony. The display windows are broad and roomy, there is plenty of space between departments—indeed, so much room to turn around in that all the world and his wife might come shopping for toys and the Toy-shop would not be crowded.

Besides possessing these peculiarities the Toy-shop stands for certain architectural feats that are triumphant in having been the marvel and awe of art and science for generations. Not only is its general plan of erection unique and developed in an absolutely original way; not only does it combine the most daring engineering with the broadest principles of building mechanics, but it is superior to other important structures in an efflorescence, an embellishment of portico, and peristyle, where, through the connected design of symbol and talisman, runs a subtle suggestion of hidden meanings, meanings which may not be too easily deciphered, or too hastily explained.

It is in the ceiling of the Toy-shop that its individual characteristics are best exploited. How that wonderful dome with the transcendent properties of light and acoustics was ever gotten into place and held plumb by invisible supports is the

mystery and admiration of all who behold it. People are constantly testing its capacities; constantly asking what is meant by the movements of certain lamps which stir in slow circles around its opaque bounds, and conjecturing as to the electrical system which controls these golden lamps amid a myriad triangular sparkles of illumination.

Against the background of this wonderful ceiling the fire-toys, rockets, wheels and colored lights are shown. Here also are suspended on differing gases aerial mechanical toys. Mammoth balloons hang in the center of the dome. Spectral cities of ever-changing contours loom up softly, and huge animals, woolly white and airily cumbrous, are blown into shape and floated, till, looking up into the great hollow of the dome, one may see representations of Jerusalem and Babylon in their palmy days, Moses in a shower of fragments of manna, or a whole Noah's Ark of mastodons turning out to graze.

There are people in the world so busy, so tied and bound down by work and responsibility that they never get time to go to the Toy-shop; there are some few, who, if they have dropped in for a moment have found so much going on, so great a confusion of playthings, that it dazzled and bewildered them, and they returned to their affairs unsatisfied. For these and all others who have had little or no opportu-

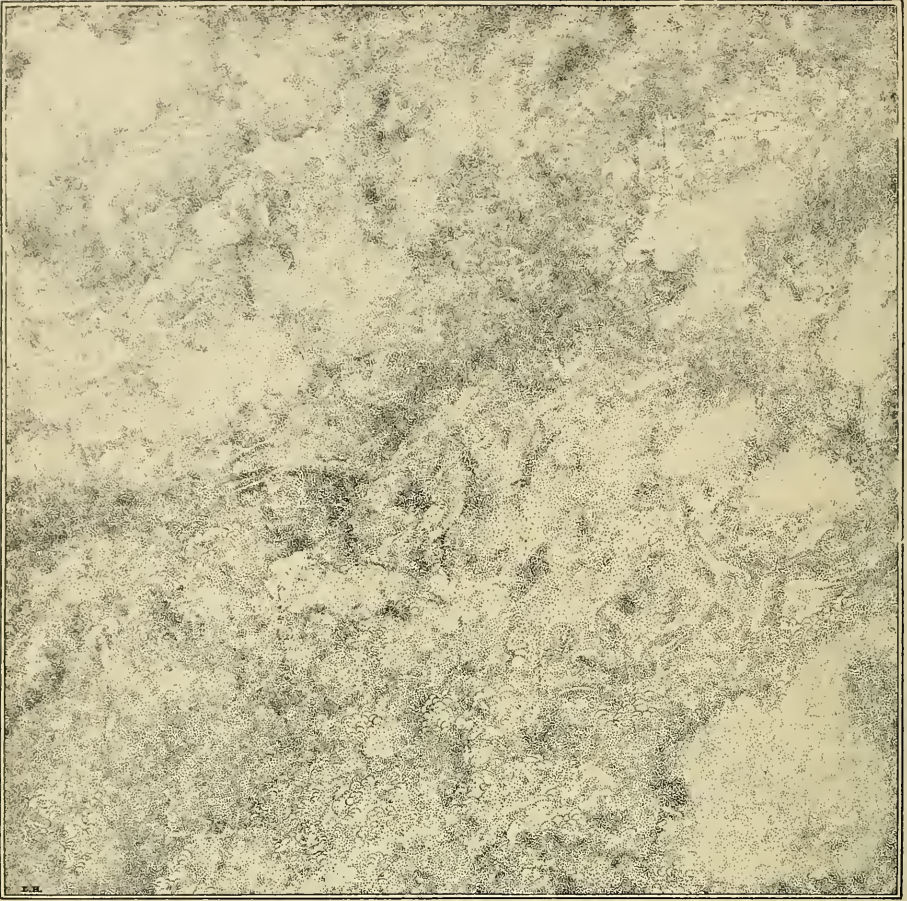
nity to gratify their curiosity the following notice is written. Perhaps, after reading it, some one will remember that he knew the Toy-shop when he was very young indeed, and will start out directly to see if he can find it again: . . . "The Toy-shop is on the road to wherever you are going. You can't miss it. It is always open. It is always free. All you have to do is to look for the toy you want. If you don't see it, ask the Dame." . . . The Dame is the one who takes care of the Toy-shop. She has done so as far back as any one can remember, and there are few who have not been struck by her curious ways and the extreme eccentricity of her dress and deportment. Old as the hills, mother to the mountains and grandmother of the oceans, she is still imbued with all the virginities and delicate fires of never-dying youth. She is as firm as a rock in some of her characteristics, and as wavering as a moon-beam in others. Some people know her only as relentless and stern, others see in her naught but the pranks and wiles of a gay young witch on a holiday. All sorts of stories are told of her, chiefest of these being the accounts of her life as nurse and mother, and the wonders of her healing and restoring to life. Hundreds who have slept on her knees, and been fed and caressed by her testify to these qualities, and even those whom she has sorely punished go crying back to her for balm and herbs of forget-



fulness or for a new toy like the broken one they weep over.

The Dame is scrupulously careful of her trust. No light in the Shop goes out but she relights it, no fragile toy is broken but she replaces it, and throughout the establishment her patience and watchfulness make new and restore where aught has been carelessly handled or defaced.

Of course, in a Toy-shop as complete as this it is necessary to show all the latest inventions, the last insane challenge in flying machines, the newest daring in speedy engines, and one would naturally look for these more elaborate and expensive articles in the conspicuous places. Here, however, the Dame shows a very great wisdom of method. Hers is the experience that has learned that the simplest amusements are forever the best loved, and though she occasionally sets going some glittering geyser of a water-toy or puts off one of the louder explosives, or inflates a herd of woolly beasts and starts them fighting and bellowing overhead; she is niggardly with all such contrivances, knowing that they generally create a great disorder with little pleasure or profit for anybody. She prefers, rather, to keep to the front all the smaller and safer amusements, those articles which by their appearance suggest their uses, and which are easily duplicated. Hence, on the first counter we find samples of white pebbles of enticing weight and



The faces in the clouds.

shape, and good for a variety of ammunitions, sports and contests. Next—should one pine to play the venerable game of “Grocery Store”—is a vast collection of stones that may be pounded into powders of varying hue, resembling sugar and cinnamon and other delectable sweets and spices. Next to that is a show case full of assortments of shells of differing colors and patterns—such a stock as never runs out—and near by a sign reading “*This way to white sand and all kinds of material for mud-pies,*” directs to a universally beloved plaything.

Here are dozens of pretty little brooks colored green, brown and tawny yellow. These are carefully packed away between layers of soft grass which prevents their leaking. Small circular ponds attractively

displayed are fitted out with jumping frogs, polliwogs, and other clever mechanical toys. They are also furnished with the strange scums and jellies which make such ponds irresistible to the average small boy. In one department are tall stands full of fascinating little balls colored green and brown and hanging by strings. From other tall stands depend delightful green pods that explode “Pop!” like fairy torpedoes if you touch them ever so delicately. And the tallest stands of all bear russet missiles ready for the slings of adventurous Davids against imaginary Goliaths.

For girls who love to play “house” here are strange toys called “hollyhocks,” which to the initiated furnish countless pats of butter and cottage cheeses besides supplying gay silken petticoats for fashion-

able flower doils. Here are also acorn cups and saucers for dainty tables. Here are mushroom tents lighted with fire-flies for the evening performance of the cricket orchestra. Here are milkweed pods, thistle-down and pine-needles for pompons and other millinery, not to mention the scarlet dogwood berries that may be strung like corals into necklaces and bracelets for the wee Lady of the House.

Scattered in different departments of the Shop are certain toys of a symbolic character. Dutchman's Breeches, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, yellow Lion's Mouth and Lady-slipper suggest things human; they hint also at some mysterious social fabric of the woods, where perhaps little Indian pipes are smoked, little flower martyrs are gobbled up for their little principles, and little green clergymen preach soberly all the summer, and then with the maturity of the autumn turn to scarlet clowns grimacing among the dead fern.

Should one long for artificial curls, the Toy-shop supplies numberless dandelion stalks to be pushed into ringlets with the tip of one's delicately embittered tongue. There are also shavings should one desire hirsute adornment of a greater luxuriance and profusion. In a certain corner are innocent looking green leaves that, dipped in the alchemy of any brook, turn to glittering silver under the wave, but emerge again perfectly dry green leaves, which proves them to be trick toys and sure to entertain. Near these is the Notion Counter with its assortment of four-leaf clovers, chrysalids, scarlet and purple beans; okras supplied with the little gray bullets so terrible in Indian skirmishes, and a whole galaxy of pods, popples and puff-balls—who shall describe them! It is impossible to ascertain the exact number and variety of wares the old Dame displays. Equally impossible to guess why some of them are in musty, unfrequented parts of the Toy-shop, others in the nearest nook to which all may penetrate. It is also impossible to play in one lifetime with all the toys, to handle and see them all. Sometimes certain of the departments are closed; sometimes the stock runs low; sometimes a whole consignment

of goods is lost or shifted. But in spite of occasional interior disarrangement the Toy-shop—good old happy institution—is always open for one to poke around in, stealing into this and that alcove, wandering through the departments, choosing out some coveted thing to take away.

Do you see that group of little girls coming slowly up the garden path? Their lips are stained with blackberries, they are gingerly carrying baskets made of burdock burrs. They are wearing crowns and sashes made of broad leaves pinned together with bits of twig. They are coming from the Toy-shop. Did you meet the white-haired gentleman whose fine eyes glowed as he showed you the single cardinal flower flaming against his withered hand? He had been to the Toy-shop. You remember passing that young fellow who was walking out with his sweetheart. The young fellow wore a four-leaf clover in his button-hole, the girl held a bunch of fringed gentians. They were followed at a distance by a band of hooting, frolicking urchins who bore birchen wands, and carried stores of slippery elm and sassafras root inside their small shirts, cherishing meanwhile an old rusty can with a frog's egg in it. What does all this mean? Bargain Day at the Toy-shop!

ADVERTISEMENT

Will the restless people with their hundred different ways of running the world and of being tired of it, please drop everything some day and run away to the Toy-shop? The Toy-shop endeavors to please all ages. You may find exactly what you are looking for. At least you are certain to find a hollow stick through which you may blow a bright stream of water. You may run across some hazel nuts or a round "lucky stone" to slip in your pocket, or a little orphan brook that needs a guardian, or an old tree that would like to adopt a grandchild. Go gently up to the Dame, look in her eyes and tell her what you want. "I have no money," you will probably say dolefully, but she will smile and answer with tenderness, "You may have it for love."

BAR 20 RANGE YARNS

VI.—HOLDING THE CLAIM

BY CLARENCE EDWARD MULFORD

PAINTING BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



H, we're that gang from th' O-Bar-O," hummed Waffles, sinking the branding-iron in the flank of a calf. The scene was one of great activity and hilarity. Several fires were burning near the huge corral and in them half a dozen irons were getting hot. Three calves were being held down for the brand of the "Bar 20" and two more were being dragged up on their sides by the ropes of the cowboys, the proud cow-ponies showing off their accomplishments at the expense of the calves' feelings. In the corral the dust arose in steady clouds as calf after calf was "cut out" by the ropers and dragged out to get "tagged." Angry cows fought valiantly for their terrorized offspring, but always to no avail, for the hated rope of some perspiring and dust-grimed rider sent them crashing to earth. Over the plain were herds of cattle and groups of madly riding cowboys, and two cook wagons were stalled a short distance from the corral. The round-up of the Bar 20 was taking place.

The outfit of this ranch was composed of eight cowboys, one of whom, Buck Peters, was foreman. All were well known throughout the cattle country as a prize-winning aggregation at any game. Having been short of help, they had paid a visit to Muddy Wells and cleaned up at poker the outfit of the "O-Bar-O," which had just started for the Black Hills in response to a rumor of fresh gold discoveries. This loss of capital had forced the would-be pros-

pectors to secure work under the foreman of the Bar 20, and the two outfits were going to the Hills as soon as the round-up was over. Each outfit tried to outdo the other and each individual strove for a prize. The man who cut out and dragged to the fire the most calves in three days could leave at the expiration of that time, the rest to follow as soon as they could.

In this contest Hopalong Cassidy led his nearest rival, Red Connors, both of whom were Bar 20 men, by twenty cut-outs, and there remained but half an hour more in which to compete. As Red disappeared into the sea of tossing horns Hopalong dashed out with a whoop, dragging a calf at the end of his rope.

"Hi, yu trellis-built rack of bones, come along there! Whoop!" he yelled, turning the prisoner over to the squad by the fire. "Chalk up this here insignificant wart of cross-eyed perversity: an' how many?" he called as he galloped back to the corral.

"One ninety-eight," announced Buck, blowing the sand from the tally sheet. "That's shore goin' some," he remarked to himself.

When the calf sprang up it was filled with terror, rage and pain, and charged at Billy from the rear as that pessimistic soul was leaning over and poking his finger at a somber horned-toad. "Wow!" he yelled as his feet took huge steps up in the air, each one strictly on its own course. "Woof!" he grunted in the hot sand as he arose on his hands and knees and spat alkali.

"What's s'matter?" he asked dazedly of Johnny Nelson. "*Ain't* it funny!" he yelled sarcastically as he beheld Johnny holding his sides with laughter. "*Ain't* it

funny!" he repeated belligerently. "Of course that four-lagged, knock-kneed, wobblin' son-of-a-Piute had to cut *me* out. They wasn't *nobody* in sight but Billy! Why didn't *yu say* he was comin'? Think I can see four ways to onct? Why *didn't*—" At this point Red cantered up with a calf and, by a quick maneuver, drew the taut rope against the rear of Billy's knees, causing that unfortunate to sit down heavily. As he arose choking with broken-winded profanity Red dragged the animal to the fire, and Billy forgot his grievances in the press of labor.

"How many, Buck?" asked Red.

"One-eighty."

"How does she stand?"

"Yore eighteen to th' bad," replied the foreman.

"Th' son-of-a-gun!" marveled Red, riding off.

Another whoop interrupted them, and Billy quit watching out of the corner eye for pugnacious calves as he prepared for Hopalong.

"Hey, Buck, this here cuss was with a Barred-Horseshoe cow," he announced as he turned it over to the branding man. Buck made a tally in a separate column and released the animal. "Hullo, Red! Workin'?" asked Hopalong of his rival.

"Some, *yu little cuss*," answered Red with all the good nature in the world. Hopalong was his particular "side partner," and he could lose to him with the best of feelings.

"*Yu looks so nice an' cool an' clean, I didn't know*," responded Hopalong, eyeing a streak of sweat and dust which ran from Red's eyes to his chin and then on down his neck.

"*What *yu been doin'*? Plowin' with yore nose?*" returned Red, smiling blandly at his friend's appearance.

"*Yah!*" snorted Hopalong, wheeling toward the corral. "*Come on, *yu pie-eatin'* dodle-bug; I'll beat *yu to the gate!**"

The two ponies sent showers of sand all over Billy, who eyed them in pugnacious disgust. "Of all th' locoed imps that ever made life miserable fer a man, them's th' worst! Is there any piece of fool nonsense they hain't harnessed me with?" he beseeched of Buck. "Is there anything they hain't done to me? They hides my liquor; they stuffs th' sweat band of my hat with

rope; they ties up my pants; they puts *water* in my *boots* an' *loads* in my *bunk*—ain't they *never* goin' to get sane?"

"Oh, they're only kids—they can't help it," offered Buck. "Didn't they hobble my cayuse when I was on him an' near bust my neck?"

Hopalong interrupted the conversation by bringing up another calf, and Buck, glancing at his watch, declared the contest at an end.

"*Yu wins*," he remarked to the newcomer. "*An' now *yu get scarce* or Billy will shore straddle yore nerves. He said as how he was goin' to get square on *yu to-night*.*"

"*I didn't, neither, Hoppy!*" earnestly contradicted Billy, who had visions of a night spent in torment as a reprisal for such a threat. "*Honest I didn't, did I, Johnny?*" he asked appealingly.

"*Yu shore did*," lied Johnny, winking at Red, who had just ridden up.

"*I don't know what yore talkin' about, but *yu shore did*,*" replied Red.

"*If *yu did*,*" grinned Hopalong, "*I'll shore make *yu hard* to find. Come on, fellows,*" he said; "*grub's ready. Where's Frenchy?*"

"*Over chewin' th' rag with Waffles about his hat—he's lost it again*," answered Red. "*He needs a guardian fer that bonnet. Th' Kid an' Salvation has jammed it in th' corral fence an' Waffles has to stand fer it.*"

"*Let's put it in th' grub wagon an' see him cuss cookie*," suggested Hopalong.

"*Shore*," indorsed Johnny; "*Cookie 'll feed him bum grub for a week to get square.*"

Hopalong and Johnny ambled over to the corral and after some trouble located the missing sombrero, which they carried to the grub wagon and hid in the flour barrel. Then they went over by the excited owner and dropped a few remarks about how strange the cook was acting and how he was watching Frenchy.

Frenchy jumped at the bait and tore over to the wagon, where he and the cook spent some time in mutual recrimination. Hopalong nosed around and finally dug up the hat, white as new-fallen snow.

"*Here's a hat—found it in th' dough barrel*," he announced, handing it over to Frenchy, who received it in open-mouthed stupefaction.

"Yu pie-makin' pirate! *Yu* didn't know where my lid was, *did* yu! Yu cross-eyed lump of hypocrisy!" yelled Frenchy, dusting off the flour with one full-armed swing on the cook's face, driving it into that unfortunate's nose and eyes and mouth. "Yu white-washed Chink, yu—rub yore face with water an' yu've got pancakes."

"Hey! What yu doin'!" yelled the cook, kicking the spot where he had last seen Frenchy. "Don't yu know better'n that!"

"Yu live close to yoreself or I'll throw yu so high th' sun'll duck," replied Frenchy, a smile illuminating his face.

"Hey, cookie," remarked Hopalong confidentially, "I know who put up this joke on yu. Yu ask Billy who hid th' hat," suggested the tease. "Here he comes now—see how queer he looks."

"Th' mournful Piute," ejaculated the cook. "I'll shore make him wish he'd kept on his own trail. I'll flavor his slush [coffee] with year-old dish-rags!"

At this juncture Billy ambled up, keeping his weather eye peeled for trouble. "Who's a dish-rag?" he queried. The cook mumbled something about crazy hens not knowing when to quit cackling and climbed up in his wagon. And that night Billy swore off drinking coffee.

When the dawn of the next day broke, Hopalong was riding toward the Black Hills, leaving Billy to untie himself as best he might.

The trip was uneventful and several days later he entered Red Dog, a rambling shanty town, one of those western mushroom towns that sprang up in a night. He took up his stand at the Miner's Rest, and finally secured six claims at the cost of nine hundred hard-earned dollars, a fund subscribed by the outfits, as it was to be a partnership affair.

He rode out to a staked-off piece of hillside and surveyed his purchase, which consisted of a patch of ground, six holes, six piles of dirt and a log hut. The holes showed that the claims had been tried and found wanting.

He dumped his pack of tools and provisions, which he had bought on the way up, and lugged them into the cabin. After satisfying his curiosity he went outside and sat down for a smoke, figuring up in his mind how much gold he could carry on a

horse. Then, as he realized that he could get a pack mule to carry the surplus, he became aware of a strange presence near at hand and looked up into the muzzle of a Sharp's rifle. He grasped the situation in a flash and calmly blew several heavy smoke rings around the frowning barrel.

"Well?" he asked slowly.

"Nice day, stranger," replied the man with the rifle, "but don't yu reckon yu've made a mistake?"

Hopalong glanced at the number burned on a near-by stake and blew another smoke ring. He was waiting for the gun to waver.

"No, I reckons not," he answered. "Why?"

"Well, I'll jest tell yu since yu asks. This yere claim's mine an' I'm a reg'lar terror, I am. That's why; an' seein' as it is, yu better amble some."

Hopalong glanced down the street and saw an interested group watching him, which only added to his rage for being in such a position. Then he started to say something, faltered and stared with horror at a point several feet behind his opponent. The "terror" sprang to one side in response to Hopalong's expression, as if fearing that a snake or some such danger threatened him. As he alighted in his new position he fell forward and Hopalong slid a smoking Colt in its holster.

Several men left the distant group and ran toward the claim. Hopalong reached his arm inside the door and brought forth his Sharp's rifle, with which he covered their advance.

"Anything yu want?" he shouted savagely.

The men stopped and two of them started to sidle in front of two others, but Hopalong was not there for the purpose of permitting a move that would screen any gun play and he stopped the game with a warning shout. Then the two held up their hands and advanced.

"We wants to git Dan," called out one of them, nodding at the prostrate figure.

"Come ahead," replied Hopalong, substituting a Colt for the rifle.

They carried their badly wounded and insensible burden back to those whom they had left, and several curses were hurled at the cowboy, who only smiled grimly and entered the hut to place things ready for a siege, should one come. He had one

hundred rounds of ammunition and provisions enough for two weeks, with the assurance of reinforcements long before that time would expire. He cut several rough loopholes and laid out his weapons for quick handling. He knew that he could stop any advance during the day and planned only for night attacks. How long he could do without sleep did not bother him, because he gave it no thought, as he was accustomed to short naps and could awaken at will or at the slightest sound.

As dusk merged into dark he crept forth and collected several handfuls of dry twigs, which he scattered around the hut, as the cracking of these would warn him of an approach. Then he went in and went to sleep.

He awoke at daylight after a good night's rest, and feasted on canned beans and peaches. Then he tossed the cans out of the door and shoved his hat out. Receiving no response he walked out and surveyed the town at his feet. A sheepish grin spread over his face as he realized that there was no danger. Several red-shirted men passed by him on their way to town, and one, a grizzled veteran of many gold camps, stopped and sauntered up to him.

"Mornin'," said Hopalong.

"Mornin'," replied the stranger. "I thought I'd drop in an' say that I saw that gun-play of yours yesterday. You ain't got no reason to look fer a rush. This camp is half white men an' half bullies, an' th' white men won't stand fer no play like that. Them fellers that jest passed are neighbors of yours, an' they won't lay abed if you needs them. But you wants to look out fer th' joints in th' town. Guess this business is out of yore line," he finished as he sized Hopalong up.

"She shore is, but I'm here to stay. Got tired of punchin' an' reckoned I'd git rich." Here he smiled and glanced at the hole. "How're you makin' out?" he asked.

"'Bout five dollars a day apiece, but that ain't nothin' when grub's so high. Got reckless th' other day an' had a egg at fifty cents."

Hopalong whistled and glanced at the empty camp at his feet. "Any marshal in this burg?"

"Yep. But he's one of th' gang. No good, an' drunk half th' time an' half drunk

th' rest. Better come down an' have something," invited the miner.

"I'd shore like to, but I can't let no gang get in that door," replied the puncher.

"Oh, that's all right; I'll call my pardner down to keep house till you gits back. He can hold her all right. Hey, Jake!" he called to a man who was some hundred paces distant; "come down here an' keep house till we gits back, will you?"

The man lumbered down to them and took possession as Hopalong and his newly found friend started for the town.

They entered the "Miner's Rest" and Hopalong fixed the room in his mind with one swift glance. Three men — and they looked like the crowd he had stopped the day before — were playing poker at a table near the window. Hopalong leaned with his back to the bar and talked, with the players always in sight.

Soon the door opened and a bewhiskered, heavy-set man tramped in and, walking up to Hopalong, looked him over.

"Huh," he sneered, "you are th' gent with th' festive guns that plugged Dan, ain't you?"

Hopalong looked him in the eyes and quietly replied: "An' who th' h—l are you?"

The stranger's eyes blazed and his face wrinkled with rage as he aggressively shoved his jaw close to Hopalong's face.

"You runt, I'm a better man than you even if you do wear hair pants," referring to Hopalong's chaps. "You cow-wrestlers make me tired, an' I'm goin' to show you that this town is too good for you. You can say it right now that you are a ornery, game-leg—"

Hopalong, blind with rage, smashed his insulter squarely between the eyes with all the power of his sinewy body behind the blow, knocking him in a heap under the table. Then he quickly glanced at the card players and saw a hostile movement. His gun was out in a flash and he covered the trio as he walked up to them. Never in all his life had he felt such a desire to kill. His eyes were diamond points of accumulated fury, and those whom he faced quailed before him.

"You scum of th' earth! Draw, please, draw! Pull yore guns an' gimme my chance! Three to one, an' I'll lay my guns here," he said, placing them on the

bar and removing his hands. "'Nearer My God to Thee' is purty appropriate fer yu just now! Yu seem to be a-scared of yore own guns. Git down on yore dirty knees an' say good an' loud that yu eats dirt! Shout out that yu are too currish to live with decent men," he said, even-toned and distinct, his voice vibrant with passion as he took up his Colts. "Get down!" he repeated, shoving the weapons forward and pulling back the hammers.

The trio glanced at each other, and all three dropped to their knees and repeated in venomous hatred the words Hopalong said for them.

"Now git! An' if I sees yu when I leaves I'll send yu after yore friend. I'll shoot on sight now. Git!" He escorted them to the door and kicked the last one out.

His miner friend still leaned against the bar and looked his approval.

"Well done, youngster! But yu wants to look out—that man," pointing to the now groping victim of Hopalong's blow, "is th' marshal of this town. He or his pals will get yu if yu don't watch th' corners."

Hopalong walked over to the marshal, jerked him to his feet and slammed him against the bar. Then he tore the cheap badge from its place and threw it on the floor. Reaching down, he drew the marshal's revolver from its holster and shoved it in its owner's hand.

"Yore th' marshal of this place an' it's too good for me, but yore goin' to pick up that tin lie," pointing at the badge, "an' yore goin' to do it right now. Then yore goin' to get kicked out of that door, an' if yu stops runnin' while I can see yu I'll fill yu so full of holes yu'll catch cold. Yore a sumptious marshal, yu are! Yore th' snortingest ki-yi that ever stuck its tail atween its laigs, yu are. Yu pop-eyed wall flower, yu wants to peep to yoreself or some papoose 'll slide yu over th' Divide so fast yu won't have time to grease yore pants. Pick up that license-tag an' let me see yu perculate so lively that yore back 'll look like a ten-cent piece in five seconds. Flit!"

The marshal, dazed and bewildered, stooped and fumbled for the badge. Then he stood up and glanced at the gun in his hand and at the eager man before him. He slid the weapon in his belt and drew his

hand across his fast-closing eyes. Cursing streaks of profanity, he staggered to the door and landed in a heap in the street from the force of Hopalong's kick. Struggling to his feet, he ran unsteadily down the block and disappeared around a corner.

The bartender, cool and unperturbed, pushed out three glasses on his treat: "I've seen yu afore, up in Cheyenne—member? How's yore friend Red?" he asked as he filled the glasses with the best the house afforded.

"Well, shore 'nuff! Glad to see yu, Jimmy! What yu doin' away off here?" asked Hopalong, beginning to feel at home.

"Oh, jest filterin' round like. I'm awful glad to see yu—this yere wart of a town needs siffin' out. It was only last week I was wishin' one of yore bunch 'ud show up—that ornament yu jest buffaloeed shore raised th' devil in here, an' I wished I had somebody to prospect his anatomy for a lead mine. But he's got a tough gang circulating with him. Ever hear of Dutch Shannon or Blinky Neary? They's with him."

"Dutch Shannon? Nope," he replied.

"Bad eggs, an' not a-carin' how they gits square. Th' feller yu salted yesterday was a bosom friend of th' marshal's, an' he passed in his chips last night."

"So?"

"Yep. Bought a bottle of ready-made nerve an' went to his own funeral. Aristotle Smith was lookin' fer him up in Cheyenne last year. Aristotle said he'd give a century fer five minutes' palaver with him, but he shied th' town an' didn't come back. Yu know Aristotle, don't yu? He's th' geezer that made fame up to Poison Knob three years ago. He used to go to town ridin' astride a log on th' lumber flume. Made four miles in six minutes with th' promise of a ruction when he stopped. Once when he was loaded he tried to ride back th' same way he came, an' th' first thing he knowed he was three miles farther from his supper an' a-slippin' down that valley like he wanted to go somewhere. He swum out at Potter's Dam an' it took him a day to walk back. But he didn't make that play again, because he was frequently sober, an' when he wasn't he'd only stand off an' swear at th' slide."

"That's Aristotle, all hunk. He's th' chap that used to play checkers with Dea-

con Rawlins. They used empty an' loaded shells for men, an' when they got a king they'd lay one on its side. Sometimes they'd jar th' board an' they'd all be kings an' then they'd have a cussin' match," replied Hopalong, once more restored to good humor.

"Why," responded Jimmy, "he counted his wealth over twice by mistake an' shore raised a howl when he went to blow it—thought he'd been robbed, an' laid behind th' houses fer a week lookin' fer th' feller that done it."

"I've heard of that cuss—he shore was th' limit. What become of him?" asked the miner.

"He ambled up to Laramie an' stuck his head in th' window of that joint by th' plaza an' hollered 'Fire,' an' they did. He was shore a good feller, all th' same," answered the bartender.

Hopalong laughed and started for the door. Turning around he looked at his miner friend and asked: "Comin' along? I'm goin' back now."

"Nope. Reckon I'll hit th' tiger a whirl. I'll stop in when I passes."

"All right. So long," replied Hopalong, slipping out of the door and watching for trouble. There was no opposition shown him, and he arrived at his claim to find Jake in a heated argument with another of the gang.

"Here he comes now," he said as Hopalong walked up. "Tell him what yu said to me."

"I said yu made a mistake," said the other, turning to the cowboy in a half apologetic manner.

"An' what else?" insisted Jake.

"Why, ain't that all?" asked the claim-jumper's friend in feigned surprise, wishing that he had kept quiet.

"Well, I reckons it is if yu can't back up yore words," responded Jake in open contempt.

Hopalong grabbed the intruder by the collar of his shirt and hauled him off the claim. "Yu keep off this, understand? I just kicked yore marshal out in th' street, an' I'll pay yu th' next call. If yu rambles in range of my guns yu'll shore get in th' way of a slug. Yu an' yore gang wants to browse on th' far side of th' range or yu'll miss a sunrise some mornin'. Scoot!"

Hopalong turned to his companion and

smiled. "What 'd he say?" he asked genially.

"Oh, he jest shot off his mouth a little. They's all no good. I've collided with lots of them all over this country. They can't face a good man an' keep their nerve. What 'd yu say to th' marshal?"

"I told him what he was an' threw him outen th' street," replied Hopalong. "In about two weeks we'll have a new marshal an' he'll shore be a dandy."

"Yes? Why don't yu take th' job yoreself? We're with yu."

"Better man comin'. Ever hear of Buck Peters or Red Connors of th' Bar 20, Texas?"

"Buck Peters? Seems to me I have. Did he punch fer th' Tin-Cup up in Montana, 'bout twenty years back?"

"Shore! Him and Frenchy McAllister punched all over that country an' they used to paint Cheyenne, too," replied Hopalong, eagerly.

"I knows him, then. I used to know Frenchy, too. Are they comin' up here?"

"Yes," responded Hopalong, struggling with another can while waiting for the fire to catch up. "Better have some grub with me—don't like to eat alone," invited the cowboy, the reaction of his late rage swinging him to the other extreme.

When their tobacco had got well started at the close of the meal and content had taken possession of them Hopalong laughed quietly and finally spoke:

"Did yu ever know Aristotle Smith when yu was up in Montana?"

"Did I! Well, me an' Aristotle prospected all through that country till he got so locoed I had to watch him fer fear he'd blow us both up. He greased th' fryin' pan with dynamite one night, an' we shore had to eat jerked meat an' canned stuff all th' rest of that trip. What made yu ask? Is he comin' up too?"

"No, I reckons not. Jimmy, th' bartender, said that he cashed in up at Laramie. Wasn't he th' cuss that built that boat out there on th' Arizona desert because he was scared that a flood might come? Th' sun shore warped that punt till it wasn't even good for a hencoop."

"Nope. That was Sister-Annie Tompkins. He was purty near as bad as Aristotle, though. He roped a puma up on th' Sacramentos, an' didn't punch no more fer

three weeks. Well, here comes my pardner an' I reckons I'll amble right along. If yu needs any referee or a side pardner in any ruction yu has only got to warble up my way. So long."

The next ten days passed quietly and on the afternoon of the eleventh Hopalong's miner friend paid him a visit.

"Jake recommends yore peaches," he laughed as he shook Hopalong's hand. "He says yu boosted another of that crowd. That bein' so I thought I would drop in an' say that they're comin' after yu to-night, shore. Just heard of it from yore friend Jimmy. Yu can count on us when th' rush comes. But why didn't yu say yu was a pard of Buck Peters'? Me an' him used to shoot up Laramie together. From what yore friend James says, yu can handle this gang by yore lonesome, but if yu needs any encouragement yu make some sign an' we'll help th' event along some. They's eight of us that 'll be waitin' up to get th' returns an' we're shore goin' to be in range."

"Gee, it's nice to run across a friend of Buck's! Ain't he a son-of-a-gun?" asked Hopalong, delighted at the news. Then, without waiting for a reply, he went on: "Yore shore square, all right, an' I hates to refuse yore offer, but I got eighteen friends comin' up an' they ought to get here by tomorrow. Yu tell Jimmy to head them this way when they shows up an' I'll have th' claim for them. There ain't no use of yu fellers gettin' mixed up in this. Th' bunch that's comin' can clean out any gang this side of sunup, an' I expects they'll shore be anxious to begin when they finds me eatin' peaches an' wastin' my time shootin' bums. Yu pass th' word along to yore friends, an' tell them to lay low an' see th' Arory Boerallis hit this town with its tail up. Tell Jimmy to do it up good when he speaks about me holdin' th' claim—I likes to see Buck an' Red fight when they're good an' mad."

The miner laughed and slapped Hopalong on the shoulder. "Yore all right, youngster! Yore just like Buck was at yore age. Say now, I reckons he wasn't a reg'lar terror on wheels! Why, I've seen him do more foolish things than any man I knows of, an' I calculate that if Buck pals with yu there ain't no water in yore sand. My name's Tom Halloway," he suggested.

"An' mine's Hopalong Cassidy," was the reply. "I've heard Buck speak of yu."

"Has yu? Well, don't it beat all how little this world is? Somebody allus turnin' up that knows somebody yu knows. I'll just amble along, Mr. Cassidy, an' don't yu be none bashful about callin' if yu needs me. Any pal of Buck's is my friend. Well, so long," said the visitor as he strode off. Then he stopped and turned around. "Hey, mister!" he called. "They are goin' to roll a fire barrel down agin yu from behind," indicating by an outstretched arm the point from where it would start. "If it burns yu out I'm goin' to take a hand from up there," pointing to a cluster of rocks well to the rear of where the crowd would work from, "an' I don't care whether yu likes it or not," he added to himself.

Hopalong scratched his head and then laughed. Taking up a pick and shovel, he went out behind the cabin and dug a trench parallel with and about twenty paces away from the rear wall. Heaping the excavated dirt up on the near side of the cut, he stepped back and surveyed his labor with open satisfaction. "Roll yore fire barrel an' be d——," he muttered. "Mebby she won't make a bully light for pot shots, though," he added, grinning at the execution he would do.

Taking up his tools, he went up to the place from where the gang would roll the barrel, and made half a dozen mounds of twigs, being careful to make them very flimsy. Then he covered them with earth and packed them gently. The mounds looked very tempting from the view-point of a marksman in search of earthworks, and appeared capable of stopping any rifle ball that could be fired against them. Hopalong looked them over critically and stepped back.

"I'd like to see th' look on th' face of th' son-of-a-gun that uses them for cover—won't he be surprised?" and he grinned gleefully as he pictured his shots boring through them. Then he placed in the center of each a chip or a pebble or something that he thought would show up well in the firelight.

Returning to the cabin, he banked it up well with dirt and gravel, and tossed a few shovelfuls up on the roof as a safety valve to his exuberance. When he entered the door he had another idea, and fell to work



"Hopalong . . . blew another smoke ring. He was waiting for the gun to waver."

scooping out a shallow cellar, deep enough to shelter him when lying at full length. Then he stuck his head out of the window and grinned at the false covers with their prominent bull's-eyes.

"When that prize-winnin' gang of ossified idiots runs up agin these fortifications they shore will be disgusted. I'll bet four dollars an' seven cents they'll think their medicine-man's no good. I hopes that puff-eyed marshal will pick out that hump with th' chip on it," and he hugged himself in anticipation.

He then cut down a sapling and fastened it to the roof and on it he tied his neckerchief, which fluttered valiantly and with defiance in the light breeze. "I shore hopes they appreciates that," he remarked whimsically, as he went inside the hut and closed the door.

The early part of the evening passed in peace, and Hopalong, tired of watching in vain, wished for action. Midnight came, and it was not until half an hour before dawn that he was attacked. Then a noise sent him to a loophole, where he fired two shots at skulking figures some distance off. A fusillade of bullets replied; one of them ripped through the door at a weak spot and drilled a hole in a can of the everlasting peaches. Hopalong set the can in the frying pan and then flitted from loophole to loophole, shooting quick and straight. Several curses told him that he had not missed, and he scooped up a finger of peach juice. Shots thudded into the walls of his fort in an unceasing stream, and, as it grew lighter, several whizzed through the loopholes. He kept close to the earth and waited for the rush, and when it came sent it back minus two of its members.

As he reloaded his Colts a bullet passed through his shirt sleeve and he promptly nailed the marksman. He looked out of a crack in the rear wall and saw the top of an adjoining hill crowned with spectators, all of whom were armed. Some time later he repulsed another attack and heard a faint cheer from his friends on the hill. Then he saw a barrel, blazing from end to end, roll out from the place he had so carefully covered with mounds. It gathered speed and bounded over the rough ground, flashed between two rocks and leaped into the trench, where it crackled and roared in vain.

"Now," said Hopalong, blazing at the mounds as fast as he could load and fire his Sharp's, "we'll just see what yu thinks of yore nice little covers."

Yells of consternation and pain rang out in a swelling chorus, and legs and arms jerked and flopped, one man, in his astonishment at the shot that tore open his cheek, sitting up in plain sight of that marksman, who then killed him. Roars of rage floated up from the main body of the besiegers, and the discomfited remnant of barrel-rollers broke for real cover, Hopalong picking off two in their flight.

Then he stopped another rush from the front, made upon the supposition that he was thinking only of the second detachment. A hearty cheer arose from Tom Holloway and his friends, ensconced in their rocky position, and it was taken up by those on the hill, who danced and yelled their delight at the battle, to them more humorous than otherwise.

This recognition of his prowess from men of the caliber of his audience made him feel good, and he grinned: "Gee, I'll bet Holloway an' his friend is shore itchin' to get in this," he murmured, firing at a head that was foolishly shown for an instant. "Got yu!" he exclaimed, scooping up more peach juice. "Wonder what Red 'll say when Jimmy tells him—bet he'll plow dust like a cyclone," and Hopalong laughed, picturing to himself the satiation of Red's anger. "Old red-headed son-of-a-gun," murmured the cowboy affectionately, "he shore can fight."

As he squinted over the sights of his rifle his eye caught sight of a moving body of men as they cantered over the flats about two miles away. In his eagerness he forgot to shoot and carefully counted them. "Nine," he grumbled. "Wonder what's th' matter?"—fearing that they were not his friends. Then a second body numbering eight cantered into sight and followed the first.

"Whoop! There's th' Red-head!" he shouted, dancing in his joy. "Now," he shouted at the peach can joyously, "yu wait about thirty minutes an' yu'll shore reckon Hades has busted loose!"

He grabbed up his Colts, which he kept loaded for repelling rushes, and recklessly emptied them into the bushes and between the rocks and trees, searching every likely

place for a human target. Then he slipped his rifle in a loophole and waited for good shots, having worked off the dangerous pressure of his exuberance.

Soon he heard a yell from the direction of the "Miner's Rest," and fell to jamming cartridges into his revolvers so that he could sally out and join in the fray by the side of Red.

The thunder of madly pounding hoofs rolled up the trail, and soon a horse and rider shot around the corner and headed for the copse. Three more raced close behind, and then a bunch of six, followed by the rest, spread out and searched for trouble.

Red, a Colt in each hand and hatless, stood up in his stirrups and sent shot after shot into the fleeing mob, which he could not follow on account of the nature of the ground. Buck wheeled and dashed down the trail again with Red a close second, the others packed in a solid mass and after them. At the first level stretch the newcomers swept down and hit their enemies, going through them like a knife through cheese. Hopalong danced up and down with rage when he could not find his horse, and had to stand and yell, a spectator.

The fight drifted in among the buildings, where it became a series of isolated duels, and soon Hopalong saw panic-stricken horses carrying their riders out of the other side of the town. Then he went gunning for the man who had rustled his horse. He was unsuccessful and returned to his peaches.

Soon the riders came up, and when they saw Hopalong shove a peach into his powder-grimed mouth they yelled their delight.

"Yu old maverick! Eatin' peaches like

yu was afraid we'd git some!" shouted Red indignantly, leaping down and running up to his pal as though to thrash him.

Hopalong grinned pleasantly and fired a peach against Red's eye. "I was savin' that one for yu, Reddie," he remarked, as he avoided Buck's playful kick. "Yu fellers git to work an' dig up some wealth—I'm hungry." Then he turned to Buck: "Yore th' marshal of this town, an' any son-of-a-gun what don't like it had better write. Oh, yes, here comes Tom Halloway—'member him?"

Buck turned and faced the miner and his hand went out with a jerk.

"Well, I'll be loocoed if I didn't punch with yu on th' Tin-Cup!" he said.

"Yu shore did an' yu was purty devilish, but that there Cassidy of yourn beats anything I ever seen."

"He's a good kid," replied Buck, glancing to where Red and Hopalong were quarreling as to who had eaten the most pie in a contest held some years before.

Johnny, nosing around, came upon the perforated and partially scattered piles of earth and twigs, and vented his disgust of them by kicking them to pieces. "Hey! Hoppy! Oh, Hoppy!" he called, "what are these things?"

Hopalong jammed Red's hat over that person's eyes and replied: "Oh, them's some loaded dice I fixed for them."

"Yu son-of-a-gun!" sputtered Red, as he wrestled with his friend in the exuberance of his pride. "Yu son-of-a-gun! Yu shore ought to be ashamed to treat 'em that way!"

"Shore," replied Hopalong. "But I ain't!"



WA-GUSH

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

PAINTING BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

THE north wind flung itself wildly, viciously over the gray barrens; shrieking and whistling, it passed into the dark forests beyond.

A lone figure, urging on his dog team, sometimes pushing the sledge behind them when the snow was soft, struggled slowly across the mournful distances.

"Sacrée, Ah no get to de poste dees night," he murmured.

As though in answer to his words the dogs stopped, panting, their feet bleeding, their eyes half closed; worn out with the weight of their load and the killing softness of the snow.

The man, Phiné Poleon, straightened up and looked about, while the wind tore at his clothes, bellowed in his ears and slung the biting drift over him. Everywhere loomed the solitude of the winter barrens; everywhere the snow flew along in tumbling clouds, ever and always the gale shrieked in gusts. The dogs had lain down together, creeping to one another that their warmth might keep off the fury of the storm.

"Ah mus' get to de fores'," Phiné said aloud, took up his whip and curled the thong about the tired brutes.

"Allez! allez! Marse!"

They got to their feet painfully and started on, he helping from the rear.

At last, after hours of fighting against the whirling snow, he came to the forest. Tall, black and grim the hemlock and pine stood before him, their tops pirouetting wildly in the wind.

In their shelter Poleon halted, built a lean-to, gathered some dry wood and lighted his fire. The flames ate their red way speedily, and roared their heat to the coldness of the air.

After supper he fed the dogs, rolled himself in his rabbit-skin blanket and slept.

It was nearly daylight when he woke, his mind roused to action by the feeling of the presence of something. He got up, started to call the dogs, when the gleam of a fire in the forest below arrested his voice.

"Who's dere?" he muttered

In yellow lines of light that flickered and shone, the other fire gleamed warmly. His own had gone out.

"Ah go see!" and he went, stealing from tree to tree, the sound of his feet crunching in the snow covered up by the noises of the angry night.

By the brightly blazing fire were two figures close together, a man and a woman. Her face he could not see for the dancing shadows.

"Dat ees Le Renard," he whispered, recognizing an old comrade in the man. He was about to go forward when the woman rose and passed behind the other figure. Poleon saw the flash of steel, but could not hear the groan. He saw the body roll over and twitch convulsively.

"Bon Dieu, w'at you do?" he shouted, leaping on. The woman saw him coming and darted away in the blackness, seizing a pair of snowshoes that were near as she ran.

"D—n you," he cursed and tried to follow. He stumbled and slipped, then stopped breathless. Only the impenetrable mass of trunks met his eyes, their branches flapping monotonously to and fro.

"No can catch now," and he went back to the wounded man.

"Renard, w'at ees?" he asked frantically, tearing open his friend's capote and shirt. The latter opened his great black eyes for an instant.

"Dat—you—Poleon?"

"Si—si," the latter answered, trying to stop the flow of blood that reddened the snow.

"Ah'm—een—de—Pol—eece—dees— year; catch mans for steal, he—go—Stonce—Montaigne;* dees girl—mak' me t'ink—she—loove—me; she sistaire dat mans!" the voice finished.

"Ah catch her sure!" Poleon screamed, seeing that his friend's death was near. "W'at her name? no could see her, me."

The dying trapper gasped and gurgled a moment, "W—g——" and died.

The dead man in his arms, the glazing eyes looking unseeing into his, Poleon crouched, dazed, horror-stricken. As in a dream, old scenes, memories of trapping days together, days that were fraught with success sometimes, sometimes burdened with failure, but always hours of companionship and a deep friendliness, passed before his memory eyes.

"An' now," he muttered sadly, "eet all feenesh forevaire." Then he stood up and took off his cap. "Bon Dieu, hear w'en Ah, Phiné Poleon, say dat Ah goin' keel dat girl somtaim!" He looked up at the heavens. They were dull gray and black with the coming light. Clouds sped over in banks and hurrying rifts. Gloomy, forbidding and cold they were.

He picked up the dead man and carried him to where his dogs were waiting, curled up, asleep. On top of the load of fur he fastened the stiffening form. Without breakfast or even a thought of food he crackled his whip.

"Allez—hoop!"

The half light in the forest showed the drifts and piled-up masses of snow, and the dogs worked slowly along. Weaker and weaker their pulls at the load became, then they stopped, powerless to pull more.

"W'at Ah do?" Phiné whispered, wiping the beads of sweat from his face. "Ah mus' leave Renard or my skeens."

He stood long, hesitating between the body of his friend and the fur he had collected from his traps; these meant money and food to him. At last—"Ah buree Renard," and he fell to work.

With his axe he dug through the snow and hacked at the frozen earth beneath, finally sinking a hole big enough for his purpose. Then he undid the lashings, lifted the dead man from the sledge, lowered him carefully, put back the earth, dragged the snow over the spot and stamped it down.

*The penitentiary for the N. W. Provinces.

Gravely he stood on it then, and said his Ave Maria twice, called to the team and turned away, tears in his eyes.

At night he reached the Hudson Bay Company's post at Mistassiny and took his furs to the factor, receiving for them food and some money.

"'Tis a good thing ye got a fair lot this time," the Scotchman said as he examined the skins, "fur ye hae nae doun so well lately, Phin!"

But the big French Canadian said nothing.

For days he fought with himself as to whether he should tell of the murder he had seen committed, because the Post was asking for Le Renard, but he argued, "Ah no know dat w'man; dey no b'lief me; mabbe tink *Ab* keel Renard," and he was silent.

The knife that he had found in his friend's back he kept. It was a peculiar blade, with a moose-horn handle and a blunted haft. He would take it out when he was alone in his tepee and look at it, moisture in his gaunt eyes.

"Ef Ah onlee knew who deed dat!" he would whisper over and over again.

Each night before he slept he solemnly repeated his vow to kill the girl "somtaim," and each day he watched everything and every one about the Post furtively, but learned nothing. The questions about Le Renard faded away.

"He mus' ha' lost hisself," the factor said.

But Poleon knew and he chafed at his own powerlessness. All winter he worked on at his traps, and when spring came he had a good credit account at the store.

"Ah goin' be marry," he announced abruptly one day to the factor.

"Who?" the latter asked.

"Wa-gush." (Little Fox.)

"She is a fox, too," and the Scotchman chuckled, "but I hae nae doubt ye can beat her well enou' to keep her frae foxin'," and he laughed aloud.

"Ah loove her, dat all I know," Poleon answered gravely and went out of the store.

On a glorious June day, when the trees were green with springing life, and the air warm with the luxury of the coming short months of heat, Poleon was married to Wa-gush, the little Indian girl he had grown to love, if a rough mastership with a passion-



"Bon Dieu, Ah have keel lak' Ah say, now Ah keel h'again."

Painting by Frank E. Schoonover.

ate adoration besides can be called love. All the Post were there, and when the Jesuit father pronounced his blessing, they cheered.

Wa-gush and Phiné took up their home in a large, fine tepee that Poleon had built for the occasion. The girl was slim, but strong in body, muscular and active. Her face was of the Chippewa type, with long, slender nose, aloe eyes, high forehead, straight black hair, tiny feet and hands.

"Dieu, Ah loove you!" Poleon whispered softly to her one night as the little supper fire flamed and spluttered at their feet. She looked at him and her eyes narrowed more than ever.

"An' Ah loove you!" she answered softly, tapping her beaded moccasins with a little stick.

Poleon never beat her; on the contrary he carried the wood, built the fires, hauled the nets on the lake; in short, did everything that is usually done by the squaws—so much so that the Post laughed at him.

"Ye do love her, don't ye, Poleon?" the factor said one day sarcastically.

"Ah-hai" (yes), he answered.

All this time of great happiness with the girl, the old sorrow for his friend was working at his heart. He would sit by his fire, with her on the other side, and somberly dream, sometimes seeing the death picture, sometimes almost feeling Le Renard in his arms.

Often he tried to tell her of his pain, but at each attempt the words stuck in his throat. No, he could not make her unhappy, especially because they both hoped for a child. Unseen he would take out the knife and gloomily handle it, wondering, praying that some time he might have his vengeance.

The days passed on, one by one, each filled with its own particular happiness with Wa-gush, each bringing nearer the longed-for event. In the evenings, when his nets were hauled and the dogs fed, Poleon would take her out on the lake in one of his birch-bark canoes and paddle quietly along the warm, dark shores, startling the deer from their feeding, and listening to the lonely hoot of owls.

One night his sorrow was too great.

"Chérie," he said quietly.

"Ai?" she put her hand on his knee that rested on the canoe bottom.

"Ah have beeg pain!"

"Ai?" she said again, waiting.

He drew out the knife from his bosom.

"Dees kn'fe—" he began, when he heard the startled gasp, felt her shiver run over the canoe and looked up. In the moonlight her dusky face was white, and her eyes burned strangely at him. She controlled herself by a valiant effort.

"Ai?"

A wild thought flashed across him, and he remembered, could hear the dying man's attempt at a name: "W—g——"

She was herself again. "Tell to me?"

And he told her the story, watching, now that the iron was in his heart, with the keenness of a hound, but Wa-gush gave no further sign.

"Dat too bad, Poleon," she said when he finished, "you mus' fin' dat girl an' keel!" Straight she looked at him and he stared back. No waver of an eyelid met his gaze.

"You t'ink dat?"

"Ai-hai" (yes), she answered steadily, and they went home.

More days passed, but now they were fraught with double pain to Poleon.

"It no can be dat!" he would say to himself when alone.

At supper one night the blanket at the entrance was pushed aside and a great Indian came in.

"Bo' jou', Poleon, bo' jou', sistaire, Ah comme f'om Stonee Montaigne, Ah'm free at las'!" and he sat down.

Poleon turned to the girl; she was watching him with a tense, hunted look.

"Ah-h!" he whispered, and talked on gayly.

She was lulled to carelessness, thinking he did not know, and when he suggested they go on the lake, the next evening, she got into the canoe quietly.

The moon shone in all its glorious splendor, silvering the waters and causing the forest to appear as black lines. When at a distance from the Post, Poleon got out the old knife.

"You keel Le Renard," he said, with no anger in his voice, only an ineffable sorrow.

"Non—non," she answered, seeing the light in his eyes.

"Ah say yes, an' Ah'm goin' keel you!"

She begged for mercy as he put the paddle down.

"T'ink of you' petit," she whispered then; he crawled over the thwart.

"Ah *am* t'inken," he said, and struck! The canoe trembled for an instant, then was quiet on the calm waters.

He looked at her, dead at his feet, her little hands resting over the side. The knife was still in his hands.

"Bon Dieu, Ah have keel lak' Ah say, now Ah keel h'again."

He thrust at his own chest with a powerful, heavy blow. "Adieu, Wa-gush, Ah away loove you," he gasped as he fell, overturning the canoe by his weight.

The waters rolled away in sullen ripples after the splash; and the upturned canoe floated motionless and dark on the still, moonlit surface.

PAN IN THE CATSKILLS

BY BLISS CARMAN

They say that he is dead, and now no more
The reedy syrinx sounds among the hills,
When the long summer heat is on the land.
But I have heard the Catskill thrushes sing,
And therefore am incredulous of death,
Of pain and sorrow and mortality.

In those blue cañons, deep with hemlock shade,
In solitudes of twilight or of dawn,
I have been rapt away from time and care
By the enchantment of a golden strain
As pure as ever pierced the Thracian wild,
Filling the listener with a mute surmise.

At evening and at morning I have gone
Down the cool trail between the beech-tree holes,
And heard the haunting music of the wood
Ring through the silence of the dark ravine,
Flooding the earth with beauty and with joy
And all the ardors of creation old.

And then within my pagan heart awoke
Remembrance of far-off and fabled years
In the untarnished sunrise of the world,
When clear-eyed Hellas in her rapture heard
A slow mysterious piping wild and keen
Thrill through her vales, and whispered, "It is Pan!"

THE LONG LABRADOR TRAIL

THE COMPACT WITH HUBBARD FULFILLED

BY DILLON WALLACE

FOREWORD

DILLON WALLACE was sent to Labrador by THE OUTING MAGAZINE to finish the task undertaken by Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., and himself in 1904. Mr. Wallace succeeded not only in making the hard and perilous pilgrimage whose first attempt resulted in the lamentable death of his companion, but also pushed much farther into the northern wilderness over an unbeaten trail. Among the results of his brilliant and heroic expedition were:

Traversing eight hundred miles of country unknown and unexplored.

Making the first maps of much of this vast tract.

Contributing new knowledge concerning the geology and flora of Labrador.

Striking south on the return trip along an uncharted stretch of coast, a homeward trip of two thousand miles, with dog sleds and snowshoes.

Living for almost a year in the northern wilderness, and, largely because of experience gained in his previous venture, returning in rugged health and without serious mishap of any kind.

In the opinion of the Editor of this magazine, Mr. Wallace's story, which will be published serially, is not only a virile and absorbing narrative of the great outdoors, but also a splendid record of American courage, endurance and heroism.

I

"It's always the way, Wallace! When a fellow starts on the long trail, he's never willing to quit. It 'll be the same with you if you go with me to Labrador. When you come home, you'll hear the voice of the wilderness calling you to return, and it will lure you back again."

It seems but yesterday that Hubbard uttered those prophetic words as he and I lay before our blazing camp-fire in the snow-covered Shawangunk Mountains on that November night in the year 1901, and planned that fateful trip into the unexplored Labrador wilderness which was to cost my dear friend his life, and both of us indescribable sufferings and hardships. And how true a prophecy it was! You who have smelled the camp-fire smoke; who have drunk in the pure forest air, laden

with the smell of the fir tree; who have dipped your paddle into untamed waters, or climbed mountains, with the knowledge that none but the red man has been there before you; or have, perchance, had to fight the wilds and nature for your very existence; you of the wilderness brotherhood can understand how the fever of exploration gets into one's blood and draws one back again to the forests and the barrens in spite of resolutions to "go no more."

It was more than this, however, that lured me back to Labrador. There was the vision of dear old Hubbard as I so often saw him during our struggle through that rugged northland wilderness, wasted in form and ragged in dress, but always hopeful and eager, his undying spirit and indomitable will focused in his words to me, and I can still see him as he looked when he said them:

"The work must be done, Wallace, and if one of us falls before it is completed the other must finish it."

I went back to Labrador to do the work he had undertaken, but which he was not permitted to accomplish. His exhortation appealed to me as a command from my leader—a call to duty.

Hubbard had planned to penetrate the Labrador peninsula from Groswater Bay, following the old northern trail of the Mountaineer Indians from Northwest River Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, situated on Groswater Bay, one hundred and forty miles inland from the eastern coast, to Lake Michikamau, thence through the lake and northward over the divide, where he hoped to locate the headwaters of the George River.

It was his intention to pass down this river until he reached the hunting camps of the Nenenot or Nascaupée Indians, there witness the annual migration of the caribou to the eastern seacoast, which tradition said took place about the middle or latter part of September, and to be present at the "killing," when the Indians, it was reported, secured their winter's supply of provisions by spearing the caribou while the herds were swimming the river. The caribou hunt over, he was to have returned across country to the St. Lawrence or retrace his steps to Northwest River Post, whichever might seem advisable. Should, however, the season be too far advanced to permit of a safe return, he was to have proceeded down the river to its mouth, at Ungava Bay, and return to civilization in winter with dogs.

The country through which we were to have traveled was to be mapped so far as possible, and observations made of the geological formation and of the flora, and as many specimens collected as possible.

This, then, Hubbard's plan, was the plan which I adopted and which I set out to accomplish, when, in March, 1905, I finally decided to return to Labrador.

Hubbard was the assistant editor of THE OUTING MAGAZINE, and it was under the auspices of this magazine that his expedition two years before was undertaken. Therefore, when my decision was made to return to the North, I advised Mr. Caspar Whitney, editor of THE OUTING MAGAZINE, in compliance with his request, made

some time before, that, should I contemplate another journey to Labrador, THE OUTING MAGAZINE might be given an opportunity to engage my services. The magazine gave me a free hand in the selection of men and outfit, as well as in the method of conducting the expedition. The one injunction laid upon me was:

"Come back yourself and bring back all your men. If you find the conditions are such that it is unsafe to go on, come back and try it again next year."

It was advisable to reach Hamilton Inlet with the opening of navigation and make an early start into the country, for every possible day of the brief summer would be needed for our purpose.

It was, as I fully realized, no small undertaking. Many hundreds of miles of unknown country must be traversed, and over mountains and through marshes for long distances our canoes and outfit would have to be transported upon the backs of the men comprising my party, as pack animals cannot be used in Labrador. Through immense stretches of country there would be no sustenance for them, and, in addition to this, the character of the country itself forbids their use.

The personnel of the expedition required much thought. I might with one canoe and one or two professional Indian packers travel more rapidly than with men unused to exploration work, but in that case scientific research would have to be slighted. I, therefore, decided to sacrifice speed to thoroughness and to take with me men who, even though they might not be physically able to carry the large packs of the professional voyageur, would in other respects lend valuable assistance to the work in hand.

My projected return to Labrador was no sooner announced than numerous applications came to me from young men anxious to join the expedition. After careful investigation, I finally selected as my companions George M. Richards, of Columbia University, as geologist, and, to aid me in the topographical work, Clifford H. Easton, of the School of Forestry at Biltmore, North Carolina (both residents of New York), and Leigh Stanton, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, a veteran of the Boer War, whom I had met at the lumber camps in Groswater Bay, Labrador, in the winter of



Pack ice on the Labrador coast.

1903-1904, when he was installing the electric light plant in the large lumber mill there.

It was desirable to have at least one Indian in the party as woodsman, hunter and general camp servant. For this position my friend, Frank H. Keefer, of Port Arthur, Ontario, recommended to me, and at my request engaged, Peter Stevens, a full-blood Ojibway Indian, of Grand Marais, Minnesota. "Pete" arrived in New York under the wing of the railway conductor during the last week in May.

In the meantime I had devoted myself to the selection and purchase of our instruments and general outfit. Everything must be purchased in advance—from canoes to repair kit—as my former experience in Labrador had taught me. It may be of interest to mention the most important items of outfit and the food supply with which we were provided: Two canvas-covered canoes, one nineteen and one eighteen feet in length; one seven by nine "A" tent, made of waterproof "balloon" silk; one tarpaulin, seven by nine



"There were . . . several women and children."



"Behind it an Indian burying ground."

feet; folding tent stove and pipe; two tracking lines; three small axes; cooking outfit, consisting of two frying pans, one mixing pan and three aluminum kettles; an aluminum plate, cup and spoon for each man; one .33 caliber high-power Winchester rifle and two 44-40 Winchester carbines (only one of these carbines was taken with us from New York, and this was intended as a reserve gun in case the party should separate and return by different routes. The other was one used by Stanton when previously in Labrador, and

taken by him in addition to the regular outfit). One Remington double barrel 12-gauge shotgun; two ten-inch barrel single shot .22 caliber pistols for partridges and small game; ammunition; tump-lines; three fishing rods and tackle, including trolling outfits; one three and one-half inch gill net; repair kit, including necessary material for patching canoes, clothing, etc.; matches, and a medicine kit.

The following instruments were also carried: Three minimum registering ther-



Indian women of the Post.



Indians portaging canoes to the Old Camping Ground.

mometers; one aneroid barometer which was tested and set for me by the United States Weather Bureau; one clinometer; one pocket transit; three compasses; one pedometer; one taffrail log; one pair binoculars; three No. 3A folding pocket kodaks, sixty rolls of films, each roll sealed in a tin can and waterproofed; six watches, two of which were adjusted to sidereal time, loaned the expedition by the Waltham Watch Company.

Each man was provided with a sheath-knife and a waterproof match-box, and his personal kit containing a pair of blankets

and clothing was carried in a waterproof canvas bag.

Our provision supply consisted of 298 pounds of pork; 300 pounds of flour; 45 pounds of corn-meal; 4 pounds of lentils; 28 pounds of rice; 25 pounds of erbswurst; 10 pounds of prunes; a few packages of dried vegetables; some beef bouillon tablets; 6 pounds of baking powder; 16 pounds of tea; 6 pounds of coffee; 15 pounds of sugar; 14 pounds of salt; a small amount of saccharin and crystallose, and 150 pounds pemmican.

Everything likely to be injured by



"Indians that trade at this post."

water was packed in waterproof canvas bags.

My friend Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of the Arctic Club, selected my medical kit, and instructed me in the use of its simple remedies. It was also upon the recommendation of Dr. Cook and others of my Arctic Club friends that I purchased the pemmican, which was designed as an emergency ration, and I may say here that one pound of pemmican, as our experience demonstrated, was equal to two or even three pounds of any other food that we carried.

We had planned to go north from St. Johns on the Labrador mail-boat *Virginia Lake*, which, as I had been informed by the Reid-Newfoundland Company, was expected to sail from St. Johns on her first

throb of the engine my heart grew lighter. I was not thinking of the perils I was to face with my new companions in that land where Hubbard and I had suffered so much. The young men with me were filled with enthusiasm at the prospect of adventure in the silent and mysterious country for which they were bound.

II

"When shall we reach Rigolet, Captain?"

"Before daylight, I hopes, sir, if the fog holds off, but there's a mist settling, and if it gits too thick, we may have to come to."

Crowded with an unusual cargo of humanity, fishermen going to their summer



"Tom Blake and his family come out to welcome us."

trip on or about June tenth. This made it necessary for us to leave New York on the Red Cross Line steamer *Rosalind*, sailing from Brooklyn on May thirtieth; and when, at eleven-thirty that Tuesday morning, the *Rosalind* cast loose from her wharf, we and our outfit were aboard, and our journey of eleven long months was begun.

As I waved farewell to our friends ashore I recalled that other day two years before, when Hubbard and I had stood on the *Silvia's* deck, and I said to myself:

"Well, this, too, is Hubbard's trip. His spirit is with me. It was he, not I, who planned this Labrador work, and if I succeed it will be because of him and his influence."

I was glad to be away. With every

work on "The Labrador" with their accompanying tackle and household goods, meeting with many vexatious delays in discharging the men and goods at the numerous ports of call, and impeded by fog and wind, the mail-boat *Virginia Lake* had been much longer than is her wont on her trip "down north."

It was now June twenty-first. Six days before (June fifteenth), when we boarded the ship at St. Johns we had been informed that the steamer *Hariow*, with a cargo for the lumber mills at Kenemish, in Groswater Bay, was to leave Halifax that very afternoon. She could save us a long and disagreeable trip in an open boat, ninety miles up Groswater Bay, and I had hoped

that we might reach Rigolet in time to secure a passage for myself and party from that point. But the *Harlow* had no ports of call to make, and it was predicted that her passage from Halifax to Rigolet would be made in four days.

I had no hope now of reaching Rigolet before her, nor of finding her there, and, resigned to my fate, I left the captain on the bridge and went below to my stateroom to rest until daylight. Some time in the night I was aroused by some one saying:

"We're at Rigolet, sir, and there's a ship at anchor close by."

Whether I had been asleep or not, I was fully awake now, and found that the captain had come to tell me of our arrival.

We had to wait but a moment, however, for the information. The small boat was already alongside, and John Groves, a Goose Bay trader and one of my friends of two years before, clambered aboard and had me by the hand.

"I'm glad to see you, sir; and how is you?"

Assuring him that I was quite well, I asked the name of the other ship.

"The *Harlow*, sir, an' she's goin' to Kenemish with daylight."

"Well, I must get aboard of her then, and try to get a passage up. Is your flat free, John, to take me aboard of her?"

"Yes, sir. Step right in, sir. But I thinks you'd better go ashore, for the *Harlow*'s purser's ashore. If you can't get



"The first rapid."

The fog had held off and we had done much better than the captain's prediction. Hurrying into my clothes, I went on deck, from which, through the slight haze that hung over the water, I could discern the lights of a ship, and beyond, dimly visible, the old familiar line of Post buildings showing against the dark spruce-covered hills behind, where the great silent forest begins.

All was quiet save for the thud, thud, thud of the oarlocks of a small boat approaching our ship and the dismal howl of a solitary "husky" dog somewhere ashore. The captain had preceded me on deck, and in answer to my inquiries said he did not know whether the stranger at anchor was the *Harlow* or not, but he thought it was.

passage on the *Harlow* my schooner's here doing nothin' while I goes to St. Johns for goods, and I'll have my men run you up to Nor'west River."

I thanked him and lost no time in going ashore in his boat, where I found Mr. James Fraser, the factor, and received a hearty welcome. In Mr. Fraser's office I found also the purser of the *Harlow*, and I quickly arranged with him for a passage to Kenemish, which is ninety miles up the inlet, and just across Groswater Bay (twelve miles) from Northwest River Post. The *Harlow* was to sail at daylight and I at once returned to the mail-boat, called the boys and, with the help of the *Virginia*'s crew and one of their small boats, we

were transferred, bag and baggage, to the *Harlow*.

Owing to customs complications the *Harlow* was later than expected in leaving Rigolet, and it was evening before she dropped anchor at Kenemish. I went ashore in the ship's boat and visited again the lumber camp "cook-house" where Dr. Hardy and I lay ill through those weary winter weeks, and where poor Hardy died. Hardy was the young lumber company doctor who treated my frozen feet in the winter of 1903-1904. Here I met Fred Blake, a Northwest River trapper. Fred had his flat, and I engaged him to take a part of our luggage to Northwest River. Then I returned to the ship to send the boys ahead with the canoes and some of our baggage, while I waited behind to follow with Fred and the rest of the kit in his flat a half hour later.

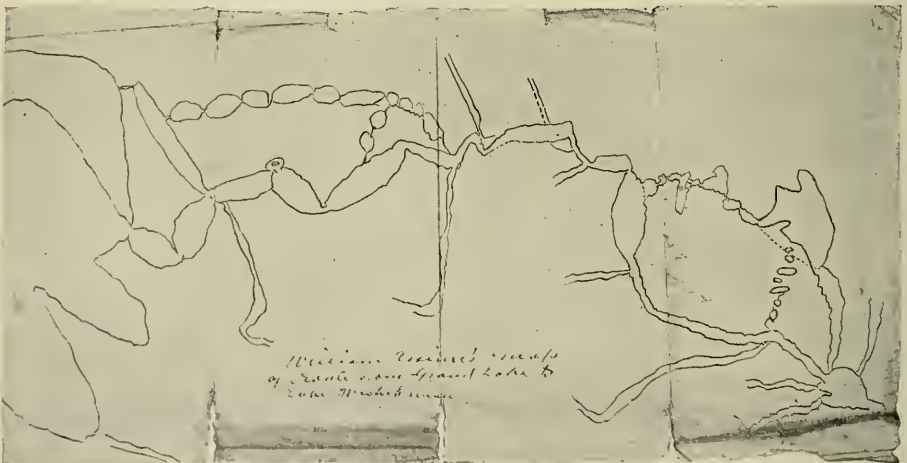
Fred and I were hardly a mile from the ship when a heavy thunder-storm broke upon us, and we were soon drenching wet—the baptism of our expedition. This rain was followed by a dense fog and early darkness. On and on we rowed, and I was berating myself for permitting the men to go on so far ahead of us with the canoes, for they did not know the way and the fog had completely shut out the lights of the Post buildings, which otherwise would have been visible across the bay for a considerable distance.

Suddenly through the fog and darkness, from shoreward, came a "Hello! Hello!"

We answered, and heading our boat toward the sound of continued "Hellos," found the men, with the canoes unloaded and hauled ashore, preparing to make a night camp. I joined them and, launching and reloading the canoes again, with Richards and Easton in one canoe and Pete and I in the other, we followed Fred and Stanton, who preceded us in the row-boat, keeping our canoes religiously within ear-shot of Fred's thumping oarlocks. Finally the fog lifted, and not far away we caught a glimmer of lights at the French Post. All was dark at the Hudson Bay Post across the river when at last our canoes touched the sandy beach and we sprang ashore.

What a flood of remembrances came to me as I stepped again upon the old familiar ground! How vividly I remembered that June day two years before, when Hubbard and I had first set foot on this very ground and Mackenzie had greeted us so cordially! And also that other day in November when, ragged and starved, I came here to tell of Hubbard, lying dead in the dark forest beyond! The same dogs that I had known then came running to meet us now, the faithful fellows with which I began that sad funeral journey homeward over the ice. I called some of them by name—"Kumalik," "Bo'sun," "Captain," "Tinker,"—and they pushed their great heads against my legs and, I believe, recognized me.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning. We went immediately to the Post house



William Ahsini's map of the route to Lake Michikamau.



From left to right—Wallace, Easton, Richards, Stanton, "Pete" and Duncan.

and roused out Mr. Stuart Cotter, the agent (Mackenzie is no longer there), and received from him a royal welcome. He called his Post servant and instructed him to bring in our things, and while we changed our dripping clothes for dry ones, his house-keeper prepared a light supper. It was five o'clock in the morning when I retired.

In the previous autumn I had written Duncan McLean, one of the four men who came to my rescue on the Susan River, that should I ever come to Labrador again and be in need of a man I would like to engage him. Cotter told me that Duncan had just come from his trapping path and was at the Post kitchen, so when we had finished breakfast, at eight o'clock that morning, I saw Duncan and, as he was quite willing to go with us, I arranged with him to accompany us a short distance into the country to help us pack over the first portage and to bring back letters.

He expressed a wish to visit his father at Kenemish before starting into the country, but promised to be back the next evening ready for the start on Monday morning, the twenty-sixth, and I consented. I knew hard work was before us, and as I wished all hands to be well rested and fresh at the outset, I felt that a couple of days' idleness would do us no harm.

Some five hundred yards east of Mr. Cotter's house is an old, abandoned mission chapel, and behind it an Indian burying ground. The cleared space of level ground between the house and chapel was, for a century or more, the camping ground of the Mountaineer Indians who come to the Post each spring to barter or sell their furs.

In the olden time there were nearly a hundred families of them, whose hunting-ground was that section of country between Hamilton Inlet and the Upper George River.

These people now, for the most part, hunt south of the inlet and trade at the St. Lawrence Posts. The chapel was erected about 1872, but ten years ago the Jesuit missionary was withdrawn, and since then the building has fallen into decay and ruin, and the crosses that marked the graves in the old burying grounds have been broken down by the heavy winter snows. It was this withdrawal of the missionary that turned the Indians to the southward where priests are more easily found. The Mountaineer Indian, unlike the Nascauppee, is very religious, and must, at least once a year, meet his father-confessor. The old camping ground, since the abandonment of the mission, has lain lonely and deserted, save for three or four families who, occasionally in the summer season, come back again to pitch their tents where their forefathers camped and held their annual feasts in the old days.

Competition between the trading companies at this point has raised the price of furs to such an extent that the few families of Indians that trade at this Post are well-to-do and very independent. There were two tents of them here when we arrived—five men and several women and children. I found two of my old friends there—John and William Ahsini. They expressed pleasure in meeting me again, and a lively interest in our trip. With Mr. Cotter acting as interpreter, John made

for me a map of the old Indian trail from Grand Lake to Seal Lake and William, a map to Lake Michikamau and over the height of land to the George River, indicating the portages and principal intervening lakes as they remembered them.

Seal Lake is a large lake expansion of the Nascaupée River, which river, it should be explained, is the outlet of Lake Michikamau and discharges its waters into Grand Lake and through Grand Lake into Groswater Bay. Lake Michikamau, next to Lake Mistasinni, is the largest lake in the Labrador peninsula, and from eighty to ninety miles in length. Neither John nor William had been to Lake Michikamau by this route since they were young lads, but they told us that the Indians, when traveling very light without their families, used to make the journey in twenty-three days.

During my previous stay in Labrador one Indian told me it could be done in ten days, while another, that Indians traveling very fast would require about thirty days. It is difficult to base calculations upon information of this kind. But I was sure that, with our comparatively heavy outfit, and the fact that we would have to find the trail for ourselves, we should require at least twice the time of the Indians, who know every foot of the way as we know our familiar city streets at home.

They expressed their belief that the old trail could be easily found, and assured us that each portage, as we asked about it in detail, was a "miam potagan" (good portage), but at the same time expressed their doubts as to our ability to cross the country safely.

In fact, it has always been the Indians' boast, and I have heard it many times, that no white man could go from Groswater Bay to Ungava alive without Indians to help him through. "Pete" was a Lake Superior Indian and had never run a rapid in his life. He was only a young fellow, and these Indians evidently had little faith in his ability to see us through, and none of them believes that a white man can find his way alone.

I made John and William gifts of "stemmo" (tobacco) to put them in good humor, and then endeavored, with Mr. Cotter's assistance, to engage William to bring his canoe and go with us as far as Seal Lake, but it was no part of William's plan to

carry packs over hot portages. His season's work was finished and he was to have a lazy summer in camp, and even my liberal offers of reward were not sufficient to move him. It is impossible to engage Groswater Bay Indians to guide you. They are hunters, not guides. However, I was glad to have their crude maps, as I hoped these would be of some assistance to us in locating the long unused trail. Of how much assistance they really were I shall leave the reader to judge for himself as he travels with us through the northward wastes.

During the day Allen Goudy and Donald Blake, the two older members of the party that came to my rescue in the Susan Valley in 1903, called upon me and offered to go with me as far as Seal Lake, should I desire more help; but with Duncan engaged I could not well use more men, as we had but two canoes, and therefore, with regret, I declined their kind offers of assistance.

It was not until the afternoon of the twenty-sixth (Monday) that Duncan returned from Kenemish and presented himself, and I decided to start at once and paddle to the "rapid" three miles above, where we would spend the night with Tom Blake and his family in their snug little log cabin, and be ready for an early start up Grand Lake on the morrow. It was Tom that headed the little party sent by me up the Susan Valley to bring to the post Hubbard's body in March, 1904; and it was through his perseverance, loyalty and hard work at the time that I finally succeeded in recovering the body. Tom's daughter, Lillie, was Mackenzie's little housekeeper, who showed me so many kindnesses then. The whole family, in fact, were very good to me during those trying days, and I count them among my true and loyal friends.

We had supper with Cotter, who sang some Hudson's Bay songs, Richards sang a jolly college song or two, Stanton a "classic," and then all who could sing joined in "Auld Lang Syne."

My thoughts were of another day, two years before, when Hubbard, so full of hope, had begun this same journey—of the sunshine and fleecy clouds and beckoning fir-tops, and I wondered what was in store for us now.

(To be continued.)



Painting by Oliver Kemp.

CONQUERING A NORTHERN RAPID



Charles Ruberl—starting from scratch.

SPEED SWIMMING

THE THREE RECOGNIZED METHODS

BY L. DE B. HANDLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

THE evolution of the swimming stroke has been so closely allied with the history of racing as to have left the impression in the mind of the average individual that the so-called "speed strokes" are adapted to competition only, and not at all practical for pleasure swimming and bathing.

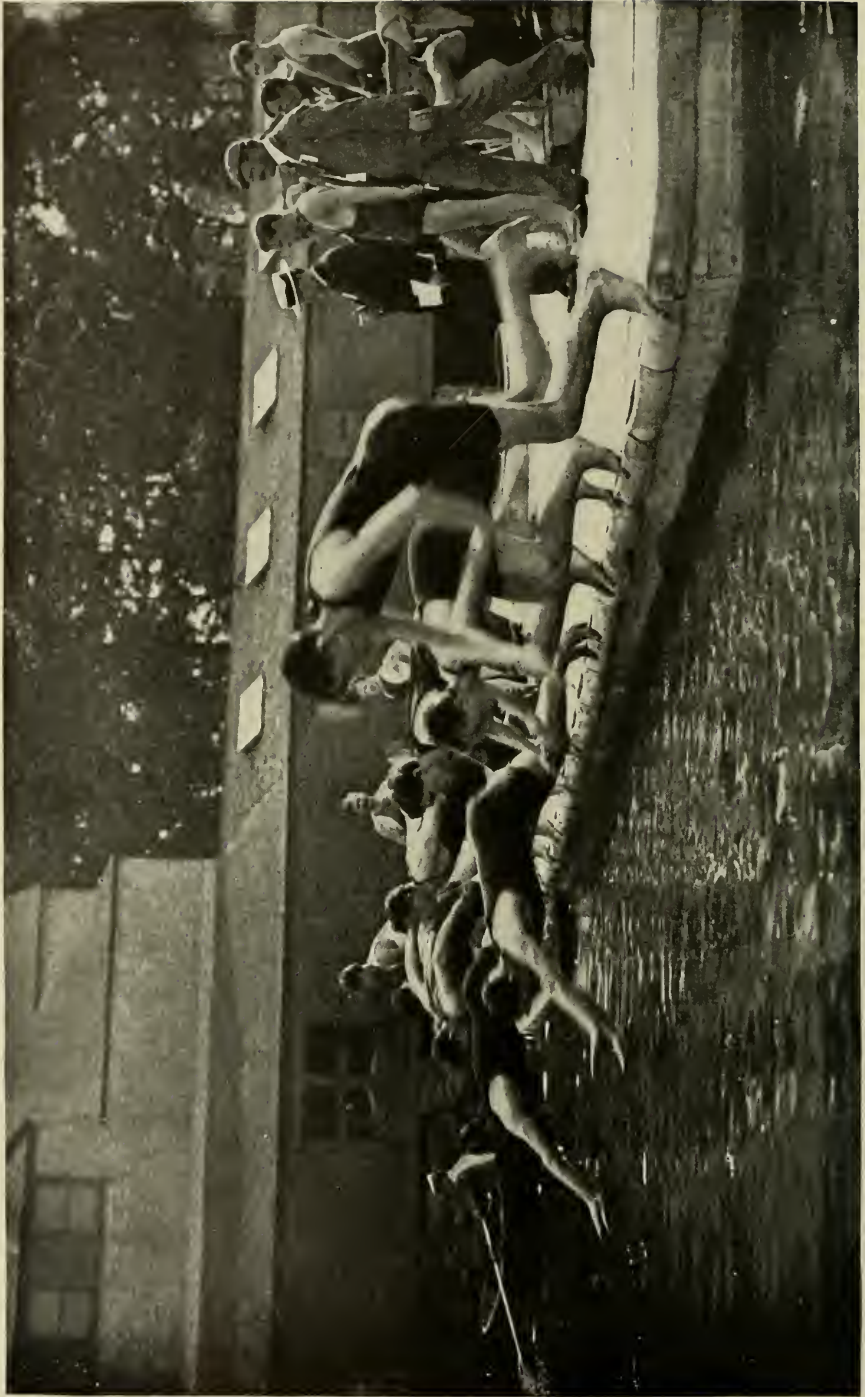
No more erroneous belief could be entertained. In the development of the stroke the object in view has ever been the finding of a set of movements which would enable one to obtain the greatest possible speed with the least expenditure of power. The up-to-date strokes, far from being too punishing for the ordinary mortal, are what he needs to properly enjoy swimming. The same amount of application which is necessary to master the breast stroke will enable one to learn the more modern methods which insure more speed and less exertion.

Only three strokes are now recognized as standards: the side, the trudgeon and the crawl. All three are taught the world over much in the same manner and may be classed as distinct types. The side stroke is gradually disappearing and might well be termed obsolete, were it not that

many good coaches teach it as a stepping stone to the trudgeon and find the system highly satisfactory.

The belief generally held that to acquire a speed stroke one must master the breast stroke first, is incorrect. As a matter of fact, the leg actions used in the various strokes are so very unlike as to make it much more sensible to start right in on the one that has to be learned. Those who have had experience in coaching will readily understand the reason of this. It is far easier to teach a novice than to make an old timer change his method, for in the former case one has but to teach, while in the latter one has to correct first and then teach.

Whether a man be a swimmer or not, in taking up a new stroke he should begin with the leg movement only. In the side stroke it is called the scissor kick. To acquire it find a place with water at least three feet in depth, where you can use either a stationary or a floating support. Take hold of this support and let your body rest on the water, on its side, with legs straight and well together and feet as if standing on tiptoe. Choose the side that feels most comfortable. Now proceed to open the



"They're off."

legs very slowly, not frog fashion, but front and back, as in walking. The upper should be brought forward almost straight, the under, back, bent to a kneeling position. When they are about two feet apart snap sharply together.

The faults to be obviated are: bending of the upper knee; opening the legs too wide or too fast, and turning the feet up, instead of down. In each of these faults a large resisting surface is presented to the water, which naturally retards speed. Sufficient time should be spent at the kick to acquire it thoroughly, then the arm can be started.

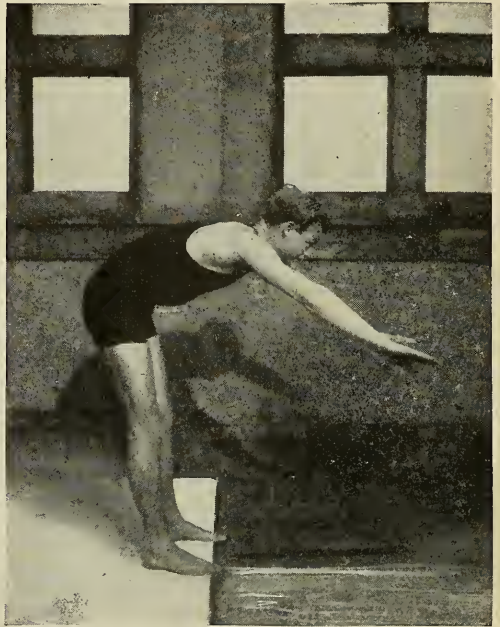
The position of the body is unchanged. Lie on your side, with body and legs in a straight line; both arms perpendicularly over your head and the palms turned slightly away from the face. Bring upper arm down smartly, keeping it rigid at elbow and wrist, palm of hand open, fingers well together. Carry it through the water just below the surface, describing a semicircle to end at the thigh, then bend arm at the elbow and bring it forward well above water, until it is straight before you in the original position. The under arm should be started when the upper one is just about through with its stroke, and should be brought down with force, almost parallel to it, so that at the finish it brushes the lower thigh; then it is bent at the elbow like the other and brought forward just below the surface. The upper arm should rest on the water, at full reach, while the under one recovers, until it is at the height of the head.

The principal faults to be obviated are: reaching with the right arm in front of the left shoulder, and *vice versa*, as this propels the body in zig-zag fashion; bending the elbow while pulling, as it lessens the leverage and occasions loss of power; and hitting the water with hand or arm on the recovery, as it retards progress.

The action of the arms, in the side stroke, entails a rolling motion of the body which buries the face at every stroke. This necessitates an artificial way of breathing which has to be learned before the stroke can be swum properly. It is advisable to make a special study of it. Air should be inhaled through the mouth as the upper

arm is being brought down, and should be exhaled through the nostrils, under water, while the under arm goes forward. Some find this impossible, even after long practice, and breathe in and out through the mouth during the short period that the face is above water, but if one can acquire the other way it is far the best.

The legs should be opened very slowly just as the under arm starts its recovery; they should be snapped together when the upper arm is in the middle of its stroke. If properly timed the side stroke gives a



C. M. Daniels—an exponent of the trudgeon, and an international winner at the Olympic Games.

can, even progress, without a break or a check.

Let us recapitulate: Upper arm first; inhale while this arm is being snapped downward; legs fall in as the arm finishes; under arm follows immediately afterward; legs open slowly during recovery of under arm; air exhaled at the same time.

In learning the trudgeon the swimmer lies flat on the water, face downward, body straight, arms at full length above head and perpendicular to shoulders, hands open, palms downward, legs straight and well together, toes pointing down. As most men find it more comfortable to swim on the left side (right side up), let us take

the stroke that way. To swim on the right, one has but to reverse the order of instructions.

Catch the water hard, with your right hand slightly curved inward at the wrist, and as you do so roll sufficiently on your left side to bring your mouth above water for a breath of air. Bring the arm down just below the surface and almost parallel to it, until it touches the thigh, then bend it at the elbow and carry it forward cleanly, well above the water until it is on the full reach again.

The left arm may be brought down either like in the side stroke (parallel to the right

ence between the two lies in the recovery of the under arm, though of course this difference entails slight changes in the position of the body and in other details.

The third and most recent of strokes, the crawl, while taught in the same manner pretty nearly everywhere, seems to take on much of the individuality of the swimmer as he becomes proficient, and this has led many of our experts to believe that we have only found a type, out of which several distinct varieties will be evolved as we know it better.

The present method of instruction is to start the swimmer with body flat on the



The side stroke—showing the scissor kick.

one) or well out to the left, just below the surface. Distance swimmers usually affect the former method, sprinters the latter. As the left arm comes out of water, the body returns to its original position, flat on its face, so as to enable the left arm to be brought forward clear of the water, and remains so, until the arm is near the full reach, when the right arm again starts on its downward course.

The same kick that is used in the side stroke, the scissor kick, is used in the trudgeon, and the entire timing of the two strokes is identical. The only real differ-

ence between the two lies in the recovery of the under arm, though of course this difference entails slight changes in the position of the body and in other details. The third and most recent of strokes, the crawl, while taught in the same manner pretty nearly everywhere, seems to take on much of the individuality of the swimmer as he becomes proficient, and this has led many of our experts to believe that we have only found a type, out of which several distinct varieties will be evolved as we know it better. The present method of instruction is to start the swimmer with body flat on the water, as in the trudgeon, and to make him keep that way as much as possible, twisting his head only, instead of the whole body, to take breath. The arms, however, are not held out at full length, but rest on the water slightly bent at the elbow, the hands at the height of the head. They are brought down with force until near the hip and then shot swiftly forward again without any pause. Their action is alternate, and as the orbit described is shorter than in the trudgeon, the time is naturally faster. In sprinting the "crawler" only breathes at every second or third stroke.



Answering the roll-call.

The leg action can hardly be characterized as a kick; it is merely an up-and-down thrash of the lower part of the legs from the knee. To acquire it, lie on the water as told above, with legs straight but not rigid, and toes pointing downward. Now move them up and down alternately,

so that they almost brush each other, having care to keep the upper part of the leg rigid. The movement should be from the knee down. At their widest spread the feet should not be more than sixteen or eighteen inches apart. Their speed may vary according to the distance one is to travel.



Waiting for the start.

In Australia the legs are made to keep time with the arms, but in America it has been found more satisfactory to make the two movements absolutely independent of each other. Some of our fastest men seem to use their legs simply to keep them from sinking. Harmony of movement in the crawl can only be acquired with practice. Each man has so much individuality that general rules cannot be given.

In all that I have said above I have had in mind the great majority of men who swim only for pleasure and exercise, and who have no thought of competing. Nevertheless, let me assure the prospective competitor that he will have to take up the preliminary work in the very same manner. I will here add a little advice that may help him in his racing career.

First of all, let me recommend to him not to attempt any fast work until he has mastered the stroke thoroughly. A few months devoted to practice will not lose

him many prizes, and success will amply make up for them later.

Most beginners consider racing a matter of strength and training only. They will work away at the fifty yards without a thought to form until they have mastered enough speed to enter a novice race, and they begin their competitive career with no other preparation. What is the result? They win, eventually, and continue with their incorrect methods, never rising above the mediocrity of sprinters and, of course, never being able to negotiate the distances at all.

It is form that counts in swimming, and without it even the most favored by nature cannot attain proficiency. Punishing time trials should be scrupulously avoided while one is learning a stroke. The temptation is great to find out how fast one is going and what progress one has made, but the swimmer should reflect that form departs rapidly as the muscles get tired,



The side stroke in action.



The trudgeon in action.

and then faults are accentuated and gradually become permanent. Salt water is preferable to fresh to learn in. It has more buoyancy and, as can readily be understood, the less effort required to keep afloat, the more energy left to devote to form.

In racing, the dive and the turn are details of great importance. A good dive will give from one to three yards over a bad one, and it is calculated that an expert turner gains about a second at each turn. This, incidentally, accounts for our indoor records, made over a short course, being so much faster than the outdoor ones, made over long courses. To dive properly, try to strike the water on a slant, with head erect and arms well up, so as to just skim the water and remain on top, ready for the first stroke as soon as the body begins to lose its impetus. Do not use the legs until the second arm stroke.

To turn effectively the swimmer should calculate the length of his strokes in approaching the wall so as to reach it with his upper arm extended above the head.

As soon as the hand touches, it is placed so as to get a purchase, and the body is swung around, following the direction of the arm, until the feet come in contact with the wall. Then the under arm gives a short, backward stroke so as to force the body back until the knees are well bent, the arms are brought quickly above the head, the legs are shot out hard, giving one a good shove-off, and the arms are set in motion again just as the body begins to slow up. As in starting, no kick wants to be taken until the second stroke.

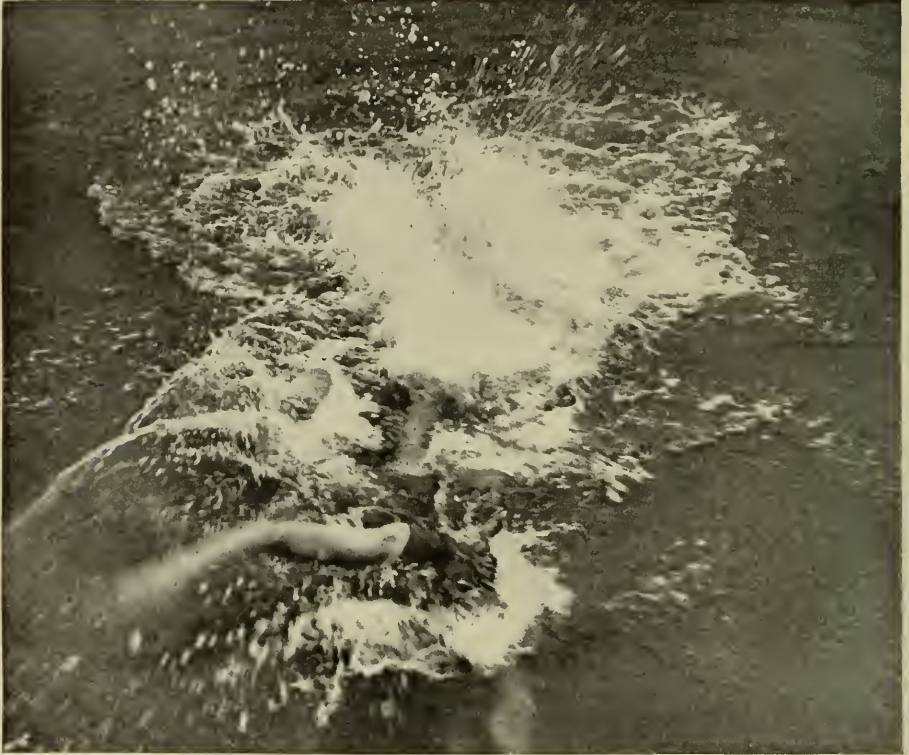
To seek the origin of the various strokes would mean to take up the history of swimming from its birth, for each is but a phase of a continuous evolution. And at that, history is not very clear on the time and author of the various phases. The side stroke in its present form was first introduced to the public by Joey Nuttall, an Englishman, who for many years was considered the best all 'round swimmer in the world. He it was who, with the help of J. H. Tyers, another celebrity, is supposed

to have discovered the scissor kick. They adapted it to the arm stroke then used by champion Horace Davenport, the originator of the single overarm, and evolved the side stroke. It had a long life in England, and some of the fast men swim it to this day. Nuttall, who still holds some world's records, never knew any other.

In America the side has had several famous exponents. Donald Reeder, a many-time champion and record holder,

other Englishman, who gave it his name. Although he is looked upon as the inventor, it is no secret that he copied it from the Indians of South America. He did excellent work with it and won many good races, but it was left to an Australian, Alfred Holmes, of Balmain, to make it famous. He used it in establishing his world's record of 1 minute 02.2-5 seconds for the hundred yards.

At the time of its appearance the trudge-



In the wake of the "crawl."

was one of them, as was Fred Wenck, who won the mile championship twice in succession with it, establishing new figures for the distance each time. Joseph Spencer, winner of the indoor mile championship last February, used it in that race and so did Brewer, the great California swimmer, in making all his records. Until a few years ago the side was the only racing stroke we knew of.

The trudgeon, which superseded it, was brought to light by one Trudgeon, an-

eon was condemned as too punishing for a distance stroke. Fred Lane, a countryman of Holmes's, decided that it was not and set out to prove it. This he did and to him is given credit for the improvement of the scissor kick. Previously, the upper leg was drawn up bent until the knee almost touched the chin, thus killing absolutely the momentum of the body. Lane modified it by straightening out the leg and decreasing the width of the kick. The success of the innovation is vouched for by

his records. Not only did he bring the one hundred-yard figures down to 59 3-5 seconds, but he used the trudgeon for all distances up to the mile, proving the fallacy of the belief that it was a sprinting stroke only.

In America the trudgeon did not become known until about 1900. To its appearance are probably due the sterling performances of E. C. Schaeffer. Not only did he win all five of the classic national championships of 1902 with it, but he tore down every record in sight, proving himself the best all round swimmer America had ever produced.

After Schaeffer came Harry Lemoine, of the Brookline Swimming Club, who covered one hundred yards in 61 2-5 seconds with it and gave rise to the hope that we would soon overtake England in the sprints. Next was Charles Ruberl, of the New York Athletic Club, who took almost every championship in 1903; and finally his clubmate, C. M. Daniels, who may well be looked upon as the best American exponent of the trudgeon. Although Daniels now uses the crawl for sprinting he has made most of his records with the trudgeon, and from a hundred yards to a mile no standards were proof against him while he swam it.

And now to the crawl, the stroke of the future. It had a peculiar origin and is really the fruit of chance, rather than of study. Some years ago a fifty-yard race was arranged at Sydney, N. S. W., between Tums Cavill, a member of the famous family of swimmers, and Syd. Davis. To equalize the chances Cavill had agreed to swim with legs tied. Notwithstanding this, he won easily, only to go down to defeat, later, after his feet had been untied. This led to a deal of comment, of course, until some time trials demonstrated beyond a doubt that Tums could really swim fifty yards faster without the use of his legs. Dick Cavill, who saw race and trials, naturally concluded that the leg drive must be defective, and he began some quiet experiments with the straight-legged kick used by the natives of Colombo and introduced into competition by Alex. Wickham, a colored lad from Rubiana.

The experiments were unexpectedly successful, and after Cavill had found an arm motion that would harmonize with the kick he progressed rapidly. Before long

he had negotiated the one hundred yards in 58 seconds, and after Wickham had gone fifty yards in 24 3-5 seconds the stroke's popularity was assured.

Here in America we didn't adopt the crawl until the fall of 1904, but we have made up for lost time since. The crawl fever spread like wild-fire and the way sprinting records were slaughtered was a revelation. Jack Lawrence, George Van Cleaf, Bud Goodwin and Ted Kitching were the ones who first succeeded in lowering standing marks with it, but hundreds adopted it and not a case is known in which it did not bring an increase of speed.

The old cry of "fake stroke, only good for short sprints," was raised again, of course, as soon as it was shown in public, but it did not take long to silence it. Kitching managed to hold it for one hundred yards, Goodwin covered two hundred and twenty first and then the four hundred and forty with it, and then out came H. J. Handy of Chicago in the outdoor championships and negotiated both the half mile and mile with it.

That the crawl is the only stroke of the future is believed by many. Otto Wahle, our leading light in matters aquatic, foretold it from its first appearance. "Mark my words," he said to me during the winter of 1904, "the crawl has come to stay, and it is the only stroke worth bothering about. Let's take it up seriously and study it carefully; in a few years' time there will be no place in racing for those who don't swim it, and if we want to hold our lead we must make every one of our boys adopt it." In the light of later developments his words sound prophetic. In the great carnival held at the New York Athletic Club last February, when records fell by the score, it was noticed that almost to a man the fifty-yarders swam the crawl, and that the three fastest hundred-yarders, Daniels, Schwartz and Leary, also used it. The two former also held it over most of the two hundred and twenty yards, and in all three of these events the standards were lowered. The work of our swimmers in the tournament showed conclusively that we are advancing irresistibly toward the time when America will be the foremost country of the world in aquatics, and that it is by the crawl stroke that we will accomplish this.

HOMER TRIES A REST CURE

BY SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



AY, I've been mixed up in some dizzy doin's along the grub track, but I guess this last turn of mine gets the decision. If I had to give it a name I'd call it "Pluggin' a Leak,"

though Mr. Dodge, he holds out for "The Revised Odyssey." But then, Dodge is great on fancy names anyway, and I don't see where this one comes in. It was a heap more than odd, this stunt of ours.

Mr. Leonidas Dodge—that's how it shows up on the event card—he rung me into this. I wouldn't have picked it up by myself any more than I'd have broke into the Salvation Army. Trainin' comers to go against the champs is my reg'lar profession, and I've handled some good men, too. Why, say, there's been times when I could flash a wad as big as a bookie's.

But the day I met up with Leonidas wasn't one of them times. I'd been up against it for two months when some one passes me the word that Butterfly was down to win the third race at 15 to 1. Now as a general thing I don't monkey with the ponies, but when I figured up what a few saw-bucks would do for me at those odds I makes for the track and takes the high dive. After it was all over and I was comin' back in the train, with only a ticket where my roll had been, me feelin' about as gay as a Zulu on a cake of ice, along comes this Mr. Dodge, that I didn't know from next Tuesday week.

"Is it as bad as that?" says he, sizin' up the woe on my face. "Because if it is they ought to give you a pension. What was the horse?"

"Butterfly," says I. "Now laugh!"

"I've got a right to," says he. "I had the same dope."

Well, you see, that made us almost second cousins by marriage and we started to get acquainted. I looked him over careful, but I couldn't place him within a mile. He had points enough, too. The silk hat was a veteran, the Prince Albert dated back about four seasons, but the gray gaiters were down to the minute. Being an easy talker, he might have been a book agent or a green goods distributor. But somehow his eyes didn't seem shifty enough for a crook, and no con. man would have lasted long wearing the kind of hair that he did. It was sort of a lemon yellow, and he had a lip decoration about two shades lighter, taggin' him as plain as an "inspected" label on a tin trunk.

"I'm a mitt juggler," says I, "and they call me Shorty McCabe. What's your line?"

"I've heard of you," he says. "Permit me," and he hands out a pasteboard that read:

LEONIDAS MACKLIN DODGE
Commissioner-at-Large

"For what?" says I.

"It all depends," says Mr. Dodge. "Sometimes I call it a brass polisher, then again it's a tooth paste. It works well either way. Also it cleans silver, removes grease spots, and can be used for a shaving soap. It is a product of my own lab'ratory, none genuine without the signature."

"How does it go as a substitute for beef and?" says I.

"I've never quite come to that," says he, "but I'm as close now as it's comfortable to be. My gold reserve counts up about a dollar thirty-nine."

"You've got me beat by a whole dollar," says I.

"Then," says he, "you'd better let me underwrite your next issue."

"There's a friend of mine up to Forty-second Street that ought to be good for fifty," says I.

"I've had lots of friendships, off and on," says he, "but never one that I could cash in at a pinch. I'll stay by until you try your touch."

Well, the Forty-second Street man had been gone a month. There was others I might have tried, but I didn't like to risk gettin' my fingers frost-bitten. So I hooks up with Leonidas and we goes out with a grip full of Electrico-Polisho, hittin' the places where they had nickel-plated signs and brass hand rails. And say! I could starve to death doin' that. Give me a week and two pairs of shoes and I might sell a box or so; but Dodge, he takes an hour to work his side of the block and shakes out a fist full of quarters.

"It's an art," says he, "which one must be born to. After this you carry the grip."

That's the part I was playin' when we strikes the Tuscarora. Sounds like a parlor car, don't it? But it was just one of those swell bachelor joints—fourteen stories, electric elevators, suites of two and

three rooms, for single gents only. Course, we hadn't no more call to go there than to the Stock Exchange, but Leonidas Macklin, he's one of the kind that don't wait for cards. Seein' the front door open and a crowd of men in the hall, he blazes right in, silk hat on the back of his head, hands in his pockets, and me close behind with the bag.

"What's up; auction, row or accident?" says he to one of the mob.

Now if it had been me that butted in like that I'd had a row on my hands in about two minutes, but in less time than that Leonidas knows the whole story and is right to home. Taking me behind a hand-made palm, he puts me next. Seems that some one had advertised in a mornin' paper for a refined, high-browed person to help one of the same kind kill time at a big salary.

"And look what he gets," says Leonidas, wavin' his hand at the push. "There's more'n a hundred of 'em, and not more'n a dozen that you couldn't trace back to a Mills hotel. They've been jawing away for an hour, trying to settle who gets the cinch. The chap who did the advertising is inside there, in the middle of that bunch, and I reckon he wishes he hadn't. As an act of charity, Shorty, I'm going to



Mag. Arthur G. Weston 06

"This gentleman is a wholly disinterested party, and he's a particular friend of mine."

straighten things out for him. Come on."

"Better call up the reserves," says I.

But that wa'n't Mr. Dodge's style. Side-steppin' around to the off edge of the crowd, just as if he'd come down from the elevator, he calls out good and loud: "Now then, gentlemen; one side, please, one side! Ah, thank you! In a moment, now, gentlemen, we'll get down to business."

And say, they opened up for us like it was pay day and he had the cash box. We brought up before the saddest-lookin' cuss I ever saw out of bed. I couldn't make out whether he was sick, or scared, or both. He had flopped in a big leather chair and was tryin' to wave 'em away with both hands, while about two dozen, lookin' like ex-bath rubbers or men nurses, were telling him how good they were and shovin' references at him. The rest of the gang was trying to push in for their whack. It was a bad mess, but Leonidas wasn't feazed a bit.

"Attention, gentlemen!" says he. "If you will all retire to the room on the left we will get to work. The room on the left, gentlemen, on the left!"

He had a good voice, Leonidas did, one of the kind that could go against a merry-go-round or a German band. The crowd stopped pushin' to listen, then some one made a break for the next room, and in less than a minute they were all in there, with the door shut between. Mr. Dodge tips me the wink and sails over to the specimen in the chair.

"You're Mr. Homer Fales, I take it," says he.

"I am," says the pale one, breathing hard, "and who—who the devil are you?"

"That's neither here nor there," says Leonidas. "Just now I'm a life-boat. Do you want to hire any of those fellows? If so——"

"No, no, no!" says Homer, shakin' as if he had a chill. "Send them all away, will you? They have nearly killed me."

"Away they go," says Leonidas. "Watch me do it."

First he has me go in with his hat and collect their cards. Then I calls 'em out, one by one, while he stands by to give each one the long-lost brother grip and whisper in his ear, as confidential as if he

was telling him how he'd won the piano at a church raffle: "Don't say a word; to-morrow at ten." They all got the same, even to the Hickey-boy shoulder pat as he passed 'em out, and every last one of 'em faded away trying to keep from lookin' tickled to death. It took twenty minutes by the watch.

"Now, Mr. Fales," says Leonidas, comin' to a parade rest in front of the chair, "next time you want to play Santa Claus to the unemployed I'd advise you to hire Madison Square Garden to receive in."

That seemed to put a little life into Homer. He hitched himself up off'n the middle of his backbone, pulled in a yard or two of long legs and pried his eyes open. You couldn't call him handsome and prove it. He had one of those long, two-by-four faces, with more nose than chin, and a pair of inset eyes that seemed built to look for grief. The corners of his mouth were sagged, and his complexion made you think of cheese pie. But he was still alive.

"You've overlooked one," says he, and points my way. "He wouldn't do at all. Send him off, too."

"That's where you're wrong, Mr. Fales," says Leonidas. "This gentleman is a wholly disinterested party, and he's a particular friend of mine. Professor McCabe, let me introduce Mr. Homer Fales."

So I came to the front and gave Homer's flipper a little squeeze that must have done him as much good as an electric treatment, by the way he squirmed.

"If you ever feel ambitious for a little six-ounce glove exercise," says I, "just let me know."

"Thanks," says he, "thanks very much. But I'm an invalid, you see. In fact, I'm a very sick man."

"About three rounds a day would put you on your feet," says I. "There's nothin' like it."

He kind of shuddered and turned to Leonidas. "You are certain that those men will not return, are you?" says he.

"Not before to-morrow at ten. You can be out then, you know," says Mr. Dodge.

"To-morrow at ten!" says Homer, and slumps again, all in a heap. "Oh, this is awful!" he groans. "I couldn't survive another!"

It was the worst case of funk I ever saw. We put in an hour trying to brace him up, but not until we'd promised to stay by over night could we get him to breathe deep. Then he was as grateful as if we'd pulled him out of the river. We half lugs him over to the elevator and takes him up to his quarters. It wasn't any cheap hang-out, either—nothing but silk rugs on the floor and parlor furniture all over the shop. We had dinner served up there, and it was a feed to dream about—oysters, ruddy duck, filly of beef with mushrooms, and all the frills—while Homer worries along on a few toasted crackers and a cup of weak tea.

As Leonidas and me does the anti-famine act Homer unloads his hard-luck wheeze. He was the best sample of an all-round invalid I ever stacked up against. He didn't go in for no half-way business; it was neck or nothing with him. He wasn't on the hospital list one day and bumping the bumps the next. He was what you might call a consistent sufferer.

"It's my heart mostly," says he. "I think there's a leak in one of the valves. The doctors lay it to nerves, some of them, but I'm certain about the leak."

"Why not call in a plumber?" says I.

But you couldn't chirk him up that way. He'd believed in that leaky heart of his for years. It was his stock in trade. As near as I could make out he'd begun being an invalid about the time he should have been hunting a job, and he'd always had some one to back him up in it until about two months before we met him. First it was his mother, and when she gave out his old maid sister took her turn. Her name was Joyphena. He told us all about her; how she used to fan him when he was hot, wrap him up when he was cold, and read to him when she couldn't think of anything else to do. But one day Joyphena was thoughtless enough to go off somewhere and quit living. You could see that Homer wouldn't ever quite forgive her for that.

It was when Homer tried to find a substitute for Joyphena that his troubles began. He'd had all kinds of nurses, but the good ones wouldn't stay and the bad ones he'd fired. He'd tried valets, too, but none of 'em seemed to suit. Then he got desperate and wrote out that ad. that brought the mob down on him.

He gave us a diagram of exactly the kind of man he wanted, and from his plans and specifications we figured out that what Homer was looking for was a cross between a galley slave and a he-angel, some one who would know just what he wanted before he did, and be ready to hand it out whenever called for. And he was game to pay the price, whatever it might be.

"You see," says Homer, "whenever I make the least exertion, or undergo the slightest excitement, it aggravates the leak."

I'd seen lots who ducked all kinds of exertion, but mighty few with so slick an excuse. It would have done me good to have said so, but Leonidas didn't look at it that way. He was a sympathizer from headquarters; seemed to like nothin' better'n to hear Homer tell how bad off he was.

"What you need, Fales," says Leonidas, "is the country, the calm, peaceful country. I know a nice, quiet little place, about a hundred miles from here, that



"All she wanted was to make Homer wrap a shawl around his head to keep out the night air."

would just suit you, and if you say the word I'll ship you off down there early tomorrow morning. I'll give you a letter to an old lady who'll take care of you better than four trained nurses. She has brought half a dozen children through all kinds of sickness, from measles to broken necks, and she's never quite so contented as when she's trotting around waiting on somebody. I stopped there once when I was a little hoarse from a cold, and before she'd let me go to bed she made me drink a bowl of ginger tea, soak my feet in hot mustard water, and bind a salt pork poultice around my neck. If you'd just go down there you'd both be happy. What do you say?"

Homer was doubtful. He'd never lived much in the country and was afraid it wouldn't agree with his leak. But early in the morning he was up wantin' to know more about it. He'd begun to think of that mob of snap hunters that was booked to show up again at ten o'clock, and it made him nervous. Before breakfast was over he was willing to go almost anywhere, only he was dead set that me and Leonidas should trail along, too. So there we were, with Homer on our hands.

Well, we packed a trunk for him, called a cab, and got him loaded on a parlor car. About every so often he'd clap his hands to his side and groan: "Oh, my heart! My poor heart!" It was as touchin' as the heroine's speeches to the top gallery. On the way down Leonidas gave us a bird's-eye view of the kind of Jim Crow settlement we were heading for. It was one of those places where they date things back to the time when Lem Saunders fell down cellar with a lamp and set the house afire.

The town looked it. There was an aggregation of three men, two boys and a yellow dog in sight on Main Street when we landed. We'd wired ahead, so the old lady was ready for us. Leonidas called her "Mother" Bickell. She was short, about as thick through as a sugar barrel, and wore two kinds of hair, the front frizzes bein' a lovely chestnut. But she was a nice-spoken old girl, and when she found out that we'd brought along a genuine invalid with a leak in his blood pump, she almost fell on our necks. In about two shakes she'd hustled Homer into a rocking-chair, wedged him in place with pillows, wrapped a blanket around his feet, and

shoved him up to a table where there was a hungry man's layout of clam fritters, canned corn, boiled potatoes and hot mince pie.

There wasn't any use for Homer to register a kick on the bill-of-fare. She was too busy tellin' him how much good the things would do him, and how he must eat a lot or she'd feel bad, to listen to any remarks of his about toasted crackers. For supper there was fried fish, apple sauce and hot biscuit, and Homer had to take his share. He was glad to go to bed early. She didn't object to that.

Mother Bickell's house was right in the middle of the town, with a grocery store on one side and the post-office on the other. Homer had a big front room with three windows on Main Street. There was a strip of plank sidewalk in front of the house, so that you didn't miss any footfalls. Mother Bickell could tell who was goin' by without lookin'.

Leonidas and me put in the evening hearin' her tell about some of the things that had happened to her oldest boy. He'd had a whirl out of most everything but an earthquake. After that we had an account of how she'd buried her two husbands. About ten o'clock we started for bed, droppin' in to take a look at Homer. He was sittin' up, wide awake and lookin' worried.

"How many people are there in this town?" says he.

"About a thousand," says Leonidas. "Why?"

"Then they have all marched past my windows twice," says Homer.

"Shouldn't wonder," says Leonidas. "They've just been to the post-office and back again. They do that four times a day. But you mustn't mind. Just you thank your stars you're down here where it's nice and quiet. Now I'd go to sleep if I was you."

Homer said he would. I was ready to tear off a few yards of repose myself, but somehow I couldn't connect. It was quiet, all right — in spots. Fact is, it was so blamed quiet that you could hear every rooster that crowed within half a mile. If a man on the other side of town shut a window you knew all about it.

I was gettin' there, though, and was almost up to the droppin'-off place, when

some folks in a back room on the next street begins to indulge in a family argument. I didn't pay much notice to the preamble, but as they warmed up to it I couldn't help from gettin' the drift. It was all about the time of year that a feller by the name of Hen Dorsett had been run over by the cars up to Jersey City.

"I say it was just before Thanksgivin'," pipes up the old lady. "I know, 'cause I was into the butcher's askin' what turkeys would be likely to fetch, when Doc Brews-water drops in and says: 'Mornin', Eph. Heard about Hen Dorsett?' And then he told about him fallin' under the cars. So it *must* have been just afore Thanksgivin'."

"Thanksgivin' yer grandmother!" growls the old man. "It was in March, along the second week, I should say, because the day I heard of it was just after school election. March of '83, that's when it was."

"Eighty-three!" squeals the old lady. "Are you losin' your mind altogether? It was '85, the year Jimmy cut his hand so bad at the saw-mill."

"Jimmy wasn't workin' at the mill that year," raps back the old man. "He was tongin' oysters that fall, 'cause he didn't hear a word about Hen until the next Friday night, when I told him myself. Hen was killed on a Monday."

"It was on a Saturday or I'm a lunatic," snaps the old lady.

Well, they kept on pilin' up evidence, each one makin' the other out to be a fool, or a liar, or both, until the old man says: "See here, Maria, I'm goin' up the street and ask Ase Horner when it was that Hen Dorsett was killed. Ase knows, for he was the one Mrs. Dorsett got to go up after Hen."

"Yes, and he'll tell you it was just before Thanksgivin' of '85, so what's the use?" says the old lady

"We'll see what he says," growls the old man, and I heard him strike a light and get into his shoes.

"Who're you bettin' on?" says Leonidas.

"Geel!" says I. "Are you awake, too? I thought you was asleep an hour ago."

"I was," says he, "but when this Hen Dorsett debate breaks loose I came back to earth. I'll gamble that the old woman's right."

"The old man's mighty positive," says I. "Wonder how long it'll be before we get the returns?"

"Perhaps half an hour," says Leonidas. "He'll have to thrash it all out with Ase before he starts back. We might as well sit up and wait. Anyway I want to see which gets the best of it."

"Let's have a smoke, then," says I.

"Why not go along with the old man?" says Leonidas. "If he finds he's wrong he may come back and lie about it."

Well, it was a fool thing to do,

when you think about it, but somehow Leonidas had a way of lookin' at things that was different from other folks. He didn't know any more about that there Hen Dorsett than I did, but he seemed just as keen as if it was all in the family. We had hustled our clothes on and was sneakin' down the front stairs as easy as we could when we hears from Homer.

"I heard you dressing," says he, "so I got up, too. I haven't been asleep yet."

"Then come along with us," says Leonidas. "It'll do you good. We're only going up the street to find out when it was that the cars struck Hen Dorsett."

Homer didn't savvy, but he didn't care.



Mainly he wanted comp'ny. He whispered to us to go easy, suspectin' that if we woke up Mother Bickell she'd want to feed him some more clam fritters. By the time we'd unlocked the front door, though, she was after us, but all she wanted was to make Homer wrap a shawl around his head to keep out the night air.

"And don't you dare take it off until you get back," says she. Homer was glad to get away so easy and said he wouldn't. But he was a sight, lookin' like a Turk with a sore throat.

The old man had routed Ase Horner out by the time we got there, and they was havin' it hot and heavy. Ase said it wasn't either November nor March when he went up after Hen Dorsett, but the middle of October. He knew because he'd just begun shinglin' his kitchen and the line storm came along before he got it finished. More'n that, it was in '84, for that was the year he ran for sheriff.

"See here, gentlemen," says Leonidas, "isn't it possible to find some official record of this sad tragedy? You'll excuse us, being strangers, for takin' a hand, but there don't seem to be much show of our getting any sleep until this thing is settled. Besides, I'd like to know myself. Now let's go to the records."

"I'm ready," says Ase. "If this thick-headed old idiot here don't think I can remember back a few years, why, I'm willing to stay up all night to show him. Let's go to the County Clerk's and make him open up."

So we started, all five of us, just as the town clock struck twelve. We hadn't gone more'n a block, though, before we met a whiskered old relic stumpin' along with a stick in his hand. He was the police force, it seems. Course, *he* wanted to know what was up, and when he found out, he was ready to make affidavit that Hen had been killed some time in August of '81.

"Wa'n't I one of the pall bearers?" says he. "And hadn't I just drawn my back pension and paid off the mortgage on my place, eh? No use routin' out the Clerk to ask such a fool question; and anyways, he ain't to home, come to think of it."

"If you'll permit me to suggest," says Leonidas, "there ought to be all the evidence needed right in the cemetery."

"Of course there is!" says Ase Horner. "Why didn't we think of that first off? I'll get a lantern and we'll go up and read the date on the headstun."

There was six of us lined up for the cemetery, the three natives jawin' away as to who was right and who wasn't. Every little ways some one would hear the racket, throw up a window, and chip in. Most of 'em asked us to wait until they could dress and join the procession. Before we'd gone half a mile it looked like a torchlight parade. The bigger the crowd got, the faster the recruits fell in. Folks didn't stop to ask any questions. They just jumped into their clothes, grabbed lanterns and piked after us. There was men and women and children, not to mention a good many dogs. Every one was jabberin' away, some askin' what it was all about and the rest tryin' to explain. There must have been a good many wild guesses, for I heard one old feller in the rear rank squallin' out: "Remember, neighbors, nothin' rash, now; nothin' rash!"

I couldn't figure out just what they meant by that at the time; but then, the whole business didn't seem any too sensible, so I didn't bother. On the way up I'd sort of fell in with the constable. He couldn't get any one else to listen to him, and as he had a lot of unused conversation on hand I let him spiel it off at me. Leonidas and Homer were ahead with Ase Horner and the old duffer that started the row, and the debate was still goin' on.

When we got to the cemetery Homer dropped out and leaned up against the gate, sayin' he'd wait there for us. We piled after Ase, who'd made a dash to get to the headstone first.

"It's right over in this section," says he, wavin' his lantern, "and I want all of you to come and see that I know what I'm talkin' about when I give out dates. I want to show you, by ginger, that I've got a mem'ry that's better'n any diary ever wrote. Here we are now! Here's the grave and—well, durn my eyes! Blessed if there's any sign of a headstun here!"

And there wa'n't, either.

"By jinks!" says the old constable, slappin' his leg. "That's one on me, boys. Why, Lizzie Dorsett told me only last week that her mother had the stun took up and sent away to have the name of her second

husband cut on't. Only last week she told me, and here I'd clean forgot it."

"You're an old billy goat!" says Ase Horner.

"There, there!" says Leonidas, soothing him down. "We've all enjoyed the walk, anyway, and maybe—" But just then he hears something that makes him prick up his ears. "What's the row back there at the gate?" he asks. Then, turnin' to me, he says: "Shorty, where's Homer?"

"Down there," says I.

"Then come along on the jump," says he. "If there's any trouble lying around loose he'll get into it."

Down by the gate we could see lanterns by the dozen and we could hear all sorts of yells and excitement, so we makes our move on the double. Just as we fetched the gate some one hollers:

"There he goes! Lynch the villain!"

We sees a couple of long legs strike out, and gets a glimpse of a head wrapped up in a shawl. It was Homer, all right, and he had the gang after him. He took a four-foot fence at a hurdle and was streakin' off through a plowed field into the dark.

"Hi, Fales!" sings out Leonidas. "Come back here, you chump!"

But Homer kept right on. Maybe he didn't hear, and perhaps he was too scared to stop if he did. All we could do was to get into the free-for-all with the others.

"What did he do?" yells Leonidas at a sandy-whiskered man who carried a clothes line and was shoutin', "Lynch him! Lynch him!" between jumps.

"Do!" says the man. "Ain't you heard? Why, he choked Mother Bickell to death and robbed her of seventeen dollars. He's wearin' her shawl now."

As near as we could make out, the thing happened like this: When the tail enders came rushin' up with all kinds of wild yarns about robbers and such they catches sight of Homer, leanin' up in the shadow of the gate. Some one holds a lantern up

to his face and an old woman spots the shawl.

"It's Mother Bickell's," says she. "Where did he get it?"

That was enough. They went for Homer like he'd set fire to a synagogue. Homer tried to tell 'em who he was, and about his heart, but he talked too slow, or his voice wa'n't strong enough; and when they began to plan on yankin' him up then and there, without printin' his picture in the paper, or a trial, he heaves up a yell and lights out for the boarding-house.

Ten hours before I wouldn't have matched Homer against a one-legged man, but the way he was gettin' over the ground then was worth the price of admission. I've done a little track work myself, and Leonidas didn't show up for any glue-foot, but Homer would have made the tape ahead of us for any distance under two miles. He'd cleared the crowd and was back into the road again, travelin' wide and free, with the shawl streamin' out behind and the nearest avenger two blocks behind us, when out jumps a Johnny-on-the-spot citizen and gives him the low tackle. He was a pussy, bald-headed little duffer, this citizen chap, and not bein' used to blockin' runs he goes down underneath. Before they could untangle we comes up, snakes Homer off the top of the heap, and skiddoos for all we has left in us.

By the time that crowd of jay-hawkers comes boomin' down to Mother Bickell's to view the remains we had the old girl up and settin' at the front window with a light behind her. They asked each other a lot of foolish questions and then concluded to go home.

While things was quietin' down we were making a grand rush to get Homer into bed before he passed in altogether. Neither Leonidas nor me looked for him to last more'n an hour or two after that stunt, and we were thinkin' of taking him back in a



box. But after he got his breath he didn't say much except that he was plumb tired. We were still wonderin' whether to send for a doctor or the coroner when he rolls over with his face to the wall and goes to sleep as comfortable as a kitten in a basket.

It was the middle of the forenoon before any of us shows up for breakfast. We'd inspected Homer once, about eight o'clock, and found him still sawin' wood, so we didn't try to get him up. But just as I was openin' my second egg down he comes, walkin' a little stiff, but otherwise as good as ever, if not better.

"How far was it that I ran last night, Mr. Dodge?" says he.

"About a mile and a half," says Leonidas, stating it generous. "And it was as good amateur sprinting as I ever saw."

Homer cracked the first smile I'd seen him tackle and pulled up to the table.

"I'm beginning to think," says he, "that there can't be much of a leak in my heart, after all. When we get back to town to-night, Mr. McCabe, we'll have another talk about those boxing lessons. Eggs? Yes, thank you, Mrs. Bickell; about four, soft. And by the way, Dodge, what *was* the date on that gravestone, anyway?"

A SONG OF SUN AND SUMMER

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

Now shimmering waves of fairy bloom
 Across the meadows break and run,
 And all the good brown earth is glad
 Beneath the glory of the sun.

In bubbles blown of crystal sound
 The tinkling bird-notes ring and fall,
 And silvery echoes answer clear
 When summer's elfin bugles call.

Through sheen and shadow, flower and song,
 The halcyon hours uncounted fly,
 While height on height above us lifts
 An azure miracle of sky.

A COURIER FROM THE NORTH

BY ERNEST RUSSELL

AT irregular intervals in each twelve-month appears in my daily packet of letters an envelope whose unheralded arrival commands my instant attention. Consideration of its contents takes precedence over the morning paper, side-tracks important correspondence, obliterates the world of business. Its coming signalizes an event. It contains a letter from my guide.

The form in which it appears is as erratic as the period which separates it from its predecessor. It varies in shape and size from the oblong to the square, in color from dead white or "cream-laid" to the most fashionable dark blue. The only features of its appearance which remain constant and invariable are the bright-hued stamp of Canada and the labored, penciled scrawl which guides its travels to my desk. It is seldom spotless and the line of the gummed flap upon the back is usually marked by the pressure of strong and not over-clean hands. Yet the eye which notes these familiar characteristics of outward appearance is not unkindly critical. It understands. It is appreciative.

The attitude of mind which accompanies the opening of this important communication is a study in itself and varies with the season which looks upon its coming. If it is spring there surges through a gladly wakened memory the rush of swollen waters, the smell of moist earth and the faint perfume of flowers. There leap into present reality the dash of the canoe through quick water, the ecstasy of the successful cast, the apparition of the startled moose around the bend. Through it all, elusive, evanescent, not detracting from the glow of retrospect, throbs the hum of insects, sifts in the pungent odor of the smudge, patters the thin rain upon the canvas.

Or if it is autumn which witnesses the coming of this message from the North, how surely my imagination responds to its magic influence! Not Aladdin's lamp could more clearly visualize the brilliant carpet of the trail, the cleft footprint in the moss, the thin column of pale blue smoke that marks the "home camp." Under the influence of this mere bit of paper I hear again the weird and solitary laughter of the loon, the suck of moccasined feet on the portage, the whistle of ducks' wings overhead, the echo of the moose call through a silent forest.

If the mere presence of this vagrant visitor be so potent and so productive of delightful memories, how immeasurably greater are the effects of its perusal. And here, for clearer understanding of my musings, let me spread before you in its entirety the impelling cause:

"Yours Just to hand finds all in good health and glad to know your family Enjoy the same Grate blessing i went away the 2 day of Sept and Come hoam Last night we went in by the planes with the ox team sech goin it hed raned a hole week but clered Cool and cam the 5 Wensday i Called 2 Big Bulls in the midell of the big Boug Boath come up the Same time and the man from Boston Shot 6 Shots at the Boath as they Went away unharmed i hed promis not to Shoot they was a yung Bull squelin Round the camp all Nite we follered the nine mile redge and picked up the Canoe on fraser stream Where you Ketched the fore Pounder we made the long portage sunday and see Big tracks all the way i never see so mutch bear Works on the riges i seen 1 he was in a hurry next spring i will tend to them the Carbou hes moved agen Thursday we wus to the burnt lands near the uper camp i Called a ole Stager up to 20 paces

and the man from Boston dassent miss his horns was 58 inch 26 pints no Mister R i wont Drop the Birch horn for enny man white or Red if god sends cam mornings we hed no mishaps and cover some Ground i am Sory you couldnt of photoed them Bulls they was reddy for Battell till the batery opened trapin signs promis Good an so no more at Present hoping this will find You enjyin the same good Helth"

Here are presented the latest happenings of that familiar yet ever new and varied life in the wilds, chronicled by its truthful interpreter; an artless relation of events set down with a naïveté, a directness, a disregard of detail which is as fascinating as it is unstudied. Only the opening and closing sentences follow traditions of the formal and conventional in correspondence. All that lies between breathes the very odor of the forest, savors only of the life of the woods rover, the hunter, the maker of the trail. A touch of vanity creeps in; but what more natural in his primitive world, or ours, than conscious pride in a widely acknowledged mastery?

How inevitable it is, how consistent with the nature of his activities that there should cling to this forest dweller only the shreds and tatters of his early and perfunctory schooling. Of what use to him are rules for spelling, for punctuation, for capitalization? What treatise upon geography or history or mathematics can aid him in the acute struggle of the wilderness, whose geography and history and resources are his by intimate acquaintance and long observation?

In ordinary intercourse and even in the stimulating glow of the camp fire my guide is not given to fluent and extended speech—yet he is by no means reticent. He puts forth opinions only when they seem to him pertinent, and they always disclose judgment, direct and logical reasoning and a realizing sense of his own horizon. He approaches the matters of which he is to

write much as he would speak of them, going in few words to the essentials of his narrative with a scorn of selected phrases, oblivious to the flimsy barriers of convention, ignoring all that might impede his progress to the definite end of getting certain things said. He sets about his tale as he might, after a preliminary survey from a tree top, lay out the trail ahead in a new country or, in a comprehensive glance, fix upon the course of his canoe through untried rapids.

Once his decision is made, every effort counts in the undertaken task; hardly a muscle is relaxed, hardly a halt is called till the last item of news is recorded and a haven reached in the snug recesses of that closing sentence.

And yet what wonders this simple chronicle has wrought in the mind of the man who understands! What visions spring into life at the mere mention of the Big Bog, Fraser Stream, the Long Portage, the Upper Camp!

Whose brush can paint the Big Bog at November dawn, silvered in hoarfrost, the rose tints of approaching morning showing faintly through the silhouette of guardian spruces? Whose pen can reincarnate the leap of feeding trout on Fraser Stream, with the dusk creeping up the further reaches and vesper sparrows trilling in the brush? Whose genius can relate the procession of mental phases that punctuate every rod of that memorable Long Portage? And who shall enshrine in literature the exquisite comfort, the peace of mind, the homely welcome that oozes from every rough-hewn log of the Upper Camp? The art of an Innes, the muse of a Kipling, the genius of a Stevenson would each prove inadequate to its task—and yet it remains the office of an uncultured follower of the trail to call into being, to translate to a hungry and appreciative imagination, chained to the sordid moil of a great city, the peace, the inspiration, the glamour of the forests of the North.

WHITE FANG*

BY JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

PART IV.—THE SUPERIOR GODS

CHAPTER I

THE ENEMY OF HIS KIND

HAD there been in White Fang's nature any possibility, no matter how remote, of his ever coming to fraternize with his kind, such possibility was irretrievably destroyed when he was made leader of the sled-team. For now the dogs hated him—hated him for the extra meat bestowed upon him by Mit-sah; hated him for all the real and fancied favors he received; hated him for that he fled always at the head of the team, his waving brush of a tail and his perpetually retreating hind-quarters forever maddening their eyes.

And White Fang just as bitterly hated them back. Being sled leader was anything but gratifying to him. To be compelled to run away before the yelling pack, every dog of which, for three years, he had thrashed and mastered, was almost more than he could endure. But endure it he must, or perish, and the life that was in him had no desire to perish. The moment Mit-sah gave his order for the start, that moment the whole team, with eager, savage cries, sprang forward at White Fang.

There was no defense for him. If he turned upon them, Mit-sah would throw the stinging lash of the whip into his face. Only remained to him to run away. He could not encounter that howling horde with his tail and hind-quarters. These were scarcely fit weapons with which to meet the many merciless fangs. So run away he did, violating his own nature and pride with every leap he made, and leaping all day long.

One cannot violate the promptings of one's nature without having that nature recoil upon itself. Such a recoil is like that of a hair, made to grow out from the body, turning unnaturally upon the direction of its growth and growing into the body—a rankling, festering thing of hurt. And so with White Fang. Every urge of his being impelled him to spring upon the pack that cried at his heels, but it was the will of the gods that this should not be; and behind the will, to enforce it, was the whip of cariboo-gut with its biting thirty-foot lash. So White Fang could only eat his heart in bitterness and develop a hatred and malice commensurate with the ferocity and indomitability of his nature.

If ever a creature was the enemy of its kind, White Fang was that creature. He asked no quarter, gave none. He was continually marred and scarred by the teeth of the pack, and as continually he left his own marks upon the pack. Unlike most leaders, who, when camp was made and the dogs were unhitched, huddled near to the gods for protection, White Fang disdained such protection. He walked boldly about the camp, inflicting punishment in the night for what he had suffered in the day. In the time before he was made leader of the team, the pack had learned to get out of his way. But now it was different. Excited by the day-long pursuit of him, swayed subconsciously by the insistent iteration on their brains of the sight of him fleeing away, mastered by the feeling of mastery enjoyed all day, the dogs could not bring themselves to give way to him. When he appeared amongst them there was always a squabble. His progress was marked by snarl and snap and

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growl. The very atmosphere he breathed was surcharged with hatred and malice, and this but served to increase the hatred and malice within him.

When Mit-sah cried out his command for the team to stop, White Fang obeyed. At first this caused trouble for the other dogs. All of them would spring upon the hated leader only to find the tables turned. Behind him would be Mit-sah, the great whip stinging in his hand. So the dogs came to understand that when the team stopped by order, White Fang was to be let alone. But when White Fang stopped without orders, then it was allowed them to spring upon him and destroy him if they could. After several experiences, White Fang never stopped without orders. He learned quickly. It was in the nature of things that he must learn quickly, if he were to survive the unusually severe conditions under which life was vouchsafed him.

But the dogs could never learn the lesson to leave him alone in camp. Each day, pursuing him and crying defiance at him, the lesson of the previous night was erased, and that night would have to be learned over again, to be as immediately forgotten. Besides, there was a greater consistence in their dislike of him. They sensed between themselves and him a difference of kind—cause sufficient in itself for hostility. Like him, they were domesticated wolves. But they had been domesticated for generations. Much of the Wild had been lost, so that to them the Wild was the unknown, the terrible, the ever-menacing and ever-warring. But to him, in appearance and action and impulse, still clung the Wild. He symbolized it, was its personification; so that when they showed their teeth to him they were defending themselves against the powers of destruction that lurked in the shadows of the forest and in the dark beyond the camp fire.

But there was one lesson the dogs did learn, and that was to keep together. White Fang was too terrible for any of them to face single-handed. They met him with the mass-formation, otherwise he would have killed them, one by one, in a night. As it was, he never had a chance to kill them. He might roll a dog off its feet, but the pack would be upon him before he could follow up and deliver the deadly throat-stroke. At the first hint of

conflict the whole team drew together and faced him. The dogs had quarrels among themselves, but these were forgotten when trouble was brewing with White Fang.

On the other hand, try as they would, they could not kill White Fang. He was too quick for them, too formidable, too wise. He avoided tight places, and always backed out when they bade fair to surround him. While as for getting him off his feet, there was no dog among them capable of doing the trick. His feet clung to the earth with the same tenacity that he clung to life. For that matter, life and footing were synonymous in this unending warfare with the pack, and none knew it better than White Fang.

So he became the enemy of his kind, domesticated wolves that they were, softened by the fires of man, weakened in the sheltering shadow of man's strength. White Fang was bitter and implacable. The clay of him was so molded. He declared a vendetta against all dogs. And so terribly did he live this vendetta that Gray Beaver, fierce savage himself, could not but marvel at White Fang's ferocity. Never, he swore, had there been the like of this animal; and the Indians in strange villages swore likewise when they considered the tale of his killings amongst their dogs.

When White Fang was nearly five years old, Gray Beaver took him on another great journey, and long remembered was the havoc he worked amongst the dogs of the many villages along the Mackenzie, across the Rockies, and down the Porcupine to the Yukon. He reveled in the vengeance he wreaked upon his kind. They were ordinary, unsuspecting dogs. They were not prepared for his swiftness and directness, for his attack without warning. They did not know him for what he was, a lightning-flash of slaughter. They bristled up to him, stiff-legged and challenging, while he, wasting no time on elaborate preliminaries, snapping into action like a steel spring, was at their throats and destroying them before they knew what was happening and while they were yet in the throes of surprise.

He became an adept at fighting. He economized. He never wasted his strength, never tussled. He was in too quickly for that, and, if he missed, was out again too quickly. The dislike of the wolf for close

quarters was his to an unusual degree. He could not endure a prolonged contact with another body. It smacked of danger. It made him frantic. He must be away, free, on his own legs, touching no living thing. It was the Wild still clinging to him, asserting itself through him. This feeling had been accentuated by the Ish-maelite life he had led from his puppyhood. Danger lurked in contacts. It was the trap, ever the trap, the fear of it lurking deep in the life of him, woven into the fiber of him.

In consequence the strange dogs he encountered had no chance against him. He eluded their fangs. He got them, or got away, himself untouched in either event. In the natural course of things there were exceptions to this. There were times when several dogs, pitching onto him, punished him before he could get away; and there were times when a single dog scored deeply on him. But these were accidents. In the main, so efficient a fighter had he become, he went his way unscathed.

Another advantage he possessed was that of correctly judging time and distance. Not that he did this consciously, however. He did not calculate such things. It was all automatic. His eyes saw correctly, and the nerves carried the vision correctly to his brain. The parts of him were better adjusted than those of the average dog. They worked together more smoothly and steadily. His was a better, far better, nervous, mental, and muscular co-ordination. When his eyes conveyed to his brain the moving image of an action, his brain, without conscious effort, knew the space that limited that action and the time required for its completion. Thus, he could avoid the leap of another dog, or the drive of its fangs, and at the same moment could seize the infinitesimal fraction of time in which to deliver his own attack. Body and brain, his was a more perfected mechanism. Not that he was to be praised for it. Nature had been more generous to him than to the average animal, that was all.

It was in the summer that White Fang arrived at Fort Yukon. Gray Beaver had crossed the great water-shed between the Mackenzie and the Yukon in the late winter, and spent the spring in hunting among the western outlying spurs of the

Rockies. Then, after the break-up of the ice on the Porcupine, he had built a canoe and paddled down that stream to where it effected its junction with the Yukon just under the Arctic Circle. Here stood the old Hudson's Bay Company fort; and here were many Indians, much food, and unprecedented excitement. It was the summer of 1898, and thousands of gold-hunters were going up the Yukon to Dawson and the Klondike. Still hundreds of miles from their goal, nevertheless many of them had been on the way for a year, and the least any of them had traveled to get that far was five thousand miles, while some had come from the other side of the world.

Here Gray Beaver stopped. A whisper of the gold-rush had reached his ears, and he had come with several bales of furs, and another of gut-sewn mittens and moccasins. He would not have ventured so long a trip had he not expected generous profits. But what he had expected was nothing to what he realized. His wildest dream had not exceeded a hundred per cent. profit; he made a thousand per cent. And like a true Indian, he settled down to trade carefully and slowly, even if it took all summer and the rest of the winter to dispose of his goods.

It was at Fort Yukon that White Fang saw his first white men. As compared with the Indians he had known, they were to him another race of beings, a race of superior gods. They impressed him as possessing superior power, and it is on power that godhead rests. White Fang did not reason it out, did not in his mind make the sharp generalization that the white gods were more powerful. It was a feeling, nothing more, and yet none the less potent. As in his puppyhood, the looming bulks of the tepees, man-reared, had affected him as manifestations of power, so was he affected now by the houses and the huge fort, all of massive logs. Here was power. These white gods were strong. They possessed greater mastery over matter than the gods he had known, most powerful among which was Gray Beaver. And yet Gray Beaver was as a child-god among these white-skinned ones.

To be sure, White Fang only felt these things. He was not conscious of them. Yet it is upon feeling, more often than

thinking, that animals act; and every act White Fang now performed was based upon the feeling that the white men were the superior gods. In the first place, he was very suspicious of them. There was no telling what unknown terrors were theirs, what unknown hurts they could administer. He was curious to observe them, fearful of being noticed by them. For the first few hours he was content with slinking around and watching them from a safe distance. Then he saw that no harm befell the dogs that were near to them, and he came in closer.

In turn, he was an object of great curiosity to them. His wolfish appearance caught their eyes at once, and they pointed him out to one another. This act of pointing put White Fang on his guard, and when they tried to approach him he showed his teeth and backed away. Not one succeeded in laying a hand on him, and it was well that they did not.

White Fang soon learned that very few of these gods—not more than a dozen—lived at this place. Every two or three days a steamer (another and colossal manifestation of power) came in to the bank and stopped for several hours. The white men came from off these steamers and went away on them again. There seemed untold numbers of these white men. In the first day or so he saw more of them than he had seen Indians in all his life; and as the days went by they continued to come up the river, stop, and then go on up the river and out of sight.

But if the white gods were all-powerful, their dogs did not amount to much. This White Fang quickly discovered by mixing with those that came ashore with their masters. They were of irregular shapes and sizes. Some were short-legged—too short; others were long-legged—too long. They had hair instead of fur, and a few had very little hair at that. And none of them knew how to fight.

As an enemy of his kind, it was in White Fang's province to fight with them. This he did, and he quickly achieved for them a mighty contempt. They were soft and helpless, made much noise, and floundered around clumsily, trying to accomplish by main strength what he accomplished by dexterity and cunning. They rushed belov- ing at him. He sprang to the side.

They did not know what had become of him; and in that moment he struck them on the shoulder, rolling them off their feet and delivering his stroke at the throat.

Sometimes this stroke was successful, and a stricken dog rolled in the dirt, to be pounced upon and torn to pieces by the pack of Indian dogs that waited. White Fang was wise. He had long since learned that the gods were made angry when their dogs were killed. The white men were no exception to this. So he was content, when he had overthrown and slashed wide the throat of one of their dogs, to drop back and let the pack go in and do the cruel finishing work. It was then that the white men rushed in, visiting their wrath heavily on the pack, while White Fang went free. He would stand off at a little distance and look on, while stones, clubs, axes, and all sorts of weapons fell upon his fellows. White Fang was very wise.

But his fellows grew wise, in their own way; and in this White Fang grew wise with them. They learned that it was when a steamer first tied to the bank that they had their fun. After the first two or three strange dogs had been downed and destroyed, the white men hustled their own animals back on board and wreaked savage vengeance on the offenders. One white man, having seen his dog, a setter, torn to pieces before his eyes, drew a revolver. He fired rapidly, six times, and six of the pack lay dead or dying—another manifestation of power that sank deep into White Fang's consciousness.

White Fang enjoyed it all. He did not love his kind, and he was shrewd enough to escape hurt himself. At first, the killing of the white men's dogs had been a diversion. After a time it became his occupation. There was no work for him to do. Gray Beaver was busy trading and getting wealthy. So White Fang hung around the landing with the disreputable gang of Indian dogs, waiting for steamers. With the arrival of a steamer the fun began. After a few minutes, by the time the white men had got over their surprise, the gang scattered. The fun was over until the next steamer should arrive.

But it can scarcely be said that White Fang was a member of the gang. He did not mingle with it, but remained aloof, always himself, and was even feared by it.

It is true he worked with it. He picked the quarrel with the strange dog while the gang waited. And when he had overthrown the strange dog the gang went in to finish it. But it is equally true that he then withdrew, leaving the gang to receive the punishment of the outraged gods.

It did not require much exertion to pick these quarrels. All he had to do, when the strange dogs came ashore, was to show himself. When they saw him they rushed for him. It was their instinct. He was the Wild—the unknown, the terrible, the ever-menacing, the thing that prowled in the darkness around the fires of the primeval world when they, cowering close to the fires, were reshaping their instincts, learning to fear the Wild out of which they had come, and which they had deserted and betrayed. Generation by generation, down all the generations, had this fear of the Wild been stamped into their natures. For centuries the Wild had stood for terror and destruction. And during all this time free license had been theirs, from their masters, to kill the things of the Wild. In doing this they had protected both themselves and the gods whose companionship they shared.

And so, fresh from the soft southern world, these dogs, trotting down the gang-plank and out upon the Yukon shore, had but to see White Fang to experience the irresistible impulse to rush upon him and destroy him. They might be town-reared dogs, but the instinctive fear of the Wild was theirs just the same. Not alone with their own eyes did they see the wolfish creature in the clear light of day, standing before them. They saw him with the eyes of their ancestors, and by their inherited memory they knew White Fang for the wolf, and they remembered the ancient feud.

All of which served to make White Fang's days enjoyable. If the sight of him drove these strange dogs upon him, so much the better for him, so much the worse for them. They looked upon him as legitimate prey, and as legitimate prey he looked upon them.

Not for nothing had he first seen the light of day in a lonely lair and fought his first fights with the ptarmigan, the weasel and the lynx. And not for nothing had his puppyhood been made bitter by the perse-

cution of Lip-lip and the whole puppy pack. It might have been otherwise, and he would then have been otherwise. Had Lip-lip not existed he would have passed his puppyhood with the other puppies and grown up more dog-like and with more liking for dogs. Had Gray Beaver possessed the plummet of affection and love, he might have sounded the deeps of White Fang's nature and brought up to the surface all manner of kindly qualities. But these things had not been so. The clay of White Fang had been molded until he became what he was, morose and lonely, unloving and ferocious, the enemy of all his kind.

CHAPTER 11

THE MAD GOD

A small number of white men lived in Fort Yukon. These men had been long in the country. They called themselves Sour-doughs, and took great pride in so classifying themselves. For other men, new in the land, they felt nothing but disdain. The men who came ashore from the steamers were new-comers. They were known as *chechaquos*, and they always wilted at the application of the name. They made their bread with baking-powder. This was the invidious distinction between them and the Sour-doughs, who, forsooth, made their bread from sour-dough because they had no baking-powder.

All of which is neither here nor there. The men in the fort disdained the new-comers, and enjoyed seeing them come to grief. Especially did they enjoy the havoc worked amongst the new-comers' dogs by White Fang and his disreputable gang. When a steamer arrived, the men of the fort made it a point always to come down to the bank and see the fun. They looked forward to it with as much anticipation as did the Indian dogs, while they were not slow to appreciate the savage and crafty part played by White Fang.

But there was one man amongst them who particularly enjoyed the sport. He would come running at the first sound of a steamboat's whistle; and when the last fight was over and White Fang and the pack had scattered, he would return slowly to the fort, his face heavy with regret. Sometimes, when a soft southland dog

went down, shrieking its death-cry under the fangs of the pack, this man would be unable to contain himself, and would leap into the air and cry out with delight. And always he had a sharp and covetous eye for White Fang.

This man was called "Beauty" by the other men of the fort. No one knew his first name, and in general he was known in the country as Beauty Smith. But he was anything save a beauty. To antithesis was due his naming. He was pre-eminently unbeautiful. Nature had been niggardly with him. He was a small man to begin with; and upon his meager frame was deposited an even more strikingly meager head. Its apex might be likened to a point. In fact, in his boyhood, before he had been named Beauty by his fellows, he had been called "Pinhead."

Backward, from the apex, his head slanted down to his neck; and forward, it slanted uncompromisingly to meet a low and remarkably wide forehead. Beginning here, as though regretting her parsimony, Nature had spread his features with a lavish hand. His eyes were large, and between them was the distance of two eyes. His face, in relation to the rest of him, was prodigious. In order to discover the necessary area, Nature had given him an enormous prognathous jaw. It was wide and heavy, and protruded outward and down until it seemed to rest on his chest. Possibly this appearance was due to the weariness of the slender neck, unable properly to support so great a burden.

This jaw gave the impression of ferocious determination. But something lacked. Perhaps it was from excess. Perhaps the jaw was too large. At any rate, it was a lie. Beauty Smith was known far and wide as the weakest of weak-kneed and sniveling cowards. To complete his description, his teeth were large and yellow, while the two eye-teeth, larger than their fellows, showed under his lean lips like fangs. His eyes were yellow and muddy, as though Nature had run short on pigments and squeezed together the dregs of all her tubes. It was the same with his hair, sparse and irregular of growth, muddy-yellow and dirty-yellow, rising on his head and sprouting out of his face in unexpected tufts and bunches, in appearance like clumped and wind-blown grain.

In short, Beauty Smith was a monstrosity, and the blame of it lay elsewhere. He was not responsible. The clay of him had been so molded in the making. He did the cooking for the other men in the fort, the dish-washing and the drudgery. They did not despise him. Rather did they tolerate him in a broad human way, as one tolerates any creature evilly treated in the making. Also they feared him. His cowardly rages made them dread a shot in the back or poison in their coffee. But somebody had to do the cooking, and whatever else his shortcomings, Beauty Smith could cook.

This was the man that looked at White Fang, delighted in his ferocious prowess, and desired to possess him. He made overtures to White Fang from the first. White Fang began by ignoring him. Later on, when the overtures became more insistent, White Fang bristled and bared his teeth and backed away. He did not like the man. The feel of him was bad. He sensed the evil in him, and feared the extended hand and the attempts at soft-spoken speech. Because of all this he hated the man.

With the simpler creatures, good and bad are things simply understood. The good stands for all things that bring ease and satisfaction and surcease from pain. Therefore, the good is liked. The bad stands for all things that are fraught with discomfort, menace and hurt, and is hated accordingly. White Fang's feel of Beauty Smith was bad. From the man's distorted body and twisted mind, in occult ways, like mists rising from malarial marshes, came emanations of the unhealth within. Not by reasoning, not by the five senses alone, but by other and remoter and uncharted senses, came the feeling to White Fang that the man was ominous with evil, pregnant with hurtfulness, and therefore a thing bad, and wisely to be hated.

White Fang was in Gray Beaver's camp when Beauty Smith first visited it. At the faint sound of his distant feet, before he came in sight, White Fang knew who was coming and began to bristle. He had been lying down in an abandon of comfort, but he arose quickly, and, as the man arrived, slid away in true wolf fashion to the edge of the camp. He did not know what they said, but he could see the man and Gray

Beaver talking together. Once the man pointed at him, and White Fang snarled back as though the hand were just descending upon him instead of being, as it was, fifty feet away. The man laughed at this; and White Fang slunk away to the sheltering woods, his head turned to observe as he glided softly over the ground.

Gray Beaver refused to sell the dog. He had grown rich with his trading and stood in need of nothing. Besides, White Fang was a valuable animal, the strongest sled-dog he had ever owned, and the best leader. Furthermore, there was no dog like him on the Mackenzie nor the Yukon. He could fight. He killed other dogs as easily as men killed mosquitoes. (Beauty Smith's eyes lighted up at this, and he licked his thin lips with an eager tongue.) No, White Fang was not for sale at any price.

But Beauty Smith knew the ways of Indians. He visited Gray Beaver's camp often, and hidden under his coat was always a black bottle or so. One of the potencies of whiskey is the breeding of thirst. Gray Beaver got the thirst. His fevered membranes and burnt stomach began to clamor for more and more of the scorching fluid; while his brain, thrust all awry by the unwonted stimulant, permitted him to go any length to obtain it. The money he had received for his furs and mittens and moccasins began to go. It went faster and faster, and the shorter his money-sack grew the shorter grew his temper.

In the end his money and goods and temper were all gone. Nothing remained to him but his thirst, a prodigious possession in itself that grew more prodigious with every sober breath he drew. Then it was that Beauty Smith had talk with him again about the sale of White Fang; but this time the price offered was in bottles, not dollars, and Gray Beaver's ears were more eager to hear.

"You ketch um dog you take um all right," was his last word.

The bottles were delivered, but after two days, "You ketch um dog," were Beauty Smith's words to Gray Beaver.

White Fang slunk into camp one evening and dropped down with a sigh of content. The dreaded white god was not there. For days his manifestations of desire to lay hands on him had been growing more in-

sistent, and during that time White Fang had been compelled to avoid the camp. He did not know what evil was threatened by those insistent hands. He knew only that they did threaten evil of some sort, and that it was best for him to keep out of their reach.

But scarcely had he lain down when Gray Beaver staggered over to him and tied a leather thong around his neck. He sat down beside White Fang, holding the end of the thong in his hand. In the other hand he held a bottle, which, from time to time, was inverted above his head to the accompaniment of gurgling noises.

An hour of this passed, when the vibrations of feet in contact with the ground foreran the one who approached. White Fang heard it first, and he was bristling with recognition while Gray Beaver still nodded stupidly. White Fang tried to draw the thong softly out of his master's hand; but the relaxed fingers closed tightly and Gray Beaver roused himself.

Beauty Smith strode into camp and stood over White Fang. He snarled softly up at the thing of fear, watching keenly the department of the hands. One hand extended outward and began to descend upon his head. His soft snarl grew tense and harsh. The hand continued slowly to descend, while he crouched beneath it, eyeing it malignantly, his snarl growing shorter and shorter as, with quickening breath, it approached its culmination. Suddenly he snapped, striking with his fangs like a snake. The hand was jerked back, and the teeth came together emptily with a sharp click. Beauty Smith was frightened and angry. Gray Beaver clouted White Fang alongside the head, so that he cowered down close to the earth in respectful obedience.

White Fang's suspicious eyes followed every movement. He saw Beauty Smith go away and return with a stout club. Then the end of the thong was given over to him by Gray Beaver. Beauty Smith started to walk away. The thong grew taut. White Fang resisted it. Gray Beaver clouted him right and left to make him get up and follow. He obeyed, but with a rush, hurling himself upon the stranger who was dragging him away. Beauty Smith did not jump away. He had been waiting for this. He swung the

club smartly, stopping the rush midway and smashing White Fang down upon the ground. Gray Beaver laughed and nodded approval. Beauty Smith tightened the thong again, and White Fang crawled limply and dizzily to his feet.

He did not rush a second time. One smash from the club was sufficient to convince him that the white god knew how to handle it, and he was too wise to fight the inevitable. So he followed morosely at Beauty Smith's heels, his tail between his legs, yet snarling softly under his breath. But Beauty Smith kept a wary eye on him, and the club was held always ready to strike.

At the fort Beauty Smith left him securely tied and went in to bed. White Fang waited an hour. Then he applied his teeth to the thong and in the space of ten seconds was free. He had wasted no time with his teeth. There had been no useless gnawing. The thong was cut across, diagonally, almost as clean as though done by a knife. White Fang looked up at the fort, at the same time bristling and growling. Then he turned and trotted back to Gray Beaver's camp. He owed no allegiance to this strange and terrible god. He had given himself to Gray Beaver, and to Gray Beaver he considered he still belonged.

But what had occurred before was repeated—with a difference. Gray Beaver again made him fast with a thong, and in the morning turned him over to Beauty Smith. And here was where the difference came in. Beauty Smith gave him a beating. Tied securely, White Fang could only rage futilely and endure the punishment. Club and whip were both used upon him, and he experienced the worst beating he had ever received in his life. Even the big beating given him in his puppyhood by Gray Beaver was mild compared with this.

Beauty Smith enjoyed the task. He delighted in it. He gloated over his victim, and his eyes flamed dully as he swung the whip or club and listened to White Fang's cries of pain and to his helpless bellows and snarls. For Beauty Smith was cruel in the way that cowards are cruel. Cringing and sniveling himself before the blows or angry speech of a man, he revenged himself, in turn, upon creatures weaker than

he. All life likes power, and Beauty Smith was no exception. Denied the expression of power amongst his own kind, he fell back upon the lesser creatures and there vindicated the life that was in him. But Beauty Smith had not created himself, and no blame was to be attached to him. He had come into the world with a twisted body and a brute intelligence. This had constituted the clay of him, and it had not been kindly molded by the world.

White Fang knew why he was being beaten. When Gray Beaver tied the thong around his neck and passed the end of the thong into Beauty Smith's keeping, White Fang knew that it was his god's will for him to go with Beauty Smith. And when Beauty Smith left him tied outside the fort, he knew that it was Beauty Smith's will that he should remain there. Therefore, he had disobeyed the will of both the gods and earned the consequent punishment. He had seen dogs change owners in the past, and he had seen the runaways beaten as he was being beaten. He was wise, and yet in the nature of him there were forces greater than wisdom. One of these was fidelity. He did not love Gray Beaver; yet, even in the face of his will and his anger, he was faithful to him. He could not help it. This faithfulness was a quality of the clay that composed him. It was the quality that was peculiarly the possession of his kind; the quality that set apart his species from all other species; the quality that had enabled the wolf and the wild dog to come in from the open and be the companions of man.

After the beating, White Fang was dragged back to the fort. But this time Beauty Smith left him tied with a stick. One does not give up a god easily, and so with White Fang. Gray Beaver was his own particular god, and, in spite of Gray Beaver's will, White Fang still clung to him and would not give him up. Gray Beaver had betrayed and forsaken him, but that had no effect upon him. Not for nothing had he surrendered himself body and soul to Gray Beaver. There had been no reservation on White Fang's part, and the bond was not to be broken easily.

So, in the night, when the men in the fort were asleep, White Fang applied his

teeth to the stick that held him. The wood was seasoned and dry, and it was tied so closely to his neck that he could scarcely get his teeth to it. It was only by the severest muscular exertion and neck-arching that he succeeded in getting the wood between his teeth, and barely between his teeth at that; and it was only by the exercise of an immense patience, extending through many hours, that he succeeded in gnawing through the stick. This was something that dogs were not supposed to do. It was unprecedented. But White Fang did it, trotting away from the fort in the early morning with the end of the stick hanging to his neck.

He was wise. But had he been merely wise he would not have gone back to Gray Beaver who had already twice betrayed him. But there was his faithfulness, and he went back to be betrayed yet a third time. Again he yielded to the tying of a thong around his neck by Gray Beaver, and again Beauty Smith came to claim him. And this time he was beaten even more severely than before.

Gray Beaver looked on stolidly while the white man wielded the whip. He gave no protection. It was no longer his dog. When the beating was over White Fang was sick. A soft southland dog would have died under it, but not he. His school of life had been sterner, and he was himself of sterner stuff. He had too great vitality. His clutch on life was too strong. But he was very sick. At first he was unable to drag himself along, and Beauty Smith had to wait half an hour on him. And then, blind and reeling, he followed at Beauty Smith's heels back to the fort.

But now he was tied with a chain that defied his teeth, and he strove in vain, by lunging, to draw the staple from the timber into which it was driven. After a few days, sober and bankrupt, Gray Beaver departed up the Porcupine on his long journey to the Mackenzie. White Fang remained on the Yukon, the property of a man more than half mad and all brute. But what is a dog to know in its consciousness of madness? To White Fang Beauty Smith was a veritable, if terrible, god. He was a mad god at best, but White Fang knew nothing of madness; he knew only that he must submit to the will of this new master, obey his every whim and fancy.

CHAPTER III

THE REIGN OF HATE

Under the tutelage of the mad god, White Fang became a fiend. He was kept chained in a pen at the rear of the fort, and here Beauty Smith teased and irritated and drove him wild with petty torments. The man early discovered White Fang's susceptibility to laughter, and made it a point, after painfully tricking him, to laugh at him. This laughter was uproarious and scornful, and at the same time the god pointed his finger derisively at White Fang. At such times reason fled from White Fang, and in his transports of rage he was even more mad than Beauty Smith.

Formerly, White Fang had been merely the enemy of his kind, withal a ferocious enemy. He now became the enemy of all things, and more ferocious than ever. To such an extent was he tormented, that he hated blindly and without the faintest spark of reason. He hated the chain that bound him, the men who peered in at him through the slats of the pen, the dogs that accompanied the men and that snarled malignantly at him in his helplessness. He hated the very wood of the pen that confined him. And first, last and most of all, he hated Beauty Smith.

But Beauty Smith had a purpose in all that he did to White Fang. One day a number of men gathered about the pen. Beauty Smith entered, club in hand, and took the chain from off White Fang's neck. When his master had gone out, White Fang turned loose and tore around the pen, trying to get at the men outside. He was magnificently terrible. Fully five feet in length, and standing two and one half feet at the shoulder, he far outweighed a wolf of corresponding size. From his mother he had inherited the heavier proportions of the dog, so that he weighed, without any fat and without an ounce of superfluous flesh, over ninety pounds. It was all muscle, bone and sinew—fighting flesh in the finest condition. The door of the pen was being opened again. White Fang paused. Something unusual was happening. He waited. The door was opened wider. Then a huge dog was thrust inside, and the door was slammed shut behind him. White Fang had never seen such a dog (it was a mastiff); but the size and

fierce aspect of the intruder did not deter him. Here was something, not wood nor iron, upon which to wreak his hate. He leaped in with a flash of fangs that ripped down the side of the mastiff's neck. The mastiff shook his head, growled hoarsely, and plunged at White Fang. But White Fang was here, there, and everywhere, always evading and eluding, and always leaping in and slashing with his fangs, and leaping out again in time to escape punishment.

The men outside shouted and applauded while Beauty Smith, in an ecstasy of delight, gloated over the ripping and mangling performed by White Fang. There was no hope for the mastiff from the first. He was too ponderous and slow. In the end, while Beauty Smith beat White Fang back with a club, the mastiff was dragged out by its owner. Then there was a payment of bets, and money clinked in Beauty Smith's hand.

White Fang came to look forward eagerly to the gathering of the men around his pen. It meant a fight; and this was the only way that was now vouchsafed him of expressing the life that was in him. Tormented, incited to hate, he was kept a prisoner so that there was no way of satisfying that hate except at the times his master saw fit to pit another dog against him. Beauty Smith had estimated his powers well, for he was invariably the victor. One day three dogs were turned in upon him in succession. Another day a full-grown wolf, fresh caught from the Wild, was shoved in through the door of the pen. And on still another day two dogs were set against him at the same time. This was his severest fight, and though in the end he killed them both he was himself half killed in doing it.

In the fall of the year, when the first snows were falling and mush-ice was running in the river, Beauty Smith took passage for himself and White Fang on a steamboat bound up the Yukon to Dawson. White Fang had now achieved a reputation in the land. As the "Fighting Wolf," he was known far and wide, and the cage in which he was kept on the steamboat's deck was usually surrounded by curious men. He raged and snarled at them, or lay quietly and studied them with cold hatred. Why should he not hate them? He never asked himself the question. He knew

only hate and lost himself in the passion of it. Life had become a hell to him. He had not been made for the close confinement wild beasts endure at the hands of men. And yet it was in precisely this way that he was treated. Men stared at him, poked sticks between the bars to make him snarl, and then laughed at him.

They were his environment, these men, and they were molding the clay of him into a more ferocious thing than had been intended by Nature. Nevertheless, Nature had given him plasticity. Where many another animal would have died or had its spirit broken, he adjusted himself and lived, and at no expense of the spirit. Possibly Beauty Smith, arch-fiend and tormentor, was capable of breaking White Fang's spirit, but as yet there were no signs of his succeeding.

If Beauty Smith had in him a devil, White Fang had another; and the two of them raged against each other unceasingly. In the days before, White Fang had had the wisdom to cower down and submit to a man with a club in his hand; but this wisdom now left him. The mere sight of Beauty Smith was sufficient to send him into transports of fury. And when they came to close quarters, and he had been beaten back by the club, he went on growling and snarling and showing his fangs. The last growl could never be extracted from him. No matter how terribly he was beaten, he had always another growl, and when Beauty Smith gave up and withdrew, the defiant growl followed after him, or White Fang sprang at the bars of the cage bellowing his hatred.

When the steamboat arrived at Dawson, White Fang went ashore. But he still lived a public life, in a cage, surrounded by curious men. He was exhibited as "The Fighting Wolf," and men paid fifty cents in gold-dust to see him. He was given no rest. Did he lie down to sleep, he was stirred up by a sharp stick—so that the audience might get its money's worth. In order to make the exhibition interesting, he was kept in a rage most of the time. But worse than all this was the atmosphere in which he lived. He was regarded as the most fearful of wild beasts, and this was borne in to him through the bars of the cage. Every word, every cautious action on the part of the men, impressed

upon him his own terrible ferocity. It was so much added fuel to the flame of his fierceness. There could be but one result, and that was that his ferocity fed upon itself and increased. It was another instance of the plasticity of his clay, of his capacity for being molded by the pressure of environment.

In addition to being exhibited, he was a professional fighting animal. At irregular intervals, whenever a fight could be arranged, he was taken out of his cage and led off into the woods a few miles from town. Usually this occurred at night, so as to avoid interference from the mounted police of the Territory. After a few hours of waiting, when daylight had come, the audience and the dog with which he was to fight arrived. In this manner it came about that he fought all sizes and breeds of dogs. It was a savage land, the men were savage, and the fights were usually to the death.

Since White Fang continued to fight, it is obvious that it was the other dogs that died. He never knew defeat. His early training, when he fought with Lip-lip and the whole puppy-pack, stood him in good stead. There was the tenacity with which he clung to the earth. No dog could make him lose his footing. This was the favorite trick of the wolf breeds—to rush in upon him, either directly or with an unexpected swerve, in the hope of striking his shoulder and overthrowing him. Mackenzie hounds, Eskimo and Labrador dogs, huskies and Malemutes—all tried it on him, and all failed. He was never known to lose his footing. Men told this to one another, and looked each time to see it happen; but White Fang always disappointed them.

Then there was his lightning quickness. It gave him a tremendous advantage over his antagonists. No matter what their fighting experience, they had never encountered a dog that moved so swiftly as he. Also to be reckoned with was the immediateness of his attack. The average dog was accustomed to the preliminaries of snarling and bristling and growling, and the average dog was knocked off his feet and finished before he had begun to fight or recovered from his surprise. So often did this happen, that it became the custom to hold White Fang until the other dog went through his preliminaries, was

good and ready, and even made the first attack.

But greatest of all the advantages in White Fang's favor was his experience. He knew more about fighting than did any of the dogs that faced him. He had fought more fights, knew how to meet more tricks and methods, and had more tricks himself, while his own method was scarcely to be improved upon.

As the time went by, he had fewer and fewer fights. Men despaired of matching him with an equal, and Beauty Smith was compelled to pit wolves against him. These were trapped by the Indians for the purpose, and a fight between White Fang and a wolf was always sure to draw a crowd. Once, a full-grown female lynx was secured, and this time White Fang fought for his life. Her quickness matched his; her ferocity equaled his; while he fought with his fangs alone, and she fought with her sharp-clawed feet as well.

But after the lynx all fighting ceased for White Fang. There were no more animals with which to fight—at least, there was none considered worthy of fighting with him. So he remained on exhibition until spring, when one Tim Keenan, a faro-dealer, arrived in the land. With him came the first bulldog that had ever entered the Klondike. That this dog and White Fang should come together was inevitable, and for a week the anticipated fight was the mainspring of conversation in certain quarters of the town.

CHAPTER IV

THE CLINGING DEATH

Beauty Smith slipped the chain from his neck and stepped back.

For once White Fang did not make an immediate attack. He stood still, ears pricked forward, alert and curious, surveying the strange animal that faced him. He had never seen such a dog before. Tim Keenan shoved the bulldog forward with a muttered, "Go to it." The animal waddled toward the center of the circle, short and squat and ungainly. He came to a stop and blinked across at White Fang.

There were cries from the crowd of, "Go to him, Cherokee! Sick 'm, Cherokee! Eat 'm up!"

But Cherokee did not seem anxious to fight. He turned his head and blinked at the men who shouted, at the same time wagging his stump of a tail good-naturedly. He was not afraid, but merely lazy. Besides, it did not seem to him that it was intended he should fight with the dog he saw before him. He was not used to fighting with that kind of dog, and he was waiting for them to bring on the real dog.

Tim Keenan stepped in and bent over Cherokee, fondling him on both sides of the shoulders with hands that rubbed against the grain of the hair and that made slight, pushing-forward movements. These were so many suggestions. Also, their effect was irritating, for Cherokee began to growl, very softly, deep down in his throat. There was a correspondence in rhythm between the growls and the movements of the man's hands. The growl rose in the throat with the culmination of each forward-pushing movement, and ebbed down, to start up afresh with the beginning of the next movement. The end of each movement was the accent of the rhythm, the movement ending abruptly and the growling rising with a jerk.

This was not without its effect on White Fang. The hair began to rise on his neck and across the shoulders. Tim Keenan gave a final shove forward and stepped back again. As the impetus that carried Cherokee forward died down, he continued to go forward of his own volition, in a swift, bow-legged run. Then White Fang struck. A cry of startled admiration went up. He had covered the distance and gone in more like a cat than a dog; and with the same cat-like swiftness he had slashed with his fangs and leaped clear.

The bulldog was bleeding back of one ear from a rip in his thick neck. He gave no sign, did not even snarl, but turned and followed after White Fang. The display on both sides, the quickness of the one and the steadiness of the other, had excited the partisan spirit of the crowd, and the men were making new bets and increasing original bets. Again, and yet again, White Fang sprang in, slashed, and got away untouched; and still his strange foe followed after him, without too great haste, not slowly, but deliberately and determinedly, in a business-like sort of way. There was purpose in his method—something for him

to do that he was intent upon doing and from which nothing could distract him.

His whole demeanor, every action, was stamped with this purpose. It puzzled White Fang. Never had he seen such a dog. It had no hair protection. It was soft, and bled easily. There was no thick mat of fur to baffle White Fang's teeth, as they were often baffled by dogs of his own breed. Each time that his teeth struck they sank easily into the yielding flesh, while the animal did not seem able to defend itself. Another disconcerting thing was that it made no outcry, such as he had been accustomed to with the other dogs he had fought. Beyond a growl or a grunt, the dog took its punishment silently. And never did it flag in its pursuit of him.

Not that Cherokee was slow. He could turn and whirl swiftly enough, but White Fang was never there. Cherokee was puzzled, too. He had never fought before with a dog with which he could not close. The desire to close had always been mutual. But here was a dog that kept at a distance, dancing and dodging here and there and all about. And when it did get its teeth into him it did not hold on, but let go instantly and darted away again.

But White Fang could not get at the soft under side of the throat. The bulldog stood too short, while its massive jaws were an added protection. White Fang darted in and out unscathed, while Cherokee's wounds increased. Both sides of his neck and head were ripped and slashed. He bled freely, but showed no signs of being disconcerted. He continued his plodding pursuit, though once, for the moment baffled, he came to a full stop and blinked at the men who looked on, at the same time wagging his stump of a tail as an expression of his willingness to fight.

In that moment White Fang was in upon him and out, in passing ripping his trimmed remnant of an ear. With a slight manifestation of anger, Cherokee took up the pursuit again, running on the inside of the circle White Fang was making, and striving to fasten his deadly grip on White Fang's throat. The bulldog missed by a hair's-breadth, and cries of praise went up as White Fang doubled suddenly out of danger in the opposite direction.

The time went by. White Fang still danced on, dodging and doubling, leaping



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover.

"After the break-up of the ice on the Porcupine he . . .
paddled down that stream to where it effected its
junction with the Yukon."

in and out, and ever inflicting damage. And still the bulldog, with grim certitude, toiled after him. Sooner or later he would accomplish his purpose, get the grip that would win the battle. In the meantime he accepted all the punishment the other could deal him. His tufts of ears had become tassels, his neck and shoulders were slashed in a score of places, and his very lips were cut and bleeding—all from those lightning snaps that were beyond his foreseeing and guarding.

Time and again White Fang had attempted to knock Cherokee off his feet; but the difference in their height was too great. Cherokee was too squat, too close to the ground. White Fang tried the trick once too often. The chance came in one of his quick doublings and counter-circlings. He caught Cherokee with head turned away as he whirled more slowly. His shoulder was exposed. White Fang drove in upon it; but his own shoulder was high above, while he struck with such force that his momentum carried him on across over the other's body. For the first time in his fighting history, men saw White Fang lose his footing. His body turned a half-somersault in the air, and he would have landed on his back had he not twisted, cat-like, still in the air, in the effort to bring his feet to the earth. As it was, he struck heavily on his side. The next instant he was on his feet, but in that instant Cherokee's teeth closed on his throat.

It was not a good grip, being too low down toward the chest; but Cherokee held on. White Fang sprang to his feet and tore wildly around, trying to shake off the bulldog's body. It made him frantic, this clinging, dragging weight. It bound his movements, restricted his freedom. It was like the trap, and all his instinct resented it and revolted against it. It was a mad revolt. For several minutes he was to all intents insane. The basic life that was in him took charge of him. The will of his body to exist surged over him. He was dominated by this mere flesh-love of life. All intelligence was gone. It was as though he had no brain. His reason was unseated by the blind yearning of the flesh to exist and move, at all hazards to move, to continue to move, for movement was the expression of its existence.

Round and round he went, whirling and

turning and reversing, trying to shake off the fifty-pound weight that dragged at his throat. The bulldog did little but keep his grip. Sometimes, and rarely, he managed to get his feet to the earth and for a moment to brace himself against White Fang. But the next moment his footing would be lost and he would be dragging around in the whirl of one of White Fang's mad gyrations. Cherokee identified himself with his instinct. He knew that he was doing the right thing by holding on, and there came to him certain blissful thrills of satisfaction. At such moments he even closed his eyes and allowed his body to be hurled hither and thither, willy-nilly, careless of any hurt that might thereby come to it. That did not count. The grip was the thing, and the grip he kept.

White Fang ceased only when he had tired himself out. He could do nothing, and he could not understand. Never, in all his fighting, had this thing happened. The dogs he had fought with did not fight that way. With them it was snap and slash and get away, snap and slash and get away. He lay partly on his side, panting for breath. Cherokee, still holding his grip, urged against him, trying to get him over entirely on his side. White Fang resisted, and he could feel the jaws shifting their grip, slightly relaxing and coming together again in a chewing movement. Each shift brought the grip closer in to his throat. The bulldog's method was to hold what he had, and when opportunity favored to work in for more. Opportunity favored when White Fang remained quiet. When White Fang struggled, Cherokee was content merely to hold on.

The bulging back of Cherokee's neck was the only portion of his body that White Fang's teeth could reach. He got hold toward the base, where the neck comes out from the shoulders; but he did not know the chewing method of fighting, nor were his jaws adapted to it. He spasmodically ripped and tore with his fangs for a space. Then a change in their position diverted him. The bulldog had managed to roll him over on his back, and, still hanging to his throat, was on top of him. Like a cat, White Fang bowed his hind-quarters in, and, with the feet digging into his enemy's abdomen above him, he began to

claw with long tearing strokes. Cherokee might well have been disemboweled had he not quickly pivoted on his grip and got his body off of White Fang's and at right angles to it.

There was no escaping that grip. It was like Fate itself, and as inexorable. Slowly it shifted up along the jugular. All that saved White Fang from death was the loose skin of his neck and the thick fur that covered it. This served to form a large roll in Cherokee's mouth, the fur of which well nigh defied his teeth. But bit by bit, whenever the chance offered, he was getting more of the loose skin and fur in his mouth. The result was that he was slowly throttling White Fang. The latter's breath was drawn with greater and greater difficulty as the moments went by.

It began to look as though the battle were over. The backers of Cherokee waxed jubilant and offered ridiculous odds. White Fang's backers were correspondingly depressed and refused bets of ten to one and twenty to one, though one man was rash enough to close a wager of fifty to one. This man was Beauty Smith. He took a step into the ring and pointed his finger at White Fang. Then he began to laugh derisively and scornfully. This produced the desired effect. White Fang went wild with rage. He called up his reserves of strength and gained his feet. As he struggled around the ring, the fifty pounds of his foe ever dragging on his throat, his anger passed on into panic. The basic life of him dominated him again, and his intelligence fled before the will of his flesh to live. Round and round and back again, stumbling and falling and rising, even up-rearing at times on his hind-legs and lifting his foe clear of the earth, he struggled vainly to shake off the clinging death.

At last he fell, toppling backward, exhausted; and the bulldog promptly shifted his grip, getting in closer, mangling more and more of the fur-folded flesh, throttling White Fang more severely than ever. Shouts of applause went up for the victor, and there were many cries of "Cherokee!" "Cherokee!" To this Cherokee responded by vigorous wagging of the stump of his tail. But the clamor of approval did not distract him. There was no sympathetic relation between his tail and his massive jaws. The one might wag, but the others

held their terrible grip on White Fang's throat.

It was at this time that a diversion came to the spectators. There was a jingle of bells. Dog-mushers' cries were heard. Everybody, save Beauty Smith, looked apprehensive, the fear of the police strong upon them. But they saw, up the trail and not down, two men running with sled and dogs. They were evidently coming down the creek from some prospecting trip. At sight of the crowd they stopped their dogs and came over and joined it, curious to see the cause of the excitement. The dog-musher wore a moustache, but the other, a taller and younger man, was smooth-shaven, his skin rosy from the pounding of his blood and the running in the frosty air.

White Fang had practically ceased struggling. Now and again he resisted spasmodically and to no purpose. He could get little air, and that little grew less and less under the merciless grip that ever tightened. In spite of his armor of fur, the great vein of his throat would have long since been torn open, had not the first grip of the bulldog been so low down as to be practically on the chest. It had taken Cherokee a long time to shift that grip upward, and this had also tended further to clog his jaws with fur and skin-fold.

In the meantime, the abysmal brute in Beauty Smith had been rising up into his brain and mastering the small bit of sanity that he possessed at best. When he saw White Fang's eyes beginning to glaze, he knew beyond doubt that the fight was lost. Then he broke loose. He sprang upon White Fang and began savagely to kick him. There were hisses from the crowd and cries of protest, but that was all. While this went on, and Beauty Smith continued to kick White Fang, there was a commotion in the crowd. The tall young newcomer was forcing his way through, shouldering men right and left without ceremony or gentleness. When he broke through into the ring, Beauty Smith was just in the act of delivering another kick. All his weight was on one foot, and he was in a state of unstable equilibrium. At that moment the newcomer's fist landed a smashing blow full in his face. Beauty Smith's remaining leg left the ground, and his whole body seemed to lift into the air

as he turned over backward and struck the snow. The newcomer turned upon the crowd.

"You cowards!" he cried. "You beasts!"

He was in a rage himself—a sane rage. His gray eyes seemed metallic and steel-like as they flashed upon the crowd. Beauty Smith regained his feet and came toward him, sniffing and cowardly. The newcomer did not understand. He did not know how abject a coward the other was, and thought he was coming back intent on fighting. So, with a "You beast!" he smashed Beauty Smith over backward with a second blow in the face. Beauty Smith decided that the snow was the safest place for him, and lay where he had fallen, making no effort to get up.

"Come on, Matt, lend a hand," the newcomer called to the dog-musher, who had followed him into the ring.

Both men bent over the dogs. Matt took hold of White Fang, ready to pull when Cherokee's jaws should be loosened. This the younger man endeavored to accomplish by clutching the bulldog's jaws in his hands and trying to spread them. It was a vain undertaking. As he pulled and tugged and wrenched, he kept exclaiming with every expulsion of breath, "Beasts!"

The crowd began to grow unruly, and some of the men were protesting against the spoiling of the sport; but they were silenced when the newcomer lifted his head from his work for a moment and glared at them.

"You damn beasts!" he finally exploded, and went back to his task.

"It's no use, Mr. Scott, you can't break 'm apart that way," Matt said at last.

The pair paused and surveyed the locked dogs.

"Ain't bleedin' much," Matt announced. "Ain't got all the way in yet."

"But he's liable to any moment," Scott answered. "There, did you see that! He shifted his grip in a bit."

The younger man's excitement and apprehension for White Fang was growing. He struck Cherokee about the head, savagely, again and again. But that did not loosen the jaws. Cherokee wagged the stump of his tail in advertisement that he understood the meaning of the blows, but that he knew he was himself in the right and only doing his duty by keeping his grip.

"Won't some of you help?" Scott cried desperately at the crowd.

But no help was offered. Instead, the crowd began sarcastically to cheer him on and showered him with facetious advice.

"You'll have to get a pry," Matt counseled.

The other reached into the holster at his hip, drew his revolver, and tried to thrust its muzzle between the bulldog's jaws. He shoved, and shoved hard, till the grating of the steel against the locked teeth could be distinctly heard. Both men were on their knees, bending over the dogs. Tim Keenan strode into the ring. He paused beside Scott and touched him on the shoulder, saying ominously:

"Don't break them teeth, stranger."

"Then I'll break his neck," Scott retorted, continuing his shoving and wedging with the revolver muzzle.

"I said don't break them teeth," the faro-dealer repeated more ominously than before.

But if it was a bluff he intended, it did not work. Scott never desisted from his efforts, though he looked up coolly and asked:

"Your dog?"

The faro-dealer grunted.

"Then get in here and break this grip."

"Well, stranger," the other drawled irritatingly, "I don't mind telling you that's something I ain't worked out for myself. I don't know how to turn the trick."

"Then get out of the way," was the reply, "and don't bother me. I'm busy."

Tim Keenan continued standing over him, but Scott took no further notice of his presence. He had managed to get the muzzle in between the jaws on one side, and was trying to get it out between the jaws on the other side. This accomplished, he pried gently and carefully, loosening the jaws a bit at a time, while Matt, a bit at a time, extricated White Fang's mangled neck.

"Stand by to receive your dog," was Scott's peremptory order to Cherokee's owner.

The faro-dealer stooped down obediently and got a firm hold on Cherokee.

"Now!" Scott warned, giving the final pry.

The dogs were drawn apart, the bulldog struggling vigorously.

"Take him away," Scott commanded, and Tim Keenan dragged Cherokee back into the crowd.

White Fang made several ineffectual efforts to get up. Once he gained his feet, but his legs were too weak to sustain him, and he slowly wilted and sank back into the snow. His eyes were half closed, and the surface of them was glassy. His jaws were apart, and through them the tongue protruded, dragged and limp. To all appearances he looked like a dog that had been strangled to death. Matt examined him.

"Just about all in," he announced; "but he's breathin' all right."

Beauty Smith had regained his feet and come over to look at White Fang.

"Matt, how much is a good sled-dog worth?" Scott asked.

The dog-musher, still on his knees and stooping over White Fang, calculated for a moment.

"Three hundred dollars," he answered.

"And how much for one that's all chewed up like this one?" Scott asked, nudging White Fang with his foot.

"Half of that," was the dog-musher's judgment.

Scott turned upon Beauty Smith.

"Did you hear, Mr. Beast? I'm going to take your dog from you, and I'm going to give you a hundred and fifty for him."

He opened his pocketbook and counted out the bills.

Beauty Smith put his hands behind his back, refusing to touch the proffered money.

"I ain't a-sellin'," he said.

"Oh, yes you are," the other assured him. "Because I'm buying. Here's your money. The dog's mine."

Beauty Smith, his hands still behind him, began to back away.

Scott sprang toward him, drawing his fist back to strike. Beauty Smith cowered down in anticipation of the blow.

"I've got my rights," he whimpered.

"You've forfeited your rights to own that dog," was the rejoinder. "Are you going to take the money? or do I have to hit you again?"

"All right," Beauty Smith spoke up with the alacrity of fear. "But I take the money under protest," he added. "The dog's a mint. I ain't a-goin' to be robbed. A man's got his rights."

"Correct," Scott answered, passing the money over to him. "A man's got his rights. But you're not a man. You're a beast."

"Wait till I get back to Dawson," Beauty Smith threatened. "I'll have the law on you."

"If you open your mouth when you get back to Dawson, I'll have you run out of town. Understand?"

Beauty Smith replied with a grunt.

"Understand?" the other thundered with abrupt fierceness.

"Yes," Beauty Smith grunted, shrinking away.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, sir," Beauty Smith snarled.

"Look out! He'll bite!" some one shouted, and a guffaw of laughter went up.

Scott turned his back on him, and returned to help the dog-musher, who was working over White Fang.

Some of the men were already departing; others stood in groups, looking on and talking. Tim Keenan joined one of the groups.

"Who's that mug?" he asked.

"Weedon Scott," some one answered.

"And who in hell is Weedon Scott?" the faro-dealer demanded.

"Oh, one of them crack-a-jack minin' experts. He's in with all the big bugs. If you want to keep out of trouble you'll steer clear of him, that's my talk. He's all hunky with the officials. The Gold Commissioner's a special pal of his."

"I thought he must be somebody," was the faro-dealer's comment. "That's why I kept my hands offen him at the start."

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERIOUS AWA-TOOSE AND THE STRANGE NEBOG-ATIS

BY ROBERT T. MORRIS

NAT stepped into the bush and cut a pole. He put a piece of pork on the hook, tucked another piece of pork between his shirt and the waistband of his trousers for provision against sudden need, and sat down upon the wet bank of the river. The whole calm procedure was suggestive of confidence born of success on some former occasion. Nat was an Indian. Years ago he was in the Hudson Bay Company's service, and Wake and I considered ourselves fortunate in getting him to go along with us, to find portages between Flying Post and Moose, on our exploring trip.

We had found plenty of fish all along the way so far, but they were old friends—sturgeon, ling, doré, jackfish, whitefish, lake trout and others of less consequence. What we wanted was to find something new to tell about at the next Canadian Camp dinner in New York, and although our notebooks already described jackfish fully as large as any that we actually caught, and whitefish so toothsome that their deliciousness seemed to be peculiar to the region of our search, there was nevertheless a longing and an unsatisfied feeling that nothing short of a new fish could relieve.

Nat had filled us with expectation, for he had told us that when we reached a certain part of the Kokateesh River we would come upon a fish called the awa-toose, and that they would be caught all of the way from there down to Hudson Bay. The awa-toose, he said, was shaped and colored something like a sucker, but it had teeth and was "very good for heat." Furthermore, it would take almost any sort of lure. Now, there were three suckers in the river, the common gray one, that was round and

puddy; the ember mullet with graceful outlines and golden-bronze in color, with a deep red band along the sides; and the brilliant silver mullet, with red fins and a compressed body. Repeated questioning had failed to draw from Nat a satisfactory description of which one of these fish his awa-toose resembled, and our imaginations were set to the hair trigger now that the looked-for place had been reached.

"How big is the awa-toose?" I asked.

"She weigh two pound. Guess some of it weigh one pounds," replied Nat.

"What is the best bait?"

Nat answered by picking up a handful of mud from just below the water's edge and handing it toward me. One who is not familiar with translating from the Indian might be surprised on being informed that a handful of mud was the best bait for a fish alert enough to take the trolling spoon, and perhaps the fly, but I recognized the sign language for crawfish, and proceeded to capture half a dozen of them at once. Nat fished with pork and a sinker. I used crawfish bait on light tackle, Wake chose a trolling spoon of such pretty and attractive model that it would almost draw land animals into the water to get at it; and we sent Alex and Sol out to set the collecting nets in likely places.

The red crossbills sang in jaunty camaraderie as they flew in joyous company amongst the pointed firs. White-throated sparrows called and answered each other in different octaves, and a water-wagtail sent his clear notes across the river to us every few minutes. We stood in the tracks of moose and bears on the bank, and awaited the coming of a wild fish, among wild surroundings. Did the awa-toose take

the fly? Did it leap when hooked? Did it fight longer than any other known fish? Was it a surprise for the palate at every new mouthful? Had it ever been described by a naturalist? These were the questions that we asked while we waited until the stars came out, and a horned owl called with his minor screams, that are intended to inform timid animals that the caller does not carry legs like a lynx. It was not the night for awa-toose, and Nat, anticipating a hard day's work on the morrow, thought best to tell us that the awa-toose did not bite after sundown.

For the next two or three days on our way down river we camped early, and devoted most of our spare time to the awa-toose, but without attracting its attention; although Nat assured us that in former days, when supplies for Flying Post all came from England by way of Moose Post, the canoemen caught awa-toose whenever they stopped to camp at night. This was not quite in accord with his statement that the fish did not bite after sundown, for the Hudson Bay people waste very little of the daylight in traveling time.

Nat was a reliable Indian nevertheless; and it was simply necessary to be well enough acquainted with him to realize when he was reliable. He was simple and unassuming in manner. He looked at one with a clear level eye when first speaking and then dropped his eyes modestly before finishing a sentence, but there was nothing of deception in his manner. If he informed us that there were no game animals and few fish about the lake that he had chosen for his permanent abode it was because he spoke before he thought. If he had stopped to think, he would have said nothing at all. Lakes and streams and special hunting grounds are handed down from father to son in his country, and Indians recognize and respect each other's right and title to such grounds. They would expect to have Nat answer them as he did me, that his chosen ground was a miserable one for game and fish; but when I said "*Ki debwe,*" and gave a knowing wink, he at once joined my other Indians in a hearty shout of laughter. The idea of possession is so well grounded that when I asked Nat if he knew about a certain small river, he replied, "Guess know it pretty well. Made it myself," which on translation means

that he had cut all of the portages himself.

Nat was really a good and kindly old soul, and during the two months that he was with us we got to be very fond of him. There was nothing in reason that he did not want to do for us, and he was evidently distressed because we could not find the awa-toose. The evening of July 27, 1905, was destined to be an eventful one, however. We were then pretty well down the Mattagami River, and at the end of a hard day's work in rain and wind we camped late on the bank of a long, swirling eddy. A good hot dinner of sturgeon, flapjacks and chocolate, with a change to dry woolen clothing, made one feel like a butterfly just out of the chrysalis. I lighted a sweet old pipe and stepped out on the rocks in front of camp.

The wind had died down, and the clouds had broken away enough to let one little star peep through and watch the coming scene. Our tired Indians were already asleep in their tents, and Wake, with his rare combination of industry and love of luxury, was arranging the boughs in our tent according to the formula of my old guide Caribou Charley, who liked "a bed boughed down with care." All was quiet, with that vast, impressive quiet that settles over the great, untraveled spruce forest of the North at night, and I seemed to be alone. The deep black river swept majestically by on its way to arctic seas, and noiselessly, excepting for an occasional swish of the inky current where it met the return flow of the bank eddy. I listened. It was easy to listen, on that quiet night. Yes, it was another sound that I heard above the swish of the current, and to a fisherman's ears it meant that fish of some sort or another were rising for ephemeras. I knew the sound made by a rising trout, a rising bass, a rising doré, a rising perch, a rising smelt, a rising mullet, a rising salmon. It was none of these. Oh, joy! After days of seeking for a mysterious fish, here, on this night for gnomes and goblins, in the eerie current that came out of the dark, passed silently and went into the dark, there was some fish that I had never heard rise before.

"Just wait a minute," said some one to himself—and when the first fly rod out of the case was mounted, I knew by the feel

that it was a lucky old split bamboo of seven ounces that had been made for me by Dr. Fowler in his best days, twenty-five years ago. It was a rod that had landed everything from grilse in Labrador to brown trout in Sweden and smelts in Maine. In the fly book all varieties were of the same color at this hour, but a loosely coiled cast that had been rather carelessly tucked into the book a day or two previously kept working itself into my hand, and insisting upon being first in at the contest, so it was looped to the line rather more because of its insistence than as a matter of choice. It carried a brown hackle for dropper and a Parmachenee Belle for stretcher.

In the hurry of getting ready, the landing net was not taken out of the case, but as my pipe had gone out it was necessary to start up the sweet puffs of Guard's mixture for luck, and that required a quarter of a minute of time that was more precious than first-water diamonds. Then, comfortable, contented and expectant, I sent the cast out into the gloom and knew that it had alighted true, at the margin of the eddy.

Instantly there came a ferocious tug at the fly, the reel sang *chir-r-r-r-r*, and through the darkness I saw the gleam of a white, glistening fish in the air. Here was my awa-toose after all, but what manner of fish could the awa-toose be? Nothing that I had ever caught before gave such peculiar fluttering leaps, and nothing before had ever shone in the dark. Out into the sullen current he ran, then back into the eddy. With the persistence of a bass he failed to know when he was beaten. Would the hook hold? It must hold. If that hook failed to hold I would write letters to the editor denouncing the manufacturer. With every rush of the fish into the current my heart stood still, but finally the uncaptured prize began to yield, and in a few minutes he came sliding toward the bank on his side. In the absence of a landing net I carefully found his gills and quickly tossed him out upon the grass. Then began more gymnastics, but with the aid of both hands and of both knees and of the friendly sedge grass I was able to grasp a fish shaped like a shad, with some of its large loosened scales sticking between my fingers.

Kneeling by the embers of the camp fire,

which responded to the addition of a few chips, I made out a fish that was clearly of the herring tribe; but of what sort? A herring living in rapid fresh water like a trout, independent, and feeding upon ephemeras! His open mouth was found to be armed with very sharp teeth, both on jaws and on tongue, and that again seemed strange for a herring. While I wondered there came to memory a lecture that I had heard twenty-eight years previously at college, in which Professor Wilder had spoken of the existence of a big-toothed herring which had a double pupil of the eye. Yes, this fish had a double pupil of the large, lustrous eye, and both pupils of the same size. Surely this was not Nat's awa-toose, but some other fish that he had neglected to tell us about. Carefully the fish was packed away in damp moss to await daylight inspection, and then I stepped out on the rocks again for the next one.

Two or three times the cast was sent out of sight in the darkness, and suddenly there was another pull at the fly, but the hard-headed pull at the outset and the quick giving up showed that my old acquaintance, the doré, had been hooked this time; and he is no sort of a hero. The star overhead had seen enough, the clouds were gathered over it again, and the tattoo of raindrops was the call to bed. Although we were all tired, and Wake had made the softest and springiest of fragrant beds, I slept uneasily and impatiently awaited the coming of daylight, that would reveal all of the features of my prize.

Nat was up early. It was not his awa-toose at all, but a fish that he called the "nebog-atis" (plural, add iwog), and one that was seldom captured by the Indians. The color was almost startling in its brilliancy of flashing silver, so bright that my negatives were all over-exposed. Over the silver was a scintillating iridescence of pea-green and lilac, and on the back a suggestion of transparent steel-blue and purple. It was fifteen inches in length, and nine and a half inches in girth. The outlines were those of a shad, but the body was compressed at the anal fin in a curious way, just as though somebody had pinched the fish between his thumb and forefinger at that point when it came hot out of the smelter. There were no scales on the

opercles, but the body was smoothly covered with large, rounded scales which readily separated on handling. The double pupil of the eye had changed during the night, and the lower one was now the larger of the two. This changed again in the sunlight, and the upper pupil became so large that the lower one was a mere pin-hole opening in the iris. The stomach was filled with ephemeras.

We were too impatient about testing the table qualities to wait for a bed of hardwood coals for broiling purposes, so the fish was carefully fried. It was delicious indeed. The flesh was remarkably white, firm and tender, with a streak of brown fat along the side, as in the shad. The herrings that I have eaten would be placed in about this order of classification for table quality: Shad, nebog-atis, Labrador herring, European red herring, hickory shad, common American herring, alewife, tarpon, menhaden.

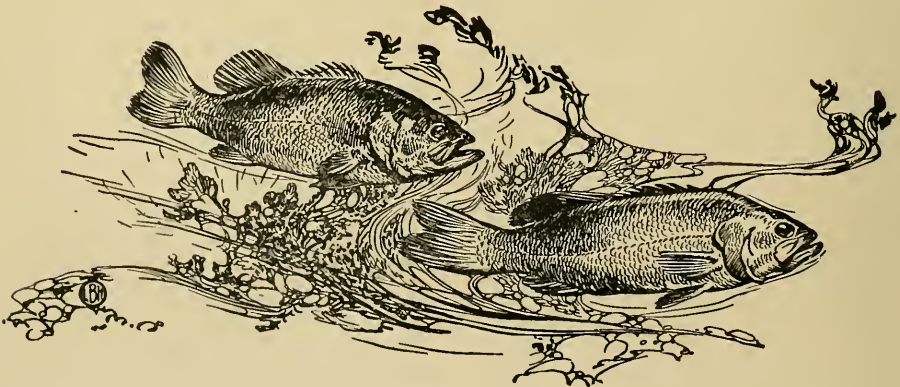
We found that while the nebog-atis would take the fly at night, one could get it as well in the daytime. The favorite habitat was in deep, steady currents, but often enough it chose trout or salmon water. The one fly that was chosen in preference to a dozen others that we tried was the Parmachenee Belle, although casts resembling the ephemera upon which it was feeding were made up in various combinations. Like ourselves, the nebog-atis was out for new specimens, and cared little for its tried and true flies when a Parmachenee Belle was anywhere in sight. Nebog-atisiwog do

not travel in schools like most other herring but are found singly, although fifty may be in sight at one time when they are breaking water for ephemeras. On dark days the fish may be at the surface at almost any time of day, but as a rule they suddenly appear about four o'clock in the afternoon, and feed from that time until night.

On our trip we found only one more interesting fish than the nebog-atis to report, and while that was a great surprise, and something that will attract the immediate attention of every fly fisherman in the land when we get time to tell about it, we are nevertheless going down to the Mattagami River again for nebog-atisiwog alone, unless some one knows where they may be found at some nearer point.

As to the mysterious awa-toose, he is still uncaught. On our return trip I offered Nat ten dollars if he would get one four inches long, and finally offered in addition a hundred pounds of pork, with no further result than to leave the Indian with the impression that we were probably daft to make such an offer for any four-inch fish.

The autumn leaves are changing fast on the Mattagami River to-day, and perhaps there has been a snowstorm and a skim of ice on the still waters already. The great river roars in the rapids, bears swim across it, and moose and caribou browse upon its banks. In its waters somewhere there is a fish called awa-toose by the Indians, but what manner of fish it is, some one else must say.



BABY OLNEY'S "CURE"

BY ADELE MARIE SHAW

BABY OLNEY was ill—not terribly, suddenly ill with diphtheria or meningitis, but “not strong,” and not growing stronger. In Millie Olney’s pretty face there were anxious lines.

Jack Olney did not even ask “How is Baby?” when his wife met him at the threshold. He knew. He gave her the letter he had taken from the postman at the door, and while he dressed for dinner and a “small and early” at the *Whitchers’*, Millie read the letter and he tried to think of something to say.

“Oh!” Millie exclaimed as she rustled the paper.

Jack gave a final solemn jerk to his tie and turned from the mirror. Delight rioted in Millie’s shining eyes. Jack’s face brightened as he watched her. Millie was the only grown woman he had ever known to whose face you could bring that child’s look of sudden irrepressible delight.

“You baby!” he said, as he had said it hundreds of times in the five years since the same look had betrayed her preference for himself. “You seem pleased.”

“I am,” she answered, and flushed under his approving gaze. “Any one would be pleased,” she announced. “Read that.”

“Read it to me.” Mildred always had a reason for her delight, but Jack’s capacity for pleasure had been stunted in its early growth by responsibilities too big for his years, and the reason was sure to seem to him curiously simple and inadequate.

Mildred smoothed out the letter and read: “You precious Goose: If you aren’t the same old stupid! Yes, you are, S-T-U-P-I-D! What have I done to be suspected of age and imbecility that would prevent my enjoying your ‘little home’? My enjoyment is not yet dependent on the size of the house I am in, so take back your

egregious insults and hang out your latch-string to its entire length.

“Van is off for a snow-shoeing affair the eighteenth of next month, and I’ll go to you for a week then if you’ll have me, and I’ll take my daughter Elizabeth along because so far we’ve never been separated and I think she’d miss me. In the usual rush, and with kisses for your little Jackie.

“Elizabeth is just a year old to-day and a very lusty, noisy girl, too. So provide cotton for both your ears. If your boy is half so rampant there ’ll be music.—Lou.

Mildred dropped the letter with a sigh. “Isn’t she queer, Jack? But she’s as dear as she can be. I wish——”

“Anything wrong?” Jack waited.

“Nothing much. Yesterday at the club I heard Margaret Durfee say to Mrs. *Whitcher*, ‘So naïve of dear Mrs. Olney to expect a Forbes-Van Rensselaer to visit in a second-rate little suburb like Hillcrest! And you see—if Lou hadn’t come——’

“You baby!” said Jack again. He was not a wordy man, but he put his arm around her as they went down to dinner, and once as he carved the duck he paused.

“Mrs. Durfee is a silly little snob,” he remarked, and renewed his slicing and dis-jointing with an air of relief. “Isn’t it warm here?”

“I keep the house warm for Jackie boy,” began Mildred, and broke off in a sudden wail. “Oh, I wish he *were* ‘noisy’! I’m so worried. People give me all sorts of advice—but Jackie is different; he isn’t a great stocky baby like the Pennell children!”

So it was Baby, not Mrs. Durfee, that was the real worry! Jack’s look of relief vanished.

“You’re nervous, Millie,” was all he

said, but he disappeared when dinner was over and Mildred found him in the nursery. The baby was asleep. A thermometer on the dresser at the head of the crib and another on the wall at its foot guarded his slumbers. In the dim light he looked uncommonly fair, almost uncannily beautiful, his father thought. Copper-gold curls clung moistly about the transparent temples, and the blue lines under the eyes did not show.

A month later John Olney had gone "West," and Louise Van Rensselaer had been a whole day in the Olney "small house." Baby Olney sat on the floor and stirred listlessly among the encompassing cushions. Around him, like a wee excited dervish, whirled and trotted, tumbled and rolled Elizabeth. "Itty boy! Itty boy!" she shrieked in a transport of delight.

"Isn't she strong!" sighed Jackie's mother. "How do you keep her so well, Lou?"

"Plenty of air and suiting her clothes to the climate, and the usual recipes—just what every one knows." Mrs. Van Rensselaer lifted a pitying glance from the swathings of the little Jackie. "She wasn't well for months after she was born. We almost lived in the nursery. Something about her stomach was wrong. Oh, I'm an authority on diet for infants!"

"Then you know— Sometimes I think my doctor is too old to be quite— He was my mother's doctor for thirty years and I'm so fond of him, but his medicine isn't doing Baby any good—"

"I don't believe Jackie needs medicine; I should get off some of those flannel skirts and keep him in the air hours every day." Mrs. Van Rensselaer spoke eagerly and bit her lip when it was too late.

"He gets cold so easily I have to keep him warmly dressed; and if I take him out in cloudy weather he has a cough at once. I suppose every child is a different problem." Mildred spoke with gentle dignity. She was hurt, but one could not be angry with Lou. There was comfort in the remembrance that Mrs. Durfee, peering from across the way, had seen the station carriage set down a Forbes-Van Rensselaer at the Olney door, and had beheld the warmth of the Forbes-Van Rensselaer embrace.

Both the hurtness and the comfort Mil-

dred Olney poured out to Jack in her next letter. It was a tidy letter, the under-scoring neatly put in as if with a ruler: "What a dreadful bother settling up estates seems to be, even little ones," it began. "And now you may not be back before Lou goes. Really I wish you were here, for *she has got me quite upset*. She's as lovely as ever, but she has queer notions about children. She didn't bring Lisa, her own maid, but a big, strong creature, her baby's nurse. I put nurse and baby into the yellow room, it's so sunny and the steam pipes going up through it to the third floor make it doubly warm, and the very first thing Lou asked was if she might just put Baby Elizabeth into her own room, that hasn't even storm windows. I showed her the pane that opens in the storm window of the yellow room, but she didn't think that '*would be enough for Elizabeth's big lungs*!' When I went up to get her for luncheon her baby was in *short sleeves and socks*—and with no flannels to speak of, just wisps! There was a regular draught on the floor, and *what do you think made it*? She had turned off the steam and opened *both windows* in the next room, her *baby's* room. Of course the cold air got under the door. 'At home Elizabeth sleeps in a room where the windows are never shut and I don't like to have her change,' Lou explained. I was anxious; it chills the house a good deal. And think of her baby!

"Little Elizabeth is small and dainty, but a perfect picture of health. She is fairly rough with Jackie, but he seems to like it. When she got too boisterous I tried to carry him away and he cried. I've put on more fire since the yellow room was so cooled off and I can see Lou thinks it is too warm, but I have to *think of Jackie first*. He would *never bear roughing* it like Elizabeth.

"I miss you, my *own dearest* husband, every minute.—Your *own* Millie.

"P. S. Lou is really lovely. She went to the club with me, and Mrs. Whitcher proved to be an old friend of her sister-in-law, and she fell in love with Betty Pennoyer. She keeps Elizabeth out-of-doors till I should think the child would *freeze*. And I shudder when she puts her to bed. I went up last night and that baby was running around her mother's room *stark naked*, and after they caught her—they let



"'Isn't she strong!' sighed Jackie's mother. 'How do you keep her so well, Lou?'"

her do this every night—Irmgard, the nurse, opened a window quite a long way while they buttoned her into a kind of sleeping bag. The feet are whole, and the wrists quite close so the sleeves won't slip up. I was thankful to see that that garment at least was very warm and woolly. 'Put on a wrap and see Elizabeth go by-by,' Lou insisted, and you know how mothers are; I was afraid she would be hurt if I refused, so I put a steamer rug around me and went into that frightfully cold room. 'Hop,' said the nurse, and that child pounced from her arms into the cold bed *with a chuckle*. The sheets are wool, but I call it *dangerous*. And that baby was asleep in no time. Poor little Jackie, all warm and cosy in his crib, was *an hour* dozing off. I am getting a red face from the wind, for Lou is such a walker, and of course I won't let her see I hate it.

"Do you suppose I am *too particular*

about Jackie? You know Lou has the best doctors money can buy and they seem to think her ways are all right. But children differ. If it wouldn't kill my baby I would try *anything* to have him as strong as Elizabeth. But of course it would. *Your own loving wife.*—Mildred."

Another letter in a hand neither small nor noticeably neat went north as Jack's followed him west. It was addressed to Mr. William Forbes Van Rensselaer, Great Bear Camp, Pocomaguntic, Maine, and this is part of what it said: "Dear old Van, I hope you're missing me atrociously. . . . I wish you were here. No, I wish I were there—or we were both somewhere. Together I mean. I want to talk. (Stop that, Van; don't you grin at *me*.) I'm assisting at a murder. I certainly am. These two lunatics, Millie Olney and her husband, are stifling to death the prettiest baby you ever saw.

Prettier than Elizabeth? Yes, sir. As much prettier as angels are prettier than humans. But I don't want Elizabeth to be an angel yet. And no danger, with your eyes to see the world with and my lungs to utter any foolish thing she conjures up under that thatch of dog-colored Van Rensselaer hair!

"Millie Kennedy (Olney) is just the same dear pussy-cat I knew at school, the kind that never gets over the fence. When she takes that angel infant out of his hot swaddlings at night and puts him into his fur-lined bed and opens the farthest window in the next room one inch I crawl all over with horror. No wonder the child takes a frightful cold every time he pokes his parboiled little nose outside the door. If Mr. Olney were at home I should 'mix in' and say things, but Millie is a shrivel of loose nerves, soft and frail and *set*.

"I've put Elizabeth and myself into August clothing and wrap like Esquimaux when we go out. The moment Elizabeth begins taking colds I shall fly to town. I wish I had your tact, old boy. I'd save Jackie Olney's life.

"Don't get too far off; you might be taken with appendicitis or something. Sinful Smith told Fernanda that he would go along on the South Sea cruise—the *Yoshi* ought to be out of dry dock in another fortnight.

"Elizabeth kisses your picture—and bites the case. After the sloppiest yet, 'Wet kiss, Papa yike it,' said Papa's daughter and smiled her wickedest. She knows you hate wet kisses. Her sentiment seems early tinged with humor! Oh, Van, why do I miss you so ridiculously! Your lonesome Lou. (Sounds like the title of a rag-time song.) That martyred baby is four months older than Elizabeth and can hardly walk at all. Think of it!"

Three days later two more letters bulged the Hillcrest mail. One was brief: "Dear Jack," it went, "I get so little time to write, now Louise is here, and I am so sleepy at night, you are being shamefully neglected. To-day I've made a nightgown of a lamb's-woolly stuff just like Baby Elizabeth's and taken a blanket off Jackie's crib. Lou thought they were too heavy. And I sha'n't tuck him in so tightly. You see with this woolly thing close around his neck and wrists he can't get cold if he *does* get

his arm out. Lou thinks if I open the window directly in his room the air will have more *oxygen* than coming from a *distance*. I did it last night, and Jackie did seem less restless after midnight. But I got cold running in to see how he was, and Selma says she won't sleep so near the night air. I've sent her upstairs and shall sleep here myself. (I am writing in the nursery.) I don't want to worry you, but Baby has been growing weaker. I hope I'm not killing him by this new sleeping arrangement. Your *own*, anxious, loving, *devoted* Millie."

The other letter was less anxious but the subject was the same: "Is it a year or an æon since I saw you, Van, dear? Aren't you rather wasted on Maine bears? Your letters make me wild to be there, but I'm doing great things here. You ought to see your officious spouse cutting out the doctor emeritus! I've bullied Mildred Olney nearly into hysterics by my advice, and she's got that blessed baby unswaddled a bit, one layer off and a fraction of a breath more air *in*. The poor little chap tumbled this morning trying to walk, tumbled because his legs are so weak, and I just picked him up and cried. And Millie discovered me and sent off Selma, her fool lump of a nurse maid, and we had it out between drops, as it were. You know I can plead. And she's agreed to try common sense gradually, and if that works she won't need to hurt the feelings of her dear old idol of a doctor by calling in some one else.

"I took a base advantage and had the children out-of-doors in no time. My Irmgard and I kept them out till Jackie fell asleep in his carriage as I myself (you should have seen me) propelled him home! In spite of the stodgy Selma's horror I left him on the porch well wrapped up, till Mildred came in from market an hour later. She was pale with scare when she caught her first glimpse of him, but she had small time for desperation—he woke immediately with the appetite of an anaconda. I have not lived in vain.

"I'm worrying myself wild this minute for fear Millie and her offspring will get pneumonia and be carried off in a night all through my fault. There's something mighty steadying about your hard-hearted old self. I find I continue to miss you and 'may you be a caterpillar in hell for a

thousand years' if you let Sinful persuade you to stop over at Craig's Head."

The "small house" had been without either Jack Olney or Louise Van Rensselaer for a long time when Jack again walked sedately from the car to the Hillcrest station. His eyes were cast down and his lips closed in the pressure that means fear. Then he looked up and the sedateness and the fear fell from him as the avalanche slips from the mountain, with a rush and a slump. It was a cold day, but Mildred was waiting on the platform in a little whirl of wind-blown flakes. Her eyes danced absurdly and a small creature furred like an infant bear danced beside her—two small creatures, differing to the casual glance only in the furriness of their wraps.

Jack swooped down upon the group, and a visiting broker regarded him with almost bucolic amazement. "Is that John Olney?" he gasped. "I'd have said he was the coolest iceberg this side the Pole. By the Lord Harry, he has a good excuse! Is that his wife?"

"No—*Yes!* But I never noticed her before," answered William Pennington, substantial citizen and landholder of Hillcrest. "There's a welcome for you. Doesn't that give your bachelor bosom a jar!"

"Oh, I don't know; women aren't so scarce," answered the visitor cheerfully; "but, I say, hold up a minute, Penn. See those twins? Now if I could buy a pair like that!"

"One of 'em would cost you a pretty penny if you paid what he's, or she's, worth in her own right to-day; that's the Forbes-Van Rensselaer baby," announced the Hillcrest magnate, not without pride.

"It is, eh? Well, he's getting his hair pulled, and giving as good as he gets, whichever he is. Oh—but this is rich! Let 'em have it out, now—don't separate 'em! I bet on the little monkey in the fox skins!"

The broker mounted to his place in his friend's carriage with a backward grin of appreciation, and the unsuspecting Olneys rescued from each other the two babies, each with a strand of red-gold hair firmly clutched in prehensile mitten-fingers. Jack's eyes were shining with a look not unlike the childlike glow in Mildred's.

"Why didn't—" he began.

"Oh, I thought every single day you

would come and I wanted to surprise you," Mildred interrupted. "No, I'm not crazy; this is Lou's Panhard and her chauffeur. They're here while she is in the woods. Van broke his leg, slipped into some horrid place covered with snow so he didn't see the rocks, and she took the next train. And she left the baby with Irmgard and me. Irmgard knows all her ways and I had learned them pretty well. Oh, Jack, I never was so proud in my life, not since you asked me to marry you—and would you believe these weeks could make such a difference with our Jackie?"

Big Jack looked down at little Jack and his eyes fixed themselves in a happy sort of blindness. Not even Mildred guessed how terror had lived with him in those weeks, how often he had started from a dozing misery with the picture horribly plain before his sight of a tiny white face and copper-gold hair framed in sick, sweet-smelling flowers in a darkened room. He crushed the small figure in his arms tighter and said nothing.

"I must see if Elizabeth is all right; I am always so afraid Irmgard may forget something," confided Mildred that night as they finished their coffee. "I'll be back in a minute." But she paused in her boy's room first and Jack was there before her.

"You know I wrote you that Lou had crazy ideas? Well, I don't think I ought to have said that, Jack," Mildred began in her confidential little murmur. "Lou is really a sensible girl—she knew what Baby needed. How I should have blamed myself if—I don't let Baby have quite such a gale as Elizabeth gets at night, and I do keep the steam on daytimes, for he plays here, you know, but I air it thoroughly before he goes to bed and he has one window half open every night. He's almost as strong as Elizabeth already—Oh, Jack, I wish I'd written you—I wanted to be sure I wasn't making another mistake—I didn't know you'd worried so—"

For Olney was again bending over the crib where John Junior slumbered deeply, one woolly arm flung out to the air, and Mildred was close enough to see what the big John would have concealed.

"Oh, Jack!" she said again.

"You baby!" answered Jack, and gathered her into both arms and hid his face against her own.

WESTWARD HO!

BY STUART L. DOUGLAS

WE were voyaging through the Great Lakes in a steamer which for size and luxury of equipment would have been called a liner on the Atlantic. In the summer twilight we came to the St. Clair Flats and the ship canal which unrolled across the lowlands like a silver ribbon. Here were hundreds of cottages whose porches overhung the water, scattered along many little waterways which swarmed with skiffs and launches. It was like a huge colony of stranded house-boats, for there were no other roads than these water trails. The man from Boston had been gradually shedding his reserve as one peels off a coat of sunburn, and this summer sight struck him as so immensely picturesque and novel that he deigned to make comment that was genuinely enthusiastic:

"Do you know, the farther west I go, the better I like it. Why, I thought the people out here were so grossly absorbed in making money that they had neither the time nor the talent for enjoying life. There must be thousands of them in this American Venice. It's most extraordinary for a big steamer to be loafing along here among all these cottages. You could toss the traditional biscuit from the deck and hit a happy householder in the eye almost anywhere. If it's going to be as jolly and interesting as this, I may set out to discover America."

This pilgrim was one of thousands of well-to-do persons whose view-point has been twisted by the fetich of "going abroad." This spell is perhaps more acute in Boston than anywhere else. Every summer the Atlantic liners running out of that port are crowded with men and women who have been bred to believe that there is no America worth the mention west of New York; and Manhattan Island, for that matter, is rather raw and uncivilized. Only within recent years has the

holiday pilgrim begun to discover that his own country is worth as much outlay of time and money as Europe, and if he is a good American he is learning to think it more worth while to discover his own land before he seeks the beaten trail of foreign travel.

"Going abroad" enjoys the prestige of many generations and its paths are deep rutted. It has lost all claim to distinction, however, and nowadays is not a thing to talk about among your friends unless you wish to bore them to distraction. The tourist party has made the undertaking so commonplace that to have whizzed through Europe implies neither a long purse nor the slightest originality of intellect. I was once crossing in a steamer which contained an average muster-roll of touring Americans. Those who were making their first trip abroad and felt inclined to put on some small airs about it were speedily cowed and abashed. They found that most of their fellow voyagers had crossed from three to ten times, and that the only passenger who enjoyed the slightest distinction was a veteran who was doing his twenty-sixth "run across the pond."

Far be it from me to decry the enlightening advantages of sight-seeing in the Old World, where age, tradition and the novel aspect of people and things arouse the imagination and refresh the tired mind. But for one American who returns in a wholly refreshed and satisfied condition, I will find you another who will confess to numberless irritations because of petty and organized swindles and extortions waged against the Yankee in a strange land, and to futile annoyance over bad hotels, poor railway service and a civility that is won and held only on a cash basis.

Largely because it has been possible for the man of moderate income to spend one

or two months abroad for a considerably smaller outlay than he could tour his own country, he puts "seeing America" last instead of first, and it has been up-hill work to induce people who travel to listen to the claims of the undiscovered land toward the Golden Gate. It has come to pass, however, that the journey from New York to California is considered worth talking about as much as the trip to London or Paris, and there are grounds for hope that at no far-distant time the average American with money and time for a summer or winter holiday will take pains to study his own land before he flies to the nearest steamship office to get a sailing schedule.

The big West has discovered that it must do more than talk about its attractions. It must meet the competition of foreign travel with inducements that appeal to the pocket-book as well as to the imagination. It is setting a pace for the rest of the world to follow in the matter of railroad and hotel equipment for the tourist. The transcontinental lines west of Chicago have done much more to make travel both swift and luxurious than the older systems toward the eastward. Better hotels are building, and first-class service is being brought within the reach of the every-day citizen.

"That is all very well," observed an obstinate person to whom these and similar assertions were made. "Going west no longer means roughing it, I grant you that. I have been surprised to find how fast the people out there are learning how to live, and I can order a better dinner in Spokane than I can in Pittsburg. But the distances are so infernally great that a man is stone broke by the time he gets anywhere. Then it makes no difference to the poor beggar whether the hotels are good, bad or indifferent."

This is a handicap which the railroads are working to overcome by means of special rates, for they have come to realize that the tourist is the best advertisement of the West, and that the East must be educated through the man who goes forth to see for himself. Better and cheaper hotels and lower fares were the slogans of the "See America First" conference held in Salt Lake City last January as an organized missionary crusade among the states beyond the Mississippi. The railroads, Boards of Trade, and Commercial Clubs

have spent millions of dollars to set forth the attractions of this western country. They know that they "can deliver the goods," and the newest movement toward teaching the American to be proud of his own country aims to make it easier for him to wander across the mighty map that is so surpassingly rich in vivid and manifold interest.

One goes away from home on pleasure bent, to see interesting people and things, and for change of climate, scenery and conditions of living. The stupidity which the West has had to fight is that of the otherwise intelligent person who thinks that these requirements cannot be found in his own country. He will tritely observe:

"Oh, the West is big and new and stirring, but it lacks atmosphere and it's all so very much alike." It is hopeless to attempt to convince the man who has not strayed beyond the Alleghanies that he knows almost nothing of the real America of the present or future. Yet if he would see vividly contrasting phases of life, he will fare toward the Pacific instead of toward the Mediterranean. If he wishes a unique grandeur of scenery, he must turn his face toward the Cascades, the Rockies, the Great Lakes and Puget Sound. If he would see the great glaciers go marching into the lonely sea he will make the Alaska trip and have something big and fresh to talk about, instead of being contented to do the merry-go-round of Switzerland.

In Europe one can escape with the greatest difficulty the well-worn trail of the conventional tourist. And everything he sees has been photographed and written about until the first sight of it is robbed of all novelty of aspect. In western America the tourist can leave the beaten trail wherever he feels like it. If he tires of scenic show places and cities and hotels, he may discover that no European country-folk are more picturesque than the vanishing American cowboy who is riding the ranges of the Southwest as one of the last of the unique frontier types of American civilization in the making. Or one has only to step from a through train in Arizona or New Mexico or Montana to find himself in the world of the prospector, the freighter and the sheep herder, an atmosphere of men and view-points of life no more like

that of Broadway than is the life of India like that of an English county.

If he would seek tradition and antiquity let him tarry among the villages of the Moqui and Hopi Indians of the Southwest and discover the relics of a departed civilization as remote as that of Rome. There is no more remarkable story of man's conquest over hostile nature in all history than is pictured in the green valleys and among the enduring cities of Utah, where the arid desert was made a garden by the Mormon pioneers. Travelers from abroad seek Salt Lake City as one of the show places of America, and view the Lucin Cut-off across that inland sea as one of the most spectacular engineering feats ever achieved. The average American of the eastern states thinks that the Mormons and their country cannot hold anything worth seeing because he differs with them in certain matters of politics and religion.

An observant tourist has said:

"Even a fast traveler will observe the energy of the people, and will catch something of their enthusiasm and their large conception of the United States. If by going the long distance from one ocean to another a citizen of an eastern state has the physical bigness of his country borne in upon him, so by acquaintance with the people west of the Rockies he gets a larger range of thought. They keep the hopeful temperament that is another name for healthful activity.

Now, the western man needs no missionary propaganda to induce him to discover the East. In this he is much less a provincial than his cousin of New York or Boston. The Seattle merchant makes less pother about running across country to New York than the New Yorker makes of a trip to Buffalo. The Portland Fair sent many a visitor home with new ideas about the ease of long-distance travel in America. The man from the East gasped and blinked to find a journey of a couple of thousand miles as airily mentioned as if it were a jaunt between Philadelphia and Boston. If the pilgrim went out to the coast by one of the northern routes and tarried at Spokane, he heard his acquaintances chatting about "going over to Seattle to spend Sunday." These two cities of the Northwest are as far apart as New York and Pittsburg, but for all practical purposes they are neighbors.

It is possible that our pilgrim decided to go down the coast from Portland to San Francisco, and was amazed to find himself in a fast train for a longer time than would be required to transport him from New York to Kansas City or New Orleans. He revised his conceptions of American geography, but he could not accustom himself to the nonchalant ease with which the native hopped across the vast distances. He had believed San Francisco and Los Angeles related in distance about as are New York and Atlantic City, and when he was whirled along in a limited train for fourteen hours on end, he was again befogged with astonishment. Yet the Californian considers this as really little more than a commuting distance.

This Portland Fair showed also that the Easterners can be lured west by the thousands, provided low rates of transportation are offered. The Fair achieved its most lasting success in opening the eyes of a multitude of men and women who took this rare opportunity to see the land they live in. They did more than visit Portland. They swarmed amid the wonders of the Yellowstone, they filled the summer steamers to Alaska, and they skirted the Pacific coast from Seattle to Los Angeles. Swinging round the circle, they made the tour of the Yosemite, and came home by way of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. They tarried at Denver and Colorado Springs, and all along the route discovered that the West is the great summer playground of the future for those who can afford to travel in search of health and pleasure.

A ten thousand mile tour of the United States should be part of the education of every young American whose father can afford it. Many youngsters fresh from college are sent tripping it around the globe as a kind of extra preparation for their work in life. A smaller investment in a circuit of their own country would make better men and more useful citizens of them. The "grand tour" of America is an undertaking that appeals to any man with more imagination than a mouse. The old trails have been made easy and the ways smooth so that such a plan can be carried out in more comfort than for any other like distance on the globe. Let him set forth via the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Duluth, and make an inland voyage of a thousand



THE ROUND-UP CAMP.

"A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar-r played a tu-u-ne, dear."

Painting by P. V. E. Ivory.

miles, steaming westward all the time. He does not know, he cannot glimpse, the productive wealth of the country until he sees the torrent of deep-laden traffic that hurries up and down these noble highways by night and day. The Atlantic voyage is commonplace beside this cruise in the heart of America.

From Duluth let our pilgrim work westward across the prairies of the Dakotas and the cattle ranges of Montana, then dip across the Cascades until he comes to the stately cities that look toward the Orient. Now he will begin to realize that the destinies of his own nation are closely linked in this Twentieth Century with strange lands far over seas, as he watches the great ships go out to China, Japan, and Honolulu and Australia. Twelve hundred miles to the southward he finds himself amid the vanishing traces of the old Spanish life of California, as unlike the feverish modernity of San Francisco and Los Angeles as ancient Egypt.

If the lifetime of man seems too short a space for doing much that is worth while, the Pacific coast preaches another doctrine. Since the days of the Forty-niner this wonderful people have found time to make not only a commercial empire but the greatest playground in the world. There is no resort anywhere to compare in wealth and popularity with Los Angeles, whose chief asset is its climate. It is only one, however, of a chain of resorts along five hundred miles of coast, whose hotels and environment are far more attractive than those which border the Atlantic.

When the tourist takes the back trail, it leads him among the Rockies, where the ways veer in many directions, either to the southwest or among the hundred resorts tucked away among the grandest mountains of the continent. It should be said of the West as a playground that while the first-class and pretentious hotels are increasing in numbers and patronage, good accommodations for the man of more modest purse are multiplying even faster. Not only in the way of smaller hotels and boarding-houses, but in cottages and camps the West is taking lessons from the crowded haunts of the Adirondacks and the Maine and Canada woods. In other words, there is no spirit of desire to rob the tenderfoot, but rather a systematic en-

deavor to convince him that he can find a more attractive out-of-doors and get more of it for his money than he can in the East, where the wilderness has been tamed and made commonplace by the multitude of invaders eager to leave cities and towns behind them for a blessed little while.

It is significant of the awakening realization that all this newer country is immensely interesting and refreshing to note how large a part it plays in the fiction and descriptive writing of the day. The American public no longer wants books of foreign travel, nor do publishers and magazines desire this kind of material. They are coming to view their own country as a rediscovered mine of vivid interest, and their view-point reflects the drift of popular taste. The desert, the mountains, the forest, the inspiring note that rings in the big, free life of the western country and its people, arouse more interest year by year.

It is an ancient jest that only foreigners take the trouble to visit Niagara Falls, but there is even more truth in the assertion that the average American of the Atlantic seaboard is most astonishingly indifferent to the map of the United States beyond the boundaries of his business and social activities. He flatters himself that he has been educating the West, while as a matter of fact it is the West to-day that seeks to educate him by making a better and more representative American of him. Nor can there be any sounder tribute to the fact that the country is worth seeing than that the traveler who has once made the plunge repeats it at the earliest opportunity. And in many cases he "goes to stay." California, for example, owes much of its swiftly expanding prosperity to eastern settlers who came once for pleasure and the second time to live there. The West is so confident of its power to charm and to hold that it spends fortunes in advertising itself, confident of rich returns. The text preached by these hustling crusaders may be summed up in this fashion:

"We have the finest scenery and the most delightful climate on earth. Our railroads make the distance to us not nearly as great as it sounds. Try a trip west and we guarantee you won't be disappointed. You need waking up. It's your duty to see America first, and you'll be glad you came."

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE WORLD

THE SEASON'S WORK ON TRACK, FIELD AND RIVER

BY RALPH D. PAINE

THE intercollegiate track athletic honors, East and West, belong to Cornell and Michigan. Their respective victories were uncommonly impressive. In the eastern meet, held in the Harvard Stadium, the Ithacan team fairly swept the field with 38 points; Pennsylvania winning second place with 23 points, Harvard third with 21 points, and Yale fourth place with 19 points. The victory was a surprise, and it was largely won by Cornell's sensational superiority in distance running, a prestige held for several years. In the four events, the quarter mile, half mile, mile and two mile races, Cornell runners scored a total of 29 points, or enough to have won the meet. This achievement is one of the most notable ever recorded in college athletic rivalry. Much praise is due Trainer Moakley who has brought out more brilliant distance runners for Cornell within the last seven years than have been developed at all the other eastern universities. Cornell has come to the front in a field of sport in which, hitherto, American college athletes have been considered inferior to their English rivals.

Four men won second place for Pennsylvania: Cartmell and Whitham who finished first and second in both dashes, Haskins who took first in the mile run, and Moffett who won a place in the high jump. Yale had two firsts, Marshall in the broad, and Knox in the high jump. Harvard could get only one first place with Stephenson in the shot put, Grant sharing honors with Jackson of Cornell in the pole vault, with a tie at 11 feet 10 3-4 inches, a new intercollegiate record which was fairly snowed under a week later in the western meet. While the rivalry was as keen as ever, and the entry lists of record-breaking size, the performances showed that the eastern meet is no longer the premier event of its kind. The western meet was fully as notable in the quality of its talent. Michigan had a team which would have played havoc with the program at the Stadium. It so far outclassed its western rivals that the winning total of 62 4-5 points, with Chicago scoring only 20 3-5 points for second place, is likely to stand as a record of wholesale rout. Garrels of Ann Arbor proved himself a phenomenal athlete, worthy to be bracketed with Kraenzlein of dazzling memory. Garrels won 18 points, including the high hurdles in 15 2-5 seconds. The hero of the college year in track athletics, however, was Leroy Samse of the Indiana University who cleared 12

feet 4 7-8 inches in the pole vault, smashing all world's records.

The comparative records for the eastern and western meets were as follows:

	East	West
100 yard dash	10 1-5 sec.	10 1-5 sec.
220 yard dash	23 2-5 sec.	22 3-5 sec.
440 yard run	51 1-5 sec.	50 sec.
Half mile	1 min. 59 1-5 sec.	1 min. 58 2-5 sec.
1 mile	4 min. 29 1-5 sec.	4 min. 30 3-5 sec.
2 mile run	9 min. 56 sec.	10 min. 1-5 sec.
120 yard hurdles	15 4-5 sec.	15 1-5 sec.
220 yard hurdles	25 1-5 sec.	25 1-5 sec.
Broad jump	23 ft. 4 1-2 in.	22 ft. 6 3-4 in.
High jump	5 ft. 11 in.	5 ft. 8 1-2 in.
Hammer throw	147 ft. 9 1-2 in.	156 ft. 1-4 in.
Shot put	43 ft. 11 1-8 in.	42 ft. 11 1-4 in.
Pole vault	11 ft. 10 3-4 in.	12 ft. 4 7-8 in.

Other track athletic meets worthy of record were:

The twelfth annual Relay Carnival held by the University of Pennsylvania. The entries numbered 1200. A world's record was made in the four mile relay race by the University of Michigan team, 18 min. 10 2-5 sec. The other championships were won by Dartmouth in the two mile race; Pennsylvania in the mile; Mercersburg Academy among the preparatory schools; and Wendell Phillips School in the high-school class.

The New England intercollegiate meet was won by Dartmouth with 35 points; Brown second, 23; Boston Tech. third, 20 5-6; Williams fourth, 19 5-6. New records were made by Hubbard of Amherst in the low hurdles, 25 1-5 sec., and Dearborn of Wesleyan in the discus, with 120 feet 11 1-2 inches.

The Interscholastic meet at Philadelphia for the Middle States Championship was won by the Hill School of Pottstown, 50 points; Mercersburg second, 24; Brown Preparatory School third, 17. Five records were broken, by J. H. Whitley of Lawrenceville, half mile in 1 min. 57 2-5 sec.; R. M. Hunter of Philadelphia Central High School, two miles in 10 min. 17 4-5 sec.; Wills of Mercersburg, 220 yard dash in 22 sec.; Merritt of Hill School, 220 yard hurdle in 25 1-5 sec., equaling the fastest collegiate time of the year.

In the western interscholastic meet at Chicago, seventy-three schools competed from ten states. It was won by Lewis Institute with 23 points; Detroit University School second, 17 1-3; Morgan Park Academy third, 11 1-3. New records were made by Freeney of Ida Grove, Ia., in the pole vault, 11 feet 3 1-4 in.; and Giffen of Joliet, discus throw of 122 feet 4 1-2 in.

The western interscholastic meet at

Ann Arbor was won by Lewis Institute, 36 1-2 points; Detroit University School second, 33; Detroit Central High School third, 28. This was the most brilliant interscholastic meet ever held. Ten records were broken and two tied. Cook, a schoolboy from Chillicothe, O., won the 100 yard dash in 10 seconds flat, broke the western intercollegiate record for the broad jump, clearing 23 feet 5 in., cleared 11 feet in the pole vault, and scored in the high jump with 6 feet 1-4 in. In other words, this schoolboy far outclasses any college athlete of the year.

The Harvard-Yale dual meet was won by Harvard, 57 1-2 points to 46 1-2. Two new records were made; by Hail of Yale in the two mile run, 9 min. 53 3-5 sec., and by Sheffield of Yale in the broad jump, 23 feet 7 1-4 in., a jump surpassed this year only by the Carlisle Indian, Mt. Pleasant, who did 23 feet 9 in. against Lafayette.

Princeton won the dual meet with Columbia, 72 points to 32. Zink of Columbia ran a half mile in 1 min. 59 1-5 sec., one of the fastest performances of the year.

BASEBALL

The baseball season in the Middle West focused in a struggle between Michigan and Illinois for first honors. The Michigan nine drew ahead and fairly claimed the leadership after the decisive game, 8-4, on May 26th. While Michigan won three of its four games with Illinois, the series with Chicago was an "even break," with two games each. The Ann Arbor team won most of its minor games and was much more consistent than any of the eastern leaders except Princeton. With Illinois in second place and Chicago third, there were no other nines quite in the class with this trio. Minnesota and Northwestern had weak teams, and Wisconsin put no nine in the field. Sanger of Michigan repeated his success of last year as the best pitcher in the Middle West. In the big games he distinguished himself, but curiously enough in the only game played with an eastern team he was knocked out of the box by Amherst, the only time in his career that he was ever withdrawn from the game.

The eastern nines made a topsy-turvy season of it, in that the alleged "small fry" beat the "big fellows" with more startling frequency than ever. The Princeton team won the right to claim first honors on the score of consistent form, with Brown and Cornell outranking Yale, Harvard and Pennsylvania. In fact the record of the Tigers looms as the brightest feature of the otherwise erratic season. This team, with Bryan at the head of the pitching staff, defeated each of its chief rivals, Yale, Harvard and Cornell, twice in succession and won one of its two games with Brown. The season was a handsome tribute to the efficiency of the new graduate coaching staff.

The Yale nine was one of the disappointments of the year. It was twice beaten by Princeton, after meeting disaster at the hands of many minor colleges, and finished the season with the lone comfort of beating Harvard in the two games of the series. But as Princeton had already beaten the Cambridge team, there was no great prestige for the sons of Eli, even in this triumph.

More interesting than the struggle among these hereditary rivals was the formidable showing of the so-called "minor teams." Dartmouth beat Harvard for the second year in succession, and again Skillen proved himself the doughtiest eastern pitcher of the year. Brown defeated Yale twice, and Harvard and Princeton once. Cornell was able to lower the colors of Pennsylvania, Columbia and Harvard, but was beaten twice by Princeton, and once by Yale and Bucknell. Pennsylvania and Harvard were so notably weak this year that they must be ranked with Yale in the second class.

The Yale-Princeton series furnished the most interesting struggles of the eastern season, as both games were won by the Tigers in the ninth inning. In the first game at New Haven the Yale men went to pieces at the finish, when they had the game in hand, and after being utterly put to rout were beaten 3-2. At Princeton, Yale led in the ninth inning with two men out and two strikes called. Then with that sort of a whirlwind rush which was once called a "Yale finish," Princeton batted out a victory, 4-3. The Yale-Harvard game at New Haven (score 4-3) was worth seeing because it was fought into ten innings with a hair-raising finish which delighted the Yale commencement crowd.

For the first time in many years the Southern Intercollegiate Association fought out a clean-cut baseball championship which was awarded to the Georgia School of Technology. This nine played 26 games during the season, and won 23, against ten college nines.

One of the most pleasing records of the eastern baseball season was made by the Andover Academy nine. These youngsters played first-class college baseball from start to finish. They defeated Harvard, Yale, the University of Vermont, and Amherst, and lost to Bates, Dartmouth, Georgetown and Cornell. The uncertainties of the college season have done the game a world of good. The smaller colleges and even the preparatory schools find a keener zest for the game if they have a chance of victory when they tackle those proud and mighty rivals who used to call themselves the leaders. There has arisen a democracy of the diamond which has wiped out the traditions of the "Big Four," or the "Big Six."

ROWING

College rowing was never in such healthy condition as at present. Encouraging

efforts have been made to enlist the interest of more students by enlarging the field of aquatic rivalry in such institutions as Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania and Cornell. Last fall a large number of dormitory and class crews were organized at Harvard, and more men rowed on the Charles than ever before. This plan of developing intercollegiate competition, first worked out at Cornell, was also tried at Pennsylvania, and a hopeful start was made. At New Haven class crews are flourishing with a new enthusiasm, and the prizes offered last spring to crews that would get out and row for the fun of it, were contested for by more than twenty eights. In rowing, as in other sports, the colleges are making a determined and wholesome effort to get away from the pernicious notion that the duty of the average undergraduate begins and ends with cheering for the university eleven or nine or eight.

The regatta of the American Rowing Association, misnamed the "American Henley," made most commendable efforts to attract school and college crews, and was fairly successful. Cornell failed to enter, and the Yale crew was kept home by the faculty. Syracuse sent an eight, however, which won the junior college race against Harvard and Pennsylvania. For the Stewards' Cup, Harvard put in her Freshman eight against the Pennsylvania University crew, which had hard work to beat the ambitious youngsters by a length. Two school eights rowed from the Central Manual Training and the Central High Schools of Philadelphia, in which event the former won. The Stone School and the Cascadilla School eights were expected, but they raced each other on that day at Boston.

Cornell enjoyed another year of aquatic glory. Rowing Harvard at Cambridge on May 25th, the Ithacans won by three and a half lengths, making an easy pull of it. This victory was followed by another on Memorial Day when the second Cornell crew won from Pennsylvania after a hard-fought race on Lake Cayuga. These preliminary exhibitions hinted that Courtney would have one of his flawless and unbeatable eights at Poughkeepsie to make the intercollegiate regatta a walk-over, as usual.

As it turned out, the only interest in the race on the Hudson lay in the fight for second place. Cornell was pushed by Pennsylvania over four miles of a good race; but although Ellis Ward had the best crew he has coached in years, the Quakers could not overhaul the splendid Cornell eight, which won by a little more than a length in 19 minutes and 36 seconds. Syracuse fought her way into third place, two lengths behind Pennsylvania.

These three crews formed the first division, in a race by themselves. Trailing

nearly ten lengths behind them came Wisconsin, with Columbia two lengths in the rear, and Georgetown last, by five lengths. It was a procession, and not a boat race, barring the first three crews.

The four-oared race was won by Cornell, in 10 minutes and 34 seconds. Syracuse was a length and a half away, with Columbia third and Pennsylvania in the rear. The Freshmen victory fell to Syracuse, in 9 minutes and 51 seconds. Cornell was only a length behind, Wisconsin third, Columbia and Pennsylvania behind them. This was the best race of the day, but it was marked by the stupidity of a tow-boat captain who refused to slow down, and caught the Wisconsin crew in a swell which wrecked their chances of getting second place.

Cornell's victory in this regatta taught anew the lesson that brains and not brawn win races, and that Courtney has more brains of the right kind than any other coach who sends a crew to Poughkeepsie. Ten Eyck's style of rowing has been exploded, as it deserved to be. It won one university race, but it cannot win in the long run against Courtney's sounder theories. The Poughkeepsie race has become a question of coaching, and Courtney is so consistently ahead of his rivals that this regatta is fast losing the edge of its interest.

The Annapolis eight maintained its fine record. The "middies" finished their rowing season with a string of three victories over Columbia, Georgetown and Yale, and were defeated only by the University of Pennsylvania. This was almost as satisfactory a season as that of last year, when Annapolis won every race in which the crew started. In this year's race against Columbia the "middies" broke the two mile record of their course by 10 seconds, covering the distance on the Severn in 9 minutes and 30 seconds.

At New London Harvard won her first four mile race against Yale since 1899. It was a clean-cut victory of two and a half lengths, after one of the hardest battles ever seen on the Thames. Harvard won because of more power in her boat. Both crews were rarely smooth and finished, but Yale was fairly rowed off her feet in the last mile. Coming after last year's remarkably close race, in which Yale won by less than a boat-length, this impressive Harvard victory shows that rowing at Cambridge has entered upon a successful era, and that the New London race will be worth going to see in future. The time of this race, 23 min. 02 sec., was slow, and does not show the class of these crews, which under more favorable conditions broke all New London records in practice. Yale won the four-oared race with ease and the Freshman race after a thrilling tussle for two miles.

A "POCKET" GOLF COURSE

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

THEORETICALLY, the golf course is an indispensable adjunct to the country estate, as much so as are the tennis lawn and the squash court. In point of fact, private links exist in little more than name. Seven or eight years ago, when the madness was at its height, many so-called courses were laid out over private grounds, and while a few of them were well planned and properly installed, the great majority afforded but a mediocre arena for the practice of the royal and ancient game. Nor is it difficult to assign the reason why. Even premising that the requisite acreage is available, golf and landscape gardening do not meet on common ground. Putting greens, adorned by pretty red and white flags, are all very well, but bunkers are distinctly out of place on a gentleman's lawn and shrubbery, and flower-beds and trees are particularly poor golfing hazards. The view-points of the head gardener and the greenkeeper must remain irreconcilable, and the ordinary compromise simply results in the mediocrity already alluded to; golf in a stage setting is an absurdity.

But even if we dismiss the puerilities of lawn-golf there are other difficulties in the way. How about the up-keep? On a large estate it may be practicable to set aside sufficient acreage for a nine hole course that shall be properly laid out and adequately bunkered. To keep it in really playable condition is another thing. Of course to the multi-millionaire this is merely a matter of money, but if expense be an object, then the question becomes a serious one, for it is no light thing to keep the fairway and putting greens of a nine hole course in the pink of order. It must be remembered that there is a minimum of play on the average private course, and every golfer is aware of the extraordinarily beneficial influence of the human foot. As a rule, the more play the better for the course, and there is never any waiting at the tee on private links.

The obvious remedy would seem to be the substitution of quality for quantity. If the golf budget be insufficient for the proper maintenance of a nine hole course let the number of holes be reduced. Six good holes are better than nine poor ones, or we may even content ourselves with a triangle and play around it six times to complete the orthodox match. The objection here is as obvious as the remedy—monotony is fatal and a round of this artless character quickly degenerates into a sporting treadmill.

A difficult problem, then, yet an alluring one to the contemplative golfer, and my solution is admittedly untested, but

on paper it would seem to be feasible, and I submit it in the hope that some enthusiastic confrère may think it worth the trouble of working out in actual practice.

References to the map of our imaginary "pocket" course at once reveals its cardinal principle—condensation. It is unnecessary to argue the point that such a course would be unplayable under ordinary club conditions. Cross play is manifestly impracticable on a crowded green, but on a private course we have only to allow for the solitary couple, and that gives us our opportunity.

Considering the diagram in detail, it will be observed that the playing area lies roughly in the form of a triangle. Its width should be about 400 yards at the base, and this may be reduced to 100 yards at the apex. The total length may be placed at 550 yards. A comparatively restricted space, and yet it contains nine complete and markedly individual holes whose playing distance aggregates 2,900 yards—a very respectable showing when compared with the cramped measurements of the average private course and not a few club links.

Although there are nine separate holes there are only four greens, and this means at once a saving of fifty per cent. in the up-keep. In a modified sense this economy also applies to the fair green, as will be apparent at a glance. Virtually, the whole of the fairway is in constant use and may be cared for *en bloc*.

In considering how to make the best possible use of the purposely limited area at our disposal, we will eliminate all question of local topography and deal with the problem under the simplest and withal the severest conditions. In other words, we will assume that we have nothing but a cleared and level pasture at our disposal. To transform it into a golf course will entail a certain initial expenditure depending upon the more or less elaborate nature of the bunkering, and may be modified at pleasure. The pond and brook at the back of the 5-9 hole are not essential, as their office may be assumed by a shallow sand hazard.

In the planning of the course the prime object has been to conform to correct golfing standards as regards the length of the holes and the disposal of the hazards; and secondly, to introduce the utmost element of variety. It is in this last essential that most nine hole courses are weak, and so indeed are many links of the full size. Variety is the spice of golf, since the latter is assuredly an epitome of life.

Examining the four putting greens, it

will be noticed that the 5-9 and the 1-8 are situated on the natural lie of the land and that they are plotted to be 20 yards in diameter. Thirty yards in diameter would be a preferable measurement, and of course their shape may be square instead of round.

The 2-4 green is also 20 yards in diameter, but it is placed at the bottom of an artificially excavated "punch bowl" with a circular sand hazard on its upper rim. The material taken out, together with that removed from the various pot-bunkers, has been utilized to elevate the 3-6-7 green and also to form the turf banks that back up the latter. This green is the largest of the four and measures about 80 by 60 yards. It will be noticed that it contains three separate holes, but, if preferred, only one actual "tin" may be used. On the map, a sand pit is plotted before the green, extending about half way around it. The earth from this excavation may be used to still further build up the green above the general lie of the land. The putting surface, being artificial, should be approximately level, while that of the other greens should preserve the natural undulations. We may now examine the separate holes and the play in detail.

No. 1 (350 yards). Theoretically, a "first" hole should be of fair length and of moderate difficulty. A drive and a brasseys should place the player on the green, and the regulation two putts make up the bogey of 4. There is a half-moon sand trap behind the green to punish an over approach.

No. 2 (200 yards). This seems like a long distance for a one shot hole, but since the green lies at the bottom of a "punch bowl," a carry of 165 yards will clear the circular sand hazard and the roll of the ground will do the rest. There is a patch of woodland on the left, but the fair green is wide enough for all practical purposes. Failure to carry the hazard means, of course, an extra stroke, and only the far and sure driver can hope to equal the bogey of 3.

No. 3 (300 yards). The direct road to the green lies over a pot-bunker 150 yards from the tee, and the trap is 15 yards in length. We may play to either side, but preferably to the right. In front of the green is a sand pit bunker which is 20 yards at its widest, the near cliff being perpendicular and the depth ranging from six feet in the middle to zero at the extreme ends. A drive and an iron should place us on the green, and we may approach with confidence as the high banks at the back will stop a running ball. Bogey is 4.

No. 4 (350 yards). The play runs back over virtually the same golfing territory, and it is therefore necessary to obtain as much variety as possible. We therefore notice that the tee is elevated while the green is the "circus ring" or "punch bowl" that was used a short time before

for No. 2. This serves to differentiate the play, but we want length as well and the distance in a straight line is only a trifle over 300 yards. We therefore provide that the player's ball must pass the line flag B (see map) *on the left* before it is in position for the hole. In other words, the ball can be only played for the green when it lies in the triangle marked by the line flags A, B and C. It requires a good drive of about 180 yards to accomplish this; anything shorter or wilder will necessitate an extra shot to place the ball in position for the approach. This is a new principle in golf, although it has its counterpart in the "elbow" holes occasionally encountered on ordinary courses. In the latter case, however, the obstruction to the straight course is a material one (generally a piece of woods), while here the restriction is purely arbitrary. But the principle is a perfectly simple and practicable one, and its exercise adds much to the interest of the hole. Two perfect shots will put the ball on the green calling for a bogey of 4.

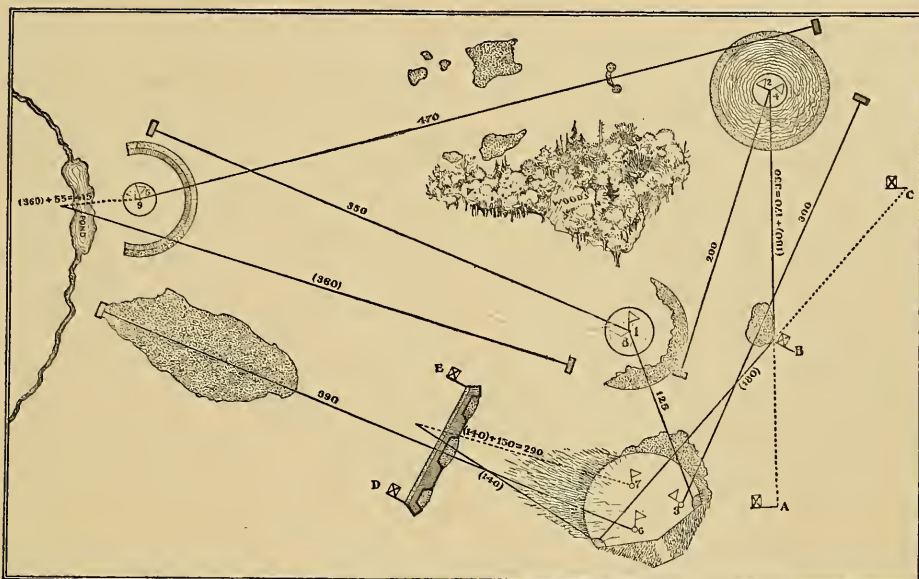
No. 5 (470 yards). This is the long hole. There are sand traps to catch a pulled or sliced ball, and the third shot must be a lofted approach over the bunker that guards the green. A pond behind the green imposes an appropriate penalty for an over-approach. Bogey is 5.

No. 6 (360 yards). The first one hundred and forty yards of the way lies over a wide and shallow sand hazard. A bastion-like bunker waits for the topped brasseys and the approach is a gentle run-up. With ordinary play, the bogey of 5 is not difficult.

No. 7 (290 yards). The actual distance is only approximated, as the "law of the links" provides that the ball must lie behind the bastion bunker before the return journey to the green can be begun. A moderate carry of 140 yards will accomplish this; and the player will then have a brasseys or a cleek shot back to the green, depending on his position. Of course, if the ball fails to clear the bunker, or does not lie behind the line indicated by the flags D and E, it will be necessary to play a short shot for position. The principle is a modification of that employed in No. 4. With no mistakes, the hole should be played in the bogey of 4. The high banks back of the green provide against an over-play, but a pulled ball will find the sand pit hazard at the left of the green.

No. 8 (125 yards). This is only a mid-iron shot, but it must be accurately lofted if the ball is to clear the half-moon bunker and stay on the green. Of course, a bad top finds the depths of the sand pit. Bogey is 3.

No. 9 (425 yards). Again we have recourse to the "out-and-back" principle of No. 7 in order to secure both length and variety of play. The law provides that the ball must lie *behind* the water hazard before it can be played for the green. Two



really good shots, that aggregate about 360 yards, will accomplish this result and the normal bogey is consequently 5.

Summing up, we find that the total length is exactly 2,900 yards, or 5,800 yards for the double round. In the play, there will probably be brassy shots on the first, fourth, fifth, sixth and ninth holes, or ten for the double round. This is rather a high average for, as a rule, the ordinary course is weak in affording opportunities for full shots with wood through the green. But brassy play is a most important factor in differentiating a first and a second class course, and it would be perfectly possible to lay out a nine hole course approximately 2,900 yards with not a full second shot in the whole round of play. Average your holes at 320 yards apiece and there you are.

Another element that must be carefully considered in the lay-out of a "classical" course is the construction of the greens. Many links have all their greens artificially leveled, and this, of course, is opposed to all the traditions of the game. But for the sake of variety in putting, we may allow a certain proportion of the greens to be leveled up while the rest are on the natural lie of the land. In our "pocket" course, the third, sixth and seventh holes are on the level, and the others follow the natural undulations of the soil.

Again, greens may be elevated, depressed or situated on the general level of the fair green. Referring to the map, it will be seen that the 3-6-7 green is slightly elevated while No. 2-4 lies in a marked depression, and No. 1-8 and No. 5-9 conform to the level of the fairway. This again adds to the variety of play and consequently to its interest.

A third consideration concerns the protection of the greens. On some courses we are eternally running our ball up to entirely unprotected greens, while on others we are constantly confronted with the lofted approach. Moreover, we do not want *all* our hazards either in front of the green or behind it. On our "pocket" course, the first, sixth and seventh holes call for a running up approach, while a loft is necessary at the third, fourth, fifth and ninth. (Note that the second and eighth holes are theoretically one-shot greens only to be reached by a stroke representing the full value of the respective clubs used.) The proportion is in favor of the lofted shot, but the balance should properly incline in that direction as tending to eliminate luck and flukes.

As to the disposition of the green hazards, the third and eighth greens are guarded by bunkers, placed in front. No. 1 has a trap behind and No. 7 is (partially) protected by a bunker on the left. Nos. 2-4 and 5-9 are entirely surrounded by hazards. Nos. 3, 6 and 7 are built up at the back to stop an ordinary overplay, but a ball pitched beyond the bank finds itself in the rough. The bunker in front of the third green belongs to the pit class, while the back hazard at No. 5-9 is water. As much variety as possible has been the object in view.

In the general bunkering of the course the cross-bunker is used only on the sixth and seventh holes. But it has been made of sufficient length (90 yards) to prevent sneaking off to either end. As it is in play both ways there is a trench on either side and the cop proper may be from three to five feet in height. Pot-bunkers are indicated on the third and fifth and sixth holes, and others could be introduced, if

thought desirable, on the first, second and ninth fairways. The triangular patch of woodland or long grass, bounded by the first, second and fifth holes, has its obvious function in punishing wild shots.

As to hazards in front of the tees, a topped ball at the fourth, fifth, sixth and eighth holes finds itself in difficulty—quite enough for this variety of hazard. Out-of-bounds is supposed to skirt the course of the fifth and sixth holes—in both cases on the right. The tees for the fourth, seventh and eighth holes have a moderate elevation.

Bogey totals 37 for the single round and it is a rather stiff one, for a short drive from the second, fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth or ninth tee will inevitably entail the penalty of an extra stroke, and the second shots on holes Nos. 4, 6 and 9 are by no means kindergarten golf. The first and eighth holes are easy; Nos. 3, 6 and 7 are moderately difficult; Nos. 2, 4 and 5 call for first-class, steady play, and the home hole is the hardest of all. Average play would indicate a card of 42 or thereabouts.

On the map, sand traps are indicated by dotted areas, and built up cops by parallel lines. The wavy, concentric figure at green 2-4 represents a depression. Return lines of play (seventh and ninth holes) are marked by hyphen dashes.

Our "pocket" course should accommodate three separate matches without crowding or danger, provided that the second and third couples should not start until the preceding match shall have holed out on the *second* green. This is necessary to avoid meeting face to face on the 3-4 and 6-7 holes.

The practical construction of our course is a question that is difficult to discuss on paper. But a few hints may be of service.

To begin with the general characteristics of the land, the heavy clays and the thin, stony soils are both of them ill-adapted to golf. The rich meadow loams look well to the eye, but the herbage is apt to be too soft and rank to give the best results, particularly if the proportion of clover be large. The ball does not sit up properly on clover and has to be scooped away or even dug out. The ideal country for golf is the sandy subsoil covered by a close growth of thin but rather stiff turf from which the ball may be nicely picked up with the wooden clubs. The famous seashore courses of Great Britain are all of this true golfing character, but in this country it is difficult to find even an approximation to the ideal, with the exception of a few especially favored localities—for example, Garden City on Long Island. Speaking generally, we must make the best of conditions as they are, for it is impossible to change the vital characteristics of our whole playing area. Obviously, we will clear it of stones, trees, bushes and all coarse growth. If there are rabbits already in possession they must be

exterminated, as their holes are a continual annoyance.

It is upon the construction of our putting greens that we must expend our most intelligent effort, for unless they are true and smooth half the pleasure of the game is lost. What we want are greens covered with a close sward of very fine grass with the roots thickly matted. The presence of clover on a putting green is an abomination, for the ball drags on it and the slightest amount of moisture makes a tremendous difference in the run; one is nearly always short on the approach putt. Equally objectionable is the so-called summer or crab grass. This latter is a weed of the creeping variety and as it is a perennial the only remedy is to cut it out, root and branch.

Possibly the turf at our disposal may approximate the thin-leaved variety, and in that case constant cutting and rolling will soon bring it into playing condition. Or, failing that gift of fortune, we may have some good turf at our disposal for resodding. In the latter case, after the sod is laid, a light top-dressing of soil or road scrapings should be applied to fill up the cracks, and then a sowing of grass seed. After the first heavy rain, the surface should be pounded with a maul to remove minor inequalities, and frequent waterings and rollings will be necessary before the resodded green is really playable.

If it be impossible to build up a green on the old turf and good sod is not available, we must then begin at the beginning. No one has given more thought and study to this subject than Mr. Travis, and I take the following paragraph from "Practical Golf":

"Plough up the surface to the depth of a foot or so and remove all loose material. Then proceed to fill in a layer of sand a few inches in depth and cover it with loam about an inch or so thick; on top of this put a thin crust of well-rotted manure, and then another layer of loam of two or three inches. At this stage apply a dressing of bone dust with a touch of slaked lime. Cover this with a suggestion of sand and top off with loam, the surface being raked and finely pulverized. Sow liberally with a mixture of reclaimed Red Top, Rhode Island Bent, Crested Dog's Tail and Kentucky Blue Grass, and level off and roll with a very light roller."

As a rule, the chemical fertilizer should be avoided and the potash mixtures are particularly provocative of clover. Pulverized sheep manure is about the best enrichment for average soils and it contains no weed seeds. The free use of sand will work wonders on heavy soil, and as a general thing putting greens err on the side of being too rich. Remember that it is not the over-luxuriant growth of a lawn that is wanted.

The best cop-bunkers are those whose embankments are of sand, rather than the

ordinary turfed-over mounds, since the latter often permit the rubber-cored ball to run through them. The ditches should never be less than six feet wide, comparatively shallow and filled with several inches of fine sand *that will not pack*. The same considerations apply to the construction of pot-bunkers or traps; their whole value lies in their capacity to stop a ball, and this they will not do if the sand packs. The proper quality of sand may have to be imported, but it is worth the trouble and expense.

The tees on our model course are all on the level of the land, as they should be, and only require to be made approximately level and their limits designated by iron marking pins. These should be changed as the ground shows signs of wear.

The special problems in the construction of our "pocket" links include a depressed

"punch-bowl" green and an elevated one (Nos. 3, 6 and 7) backed by sodded banks. This, of course, necessitates regular grading operations with road scrapers and carts and entails a considerable expense. The amateur golf architect must decide for himself whether the increased interest and variety of play thus secured are worth the money it will cost. As already noted, the earth from the deep pit in front of the 3-6-7 green may be used to build up the level of the green proper, and also for the flanking walls at the back.

It would be an interesting experiment if some enthusiastic amateur should undertake the construction of a model miniature course as herewith indicated (or on analogous lines), and the writer will be glad to lend his assistance in the practical working out of any particular problem that may present itself.

AMERICAN ATHLETES CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD

BY JAMES E. SULLIVAN

"UNCLE SAM IS ALL RIGHT."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

These were the cheering words which came by cable to the victorious team of American athletes at Athens, who had upheld American supremacy in these international games against all comers.

The Olympic Games of 1906, held at Athens, April 22d, under the management of the King of Greece, were, without doubt, the most imposing athletic spectacle the world has seen. The direct management of the Games was in the hands of a Greek committee of ten men, of which His Royal Highness the Crown Prince, was President, and to this committee is due the thanks of the whole athletic world for having brought them to such a successful conclusion.

Other Olympic Games, such as those held at Athens in 1896, at Paris in 1900, and at St. Louis in 1904, suffer by comparison. Never before, in the history of the world, had there been such a gathering, and nowhere else, do I believe, is it possible to duplicate the Olympic Games in the manner in which those of 1906 were conducted.

The Stadium is built of solid Pentelic marble, and will hold over 80,000 people—between 44,000 and 47,000 in seats—while the corridors and aisles, if necessary, can accommodate between 30,000 and 40,000 more. During the Games I doubt

if on any day the spectators numbered less than 40,000, and on Marathon Day there were close on to 80,000 people within the gates.

Everything combined to make the games the pronounced success they were. King George was in daily attendance; the Crown Prince, Prince George, Prince Nicholas and Prince Andrew never missed an event, and, on the opening day, His Majesty the King of England and Queen Alexandra were with the royal party.

Prince George, who was president of the jury, acted as referee, and he and Prince Nicholas conducted the games in a highly satisfactory manner.

At these games the athletic supremacy of the world was settled; every country being represented by its strongest men. Aside from the Stadium athletic events, the committee had arranged shooting, swimming and fencing contests; football, bicycling, boating of all descriptions, lawn tennis, etc. These events, of course, could not be held in the Stadium, and, when possible, were conducted in the morning, that nothing would interfere with the games proper. The swimming and boating contests took place in the Bay of Phaliron.

There were twenty-four Olympic events contested in the Stadium. The American team, under the management of Mr. M. P. Halpin of the New York Athletic Club, were in fine condition, with the possible

exception of James S. Mitchel, Harry Hillman, Harvey Cohn, F. A. Bornemann and H. W. Kerrigan, who were hurt by a heavy sea striking the *Barbarossa* on her way to Naples. Martin J. Sheridan was also disabled, but not seriously enough to prohibit him from scoring the greatest number of points of any athlete entered.

America won eleven firsts; Great Britain, with all her possessions—England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia and Canada—won four firsts; Greece won three firsts; Sweden won two firsts; Russia, Austria, and Germany each won one first.

The good all-round work of the American team of track and field athletes is shown in the score. America was placed in sixteen events; but not placed in the five mile run, throwing the discus (Greek style), throwing the javelin, the pentathlon or all-round championship, the barbell, dumb-bell, tug-of-war and climbing the rope. It can be truthfully said that the majority of the events in which we were not placed were not practiced in this country.

Great Britain had men placed in eleven events. Sweden's athletic team was a surprise. They performed remarkably well in the Stadium, finishing third in the number of points scored, and having men placed in eight of the athletic events. The Greeks scored in eight of the Stadium events. They, however, lacked the practical knowledge of athletics and athletic training; but it is confidently expected that in 1910 the conditions will be different and the Greeks will have learned a great deal from the American and English athletes.

In the competition for points all of the places were taken by representatives of the eleven countries. Herewith will be found the official score of firsts, seconds and thirds, according to the point system, allowing 5 for first, 3 for second and 1 for third.

The entry list was a large one, 901; taking in all of the events. Of this number, Greece had 298 competitors; France, 73; Great Britain, 66; Sweden, 57; Denmark, 56; Norway, 44; America, 43; Italy, 39; Bohemia, 37, and Austria, 35. The international character of the meeting is best told by the entries. The countries represented were Greece, including Athens, Sparta, Salonica, Smyrna, Samos, Isle of Cyprus, Isle of Crete, Thessaly, and the Grecian Archipelago; America, including two entries from Robert College at Constantinople; Great Britain, including England proper, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, and Australia; Germany; France; Switzerland; Bohemia; Egypt; Russia; Hungary; Austria; Norway; Italy; Holland; Denmark; Sweden; Turkey (Constantinople); Belgium and Finland.

The interest taken in the Olympic Games was astonishing. As early as 12 o'clock each day thousands would make their way to the Stadium, and long before

the opening event every seat would be occupied, while the adjoining hills formed advantageous spots for some 20,000 to 30,000 who could not afford to pay the entrance fee to the Stadium.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS

- 100 METER RUN
 1. Archie Hahn, America. Time: 11 1-5 sec.
 2. F. Moulton, " "
 3. Nigel Barker, Australia.
 America had four of the six starters in the final heat.

- 110 METER HURDLES
 1. R. G. Leavitt, America. Time: 16 1-5 sec.
 2. H. Healy, Australia.
 3. V. Dunker, Germany.

- 400 METER RUN
 1. P. H. Pilgrim, America. Time: 53 1-5 sec.
 2. W. Halswell, England.
 3. Nigel Barker, Australia.
 This was contested in six heats and a final. Hillman, American champion, was in the final notwithstanding an injured leg.

- 800 METER RUN
 1. P. H. Pilgrim, America. Time:
 2. J. D. Lightbody, America. 2 min. 1 1-5 sec.
 3. W. Halswell, England.

- 1,500 METER RUN
 1. J. D. Lightbody, America. Time:
 2. MacGough, Scotland. 4 min. 12 sec.
 3. Hellstrom, Sweden.

- 5 MILE RUN
 1. H. Hawtrey, England. Time:
 2. J. Svanberg, Sweden. 26 min. 26 1-5 sec.
 3. Ed. Dahl, Sweden.
 Daly, of Ireland, finished third, but was disqualified for crowding by Prince George.

- THROWING THE DISCUS—FREE STYLE
 1. M. Sheridan, America. 136 ft. 1-3 in.
 2. Georgantes, Greece.
 3. Jaervinnen, Finland.

The discus is thrown from a 7-ft. circle, the contestant taking any position he desires, but he must not follow.

- THROWING THE DISCUS—GREEK STYLE
 1. Jaervinoen, Finland. 115 ft. 4 in.
 2. N. Georgantes, Greece.
 3. Mudin, Hungary.
 The discus is thrown from a pedestal 31 in. long, 27 in. broad, 6 in. high in the rear and 2 in. high in front. The contestant is allowed to follow.

- MARATHON RUN
 (42 kilometers—26 miles, approximate.)
 1. W. J. Sherring, Canada. Time:
 2. J. Svanberg, Sweden. 2 hrs. 51 min.
 3. W. G. Frank, America. 23 3-5 sec.

Fifty-three men started in this race, thirty-three of whom were Greeks. Sherring spent some weeks at Athens, prior to the event, making himself familiar with the course.

- THROWING THE STONE
 1. Georgantes, Greece. 65 ft. 4 1-5 in.
 2. M. Sheridan, America.
 3. Doridasas, Greece.

- PUTTING THE SHOT
 1. M. Sheridan, America. 40 ft. 5 in.
 2. David, Hungary.
 3. Lemming, Sweden.

- STANDING BROAD JUMP
 1. Ray Ewry, America. Distance:
 2. M. Sheridan, " 10 ft. 10 in.
 3. L. Robertson, " "

- THROWING THE JAVELIN
 1. Lemming, Sweden. 175 ft. 6 in.
 2. Lindberg, " (world's record).
 3. Soderstrom, " "
 The javelin is made of wood, about 8 ft. 4 in. in length, weighs about 13-4 lbs. and has a sharp iron point. This was a new contest for Americans.

LIFTING THE BAR BELL—TWO HANDS

- | | | |
|------------------|----------|---------------|
| 1. Tofolas, | Greece. | 142.08 kilos. |
| 2. Steinbach, | Austria. | |
| 3. { Maspoli, | France. | |
| { Rondi, | Germany. | |
| { Schneiderreit, | " | |

LIFTING THE DUMB BELL—EITHER HAND

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------|--------------|
| 1. Steinbach, | Austria. | 76.55 kilos. |
| 2. Camilloti, | Italy. | |
| 3. Schneiderreit, | Germany. | |

1,500 METER WALK

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------|--------------------|
| 1. G. V. Bonhag, | America. | Time: |
| 2. Donald Linden, | Canada. | 7 min. 12 3-5 sec. |
| 3. Spetsiotes, | Greece. | |

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------|------------------|
| 1. Myer Prinstein, | America. | Distance: |
| 2. P. O'Connor, | Ireland. | 23 ft. 7 1-2 in. |
| 3. H. Friend, | America. | |

TRIPLE JUMP

- | | | |
|-----------------|----------|--------------|
| 1. P. O'Connor, | Ireland. | 46 ft. 2 in. |
| 2. C. Leahy, | " | |
| 3. Cronan, | America. | |

It was expected that Prinstein would also win this event, but he hurt his ankle in the running broad.

STANDING HIGH JUMP

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------|-----------------|
| 1. Ray Ewry, | America. | 5 ft. 1 5-8 in. |
| 2. { Leon Dupont, | Belgium. | |
| { M. Sheridan, | America. | |
| { L. Robertson, | " | |

RUNNING HIGH JUMP

- | | | |
|----------------|----------|-----------------|
| 1. Leahy, | Ireland. | 5 ft. 9 7-8 in. |
| 2. { Goency, | Hungary. | |
| { Diakides, | Greece. | |
| 3. { Kerrigan, | America. | |

ATHLETIC PENTATHLUM

(All-round Championship—Five events.)

- | | | |
|---------------|----------|-----------|
| 1. Mellander, | Sweden. | 24 points |
| 2. Mudin, | Hungary. | 25 points |
| 3. Lemming, | Sweden. | 29 points |

This consists of five tests: 1—Long jump without impetus; 2—Hellenic throwing of the discus; 3—Spear throwing; 4—Olympic Stade race; 5—Greco-Roman wrestling match. The athlete scoring the least number of points is the winner.

POLE VAULT

- | | | |
|----------------|----------|--------------|
| 1. Gouder, | France. | 11 ft. 6 in. |
| 2. Soderstrom, | Sweden. | |
| 3. E. Glover, | America. | |

ROPE CLIMBING CONTEST—10 METERS

- | | | |
|------------------|----------|-------------------|
| 1. G. Alprantis, | Greece. | Time: 11 2-5 sec. |
| 2. Brodi, | Hungary. | |
| 3. Kodsanitas, | Greece. | |

TUG-OF-WAR

- | | | |
|-------------|------------|------------|
| 1. Germany. | 2. Greece. | 3. Sweden. |
|-------------|------------|------------|

SWIMMING AND DIVING.

In the swimming and diving competitions, held at Phaliron, America was represented by C. M. Daniels, American Champion; F. A. Bornemann, J. W. Spencer, and Marquard Schwartz. Daniels lived up to his reputation, winning his heat in the 100 meter swim, and the final heat in 1 minute 13 seconds—beating Halmay, the Hungarian Champion, and Healy, the Australian Champion. Spencer, Schwartz and Bornemann were unplaced in their events.

SCORE OF THE STADIUM EVENTS	AMERICA	ENGLAND	GERMANY	SWEDEN	BELGIUM	HUNGARY	GREECE	FRANCE	FINLAND	AUSTRIA	ITALY
100 Meters Sprint.	8	1									
110 Meters Hurdle.	5	3	1								
400 Meters Sprint.	5	4									
800 Meters Sprint.	8	1									
1500 Meters Sprint.	5	3		1							
5 Mile Run.		5		4							
Marathon Race.	1	5		3							
Standing Broad Jump.	9										
Running Broad Jump.	6	3									
Standing High Jump.	7 $\frac{3}{8}$				1 $\frac{1}{8}$						
Running High Jump.	$\frac{1}{2}$	5				3	$\frac{1}{2}$				
Hop, Step and Jump.	1	8									
Pole Vault.	1			3				5			
Discus, Greek Style.						1	3		5		
Discus, Free Style.	5						3		1		
Throwing the Stone.	3						6				
Putting the Shot.	5			1		3					
Throwing the Javelin.				9							
Athletic Pentathlon.				6		3					
Lifting Bar-Bell.			2				5	$\frac{1}{2}$		3	
Lifting Dumb-Bell.			1							5	3
Tug-of-War.			5	1			3				
1500 Meters Walk.	5	3					1				
Rope Climbing.						3	6				
Total.	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	41	7 $\frac{3}{8}$	28	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	13	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	8	3

HOW TO MAKE TOTEM POLES FOR LOG HOUSES AND SHACKS

BY DAN BEARD

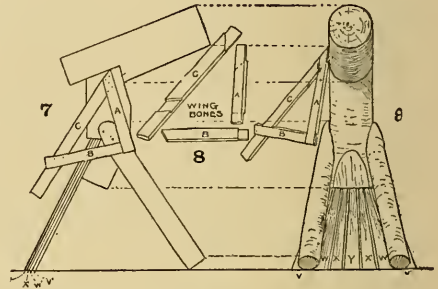
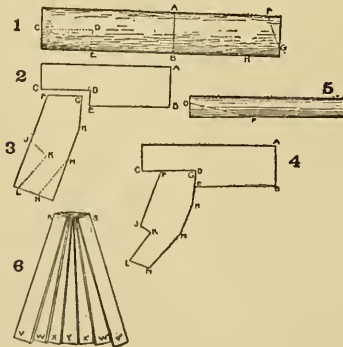
TOTEMS date back to savage times, whether they are carved in wood and set up in front of an Alaskan native's hut, or emblazoned in colors and stamped upon a letter-heading, or tattooed with carmine and India ink on the bosom of a Jack-tar.

When we go to the woods it is for the purpose of leading a primitive life, so it is right and proper to associate totems with our abodes in the forest, and every camp should have a distinct emblem of its own; something by which one may, at a glance, distinguish one camp from another. Thus, in speaking of permanent camps, log houses or wilderness homes, in place of calling them Jones's, Smith's, and Brown's, we could say the Beaver, or the Fishhawk, the Bear, or the Woodchuck, according to the totem of the camp in question. If totem poles were erected at all the public and private camps in the North Woods, it would add much to the picturesqueness and interest of the country.

There is nothing about a log cabin or a totem which an expert axeman cannot make, and if you do not personally happen to be an adept with the axe, your guide or friend in the woods will do the axe work while you can make the plans, work with the saw and do the less skillful work. It is much less difficult to carve out totem poles than it is to build a totem bird; consequently we will devote most of the space in describing how to build a totem bird to the roof of the house or to surmount the top of a totem pole.

TOTEM BIRD

Suppose that you cut in the woods a log $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet long by 1 4-5 feet in diameter (remember that these dimensions are only units of measure and may represent



inches, feet or yards, but for convenience in describing this we will suppose the log to be $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet long). Then at the distance of 5 4-5 feet from the end marked C (Fig. 1), saw the log in two at the line AB, then take the piece represented by the letters ABHGF, and saw off from the G end of the log a diagonal piece, shown by the dotted line FG; G being a point on the end of the log 2-5 of a foot from the bottom, and F, a point on the top of the log, 1-2 foot from the end. Now mark another point at the bottom of the log at H, which is 1 2-5 of a foot from the end, and cut off the part shown by HG. This will give you Fig. 3. On the bottom of the log (Fig. 1), measure from the C end 2 1-10 of a foot to a point marked E; then measure 7-10 of a foot on the end of the log to the mark C, and from C saw down to D, which is 2 2-10 feet from the C end of the log. After sawing down from C to D, saw in from E to D; this will cut out the block CDE and give you Fig. 2.

Fig. 2 represents

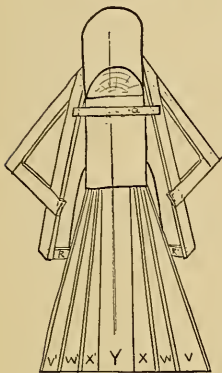
THE HEAD OF THE BIRD

and Fig. 3 represents the body. Do not be alarmed because the head of the bird is larger than its body; this is often a peculiarity of the totem birds. But to finish

THE BODY

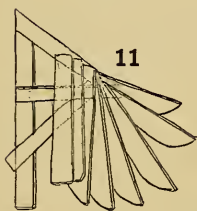
and make it more like that of a bird, measure 1 9-10 of a foot from the bottom of the body (marked LN, Fig. 3), to a point M on the edge of the log, and saw off the piece NM. Now saw a line LK, parallel with NM, and make it 1 9-10 of a foot from L to K. Mark J on the back of the log at 2 2-10 of a foot from the lower end and then cut out the piece JKL. You will then have the body ready to fit on the head shown in Fig. 4. Fig. 5 is a smaller log of wood 6 8-10 of a foot long and a scant one foot

in diameter. Two of these logs will be used for the legs of the totem bird; to make them fit upon the body a piece marked by OP (Fig. 5) will have to be cut from the end of each log. The dimensions of the piece OP are not given here because they are of no particular importance. It is only necessary to cut the diagonal piece off so that you shall be able to spike the legs of the bird to its body.

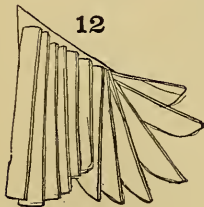


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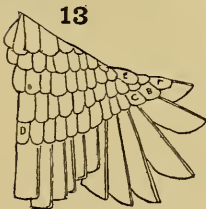
THE TAIL
of this wonderful creature is made of splits, shakes or clapboards, which are pieces of rough material rived from the log by the aid of a tool known to woodsmen as a froe. Of course mill lumber may be used in the place of the rived material, but it is not as appropriate as the former. To fasten the tail on the bird arrange the parts as shown in Fig. 6; then saw off the top ends of the tail feathers, as shown by the line RS (Fig. 6), after which take the v and v' tail feathers, and nail them in place at each side of the bird; next take w and w', x and x' and nail them in place; this will leave an opening in the center which is covered by the tail feather Y. Figs. 7, 9 and 10 show the bird in its crude, uncarved state with the tail and legs attached. Fig. 7 is the side view of the bird; ACB (Fig. 8) are the wing bones, which are nailed together and hung from the bird's shoulders. Fig. 9 shows the front view of the bird and Fig. 10 the rear view. We have put the bird together roughly so that we may see that the parts will fit in their proper places, but before we fasten the wings permanently to the body we must cover them with feathers, as in the case of the bird's tail.



11



12

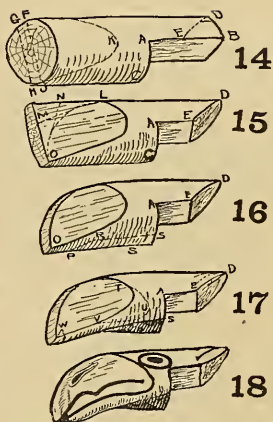


13

THE FEATHERS

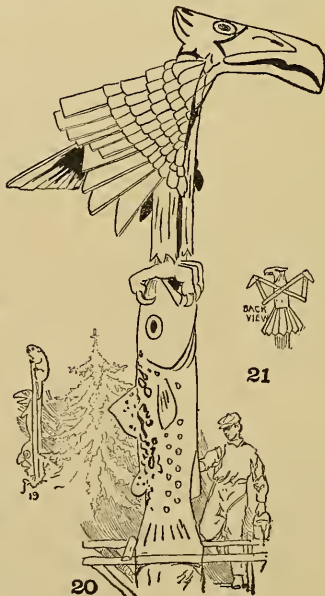
are represented by shingles, shakes or clapboards. In order that we may put

the feathers on more securely it may be well to nail the brace across from the angle of the wing to the upright board (as shown in Fig. 11). The upright board in this figure is supposed to be 6 feet long; the two boards forming the triangle are each about 4 feet long. For the principal wing feathers we need six boards, the first one being 3 feet long, the second 3 1-2 feet, the third 4 1-2 feet, the fourth 4 1-2 feet, the fifth 4 feet and the sixth 4 feet. Nail the first one onto the apex of the triangle (as shown in Fig. 11). On top of this nail the second one, then the third, fourth, fifth and sixth, as represented in the diagram. The second lot of short feathers are represented by boards with the square ends, which are nailed in place after the manner of the clapboards on the side of a house, with the edges overlapping (Figs. 11 and 12).



THE TOP OF THE WING

must be shingled (as shown in Fig. 13). If the edges of your large wing feathers are so thick as to make the surface too uneven for shingling, thin strips of wood can be tacked across them and the shingles nailed to these strips. First put on the shingles A, B and C; trim these with your jack-knife to the proper shape to fit the space occupied by them on Fig. 13; then tack on the other shingles down to D (Fig. 13); over ABC put the next row of shingles, and overlapping them at CBA cut a shingle to represent the one marked E in



21

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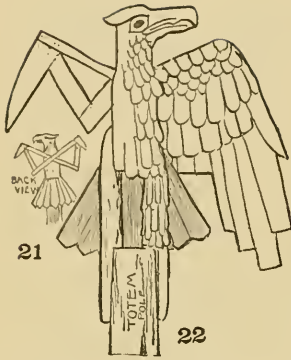


Fig. 13. The rest of the work is plain shingling until you reach the top where two or more of the shingles should protrude to represent shoulder feathers and conceal the wooden joint at this point. After this is done the wings may be hung upon the bird and adjusted to the position which best suits the fancy of the builder. In Fig. 10 are shown

THREE BRACES,

Q, R and R' to hold the wings in place. The braces and their position are largely dependent upon the angle at which the wings are attached to the body, and it is only necessary for the builder to remember that in making the braces for the wings he needs to make them secure as possible, and at the same time to place them in the position where they will be more or less out of sight.

TO MODEL THE HEAD

take the end of the log (which is now in the form shown in Fig. 14), and draw two lines across the center of the front end of it to represent the width of the bird's beak (as shown by FJ and GH); then shave off the side of the log from K down to FJ; do the same upon the opposite side, so that the log will now be in the form of a blunt-edged wedge (Fig. 15). To get the curve of the bill, cut off the line LM on Fig. 15 and next the line NO. Then it is an easy matter to trim off the uneven angle, and we will have the head in the form shown in Fig. 16. In case the distance from the top to the bottom of the bird is considered too great, it may be modified by cutting off a piece represented by PRSS (Fig. 16). The side of the bill may then be extended backward and flattened by trimming down the piece TUV to correspond with the rest of the beak.

THE CREST FEATHERS

at the back of the head are made by sawing off a triangular piece EDB (Fig. 14), which leaves the back end of the log in the form shown by Figs. 15, 16, 17 and 18. The crest feathers may be indicated by cutting grooves or simply painting broad lines (as shown in Fig. 18); and in the same manner the eyes, the opening of the

beak and the nostrils may be painted or carved, or both. When the head is finished it may be attached to the top of the body by a hard-wood peg driven down through an auger hole bored for that purpose, the wings spiked in place and the bird made to assume any pose you choose. Swing the body forward or backward on the legs and then nail it securely in the position you desire. Fig. 21 shows the manner in which the wing-bones are nailed to the back of the bird; and Fig. 22 shows the bird half covered with feathers and showing the framework. Fig. 23 shows

A KILLALOO TOTEM BIRD

made to be placed upon the ridgepole of a log house. In Fig. 23 the killaloo has the feathers carved upon its body and legs, but its back is shingled.

This bird should be painted in very brilliant savage colors: red, black and yellow. In making the totem the animals that you represent may be extremely crudely made, but there are certain characteristics which must be remembered when you are attempting to represent certain animals; for instance, if you make the beaver, you can make his head big or little, his body long or short; but his paddle-like tail must not be forgotten, neither must the chisel-like teeth, which are characteristic of the family to which the beaver belongs.



W.F.A.

MAKING THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

ABOUT THE GARDEN

IT is a good plan to remove at least half the tomatoes that "set". This throws the strength of the plant into the fruit left, and gives you a much better general crop than you are likely to get if all the fruit that forms is allowed to remain.

PLANTING STRAWBERRIES

If you have strawberry beds to make, now is the time. It is not advisable to wait longer. Spade or plow up the soil well, and enrich it liberally. Lay it out in rows, so that the hand-cultivator can be used to advantage in keeping down weeds and stirring the soil. The hand-cultivator is a great labor saver of the garden, and everything ought to be planted with a view to its use. Set your strawberry plants about a foot apart in the row, and let the rows be at least three feet apart. I have been asked to name a few of the best varieties for garden cultivation, where quality is considered more than quantity. This is something that cannot be done satisfactorily, because a variety that does well in one locality may prove an utter failure in another. Soil has a great deal to do with successful strawberry culture, and one must plant the kinds best adapted to the soil of his particular locality. I would advise consulting local growers, always, before deciding on what kind to plant. That is the only safe plan for the amateur to pursue. If runners start, shortly after the young plants become established, clip them off promptly, that all the strength of the plant may go to its own development. You will depend upon it for next season's fruit, and it will need to concentrate all its vigor upon itself in order to be able to meet the demand that will be made upon it then. Old strawberry beds which seem too valuable to plow under will be benefitted by having all their old foliage mowed or burned off.

Spray the grape clusters with Bordeaux mixture, to ward off fungus and prevent rot. Continue to do this until they begin to show signs of ripening.

I have found it advisable to spray cucumbers with this mixture. This is not generally done, but if it were, I feel quite confident that the so-called blight which is complained of in many localities during the latter part of the season, could be largely prevented. In the writer's vicinity this vegetable is grown largely for pickling, and the crop formerly fell off at the time when it ought to have been most profitable, because, the growers said, it "blighted." Young cucumbers would form, but

would soon wither and fall off. Examination showed great quantities of fungus growth on the plants. Of late years spraying with Bordeaux mixture has been resorted to, beginning about midsummer and keeping it up until the end of the season, which comes with the first hard frost. The result has been very satisfactory. Those who are fond of this really delicious vegetable will do well to make a note of this.

Make another sowing of beets of the small, turnip-shaped variety to furnish material for one of the most appetizing pickles for winter use. They will be of just the right size when canning season comes. In order to have them delicate and tender—as they must be to make a fine pickle—see that the soil in which they are sown is given a good dressing of manure. You cannot grow fine-flavored and fine-textured vegetables in a soil that has parted with most of its nutritive qualities.

Set out celery for the late crop of the season. Keep the plants growing steadily by feeding them well and cultivating them thoroughly. Here is another place where the hand-cultivator will be found indispensable. As the earlier planting reach sufficient size for handling, begin to earth them up, or blanch them by setting boards up on each side of the row. Let these boards come nearly to the top of the plants, and almost meet at the top, that nearly all light may be excluded from the space below.

Continue heading back the young canes of blackberry and raspberry plants, to secure compact growth and branches well set with laterals.

At this season asparagus stores up material for the crop of next year, therefore manure should be used liberally, and the beds given the best of cultivation. If "rust," which is simply another name for disease of a fungoid character, attacks this plant, cut the tops off at once and burn them. It is well to go over the entire garden and gather up whatever you find in it that looks at all "rusty," and add it to the burning heap. If this is done each year it will be conducive to the general health of the garden.

Cuttings of currants for spring planting ought to be made now. It is a good plan to go over the old bushes and remove from half to two-thirds of the growth of the season. Much of this can be used as cuttings. These should be from six to eight inches long. Dig a little trench and set them in it in rows, all slanting in one direction. Cover them to within an inch

of their tips. Pack the soil down well as you do this. Not one in a hundred will be likely to fail. Discard all but the improved varieties.

Sow spinach for a late crop, if you are fond of "greens"—also beets. For this purpose, the seed should be thickly sown in a quick, warm soil to insure the rapid growth which is necessary to success.

Tomatoes intended for market should be gathered just as they begin to color, and spread out on layers of straw or hay, fully exposed to the sun. Cover them at night to keep them dry. Treated in this manner they will color better than when left on the vines and be far less likely to rot. Early picking will not interfere with their flavor in the least. On the contrary their exposure to strong sunshine will give them a flavor superior to that possessed by any left on the vines to ripen.

MUSHROOMS FOR THE MARKET

Mushroom growing for the market is very profitable, if properly managed. Those having greenhouses can grow this delicious vegetable under the benches to advantage at this season. It will do well in cellars where the temperature can be kept at about fifty or sixty. This should be kept as even as possible to secure best results. Collect a lot of fresh horse-manure, rejecting the coarser portions of it. Spread it out, to prevent premature heating, and fork it over several times, at intervals of a few days, before using it. Make the beds about eighteen inches deep, three or four feet wide. Pound the manure down well. Let it ferment thoroughly before spawning it. Test its temperature with a reliable thermometer, by inserting the instrument in the soil, and leaving it there until the full temperature of the bed is registered. When it indicates eighty or ninety degrees, sow your spawn, which should be of the best, and which can be procured of nearly all seedsmen or florists in the larger towns. Break it in pieces about the size of a small egg, and put it two inches under the surface and about six or eight inches apart. After about a week's time cover the bed with two inches of fine loam and wait for results.

ABOUT THE HOME GROUNDS

Complaints come in that the borer, which of late years has done so much harm among many kinds of fruit trees, has begun to work on the mountain ash, and a remedy is asked for. I know of but one, and that is a wire stiff enough to kill the grub by running it into the hole he has made.

Go over the shrubs, and wherever you find a branch growing that does not seem to be needed, cut it off. Do this with a sharp knife to avoid mutilating the plant. By putting off the pruning of shrubs until the season of growth is ended, a great deal

of their strength is wasted. Better watch them during the season of growth, and prevent this waste by not allowing unnecessary branches to develop.

If there are any thin spots in the lawn, scratch over the surface of the ground and sow lawn-grass mixture thickly. This is better than waiting for the grass surrounding the spot to spread into it—better, because quicker in results.

Use the hoe about the lilacs. Clip off every sprout that you do not have any use for. Neglect to do this, and you will soon have such a thicket of these plants that they become a nuisance. Kept within proper bounds they are about the best of all our shrubs, because of their entire hardiness, rapid development and great beauty and profusion of bloom.

Hybrid perpetual roses will require attention now if you want a fine, late crop of flowers from them. Cut away all the weak growth. Thin out the branches so that there will be a free circulation of air to prevent mildew. Shorten the stronger branches and manure the plants heavily. Bear in mind the fact that flowers are always produced on new growth, and without this you stand no chance of getting them. Therefore a late crop of bloom depends entirely upon the continued activity of the plant, which must be encouraged in all ways possible, but chiefly by pruning sharply and feeding well. Even then you need not expect many flowers, but the few you *do* get will be large and fine, and every one will repay you for all the labor you expend on the bush that produces it.

ABOUT THE FLOWER GARDEN

Perennial phlox will be coming into bloom now. Note the disposition of colors in the bed and mark for removal any that fail to harmonize with the general color-scheme. The lilac and mauve sorts, though very lovely by themselves, are elements of discord when grown along with the scarlet and carmine varieties. Put them where they can have the contrast of pure white kinds only and they will delight you. Never depend upon self-sown plants for your stock. Perhaps they may prove to be like the parent varieties, but the probabilities are against it. As a general thing they revert to the original type, which is not at all what you want, if you are particular about your plants. The only way in which you can obtain the choicer varieties is by buying them of the florist, who propagates them by division of root—never from seed. It is possible that you may get some really fine plants from seedlings, but you can never *depend* on doing this. Another hint is, use a good deal of the white sorts if you want to bring out the rich coloring of the dark sorts most effectively. Contrast heightens them wonderfully.

If the hollyhocks show signs of rust, as quite likely they will at this season, be prompt in the use of Bordeaux mixture. See that it gets to every part of the plant, and especially to the lower side of the foliage. If any stalks are badly affected it will be well to cut and burn them at once, to prevent the spread of the disease as much as possible.

See that the dahlias are well staked. Keep them well watered. Allow no weeds to grow about them. Mulch the soil above their roots with grass clippings.

Treat beds of teas and other tender roses of similar habit in the same way. Let the mulch be two or three inches deep. This breaks the force of the sun's rays, thus helping to keep the roots of the plants cool, and it prevents rapid evaporation of moisture—two items of great importance in the cultivation of these roses. Two other important items are: a frequent shortening of the branches, as advised for hybrid perpetuals, cutting back to a strong branch-bud; and very rich soil.

Sow seeds of hardy perennials from which to secure a stock for next season's flowering. Young plants are greatly preferable to old ones. Those which get a good start this year will bloom strongly next, but plants from seed sown in spring cannot be depended on to give flowers the first year.

If you have choice varieties of clematis whose stock you would like to increase without disturbing the old roots by division, lay down some of the lower branches, and cover with about an inch of soil. These will root at their joints and furnish you with good plants for another year. But do not separate the branch you lay down from the parent plant this season. Wait to see how the young plants come out in spring before doing that. It may be found advisable to leave them a while longer, to form roots strong enough to warrant you in making independent plants of them, and while they are doing that they must draw their support largely from the old plant.

Nearly all plants of shrubby character can be increased by layering. It is a good plan to make a little cut at the place where roots are expected to form. Take a sharp knife and cut up about half way through the branch, from the lower side. Insert this cut in the soil, bending up the end of the branch till it assumes an upright position. It may be necessary to make the portion of branch covered by soil firm in its place by placing a stone on it, or by pegging it down well. It is quite important that it should not be loose enough to

shift about, as that would prevent the formation of roots.

AMONG THE HOUSE PLANTS

Look well to the chrysanthemums, whether growing in beds or pots, as this is a critical period for them. Give them their last pinching-back this month, as they will begin to bud by the first of September. See that they are well staked, for a sudden wind-storm would work sad havoc among top-heavy plants of their brittleness. Be *constantly* on the lookout for the black beetle. He is likely to come at any time. If he puts in an appearance use the Ivory soap infusion mentioned last month, and use it thoroughly until he concludes to take his departure, as he soon will, if you go in for heroic treatment. If your plants are growing in the garden, get ready for potting them early next month. Prepare your compost, get your pots together, and fix up some kind of a shelter to put them under for a week or ten days after potting them.

Roses grown in pots will need re-potting now, in order to get them growing vigorously for winter. Use a rather heavy soil, as these plants like to feel the earth firm about their roots, not too large pots, and see that drainage is as good as it can be made.

Separate old plants of Boston, Pierson and Foster fern, and start new plants from the division of their roots. Give them a soil of leaf mold or turfy matter and loam, with some sharp sand mixed in; water them well, and keep them in shade. Shower them daily. Use a handful of fine bone meal to each pailful of compost. In this way you will get much finer plants for winter use than you can make out of the old ones.

I would not advise entire re-potting of geraniums intended for use in the winter window-garden. Remove as much earth from the top of the pot as you can without seriously disturbing the roots below, and substitute fresh soil for it. Geraniums, as a general thing, do not have many roots, therefore large pots are not needed by them. I supply my plants with nutriment in winter by the use of such fertilizers as bone meal, or some of the chemical foods which contain the elements of plant growth. If this is done with all pot-plants, smaller pots will answer all purposes, as a large quantity of soil is not depended on to supply nutriment.

If there are any changes to be made about the windows at which you grow flowers in winter, it is well to make them now while the plants are outside.

HOW TO ACQUIRE "HANDS" ON YOUR HORSE

BY F. M. WARE

"HANDS" may perhaps be defined as the art of thoroughly and instinctively controlling a horse, through manipulations of the bit or bits; frustrating his efforts at insubordination; and developing his greatest powers of speed, of action and of agility. The possession of "good hands on a horse," whether for driving or riding, is a horseman's proudest and rarest possession, occupying a pinnacle in his regard which in most cases he personally never attains; generally through a misapprehension of what hands really are, and how they may best be cultivated.

Strangely enough the acquirement of this accomplishment depends but little upon the hands themselves, and the title is really a misnomer. Hands, whether in driving or riding, consist of the following factors: attitude; sympathy; decision; intuition; delicacy of touch; nerve; common sense, and practice. The more you use horses the more you will find that these are the elements involved, and that the hands themselves are merely the agents of the human will—nearly useless, if the other essentials are wanting or undeveloped. To these various elements any one can award such percentage of importance as he may elect, but he is certain to find that the chief one is attitude.

Attitude is of vital importance—not the grotesqueness of position which so many affect, but the erect carriage (when driving) with hollowed waist, sitting fairly on the thighs, and neither perched against a too-high cushion on the one hand, or slouching on the backbone with rounded shoulders on the other; the feet under the weight, rather than braced out in front; the elbows neither absurdly akimbo, nor glued to the ribs, but falling naturally; the hands carried neither under the chin, nor in the lap, but about opposite the watch-chain. The exaggerated position of the latter-day "flash" coachman, and equally "flash" amateur, perched on the edge of the cushion, with the heels back against the seat-riser, and the knees very much bent, has at least the advantage that the waist *must* be hollowed, the position erect, and the feel—the "take and give"—of the hands much more elastic and subtle. Try it, and see how you and the horse "get together" as you never have done before, and how much more easy it is for you both. Never mind the foot-brace against which you have always rested your feet—that is placed there in an arbitrary way by the carriage maker. Put your feet *flat*

on the floor, with knees bent at right angles, and you'll find yourself sitting as you never sat before, and driving as you never knew you could.

In riding, attitude has all to do with seat—and seat is hands; or rather, you can never develop hands if you have not a perfect, and an unconsciously balanced, seat. All seats—from the nearly straight lines of legs and body in the cowboy rider to the acute angles of the modern jockey, are the same in effect so far as the center of gravity is concerned; all hands, from those of *la haute école* to those of the last crack lightweight, are developed along the same elementary lines, and depend for success upon the attitude of the rider in the matter at issue. "Head up, shoulders back, waist hollow, seat *down* in the saddle," is no mere riding-school routine formula, but the gist of the whole matter of acquiring hands. Again, attitude is a huge percentage of the whole.

Sympathy, in a way, is the same as another important element—intuition—but in this connection is used chiefly to indicate the faculty of instantly discovering how a horse is mentally: how he likes things arranged, how far he should have his way, how best to handle his mouth and to bit him, how to reward his obedience, how to frustrate his rebellion, etc. Many horsemen, while giving much time and thought to the capable handling of horses, fail signally after all, because they lack sympathy with a dumb beast; have not the faculty of putting themselves in the horse's place, as it were; are too domineering or impetuous to allow any departure from the process of what they determine is proper. Sympathy prevents quarrels. A horse quickly perceives the lack of it, and will work his heart out for a man who has it. As a man said to the writer recently, of a passing equestrian: "There goes the biggest duffer on a horse I ever saw, but it's funny how he buys bad-tempered, crazy brutes and they all carry him quietly." Close study of this interesting individual proved that he was (to all appearances) exactly as described, having apparently no other attribute of equestrianism save a wholesome well of loving sympathy which the dumb creatures recognized and appreciated as we of nobler intellect wholly failed to do. Moral: sympathy, merely as a work-a-day mercantile asset, is not to be undervalued!

This God-given attribute it is which enables the average woman to get on so

surprisingly well with horses. Alice will tell you with gentle pride how Moonlight recognizes her voice, her touch on the reins, and all those other dangerous fables so dear to the feminine heart. Moonlight does nothing of the kind—he would not know her from Adam (or rather Eve) among a crowd, but he would recognize and respond to her sympathetic influence just as he would to that of any other woman whom he had never seen before, were she equally blessed with that divine sentiment. Granted this one boon, a horse will forgive much.

Decision should never, in handling horses, be confounded with unwise determination to have things *your* way. In this application it means the faculty of doing the right thing at the right instant, and may be cultivated by frequent practice with all sorts of horses; and of course no hands were ever developed by handling any one animal, or any one kind of horse. It is decision that gives the hand the *moment* the horse yields; that uses the roughest methods at a pinch, for hands are by no means always delicate of touch; that frustrates the most determined attempts of kicker, rearer or bolter; that picks the best road; that makes the animal carry himself to the best advantage for the purpose of the moment. Decision is very close to intuition in effect. Decision dominates the situation at many critical moments, and the horse is quick to discern and to presume upon its absence. There is no such thing as a safe partnership with a horse; you must be the master, or he will be, to your certain future discomfiture.

Intuition is so akin to sympathy that they go hand-in-hand, and in horsemanship we have no finer exponents of its development under all sorts of conditions than among the "nagsmen" who ride and drive "green," rough sale horses, or, better still, handle the dozens of horses, possessed of every imaginable vagary of temper and infirmity of physique, that come to the large auction sales. Most of these animals arrive on the day of sale with no instructions as to their personal peculiarities; the "nagsmen" never see them until they start to show them for sale, and their jobs depend upon their displaying the animals to the very best advantage in the two minutes or so allotted to each horse. The success these men have is really marvelous, due to a liberal education in horse handling and a remarkable evidence of the value of intuition in the matter of hands; for while they probably could not tell you just *why* they do what they do, results speak for themselves, and the puller, the one-rein driver, the kicker, the balker, the crazy and the gentle, the speedy and the slow, the high-stepper and the trotter—all do their best with them. These same men, every day and all day, handle green, timid horses among all sorts of terrifying city sights, and yet practically never have an

accident. Their methods may, at a crisis, seem rough, but whatever they are, they comprise the *one particular* treatment needed at that *one particular* moment. This is hands in the finest development, and intuition makes the thing possible.

Delicacy of touch is where the average amateur "falls down." He has a general idea that "hands" means just touching his horse's mouth, and that to pull or to handle the mouth roughly is *always* wrong. Hence his horse is generally "behind the bit," and does not face the hand at all, being neither collected nor always under control. Nothing is more dangerous in every sense, for both the animal and his pilot should always be prepared to stop, start, or turn in any direction, and this can be assured only when the horse is in hand. A delicate touch is perfectly possible even in the most severe forms of collection; firmness and roughness are by no means the same thing. The horse *must* face his bit, and if he does not otherwise, the whip must make him. Delicacy of hand is a graduated scale which applies to the puller as well as to the sluggard, and gets the best results from both. If any one plays upon a musical instrument well, he will certainly have a light touch on a horse's mouth, and as most women possess such accomplishments, this, together with their sympathetic natures, gives them that success with horses at which we so often wonder. Mere strength has no value in these pursuits, and those possessed of it are almost invariably as heavy-handed with a single horse as are those who drive four-in-hand a great deal, or who have essayed it before driving one horse much.

Nerve is so much a matter of perfect physical condition in the biper that it may always be greatly improved, and the last element—practice—will do much to strengthen it. We have usually ample nerve in any pursuit, however hazardous, to which we are thoroughly accustomed, and, barring too many or too serious accidents, this is sure to be the case in handling horses. Their management then becomes so nearly automatic that we do not think much about it—and it is only what the mind dwells upon that affects nerve. Any parents who, given the means, do not insist upon their children's intimate acquaintance with, and personal management of, horses—for at least all pleasure purposes—neglect a most important item of a liberal education, and deliberately interfere with the development in their children of the vital elements of self-dependence, patience, good temper and coolness, or nerve, in emergencies.

Common sense—and horse sense—are naturally included in the list of necessities. This happy faculty is a regular stopgap everywhere and anywhere among the various other attributes, and lacking such intelligence no success is possible. The habit of observation, of imitation, of

appropriating the worthy points in any undertaking, is absolutely a matter of healthy mental digestion. If one cannot appreciate the reasons for all the methods he sees used, and adopts for himself, he should at least resolve to accept nothing for which he cannot give a thoroughly good argument to himself. A horse is never to be whipped, jerked, etc., unless one has a reason for the act—yet not half the time does the brain thus justify the deed. We rarely do anything as well as we really know how, but hands are so automatic, once they are acquired—just as is piano-playing, etc., to the adept—that we are foolish not to genuinely try our best while practicing.

Practice makes perfect in most things, but not in horsemanship—nor penmanship. One may follow both persistently, and be a wretched performer all his days. We all make mistakes in using one horse, or one kind of horse, too much. It is this fact that makes the "shopper" for "a good, quiet, family horse" the most dreaded customer the dealer has. Mr. Tyro has probably possessed one Billy or Jacky for a period of years, and it is only this sainted creature's inevitable passage to the bone-yard that secures Mr. Dealer the honor of his eulogistic owner's patronage. Every animal displayed must be cut according to Jacky's coat, and the horse finally selected must put up with the vagaries not only of Mr. but of Mrs. Tyro, and of all the little Tyroes. These good people, having practiced with only one horse, are quite ignorant that there are "horses and horses." Accidents happen; the bewildered dealer suffers mentally, and financially; and Mr. Tyro arises from the couch of pain where the catastrophe probably placed him quite uninstructed by his experience, and unaware that it was chiefly his own fault. While "all horses are alike" to an expert, he did not gain his proficiency until he had run the gamut of all the freakishness to which horseflesh is heir. He plays his tune as it were, not on his own piano whose touch he thoroughly knows, but upon any instrument he encounters, and that brilliantly and unerringly. What he does almost any one may do, and be assured that such proficiency is well worth while. Where is the man who does not exult in controlling and displaying to the best advantage that glorious animal, the horse?

Strength has nothing to do with hands—or rather, it is a distinct drawback to their acquirement. The weakling must use other means to attain his ends; the strong man disdains the delicate effects which make for everything of the best in horsemanship. A little, eighty-pound boy will control perfectly a rattle-brained race-horse that no man could hold by main strength; a slight woman will guide four

horses as few men can—it is the combination of the attributes named that enables them to do it.

Appropriate biting has much to do with success, but the novice is apt to proceed to the extremes of severity in his desire to get that delicacy of touch and promptness of response which he thinks should follow sharp restraint. The reverse of this should always be the rule, and the horse should be constantly tried with lighter biting effects until the least possible restraint is employed. Hands and mouths vary from day to day, according to various circumstances of irritability and sensitiveness, and no one arrangement is likely to be for the best interests of both biped and quadruped. A balanced horse is always a light-mouthed horse, and it is "up to" the driver or rider to find what best brings about this result. No balanced horse can pull; no puller is in balance.

In both driving and riding the one-handed exponent is at a disadvantage, and so is the horse. The animal has two sides to his mouth, both (with the tongue) alert to your signals; you have two hands, and will need them in any really delicate work. This, of course, does not prevent your riding or driving with one hand at ordinary paces, and in straight going; but if any complications arise, both hands will find plenty to attend to. The cowboy, the cavalryman, the street-car driver, all use one member alone, and none of them has any hands worthy of the name. An animal which "guides by the neck" in riding simply performs a trick which he has for convenience's sake been taught, and the fact that he does so, and has proven intelligent enough to puzzle out your confusing indications, in no way enhances the value of one-hand riding in the case of the ordinary civilian, or proves it genuinely or generally practical. No seat will be perfect, no body-poise square, if one hand is used, for the reason that fatigue will bring about a displacement which will become habitual, and for which the horse must compensate in his own carriage and balance.

The fingers and the wrists have all to do with the manipulation of the mouth, and not the arm or forearm. There is a constant play of the finger muscles to keep the mouth alive; there is an elasticity in the wrists which greatly assists the fingers; the reins are not held with a tense grip in ordinary use, but so that the fingers, when needed, instantly close to the required extent. No one can maintain a really tight grip for more than a few minutes.

To this fascinating subject one might devote pages, and then include but a moiety of the details and incidentals. Perhaps, however, enough has been written to call attention to the fact that of all the essentials of hands, the least important factors are the hands themselves!

CHOOSING THE FIELD TRIAL DOG

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

IN entering the sport of field trials the beginner should follow closely the same general rule which applies to bench show beginnings—should select his young specimens from families deeply bred in the qualities which judges demand.

A great many people are deceived by superficial observation into believing that dogs win field trials by great speed and range. Speed is a requisite, to be sure. If two dogs do the same bird work, and one does it more rapidly than the other, the former will win. But the real quality is intense birdiness. That makes speed oftener than is supposed. The intense hunting instinct, or desire to find birds, tends always to increase speed and range.

The failure of English bench show setter blood to distinguish itself in American field trials is not due to a lack of speed, or even of range. About a year ago I saw a young setter, three-fourths Laverack, which had more speed than anything in the string, and as much range as any, but he had not that concentrated enthusiasm about birds. In a half-hour heat his range would become irregular. He would trifle at times; would run around aimlessly. A man whose enthusiasm is exclusively bent on one purpose builds up fast, though his natural capacity may not be great. He develops a sixth sense; his nerve centers and muscles become specially adjusted. A dog proceeds the same way.

In picking puppies or year-olds for field trials it will be waste of time and money to go outside of the families which have been successful. An appearance of speed and conformation does not mean much, compared with bird-searching inheritance. Whether or not the dictum provokes dispute, an experienced man can only say that the Llewellins in setters and the Jingo-Rip Rap blood in pointers are the foundations.

If you have a chance to take your pick out of a litter of puppies, take those of quick, alert appearance; preferring, probably, the small ones. If they are over eight months old, make it a point to have your handler try them out thoroughly. If he knows his business he can guess with fair accuracy after he has had them on birds a week.

Perhaps you must try them yourself. In that case do not be fascinated with pretty pointing. A young dog which at eight months is fond of pointing will scarcely become a field trial dog. More than likely he will be a false pointer in any

kind of work. Look for the little rascal which runs all over the country, finds something in a hurry and dashes gayly in for a crazy chase. If he cannot deny himself the luxury of killing a stray chicken it is good for his public prospects. A brief hesitation on a find, as if he would point if he were not in such a hurry, is a good sign for future pointing, but not indispensable. Be dubious about the candidate which noses around over scent, or spends too much time in a clump of bushes. Carrying the head low indicates a constitutional tendency to trailing on foot scent; and that is not of the elect.

Style in motion or on point is excellent, but its value may be exaggerated. In motion, style usually means tail action. Nothing is more attractive, and it wins some field trials; but it has no significance beyond the taste. On point, style means an erect, graceful attitude, with stiffened tail and intent look. That also helps to win stakes, but some great winners crouch on point and others are not stylish.

Powers of location are of the highest importance, though they are hard to measure in a raw youngster. By watching closely, however, you can see whether he knows exactly where his game lies. If he goes right at it, whether he points or chases, his ideas on the subject are obviously clear. Some people are proud of dogs which stop fifty yards from a bevy, point and road, point and road, until, after a while, they establish their points somewhere in the neighborhood. This shows wonderful nose, the happy owners tell you. Under some circumstances it does; but the dog of really good nose and class keeps going fast until he catches scent, stops to inquire a second, and then goes straight to his birds. When trying young ones never lose sight of evidences of this quality.

SELECTING A HANDLER

Selecting a handler is harder, even, than picking a dog, assuming that you start without knowledge. Some handlers are successful with dogs of one kind and not at all with others. Good handling often makes good dogs; good dogs sometimes make handlers. Young handlers lack experience; old ones often have too many dogs to give yours the desirable amount of attention. All these chances, or their equivalents, you take in any sport. Don't hold back because you are not certain of

perfection. Choose a young trainer of aptitudes, or an old one of reputation. Pitch in and take the risks. Lose like a gentleman and profit next year by your experience this year. It's the sport and not the winning which ought to interest you most. Don't denounce the handler behind his back, unless you know that he isn't straight. If he is crooked or incapable, quit him, and don't talk about it. Go to the trials yourself, ride after the dogs every day, listen to the comment in the evening, and keep your eyes open all the time. One season so utilized will give you command of all there is to know about the sport of field trials.

BEAGLE TRIALS

In the West and Southwest we think of setters and pointers when we speak of field trials. In the northeastern one-fourth of the United States there seems to be fully as much interest, and much more amusement, in beagle trials. It is always to me a matter of surprise that more people, men and women, do not keep small packs of little hounds. Beagles are easily bought, easily kept, easily trained and easily hunted. There are a hundred rabbit localities where there is one reasonably stocked with quail. The American rabbit, or hare, is ideal for beagle work. To this day I have never got over the feeling that, for real, whooping, yelling, boyish fun, there is no sport with dogs equal to working beagles on cotton-tails. On the pure basis of entertainment out-of-doors, the man who cannot get a royal day with a half-dozen beagles and a couple of boys is pretty well dried up.

Beagles for trials are bred and chosen as are bird dogs for their kind of trials, or any dogs for bench show purposes—you depend on the specialized families. You find out what families have consistently produced winners in recent years, and get puppies from the best specimens. Pace, nose, finding and trailing are the essential qualities. Handling helps a lot, but does not nearly play the part it does in field trials of setters and pointers.

You have one great advantage over pointer and setter men. You can compete with a pack of four; if a club should so decree, there may be stakes for eights or tens. Another advantage is that, with a trifle of experience, you can train and handle your hounds almost or quite as well as any professional. After you have learned to pick your dogs and make up your packs, there is not so very much that you need to do in handling at a trial. Trainers and handlers of bird dogs are chiefly occupied with the difficult business of making them do things they do not like to do. Managing beagles is only helping them to do what they would instinctively do anyhow if there was not a human being

within ten miles. Plenty of practice and reasonable attention to whistle or horn are about all you add to what is born in them.

Separate stakes are generally provided for hounds of thirteen inches and under, and for those between thirteen and fifteen inches. I'd rather have the little ones, but a novice would better begin with the larger size. As the natural tendency is to breed larger all the time, there is less difficulty in finding good hounds of near the fifteen-inch limit. Whether universal or not I can't say, but my own experience is that the larger specimens work more freely, are less likely to be sulky and shy—a besetting beagle sin—and are more intelligent.

In picking beagle pups, you must not be turned away by first evidences of sulkiness and shyness. Beagle character has its peculiarities. Some of the little chaps are as friendly and jolly as spaniels. Some are suspicious and averse to human attentions. Which are going to be the better workers you cannot tell. The jolly ones are often quitters when work begins. The sour are as often the keenest, surest trailers. Give them all a chance. It doesn't take much money or space to keep twenty beagles until you can weed out what falls below the standard.

When we mention weeding out we get to a cardinal principle which applies to our operations in bench show or field trial lines. I won't say drown, though that is the strict dog man's rule, but you must unhesitatingly get rid of undesirable puppies or inferior adults. Give them to friends who need pets; send them out in the backwoods where they will never be again heard from; anything, so you don't keep them. While winning is not the sole or chief object of sport, you must do your best to win, or be a fool. No man should put down a dog which has not a respectable chance to be favorably considered by the judges. Buy the best, if you can buy only one. Breed to the best if you can afford to breed only once a year. Instantly discard a failure. Take some trouble to go where the best are in competition. If you don't know, and are dependent on advice, don't swallow the first book you see, or the first article in a dog paper. It is often just writing, with nothing behind it except that very easy thing called thought. Some men who really know get run away with when they write. Such men write lots of stuff they don't mean. Knock around with professionals or canny amateurs. Remember that the cleverest will be slowest to talk, on an average. The man who talks all over a subject on short acquaintance with it is a good fellow to pass on to somebody else who likes to kill time.

In other words, pick them right and play it straight.



ARTHUR GOODRICH

Author of *THE BALANCE OF POWER*, whose article, "A Day with a Devonshire Farmer," appears in this issue of *THE OUTING MAGAZINE*.



"When Drake saw for the first time the waters
of the South Sea."

Drawing for "The Buccaneers" by N. C. Wyeth.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



THE LONG LABRADOR TRAIL

THE COMPACT WITH HUBBARD FULFILLED

BY DILLON WALLACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

III

THE time for action had come. Our canoes were loaded near the wharf, we said good-bye to Cotter and a group of native trapper friends, and as we took our places in the canoes and dipped our paddles into the waters that were to carry us northward the Post flag was run up on the flagpole as a salute and farewell, and we were away. We soon rounded the point, and Cotter and the trappers and the Post were lost to view. Duncan was to follow later in the evening in his rowboat with some of our outfit which we left in his charge.

Silently we paddled through the "little lake." The clouds hung somber and dull with threatening rain, and a gentle breeze wafted to us now and again a bit of fragrance from the spruce-covered hills above

us. Almost before I realized it we were at the rapid. Away to the westward stretched Grand Lake, deep and dark and still, with the rugged outline of Cape Corbeau in the distance.

Tom Blake and his family, one and all, came out to give us the whole-souled, hospitable welcome of "The Labrador." Even Atikamish, the little Indian dog that Mackenzie used to have, but which he had given to Tom when he left Northwest River, was on hand to tell me in his dog language that he remembered me and was delighted to see me back. Here we would stay for the night—the last night for months that we were to sleep in a habitation of civilized man.

The house was a very comfortable little log dwelling containing a small kitchen, a larger living-room which also served as a sleeping-room, and an attic which was the



"We reached the farther shore of the second lake."

boys' bedroom. The house was comfortably furnished, everything clean to perfection, and the atmosphere of love and home that dwelt here was long remembered by us while we huddled in many a dreary camp during the weeks that followed.

Duncan did not come that night, and it was not until ten o'clock the next morning (June twenty-seventh) that he appeared. Then we made ready for the start. Tom and his young son Henry announced their intention of accompanying us a short distance up Grand Lake in their small sailboat. Mrs. Blake gave us enough bread and buns, which she had baked especially for us, to last two or three days, and she gave us also a few fresh eggs, saying, "Twill be a long time before you has eggs again."

At half-past ten o'clock our canoes were afloat, farewell was said, and we were beyond the last fringe of civilization.

The morning was depressing and the sky was overcast with low-hanging, heavy clouds, but almost with our start, as if to give us courage for our work and fire our blood, the leaden curtain was drawn aside and the deep blue dome of heaven rose above us. The sun shone warm and bright, and the smell of the fresh damp forest, the incense of the wilderness gods, was carried to us by a puff of wind from the south which enabled Duncan to hoist his sails. The rest of us bent to our paddles, and all were eager to plunge into the unknown and solve the mystery of what lay beyond the horizon.

Our nineteen-foot canoe was manned by Pete in the bow, Stanton in the center and Easton in the stern, while I had the bow and Richards the stern of the eighteen-foot canoe. We paddled along the north shore of the lake, close to land. Stanton, with an eye for fresh meat, espied a porcupine near the water's edge and stopped to kill it, thus gaining the honor of having bagged the first game of the trip. At twelve o'clock we halted for luncheon, in almost the same spot where Hubbard and I had lunched when going up Grand Lake two years before. While Pete cooked bacon and eggs, Stanton and Richards dressed the porcupine for supper.

After luncheon we cut diagonally across the lake to the southern shore, passed Cape Corbeau River and landed near the base

of Cape Corbeau bluff, that the elevation might be taken and geological specimens secured. After making our observations we turned again toward the northern shore, where more specimens were collected. Here Tom and Henry Blake said good-bye to us and turned homeward, leaving us with a strange sense of loneliness.

During the afternoon Stanton and I each killed a porcupine, making three in all for the day—a good beginning in the matter of game.

At sunset we landed at Watty's Brook, a small stream flowing into Grand Lake from the north, and some twenty miles above the rapid. Our progress during the day had been slow, as the wind had died away and we had, several times, to wait for Duncan to overtake us in his slower rowboat.

While the rest of us "made camp" Duncan cut wood for a rousing fire, as the evening was cool, and Pete put a porcupine to boil for supper. We were a hungry crowd when we sat down to eat. I had told the boys how good porcupine was, how it resembled lamb and what a treat we were to have. But all porcupines are not alike, and this one was not within my reckoning. Tough! He was certainly "the oldest inhabitant," and after vain efforts to chew the leathery meat, we turned in disgust to bread and coffee, and Easton, at least, lost faith forever in my judgment of toothsome game, and formed a particular prejudice against porcupines which he never overcame. Pete assured us, however, that, "This porcupine, he must boil long. I boil him some more to-night and boil him some more to-morrow morning. Then he very good for breakfast. Porcupine fine. Old one must be cooked long."

So Pete, after supper, put the porcupine on to cook some more, promising that we should find it nice and tender for breakfast.

As I sat that night by the low-burning embers of our first camp-fire I forgot my new companions. Through the gathering night mists I could just discern the dim outlines of the opposite shore of Grand Lake. It was over there, just west of that high spectral bluff, that Hubbard and I, on a wet July night two years before, had pitched our first camp of the other trip. In fancy I was back again in that camp

and Hubbard was talking to me and telling me of the "bully story" of the mystic land of wonders that lay "behind the ranges" he would have to take back to the world.

"We're going to traverse a section no white man has ever seen," he exclaimed, "and we'll add something to the world's knowledge of geography at least, and that's worth while. No matter how little a man may add to the fund of human knowledge it's worth the doing, for it's by little bits that we've learned to know so much of our old world. There's some hard work before us, though, up there in those hills, and some hardships to meet."

Ah, if we had only known!

Some one said it was time to "turn in," and I was brought suddenly to a sense of the present, but a feeling of sadness possessed me when I took my place in the crowded tent, and I lay awake long, thinking of those other days.

Clear and crisp was the morning of June twenty-eighth. The atmosphere was bracing and delightful, the azure of the sky above us shaded to the most delicate tints of blue at the horizon, and, here and there, bits of clouds, like bunches of cotton, flecked the sky. The sun broke grandly over the rugged hills, and the lake, like molten silver, lay before us.

A fringe of ice had formed during the night along the shore. We broke it and bathed our hands and faces in the cool water, then sat down in a circle near our camp-fire to renew our attack upon the porcupine, which had been sending out a most delicious odor from the kettle where Pete had it cooking. But alas for our expectations! Our teeth would make no im-

pression upon it, and Easton remarked that "the rubber trust ought to hunt porcupines, for they are a lot tougher than rubber and just as pliable."

"I don't know why," said Pete sadly, "I boil him long time."

That day we continued our course along the northern shore of the lake until we reached the deep bay which Hubbard and I had failed to enter and explore on the other trip, and which failure had resulted so tragically. This bay is some five miles from the westerly end of Grand Lake, and is really the mouth of the Nascaupee and Crooked Rivers which flow into the upper end of it. There was little or no wind and we had to go slowly to permit Duncan, in his rowboat, to keep pace with us. Night was not far off when we reached Duncan's tilt (a small log hut), three miles up the Nascaupee River, where we stopped for the night.

This is the tilt in which Allen Goudy and Duncan lived at the time they came to my rescue in 1903, and where I spent three days getting strength for my trip down Grand Lake to the Post. It is Duncan's supply base in the winter months when he hunts along the Nascaupee River, one hundred and twenty miles inland to Seal Lake. On this hunting "path" Duncan has two hundred and fifty marten and forty fox traps, and, in the spring, a few bear traps besides.

The country has been burned here. Just below Duncan's tilt is a spruce-covered island, but the mainland has a stunted new growth of spruce, with a few white birch, covering the wreck of the primeval forest that was flame swept thirty odd



Hudson's Bay Company Post at Northwest River.

years ago. Over some considerable areas no new growth to speak of has appeared, and the charred remains of the dead trees stand stark and gray, or lie about in confusion upon the ground, giving the country a particularly dreary and desolate appearance.

The morning of June twenty-ninth was overcast and threatened rain, but toward evening the sky cleared.

Progress was slow, for the current in the river here was very strong, and paddling or rowing against it was not easy. We had to stop several times and wait for Duncan to overtake us with his boat. Once he halted to look at a trap where he told us he had caught six black bears. It was nearly sunset when we reached the mouth of the Red River, nineteen miles above Grand Lake, where it flows into the Nascaupee from the west. This is a wide, shallow stream whose red-brown waters were quite in contrast to the clear waters of the Nascaupee.

Opposite the mouth of the Red River, and on the eastern shore of the Nascaupee, is the point where the old Indian trail was said to begin, and on a knoll some fifty feet above the river we saw the wigwam poles of an old Indian camp, and a solitary grave with a rough fence around it. Here we landed and awaited Duncan, who had stopped at another of his trapping tilts three or four hundred yards below. When he joined us a little later, in answer to my inquiry as to whether this was the beginning of the old trail, he answered, "'Tis where they says the Indians came out, and some of the Indians has told me so. I supposes it's the place, sir."

"But have you never hunted here yourself?" I asked.

"No, sir, I've never been in here at all. I travels right past up the Nascaupee. All I knows about it, sir, is what they tells me. I always follows the Nascaupee, sir."

Above us rose a high, steep hill covered for two-thirds of the way from its base with a thick growth of underbrush, but quite barren on top save for a few bunches of spruce brush.

The old trail, unused for eight or ten years, headed toward the hill and was quite easily traced for some fifty yards from the old camp. Then it disappeared completely in a dense undergrowth of willows, alders and spruce.

While Pete made preparation for our supper and Duncan unloaded his boat and hauled it up preparatory to leaving it until his return from the interior, the rest of us tried to follow the trail through the brush. But beyond where the thick undergrowth began there was nothing at all that, to us, resembled a trail. Finally, I instructed Pete to go with Richards and see what he could do while the rest of us made camp. Pete started ahead, forging his way through the thick growth. In ten minutes I heard him shout from the hillside, "He here—I find him," and saw Pete hurrying up the steep incline.

When Richards and Pete returned an hour later we had camp pitched and supper cooking. They reported the trail, as far as they had gone, very rough and difficult to follow. For some distance it would have to be cut out with an axe, and nowhere was it bigger than a rabbit run. Duncan rather favored going as far as Seal



"A chain of three or four small lakes marked our course."



"Duncan hoisted his sails."

Lake by the trail that he knew and which followed the Nascaupée. This trail he believed to be much easier than the long unused Indian trail, which was undoubtedly in many places entirely obscured and in any case extremely difficult to follow. I dismissed his suggestion, however, with little consideration. My object was to trace the old Indian trail and explore as much of the country as possible, and not to hide myself in an enclosed river valley. Therefore, I decided that next day we should scout ahead to the first water to which the trail led and cut out the trail where necessary. The work I knew would be hard, but we were expecting to do hard work. We were not on a summer picnic.

A rabbit which Stanton had shot and a spruce grouse that fell before Pete's pistol, together with what remained of our porcupine, hot coffee, and Mrs. Blake's good bread, made a supper that we ate with zest while we talked over the prospects of the trail. Supper finished, Pete carefully washed his dishes, then washed his dishcloth, which latter he hung upon a bough near the fire to dry. His cleanliness about his cooking was a revelation to me. I had never before seen a camp-man or guide so neat in this respect.

The real work of the trip was now to begin, the hard portaging, the trail finding and trail making, and we were to break the seal of a land that had, through the ages, held its secret from all the world, excepting the red man. This is what we were think-

ing of when we gathered around our campfire that evening, and filled and lighted our pipes and puffed silently while we watched the newborn stars of evening come into being one by one until the arch of heaven was aglow with the splendor of a Labrador night. And when we at length went to our bed of spruce boughs it was to dream of strange scenes and new worlds that we were to conquer.

IV

Next morning we scouted ahead and found that the trail led to a small lake some five and a half miles beyond our camp. For a mile or so the brush was pretty thick and the trail was difficult to follow, but beyond that it was comparatively well defined though exceedingly steep, the hill rising to an elevation of one thousand and fifty feet above the Nascaupée River in the first two miles. We had fifteen hundred pounds of outfit to carry upon our backs, and I realized that at first we should have to trail slowly and make several loads of it, for, with the exception of Pete, none of the men was in training. The work was totally different from anything to which they had been accustomed, and as I did not wish to break their spirits or their ardor, I instructed them to carry only such packs as they could walk under with perfect ease until they should become hardened to the work.

The weather had been cool and bracing,

but as if to add to our difficulties the sun now boiled down, and the black flies—"the devil's angels" some one called them—came in thousands to feast upon the newcomers and make life miserable for us all. Duncan was as badly treated by them as any of us, although he belonged to the country, and I overheard him swearing at a lively gait soon after the little beasts began their attacks.

"Why, Duncan," said I, "I didn't know you swore."

"I does, sir, sometimes—when things makes me," he replied.

"But it doesn't help matters any to swear, does it?"

"No, sir, but" (swatting his face) "damn the flies—it's easin' to the feelin's to swear sometimes."

On several occasions after this I heard Duncan "easin' his feelin's" in long and astounding bursts of profane eloquence, but he did try to moderate his language when I was within earshot. Once I asked him:

"Where in the world did you learn to swear like that, Duncan?"

"At the lumber camps, sir," he replied.

In the year I had spent in Labrador I had never before heard a planter or native of Groswater Bay swear. But this explained it. The lumbermen from "civilization" were educating them.

At one o'clock on July first, half our

outfit was portaged to the summit of the hill and we ate our dinner there in the broiling sun, for we were above the trees, which ended some distance below us. It was fearfully hot, a dead, suffocating heat, with not a breath of air moving, and some one asked what the temperature was.

"Eighty-seven in the shade, but no shade," Richards remarked as he threw down his pack and consulted the thermometer where I had placed it under a low bush. "I'll swear it's a hundred and fifty in the sun."

During dinner Pete pointed to the river far below us, saying, "Look! Indian canoe." I could not make it out without my binoculars, but with their aid discerned a canoe on the river, containing a solitary paddler. None of us, excepting Pete, could see the canoe without the glasses, at which he was very proud and remarked: "No findin' glass need me. See far, me. See long way off."

On other occasions, afterward, I had reason to marvel at Pete's clearness of vision.

It was John Ahsini in the canoe, as we discovered later when he joined us and helped Stanton up the hill with his last pack to our night camp on the summit. I invited John to eat supper with us and he accepted the invitation. He told us he was hunting "moshku" (bear) and was camped at the mouth of the Red River. He assured us that we would find no more hills



"Where he told us he had caught six black bears."



"The wigwam poles of an old Indian camp."

like this one we were on, and, pointing to the northward, said "Miami potagen" (good portage) and that we would find plenty "Atuk" (caribou), "Moshku" and "Mashumekush" (trout). After supper I gave John some "stemmo," and he disappeared down the trail to join his wife in their wigwam below.

We were all of us completely exhausted that night. Stanton was too tired to eat, and lay down upon the bare rocks to sleep. Pete stretched our tent wigwam fashion on some old Indian tepee poles, and, without troubling ourselves to break brush for a bed, we all soon joined Stanton in a dreamless slumber upon his rocky couch.

The night, like the day, was very warm, and when I aroused Pete at sunrise the next morning (July second) to get breakfast the mosquitoes were about our heads in clouds.

A magnificent panorama lay before us. Opposite, across the valley of the Nascauppee, a great hill, held its snow-tipped head high in the heavens. Some four miles

farther up to the northwest, the river itself, where it was choked with blocks of ice, made its appearance and threaded its way down to the southeast until it was finally lost in the spruce-covered valley. Beyond, bits of Grand Lake, like silver settings in the black surrounding forest, sparkled in the light of the rising sun. Away to the westward could be traced the rushing waters of the Red River making their course down through the sandy ridges that enclose its valley. To the northward lay a great undulating wilderness, the wilderness that we were to traverse. It was Sunday morning, and the holy stillness of the day engulfed our world.

When Pete had the fire going and the kettle singing I roused the boys and told them we would make this, our first Sunday in the bush, an easy one, and simply move our camp forward to a more hospitable and sheltered spot by a little brook a mile up the trail, and then be ready for the "tug of war" on Monday.

In accordance with this plan, after eating our breakfast we each carried a light pack to our new camping ground, and there pitched our tent by a tiny brook that trickled down through the rocks. While Stanton cooked dinner, Pete brought forward a second pack. After we had eaten, Richards suggested to Pete that they take the fish net ahead and set it in the little lake which was still some two and a half miles farther on the trail. They had just returned when a terrific thunder-storm broke upon us, and every moment we expected the tent to be carried away by the gale that accompanied the downpour of rain. It was then that Richards remembered that he had left his blankets to dry upon the tepee poles at the last camp. The rain ceased about five o'clock, and Duncan volunteered to return with Richards and help him recover his blankets, which they found far from dry.

Mosquitoes, it seemed to me, were never so numerous or vicious as after this thunder-storm. We had head nets that were a protection from them generally, but when we removed the nets to eat, the attacks of the insects were simply insufferable, so we had our supper in the tent. As we smoked our pipes in silence I thought

of the first Sunday in camp with Hubbard on the Susan River, and what a comfort his Bible had been to him then and all through that terrible summer that followed; of the last camp where we said our final farewell on a stormy Sunday morning in October; of how I had read to him, before our parting, the fourteenth chapter of John, and his words when I had finished: "Thank you, b'y. Isn't that comforting? 'Let not your heart be troubled.'"

I told the boys the story, then I drew my Testament from my bag, and they were silent while I read to them the same chapter. It was surely a fitting selection for this first Sunday of our trip.

The rain cleared the atmosphere, and Monday, July third, was cool and delightful, and, with the exception of two or three showers, a perfect day. Camp was moved and our entire outfit portaged to the first small lake. Our net, which Pete and Richards had set the day before, yielded us nothing, but with my rod I caught enough trout for a sumptuous supper.

The following morning (July fourth) Pete and I, who arose at half-past four, had just finished preparing breakfast of fried pork, flapjacks and coffee, and I had gone to the tent to call the others, when Pete came rushing after me in great excitement, exclaiming, "Caribou! Rifle, quick!" He grabbed one of the 44's and rushed away and soon we heard *bang—bang—bang* seven times from up the lake shore. It was not long before Pete returned with a very humble bearing and crestfallen countenance, and without a word leaned the rifle against a tree and resumed his culinary operations.

"Well, Pete," said I, "how many caribou did you kill?"

"No caribou. Miss him," he replied.

"But I heard seven shots. How did you miss so many times?" I asked.

"Miss him," answered Pete. "I see caribou over there, close to water, run fast, try get lee side so he don't smell me. Water in way. Go very careful, make no noise, but he smell me. He hold his head up like this. He sniff, then he start. He go through trees very quick. See him, me, just little when he runs through trees. Shoot seven times. Hit him once, not much.

He runs far. No good follow. Not hurt much, maybe, goes very far."

"You had caribou fever, Pete," suggested Richards.

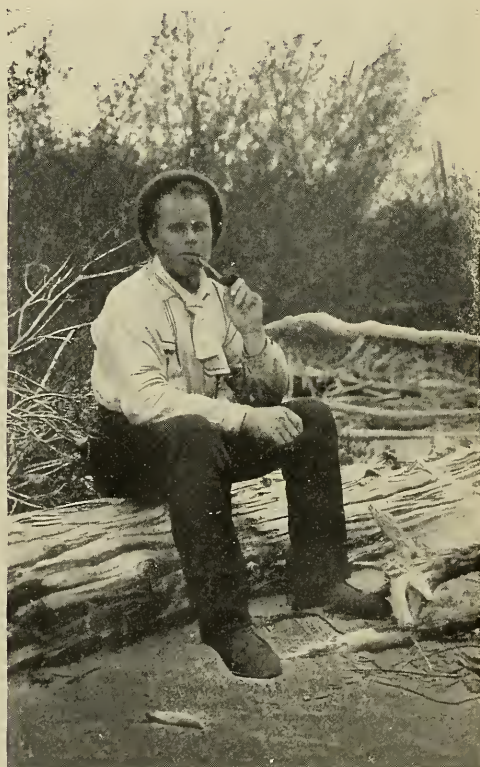
"Yes," said Easton, "caribou fever, sure thing."

"I don't believe you'd have hit him if he hadn't winded you," Stanton remarked. "The trouble with you, Pete, is you can't shoot."

"No caribou fever, me," rejoined Pete, with righteous indignation. "Kill plenty moose, kill red deer; never have moose fever, never have deer fever." Then turning to me he asked, "You want caribou, Mr. Wallace?"

"Yes," I answered, "I wish we could get some fresh meat, but we can wait a few days. We have enough to eat, and I don't want to take time to hunt now."

"Plenty signs. I get caribou any day you want him. Tell me when you want him, I kill him," Pete answered me, ignoring the criticisms of the others as to his marksmanship and hunting prowess



"'I suppose it's the place, sir,' said Duncan."



A bit of the Crooked River.

All that day and all the next the men let no opportunity pass to give Pete about his lost caribou, and on the whole he took the banter very good-naturedly, but once confided to me that "if those boys get up early, maybe they see caribou too and try how much they can do."

After breakfast Pete and I paddled to the other end of the little lake to pick up the trail while the others broke camp. In a little while he located it, a well-defined path, and we walked across it half a mile to another and considerably larger lake in which was a small, round, mound-like, spruce-covered island so characteristic of the Labrador lakes.

On our way back to the first lake Pete called my attention to a fresh caribou track in the hard earth. It was scarcely distinguishable, and I had to look very closely to make it out. Then he showed me other signs that I could make nothing of at all—a freshly turned pebble or broken twig. These, he said, were fresh deer signs. A caribou had passed toward the larger lake that very morning.

"If you want him, I get him," said Pete. I could see he felt rather deeply his failure of the morning and that he was anxious to redeem himself. I wanted to give him the opportunity to do so, especially as the young men, unused to deprivations, were beginning to crave fresh meat as a relief from the salt pork. At the same time, however, I felt that the fish we were pretty certain to get from

this time on would do very well for the present, and I did not care to take time to hunt until we were a little deeper into the country. Therefore I told him, "No, we will wait a day or two."

Pete, as I soon discovered, had an insatiable passion for hunting, and could never let anything in the way of game pass him without qualms of regret. Sometimes, where a caribou trail ran off plain and clear in the moss, it was hard to keep him from running after it. Nothing ever escaped his ear or eye. He had the trained senses and instincts of the Indian hunter. When I first saw him in New York he looked so youthful and evidently had so little confidence in himself, answering my question as to whether he could do this or that with an aggravating "I don't know," that I felt a keen sense of disappointment in him. But with every stage of our journey he had developed, and now was in his element. He was quite a different individual from the green Indian youth whom I had first seen walking timidly beside the railway conductor at the Grand Central Station in New York.

The portage between the lakes was an easy one and, as I have said, well defined, and we reached the farther shore of the second lake early in the afternoon. Here we found an old Indian camping ground covering several acres. It had evidently been at one time a general rendezvous of the Indians hunting in this section, as was indicated by the large number of wigwams



"We were a hungry crowd."

that had been pitched here. That was a long while ago, however, for the old poles were so decayed that they fell into pieces when we attempted to pick them up.

There was no sign of a trail leading from the old camp ground, and I sent Pete and Richards to circle the bush and endeavor to locate one that I knew was somewhere about, while I fished and Stanton and Duncan prepared an early supper. A little later the two men returned, unsuccessful in their quest. They had seen two or three trails, any of which might be our trail. Of course but one of them *could* be the right one.

This report was both perplexing and annoying, for I did not wish to follow for several days a wrong route and then discover the error when much valuable time had been lost.

I, therefore, decided that we must be sure of our position before proceeding, and, early the following morning (July fifth), dispatched Richards and Pete on a scouting expedition to a high hill some distance to the northeast that they might, from that viewpoint, note the general contour of the land and the location of any visible chain of lakes leading to the northwest through which the Indian trail might pass, and then endeavor to pick up the trail from one of these lakes, noting old camping grounds and other signs. Each carried some tea and some Erbswurst, a rifle, a cup at his belt and a compass as a precaution, in case they were

detained over night. When Pete took the rifle he held it up meaningly and said, "Fresh meat to-night. Caribou," and I could see that he was planning to make a hunt of it.

When they were gone, I took Easton with me and climbed another hill nearer camp, that I might get a panoramic view of the valley in which we were camped. From this vantage ground I could see, stretching off to the northward, a chain of three or four small lakes which, I concluded, though there was other water visible, undoubtedly marked our course. Far to the northwest was a group of rugged, barren, snow-capped mountains which were, perhaps, the "white hills," behind which the Indians had told us lay Seal Lake. At our feet, sparkling in the sunlight, spread the lake upon whose shores our tent, a little white dot amongst the green trees, was pitched. A bit of smoke curled up from our camp-fire, where I knew Stanton and Duncan were baking "squaw bread."

We returned to camp to await the arrival and report of Richards and Pete, and occupied the afternoon in catching trout which, though more plentiful than in the first lake, were very small.

Toward evening, when a stiff breeze blew in from the lake and cleared the black flies and mosquitoes away, Easton took a canoe out, stripped, and sprang into the water, while I undressed on shore and was in the midst of a most refreshing bath when, suddenly, the wind died away and



"Camp was moved . . . to the first small lake."

our tormentors came upon us in clouds. It was a scramble to get into our clothes again, but before I succeeded in hiding my nakedness from them, I was pretty severely wounded.

It was scarcely six o'clock when Richards and Pete walked into camp and proudly threw down some venison. Pete had kept his promise. On the lookout at every step for game, he had espied an old stag, and, together, he and Richards had stalked it, and it had received bullets from both their rifles. I shall not say to which hunter belonged the honor of killing the game. They were both very proud of it.

But best of all, they had found, to a certainty, the trail leading to one of the chain of little lakes which Easton and I had seen, and these lakes, they reported, took a course directly toward a larger lake, which they had glimpsed. I decided that this must be the lake of which the Indians at Northwest River had told us—Lake Nippishish (little water). This was very gratifying intelligence, as Nippishish was said to be nearly half way to Seal Lake, from where we had begun our portage on the Nascaupee.

What a supper we had that night of fresh venison, and new "squaw bread," hot from the pan!

In the morning we portaged our outfit two miles, and removed our camp to the second one of the series of lakes which Easton and I had seen from the hill, and the fourth lake after leaving the Nascaupee River. The morning was fearfully hot, and we floundered through marshes with heavy packs, bathed in perspiration, and fairly breathing flies and mosquitoes. Not a breath of air stirred, and the humidity and heat were awful. Stanton and Duncan remained to pitch the tent and bring up some of our stuff that had been left at the second lake, while Richards, Easton, Pete and I trudged three miles over the hills for the caribou meat which had been cached at the place where the animal was killed, Richards and Pete having brought with them only enough for two or three meals.

The country here was rough and broken, with many great boulders scattered over the hilltops. When we reached the cache we were ravenously hungry, and built a fire and had a very satisfying luncheon of

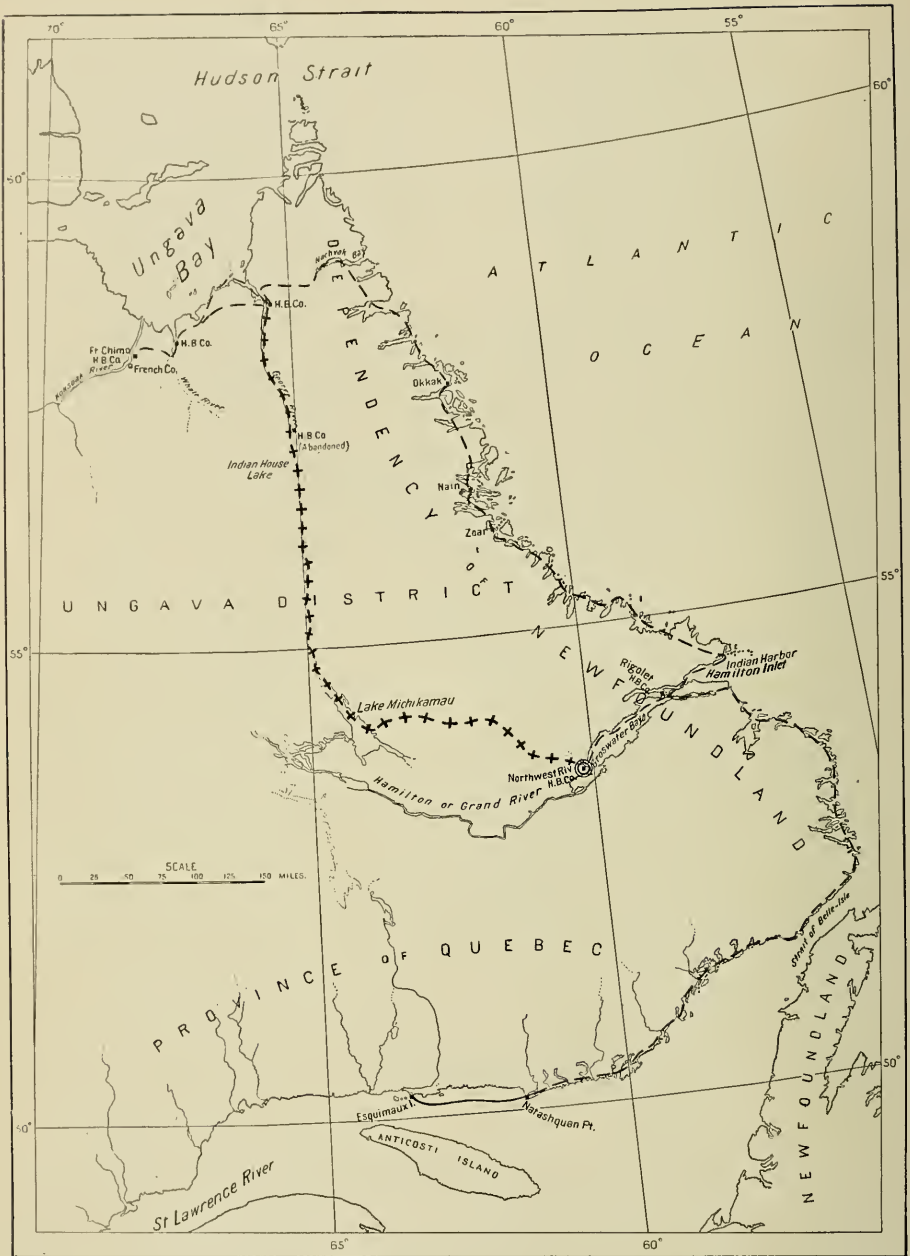
broiled venison steak and tea. We had barely finished our meal when heavy black clouds overcast the sky, and the wind and rain broke upon us in the fury of a hurricane. With the coming of the storm the temperature dropped fully forty degrees in half as many minutes, and in our dripping wet garments we were soon chilled and miserable. We hastened to cut the venison up and put it into packs, and with each a load of it, started homeward. On the way I stopped with Pete to climb a peak that I might have a view of the surrounding country and see the large lake to the northward which he and Richards had reported the evening before. The atmosphere was sufficiently clear by this time for me to see it, and I was satisfied that it was undoubtedly Lake Nippishish, as no other large lake had been mentioned by the Indians.

We hastened down the mountain and made our way through rain-soaked bushes and trees that showered us with their load of water at every step, and when at last we reached camp and I threw down my pack, I was too weary to change my wet garments for dry ones, and was glad to lie down, drenched as I was, to sleep until supper was ready.

None of our venison must be wasted. All that we could not use within the next day or two must be "jerked," that is, dried, to keep it from spoiling. To accomplish this we erected poles, like the poles of a wigwam, and suspended the meat from them, cut in thin strips, and in the center, between the poles, made a small, smoky fire to keep the greenbottle flies away, that they might not "blow" the venison, as well as to aid nature in the drying process.

All day on July seventh the rain poured down, a cold, northwest wind blew, and no progress was made in drying our meat. There was nothing to do but wait in the tent for the storm to clear.

When Pete went out to cook dinner I told him to make a little cornmeal porridge and let it go at that, but what a surprise he had for us when, a little later, dripping wet and hands full of kettles, he pushed his way into the tent! A steaming venison potpie, broiled venison steaks, hot fried bread dough, stewed prunes for dessert and a kettle of hot tea! All experi-



Map showing Dillon Wallace's trip by canoe, moccasin and dogsled in Labrador. (The journey was much longer than the scale indicates on account of the innumerable deviations from the general direction.)
 + By canoe and moccasin; - by snowshoe and dogsled; = by steamer.

enced campers in the north woods are familiar with the fried bread dough. It is dough mixed as you would mix it for squaw bread, but not quite so stiff, pulled out to

the size of your frying pan, very thin, and fried in swimming pork grease. In taste it resembles doughnuts. Hubbard used to call it "French toast." Our young men

had never eaten it before, and Richards, taking one of the cakes, asked Pete:

"What do you call this?"

"I don't know," answered Pete.

"Well," said Richards, with a mouthful of it, "I call it darn good."

"That's what we call him then," retorted Pete, "darn good."

And so the cakes were christened "darn-goods," and always afterward we referred to them by that name.

The forest fire which I have mentioned as having swept this country to the shores of Grand Lake some thirty-odd years ago, had been particularly destructive in this portion of the valley where we were now encamped. The stark dead spruce trees, naked skeletons of the old forest, stood all about, and that evening, when I stepped outside for a look at the sky and weather, I was impressed with the dreariness of the scene. The wind blew in gusts, driving the rain in sheets over the face of the hills and through the spectral trees, finally dashing it in bucketfuls against our tent.

The next forenoon, however, the sky cleared, and in the afternoon Richards and I went ahead in one of the canoes to hunt the trail. We followed the north shore of the lake to its end, then portaged twenty yards across a narrow neck into another lake, and keeping near the north shore of this lake also, continued until we came upon a creek of considerable size running out of it and taking a southeasterly course. Where the creek left the lake there was an old Indian fishing camp. It was out of the question that our trail should follow the valley of this creek, for it led directly away from our goal. We, therefore, returned and explored a portion of the north shore of the lake, which was very bare, boulder strewn, and devoid of vegetation for the most part—even moss.

Once we came upon a snow-bank in a hollow, and cooled ourselves by eating some of the snow. Our observations made it quite certain that the trail left the northern side of the second lake through a boulder-strewn pass over the hills, though there were no visible signs of it, and we climbed one of the hills in the hope of seeing lakes beyond. There were none in sight. It was too late to continue our search that day and we reluctantly returned to camp. Our failure was rather discouraging because it meant a further loss of time, and I had hoped that our route, until we reached Nippish at least, would lie straight and well defined before us.

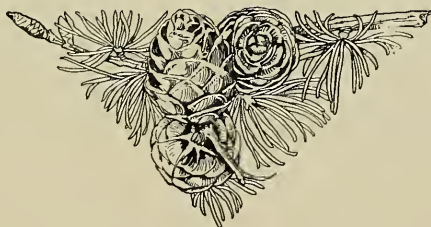
Sunday, July ninth, was comfortably cool, with a good, stiff breeze to drive away the flies. I dispatched Richards, with Pete and Easton to accompany him, to follow up our work of the evening before, and look into the pass through the hills, while I remained behind with Stanton and Duncan and kept the fire going under our venison.

I had expected that Duncan, with his experience in the country, would be of great assistance to us in locating the trail; but to my disappointment I discovered, soon after our start, that he was far from good even in following a trail when it was found, though he never got lost and could always find his way back, in a straight line, to any given point.

The boys came back toward evening and reported that beyond the hills, through the pass, lay a good-sized lake, and that some signs of a trail were found leading to it. This was what I had hoped for.

Our meat was now sufficiently dried to pack, and, anxious to be on the move again, I directed that on the morrow we should break camp and cross the hills to the lakes beyond.

(To be continued.)





"'Do you know,' said the dear boy, 'I have long had a secret theory that you are twenty.'"

Drawing by Howard Giles.

THE MAGIC OF ORCHARDS

BY ZONA GALE

DRAWING BY HOWARD GILES

"I HAVE always meant to try it," said Peleas, meditatively; "at all events ever since I have been old."

I looked up at his uncovered hair, silver in the late afternoon sun. Yes, strange though it sounded, there was no evading the epithet. Peleas was old—and I myself was, if not old, still past seventy.

"At what moment did you become old?" I asked him seriously; "I have always been longing to surprise some one on the instant of losing his youth, or of finding himself old—but really old. Would it not be wonderful, Peleas, to catch the very second when April becomes May, or spring says 'Now I'm summer'?"

"Ah, I know," agreed Peleas; "a clock ought to strike somewhere. One—two—three—now it's June. Four—five—six—now this apple-tree is at the very height of its bloom; or 'This is *the moment* of this rose.' Instead of which, Nature just lets you go along and go along. But they say there is a way to get 'round that, and I've always meant to try it."

I waited for what he would say next—ah, I hope that no one in the world is without the enchantment of a friend who constantly has curious, surprising, delicious things to suggest. For myself, my test of companionship is to have a friend of years still able to tell me bits of lore, wise sayings, wood-secrets, poignant incidents of which I had never suspected him. I had been married to Peleas several weeks before he chanced to let me know that he had a fantastic repertoire of figures to cut upon ice, on spring skates; and it was even after this revelation that I found him able to repeat half Theocritus and to make the most delicate omelettes over a camp-fire. So now, as the victoria turned down a grass-grown road bordered by high banks topped with box-alders, I thrilled at its

new vista of summer lines and depths no more than at what Peleas should say next. With another I might have feared announcement of a new venture in shoelacings or a change in florists; but Peleas did not disappoint me.

"The magic of orchards," he said.

"O Peleas!" I cried, "and what will that be?"

Peleas looked up at the coachman's back. We are constantly having to save the feelings of the man on the box—the waiter, the porter and the like—who would almost certainly believe us mad if he overheard our way of talk. Not that we mind being thought mad, nor do we court it; but we so heartily sympathize with the people whom, by their natures, we are obliged to exclude from certain sweet and necessary vagaries of ours.

"Nobody," explained Peleas, "can try this until he is old. Another reason for living a long time. But I'm told that it is an experiment that never fails—or fails only for artistic purposes, barely often enough to make it worth doing."

"Perfect," I agreed, having a great dislike for the certainties. There is only one certainty in the world that is not tiresome, and that is love; but this is such an uneasy certainty that one forgives it.

"Well then," imparted Peleas, "I am told that when one is past seventy, if he walks out in an orchard, in summer, at twilight, under a perfectly new moon he can, with three conditions, have back one hour of his youth."

"What a heavenly impossibility," said I; "one *must* believe it. Ah, Peleas!" I cried reproachfully, "why in the world haven't you told me before?" (For I have a theory that it is as well to believe all the impossible things as to be deceived in many of the possible things.) "And

what will the conditions be?" I demanded.

These Peleas checked off with a bough of japonica, in full bloom, which he had shamelessly begged from a door-yard.

"First," he said, "one must go to the orchard with somebody who would not be in the least surprised to see one become young again."

"Ah, well," said I, "that would surprise neither you nor me, in the least."

And this is the truth; for with the wizard ways of Nature I can see no reason for not expecting phenomena instead of consistencies, and no departure of outdoors would amaze me.

"Second," said Peleas, "one has to use the hour in some fashion to pay back the orchard, or Nature, or some of them for the gift."

"But that would be very much simpler," I murmured, "than trying to repay most kindnesses."

"And third," finished Peleas, "one must know how to say the right word to start the spell."

"That should not be so very difficult," I said, "with all the beautiful words in the world. I daresay the right one will be 'quince,' or 'mystery,' or perhaps 'Pendragon.'"

"I think I would risk 'Marathon,'" said Peleas, musingly. "I fancy Aladdin might have found twice as many jewels in the cave if only he had said 'Marathon' instead of 'Sesame.'"

"But then," I suggested, "think how much more important the magic of orchards would be than a mere cave of jewels. O Peleas," I added, "Miss Lillieblade has a wonderful orchard."

"Ah, yes, of course," recollected Peleas with a sigh. "We are about to pay a visit, are we not?"

Yet we are very fond of Miss Wilhelmina Lillieblade, to whose place in Westchester we had come for a week's end; and as we rolled up the broad earthen drive, guiltless of gravel, and saw the man on the box stoop to evade the tender, brushing chestnuts, and caught a glimpse of white pillars and cool awnings and a tea-table before a wide hall door, we were reconciled even to that risk of risks, a visit. When Miss "Willie" Lillieblade came out to greet us, silver-gray hair, silver-gray

dimity, little black bead eyes twinkling, we felt that we had acted very wisely to answer her summons.

I am wont to say that Miss Willie has an air of spiced cordial. She is not only a friend who sometimes surprises you: she is one who offers you surprises by way of commonplace; and Peleas once said that her very idea of the conversational foot-hills is mountainous, not to say volcanic.

"Etarre!" she cried breathlessly to me, "Lionel has just telephoned that he is motoring out to dinner—with four others in the car. Shall you mind?"

"My dear," said I, "don't look so hunted. They will amuse me beyond every one. Who are they?"

"A man and a woman celebrity, and a lady and a gentleman," explained Miss Lillieblade, acidly. "The woman celebrity is the star in 'Chiffon.' I'm afraid Lionel is in love with her. She is a terrible little creature with her hair in italics and her gowns in capitals. Lionel wants me to meet her."

I took my cup in silence, and while Miss Lillieblade went on about demerits I sat sipping my tea and looking out over the heaven of that summer valley, sunk in the sense of afternoon. It is hard to fix one's attention on affairs of lesser importance when town is left behind and the world of the true outdoors is fairly catching at one's sleeve for attention. I love these heavenly importunities, this lure of a shaded place that besieges you to come and sit there. I protest that when I see a bench under a sycamore in a garden I feel exactly like a child with a kitten, for I cannot turn away. While I sipped my tea I saw such a bench, with a scarf of honeysuckle on its arm and a bed of sweet-o'-lips near at hand. And though I did my best to fix my attention on this matter of Lionel and the star of "Chiffon," I kept mixing his love with that scarf of honeysuckle, and Miss Lillieblade's fear with sweet-o'-lips. I do remember thinking of Miss Lillieblade's grand-nephew Lionel as I had last seen him—a fresh-faced, eager, buoyant lad, his eyes alight with the certainty that he was born to make little songs about the world and so on; and I grieved at the change of manner at which Miss Lillieblade so plainly hinted. And I fell

to wondering whether, being a meddling old woman, I might not in some interfering fashion be able to help him; and then my eyes were taken with the certainty of the glimpse of orchard one would have from the honeysuckle bench, and my thought, a very light-o'-love for the sake of the summer, forthwith fled away in pursuit of what Peleas had told me of any orchard's magic. When one is past seventy it is so much easier to dream than to think.

At length, when the sun-dial warned us—how much better to be warned by a sundial than threatened by a clock—we went away upstairs to our cool, white-painted rooms. I was stirred to such pleasant folly by the sweet of the country air and the unwonted ways of its quiet that I drew from my traveling bag a gown painted with pale hydrangeas, most absurd for age and yet eminently fitted to the joyousness of the day. I hardly dared look at myself in the mirror, for it was a gown that I wore only on home-evenings with Peleas, and I have never known what unbidden impulse led me to choose it for that night. And though I was secretly happy to see it sweep mistily about me on the stair, yet I was thankful, as I emerged upon the veranda in the beginning of the twilight, that attention was persuaded from my gaudiness by the snort and tug of a motor and the shrill trail of its warning horn prefacing Lionel's car at the park entrance. I remember that as I slipped behind a friendly hibiscus tree, in sudden confusion at my gay, flowered muslin, I felt myself, as Miss Lillieblade had said of her expected guest, gowned in capitals.

If I had cherished a hope that the lady of "Chiffon" might not fill Miss Lillieblade's prophecy of her, that hope was the evidence that I had not seen her. She was so gay that her very gravity was like the gayness of another. She had an insistent laugh that forbade the talk until she had done, upward intonations which incessantly claimed one's assent, and she had heavy lids and even teeth and a broad nose, and her presence moved among us like a rough wind from another climate. There was, her thin and peaked tone explained to us, another car expected—they had broken down a mile away; dear Miss Lillieblade would not mind keeping dinner?

"By no means," said Miss Lillieblade,

gravely. "Dinner is a feast, and is not a feast always kept?"

And "How subtle! You must be very metaphysical!" chimed in the lady, like bells that one has accidentally struck.

As for myself, this lady of "Chiffon" was forcing me from the veranda no more poignantly than the twilight was calling me. As soon as might be, having greeted Lionel and avoided the others, I escaped behind a row of potted trees, down the steps, across the lawn in the safe twilight, and away to the stone bench that had beckoned me in the afternoon, waiting there under the sycamore. There I sank down gratefully, for the scarf of honeysuckle was fragrant in the dark, as if it had lain long among the secret spices of the earth; and the bed of sweet-o'-lips glowed in a blur of dim-distinguishable rose.

What a dusk had begun! One would have said that, with the coming of that twilight, a bell must have been struck somewhere, as Peleas had suggested: "One—two—three—now begins the most wonderful gloaming in the world." Images flowed one within another, until it mattered very little to the watcher which was fountain and which was rose-tree, they were so alike. I daresay that it will be that way in broad daylight, in Heaven.

So I sat quietly, thankful for "such a night," when, without my having heard his step on the lawn, Lionel was beside me.

"Aunt Etarre," he cried in that voice of youth which I protest is more like the voice of Nature than is Nature's very silence, "Aunt Etarre"—so he has called me from his little boyhood—"let us walk a little; are you tired? Have we time before dinner? Come, a walk with me before the other car gets here—please!"

"Give me the gift of twilight to walk in and the surprise of a bird stirring in a thicket," I quoted to myself, "and you may have the chest of rubies, unsmouldering in the dark." And "So," I thought, as I rose willingly enough, "not only does the dusk descend to amuse me, but here is a lover who would sing to me of his lady."

And so the lover would. We walked through the sweet of the old-fashioned garden—a place where all flowers, and even weeds of blunt intelligence, must

have grown with delight. Miss Lillieblade is a famous gardener, and not even her statistics about her vegetables or her knowledge of the pedigree of her roses can detract from her garden's witchery.

There Lionel talked to me of his lady, but not as I had thought. For instead of a psalm of praise, he poured out to me a veritable lover's plaint of the griefs of love, of the inconstancy of his lady, of his own despair, and, as I could see, though he did not, of dissatisfaction with the whole wretched business of his infatuation for the star of "Chiffon." Yet I daresay that he fancied himself to be only luxuriously confiding to me a very picturesque affair of which he seemed not a little proud. But I knew well enough, and my heart ached for him.

"She is so full of life and the love of life," he kept asserting, like an argument. "She loves the woods and all beauty——"

"Ah, does she?" said I suddenly, "and would she like to come out here, for example, and sit for hours in this garden—*all alone?*"

I smiled as I asked it. I think that I can, without long acquaintanceship, distinguish those who love the companionship of outdoors and those who are merely alive to its values as a background.

At length, having penetrated the garden, we crossed a lawn to a low wall showing faintly in the deepening dusk; and Lionel unlatched a little wicket gate, made like the cover of an ancient treasure basket, and held it wide for me to pass. As I did so I saw that we had left the house a distance behind and were entering the orchard.

To me, as life grows late, an orchard becomes more of an expression of myself than is a wood. The loneliness and aloofness of a wood terrify me not a little, but the intimacy of an orchard is the sweetest reassurance. A wood is like a wonderful stranger; an orchard is like a dear friend. A wood is a stately salon; an orchard is a cheery, gossipy kitchen—something is always being done in orchards, fruit is getting made, virtue is going out of the bark.

"An orchard always makes me want to keep house under the trees," exclaimed Lionel suddenly. "See there—what a place for the best room! And there might

be the library—between those two trees, with the lowest boughs for bookshelves."

I nodded the grateful affirmation which I always feel when some one understands that outdoors is not merely outdoors, but a place as filled with personality as is a cathedral. I felt the long grass yield, I heard the sweep of my flowered skirts upon it—really, the gown was not so amiss here in the orchard!—I smelt the rich, odorous fruit ripe for the picking, within the leaves, and, on a sudden, I looked down an aisle of gnarled trees to the pale west and I saw the little new moon. And then I stood still and remembered; I remembered Peleas' words of the afternoon:

"I am told that when one is past seventy, if one walks out in an orchard in summer, at twilight, under a perfectly new moon, he can, under three conditions, have back one hour of his youth."

I do not know what Lionel may have been saying—I, whose chief use in life is to listen to confidences and withhold advice! What were the conditions, the three conditions that Peleas had named? Ah, and if any one thinks me a little mad I delight in the charge. For if there be any possibility, however mad, whereby one may win back an hour of his youth, I cry scorn to the unimaginative Old who would not give it trial. Who could prove that if one of seventy or thereabouts went into a summer orchard *with the right word on his lips* Youth might not for one brief, sweet moment visibly return, and one might not know, through all one's tired being, its pulses and its heights? No one could possibly disprove it—I most happily defy any one to disprove it even now! As for me I believe so heartily in all the wonder of the world that I think no radiant phenomenon could surprise me. In a fine excitement I bent my energies to remembering what one must do to make trial of the magic of orchards. And at that very moment I heard Lionel saying:

"Aunt Etarre, you look like the spirit of the place—my Lady Demeter, come to taste of her trees."

"Demeter was young, Lionel," I protested in unfeigned sadness.

"I know it, dear," assented Lionel. "She couldn't help it. Neither can you. Do you know," said the dear boy, "I have

long had a secret theory that you are twenty."

And at that Peleas' words came back to me.

"First," he had said, "*one must go to an orchard with some one who would not be in the least surprised to see one become young again.*"

And here was Lionel actually insisting on my youth! Besides, I knew Lionel to be one of the adorable few who could almost certainly have come upon Pan on a hillside without one throb of fear. So then—one had only, according to Peleas, to pay one's debt "to the orchard, or Nature, or some of them" for that hour of youth, and to be able to say the word that should break the spell, in order to be, for one hour, young—young—young again. I smiled at my wandering fancy even as I indulged it, and a fancy must be very wild indeed to deserve my smile. What was the word, I wondered; what was the word that would break the spell and would prove if such things indeed be? But even if the word came to me, whatever could I do to pay back my debt for such magic as that?

I looked at Lionel standing under an apple-tree, one arm thrown across a burdened branch, his face uplifted, his pure profile against the pure gold of the west. How I loved his young strength, the young eagerness, the young hope! And suddenly the memory of the insistent laugh of the lady of "Chiffon" besieged me, of the upward intonations, the dreadful gayety, the presence of her, like a rough wind from another climate. If only I could make him see! If only I could make him see her for one moment as she was! Ah, *there* would be the paying of my debt for an hour of such magic as I dreamed, and there would be reason enough for the coming of such magic into the world. And straightway I protest, being a very stupid old woman, who can entertain but one fancy at a time, my desire for youth for its own sake quite deserted me, and I became possessed only of a passionate wish for youth, an hour of youth to try to make Lionel see the pit in the path he was choosing. Does that seem to youth a gray pastime for youth? Ah, but when life grows late and the days are colorless then, it may be, such pastimes have at length all the gold of adventure and the glamour of any quest.

"Ah, Jove!" cried Lionel suddenly; "Aunt Etarre, what do you think I have in my pocket?"

With infinite pains, for all his boy's eagerness, he drew something forth from within his coat, and when I saw it I was fain to gasp with delight and astonishment. For he showed me two long, black, divergent musical pipes, fitted to a single mouth-piece, and fashioned like the pipes of the young Pan or of the ancient shepherds under the lime-trees of Cos and the oaks of Himera.

"Lionel!" I cried, "wherever did you get them?"

"A fellow brought them to me," explained Lionel. "I jabbed a hole in my pocket so they'd go down the lining. Aren't they immense? They aren't old, you know—they make 'em for you in Sicily, while you wait. But—" he blew a soft note, long and immeasurably sweet, "wouldn't that fairly make one go a-shepherding?" he asked exultantly. "What a place to have them—here in the orchard! I can show you a little how they go," he added, and stood erect under the shadowy tree, and set the pipes to his lips.

Oh, and it was sweet—sweet like the forgotten wind of old days, wind that caught the sound of pipings "down the valleys wild" in far lands of sun, when the world was young, and the nightingale sang from the thicket and "Spring, the thrice-desirable," walked delicately abroad. It was as if a strain from the music of a Sicilian night crept down the orchard. I listened breathlessly, and it was half as if the dimming orchard, and the golden fruit yet warm from the sun, and the paling west and the little moon were some way a part of me, and listened breathless, too. So I cannot tell whether what I heard was in the air that Lionel was fashioning—whether he knew that he played it or whether, indeed, some remembered harmony of those ancient, enchanted days found its way to the pipes of its own accord, but I protest that suddenly there sounded such a strain of unearthly beauty in his simple melody that it caught at my heart like a tender hand. It was an air, not alone like the measures of my own youth, but like the youth of the race, the youth of the world, the youth of the singing stars. And then I knew the word—

I knew the word that would break the spell. How else should one be young than by thinking of youth, dreaming of youth, feeling youth in the heart of him, admitting nothing but youth to the currents of his blood?

"Youth!" I said to myself, and barely above my quick breath—"the word is youth!"

As we turned I put my hand to my hair in swift trepidation. Where was my lavender cap? Not on my head—and I must certainly have worn it in the garden. And did I fancy it, or was my hair thick and soft as it used to be—and oh, was it brown? I could not tell if it were indeed brown, but assuredly it was magically luxuriant. What of this sudden exultation that had come upon me, these pulses of summer, this intoxicating sense of being at one with all the joyous hour? Youth, youth! I cried to myself; what might it be but youth, come to me for the one miraculous hour of Paradise? I dared not look down at my hands, but I slipped them among the folds of my skirts, for they would have told the truth. But the little ring of pearls that Peleas had set there when I was twenty had not grown old, and how should the hands be old? I felt the breath of the orchard on my mouth, the brush of leaves all about me, the piping of the song of the youth of all things in my ears, and I was young again—I say that I was young, with a draught of the nectar of the high gods.

I held out my hand to Lionel and touched my finger tips to my flowered skirts. He understood, and caught my hand and, the pipes still set to his lips, paced with me down the dim aisle of the trees. We seemed to know the simple, stately measure as if we had danced it all our days—a measure that went trippingly and yet with all the delicacy of a thing not danced, but remembered. We turned, and bowed, and stepped from each other, the soft grass yielding, my flowery skirts trailing and sweeping mistily about me; and when we faced the garden we were in shadow, but when we turned toward the west the pale light was in our eyes and we saw the crescent of the moon trembling above the fruit of the topmost boughs. And now I stepped within the shadow of a tree, and now he gravely met me on its other side,

and we paced deeper in the green arcade, and returned to the grassy aisle, and touched hands, and went forward to a merrier note. But to me there seemed no incongruity in the moment, and this is the test of the heights of all experience—and of all madness.

"Lionel," I said, "this is the way they did when the world was young and when there was nothing of it but the outdoors."

He nodded, piping.

"This is the way," I went on, "that we should all do, if the world were all made of outdoors now, and nothing else."

He sounded a gay little note that seemed to me to signify his supreme willingness.

"But in that case," said I boldly, "we should have to make over half the people of the world. Not—not all of us could belong in such a picture as this, Lionel. Some of us," said I in spite of myself, "would seem, in this orchard, like a rough wind from another climate."

I hesitated, wondering greatly how in the world I could make him see that, just as the star of "Chiffon" would be a rough wind there in the orchard, so she would be in all his life.

"After all," I said, standing opposite him in the twilight, "after all, Lionel, women do not change. Custom and civilization vary, but the heart of a woman never changes. As they were long ago in Sicily, as they are in every woman's youth, so they remain. And you can always test them. If I were a man, in love with a woman, do you know how I could tell whether she were the eternal woman, the one woman?"

"How?" asked Lionel; and he had stopped his piping.

"Test her by the outdoors," said I. "She may be glittering and splendid in a drawing-room, she may be adorable at dinner, and perfect at a ball; but when she is outdoors under a blue sky there may be something—her laugh, her artificiality, the very flush on her cheeks—that will make you ashamed."

I held my breath; for it was as if I had painted the very picture of the star of "Chiffon," a splash of crude color on the evenly meted dusk.

"In my youth," I said, "these things were not so difficult. A lady at her loom,

before her embroidery frame, in a minuet, at the spinnet, or, let us say, a-Maying—she was not to be mistaken. We went about our tasks with a difference. We painted, we wove, we washed the china and whitened the silver and brewed the punch and listened to our elders. And that was because the land was yet young and there was something of the outdoors left in all our hearts. But now when a thousand walls have shut us in, we must drag one another back to Nature by force before we know the truth about ourselves. And with all the best of us the outdoors shows us true; and with all the worst of us it shows us false. Will you prove *her* so?" I cried, and I was amazed at my own daring; surely, surely the daring of youth was in my veins. "Will you prove her so, Lionel?" I cried.

He came a step nearer and looked down at me without speaking.

"When I was young—" I began, tremulously.

The twilight had deepened so that I could hardly see his face; I was frightened at my own words, and I kept my hands clasped tightly behind me, my fingers on the little worn ring of pearls that Peleas had slipped there when I was twenty. If I were to look at my hands I should know the truth—yet if that little ring were not old how should the hands be old?

"When I was young," I said, "I think there was something of the outdoors left in all our hearts."

"So there is now," said Lionel suddenly and caught and kissed my hand. So I knew that he had understood all that I had tried to tell him.

"Lionel," I said, with infinite tenderness, "I know all about it. I feel as if I had been given back an hour of my youth to tell you that I do know. I have been very bold to speak of her," I said, trembling, "but I don't think—I don't think, Lionel, that the outdoors would approve *her*, nor would the orchard," I added, "on such a night." But you must forgive me."

He put out his hands with an inarticulate cry.

"Who are you?" he said, almost with a sob, "you don't speak to me like Aunt Etarre. You don't understand *her*. You don't—"

"I know, I know," I answered sadly.

He rushed away from me, up the path—poor boy, his pipes silent in his hand. When I had followed sorrowfully, grieving for the old-new ache of the heart, I came to the little wicket gate, like the cover of an ancient treasure-basket, and there I found Peleas waiting for me. Then I remembered what wonderful thing had happened to me, and how my youth had come upon me, and I hurried to him wistfully—for I had longed, so many times, not to grow old in his eyes.

"Peleas," I whispered him, "Peleas—look at me!"

He looked, and took my hand, and bent to kiss me; but there was no surprise in his face.

"Peleas," I cried, "but how do I look?"

"Like a girl, Etarre," he said; but still there was in his face no surprise.

We went through the old-fashioned garden toward the house, and I was silent with marveling. We reached the steps, and I heard the voices of the others in the hall, and I knew that in a moment I must know the truth. I touched my hair—the lavender cap was not there; but still I would not look at my hands, for they would tell me the truth. I took Peleas' arm and mounted to the veranda, and turned to him eagerly as we stepped within the lighted cave of the hallway.

"You look like a girl to-night, Etarre," said Peleas again. But neither in his face nor in his tender voice was there any surprise.

"'Chiffon' has gone to Australia," said Miss Lillieblade two months later, in town.

"And where is Lionel?" I asked with interest.

"Back in college, like a white man and unlike a poet," said Miss Lillieblade, with reminiscent bitterness.

When she was gone Peleas looked at me fixedly.

"Etarre," he said, "speaking of Lionel, and that week-end at Miss Willie's house in Westchester—"

"Yes," said I innocently.

"Did you ever try the magic of that orchard?" he asked.

"Yes," I confessed, "I did. Did you, Peleas?"

"I did," he admitted, "one night—"

when I waited for you by the little wicket gate. I suspected it was what you were doing."

"And did it—did it come true, Peleas?" I asked eagerly.

"Ah, well now, did it?" he parried. "You saw me."

We were silent for a moment, smiling into each other's eyes.

"If you take youth with you into an orchard or into a market-place, for that matter," said Peleas, "I suppose there always *will* be magic, will there not?"

That seemed most reasonable, even for magic.

"But," I said lingeringly, for I liked well my old fancy, "where was my lavender cap, Peleas?"

We both knew that many an argument of reason has been overthrown by no more valid an objection. And we both have a theory that it is as well to believe all the impossible things as to be deceived in many of those that are possible.

"Besides," said Peleas, "we are young to each other. And that is magic enough."

THERE'S MUSIC IN MY HEART TO-DAY

BY LLOYD ROBERTS

There's music in my heart to-day;
 The Master-hand is on the keys,
 Calling me up to the windy hills
 And down to the purple seas.

Let Time draw back when I hear that tune—
 Old to the soul when the stars were new—
 And swing the doors to the four great winds,
 That my feet may wander through.

North or South, and East or West;
 Over the rim with the bellied sails,
 From the mountains' feet to the empty plains,
 Or down the silent trails—

It matters not which door you choose;
 The same clear tune blows through them all,
 Though one heart leaps to the grind of seas,
 And one to the rain-bird's call.

However you hide in the city's din
 And drown your ears with its siren songs,
 Some day steal in those thin, wild notes,
 And you leave the foolish throngs.

God grant that the day will find me not
 When the tune shall mellow and thrill in vain—
 So long as the plains are red with sun,
 And the woods are black with rain.

ALONG THE STUBBLES

CHAUNCEY BAGS A CHICKEN

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

IN the golden world of the September stubbles all the air snapped and crackled with the frost; and there at the edge of the landscape was the sun of a cloudless day just lifting above the sky-line. All Dakota stretched before us in the light of that sparkling dawn—an undulating sweep of yellow, stripped to the harvest, and with only the rounded domes of the straw piles and the blur of some lonely tree-claim to break its infinity of levels. Against the east, a threshing crew had begun their day, the long box of the thresher breaking down the rounded curve of land and sky, and over its tail an arc of winnowed straw-chaff gushing from the funnel; and there, too, along the distance crawled a Great Northern freight, its string of box cars standing up like houses in the lucid air. But ever in the north the fields lay bare and lifeless, a wide country for the birds, and turning the heads of the team, we drove on into the eye of the breeze.

"Hunh—nippy like, now ain't it?" grumbled Joe, hunched up in the collar of his coat; "well, we got to hunt up into the wind, anyhow; an' if you folks is friz, git out an' walk a bit."

To walk meant an obvious delay. We rode and froze. Under foot the dogs huddled among the lap robes stirred uneasily—there were four of them crouched in the wagon-box—and every movement let in a gush of the tart air that stung to the marrow like steel.

"W-wwish we'd-dd-d c-come in August!" chattered Peter Chauncey.

"August, hey—hunh!" Joe, with another grunt, disdainfully flicked the team, and we rattled onward over the prairie road. "August, hey? Say—they ain't much fun shootin' them pore little birds in August. Chickens in hot weather is

like gittin' 'em out of a barnyard! Sure it is!"

All of which Joe said sincerely; but rising to the occasion, we wished to know. "Well—outside workin' the dogs," said he, switching around in his seat; "there ain't much to it. They lie too close—you got to walk up to the bunch an' kick 'em out, an' then they buzz up like a lot of turkey fatters. Ahr—it's a right an' left every time; an' if you know the game, you c'n tear the hull innards out o' a flock. I ain't much fur it."

But in September, said Joe—after the frosts began—that was different!

"Git a little tech o' frost in their blood—nippy days like this—an' they ain't goin' to hang aroun' under foot till ye got to go an' kick 'em up."

Chirruping to the team, Joe turned off from the line road, and swung out into the open stubble. A mile beyond, just over the horses' ears, a tree-claim stood up against the sky-line in a dusky blur; and below that, on the right, was a long hay meadow spreading down to the edges of a slough. "Keep yer eyes peeled, now," cautioned Joe, waving his whip toward the stubble on the side; "they's a bunch handy here."

Reining up, Joe sat back in the seat and watched, while we fumbled among the robes for a dog. Bird; the setter bitch, went out over the right wheel first, a little loath to be dragged from her warm bedding; but Rap, the pointer, scenting excitement and whimpering at the chance for a run, piled out over the end-gate at a word.

"Heck—now that's a pretty pair, anyhow," praised Joe, as the two burst away a-gallop; "ever tried 'em afore in big country—out here in the open, eh?"

But the truth of the matter was that

the two were bred to close country, only—brush covers and a land of little fields. And Joe, hearing it, thrust out his lower lip in doubt, and swung around to watch them. "Well—mebbe they'll learn arter a while," he muttered skeptically; "but it allus takes a while."

"Learn?" snapped Peter Chauncey, picking up the argument; "why those two dogs are as good on quail and grouse as any two in the whole state of New York."

With that he turned his back to Joe, and looked away over the wagon-tail to watch the pair at work, and Joe's face widened into a grin.

"Back in New York, hey? Say, I'd hate like thunder to live as far as that. I was there, once, an' see your derved farm-lands a piece. Ginger, they made a feller cramped! Now this here is *country!*"

At Joe's complacent gesture, we looked around over the drowning sweep of open, and there were the dogs, for the first time in their lives going awkwardly and giving to their owner a feeling akin to uneasiness and doubt. Bird, wise of her kind on quail, was quartering away from the wagon hardly a stone's throw distant and pecking at it as nervously as a broken-spirited spaniel. Most of the time she had her eye on the team, as if she feared to lose it; and the flat, open plain before her must have seemed a barren field for her effort and a waste of honest trial. On the other side was Rap, doing a little better, perhaps, but still a little cramped and uncertain in what he was asked to do, and between them was little to raise our pride.

"Git up the road!" snapped Joe, flapping the lines over the dozing pair; "say—them dogs o' yourn is a little tied down, ain't they?" But as there was little to say, just then, we solaced ourselves by saying nothing at all. "Can't you limber 'em up a bit?" inquired Joe casually, after a pause; "seems as if they was afraid o' gittin' losted mebbe."

Nor could one blame them much. But at the chicken-shooter's scorn of all close-cover dogs, we arose and tried to save the day.

"Hie on there, Bird—*Rap*—hie on there! *Bird—Rap!*"

The cry was understood and the gesture hat went with it. This was no field trial running, but, as it appeared, a matter of

urgency if we were to make a stand for the pair; and by turn, the setter bitch and the pointer were hied on by voice and hand in the effort to make them stretch themselves; and Joe, sitting in judgment, only grinned.

"Say—that setter, Bird," he cut in, finally; "she hunts pretty close, all right—don't she?"

True again—the setter was noted for her carefulness, and Joe, losing his grin for a moment, inspected her critically.

"Well, now—say," he agreed, marching directly to the point; "I guess she is ruther careful—the way she pokes. Ain't lost nawthin' in the stubble, has she—the way she's lookin' fur it?"

A painful silence followed this criticism. There was less to say now even than before. All the way from the seaboard we had sacked this pair of ours—they were good dogs, of their kind; but the way affairs were going in that first few minutes, we might better have left them at home.

"Whoa—hold on there!" cried Joe, and pulled up the team. "Now that's all right—don't you be goin' to git sore on them dogs. I've seen a few from the East afore. Jes' pick up that setter-bitch, an' we'll give that Rap dog a chanst. One at a time's the go."

Calling in the setter, we let Joe hoist her aboard, and leaned back to await developments. "Git now—you—*Pod!*" cried Joe; and as the wagon went on briskly, there unlimbered over the wheel a short, heavily legged pointer dog with hair as red and wiry as the coat of an Irish terrier.

"What's that?" asked Peter Chauncey, coming back to life with a shudder.

"What say—oh, *that?* Why, that's Pod—Pod, short for Podner. Hie on there, Pod!"

Yelling again to his auburn what-not, Joe settled himself easily and clucked to the horses. "Jus' watch Pod," he bade us, and we watched, debating whether our friend was not taking the time to have a little fun with us. But Pod, it appeared soon enough, was all dog and quite at his ease in the running.

Answering to the call, he stretched himself along the stubble; and without other word or signal from his master, settled to the sport. Ranging off at a gallop, he

left the wagon behind, and streaked it swiftly across the wind to the edge of the half-mile open. There he turned, heading in a line above the slowly moving team, and drawing close, put about and went away again. On he raced, beating off to a still longer diagonal; and Peter Chauncey, watching, voiced himself uneasily. "I say there, Joe—look!" he cried, pointing; "that red-headed mick of yours is going home!"

"Hey—what say—home?" cackled Joe, rising in bewilderment. Then he grunted loudly. "Goin' home—nawthin'! Pod's jes' stretchin' out a little!"

We saw then what Joe had meant when he said our eastern dogs seemed cramped in their work. There was the red pointer going it a half mile away and still at a handsome gallop; and though once we lost him in a corner of the standing hay, Joe expressed no great concern. "Naw—lose us nawthin'!" he grumbled; "Pod ain't never run off home—it don't matter how far off he gets. He'll find the wagon. That's the kind a feller wants out here—a dog that ain't allus sneakin' in close an' sniffin' at the axle-grease. Here, Pod!"

Hitching the other way around, Joe pushed the pointer to the left of us, where Rap was still beating up against the wind. "Out there—the two o' ye!" called Joe, and we saw his aim without the telling of it. But Joe was all for explanations. "You see, now," he told us, "them eastern dogs o' yours is like a feller that can't swim an' gets chucked overboard. This big country fairly drowns 'em. But if that there p'inter dog, Rap, has got any brains in his noddle, he'll take up arter Pod an' kinder git the hang o' it."

In the matter of brains Rap had his share, and we looked on waiting to see. As the red pointer flashed on across his view he pricked up a moment, watching, and finding company at last in his loneliness, set off at a run and ranged away into the distance. In his work there was nothing wanting; he took his ground and pieced it off handsomely.

Now Rap was going it. As Pod came in again, and, turning, rushed up the wind toward the tree-claim, there was the liver and white pointer widening out and taking his share of the ground. "Bully—that's him!" cried Joe, applauding; "that Rap

dog's got style an' brains—he's got old Pod beaten a mile for looks. But I ain't sure Pod's losin' anything, though!"

As Joe said, the red pointer was not much for style—in a field trial of any sort he would have been laughed off the ground before the running began. He was swift in his way, all right—running at a lumbering gallop that somehow looked unsafe, and we began to wonder aloud what would happen when he found the birds.

"Run up his birds—what—him—Pod!" echoed Joe, in derision. "Why, old Pod—*whoa!* There—he's got 'em!"

Over on our left again were Pod and Rap, fifty yards apart, and with Pod dropped in his gallop to a canter. Right about in his stride, the red pointer pattered up the wind, his nose thrust out and hunting the air in eagerness. "There—*look!*" Joe dragged the horses' heads around; we lined out straight for the red pointer and at a smart trot rattled across the stubble.

"Hold on there!" bawled Peter Chauncey; "let me out! You'll put them up!"

"Put up nawthin'—sit still, there!" Leaning over the dash, Joe cut the team with his whip, and bumping and thudding across the under-plow, we headed along, with nervous fingers gripping the guns across our knees. There was Pod, now, stealing along like a cat, head and tail in a line and hunting up the wind on that elusive scent arising out of the stubble. "Hold him—hold him, *Joe!*" pleaded Peter Chauncey, all alive now in anticipation; "he'll flush them—he'll have them up!" But Joe, still with his eye on Pod, kept silent and drove along.

Then Pod, in his stride, shocked to a standstill, and like an iron ornament, stood with his tail fixed stiff behind him and his head cocked tensely to one side. "Steady!" murmured Joe, under his breath. Pod was off again—a step—another—softly like a cat; and then the whole breath of the scent must have struck him in the face and he halted. "Steady—steady!" So Pod, standing fixedly, his nose to the birds, settled on the point.

"*Whoa!*—pile out now! Take your time—he'll hold 'em all right! Steady—steady—*Pod!*"

As we went out over the wheel, right and left, Rap turned and raced down the stubble, quartering away from the stand-

ing dog. A shrill whistle stopped him; he turned and threw up his head. There was Pod, holding stiff to the point, and with a quick turn, full of life and power, the smart pointer brought himself to a standstill and backed the other manfully.

Spreading out, we walked up cautiously, waiting for the birds to rise. Foot by foot we edged along, and I heard Peter Chauncey mumbling through his teeth, "Suffering Cæsar—do you see them yet?" But there was the open stubble, as bare and flat, apparently, as the palm of your hand; and though I screwed my eye to it hard and looked there was not a feather to be seen. "Walk in—walk in on 'em!" roared Joe; and we walked till Pod was almost trod upon.

Bzzzz-whirr! A bird lurched up almost under foot—*bzzzz*—another and more. In that instant the air seemed full of birds—all the bunch got up at once, and—*bang—bang*—Peter Chauncey cut away into the rush. One bird, a full-grown cock that was lining it away toward the tree-claim, doubled up on himself and thumped to the ground; and—*bang*—I let go at the right and missed cleverly. Then another bird thumped to the prairie—Peter Chauncey had a double; and pulling on a straight-away—*bang!*—that was better. A drift of downy feathers settled along the wind, and the bird, going on a bit, collapsed suddenly and turned up its toes in the stubble!

Looking after the birds, we saw them swim along toward the tree-claim, and breaking there in a wide circle, drift down to the stubble. Joe, standing up on the wagon seat, had marked them down, too; and at his call Pod stood up and bustled around before us. "Dead—dead, Pod—hey you, Pod!" yelled Joe cheerfully; and the red pointer snatched up my single and delivered it to hand.

"Now then," suggested Joe, reining down into a walk as we came up against the tree-claim; "mebbe you'd like to drop that setter-bitch an' pick up the pinter to rest. There's two birds swung in here out o' the bunch—she oughter work 'em up in the trees. Say—them chicken is lyin' mighty close for this time o' year, ain't they?"

Picking up the pointer, we dropped Bird to the stubble, and drifted along the edge of the tree-claim, watching. For

Bird, ranging up against the familiar trees, was taking in every inch of the cover, cleaning up the ground methodically and at a patient gait that made Joe snort loudly in disdain. "There's quail dog for ye! Lawd—it's like she's hunting mice!" But Bird, none the less, knew in her own way exactly what she was about, and rounding up at the corner, she turned, cocked herself sideways and came to a beautiful stand.

"Gosh—get her!" was what Joe said, and pulled the horses to a standstill.

Together we climbed down, loaded and walked in on the bitch. On my right, now, was Peter Chauncey, going jauntily, the confidence of success still strong in him and the memory of his right and left to back it. Joe, cocked up on the wagon seat, waved Pod away to the open where the other birds had settled, and turned to watch the sport.

"Easy there!" he yelled to us, and later I remembered. But as Peter Chauncey said, it had been too easy; and instead of widening out so that one of us, at least, might rake the other side of the tree-claim, we came up briskly along the trees, and what happened after that I am not at all sure I can tell.

For together, like a pair of grouse in the timber, the two chickens got up thirty yards away, and buzzed to the right and left. The outer bird, catching the wind under its wings, beat it away from my neighbor, and—*bang—bang!*—the bird went on unscathed. But the other, shying from the open, dodged along the edge of the tree-claim like a Pennsylvania pheasant, and I cracked away at it foolishly, and empty-handed slouched back to the wagon.

"Hunh—eh it was easy, hey?" croaked Joe; "easy like it pained ye! That's all right—I seen it."

Together, the two dogs, ranging out at the east of us, had caught a pair of singles, Pod's a running bird that he moved upon swiftly; but Bird holding hers close at hand. So the pair of us, just settling to the seat, piled out again, fumbling in our coats for the shells. "Hold on there!" yelled Joe, leaning down in the wagon; "jes' a minute!" There was a rattle of chain, then—"Still, there, *Coon!*"—and leaning out over the wheel, Joe bundled out a chocolate-colored pointer that would

have gladdened the heart of a breeder hunting for height and bone. For in Coon was all the size one could have looked for, a big, upstanding dog, full of room for lungs, lean, cleanly trimmed in the shoulders and standing forward as closely as a cat. From the turn of his head to the sweeping curve of hip and stifle he was all the dog that one could want, but there was one point about him, as we learned readily enough, that offset all that quality of good looks. Pod, with all his ungainliness, was amiable and affectionate; Coon was a beauty, but a sulky one. Once put down in the field, he hunted as it pleased himself, and would stand no driving at the work.

By this time the wind had risen stiffly, and over against the west the flying dust banked up like a fog. The frost had gone out of the air, but the sky still lay cloudless above us; and only for the wind and dust, the day was perfect. With our backs to the gale, we walked down the stubble, and holding our guns before us, sidled in toward the dogs. "Hie!" yelled Joe, and looking back, we saw him waving desperately. "Go front 'em!" he shouted, and swung his arm in a circle. But *we* were doing this. If we walked down ahead of the dogs, there was little telling where they would get up. So we pushed in, a bird buzzed up like an alarm clock right ahead, and pushed by the gale, spread away helter-skelter on the left.

In that wind the twelve-gauge cracked like a squib—*bing!*—I had him before he got under way; but the second bird, flushed wide, got into the breeze before there was a gun on him, and bolting off sideways with the full force of it to help him, was going like a rocket when we cut away. *Bang-bang!*—then *crack!* Peter Chauncey's right and left came—*bang-bang!* I tried to wipe his eye; and the chicken, hiking it for all it was worth, went on down the breeze, its wings beating swiftly—sailing a ways—winging it on again, and at last drifting down into the edge of the meadow hay, a half mile beyond.

"Well," said Joe tartly, driving up; "if you'd not thought it was so plumb easy, mebber you'd be puttin' that chicken in the wagon-box now. Didn't I yell to ye to flush 'em down wind? I see ye. By

the time that bird got the wind under him, you was fishin' all over the sky with yer gun barrels, tryin' to cover him, an' him flip-floppin' aroun' like a snipe."

We took the rebuke meekly, and getting in again, drove along toward the west. Joe, it appeared, knew the game. "Why, shucks!" he laughed; "and you sayin' it was too easy, hey? Say—I c'd jes' hear that ole chicken hollerin' *tut—tut-tut-tut!* Like was a-laughin' at ye!"

But at the next stand we retrieved ourselves. Coon, ranging off to the west, picked up a brace of strays; and mindful this time of Joe's warning, we rounded up behind the pointer with our backs to the wind. The first of the pair, rising wild, got up almost out of gun shot; and Peter Chauncey and I, together, squibbed away at him, giving each other no choice of the shot. One of us got him, though it took three shots to bring him down; and as Peter Chauncey broke his gun to throw out the shells, the second bird arose on my right, suddenly and as I dropped the barrels to him, somersaulted neatly and came to earth.

"Well, now, that's better," said Joe approvingly, as we walked up to the wagon; and once more pulling Bird aboard, we rolled away across the wheat-fields. Just beyond us a homesteader's big barns and out-buildings stood up against the dusty sky-line. "That fodder-fiel' yonder," said Joe, pointing with his whip, "oughter have a bunch lyin' 'roun' it, mebber. We'll jes' throw the dogs along there, anyhow."

Coon, coming in at the left of us, struck the edge of the tall stalks, turned, and was rushing off again, when Pod, a little beyond, hunched up his shoulders, and at a swift patter crept down the outer furrow turned by the plow at the field side. "Steady!" yelled Joe, seeing him; and at the cry the big dog, Coon, turned about and galloped toward his mate. Pod had found the birds and was standing them, one fore-foot doubled up beneath his breast, but Coon, the jealous brute, instead of backing his partner on the point, was still rushing up, and plainly bent on stealing the other's laurels. "Hie, you—Coon!" screamed Joe angrily; but the big pointer gave no heed. Pushing in ahead stealthily, like the thief he was, he

settled himself—stood an instant—crawled closer; and at that, a little cloud of chicken burst up out of their cover and scattered over the field of standing corn.

In that moment I think we had our wounded feelings salved with the balm of a real and poetic justice. Other dogs but ours had their faults, we saw. There was Joe, given over to a flood of fluent Anglo-Saxon; and there was Peter Chauncey, grinning amiably and full of sweet attention. And there, too, was the big pointer Coon, rushing about in heedless excitement, and poor Pod looking at his master and with his heavy face full of canine wonderment.

That ended Coon's usefulness for the day. Pod, going on, found the birds again; and once more the big pointer flushed them exultantly, romping through the corn in the sheer delight of his ugly disposition. So picking him up by the scruff of the neck, Joe threw him into the wagon; and setting down the pointer Rap again, we went after the scattered birds that had dropped on the further end of the field.

In that standing cover, with the breeze to make things lively, we had our sport of the day. The two pointers, sliding up and down the furrows, picked up the birds, one by one. They lay pretty close to the edge, to be sure, but not quite far enough out into the open to make any slaughter of the shooting. Each bird we had to go in after; and between the wind and the tossing corn stalks that swept into the way at every shot, the two of us did an hour's very pretty missing. Two bunches we found along that mile of corn—they were around us on every side, it seemed—single birds and doubles; but they got up as they pleased. Catching the wind behind them as they buzzed out from beneath our feet,

it was no easy work to stop them; and between us we ruined more good corn than we brought down feathers to show for it. Pushing our birds under the seat, we climbed in; and with all three of the dogs going it in front, sheered off toward the slough.

There, on the edge of the high ground that stretched down toward the marsh, we found another bunch—the biggest of the day. Pod and Bird, ranging together down the line of weeds at the field's edge, struck them at the fence corner, and settled to the point; Rap, coming after, backed them neatly; and there we had the three, so close to the wagon that we could have taken the shot without moving. But the whole affair, as it proved, turned out less easy than we thought. The birds were big and strong, there was the wind to help them, and the first bird, rising wild, took all the others with it, and went sailing off into the distance. At the first barrel nothing happened; the second was little better. A little jump of feathers answered to the shot, but the bird, picking up, went on and left us. But we marked it and all the others; and with the horses at a stiff trot, took after them. Once more the dogs picked up outlying birds; and again and again, the chicken flushed wild, or, at the best, at a pretty stiff range. Shell after shell we wasted in trying to bring them down; and the most that we got for our pains was the scorn and derision of Joe. Even the cripple hit in that first volley almost lost us, too, and rising out of a little hollow, was almost over the edge of the rise when Peter Chauncey got him with a long straight-away from the left.

So when a horn in the nearby farm-house blew its call, we picked up our lone trophy, and turned the team that way.

SOME LAKE-SIDE WADERS OF THE NORTHWEST

BY HERBERT K. JOB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



IT was not so very long ago that when our migratory shore-birds and water-fowl departed on their northward flight they withdrew into a realm of mystery, beyond reach and observation of the naturalists who would gladly have learned their secrets. To one who makes no pretension of

being as great a naturalist as Audubon it is mightily interesting to read his biographies of these birds so mysterious to him, and feel just a bit elated in knowing more of some of them than he did, to have found nests which he never set eyes upon, and to have traversed regions which, with all his enthusiasm, he then found it impossible to penetrate. In his day the West and Northwest were practically inaccessible. He did at last manage to ascend the Missouri River by boat to the borders of our present Montana, after many weeks of toil and danger. But even then he could not wander back from the muddy river to the grass-girt prairie lakelets where the hordes of wild fowl nested. There was constant danger from Indians, and to study birds under military escort is not the most successful method.

from the upper Missouri for a few score miles and reached the lake region in what is now North Dakota, he could have filled many a gap in his material. There the wild geese and ducks nest even now and the elusive shore-birds rear their young. With a boat launched on the Minnewaukon, or "Spirit Water," he might have been reasonably safe from the savages, for even to this day the Indians have a superstitious fear of paddling out on its waters, believing that the mysterious evil Spirit may destroy them.

Along the gravelly margin of this large lake resort hosts of shore-birds in the season of migration; but for breeding purposes those which stay prefer the little grassy pools or sloughs which lie back on the prairie from the larger lakes. These are scattered all over the region, from the Dakotas, western Minnesota and eastern Montana, northward through Manitoba and Assiniboia, and up into the Saskatchewan country, the muskeg region, and the barren grounds to the arctic sea. All this is the favorite summer home of multitudes of our swift-flying, mysterious shore-birds, or limicolæ, and the keen enthusiast who has long tried to become familiar with them can here find them in goodly numbers and study them at leisure.

Most of the species go far to the north to those parts of their range which are as yet little known and quite inaccessible. The final weeding-out process in the southern part of this range comes promptly with the early days of June. I shall never forget the sight which I witnessed for a few hours one day in North Dakota on a little, shallow, muddy, alkaline pool of a few acres. Just back from the shore, in

If only he could have struck eastward

some dry rushes, were two nests of the mallard and two of the marsh hawk. The water of the pool was but a few inches deep in any part, and it was fairly alive with shore-birds. There were golden and black-bellied plovers, yellow-legs, dowitchers, sanderlings and other sandpipers, turnstones, avocets, willets and phalaropes. They were wading about and actively probing the soft mud, without any interference or jealousy, and all were having a fine time. Within a few days all but the last three kinds had left for the far north, and even among the phalaropes there was a division, for there were two kinds, the northern and the Wilson's, and it was only the latter which stayed.

Back on the dry prairies the sickle-billed curlew, the marbled godwit, the upland or field plover and the kildeer nested; but this group of three—the avocet, willet and Wilson's phalarope—form a distinct unity,—shore-birds which nest beside the grassy pools in this southern section of the north-west shore-bird paradise.

I propose that we pitch our tent among these open lakelets in a well-watered region in western Assiniboia, tether out the horses, and enjoy these quaint shore-birds. Where we see one, we shall probably find the three, and discover that, though they mingle on good terms in their bird society, each has a distinct and pronounced individuality.

As we approach the lake which we have selected for our camping ground, we shall be wise to exercise more circumspection than our shore-birds find necessary, or we may meet with unpleasantness, such as I experienced when new to that country. We were driving over the prairie toward a lake, having no eyes for anything save the avocets on the shore and three pairs of wild geese out in the water, which seemed solicitous over our intrusion. It was an alkaline country, and the ground, which looked firm and dry with a crust of the salts, proved to be far otherwise. Suddenly the horse broke through this crust, and, after a short struggle, fell down and lay still, completely mired, the wagon also sinking in up to the hubs. We had an unpleasant time of it before we got out. But, with the exercise of due care, we may make camp on a dry spot on the breezy prairie beside the lake, and learn more about shore-birds and water-fowl from first-hand observation than is

permitted to any but the most favored lovers of wild nature. Would that Audubon could have enjoyed this treat!

Of this trinity of odd characters—bird-freaks, we might call them—which we are following up, the bright and shining light is certainly the avocet. Its very appearance is distinguished, and instantly arrests attention. The plumage is of sharply contrasted black and white, with yellowish buff on head and neck; the legs are like stilts, while the bill, too, is long and slender, curving up in a way to make one wonder how the creature can eat. The first pair which I ever saw, on the shore of a Dakota lake, made a profound impression on me by their appearance and graceful movements as they ran jauntily about pursuing some sort of insect prey.

The saying that what is meat to one may be poison to another is well exemplified in the avocet. For our part, we have to exercise great care in that western country to avoid drinking alkaline water, whereas the avocet dislikes the insipid stuff which we extol as pure. Seemingly it is as objectionable to him as food without salt is to us. Hence we have to travel well west toward the Bad Lands of Dakota before we find the water sufficiently seasoned to suit our dainty epicure and to induce him to remain for the summer. Even the most unsavory mud hole, which is too bad for most of the other birds, is not without attraction for that craver of strong condiments.

Practically every lake and pool in the region where we stayed in western Assiniboia had its breeding colony of avocets running and vociferating along its muddy shores. These colonies are not great bird cities, but villages and hamlets, making up in number what they lack in size. They average from three or four to a dozen or fifteen pairs, though occasionally they run up to several dozens. The first such group which we found comprised about fifteen families, and was situated along the shore of a muddy bay of a large lake. It was the last week in May, and, as we approached this shallow arm of the lake, with its whitened margin, we could see the distinguished avocets wading about. Near them were a large company of black-bellied plovers and sanderlings, with some willets and godwits and a few phalaropes. The migratory plovers, as usual, were decidedly



Nest of American avocet—married life is proving a success.



The phalarope is a dutiful little husband.



The avocet family is increasing rapidly.

wary and flew away at our approach, as did some of the others when we came up near them. Not so the avocets. Some of them were running along the shore ahead of us, limping badly, toppling over to one side with outstretched wings, as though drawn over with sciatic rheumatism. According to the few available accounts of their breeding habits, the eggs are laid on the open beach, and, as there were evidently none, we assumed that they were about to lay and were perturbed simply at our intrusion into their chosen haunts. But a subsequent visit showed that they had even then had eggs back some rods from the shore on the white alkaline crust, amid sparse grass. The nests were frail little rims of dry grass, and each contained four pointed, heavily marked eggs. They were not in a compact colony, but were scattered about, some yards or rods apart.

When I sat down near the shore and kept still, the avocets ceased their odd maneuvers and waded about before me, feeding. They are sixteen or seventeen inches in length, with legs about six inches up to the feathers. They would wade out till the water came up to their breasts, and then take to swimming with lightness and grace,

their feet being partly webbed. When wading and feeding they would immerse their long bills up to the nostrils and run them dextrously through the soft mud in search of their minute prey.

On subsequent visits I could tell when the young had begun to hatch by the actions of some of the birds. Instead of their former tolerance or mild remonstrance, they became perfectly furious. Screaming and yelping, a bird would fly wildly about and then dash like lightning at my head, swerving off just beyond arms' reach. Presently it would alight on the shore, run along vociferating, and then make a renewed attack. The young are curious, nimble little striped fellows, and hide as soon as the parents begin to scream. So closely do their colors and markings harmonize with the dry grass and alkaline deposit that it is very hard to discover them, as it is, indeed, the young of all these shore-birds.

At a certain ranch the cowboys told me of a series of small muddy sloughs where these "yellow-necked snipe" made a tremendous ado whenever they passed, so one day I drove over there to investigate. The domains of two ranches adjoined at that point between two of the ponds, and were



The phalarope is a quiet, beautiful little bird, with no immodest outcries.

separated by the typical barbed-wire fence. On one side were a number of ferocious-looking black bulls, and on the other a herd of cows and calves. No sooner did I appear than the dozen or so pairs of avocets which dwelt around the pools hastened to meet me, making more din than one would believe possible from so few birds. The young were evidently all hatched, and I did not see one of the little skulkers. Between the roaring of the bulls, the lowing of the other cattle, and the screaming of the avocets, assisted by a couple of pairs of willets, it was hardly a place for quiet meditation upon the wonders of nature. Nor was the attitude of *Taurus* toward strangers conducive to prolonged stay.

The best avocet ground which I happened upon in Assiniboia was an island in a large lake, separated from the mainland by about a third of a mile of morass, with water from waist to breast deep. It appeared from shore to be a likely place, and get to it I would, though there was no boat. So I tethered the horse out to graze, donned the high rubber wading pants, and started across with some fifty pounds of cameras, plates and various necessities strapped high and tight around my neck, to keep

them out of the water. Out in the middle the waders sprang aleak, and a sharp buckle pulled out and fell down inside under one foot, causing agony at every step. The straps almost choked me, but there was no relief but to reach the island as quickly as possible, or sacrifice the precious cameras. Being alone, there was danger of being drowned, but I struggled slowly on through the reeds, and was glad enough when, gasping, I stumbled ashore and threw down the pack. Immediately a crowd of avocets set up a shrieking, ducks fluttered off their nests, and there was general pandemonium among the various water-birds feeding in or by the pools. Here was many a day's work cut out for me right in this one locality.

Before me was a series of alkaline lakelets nestling in the depressions of the grassy island, and it took but a few moments to find nest after nest of the avocets. In this case there were no flats extending back from the shores, only narrow margins backed by sloping banks covered with thick prairie grass, so that all the nests were close to the water's edge, and had been built up a couple of inches to keep the eggs from being overflowed in rain storms. It

was the middle of June, and unfortunately the eggs had all hatched, save for a few which had spoiled and had remained in the nests. The young, as usual, were securely hidden in the grass, save in one nest which afforded a most interesting spectacle. There was an unhatched egg; by it was an empty egg-shell, out of which the wet, slimy little avocet had just crawled; another youngster, all dried off, was still in the nest and looked very pretty; just outside was the eldest of the family, already making off to the conventional hiding place in the grass. As I examined and photographed them, the anxious parents were outdoing themselves in the perfectly warrantable display of their strong emotions. They had chosen their nesting site in a very interesting and populous center, for, besides other avocets' nests, there were within a few rods a nest and eggs each of the mallard, pintail, gadwall and blue-winged teal. The mallard's nest was only a few feet away, back in the grass, but evidently there was no discord between these somewhat dissimilar bird neighbors.

This island with its ponds proved to be a fine place also for a study of the avocet's congeners, the willet and the Wilson's phalarope. The willet, well known to sportsmen, is a grayish bird, a little smaller than the avocet, and likewise long of bill and legs, but more widely distributed over the United States. It breeds also in the far south, and I have found them nesting in colonies on sandy islands off the southern coasts of the United States. And here, away up in the Canadian Northwest, was the old familiar, inquisitive, vociferous acquaintance, the very same, though its plumage is a mere shade lighter, and scientists call it the western willet.

The nest is built in some tussock of thick grass, and it is next to impossible to find it, unless one happens to surprise the female on the nest. Often, though, by his screaming, the male warns her off, and then one may as well abandon the search. But if one finds the nest and returns to it some other time opportunely before the alarm is given, the female will sit very close and allow one almost to touch her before she flutters out.

In the nesting season, when the young are not very near and in no immediate danger, the willet becomes almost companion-

able. To be sure he is spying on us, but he is not by any means "impossible," since he abates his angry dashes at one's head and to some extent his scream about "pill-willy-willet," and simply follows the intruder to make sure that he behaves himself. Wherever we go, unless it be too far back on the dry prairie, it is likely that a willet will comprise part of the scenery, trotting along through the grass or on the shore of the pool, making a pretense at feeding, but always keeping his weather-eye open. But if, at length, we unwittingly come too near the place where the young are in hiding, there is sure to be renewed trouble. Both the willets will be everywhere, dashing at us, scurrying about in the grass, or alighting on the nearest bush, withal never forgetting to vociferate. However, in spite of all the abuse which the willets have lavished upon me, I am free to confess that I love them still, the saucy, impudent things!

Very different in temperament is the small but interesting Wilson's phalarope, a bird about as large as a medium-sized sandpiper. It is very common in nearly all parts of the northwestern prairies wherever there are grassy pools or sloughs. It is a quiet, beautiful little bird, with no immodest outcries, feeding prettily along the moist margins of the sloughs, and not distressing itself over our presence. From nearly every standpoint this phalarope—like all the other species of its class—is an anomaly among the birds. Apparently a land bird, it has partially webbed or scalloped feet and is a good and graceful swimmer. The female is the larger and handsomer of the pair; she does the courting, and he most of the subsequent incubation and nursery work. He is duly meek and obedient, as becomes the husband of an Amazon; for so worthy and strenuous a young female as she will not tolerate a buck hanging around idle when there is plenty of useful work to be done. For her part, to lay eggs so big that the chicks are clothed and able to run at birth is all that should reasonably be expected of her. Their marital relations are otherwise scandalous, from our point of view. Two or three idle, vainglorious females are often seen devoting themselves to one little male at the height of the nesting season, and no one seems to be sure whether or not he is

the husband of any one or all of them. Anyhow they are all head over ears in love with him. One such group of four followed me around one afternoon, as though anxious about *their* nest in the grass. They alighted in a pool to swim about, and I secured a snapshot of them.

We will keep walking about through the grass just back from the shore of the slough, and it is nearly inevitable that eventually a small bird will go fluttering out almost from our feet, and there is the grassy nest skillfully concealed in the tussock, with four very heavily marked pointed eggs, with so many scrawls on them that they are almost black. The grass can be opened up, the camera left focused upon the nest, and a long thread connected with the shutter, and it will probably not be long before the solicitous and dutiful little husband will resume his brooding, and we can take his picture.

One of the prettiest sights I have witnessed in bird life was when a male phalarope fluttered up before me and disclosed four of the most singular-looking little

chicks I had ever laid eyes upon, with long legs and a striped black and reddish downy plumage, squatting in a heap in the grass. While I photographed them the stricken father circled twittering around me quite near by, giving me some good chances at him, too, with the camera. His wife, with less evident concern, took matters more calmly from a greater distance, though she was by no means unmoved, and occasionally even ventured to join him.

The phalarope is a perfect little gem in its beauty of plumage and grace of motion. Indeed there is something most attractive and appealing about the whole class of shore-birds, which so beautify both our marine and inland shores. Unfortunately they are becoming more and more scarce. The smaller kinds should never be classed as game birds, to be killed and eaten, any more than should warblers or thrushes, while those which are larger and more fit for food require more stringent protection and forbearance on the part of all true sportsmen, to give them the chance which they so much need to recuperate their numbers.



Sodwit and avocet take breakfast together at the slough.

A DAY WITH A DEVONSHIRE FARMER

BY ARTHUR GOODRICH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

IT is half-past five in the morning when I start up out of the luxurious, enfolding feather bed at the *rat-tat-tat* of Sally's knuckles on the door. Her footsteps echo down the oil-clothed floor of the landing, and from somewhere beneath the sun-patched blind I can hear Farmer Hodge's voice giving laconic orders. And with mingled reluctance and pride at such early rising, I slip out upon the soft sheepskins that litter the cold floor.

Rat-a-tat-tat. Here is Sally again with my hot water. A most extraordinary girl is Sally. She is only twenty, but her father and mother, Somerset people, have both been dead for some time and Sally is "workin' out." She admits being very fond of all the arts. Her "favorite" songs are "The Holy City" and "My Daddy Is a Gentleman." She is not certain which she likes the better, but she prefers them both to "The Lost Chord." As for books she abominates dull reading, but she loves great masterpieces like "Lady Audley's Secret." She has a secret passion for the "dramer," but she says she cried so hard when she saw "The Worst Woman in London" at Plymouth that she fairly dreads going again. Sally has been up to London once, and she has a startling imitation Park Lane accent not unlike that which patriotic Americans occasionally smuggle through the New York custom-house. Sally receives five dollars a month in wages and works hard, although she is conscious of being above her position.

Farmer Hodges has only had the tenancy of Hillscott Farm for some dozen years "come Michaelmas"—the beginning and end of yearly rentings. Before that he and his fathers before him for some four hun-

dred years fought rougher land over on the edge of Dartmoor, a few miles away. Some success with breeding ponies, however, brought him money enough to rent the three hundred odd acres of Hillscott from the man who owns most of the land for miles around, who builds the stout gray, stone slate-roofed houses and stables and puts his crest over the front door, and who has the giving of the "living" (the appointment of the preacher) at the church in the nearest town, three miles away. Hodges, of course, pays all the local taxes—and they are many—while the landlord pays the church tax and the state tax and the income tax and insures the property. And Hodges pays from three dollars to twenty-five dollars an acre for the land, about two-thirds of which grows crops, while the rest is orchard and pasture land. The farmhands, half a dozen in number, live in solid little cottages on the road below with their own potato patch at their back door. Hodges pays them about four dollars a week and furnishes them fuel and cider.

Much of this Hodges tells me in intermittent jerks of volubility while he and Jeemes, the boy, milk the ten or a dozen cows in the sheds, and feed and water the stock, and turn out the sheep and cows and calves into pasture in broad fields beyond the sheds or in broader fields far down the road. He is by nature a silent man bred in the silences of the moor, but his pride stirs his tongue now and then over his new American machinery and the yield of his broad acres, over which he toils from dawn till dark in spite of his seventy-five years. This is his world and he never has been out of it even as far as Exeter or Plymouth. He is proud of his cows, South Devons, and



In good old Devonshire.



The ducks pose for their photographs in the farmer's back yard.



At the close of the day's work.

Photograph by Bowden Bros.

his bulls which are grazing on the moor now at five shillings (\$1.25) a head. He is proud of his pigs, large blacks all of them, tended by one of Hodges' many grandsons, young Roger. He struts along behind his sheep while Shep and Shot drive them through the gateway, watching my face eagerly out of the corner of his eye, and he points out for me—a most unusual thing for silent Hodges to do—the little group of lambs he is fattening. About horses he has little to say, for like most of the farmers in this part of Devonshire, he has merely a number sufficient to do his work. And so we tramp back toward the house and breakfast.

The men have already appeared when breakfast is finished, and have brought with them a load of dry stalks for the base of the ricks that are to be built in the fields. Up the narrow path we go past the orchard where the piles of apples already lie rotting, Butter Boxes and Sour Herefords and Kingston Bitters. Soon they will be taken to the pound house, where they will be crushed on the press between hair cloths, and the juice carried into the cellar. After a few days when fermentation has begun it will be drawn off in casks prepared with burning sulphur, that fermentation may be retarded and the saccharine retained, and then, after two or three "rackings" or changes, the casks will be "bunged" and let lie for three months. Some years Devonshire cider brings Hodges as much as twelve dollars and fifty cents a cask of sixty-three gallons and some years as little as two dollars, but whatever the surplus supply yields, Hodges himself must have enough, for each member of the family drinks more cider than the average London woman drinks tea.

The beds for three corn ricks are soon laid at the edge of the sloping field beyond, and the structures begin to rise, yellow and shining in the morning sun. The boy whistles merrily as he drives back and forth the carts, laden with sheaves which have been lying where the fine new self-binder left them yesterday, or rattling back empty for a new load. Hodges himself directs the work, packing vigorously at the side while younger hands throw and lay the sheaves. Beyond the wall in the next field the others, three in number, are mowing the barley, broad backs moving

steadily forward with a machine-like swing. Sitting on the wall I can see the sloping expanse of Hillscott, long stretches of gleaming stubble left from the crops of wheat and oats, rich brown spaces patched with the green of mangel and potatoes and garden truck. Below, the gray house and outbuildings show their rigid edges among sheltering evergreens, while the hill sides at right and left are spotted with sheep and cattle. And beyond, under peaceful skies is the long sweep of valley divided into light green fields by dark green hedges and by dry walls, their ugly gray covered with moss and hedge growth. Here and there, I know, are old-time thatch-roofed cottages with flowers at every window, but they are hidden in copses. Here and there, I know, men are working and flocks are moving. But from my wall it is a motionless sea of green.

Hodges, packing away at the rick over at my left, his dry, stolid face grimy above his shapeless corduroys, has had little schooling, less than young Roger, who will go through the fifth standard before he begins farming in earnest. He reads the papers only once a week and many of the large words bother him. But he knows the land and the skies. No ground is wasted in Hillscott. That innocent meadow at the foot of the slope, near the brook that twinkles under the ferns, is being eaten down gradually. Late in October Hodges will chain-harrow it and roll it and open the surface gutters. When the young shoots start he will turn on a well-regulated supply of water. By early February there will be a few inches of good grass for mid-winter grazing. When April comes the meadow will be laid up for hay; in June this hay will be cut, and the aftermath will last till another October. The fine thick hedge that surrounds the meadow means work also and has a value beyond mere beauty. Hodges operates on it every half dozen years, cuts off most of the top growth leaving only the "steepers." Then he throws up the earth from each hedge row, lays down the "steeper," throws up more earth and leaves the top of the fence level. He binds up the growth into faggots which young Roger carries toilsomely into the kitchen to burn in the great hearth.

But here is young Roger now, trudging along with a basket on his arm. It is ten



Hodges and his "gobblers."

o'clock and lunch time. Hodges has five meals a day, or, as he puts it, "us eats 's often 's us gets hungry." The men group behind the rising rick and eat their hunks of bread and cheese and drink their cider. Across the path old Billy Shrimpton is twisting on his spindle the thatch for two completed ricks. He, too, stops for lunch. Billy is a thatcher by trade, but his real business in life, the one he is proud of, is to follow the hounds on foot in a dingy red coat.

"Coomed auver yer vor a gaerl, p'raps," says old Billy, offering me some cider. "I

yeard tell 'ow the maids baint very butivil in Ameriky."

Billy is as talkative as Hodges is silent, and when we have agreed to disagree on the subject of his opening remark a rather one-sided conversation follows. It starts with my suggesting my surprise at Hodges' age.

"I be in m' aigh-t-th year, zur," says Billy proudly.

In spite of the gray fringe of whiskers, this is startling when one looks at his straight back and his comparatively smooth brown skin.



In the stone-floored farmyard.

"Iss," he goes on, "an' I be all alone. Wan time I lived auver Chagford way. M' wife, 'er was crippled. Wan doctor zed 'er'd live vor a year, other zed 'er'd die'n tu months. 'Er died'n vive months zo's them wouldn' 'a' no argymints. Most conseed-rit an' imparshul woman, m' wive was."

"And didn't you have any children?"

"Only nine," repeats Billy. "Wan, him keeps a pub 'n Mary Tavy; tu, him thatcher an' rabbit catcher auver Oke 'ampton way; dree, him work vor Muster Hodges; vore, him dead; vive, 'er keeps shop 'n Moreton'ampstead; zix, 'er's married in Exeter; ziven, 'er's married auver other side o' Chagford; aight, 'er's



A "watched pot" sometimes boils.

Photograph by Edith Steele Perkins.

"Childer?" says Billy. "Only nine."

Billy is somewhat shamefaced over this small family. The typical Devonshire story is that of a landlord who desired a tenant with a small family. One man who applied suited him in every other particular.

"And you have a small family?" asked the landlord.

"Iss," said the prospective tenant, "only fourteen."

dead; nine, 'er's in a 'zylum. Nine—'tis all."

Billy stops for an impressive pause.

"Did think o' marryin' again," he remarks nonchalantly. "Need zummon to luke arter me. There's lot o' cakey ole nonsense about women but they'm useful. There was m' wive. 'Er'd vall out wi' me an' call me ivereverything 'er could lay 'er tongue tu, 'ceps Billy, but 'er could *cuke*."



An old-time Devonshire farm.

Wull, there be a wuman auver Chudleigh way 'at I thort a dacint, clean wuman an' 's 'ad vore 'un'er' poun', I yeard. I courted 'er proper vor vore months. 'Er was yung, bein' only sixty, but I thort I could larn 'er what 'er didn' knaw. Wull, wan time I come'd away fum 'er, tellin' 'er I wadn' ubble t' zee 'er again vor dree weeks. Then wan day I yeard 't 'er was 'avin' zummin to zay to a stranger 'at was stappin' 'n Chudleigh. Zo I went auver, come second week, when 'er wadn' lukin' vor me. 'Er wadn' at 'er 'ouse, zo I went auver to the pub. 'Er wadn' where the bar be but I knawed 'er was there, same's



Farmer Hodges.

if I could zee 'er. I went right back tu a room wi' the door shut, an' there 'er wass, zur, a zittin' 'n thicky stranger's lap wi' 'er arms about 'is naick.

"'Ello,' 'er zed, frighten'd like, bouncin' doon aff 'is lap. 'Baint expectin' yu.'"

"'Ello, yerzel,' zed I. 'No, I knaw yu baint. Who be thicky gurt rid-aided gawk?'"

"'Aw, jis 'n acquaintance,' 'er zed, face o'n so raid's a turkey cock.

"'Acquaintance,' zed I. 'Purty acquaintance. Didn' put yer arms about my naick when I was acquaintance.'

"'Jis then, the stranger 'e declared 'izel.

"'Er'n I's goin' to git married,' 'e zed. Him was purty wull tinn'd up wi' gin-an'-watter, tu dimpsy to zay more.

"'Married,' zed I. 'Wull, I tell 'ee, I baint.'



A call on the cider barrel.

"'An' then I opened door an' com'd away, arter puttin' down dree 'appence vor a drink.

"'Wull, 'er married wi' un. 'E was arter the vor un'er' poun', an' 'e was a young fule—'e baint vivty, zur. 'Er didn' 'a' vore poun' wi'out the 'un'er, an' a vort-night ago 'e went away an' 'er baint yeard o' un since."

I can hear Billy's chuckles from far down the path after I have left him to the spindle and the crackling, winding thatch.

Mrs. Hodges, stout, bustling and motherly is busy with the dairy. Every Wednesday she goes to Newton Abbot market with her stores, and Newton Abbot is as far as she has ventured into the outer world.



A Devonshire lane.

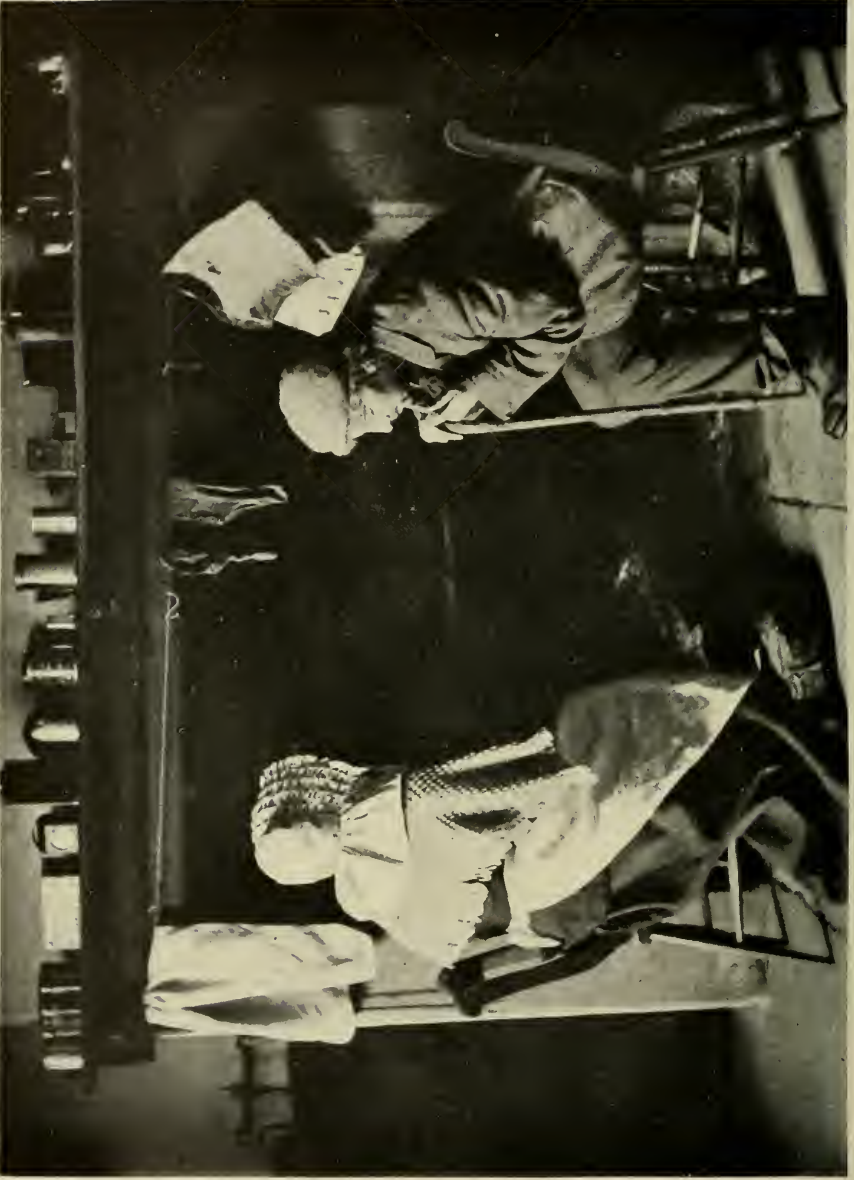
Photograph by A. W. Cutler.

She is Devonshire to the backbone, and if you suggest, as I did one day, that her strawberry jam, reminds you of some one else's strawberry jam, which was so particularly delicious as to almost mark an epoch in your life as an epicure, she will "humph" and remark that the maker must have been a Devonshire woman.

The information as to the amount of butter she makes is, also, typically Devon-

shire. "Zumtimes mor'n others," she says with an air of complete finality.

Hillscott is too far away from the centers for Mrs. Hodges to sell milk as some farms do for an average price of ten pence (twenty cents) a gallon. Nor has she followed the lead of some of her more up-to-date neighbors in the matter of cream. Butter is the sole product of Hillscott dairy for the market, butter made under the



"The Old Folks at Home."

Photograph by Edith Steete Perkins.

scrupulously clean and sweet conditions essential to the old-fashioned "tub-and-hand" method of butter making, which still persists throughout the greater part of the county.

On market day in the nearest town three miles away, the narrow streets, edged by plain two-story structures faced with a yellowish-white composition of stone and cement, are filled with cattle and with the usual open-air stalls. In the "Brindle Cow," the local hostelry, are gathered at dinner a score or more of local worthies and farmers from round-about gossiping of coming auctions and—after the grog, which is always part of the two-shilling dinner—of local personalities and small talk and the little scandals that agitate the minds of these thrifty and honest people. The company is presided over by the popular auctioneer, who is many other things as well, and who punctuates the remarks of his associates with a genial "Well done," or "No doubt." And they, in the flush of uttering unusually long sentences, rejoice in his approval. Near him is one Timothy Grumble, a boyish, kindly man of seventy, with friendly eyes and a gray beard. The Grumbles have occupied their farm on the road to Hillscott for three or four centuries. It was leased many generations ago by a Grumble, the lease running, according to the old system, for a certain number of "lives." Timothy Grumble's father's life was the last one of the number, and when he died the four hundred acres, which many Grumbles had toiled over and improved, were sold. The man who owns Hillscott bought them and immediately rented them to the remaining Grumbles, an evidence of the tact and judgment and good feeling of most of the Devon landlords. The last Grumble of the old lease had a family of nine children, of whom six are still alive, all of them installed in the old place, three old bachelors and three old maids, the youngest being sixty-three, surrounded by their well-tilled land and flocks and herds, their gardens and orchards and flowers. Their house is a haven of peace and kindness.

In spite of their bountiful crops, old Timothy tells me as we journey homeward in the mid afternoon, in spite of the good-sized dairy, and the market gardens, and the prize potatoes of the upland field, and the ducks and chickens that deaf and dumb

Mary, who has been in the Grumbles' service for half a century, feeds in the stone-floored back yard, the sheep are the source of the largest amount of Grumble pride and profit. Devonshire beef, he finds, has little chance against American and Argentine and Australian beef. And the Devonshire farmer has a large wall of expense to scale before he is in the field of profits. Rents are comparatively high; taxes and rates, a long list—including such headings, of course, as highways, education, lighting and police—add to the burden; labor and machinery and first costs begin the farmer's year; there are auctioneers, the regularly constituted middleman between farmer and market, to exact the four pence (eight cents) in the pound when market day comes, and in free competition against him are the farmers of the world. But the Grumbles prosper, and Hodges, with his hard-working frugal life, has money in the bank.

It is a long "step up" to Hillscott, and by the time I reach the fields the men are snatching a hurried "tea." Clouds are racing across the sky and Hodges says the rain is coming rapidly. There are still long lines of sheaves to be gathered and made snug before the downpour comes. Shep, who has been refused a place at his master's feet, is wandering disconsolately up and down the wall. Suddenly he makes a wild leap and half disappears in the hedge, only to reappear with a smooth, gray, wriggling prize in his mouth. Hodges is up instantly; the rabbit is put out of his agony and then into Hodges' spacious pocket. Shep, who is something of a general, seems to have created this diversion for a purpose, for while Hodges talks of rabbits, the wise dog chooses a portion of Hodges' food and retires unnoticed to a far end of the field.

Hodges, in common with neighboring farmers, wages an endless war against rabbits and is always beaten. From almost any path you can see dozens, fifties and hundreds of the plundering little beasts bouncing along, and their ranks, thinned by an afternoon's shooting, are full once more the following morning. Every wall shelters their holes, and every field is a scene of their marauding expeditions.

The men return to their work with re-

newed energy. From down in the valley echoes the huntsman's horn, and now the chase leaps into view, glints of bobbing red against the green. Billy Shrimpton, who is working on the new ricks now, is reminded of the famous ride of one Captain Cummin of the —th Hussars. The chase began, Billy says, at the left of the far-away ridge that borders the horizon. Up hill and down dale it went, until one after another the hunting party fell by the way. Captain Cummin rode in the van from the start. He lost the Master and he lost the Whip, and when at last, after twenty-four miles of hard going, he brought away the brush, he was alone with a few exhausted hounds. That ride is famous in Devonshire, and after some particularly fine hunt people will say it reminds them of Captain Cummin of the —th Hussars and his ride on "Black Bess."

The sky grows black. Carts clatter recklessly over the stubble. The steady swing of the fork has been forgotten and has given way to frantic haste. Sweat stands out on Hodges' wrinkled face as he rushes to and fro, giving a hand here, ordering there, watching the relentless sky grow darker and darker. At last the first warning drops patter on Billy Shrimpton's thatch, the last loads come rattling up and are covered, and the men come in through the dripping dusk, gladdened with the brisk fight against time and weather.

"'Tis the last o't, 's the cobblers zay," remarks Hodges, and he strides away toward the lower fields. There, with Shep and Shot, he rounds up the sheep—bobbing

white driftwood on a dusky sea—and joins the boy Jeemes for the night's milking. And now, as if they had been waiting for him to get under cover, the skies open and the deluge begins.

Dinner is cooking over the faggot fire in the great hearth of the clean-swept kitchen, and soon it is served on the long table. When the meal is over, pipes appear and we sit before the warm embers, for the rain has brought a chill with it.

"Weather's brekin' up," says Hodges. "The zummer's nearly auver."

There follow slow, maundering tales of horse thieves on the moor; of the blinding moor mists in which Hodges was once lost for two days and nights; of a mysterious wandering dog that killed sheep from every fold in the neighborhood, that seemed to leave no tracks, and that was killed one day after a bloody fight with Shep, a fight concerning which Hodges knew nothing until Shep limped home, bitten and blood-stained and victorious.

When nine o'clock strikes Hodges asks for his candle and stumps off to bed. Sally is locking up, and from the other room I can hear the refrain of one of her favorite songs: "My daddy's a gentleman. He's dressed fine. My daddy don't go to work at half-past nine."

And soon the silence is broken only by the steady rush of the rain and the hum of the wind in the evergreens. One day out of the year has gone, but the others will be as full of work. And probably this is one reason why Hodges is seventy-five and still young.



Shep brings in the sheep.

QUEEN TITANIA AND PRINCE CHARMING OF ASBURY PARK

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

IT is a pretty far cry from New Orleans, Louisiana, to Asbury Park, New Jersey, and the two towns are just about as distant in their social permanency and inclination as in their geographical situation. But in their love for carnivals they are not divided. New Orleans is largely French, generally hot and always redolent with pungent odors, full of picturesque semi-decayed brick and wooden buildings, and rich in those restaurants where the garlic is not spared and the wine runs heavy and red. Asbury Park, New Jersey, differs from the other summer resorts of the great Bath-house State only in that it is a trifle larger than its rivals. This town of hotels and boarding-houses and this community of vacationists end the season in a carnival which is unquestionably founded on the annual affair which has made New Orleans famous.

The carnival begins on a Monday night with the crowning of the Queen, and, as the official program says, "is in accord with the best practice of imperial courts." The festivities close on Friday with a "Carnival de Venice on Deal Lake," and to further quote from the program, which is for sale at all hotels for one dime, and in this instance from the very words of Queen Titania herself:

"The tricky pomp of fairy pride fades with the dying day, and the genius of man shines bright as the electric which he flings to the breeze to rival the stars. Music will make glad the ear, and hidden genii will bombard the heavens to ravish the eye. Upon a pearly throne in a purple musselshell will be the floating court of Titania. Sweet as the virgin kiss of maiden love, the gentlest winds of Heaven shall blow on land-locked lake and surging free-born sea till the star-jeweled night is far spent. Then ere Aurora rolls forth her chariot of light, and the eyes of mortals begin to part their fringes of gold, Oberon shall summon his consort back

to fairyland. Till then your Queen sends you greetings and best wishes."

Between the Crowning of the Queen and the Carnival de Venice there is a Court Ball—"flowers, palms, good music and the entire assemblage in full evening costume"—a Street Carnival and a Masked Ball, a Fireman's Parade and the most important event of all—the Baby Parade.

It seemed to me that of all these festivities the Carnival should be at its very best about the time of the Baby Parade and the Street Carnival and Masked Ball—"the day when the fun king reigns, the day when the city will be *en masque* and the people will disport themselves most merrily." At least that is what the program promised us. When I left New York the sky was dark with heavy clouds and the air was hot and lifeless. But by the time the train pulled into Asbury Park there were a few patches of blue in the sky, and a damp breeze—so damp as to be almost a drizzle—blew in from the gray ocean. Surely carnivals and country weddings are too dependent on fickle skies!

The actual scene of the fête extended along the beach between two pavilions—the Casino and the Arcade—which are connected by a very broad board-walk about a quarter of a mile in length. It was on this board-walk and at the two pavilions that fun was supposed to run riot before and after the maskers had been reviewed by the Queen. This official procession and review took place on Ocean Avenue, which is a broad roadway running parallel to the board-walk and about a hundred feet farther inland. That part of Ocean Avenue which was to be devoted to the procession was strung with electric lights, placed at most unneighborly distances to



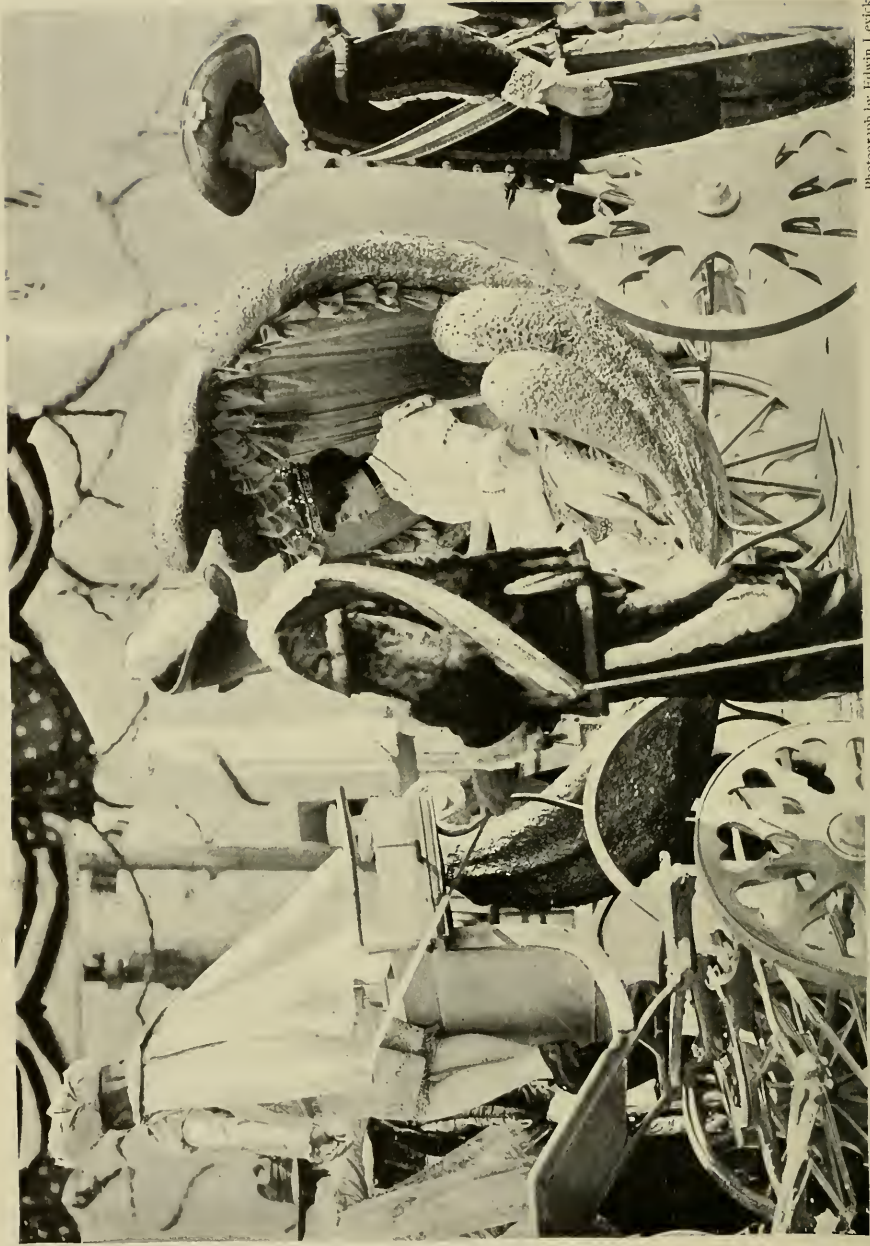
"When the fun king reigns and the people disport themselves most merrily."

Photograph by Brown Bros.



"Fun was supposed to run riot before and after the maskers had been reviewed by the Queen."

Photograph by Edwin Levick.



Photograph by Edwin Levick.

"She came in a golden shell, dressed in her regal robes."

Queen Titania and Prince Charming of Asbury Park 693

each other and flickering but dimly under the clouded skies. The electric globes were a little more prevalent about the Court of Honor and the display of American flags was most generous, but on the whole the decoration was of that kind which looks bedraggled by day but the committee hopes will be all right at night. The Queen's reviewing stand consisted of a fairly large platform, painted white, and surmounted by a semicircle of white pillars. It was easily evident that the general effect was intended to be Greek. This stand was flanked by two others, white, too, but more modest in their architectural scheme. They were to be given over to distinguished guests and representatives of the press. Across the road from the royal stands there was a temporary grandstand, to which the public was admitted for a modest fee.

At last from a distance we could hear the faint strains of music, and we saw a great crowd of people hurrying on to the Court of Honor. The grandstand began to fill up, and out of the darkness there rose up hundreds and hundreds of girls in covert coats who banked themselves in many rows behind the fence which surrounded the Court of Honor. I found a good standing place just back of the throne, where I was joined by two ladies in full white duck who, a little more daring than their sisters, had jumped the fence in their desire to get a close view of Queen Titania. Through the crowd there appeared a young man dressed in a Louis XVI costume, with a cornet held firmly in both hands. He ascended the steps leading to the throne and blew several fearful blasts, whereat there was a sudden parting in the mob at the end of the Court of Honor, and a station wagon drawn by two horses and a linen-covered automobile appeared. It was quite evident that the royal party had arrived.

The station wagon contained three young men in dinner coats and the ten ladies-in-waiting. The young men hurriedly arranged the chairs strewn about the stand, and then ran down the steps to help the Queen out of the automobile with the linen cover.

"Gee, Allie," said the white-coated girl who stood next to me, "but that's a shine rig for a queen. And for Heaven's sake, pipe the guy with the plumes. Ain't he

sweet?" The latter remark was evidently intended for the Queen's official escort, who must annually stagger under the name of Prince Charming. The Queen and Prince Charming, having alighted from the automobile, slowly ascended the throne steps. The Prince appeared a little nervous, but the Queen bowed gracefully and often to a few enthusiasts who sat in the grandstand and applauded wildly.

"Wow," said my white-coated neighbor, "the Queen's got cousins in the grandstand."

Indeed, there seemed to exist a strong disposition on the part of her subjects to belittle the true worth of their Queen. To me she looked a very nice sort of person, with a handsome rather than a pretty face, a good figure and a presence quite as gracious as those of some of the regular queens I have seen on the other side of the water. Her hair was heavily "Marceled," and it did not appear to me that she was overdressed for the part. She wore a white, filmy dress, much decorated with gold braid, and a long silk mantle with ermine trimming. Her jewels seemed to consist of a pearl necklace—real or unreal I really don't know, but concerning the baubles in her crown and scepter, there could be no doubt whatever. They were of the quality and size usually lying about in the fairy grotto of a Christmas pantomime. The royal head-piece was lined with mustard-colored canton flannel, which seemed to me a mistake at the time. This may be hypercritical, but all the professional crowns I had previously met favored some shade of red, and the mustard-colored novelty was a slight shock.

On the left of the Queen stood Prince Charming, officially known as "the consort," but always referred to by my gum-chewing, white-coated fellow onlookers as "the guy with the plumes" or "the hick with the boy's pants." He wore a gray silk suit of the period of Louis XIV and a mantle whereon royalty was stamped by a narrow band of ermine. His hat was large and spreading and as full of plumes as a California ostrich farm; the trousers were a trifle short, but the knee joints were covered by a long silver fringe, which extended well down over gray silk stockings. A pair of modern patent leather shoes and gray kid gloves completed the outfit. His hair



"In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

had evidently been cut for the occasion, and the rear design had all the grace and severity of a formal English garden. The whole trouble was unquestionably due to the kid gloves. They were so tight that the fingers of the Prince had the rigidity of those on the plaster model of a palmist, and again, they were so short that several inches of bare wrist showed between the gloves and the sleeves of the tunic. It was too bad, for it really seemed to add greatly to the Prince's consciousness. He constantly tried to pull down his mantle so that there might be a little more of the gray trousers concealed, and then every time he raised his hand to pull a plume

out of his eye or point out one of his friends to the Queen, up would shoot the sleeves and show a great stretch of bare arm between the cuff and the kid glove which was filled to the bursting point.

From my point of view, the Queen and Prince were certainly an ill-mated pair. Nothing he said seemed to please her—in fact, her indifference, not to say absolute frigidity, was most marked, and I think he felt it. The Prince did the only thing possible and assumed an air and pose of absolute authority with his Queen. He put his arm about her chair and leaned heavily on the arm of the throne.

It took the royal party some time to get satisfactorily settled. Indeed, the merry crowd of maskers, preceded by a stirring brass band, was almost upon them before they had properly greeted their subjects.

It was just about this time that we at the Court of Honor discovered who was the real hero of the fête. Queen Titania and Prince Charming were lost in the wave of applause that greeted the real Rex of the Carnival. He was a young man with light hair and he was dressed in a dark blue suit with black braid and he wore very white kid gloves, and his name, which was "Arthur," was shouted aloud by many thousands of throats until the word echoed back and forth between the sand dunes and



Baby becomes nurse-maid.

Queen Titania and Prince Charming of Asbury Park 695

went booming over the roughened waters of the Atlantic. And this was just as it should have been, for "Arthur" was the leader of the band.

Until the moment of his approach the crowd had remained with stoical indifference behind the barriers which separated it from the Avenue devoted to the maskers; but as the band swung into the Court of Honor, complete pandemonium, as well as all the fence rails in sight, broke loose, and a great wave of thousands of dark figures seemed to have suddenly broken on the beach and poured itself into the maskers' highway and the Court of Honor. The crowd forced itself into the ranks of the marching maskers and the procession was suddenly turned into an uncontrolled mass of black coats, white shirtwaists, Indians, Chinese, cow-boys, clowns, rough-riders, Geisha girls, gypsies, sailor-men and imitation natives in the costumes of every known land and of every color under the sun. For a moment I think the Queen became just a little terrified at this human kaleidoscope that whirled before her, but the Prince stuck closer than ever to the arm of the throne and tried to console his consort by condemning the management in resounding words, and occasionally howling a greeting to one of his friends in the mass that surged at her feet.



"Only a little pink undershirt and called itself Cupid."

Foolish clowns and Spanish girls tried to dance before her and were upset for their trouble; two geishas sat at her feet on the lower steps of the throne, until they were ignominiously hustled off by the three managers in the dress suits; an old lady with white hair and a widow's bonnet was led in front of her bowing graciously, and a nursery maid hustled a small child through the crowd that she might have a close look at a real Asbury Queen. While the clowns and the Indians and the Spaniards were still dancing at the feet of their Queen, however, the automobile suddenly pushed itself through the black mass of loyal subjects



The baby-carriage is transformed into an "auto."



"Many whose carriages were trimmed very simply but very beautifully with natural flowers."

Photograph by Edwin Levick.

Queen Titania and Prince Charming of Asbury Park 697

and as quickly disappeared, carrying away Titania and Prince Charming under its linen cover.

This function having been disposed of, the crowd betook itself to the board-walk and to the dances which are given at the Arcade, the Casino and all of the larger hotels. According to the official program given out by the Queen herself, this is what really should have happened:

"Let the witch fires glow upon the sands, for ere the firefly's spark begins to glimmer and glow upon the amorous bosom of Night, a parade of fire-fighters in the National Playground of Asbury Park will have come and gone. When the new moon hangs its crescent in the darkening sky, a golden horn of plenty, Puck, thou elfin sprite, shall combine forces with my court jester. Banish care from the land, wing comfort into the bruised heart and enkindle the fire of hope in the despairing breast. This night we make merry with clown and harlequin, so trouble me with no cares of state. To-night all good charms shall be potent, and the spells of unamiable witches shall not prevail. Order guardians of the peace to wink at all levity. Let every heel be as light as a champagne cork and let all ribs be tickled by the spirit of revelry. Chide not the wanton breeze, for this night the face of Nature as well as of man shall ripple with laughter."

I really do not know how amorous was the bosom of night, but I know that the night as a whole was cold and damp, and if complete absence was tantamount to winking at all levity, then the guardians of the peace understood their orders well, for I did not see one of them during my entire stay at Asbury Park.

The Arcade, where I was assured I would find the Carnival at its height, is a large, bare dancing hall, the far end of which is built out over the ocean. The pavilion consists of one circular room with a deep balcony running around the greater part of it, and porches extend from the ground floor well over the water. "Arthur" and his band occupied a stand in the center of the hall, and compared to the electrical display at the Court of Honor, the interior of the Arcade might have been regarded as a perfect blaze of light. The only furniture was a stand of rough wooden boards at one end of the room, which the Queen was supposed to occupy in case she visited the fête. At the moment of my arrival the scene was painfully reminiscent of a summer hotel ball-room on a Saturday night, just before the dancing sets in. Half a

dozen small children were romping on the floor, and as many more were rolling down the steps of the Queen's stand. A gentleman in white duck trousers, a black sweater and a yachting cap, with a cigar in his mouth and an umbrella under his arm, stood in the center of the room looking gloomily up at the half-filled galleries and the wholly deserted band-stand. It is possible that another of those official promises of Titania might have occurred to him as forcibly as it did to me:

"A reception to the new Ruler of this Realm of Revelry. While mortals dance and the amatory fires of man and maiden are enkindled, fairies shall hang upon the horizon's rim and slide down the moon's lengthened ray till the sentry songster shall pipe: 'Midnight and all's well.'"

In a short time, however, the Arcade brightened up considerably. A pair of amateur Dutch comedians and a very mild imitation of a "Midway" dancer came in and partially succeeded in amusing the crowd in the gallery and were wholly successful in clearing the floor of the lolling children. New guests gradually arrived, and by nine o'clock there was a goodly sprinkling of cow-punchers, greasers, George Washingtons, Indians, Theodore Roosevelts, Pantaloons, Red Cross nurses, rough-riders, dudes, geishas, fencing girls, hoboes, milk-maids, and many, many princes of the time of Louis XIV.

At nine o'clock "Arthur" waved his baton, the band reluctantly laid aside their cigars and cigarettes and the first waltz was on. It was not much of a waltz, because the floor had become rather crowded and many of those who had come to look on constantly pushed their way through the mass of dancing couples. Many carried umbrellas and more smoked bad cigars. There was a good sale of confetti at five cents a bag, and one man started to distribute colored ribbons of paper, but he soon had to stop, in order to escape the onslaught of the merry-makers. The women did not seem to care to make individual hits and as a result there were usually four trained nurses or six lady-fencers always wandering around together. If a man dared speak to a girl masker who threw confetti in his face, his salutation, however genial and harmless, was regarded as an insult and the girl flew to her mother or a



"Best of all was the child who rode a large butterfly . . . composed of five thousand pink and white paper flowers."

Queen Titania and Prince Charming of Asbury Park 699

gentleman friend for protection. The flirtation, or, as the official program of the Asbury Park Carnival described it, "the amatory fires of man and maiden," was wholly lacking, and as I understand it, flirtation, mild or otherwise, is the essence of the true carnival.

It was only a very small part of the crowd that could find breathing space in the Arcade or at the various hotel ball-rooms, and therefore it overflowed on the board-walk and literally packed that thoroughfare for at least a quarter of a mile. It pushed and wriggled itself along the all too narrow confines of the promenade, blew tin horns, waved flags, twirled rattles, laughed and sang uproariously. It was a dark night, and the crowd, although of necessity sober, seemed to lack the friendly spirit of carnival time. It must have taken me at least half an hour to be carried as an uncontrolled atom for about one hundred feet along the board-walk. At my side there was a young woman dressed in a Norfolk jacket and men's knickerbockers. She was a rather plump, large lady and her escort was a very small person with eye-glasses and short black side-whiskers. I don't know whether it was the geniality of the lady's mood or the escort's lack of it, but I believe every man that passed by gave the lady a more or less slight dig in the ribs. The lady, as a lady naturally should, squealed aloud at every dig, and the small man who was with her at once started in to fight, which was difficult, as his arms were usually pinned to his sides by the crowd. At the end of the half hour, during which I accompanied them for the hundred feet stroll on the board-walk, the young man had lost his glasses, and his hat was broken. The girl was still trying bravely to smile the smile of the joyous carnival, but she was sadly disheveled.

The next day a fresh breeze blew in from the sea and cleared the sky and the air, and sent the confetti and the débris of the night previous scurrying through the streets of the village and far over the dunes, and left the sandy avenues clean and glistening white in the morning sun. The very skies which had frowned on and even wept over the merry-making Olympians the night before, seemed to conspire in favor of the babies and their parade. The procession, like its predecessor, was to be reviewed by

the Queen and her court and from the same point, but the night had wrought many changes. The flags did not hang damp and forlorn, but fluttered sharply in the breeze, and the Court of Honor was no longer dimly lit by lines of pale electric globes, but was aglow with the orange sunshine of the summer day. The overcoats and wraps and the frayed, musty costumes of the night before had been put away, and in their place there were thousands of white dresses and hats of as many colors as the fairest rainbow ever boasted. Hundreds and hundreds of little children, dressed in all their summer bravery, fairly swarmed along the roads leading to the avenue where the parade was to take place, and they and their nurses and their mothers filled to overflowing the grand-stand and the small stands of the Court of Honor long before the fateful hour had arrived. It seemed as if the children somehow gave a dignity to the theater of the fête.

The children who were to take part in the procession were first gathered together in a large pavilion just beyond the Queen's reviewing stand, and were here given a place in one of the nine sections into which the parade was divided. The pavilion consisted of one very large room, but large as it was, it was hardly capable of holding five hundred babies, most of them in their own private conveyances and surrounded by the nurse, mother and many admiring female relations.

There were girl babies and boy babies—babies not yet a year old, and almost grown-up babies of quite ten years of age. A few slept, but many more cried, and for the most part they seemed thoroughly out of patience with their strange costumes and their flower-bedecked carriages, and this, too, long before the procession had started. The mothers and nurses and relatives stood about and put the finishing touches on their charges, and it did not make any difference whether the child wore only a little pink undershirt and called itself "Cupid," or was the central figure of a very beautiful and expensive float; the mothers and the nurses and the female relatives beamed with pride and received congratulations with the broadest smiles of keen delight.

At the appointed hour a cannon boomed out from the other end of the town, and this meant that Queen Titania and her suite

had started for the Court of Honor. She came in a golden shell, dressed in her regal robes, and the great banks of people on the stands were just as enthusiastic as they had been the night before and just as much more enthusiastic at the approach of "Arthur." Cinderella was there in a simple white dress, and Prince Charming wearily resumed his place at Titania's left. The gray Louis XIV suit looked pretty much as it had the night before, but the kid gloves had been unable to withstand the strain and had broken out in many places. But Titania and Prince Charming and the ladies-in-waiting were given small heed, for they were no sooner seated than the children marched out of the pavilion and down toward the Court of Honor. None of them slept now, and the tears were all dried long before the parade reached the Queen.

The conveyances themselves were practically small floats, and in most instances were built upon a baby carriage as the foundation. In many cases the carriages were trimmed to represent a huge flower, in the center of which the baby head appeared; but in some instances the floats were of a much more ambitious character, and showed whole kitchens or village forges with a number of children dressed as cooks or blacksmiths. A number of the little tots dressed in fancy costumes had no conveyance, but walked at their nurse's side or rode small bicycles, and there were many more whose carriages were trimmed very simply but very beautifully with natural flowers. There was "The Old Woman

Who Lived in a Shoe," and "The Sweet Girl Graduate," and "Brown-Eyed Susan," and a diminutive Roosevelt in a rough-rider suit, and many, many nurses and clowns, organ-grinders, fairies, an enormous lily and two little tots in a floral canoe. And besides these a little girl had a gown which looked like an apple, and over her head she held a parasol which was made of the limb of an apple tree and she called herself "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," but perhaps the best of all was the child who rode a large butterfly. Those who made the butterfly said it was composed of five thousand pink and white paper flowers, and they should know, but in any case the judges thought so well of it that they gave it the grand prize.

The children bowed and smiled from the carriages to Titania, and Titania bowed back, and those who had no carriages danced at their nurse's side and blew kisses to the Queen and to the applauding banks of men and women which lined both sides of the Avenue. Fifty thousand men and women came to see those babies parade, and that is more people than any horse-race, football game or baseball match can possibly attract in this country. All of which leads one to believe that the dispositions of the people of New Jersey and vicinity are more adapted to running baby parades than in arranging masked balls and fêtes, especially at a prohibition resort and when the fête is officially announced as one of the kind to "enkindle the amorous fires of man and maiden."



THE ORIENTALIZING OF BUDGE

BY W. A. FRASER

DRAWING BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

LARRY BUDGE had the chest corpulency of a Japanese wrestler; the same thick, short neck, and the same scantiness of forehead.

When Budge left Liverpool as ship's-carpenter in the tramp steamer *Andromeda*, all these parts were in good working order; when he landed in Phrang, Burma, he said: "Wot bloomin' chanst 'ave I got? Look at me; I orter go into dry-dock in the ospital. If that pirate fust officer 'adn't broke 'is arm I'd a been murdered."

In truth but for the officer's accident, it is safe to say "Chips" would have been belaying-pinned out of existence.

"I ain't goin' back in this 'ere coffin-box," Budge swore softly, leaning over the rail of the steamer as she swung to a black iron buoy in the swirling, coffee-colored waters that Cheroghea River vomited into the bay.

He watched with envy the half-caste clerk that sat beneath a big paper umbrella on a cargo boat, tolling the bags of rice.

"Nobody don't work an' git their 'eads smashed in this country but niggers," he mused.

Then he went ashore in a *sampan*, and tramped up a broad metaled road, between great spreading banyan trees that threw a cool shade, and Ikki, the God of Chance, guided his huge feet to the shop of Baboo Chunder Ghose.

Chunder Ghose was a Bengali, which is another name for avarice and duplicity. Ghose looked at the huge chest of the Englishman, and the power of his square jaw, and thought how these things would make unwilling coolies work in the teak jungles of Cheroghea. This also was Ikki, who sat screened behind a metal gong that swung from the hand of a leering wooden goddess—"Kali," the consort of Siva, the Destroyer.

And Budge, with the water of envy in his soul, looked at the sleek, greasy Baboo, who sat in rich complacency, and carried no scars of a belaying-pin on his shaven head, nor were labor corns in the palms of his slim hands. And all up and down the bazar were shops that held opulent men who seemingly neither toiled nor spun; and the street was gorgeous with the gay-colored raiment of laughing idlers, who smoked big cheroots, and ate cakes of ghee and sugar.

"This is bloomin' luxury, I calls it," Budge whispered to himself; and Ikki, speaking through the Baboo's even, white teeth, said aloud: "Ha, Sahib, will Huzoor drink a beer *sbarab* in my honor?"

Budge opened his little eyes, that were like a bulldog's, in astonishment. *Would* he drink a bottle of beer! My word! a bloomin' dozen wouldn't drown the drought of his great desire. He laughed till the metal gong rang with the strength of his lungs.

Budge quaffed the beer, while Chunder Ghose chewed *pan supari*, which is areca nut and lime and cloves and divers other condiments held in a pan leaf, and spat the vermilion-colored juice voluminously beyond the threshold of his shop.

"Is Huzoor a Captain Sahib?" queried Ghose: which was most gratuitous flattery, for he knew quite well that Budge was carpenter on the *Andromeda*. The Baboo's furtive eye had seen "Chips" toiling like a young elephant at a damaged crane during one of his trading trips to the steamer.

"Me th' bloomin' skipper?" And again Chips laughed till things fell from the shelves.

"Sahib should live in Phrang," continued the Baboo; "he would become a great man."

"'Ow's that?" queried Budge; "wot bloomin' chanst 'd I 'ave? I don't sabe the *bhat* (language); but I'm jolly well sick of workin' an' gittin' me 'ead 'ammered when the skipper's took too much o' the drink."

"Huzoor is receive assault and batter? Huh! that is not according to Magna Charta. Englishman is not coolie; it is not proper ruling of judicial when a sahib is prosecuted with club."

Budge nodded his heavy head, and gulped the last of the beer. Chunder's Baboo English was nebulous—grandiloquent; but the trend of it fitted in with the carpenter's rebellious mood. He epitomized the Baboo's declamation in crystallized English.

What he answered was: "They're a bloody lot o' swine on that tramp steamer—skipper, fust mate, an' bosun; black-hearted pirates, I tell yer, Mr. Rajah, an' I ain't goin' back in 'er. I've 'ad enough."

There was another bottle of beer; and there was talk that only Ikki, the God of Opportunity, heard; talk of building a saw-mill up Cheroghea River, in the forest of the Aracan Yomas. And presently Budge, possessed of a glorious future and bazar beer, went back in a *sampan* to the steamer, and laid plans for deserting.

And in a week, when DeSilva, the Portuguese pilot, just managed to squeeze the *Andromeda*, whose white-circled Plimsoll was deep awash, over the turbulent harbor bar, she was guiltless of a "Chips."

The skipper didn't know this; the first mate didn't know it—not till the pilot had dropped to his cockleshell craft, and sped away home for Phrang. Then it was too late; for the southwest monsoons, sullen and strong, were torturing the Bay of Bengal into an ocean of discontent, and to return meant more than the recovery of a dozen "Chips."

Larry Budge crawled from his hiding in the Baboo's godown, washed himself clear of his seafaring life with a bottle of beer, and took up the burden of the Anglo-Indian.

Like a true, colonizing Englishman he noticed that Phrang was entirely guiltless of hotels. "Not a drink 'ouse in the place," he muttered as he explored the station. There was the Gymkhana Club of the Europeans; the government dak

bungalow where travelers could find poorly furnished quarters; the native bottle shops in the bazar; but not a "pub."

This weighed on Budge's mind. Saw-mills and jungle trees were all very fine, but a tidy hotel was finer still. He thought it all out in his own slow, heavy way; a billiard table; perhaps bowls; little tables in the veranda to sit at and lush: why, he'd make a fortune from the skippers and crews of the rice steamers alone!

However, Chunder Ghose's idea was lumber and government contracts, with the big fighting Englishman to look after the work, while he handled the rupees.

So Budge went up the Cheroghea, and looked at the jungle. Then he cursed it with greater vehemence than he had the skipper, and the first mate, and the *Andromeda*.

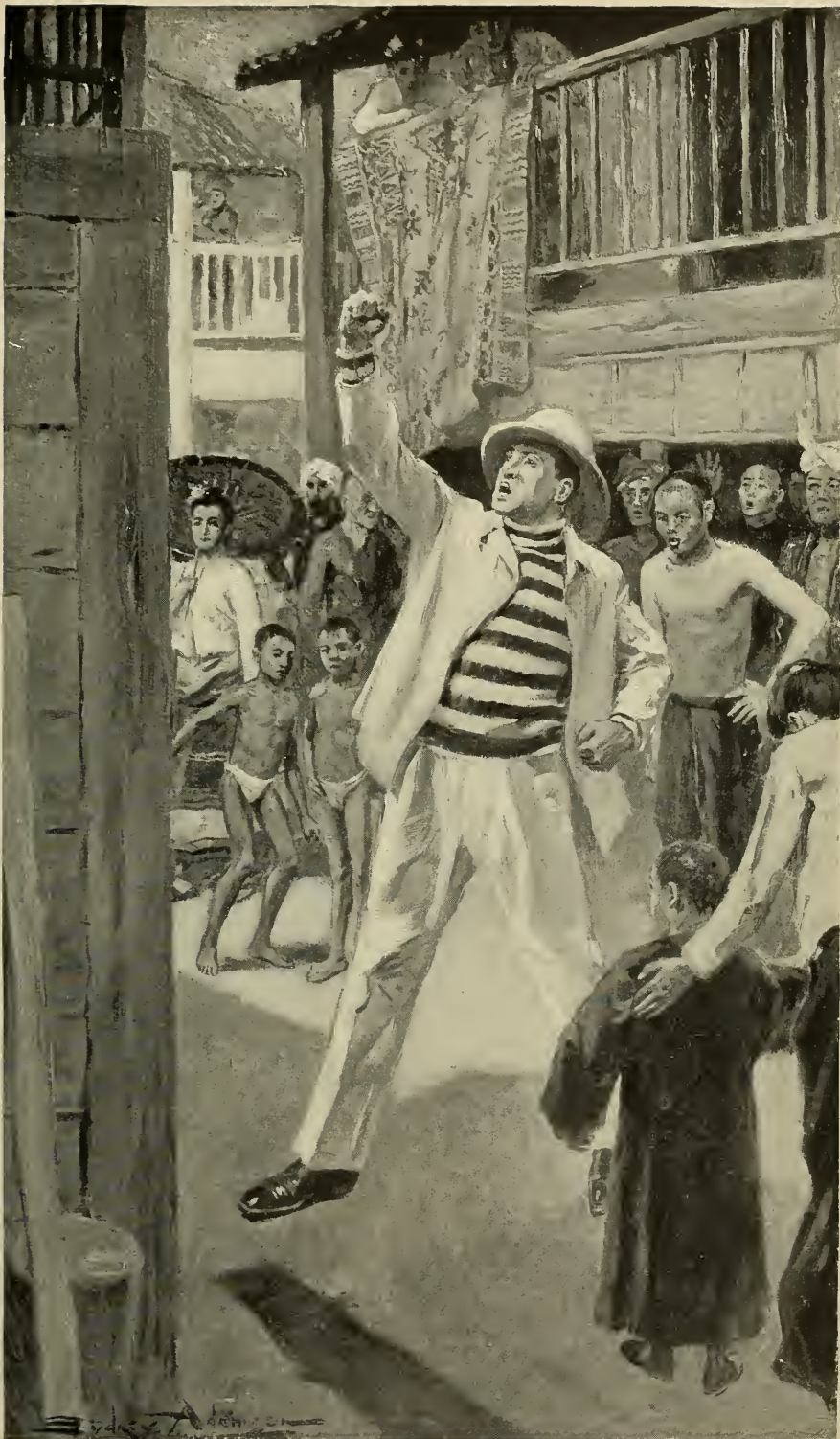
When he had sworn himself into a thinking mood, he wrought into a plan. Of himself it might never have come, this idea that was too old to be brilliant; but Meemah, who was a Burmese woman, and was cleverer than forty slow-witted men of huge bulk, had traded in rice and in salt. Meemah took kindly to Budge's idea of life in a bungalow in Phrang. She would be a memsahib—all the bazar people would call her "Memsahib" when she bought supplies for the hotel.

Now, honors were easy, for Baboo Ghose was to play against the bulldog intenseness of the navy-like Englishman and the subtle wisdom of Meemah.

So Baboo Ghose's rupees went up the Cheroghea in a dribbling stream till the Bengali was sore of heart; and down to the village of Phrang messengers brought wondrous epistles, and reports of progress and timber, that was like the budget of a Russian finance minister.

It was an international alliance, offensive and defensive. The Englishman couldn't have managed it without Meemah, for he was deficient in brains, and Meemah would have failed for lack of courage; but allied, the Baboo was overmatched. And in India to outgeneral a Bengali Baboo is considered a creditable affair.

"Wot right 'ad the bloomin' Baboo to get me to desert from a good ship, an' come up 'ere to this blarsted jungle?—that's wot I arks 'im." Budge questioned with righteous indignation. "E's worse 'n a



Drawing by Sydney Adamson.

“Come hout 'ere, you bloomin' pagan, an' git yer 'ead smashed,' pleaded Budge.”

Jew. I don't call it fair play, nohow. 'E spins a yarn as 'ow I'll be a bloomin' Rajah up 'ere. My word! I'd rather lay in me bunk on a Cardiff collier with me 'ead split hopen from a belayin'-pin."

And Meemah would make a sherbet from wild plums and limes, and give it to the sahib to drink, and say: "Thakine, O Thakine, if the black foreigner who is not of your people, nor of my people, makes evil words against the Thakine and Meemah, the Thakine will stretch out his big hand, that is as strong as the trunk of an elephant, and cause the Baboo to cry like a dog."

"I'll jolly well smash 'is 'ead if 'e comes swingin' any bazar lies at me an' mine!"

"And from the silver that has come, Thakine, we will give to Lahbo five rupees, and to the Manjee and the coolies a great eating of rice; then they will all say that you are a great *boh* "(captain)," and also that the Baboo is the descendant of jungle animals."

So Baboo Ghose got reports in kind, reports that would lead to the continuance of good food. And the rupees that were needed for the improvement of Phrang in the way of a "pub" were wrung from the unsuspecting man of avarice.

Then one day the silver stream ceased to flow. It was another woman who was envious of Meemah that said things—true things to Baboo Ghose.

When there is trouble in the affairs of the Bengali Baboo he always flies to the courts. So, when Chunder Ghose saw that most of the lumber was a myth, he rushed into law. Perhaps this was wise, for Budge's gorilla chest and square jaw were more formidable than rulings, and findings, and pleader's fees.

And "Chips" Budge and Meemah came down to Phrang; and Meemah, out of her own money, that had once been the Baboo's, bought a bungalow on Harbor Road, and furniture, and a billiard table from Calcutta; and Budge got a license, and the "pub" the Englishman had dreamed of had eventuated.

Then because of this law-thing, Budge engaged DeSouza, a half-caste pleader. This was because Meemah said: "The Thakine will take DeSouza the Vakil to arrange the law on our side, for he is a friend of the assistant magistrate, McBean

Sahib, and they drink gin together always."

In the jungle Budge had been careless of his attire; now, as master of the Aracan Hotel, he wore clean white trousers and a cotton guernsey; toward evening, if there were skippers in the "pub," he donned a coat. The legal entanglement gave him solemnity. All day long he discussed the suit with forceful animadversion upon the ancestral origin of Baboo Ghose.

"Wot bloomin' right 'as that *soor* of a Baboo to instigate me to desert as good a skipper as ever boxed a compass?—that's wot I arks, gentlemen. It's agin the bloomin' law—'e's a seducer of honest men, that's wot 'e is. If I 'ad 'im out 'Ampstead w'y, in ole Lunnon, I'd settle 'is bloomin' tucker—I'd punch the belly off'n 'im. But 'ere, in this blarsted country, a white man ain't got no chanst. 'E'd swear me life aw'y—a honest man ain't got no chanst along o' them niggers."

Budge would bring his big fist down on the table and swear strange oaths that are fashionable in Billingsgate.

"I'll give the *soor* 'is bellyfull o' law—blowed if I don't."

In the evening DeSouza the Vakil, and McBean, the Scotch half-caste deputy assistant magistrate, came after court hours and sat at a table in a back room of the "pub." Budge put a bottle of Holland gin and two glasses between them; and the unrighteous duplicity of Baboo Ghose bred denunciation that dried the square black flagon to the last drop.

"You are too honest man, Budge Sahib," the Vakil said, as the crystal-clear liquor, with its hidden fire, warmed his flaccid imagination.

"That's my w'y of doin' business; thiev-in' never prospered," the virtuous "Chips" replied.

The magistrate nodded his head approvingly at this noble expression of sentiment.

"Huh, Judge Sahib, you hear that? This poor man, my client, he is to be robbed by a Bengali."

"*Very* wrong! The courts are to protect the weak," the magistrate remarked. "Ah, man, never before in Phrang could we get gin like this—it is good for the kidneys."

"Because Budge Sahib is honest man," declared DeSouza; "but Chunder Ghose

will put any cheap thing in the bottles—he is a *rascal*.”

“You have a strong case, Budge Sahib,” quoth McBean. “Mind, man, I am not on the bench now, this opinion is *sub judice*.”

“Eh! wot’s that?” asked Budge, “wot do it mean?”

“I am speaking friend to friend,” said Judge McBean.

“Budge Sahib knows that, judge,” explained DeSouza. “He is an honest man; all he wants is to win his case, because the Baboo is a rascal.”

“’E’s a bloomin’ swine—’e orter be ’ad up, Judge, fer makin’ me desert.”

“He was an accomplice before the fact, Budge Sahib,” declared McBean.

“Eh! ’E’s worse, Judge—’e’s a swine. There I was, carpenter of as good a ship as ever floated, along o’ a skipper as sez to me, sez ’e: ‘Chips, you ’elps yerself in th’ bloomin’ slop chest, an’ the ship’s purser don’t chalk up nothink agin yer score, see?’ That’s wot ’e sez to me. An’ to think as ’ow I deserted all along o’ this bloomin’ Baboo as now wants to take the bread outen my mouth. ’Tain’t British fair play—I calls it bloomin’ robbery.”

“Budge Sahib is an honest man,” declared the Vakil.

“You’ve got a strong case, man,” affirmed McBean.

DeSouza tipped the square bottle over the D. A. M.’s glass, but not a murmur of gurgling gin sounded from its nozzle. The magistrate put a hand over his glass deprecatingly—“No more, Vakil Sahib,” he cried.

“Call a *gharry*, Budge Sahib,” DeSouza said; “we must go. Give the *gharry* man eight annas, Budge Sahib—I forgot to put any money in my pocket,” he added, as he followed the other worthy man of law into the vehicle.

It was a fattening suit; a case not to be disposed of at one sitting; and there were many days of this order. Baboo Ghose was clamorous for quick action. He stated his view of the situation after the manner of his kind, verbosely, and with reckless bravado.

In truth, as it happened, the same worthy judge sat in the Baboo’s inner chamber with the Baboo’s Vakil, Mullick Sen, and a heavy-shouldered, square black bottle marked “DeKupper” stood like a solemn landmark on the table at his elbow.

“I am a poor man, your honor,” declared Baboo Ghose; “I am subject of Queen Victoria.”

“Baboo Ghose is honest man,” declared Vakil Mullick, “always giving to the poor many rupees. But Budge Sahib is coolie caste of English, telling plenty lies, and stealing fifty thousand rupee from Baboo Ghose. But Baboo Ghose is kind heart, he is plaintiff for only two thousand in the court of your honor, which is always dispensing justice and equity to the poor mans like my client.”

“Man, you’ve got a strong case, Baboo,” affirmed McBean.

“Huzoor, I am a poor man, your honor, not knowing jurisprudence; only according to law of Great Britain and the Empress wanting to win case because of that rascal, Budge Sahib.”

A week later, as McBean and DeSouza again sat in the Aracan Hotel, the Vakil said: “My client’s case is called for tomorrow, Judge; but see, Budge Sahib is sick—he cannot attend.”

Budge opened his eyes at this statement; but the Vakil winked at him, and the Englishman affirmed: “I was took last night something orful—pains ’ere as I couldn’t rest,” and the publican rubbed a fat hand over his large paunch.

“Cholera!” declared the judge; “you are sick man, as I can see.”

“Bloomin’ orful!”

“They will want to cross-examine you, Budge Sahib,” said the judge.

“I’ll tell ’em somethink—the heathen swine. I’ll tell ’em as ’ow they tried to rob me an’ mine.”

“See, judge, Budge Sahib is honest man; he will speak true—he will tell the court that Baboo Ghose is rascal. But if Budge Sahib is sick he can’t go; but that is nothing,” declared the Vakil. “Baboo Ghose has got no case; we will throw the suit out, eh, judge?”

“Sure. If Budge Sahib’s case is too strong, then Baboo Ghose will not get judgment.”

Budge groaned and put his hand across his stomach. “These gripes is somethink orful, judge.” Then he went and lay down, and the two men of law drove away.

And the next day Baboo Ghose brought his suit on, and produced in court a promis-

sory note, with Budge's name to it, for two thousand rupees.

It was a forgery; but Baboo Ghose had three men who swore they had witnessed the carpenter's signature to the document.

Poor Budge was at home in the "pub" suffering from the sickness he had not; and when he heard that judgment had been given against him by the magistrate who had drunken his gin, he bellowed like an angry hippopotamus. Then he rose in wrath and ran amuck through the bazar.

Baboo Ghose, warned that the mad sahib was coming, had just time to bar his door and climb to an upper window, from which he surveyed the huge bargee that roared strange oaths in the street below.

"Come hout 'ere, you bloomin' pagan, git yer 'ead smashed," pleaded Budge.

"Go away, man," answered the Baboo.

"You black forger," yelled Budge. Then he seized a black, red-striped wooden god and threw it against the teakwood doors that groaned under the assault.

"Come hout, you sneak, an' I'll play bloomin' Rama wi' you."

"You are coolie Englishman," answered the Baboo. "I will call police. I will enter suit for ten thousand damages."

For answer Budge threw a row of earthenware chatties, one after another, at the window from which had vanished the black face of the Bengali.

The window was wrecked; but from within Chunder Ghose's voice hurled back denunciation of the Englishman's low caste.

"Yer bought the judge, yer briber, yer black burner of wives! yer mutineer! yer Nanna Sahib! Yer orter be put in the Black Hole."

Then Budge walloped two unfortunate Bengalis, just because they were of the same land that had given Baboo Ghose to the world. Then he went back to his pub and smothered his rage with gin, and fell asleep; and Meemah waved a big palm-leaf fan over him all night, lest he come by heat apoplexy.

"I'll take a cup o' tea wi' mister bloom-in' Vakil, an' mister bribe-takin' judge," Budge declared in the morning, as he transferred the score of their gin drinking to a bill. He had it all in an old, yellow account book, date and all complete. Six months the suit had dragged, and for each

one of the one hundred and eighty days there was a bottle of gin at two rupees; then there were fifty odd bottles that had been taken home in the gharry. And there was all the gharry hire—more than all, for Budge knew that the two worthies, thinking it was gratis, would not have kept account. There were many tiffins (lunch-eons) at a rupee a head, and games of billiards.

"Now, me jolly lawyer thieves," Budge ejaculated, when he totaled up the bill; "Five hundred and twenty-four rupees—My word! Yer'll 'ave a lark wi' ole Budge, won't yer!"

Then he sent the bill with a *peon*, and a note that if it weren't paid at once he would sue; also, he would send a copy of the bill to the judicial commissioner at Rangoon.

The *peon* brought back no silver; in truth the Vakil never had any.

But in half an hour DeSouza and the D. A. M. came through the little plantain grove in the rear of the hotel, and entered by the back door.

"Oh, Budge Sahib!" cried the Vakil, "it is too bad."

"Yeh bloomin' thief," ejaculated Budge.

"Tut, tut, man," Judge McBean remonstrated; "DeSouza is honest man, but Baboo Ghose is rascal. He has your note for two thousand, and witnesses—you are not there, Budge Sahib, to deny, so I must give judgment."

"It was a forgery! Blow me heyes, I never signed no note!"

"Ha, Sahib!" interrupted the Vakil hastily; "the court has decide, so you have give one note."

"The court's a liar, blow it!"

"See, judge, Budge Sahib is honest man; he speak before your face; that is like English."

"When yer goin' to pay me that bloomin' drink money?—that's what I arks yer."

The Vakil had been winking hard at Budge, but in his anger the latter had not noticed it. Now he saw DeSouza's drooped eyelid, and subsided into a chair.

"You gave Baboo Ghose that note for two thousand—"

"It's a—"

The Vakil's right eye was screwed into a grotesque wink and Budge left his sentence unfinished, as DeSouza said: "But

you are too honest, Budge Sahib; you didn't know what rascal this Baboo Ghose is. When the note was due you paid it."

"I——"

"Of course you paid when it was due," interrupted the Vakil, "and you took receipt."

Budge stared aghast.

"But you are honest man, and you didn't think Baboo Ghose would swear the note was not paid."

"'E's a blawsted perjurer! 'E'd swear anything."

"I have told the Judge Sahib that you got receipt when you paid that note. And now we must appeal. Judge McBean is acting magistrate of the first class, because deputy commissioner is gone on tour, so the case will come before him again. He knows you are honest man, Budge Sahib, and that Baboo Ghose is rascal, so you must find that receipt you got from Baboo Ghose. And you have witness, too. Meemah's brother, Lahbo, he was there that time when you paid Baboo Ghose—you told me. And her cousin, Phobah, he see you pay two thousand rupees."

"You have a strong case, Budge Sahib," declared the judge.

"He is too honest," said the Vakil.

Budge pondered. Not having given the note, he had never paid it, neither had he any receipt. It seemed, as McBean said, a very strong case—all but the little discrepancy of having no receipt.

"You must look all through Baboo Ghose's letters, Budge Sahib, and find that receipt," continued the Vakil. He was speaking, as it might be said, with one eye open. Ah, the letters! There would be the signature of Baboo Ghose to them beyond doubt. Yes, he would find the receipt now. Meemah would, at any rate, for her cousin, Phobah, who was a clerk in the post-office, was a fine penman. And as to the witnesses—well, there again was Meemah to be depended upon.

So when the suit was next heard Baboo Ghose's forged note was met with a forged receipt, and his witnesses were of no avail, for Budge had not denied the note.

And the defendant's witnesses swore with steady persistency to the payment of the two thousand rupees.

The little matter of the gin was completely forgotten in the more important affair of the unrighteous Baboo's defeat.

THE ROVER BARDS

BY WALTER ADOLF ROBERTS

Filled with the love of living,
 Far from the city's reach,
 Hearing only the ocean
 Sob to a lonely beach;
 Seeing only the sea-birds
 Drift with the landward breeze,
 And the sunlight shimmer clearly
 Over a thousand Keys;
 Treading the fertile valleys
 Where the slave had worn the chain,
 Sailing out from Aves
 Unto the Spanish Main;

Down through the wondrous islands
 In deathless springtime clad,
 Cuba, Hispaniola,
 Jamaica and Trinidad—
 Thus did we seek the old things,
 Thus did we seek and hear
 Of wild deeds unrepented,
 In the haunt of the buccaneer;
 Fashioning forth our music
 Where the palm leaves toss and sway,
 On the sands by old Port Royal,
 Or beside Samana Bay.

WHITE FANG*

BY JACK LONDON

PART IV.—THE SUPERIOR GODS (*Continued*)

CHAPTER V

THE INDOMITABLE

"IT'S hopeless," Weedon Scott confessed.

He sat on the step of his cabin and stared at the dog-musher, who responded with a shrug that was equally hopeless.

Together they looked at White Fang, at the end of his stretched chain, bristling, snarling, ferocious, straining to get at the sled-dogs. Having received sundry lessons from Matt, said lessons being imparted by means of a club, the sled-dogs had learned to leave White Fang alone; and even then they were lying down at a distance, apparently oblivious of his existence.

"It's a wolf, and there's no taming it," Weedon Scott announced.

"Oh, I don't know about that," Matt objected. "Might be a lot of dog in 'm, for all you can tell. But there's one thing I know sure, an' that there's no gettin' away from."

The dog-musher paused and nodded his head confidentially at Moosehide Mountain.

"Well, don't be a miser with what you know," Scott said sharply, after waiting a suitable length of time. "Spit it out. What is it?"

The dog-musher indicated White Fang with a backward thrust of his thumb.

"Wolf or dog, it's all the same—he's ben tamed a'ready."

"No!"

"I tell you yes, an' broke to harness. Look close there. D'ye see them marks across the chest?"

"You're right, Matt. He was a sled-dog before Beauty Smith got hold of him."

"An' there's not much reason against his bein' a sled-dog again."

"What d'ye think?" Scott queried eagerly. Then the hope died down as he added, shaking his head, "We've had him two weeks now, and if anything, he's wilder than ever at the present moment."

"Give 'm a chance," Matt counseled. "Turn 'm loose for a spell."

The other looked at him incredulously.

"Yes," Matt went on, "I know you've tried to, but you didn't take a club."

"You try it then."

The dog-musher secured a club and went over to the chained animal. White Fang watched the club after the manner of a caged lion watching the whip of its trainer.

"See 'm keep his eye on that club," Matt said. "That's a good sign. He's no fool. Don't dast tackle me so long as I got that club handy. He's not clean crazy, sure."

As the man's hand approached his neck, White Fang bristled and snarled and crouched down. But while he eyed the approaching hand, he at the same time contrived to keep track of the club in the other hand, suspended threateningly above him. Matt unsnapped the chain from the collar and stepped back.

White Fang could scarcely realize that he was free. Many months had gone by since he passed into the possession of Beauty Smith, and in all that period he had never known a moment of freedom except at the times he had been loosed to fight with other dogs. Immediately after such fights he had always been imprisoned again.

He did not know what to make of it. Perhaps some new devilry of the gods was about to be perpetrated on him. He walked slowly and cautiously, prepared to be assailed at any moment. He did not know what to do, it was all so unprece-

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dented. He took the precaution to sheer off from the two watching gods, and walked carefully to the corner of the cabin. Nothing happened. He was plainly perplexed, and he came back again, pausing a dozen feet away and regarding the two men intently.

"Won't he run away?" his new owner asked.

Matt shrugged his shoulders. "Got to take a gamble. Only way to find out is to find out."

"Poor devil," Scott murmured pityingly. "What he needs is some show of human kindness," he added, turning and going into the cabin.

He came out with a piece of meat, which he tossed to White Fang. He sprang away from it, and from a distance studied it suspiciously.

"Hi-yu! Major!" Matt shouted warningly, but too late.

Major had made a spring for the meat. At the instant his jaws closed on it White Fang struck him. He was overthrown. Matt rushed in, but quicker than he was White Fang. Major staggered to his feet, but the blood spouting from his throat reddened the snow in a widening path.

"It's too bad, but it served him right," Scott said hastily.

But Matt's foot had already started on its way to kick White Fang. There was a leap, a flash of teeth, a sharp exclamation. White Fang, snarling fiercely, scrambled backward for several yards, while Matt stooped and investigated his leg.

"He got me all right," he announced, pointing to the torn trousers and underclothes, and the growing stain of red.

"I told you it was hopeless, Matt," Scott said in a discouraged voice. "I've thought about it off and on, while not wanting to think of it. But we've come to it now. It's the only thing to do."

As he talked, with reluctant movements he drew his revolver, threw open the cylinder, and assured himself of its contents.

"Look here, Mr. Scott," Matt objected; "that dog's ben through hell. You can't expect 'm to come out a white an' shinin' angel. Give 'm time."

"Look at Major," the other rejoined.

The dog-musher surveyed the stricken dog. He had sunk down on the snow in the circle of his blood, and was plainly in the last gasp.

"Served 'm right. You said so yourself, Mr. Scott. He tried to take White Fang's meat, an' he's dead-O. That was to be expected. I wouldn't give two whoops in hell for a dog that wouldn't fight for his own meat."

"But look at yourself, Matt. It's all right about the dogs, but we must draw the line somewhere."

"Served me right," Matt argued stubbornly. "What 'd I want to kick 'm for? You said yourself that he'd done right. Then I had no right to kick 'm."

"It would be a mercy to kill him," Scott insisted. "He's untamable."

"Now look here, Mr. Scott, give the poor devil a fightin' chance. He ain't had no chance yet. He's just come through hell, an' this is the first time he's ben loose. Give 'm a fair chance, an' if he don't deliver the goods, I'll kill 'm myself. There!"

"God knows I don't want to kill him or have him killed," Scott answered, putting away the revolver. "We'll let him run loose and see what kindness can do for him. And here's a try at it."

He walked over to White Fang and began talking to him gently and soothingly.

"Better have a club handy," Matt warned.

Scott shook his head and went on trying to win White Fang's confidence.

White Fang was suspicious. Something was impending. He had killed this god's dog, bitten his companion god, and what else was to be expected than some terrible punishment? But in the face of it he was indomitable. He bristled and showed his teeth, his eyes vigilant, his whole body wary and prepared for anything. The god had no club, so he suffered him to approach quite near. The god's hand had come out and was descending upon his head. White Fang shrank together and grew tense as he crouched under it. Here was danger, some treachery or something. He knew the hands of the gods, their proved mastery, their cunning to hurt. Besides, there was his old antipathy to being touched. He snarled more menacingly, crouched still lower, and still the hand descended. He did not want to bite the hand, and he endured the peril of it until his instinct surged up in him, mastering him with its insatiable yearning for life.

Weedon Scott had believed that he was

quick enough to avoid any snap or slash. But he had yet to learn the remarkable quickness of White Fang, who struck with the certainty and swiftness of a coiled snake.

Scott cried out sharply with surprise, catching his torn hand and holding it tightly in his other hand. Matt uttered a great oath and sprang to his side. White Fang crouched down and backed away, bristling, showing his fangs, his eyes malignant with menace. Now he could expect a beating as fearful as any he had received from Beauty Smith.

"Here! What are you doing?" Scott cried suddenly.

Matt had dashed into the cabin and come out with a rifle.

"Nothin'," he said slowly, with a careless calmness that was assumed, "only goin' to keep that promise I made. I reckon it's up to me to kill 'em as I said I'd do."

"No, you don't!"

"Yes, I do. Watch me."

As Matt had pleaded for White Fang when he had been bitten, it was now Weedon Scott's turn to plead.

"You said to give him a chance. Well, give it to him. We've only just started, and we can't quit at the beginning. It served me right, this time. And—look at him!"

White Fang, near the corner of the cabin and forty feet away, was snarling with blood-curdling viciousness, not at Scott, but at the dog-musher.

"Well I'll be everlastin'ly gosh-swoggled!" was the dog-musher's expression of astonishment.

"Look at the intelligence of him," Scott went on hastily. "He knows the meaning of firearms as well as you do. He's got intelligence, and we've got to give that intelligence a chance. Put up the gun."

"All right, I'm willin'," Matt agreed, leaning the rifle against the wood-pile.

"But will you look at that!" he exclaimed the next moment.

White Fang had quieted down and ceased snarling.

"This is worth investigatin'. Watch."

Matt reached for the rifle, and at the same moment White Fang snarled. He stepped away from the rifle, and White Fang's lifted lips descended, covering his teeth.

"Now, just for fun."

Matt took the rifle and began slowly to raise it to his shoulder. White Fang's snarling began with the movement, and increased as the movement approached its culmination. But the moment before the rifle came to a level on him, he leaped sideways behind the corner of the cabin. Matt stood staring along the sights at the empty space of snow which had been occupied by White Fang.

The dog-musher put the rifle down solemnly, then turned and looked at his employer.

"I agree with you, Mr. Scott. That dog's too intelligent to kill."

CHAPTER VI

THE LOVE-MASTER

As White Fang watched Weedon Scott approach, he bristled and snarled to advertise that he would not submit to punishment. Twenty-four hours had passed since he had slashed open the hand that was now bandaged and held up by a sling to keep the blood out of it. In the past White Fang had experienced delayed punishments, and he apprehended that such a one was about to befall him. How could it be otherwise? He had committed what was to him sacrilege, sunk his fangs into the holy flesh of a god, and of a white-skinned superior god at that. In the nature of things, and of intercourse with gods, something terrible awaited him.

The god sat down several feet away. White Fang could see nothing dangerous in that. When the gods administered punishment they stood on their legs. Besides, this god had no club, no whip, no firearm. And furthermore he himself was free. No chain nor stick bound him. He could escape into safety while the god was scrambling to his feet. In the meantime he would wait and see.

The god remained quiet, made no movement; and White Fang's snarl slowly dwindled to a growl that ebbed down in his throat and ceased. Then the god spoke, and at the first sound of his voice the hair rose on White Fang's neck and the growl rushed up in his throat. But the god made no hostile movement, and went on calmly talking. For a time White

Fang growled in unison with him, a correspondence of rhythm being established between growl and voice. But the god talked on interminably. He talked to White Fang as White Fang had never been talked to before. He talked softly and soothingly, with a gentleness that somehow, somewhere, touched White Fang. In spite of himself and all the pricking warnings of his instinct, White Fang began to have confidence in this god. He had a feeling of security that was belied by all his experience with men.

After a long time the god got up and went into the cabin. White Fang scanned him apprehensively when he came out. He had neither whip nor club nor weapon. Nor was his uninjured hand behind his back hiding something. He sat down as before, in the same spot, several feet away. He held out a small piece of meat. White Fang pricked his ears and investigated it suspiciously, managing to look at the same time both at the meat and the god, alert for any overt act, his body tense and ready to spring away at the first sign of hostility.

Still the punishment delayed. The god merely held near to his nose a piece of meat. And about the meat there seemed nothing wrong. Still White Fang suspected; and though the meat was proffered to him with short inviting thrusts of the hand, he refused to touch it. The gods were all-wise, and there was no telling what masterful treachery lurked behind that apparently harmless piece of meat. In past experience, especially in dealing with squaws, meat and punishment had often been disastrously related.

In the end, the god tossed the meat on the snow at White Fang's feet. He smelled the meat carefully. But he did not look at it. While he smelled it he kept his eyes on the god. Nothing happened. He took the meat into his mouth and swallowed it. Still nothing happened. The god was actually offering him another piece of meat. Again he refused to take it from the hand, and again it was tossed to him. This was repeated a number of times. But there came a time when the god refused to toss it. He kept it in his hand and steadfastly proffered it.

The meat was good meat, and White Fang was hungry. Bit by bit, infinitely cautious, he approached the hand. At

last the time came that he decided to eat the meat from the hand. He never took his eyes from the god, thrusting his head forward with ears flattened back and hair involuntarily rising and cresting on his neck. Also a low growl rumbled in his throat as warning that he was not to be trifled with. He ate the meat, and nothing happened. Piece by piece he ate all the meat, and nothing happened. Still the punishment delayed.

He licked his chops and waited. The god went on talking. In his voice was kindness—something of which White Fang had no experience whatever. And within him it aroused feelings which he had likewise never experienced before. He was aware of a certain strange satisfaction, as though some need were being gratified, as though some void in his being were being filled. Then again came the prod of his instinct and the warning of past experience. The gods were ever crafty, and they had unguessed ways of attaining their ends.

Ah, he had thought so! There it came now, the god's hand, cunning to hurt, thrusting out at him, descending upon his head. But the god went on talking. His voice was soft and soothing. In spite of the menacing hand, the voice inspired confidence. And in spite of the assuring voice, the hand inspired distrust. White Fang was torn by conflicting feelings, impulses. It seemed he would fly to pieces, so terrible was the control he was exerting, holding together by an unwonted indecision the counter-forces that struggled within him for mastery.

He compromised. He snarled and bristled and flattened his ears. But he neither snapped nor sprang away. The hand descended. Nearer and nearer it came. It touched the ends of his upstanding hair. He shrank down under it. It followed down after him, pressing more closely against him. Shrinking, almost shivering, he still managed to hold himself together. It was a torment, this hand that touched him and violated his instinct. He could not forget in a day all the evil that had been wrought him at the hands of men. But it was the will of the god, and he strove to submit.

The hand lifted and descended again in a patting caressing movement. This continued, but every time the hand lifted, the

hair lifted under it. And every time the hand descended, the ears flattened down and a cavernous growl surged in his throat. White Fang growled and growled with insistent warning. By this means he announced that he was prepared to retaliate for any hurt he might receive. There was no telling when the god's ulterior motive might be disclosed. At any moment that soft, confidence-inspiring voice might break forth in a roar of wrath, that gentle and caressing hand transform itself into a vise-like grip to hold him helpless and administer punishment.

But the god talked on softly, and ever the hand rose and fell with non-hostile pats. White Fang experienced dual feelings. It was distasteful to his instinct. It restrained him, opposed the will of him toward personal liberty. And yet it was not physically painful. On the contrary, it was even pleasant, in a physical way. The patting movement slowly and carefully changed to a rubbing of the ears about their bases, and the physical pleasure even increased a little. Yet he continued to fear, and he stood on guard, expectant of unguessed evil, alternately suffering and enjoying as one feeling or the other came uppermost and swayed him.

"Well, I'll be gosh-swoggled!"

So spoke Matt, coming out of the cabin, his sleeves rolled up, a pan of dirty dish-water in his hands, arrested in the act of emptying the pan by the sight of Weedon Scott patting White Fang.

At the instant his voice broke the silence, White Fang leaped back, snarling savagely at him.

Matt regarded his employer with grieved disapproval.

"If you don't mind my expressin' my feelin's, Mr. Scott, I'll make free to say you're seventeen kinds of a damn fool an' all of 'em different, an' then some."

Weedon Scott smiled with a superior air, gained his feet, and walked over to White Fang. He talked soothingly to him, but not for long, then slowly put out his hand, rested it on White Fang's head, and resumed the interrupted patting. White Fang endured it, keeping his eyes fixed suspiciously, not upon the man that petted him, but upon the man that stood in the doorway.

"You may be a number one, tip-top

minin' expert, all right all right," the dog-musher delivered himself oracularly, "but you missed the chance of your life when you was a boy an' didn't run off an' join a circus."

White Fang snarled at the sound of his voice, but this time did not leap away from under the hand that was caressing his head and the back of his neck with long, soothing strokes.

It was the beginning of the end for White Fang—the ending of the old life and the reign of hate. A new and incomprehensibly fairer life was dawning. It required much thinking and endless patience on the part of Weedon Scott to accomplish this. And on the part of White Fang it required nothing less than a revolution. He had to ignore the urges and promptings of instinct and reason, defy experience, give the lie to life itself.

Life, as he had known it, not only had had no place in it for much that he now did; but all the currents had gone counter to those to which he now abandoned himself. In short, when all things were considered, he had to achieve an orientation far vaster than the one he had achieved at the time he came voluntarily in from the Wild and accepted Gray Beaver as his lord. At that time he was a mere puppy, soft from the making, without form, ready for the thumb of circumstance to begin its work upon him. But now it was different. The thumb of circumstance had done its work only too well. By it he had been formed and hardened into the Fighting Wolf, fierce and implacable, unloving and unlovable. To accomplish the change was like a reflux of being, and this when the plasticity of youth was no longer his; when the fiber of him had become tough and knotty; when the warp and the woof of him had made of him an adamantine texture, harsh and unyielding; when the face of his spirit had become iron, and all his instincts and axioms had crystallized into set rules, cautions, dislikes, and desires.

Yet again, in this new orientation, it was the thumb of circumstance that pressed and prodded him, softening that which had become hard and remolding it into fairer form. Weedon Scott was in truth this thumb. He had gone to the roots of White Fang's nature, and with kindness touched

to life potencies that had languished and well nigh perished. One such potency was *love*. It took the place of *like*, which latter had been the highest feeling that thrilled him in his intercourse with the gods.

But this love did not come in a day. It began with *like* and out of it slowly developed. White Fang did not run away, though he was allowed to remain loose, because he liked this new god. This was certainly better than the life he had lived in the cage of Beauty Smith, and it was necessary that he should have some god. The lordship of man was a need of his nature. The seal of his dependence on man had been set upon him in that early day when he turned his back on the Wild and crawled to Gray Beaver's feet to receive the expected beating. This seal had been stamped upon him again, and ineradicably, on his second return from the Wild, when the long famine was over and there was fish once more in the village of Gray Beaver.

And so because he needed a god, and because he preferred Weedon Scott to Beauty Smith, White Fang remained. In acknowledgment of fealty, he proceeded to take upon himself the guardianship of his master's property. He prowled about the cabin while the sled-dogs slept, and the first night visitor to the cabin fought him off with a club until Weedon Scott came to the rescue. But White Fang soon learned to differentiate between thieves and honest men, to appraise the true value of step and carriage. The man who traveled, loud-stepping, the direct line to the cabin door, he let alone—though he watched him vigilantly until the door opened and he received the indorsement of the master. But the man who went softly, by circuitous ways, peering with caution, seeking after secrecy—that was the man who received no suspension of judgment from White Fang, and who went away abruptly, hurriedly, and without dignity.

Weedon Scott had set himself the task of redeeming White Fang—or rather, of redeeming mankind from the wrong it had done White Fang. It was a matter of principle and conscience. He felt that the ill done White Fang was a debt incurred by man and that it must be paid. So he went out of his way to be especially kind to the Fighting Wolf. Each day he made it a

point to caress and pet White Fang, and to do it at length.

At first suspicious and hostile, White Fang grew to like this petting. But there was one thing that he never outgrew—his growling. Growl he would, from the moment the petting began until it ended. But it was a growl with a new note in it. A stranger could not hear this note, and to such a stranger the growling of White Fang was an exhibition of primordial savagery, nerve-racking and blood-curdling. But White Fang's throat had become harsh-fibered from the making of ferocious sounds through the many years since his first little rasp of anger in the lair of his cubhood, and he could not soften the sounds of that throat now to express the gentleness he felt. Nevertheless, Weedon Scott's ear and sympathy were fine enough to catch the new note all but drowned in the fierceness—the note that was the faintest hint of a croon of content and that none but he could hear.

As the days went by, the evolution of *like* into *love* was accelerated. White Fang himself began to grow aware of it, though in his consciousness he knew not what love was. It manifested itself to him as a void in his being—a hungry, aching, yearning void that clamored to be filled. It was a pain and an unrest; and it received ease-ment only by the touch of the new god's presence. At such times love was a joy to him, a wild, keen-thrilling satisfaction. But when away from his god, the pain and the unrest returned; the void in him sprang up and pressed against him with its emptiness, and the hunger gnawed and gnawed unceasingly.

White Fang was in the process of finding himself. In spite of the maturity of his years and of the savage rigidity of the mold that had formed him, his nature was undergoing an expansion. There was a bourgeoning within him of strange feelings and unwonted impulses. His old code of conduct was changing. In the past he had liked comfort and surcease from pain, disliked discomfort and pain, and he had adjusted his actions accordingly. But now it was different. Because of this new feeling within him, he oftentimes elected discomfort and pain for the sake of his god. Thus, in the early morning, instead of roaming and foraging, or lying in a shel-

tered nook, he would wait for hours on the cheerless cabin-stoop for a sight of the god's face. At night, when the god returned home, White Fang would leave the warm sleeping place he had burrowed in the snow in order to receive the friendly snap of fingers and the word of greeting. Meat, even meat itself, he would forego to be with his god, to receive a caress from him or to accompany him down into the town.

Like had been replaced by *love*. And love was the plummet dropped down into the deeps of him where *like* had never gone. And responsive out of his deeps had come the new thing—love. That which was given unto him did he return. This was a god indeed, a love-god, a warm and radiant god, in whose light White Fang's nature expanded as a flower expands under the sun.

But White Fang was not demonstrative. He was too old, too firmly molded, to become adept at expressing himself in new ways. He was too self-possessed, too strongly poised in his own isolation. Too long had he cultivated reticence, aloofness and moroseness. He had never barked in his life, and he could not now learn to bark a welcome when his god approached. He was never in the way, never extravagant nor foolish in the expression of his love. He never ran to meet his god. He waited at a distance; but he always waited, was always there. His love partook of the nature of worship—dumb, inarticulate, a silent adoration. Only by the steady regard of his eyes did he express his love, and by the unceasing following with his eyes of his god's every movement. Also, at times, when his god looked at him and spoke to him, he betrayed an awkward self-consciousness, caused by the struggle of his love to express itself and his physical inability to express it.

He learned to adjust himself in many ways to his new mode of life. It was borne in upon him that he must let his master's dogs alone. Yet his dominant nature asserted itself, and he had first to thrash them into an acknowledgment of his superiority and leadership. This accomplished, he had little trouble with them. They gave trail to him when he came and went or walked among them, and when he asserted his will they obeyed.

In the same way, he came to tolerate Matt—as a possession of his master. His master rarely fed him. Matt did that, it was his business; yet White Fang divined that it was his master's food he ate and that it was his master who thus fed him vicariously. Matt it was who tried to put him into the harness and make him haul sled with the other dogs. But Matt failed. It was not until Weedon Scott put the harness on White Fang and worked him, that he understood. He took it as his master's will that Matt should drive him and work him just as he drove and worked his master's other dogs.

Diferent from the Mackenzie toboggans were the Klondike sleds with runners under them. And different was the method of driving the dogs. There was no fan formation of the team. The dogs worked in single file, one behind another, hauling on double traces. And here, in the Klondike, the leader was indeed the leader. The wisest as well as strongest dog was the leader, and the team obeyed him and feared him. That White Fang should quickly gain this post was inevitable. He could not be satisfied with less, as Matt learned after much inconvenience and trouble. White Fang picked out the post for himself, and Matt backed his judgment with strong language after the experiment had been tried. But, though he worked in the sled in the day, White Fang did not forego the guarding of his master's property in the night. Thus he was on duty all the time, ever vigilant and faithful, the most valuable of all the dogs.

"Makin' free to spit out what's in me," Matt said, one day, "I beg to state that you was a wise guy all right when you paid the price you did for that dog. You clean swindled Beauty Smith on top of pushin' his face in with your fist."

A recrudescence of anger glinted in Weedon Scott's gray eyes, and he muttered savagely, "The beast!"

In the late spring a great trouble came to White Fang. Without warning, the love-master disappeared. There had been warning, but White Fang was unversed in such things and did not understand the packing of a grip. He remembered afterward that this packing had preceded the master's disappearance; but at the time

he suspected nothing. That night he waited for the master to return. At midnight the chill wind that blew drove him to shelter at the rear of the cabin. There he drowsed, only half asleep, his ears keyed for the first sound of the familiar step. But, at two in the morning, his anxiety drove him out to the cold front stoop, where he crouched and waited.

But no master came. In the morning the door opened and Matt stepped outside. White Fang gazed at him wistfully. There was no common speech by which he might learn what he wanted to know. The days came and went, but never the master. White Fang, who had never known sickness in his life, became sick. He became very sick, so sick that Matt was finally compelled to bring him inside the cabin. Also, in writing to his employer, Matt devoted a postscript to White Fang.

Weedon Scott, reading the letter down in Circle City, came upon the following:

—"That dam wolf won't work. Won't eat. Ain't got no spunk left. All the dogs is licking him. Wants to know what has become of you, and I don't know how to tell him. Mebbe he is going to die."

It was as Matt had said. White Fang had ceased eating, lost heart, and allowed every dog of the team to thrash him. In the cabin he lay on the floor near the stove, without interest in food, in Matt, or in life. Matt might talk gently to him or swear at him, it was all the same; he never did more than turn his dull eyes upon the man, then drop his head back to its customary position on his fore-paws.

And then, one night, Matt, reading to himself with moving lips and mumbled sounds, was startled by a low whine from White Fang. He had got upon his feet, his ears cocked toward the door, and he was listening intently. A moment later, Matt heard a footstep. The door opened and Weedon Scott stepped in. The two men shook hands. Then Scott looked around the room.

"Where's the wolf?" he asked.

Then he discovered him, standing where he had been lying, near to the stove. He had not rushed forward after the manner of other dogs. He stood, watching and waiting.

"Holy smoke!" Matt exclaimed. "Look at 'm wag his tail!"

Weedon Scott strode half across the room toward him, at the same time calling him. White Fang came to him, not with a great bound, yet quickly. He was awkward from self-consciousness, but as he drew near, his eyes took on a strange expression. Something, an incommunicable vastness of feeling, rose up into his eyes as a light and shone forth.

"He never looked at me that way all the time you was gone," Matt commented.

Weedon Scott did not hear. He was squatting down on his heels, face to face with White Fang and petting him—rubbing at the roots of the ears, making long caressing strokes down the neck to the shoulders, tapping the spine gently with the balls of his fingers. And White Fang was growling responsively, the crooning note of the growl more pronounced than ever.

But that was not all. What of his joy, the great love in him, ever surging and struggling to express itself, succeeded in finding a new mode of expression. He suddenly thrust his head forward and nudged his way in between the master's arm and body. And here, confined, hidden from view all except his ears, no longer growling, he continued to nudge and snuggle.

The two men looked at each other. Scott's eyes were shining.

"Gosh!" said Matt in an awe-stricken voice.

A moment later, when he had recovered himself, he said, "I always insisted that wolf was a dog. Look at 'm!"

With the return of the love-master, White Fang's recovery was rapid. Two nights and a day he spent in the cabin. Then he sallied forth. The sled-dogs had forgotten his prowess. They remembered only the latest, which was his weakness and sickness. At the sight of him as he came out of the cabin they sprang upon him.

"Talk about your rough-houses," Matt murmured gleefully, standing in the doorway and looking on. "Give 'm hell, you wolf! Give 'm hell—an' then some."

White Fang did not need the encouragement. The return of the love-master was enough. Life was flowing through him again, splendid and indomitable. He fought from sheer joy, finding in it an ex-

pression of much that he felt and that otherwise was without speech. There could be but one ending. The team dispersed in ignominious defeat, and it was not until after dark that the dogs came sneaking back, one by one, by meekness and humility signifying their fealty to White Fang.

Having learned to snuggle, White Fang was guilty of it often. It was the final word. He could not go beyond it. The one thing of which he had always been particularly jealous was his head. He had always disliked to have it touched. It was the Wild in him, the fear of hurt and of the trap, that had given rise to the panicky impulses to avoid contacts. It was the mandate of his instinct that that head must be free. And now, with the love-master, his snuggling was the deliberate act of putting himself into a position of hopeless helplessness. It was an expression of perfect confidence, of absolute self-surrender, as though he said: "I put myself into thy hands. Work thou thy will with me."

One night, not long after the return, Scott and Matt sat at a game of cribbage, preliminary to going to bed. "Fifteen-two, fifteen-four, an' a pair makes six," Matt was pegging up, when there was an outcry and sound of snarling without. They looked at each other as they started to rise to their feet.

"The wolf's nailed somebody," Matt said.

A wild scream of fear and anguish hastened them.

"Bring a light!" Scott shouted, as he sprang outside.

Matt followed with the lamp, and by its light they saw a man lying on his back in the snow. His arms were folded, one above the other, across his face and throat. Thus he was trying to shield himself from White Fang's teeth. And there was need for it.

White Fang was in a rage, wickedly making his attack on the most vulnerable spot. From shoulder to wrist of the crossed arms, the coat-sleeve, blue flannel shirt and undershirt were ripped in rags, while the arms themselves were terribly slashed and streaming blood.

All this the two men saw in the first instant. The next instant Weedon Scott had White Fang by the throat and was dragging him clear. White Fang struggled and snarled, but made no attempt to bite, while he quickly quieted down at a sharp word from the master.

Matt helped the man to his feet. As he arose he lowered his crossed arms, exposing the bestial face of Beauty Smith. The dog-musher let go of him precipitately, with action similar to that of a man who has picked up live fire. Beauty Smith blinked in the lamplight and looked about him. He caught sight of White Fang and terror rushed into his face.

At the same moment Matt noticed two objects lying in the snow. He held the lamp close to them, indicating them with his toe for his employer's benefit—a steel dog-chain and a stout club.

Weedon Scott saw and nodded. Not a word was spoken. The dog-musher laid his hand on Beauty Smith's shoulder and faced him to the right about. No word needed to be spoken. Beauty Smith started.

In the meantime the love-master was patting White Fang and talking to him.

"Tried to steal you, eh? And you wouldn't have it! Well, well, he made a mistake, didn't he?"

"Must 'a' thought he had hold of seventeen devils," the dog-musher sniggered.

White Fang, still wrought up and bristling, growled and growled, the hair slowly lying down, the crooning note remote and dim, but growing in his throat.

(To be continued.)



THE NAMES OF BIRDS

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

MANY of our English names of birds have an unsuspected ancestry, exhibiting interesting changes through past years, romantic as well as historical.

The word owl (or, as it was formerly *ule*) is derived from the Latin word *ulula*—an owl. This was probably from the bird's cry, and hence is remotely related to our word howl. Hawk comes from the root *haf*, meaning to take or seize. Cassowary is from *kassuwaris*, the Malay name of these great birds. The droll-looking stork called jabiru traces his name to a South American Indian word *yábiru*, meaning to blow out with wind, which has reference to the bird's habit of distending the loose skin on the neck. Robin is an old diminutive of Robert, and parrot stands in the same relation to the French word Pierrot—Peter. Oriole is appropriately taken from the Latin *aureolus*, meaning golden. Mallard, from male, was at first used to denote only the drake, or male, of that species of duck. Turtle, as used in turtle-dove, is from the Latin *turtur*, the repetition being supposed to resemble the cooing of a dove. Curassow—properly Curaçao bird—takes its name from the island north of Venezuela. Quail, through many and various spellings, can be traced to *quackel* and other forms, derived from the note of the bird. Condor is from a Peruvian word, *cuntur*; and cormorant resolves into the Latin words *corvus marinus*, literally a sea crow.

Egret has passed through such forms as *egran* and *hiron*, and thus merges into heron, which in turn has evolved from *bigera*, *cregyr* and other gutturals, given in fancied imitation of the cry of the bird. Shrike too, from the Icelandic *sbrikja*, is so called from the harsh cry.

Many words are lost in antiquity. Thus we know that ibis goes back through the Greek tongue to the old Egyptian; but no one knows where the first Pharaoh got it. As far back as legends reach, swallow, with various spellings, signifies the long-winged bird which we know so well. Sparrow

comes from the root of spurn, meaning to kick or quiver; why we know not.

Eagle, *egle*, *aigle*, *aquia*, take us to the Latin *aquila*, from a word meaning brown, or dark colored. Pelican is from a Greek word with similar meaning, but also confused with a term meaning woodpecker, which goes direct to a Sanskrit word, *paraçu*, meaning a battle-axe. Pigeon (to which widgeon is related) is from the Latin *pīpio*, a young chirping bird. Dove is obscure in its various spellings—*duwe*, *dufa*, *due*, *dubo*—but literally means a diver, perhaps from the bobbing of the bird's head.

Thrush and throstle (and even the Russian *drodzu*) are from the Latin *turdus*. Etymology throws no light upon lark and tern, and the first meaning of loon from loom, is forever lost to us. Grebe is from *krib* or *cribyn*—a comb or crest. Trogon is Greek, meaning to gnaw or chew.

Cockatoo harks back to the Hindoo *kakatua*, from the bird's cry. The root of swan is a mystery, unless it was connected in some way with the Sanskrit *svan* and the Latin *sonare*—sound. Goose, *gos*, *gas*, *gans* (and Latin) *anser*, has its stem also in gander and gannet. Goshawk is from a wrong diminutive of goose. Fowl from *fugl*, *flugl*, meant originally to fly. Duck is literally a ducker, one who ducks or dives. Grouse is from some such word as *griesche*, from the Latin *griseus*, meaning gray. With partridge we must stop at the Latin *perdix*.

The origin of ptarmigan is unknown, but it should rightly be written tarmigan, the p having been added by some officious person, who wrongly supposed the word to be of Greek derivation. Pheasant is pure Greek, meaning the Phasian bird, that being the name of a river in Calchis along whose banks the birds were numerous. Plover is interestingly derived from the Latin *pluviarius*, because these birds appeared in Italy during the rainy season.

The tragopans are well-named. These beautiful birds have two fleshy horns on the head; like those figured by the Greeks

on a satyr, hence Tragopan—the goat of Pan. The name turkey was founded on the misconception that these birds were native of that country. Their Hindoo name *peru* refers to their American origin.

Snipe is from snipper or snapper—who who snaps up. Sanderling is a remarkable word, showing the use of two diminutives. Crane is from Latin *grus*, by way of *cranich*, *trana*, *garan*, *gerue*. Jay, which in other languages is *gayo* and *gaya*, is so called from its bright plumage. Crow is from the same root as croak. Raven through *raben*, *raaf*, etc., like owl and crow, is from the guttural cry. Finch, formerly *fink* and *pink*, is from the call-note of the male English chaffinch.

We notice that many names of birds are taken from the usual habitat or particular locality for which they show a preference, such as the pine siskin, orchard oriole, marsh hawk, Canada goose and tropic bird, skylark and night hawk.

We can form another list of names derived from the character of the songs or notes of birds—bob white, bobolink, laughing thrush, screech owl, cuckoo, whooping crane and trumpeter swan. If we attempted to note all those whose colors suggested their names, our list would be almost endless. There are the goldfinch, silver pheasant, flamingo, from the French *flamant*—flaming; and the cardinal, who truly merits his name, for he is indeed an animated mass of color.

The "little chief" partridge is so called because of the Indian headdress style of his crest; the catbird because of the mewing character of his notes; the cowbird because he is a close companion of those bovines, freeing them from ticks and other troublesome insects; the snakebird is so denominated, not because he feeds on those reptiles, but on account of the resemblance which his head and neck bear to a water snake when the bird is swimming with the entire body submerged. The horned owl gets his name from two tufts of feathers on the head. The kingfisher merits his name, for he is a past master in his profession.

A number of birds are named after persons, such as Leadbeater's Cockatoo, Lady Amherst Pheasant and Cooper's Hawk. Still others have received names suggested by the character of the bill—grosbeak, spoonbill and shoveler duck; or by the

kind of food they are supposed to prefer, the sparrow and duck hawk, herring gull and fish crow; and again, some character of the plumage may suggest a title, as bald eagle, pintail duck and the rough-legged hawk, which has feathers instead of scales, down to its toes.

Some birds have a different name in every part of the country. The green heron is known as poke, chalkline (very apt) and even "fly up the creek." The common flicker is variously greeted as yarrup, wickup, whicker, highholder, golden-winged woodpecker, etc., from his notes, habits or colors.

Even the scientific names should interest every one. There is a small, brownish owl, who is burdened—all unconsciously—with the rather long name of *Speotyto cunicularia hypogæa*. The Latin and Greek languages are taught in all civilized nations, and being thus an almost universal means of communication, the name of a bird or animal in either of these languages would be comprehensible to any educated Englishman, German, Swede or Japanese.

One can see that this little owl, just mentioned above, has three names, and these may be compared to the name John Henry Smith, if it is written Smith, Henry John. The first, or generic name (family it would be called in the case of a human being) tells something interesting about the bird. It is from two Greek words—*speos*, a cave, and *tuto*, a kind of owl. But as there are many Smiths, so there may be several cave owls, and we need a more definite title. For this we use the Latin word *cunicularia*, meaning a burrower, which teaches us that these birds are able to dig their own burrows. Thus we have the Henry Smith part. But there happen to be two Henry Smiths in this family, which, however, live in different parts of the country and are sufficiently distinct to deserve individual names. The one which lives on the western plains, which we may liken to John Henry Smith, has the third appellation, *hypogæa*, from a Greek word, *bupogaios*, meaning underground; from which we gather that the burrows of these owls are not in trees, but in the ground. The other species (let us say Roger Henry Smith) lives in Florida, and so the Latin word *floridana*—of or inhabiting Florida—is very appropriate.

THE BUILDERS

VII—THE HEART OF THE BIG TIMBER COUNTRY

BY RALPH D. PAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

LUMBERING is the chief industry of that vast region bounded on the north by Alaska, on the south by California, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and on the east by the Rocky Mountains. In this territory, known as the Pacific Northwest, nearly two hundred thousand men are employed in cutting down the last primeval forests of this country, and slicing these stately armies of spruce and fir and cedar into five billion feet of lumber and six billion shingles every year.

This prodigious activity has built up cities and states and launched a mighty commerce. Its allied industries directly support half a million people. This timbered area is the richest natural treasure of the American continent, compared with which the gold mines of Alaska and Nevada are of picayune value for this and for coming generations. It is so wonderfully rich a treasure that its owners are squandering it like drunken spendthrifts. In these mighty western forests a billion feet of lumber is wasted every year, enough to build one hundred thousand comfortable American homes.

"Do these people ever think of the centuries through which their harvest has been growing?" implores a western man with the interests of his state at heart. "Does it never occur to them that they are the trustees of a heritage for future generations to be guarded, cared for and watched, to be used only as necessity requires or price justifies, and not to be wantonly wasted or destroyed, or disposed of without adequate return? And how are they fulfilling their trust? They are leaving half their crop in the woods to be burned, and for the half

they are marketing they are obtaining a beggarly return. They are leaving the ground a fire-swept, desolate waste. They are taking to themselves the whole of the heritage intrusted to them. The sacred right of property is theirs, and they do as they will with their own."

The ancient woods of New England and Michigan and Minnesota have been stripped of their heavy growth by the logger; the white pine already belongs with the past, and a country which has been wont to consider its natural resources inexhaustible can foresee the end of its timber supply within the next century unless the forests are replanted and cared for. It is very hard for the American of this generation to realize that there can be any end to the wealth of the land and the forests and the mines which have done so much to make this country what it is.

It is possible, however, to see American enterprise and headlong haste after quick returns attacking the "last stand of the big timber" with an energy that is fairly infernal. A thousand mills, and fleets of steam and sail are waiting for this harvest, and yet it is tragic and almost pitiful to think that the future is being robbed of great treasures for the sake of a little profit in hand, and that a nation's birthright is being sold for a mess of pottage.

It is characteristic of western men and methods that the ways of logging in the east should have been slung aside as crude and slow. The giant timber of the Washington forests on the slopes of the Cascades is not hauled by teams or rafted down rivers. Steam has made of logging a business which devastates the woods with

incredible speed, system, and ardor. The logging camps of the Cascades differ as strikingly from the lumbering centers of northern New England as the electric gold dredgers of the Sacramento Valley contrast with the placer diggings of the Forty-niners. In other words, the greater the need of preserving the forests, the greater is the American ingenuity for turning them into cash as fast as possible.

The camp where I found these up-to-date lumbermen tearing the heart out of one of the noblest forests in America was near the Skykomish River in Washington, where this mountain stream winds through the foothills of the western slopes of the Cascade Range. We set out from Everett in the early morning and left the train at a raw little town called Sultan. Beyond the town was the wreckage of the forest, blackened patches where the fire had swept in the wake of the loggers, miles of gaunt and melancholy trunks spared by the axe to die in flame and smoke. Beyond this devastated area rose the mountains, still clothed with trees, far up to the rocky heights whose bare outline was fleeced with snow and wreathed in mists and clouds.

In a nearby clearing was the camp of the lumbermen, a row of bunk-houses, a kitchen and a big dining-room. The buildings were of sawed lumber because this material was easier to handle than logs, so that there was nothing picturesque in this first glimpse of the Pacific lumberman at work. His settlement looked like the beginnings of a frontier town.

Past the camp ran a single-track railroad which wound up through a gash in the bold hills, twisting like a snake, climbing hills that would tire a pack train. It spanned ravines on crazy wooden trestles, and cut corners at impossible angles. No civilized locomotive could be expected to operate on this track, but presently a squat, broad-shouldered dwarf of an engine scuttled down from the hills with a train-load of logs behind it, and proceeded to show how singularly adapted it was for the work in hand. It was a deformed, one-sided looking monster, built for power, not for speed. The boiler was not hung over the center of its trucks, but sat well on the starboard side. Instead of driving-rods, a shaft was geared along one side, cogged

and geared to every wheel, drivers and trucks, so that when the shaft turned and the gearing took hold, every wheel of this little giant bit hold of the rail, and pushed, or held back with concentrated energy.

Soon this lop-sided toiler towed us up among the hills, away from the wreckage of the forest, and plunged into the green and towering vistas of Douglas fir and red cedar and fragrant spruce. Part of this tract had been cut over, and the refuse might have marked the trail of a cyclone. But the "culls" left standing were majestic in size. They had been passed by as not worth felling. Two months before I had been loafing along the Kennebec River, watching the tail end of the spring drive float down from the woods of northern Maine. Alas, most of that harvest had been sapling logs, toothpicks in size, for the pulp mills. The biggest of the timber logs of that Maine drive, looked like kindlings compared with these neglected "culls" of the Washington forest.

When the logging train trailed into the virgin woods, the straight, clean trunks of standing timber were like the columns of a wonderful cathedral. Their spreading tops were more than two hundred feet in air, their branches clothed with moss like green velvet. Through their canopy of verdure the sunlight sifted, far down to the dense undergrowth of salmon-berry, tall ferns and other shrubs spreading in an almost impenetrable mass. Many of the trees which made this splendid picture had been growing in their solitude for three or four hundred years. Now they were doomed to be destroyed by puny, bustling, swearing men with saws and axes, assailants who were tapping at their grand butts like so many woodpeckers. Mingled with the staccato tapping of the distant axes was the "rasp-rasp" of the sawyers, gnawing their way through, in less than an hour, that which it had taken God Almighty to perfect since the time when Columbus found this continent of ours.

Presently a spur or branch line zig-zagged off from the railroad. The squat and laboring locomotive crawled along this side track, which was laid on top of the ground with so little grading that the rails billowed up and down the hills. The toot of the locomotive was answered by the scream of another whistle somewhere



A lumber camp in the Cascades.

ahead, as if there were a bustling activity beyond the curtaining trees. The foreman of the "outfit" was waiting to go to the end of the "spur," and he swung himself aboard from a handy log alongside the track. He was a quiet young man with a frank gray eye, a square jaw and a fine pair of shoulders. He explained in reply to many questions:

"I've got a gang of a hundred Irish, Swedes and Americans, and most of them get drunk whenever they get a chance. No, they aren't always easy to handle, but if you let little things worry you, you'll go crazy, so what's the use? I was raised in Michigan logging camps, and this getting timber out by steam power is

different. I had to learn the business all over again when I came out to the coast. We run these spurs off the main line about every fourteen hundred feet, two of them off each side, parallel; you understand. Then we log between the two spurs, giving us a seven hundred foot haul either way to the flat cars. When we're through, we pull up our tracks and push ahead and then run the spurs off to left and right in the same fashion. If you've been used to seeing logging with ox teams and sleds, you'll have a chance to see some real live action when you've watched the donkey-engine at work."

His forecast was most conservative. Logging by steam, as it is done in the



The logging railroad



The foreman of the "gang."

Cascades, is worth going many miles to see as a hair-raising spectacle. When the train toiled into a clearing, the donkey-engine stood near the track and the skid-way which led to the loading platform. It was a commonplace looking "donkey," although bigger than most of its breed which puff and strain on docks and at the foot of derricks. The boiler and engine were mounted on a massive timber sled, whose runners or underpinnings were two weighty logs. This timber raft had a blunt bow and a snub nose where the runners had been hewn away, like the front end of a New England "stone-boat." Stout guy-ropes ran to nearby trees, mooring the "donkey" as if it were an unruly kind of a beast. In front of the engine was a series of drums, wound round with wire cable which trailed off into the forest and vanished.

The area across which these cables trailed was littered with windfalls, tall butts, sawed-off tops and branches, up-turned roots fifteen feet in air. Huge logs, cut in lengths of from twenty-five to forty feet, loomed amid this woodland wreckage like the backs of a school of whales in a

tumbling sea. No roads had been cut. It seemed impossible to move these great sections of trees to the railroad and thence to market. Teaming was out of the question in such a ruck as this.

The only appliances in sight were the humble "donkey," and the aimless wire-cable which led off into the general tangle of things. Closer inspection showed a signal rope which led from the whistle of the "donkey" off into the woods without visible destination. Some one out of vision yanked this six hundred feet of rope. The "donkey" screamed a series of intelligent blasts. The engine clattered, the drums began to revolve and the wire cable which seemed to wind off to nowhere in particular grew taut. The "donkey" surged against its moorings, its massive sled began to rear and pitch as if it were striving to bury its nose in the earth.

There was a startling uproar in the forest, wholly beyond seeing distance, mind you. It sounded as if trees were being pulled up by the roots. The "donkey" was puffing and tugging at its anchorage as if it had suddenly undertaken to



The "husky" crew going to dinner on the flat-cars



A "bucker" at work.

jerk out the side of the mountain. In a moment a log came hurtling out of the undergrowth nearly a thousand feet away. It was a section of tree six feet through, a diameter greater than the height of most men. It was forty feet long, and it must have weighed a large number of tons.

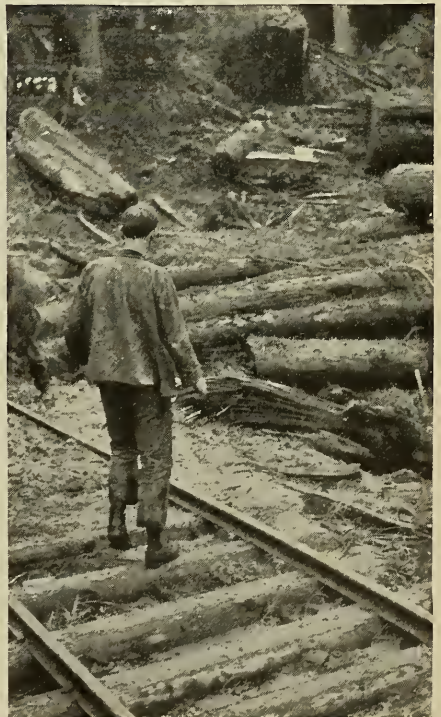
It burst into sight as if it had wings, smashing and tearing its own pathway. The "donkey" was not merely dragging it at the end of a wire cable a quarter of a mile long. It was yanking it home hand over fist. The great log was coming so fast that when it fetched athwart a stump it pitched over it as if it were taking a hurdle. Then it became entangled with another whopper of a log, as big as itself. The two locked arms, they did not even hesitate, and both came lunging toward the "donkey" and the railroad.

The "donkey" did not complain of this extra burden. It veered sidewise as if to get a fresh grip, reared a trifle more viciously, coughed and grunted, and jerked the burden along with undiminished vigor. It is an awesome sight to see a log six feet through and forty feet long bounding toward you as if the devil were in it, break-

ing off small trees as if they were twigs, leaping over obstacles, gouging a way for itself with terrific uproar.

I waited until the log was within twenty feet of the loading platform, and then, fearful that the "donkey" might forget to let go in the excitement of the moment, I moved rapidly away from the scene of action. The huge missile halted in its flight, and the masterful "donkey" had a breathing spell.

It was time to wonder how they were going to load this unwieldy brute of a log on a flat car. One realized the girth and weight of it when the "chaser" followed it in, and branded it by stamping one end with a sledge hammer. As he stood by the butt of it, the top of the log was well above his head. Now the "head loader," and "loader" assumed command. They deftly rigged slings of wire cable around the log, and the donkey engine was asked to give them a lift. The tireless "donkey" squatted back, made a wild lunge or two before settling in the traces, and the log began to roll over and over up the inclined skidway in the bight of these slings.



In a timber-yard.



The remarkable donkey-engine yanking the big timber through the woods

A pull here and a tug there, and the log rolled across the platform, and settled in its place on the car, handled by steam and by steam alone from the time when the "fallers" and sawyers had brought it crashing to earth, and cut it into sections.

This was not the limit, however, of the resourcefulness of the "donkey." No sooner had this log been gripped by the back of the neck and flung aboard a car, than the gang back there in the woods had made another log fast to the trailing cable. Not a second was wasted. When the first log settled on the car a second was crashing and leaping through the forest. It was even more impressive to learn that when the "yard" is cleared, and it is time to move to another forest tract, the "donkey" loads itself aboard a flat car by a process analogous to that of lifting one's self by the bootstraps. The cables are belayed to convenient trees, the "donkey" takes hold, the drums revolve, and the astute engine hauls itself along, until it is close to the loading platform. Now purchases are secured, and the ponderous machinery jerks itself up the skidway prepared for its passage. One more clever effort and it hauls itself across the platform to the car, thus demonstrating itself a "donkey" whose capabilities give the lie to its name.

We followed the cable back into the forest while the coast was clear. There was first the "haulback," a wire rope more than half a mile long, which led in a wide circle through that part of the forest which was being logged by this particular "donkey." This cable is an errand boy for the larger and stronger cable which does the heavy work. The "haulback" leads from the drums of the donkey-engine, turning corners through sheaves made fast to trees, and is thus an endless line which can be reeled out or in to carry the stronger cable whenever it may be needed. It would be a slow and back-breaking task for men to pull the big cable through such a tangle of forest as this. Therefore they hitch a length of it onto the "haulback," the donkey kindly assists, and deposits the gear just in the right spot. Then the "hook tenders" and "rigging slingers" fall to, and pass the heavy cable or "lead" around the end of the log, making it fast with big steel hooks which bite deep into the shaggy bark.

Thus harnessed, there is no more use for the "haulback" cable, and the "donkey" reels in the bigger cable with the log at the end much as one handles a fish that is securely hooked. Ahead of this gang are the "windfall buckers," who saw into handy lengths such fallen trees as are square in the way. These are jerked aside by a "lead" from the big cable, but it is not considered necessary to clear the path any more carefully than by the removal of these most conspicuous obstacles.

The men work in a dense and damp undergrowth, in mud and slime up to their knees when the autumn rains fall for months on end. It is slippery, trying work, and when the steel hooks lose their grip, and the lengths of cable whip blindly through the air, and the log runs amuck before the ardent "donkey" can be checked there is such vivid and varied profanity as cannot be found outside a polyglot lumber camp in the untamed west.

This part of the logging industry in the Cascades is essentially business-like and specialized. It lacks romance, although the method of it is filled with dashing and picturesque energy. If you would see the tragedy of the big woods, you must wander a little back from the "donkey's" area of infernal activity. Down the columned aisles of these noble trees there rings a long, deep call:

"Look out of the ro-o-a-d."

It is the warning signal of the sawyer, the dirge of a big tree which is about to fall. From a few hundred feet away there is a fierce crackling like the volley firing of rifles. The fibers of the giant are being torn asunder. A mighty green crest more than two hundred feet in air begins to sway ever so slightly as if moved by a big wind. Then comes a long-drawn, rending crash, gathering volume as the heart of the tree is ripped in twain. Now the top of the tree, far up in the bright sunlight, begins to move toward the earth, very slowly. It seems a long time before it gathers headway and begins to crash in a sweeping arc down among the trees around and beneath it. The air is full of torn branches and fragments of the smaller trees which are in the shattering path of this fall.

So fast is the flight of the tree as its mass picks up momentum that the wind wails through its top, and the sound of it can be



The savage desolation in the lumberman's wake.

heard afar. There is a vast, solemn groaning sound, and then with the noise of thunder the tree smites the ground, and the earth trembles. It is an impressive spectacle for the layman who is not figuring how many feet of lumber this prostrate monarch will yield. Nor does it cheer him to learn that one of these great trees is worth only fifty dollars to the logger, and that when it reaches the mill it will be cut up into ten thousand feet of lumber.

When it is down, the "buckers" attack it. With one man on each end of a long and limber saw, the tree is soon cut into handy lengths, ready for the wire cable and the obstreperous donkey-engine. Perched high on their spring-boards set in notches

made in the butt six or eight feet above-ground, the "fallers" are at work, nibbling at other great trees before the saws come into play, for these trees are sawed, not chopped down, and the axe does only the preliminary work. Twenty trees are felled every working day by the crew of "two fallers" and one "under-cutter," twenty trees together worth a thousand dollars as they fall.

Fifty men work in each gang, and two "yards" are being cleared at the same time, so that a hundred men toil to keep the two donkey-engines and the railroad spurs busy. Between forty and fifty big trees come down in the day's work of the "out-fit." They are a strong and hustling lot



"Washing' up" for dinner.



The "donkey" at work.

of men. Logging by steam admits of no leisurely methods. The gangs are kept on the jump to measure pace with the "donkey" and the busy little railroad, and profits are so small at best that no time can be wasted. The boss drives his crews, but he feeds and pays them well, and they have no snow-bound winters to fight.

When the day's work was over in the "yards" we visited, the men came flocking from the woods to board the train that was waiting to carry them down to the camp at the foot of the hills. They were rough and husky men, ready for a fight or a frolic, but the quiet young foreman with the gray eye and square jaw held their respectful attention whenever he joined a

group on the swaying flat cars. Most of the cars were piled high with logs, and the broad-shouldered, lop-sided little engine had to hold back with all its might to prevent the train from running away with it.

We slowed up at another "yard" where a spur of track led to a loading platform. Here an unwearied "donkey" was engaged in its last task of the long day. It was perched on the crest of a hill beyond which the cleared land pitched down to a shallow pond. Across the pond a trail opened into the dense forest, a trail furrowed like an irrigating ditch. Down the hill, through the pond, and along the furrowed ditch ran the wire cable, taut and humming as the "donkey" pulled it home.



The "riggers" crew repairing cables.

It was a matter of minutes while we waited and looked at the opening in the woods. Then the log heaved in sight, riding grandly through the shadows like a sentient monster. It charged out of the woods, hurling earth and stones before it. On top of it stood a logger, swaying easily, shifting his footing to meet the plunges of his great beast, a dare-devil figure of a man outlined against the sunset sky as the log flew down hill. Before it dived into the pond he made a flying leap, and tumbled into the undergrowth with a yell of pure enjoyment. Then the log tore through the pond amid a whirlwind of spray, and moved up the opposite slope to the end of its long journey.

Fully as heroic as the figure of the logger on the riding home, was the man perched above the groaning drums of the donkey-engine. He handled his straining cables and machinery in a fashion to suggest the management of an elephant by means of a walking stick. When the tooting signals came to him that all was ready somewhere out in the woods, he let the "haulback" unwind, and then tightened the pull on the big cable and made ready for action. When the signal came that meant "go ahead," he threw his lever over, and a hundred horse-power surged into being, not by easy gradation, but with a fierce and sudden jump. It was like starting a heavy train by throwing the throttle wide open. It was taken for granted that everything would hold together, and, *mirabile dictu*, it did. And when the log moved, it was with the power of a hundred horses jumping into their collars as one and starting on the gallop. The most vivid impression of the day among the big timber was made by the "donkey-engine" as used in modern logging. It (I was going to say "He") is an uproarious embodiment of the American spirit in action, with no time for sentiment. The "donkey" reckes not of the tragedy of the big trees. It rolls up its sleeves and proceeds to get results or break its back in the attempt.

In a hundred valleys of the Far West and along a hundred hillsides the logger is tearing the forest to pieces by these twentieth century methods. He picks out the choicest timber for slaughter, leaves the remainder to be burned by the fires which follow his crews, and is making desolation

in the noblest wilderness left to the American nation. He has invested money in the ownership of timber lands. He is unwilling to let this investment lie idle. The only way in which he can get returns is by cutting timber, and he is not to be harshly blamed for wishing to realize on his investment. He has been criminally wasteful and careless, and he is beginning to see the folly of his ways.

His spirit of extravagance and contempt for the future has been of a piece with the handling of the public domain, as if Uncle Sam and his people could never come to the end of their rope. The demand for timber is enormous, and the men who possess it are average, hard-working Americans who want to make a success of the business in which their dollars and their industry are staked.

There is a class of sentimentalists who make outcry against all destruction of forests, as if lumber could be made in a mill and not from trees. Vast as is the production of the forests of the Pacific Northwest, the annual cut amounts in board measure to only twice as much as the annual consumption of timber for railroad ties alone in the United States. About two hundred railroad ties is the average yield of forest per acre, and to replace the worn-out ties and lay new track for one year, means the stripping of one half million acres of American forest. Bridge timbers, telegraph poles, etc., swell this demand to a million acres of forest, cut down each year to maintain American railroads. And railroad ties are a small item in the total consumption of lumber.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the changing attitude of the lumbermen toward the science of forestry as fostered by the Federal Government. They are beginning to see that their industry is doomed to an early extinction unless the wastage is checked and the forest is renewed for future generations. And more than this, unless the forests are preserved, vast tracts of fertile and prosperous America will become desert in the next century. This is a lesson taught by such countries as Tunis, now a part of the North African desert, which in old times was a smiling and populous garden. An Arab chronicler relates that "in those days one could walk from Tunis to Tripoli in the shade." The



Where the timber is shot down the mountain.

Arab conquest destroyed the forest, and the desert swept over the face of the land.

It is difficult to realize that all attempts to educate the present-day American in the value of forest preservation fly in the face of the teachings of his immediate forefathers. In an address delivered at the American Forest Congress last year, this change of national viewpoint was put in a striking manner.

"No reasonable man would be disposed to denounce the early settlers of the timbered portions of North America for cutting away the forests. Cleared land was necessary for the growing of food products which were needed to sustain life. A man with a family by a courageous enterprise, or by the force of circumstances, projected into the wilderness, would not hesitate to cut down and clear off the tree growth as rapidly as his strength permitted. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and the pioneers in our forest areas had to clear the land or starve. Moreover, in the early period of settlement he was considered

the greatest benefactor of the state, and to the community in which he lived, who slashed down the most forest and cleared the most land. There was no thought of the future value of timber. It was a cumberer of the ground, like ledges of rock and the loose stones of the glacial drift. The lumberman was not a devastator, but performed a useful function by removing that which, as it stood, had little or no value."

The lumbermen of to-day, realizing that our grandfathers attacked the timber as an enemy rather than a friend, are asking: "How can I cut my timber now, and at the same time grow a new crop for future supply?" The Forestry Bureau at Washington, under the notably efficient direction of Gifford Pinchot and with the active co-operation of President Roosevelt, is ready to tell the lumberman how to face this problem, and better yet, offers to send its experts to show him, on the ground, how to cut his timber to the best advantage for present needs and future use.



The stump of a giant which has grown over a fallen tree three hundred years old.



General Harrison.

Painting by J. R. Lambdin.

GENERAL HARRISON, THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

DRAWING BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

WHEN on the 20th day of August, 1794, Mad Anthony won his great victory over many of the western tribes of American Indians, the fame that he achieved was even less among the whites than among the savages themselves. It was the terror of his name and the memory of the frightful punishment he inflicted, more than any knowledge or appreciation of the young republic's army and resources, that induced them to sign treaties and to keep the peace for nearly two decades; and when in 1806 the strained relations between Great Britain and the United States led the emissaries of the Governor General of Canada to attempt to excite discontent among the savages, their nefarious purpose met with little response until they be-thought themselves to announce that the spirit of the "Chief that Never Sleeps" had passed away.

Among the Shawanees there had been for many years a superstition that to their tribe was to belong the principal rôle in that final extirpation of the whites which was prophesied by the medicine men of all the Indian tribes, and just now one of the most sagacious and daring Indian chiefs of any time was all-influential in their councils. This was the celebrated Tecumseh—a name that signifies The Crouching Panther. He was one of three brothers that came into the world at one birth, and one of these brothers, Olliwacheca, known to the whites as "The Prophet," was but little inferior in ability to Tecumseh himself. The Prophet was indeed the most celebrated medicine man among all the races, and like his brother hated the whites with an implacable enmity.

Tecumseh himself almost realized that ideal which romancers love to draw of the

noble red men. His presence was commanding, his courage active and indomitable, his mind subtle, vigorous and acute. His eloquence too abounded in picturesque and striking imagery, and was all-persuasive in councils. With all the rest his judgment was cool and his fiery spirit under great control. No emergency ever clouded his understanding; only the strongest provocation could ruffle his temper, and it is doubtful if there ever lived a greater master of dissimulation.

The various treaties by which the agents of the whites had taken from the childlike red men their land excited the fiery wrath of this great chief, and he set himself no less a task than the uniting of all the Indian races, North and South, in a great confederacy, strangely like the Amphictyonic League of old, whose high priest should be Olliwacheca, whose head chief should be Tecumseh, and whose purpose should be the utter annihilation of the whites. The influence that this masterful savage possessed over the minds of the Indians was strengthened and aided by that which The Prophet exercised over their emotions, and such was the vigor and secrecy of their plans, that almost before the western representatives of the Government were aware of any danger, a serious menace threatened all the settlements west of the Alleghanies.

But by a singular piece of good fortune it happened that the man for the emergency was at hand. While the difficulties which led to the shameful war of 1812 were fermenting and British agents were practicing those despicable arts which the duplicity of Britain's statecraft more than encouraged so long as the republic was weak, a young man named William Henry Harrison was appointed Governor of the Territory of Indiana, which then comprised, besides the state of that name, all the territory that is now embraced in Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin.

The young governor was the son of that Benjamin Harrison, a planter of Virginia, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, three times governor of his native state, and chairman of the Congressional Board of War during the first two years of the Revolution. Young Harrison was born on his father's plantation on the James River, on the 9th of January, 1773. At the age of eighteen, while he was

a student at Hampton-Sidney college, his father died. Robert Morris, the great financier, who as director of the monetary affairs of the United Colonies had induced some stability and order into the depreciated and confused finances, and who, after pledging his own large private fortune to buy food and powder for Washington's little army, was allowed to die in poverty by an ungrateful republic, became young Harrison's guardian. He brought his ward to Philadelphia and entered him as a student under the celebrated Dr. Rush. But medicine was not to the boy's liking. He applied personally to Washington, his father's old friend, for service in the army, and the first President gave him an ensign's commission and much good advice. Harrison proceeded at once to his post at Fort Washington, near the present site of Cincinnati; there he remained three years, and then joined the army of Anthony Wayne in that hero's campaign against the Indians. He was in the great fight that so completely crushed the savages, and served so valiantly that he won his commander's commendation. The dashing general indeed wrote of him in the most eulogistic terms. "Lieutenant Harrison," he said, "was in the foremost front of the hottest battle. His person was exposed from the commencement to the close of the action. Wherever duty called him he hastened regardless of danger, and by his efforts and example contributed as much to secure the fortunes of the day as any other officer subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief."

His new renown and his chief's recommendation now made Harrison a captain in the regular army and he was given command of Fort Washington. His energy and capacity in his new post soon led to his appointment as secretary of the Northwest Territory; and when three years later, at the beginning of the new century, a division of the territory was made and Ohio set off, because of his knowledge of Western affairs and his enterprise he became governor of the remaining territory, then called Indiana.

He was but twenty-seven years of age at this time, but was already looked upon by the authorities at Washington as a man of fine parts and more than ordinary capacity.



"The Prophet . . . professed peace and asked for another 'talk.'"
(Harrison and Tecumseh at Vincennes.)

Drawing by Stanley M. Arthurs.

"It was no accident that made William Henry Harrison the first Governor of Indiana Territory," Theodore Roosevelt has said, and to those who believe in the direct intervention of Providence, the sequence of events will amply justify the declaration. To appreciate the difficulties with which he was surrounded would require a chapter in history. But we may say that the questions of slavery and Indian lands were the most important ones with which he had to deal. Though it had been provided that slavery should never become an institution of the territory north of the Ohio, yet the settlers from the slave states were in the majority, and Harrison, himself from a slaveholding family, gave his aid to the various schemes for its establishment in some form. But as settlers from the eastern states began to pour in and soon formed a great majority, the popularity of the young governor from Virginia rapidly waned, and he soon lost the confidence of those opposed to the extension of slave territory. But he was heart and soul with the best interests of those whom he governed, and when satisfied that the dominant party were against bondage, he withdrew his influence from the pro-slavery faction.

Upon one question, however, all the settlers were in harmony, and that was the acquisition of the numerous tracts of rich land which the Indians still held. There lay Harrison's chance to win back his lost prestige and popularity, and he eagerly seized it. From Washington he obtained leave to make such new treaties as he deemed best for his new territory, and it is greatly to his credit that he conducted all negotiations of purchase with a justice and a fairness never before known, and discountenanced and punished all swindling schemes of Government agents. He who was soon to so completely break their savage power proved himself at this time an active friend of the Indians as against the unfair treatment of the whites. He reported to Washington a long list of wrongs, and in 1801 wrote with the spirit of prophecy: "All these injuries the Indians have hitherto borne with astonishing patience. But though they discover no disposition to make war against the United States, I am confident that most of the tribes would eagerly seize any favorable opportunity

for that purpose, and should the United States be at war with any European nations who are known to the Indians, there would probably be a combination of more than nine-tenths of the Northwest tribes against us unless some means are made use of to conciliate them."

Though opportunities of growing immensely rich, in the transfer from the Indians to the Government, and subsequently to settlers, of millions of acres, were Harrison's, his private fortune never profited. Moreover, he succeeded in bringing about such a reform in the disposition of lands as allowed the poor man to buy in smaller tracts than had been previously possible, and even induced some of the more friendly tribes to build homes and practice a rude sort of agriculture. His success in opening the lands restored his popularity, and his fairness had won the favor of the most easterly tribes when in September, 1809, he concluded a treaty with the Miamis, Kickapoos, Delawares and Pottawatomies, which greatly excited the wrath of Tecumseh.

That wily savage and his brother, The Prophet, had by this time perfected a league which bound together all the tribes occupying land as far west and north as the Mississippi and the boundaries of Canada. Nor was there lacking much that was laudable in Tecumseh's aim. He sought to rescue the Indians from the pollution of the white man's whiskey and debasing morals, and from the wiles of cheating traders. But he wished to restore their primeval condition, and to that end he discouraged agriculture and denounced the sale of land.

In the summer of 1808 The Prophet had established a village on the banks of the Wabash near the mouth of Tippecanoe Creek. Hither flocked warriors from all the western tribes to listen to his incantations and prophecies. Here, too, Tecumseh harangued his allies, promising the restoration of lands and the final disappearance of the whites. Signs of unrest now began to appear among all the tribes. When the treaty of September, 1809, by which were alienated nearly three million acres of land in the basin of the Wabash, became known to Tecumseh, his resentment knew no bounds. Signs of disturbance became more marked and the more westerly

settlers became greatly alarmed. Tecumseh, it was rumored, had counseled the killing of the chiefs that signed that treaty. Evidence of preparation for an outbreak on the part of the Indians was not wanting, and soon it was discovered that agents of the British Governor of Canada were supplying the tribes with arms and powder. By the summer of 1810 the more eastern tribes brought interpretations of The Prophet's ravings and soothing sayings to Harrison. He was quick to act, but tried to be just. He denounced The Prophet as an evil counselor and an impostor to the neighboring Indians, and arranged a "talk" with the two Indian brothers by which he sought to pacify them. At that interview the wily Tecumseh declared himself the true friend of the governor and the nation. He wished only, he said, the restoration of the lands by the great chief at Washington. He made a long and eloquent appeal, but when Harrison in reply refused all his demands, Tecumseh for once lost control of his temper. He threw aside his blanket, and at a sign his attending warriors lifted their tomahawks. Only Harrison's unflinching nerve, coolness and bravery prevented a massacre. Nothing came of the interview, and in the spring of 1811 the Indians began the stealing of horses and the plundering of homes. Harrison sent word to Tecumseh that unless this was immediately stopped he should attack the Indians with troops. But Tecumseh was not yet ready for war. The Indians of the South had not been won over to his league. Again he professed the greatest friendship, and then immediately with twenty warriors he hastened to the far South to invoke the Creeks, Choctaws and Chickasaws.

But unfortunately for his own hopes he left at a time when his restraining presence was needed. The war spirit of the braves had been aroused and outrages continued. In September, while Tecumseh was still away organizing his league in the South, Harrison received word that the settlement of Vincennes was greatly alarmed. Thousands of braves from many tribes were reported to be at the village of The Prophet, and the war dance was thought to be on. Harrison hurried at once to Vincennes and there gathered a respectable force of frontiersmen, among whom were many volun-

teer riflemen from Kentucky. He united with these a regiment of United States regulars and marched at once to the neighborhood of The Prophet's village. Such energy and celerity had not been looked for. The Prophet was taken by surprise. He professed peace and asked for another "talk." To this Harrison acceded. But as an old Indian fighter who had been trained in the school of Mad Anthony, he took every precaution against treachery. Nothing came of the parley. Again The Prophet professed amity; but Harrison insisted that the savages must at once disband. His army camped that night (Nov. 6, 1811) on an open plain about a mile from The Prophet's village. Everything had been done by that chief to disarm suspicion, but the soldiers were ordered to sleep upon their arms. A little creek lay in Harrison's rear; its banks were covered with trees and thick bushes, in front extended a marshy prairie. It was a spot well adapted for the methods of Indian warfare, and Harrison was afterward much criticised by his political opponents for camping there.

A little before four o'clock on the morning of the 7th, just as Harrison had ordered the soldiers to be aroused, the sentinel nearest the creek fired. The report of his gun was answered by war whoops, the savages came rushing upon the camp and the famous battle of Tippecanoe had begun. It was still quite dark and the fires of the camp aided the savages in their aim. The soldiers suffered heavily before the fires could be extinguished. There were signs of wavering, but Harrison thundered his commands, steadied his men and seemed to be everywhere at once in the thick of the fight. In many places there were hand to hand conflicts, but the savages were finally pushed back to cover. For two hours the fight raged stubbornly—the troops suffering more than the Indians. But as daylight grew, Harrison ordered a bayonet charge into the timber and brush, and the savages were thus driven from cover. As they fled they fell in great numbers under the accurate fire of the Kentucky rifles, and soon the defeat became a rout decisive and thorough.

Next day Harrison burned The Prophet's village and provisions and led his troops back to Vincennes. They had suffered

severely, but the complete victory had been worth the price. The tribes to the north and west had found The Prophet's soothsayings and Tecumseh's promises vain and visionary, and many fell away from the league. But for Harrison's timely move, his vigilance, courage and fighting qualities, the Indian Confederacy had been solidified, and a few months more would have arrayed all the tribes north and south against the United States and in aid of the British in the war of 1812. Had a commander less determined, active and brave been in the place of Harrison at Tippecanoe Creek, and defeat then ensued, the basin of the Ohio and upper Mississippi would in all probability have been depopulated. That vast stretch of country owes few men more than it owes the hero of Tippecanoe.

As a soldier he was not so brilliant as Wayne, and Tippecanoe was less skillfully fought than Wayne's great battle with the Indians. But it was a stubborn fight, its consequence was of equal import, and it gave Harrison a more enduring fame and popularity than Mad Anthony had won. It was chiefly Tippecanoe that carried its hero to the height of political position and power.

Tecumseh returned from the South, where he had aroused the Creeks, to find his long-cherished plans withered just as they were to ripen. Broken-hearted, but more full of hate than ever, he gathered what warriors he could from the demoralized tribes and passed north into Canada, to become a British ally in the war of the year following—the inglorious war of 1812. As such, a short but stirring career awaited him, a career that was to end on a field of battle against the man who had ruined his confederacy and his hopes.

The story of the war of 1812 is not inspiring reading to those who love their country. It is a history of mismanagement, incompetency, imbecility and the bitter hate of political parties. In the West at first almost everything went wrong. General Hull, an antiquated officer of the Revolution, pusillanimously surrendered Detroit without firing a gun, and so lost all Michigan and much of what is now Illinois and Indiana. The British and their savage confederates overran the conquered territory, and the horrors of Indian

warfare, conflagrations, tortures, massacres followed. Proctor, the British commander, was a fiend in human shape who made no effort to mitigate the ferocity of his red allies led by Tecumseh. Settlers were butchered, scalped, burned at the stake, without regard to age or sex. The malevolent Proctor even gave to the violence and fury of the Indians one garrison which had surrendered only on the pledge of his protection.

In the desperate state of affairs all the West clamored for the Hero of Tippecanoe, and Harrison was at length appointed Commander-in-Chief in that region, with almost dictatorial powers, and with orders to protect the settlers and retake Detroit. He was the idol of his brave but undisciplined frontier troops. He shared with the common soldiers all their fatigues, dangers, hardships and privations, and toiled, starved and froze with them. All his private baggage was carried in a small carpet sack. The General himself showed that he was the veriest frontiersman. Space is denied us to follow this arduous campaign. Harrison fought at first with varying success, but at length the British were compelled to relinquish Detroit and all the conquered American territory. Commodore Perry's great victory on Lake Erie compelled them to retreat into Canada. Hither Harrison followed with eagerness and celerity. Proctor and Tecumseh awaited him in a strong position on the banks of the Thames River not far from Lake St. Clair. Here was fought, on Oct. 5, 1813, the bloody battle of the Thames. The British regulars, forming the enemy's left, were drawn up in a thick wood on the river bank. The right flank was composed of about 1,500 braves under Tecumseh, sheltered in and behind a swamp. It was a battle front cleverly and strongly arranged, but Harrison formed his men skillfully and attacked with vigor and without hesitation. At the critical moment Colonel Johnson, having obtained permission from Harrison, ordered the British forces charged with part of his mounted Kentuckians. These fearless and hardy frontiersmen dashed forward with such impetuosity that they drove the gunners from the enemy's artillery and broke through both lines of the regulars and took Proctor's force in the rear. Attacked now on both sides,

the British were thrown into great confusion and almost all surrendered. Proctor, their commander, in fear of having to answer for his brutal massacres, fled in his carriage, and when nearly overtaken by the van of the American cavalry leaped from the coach and escaped alone into the woods. Colonel Johnson in the meantime led the remaining Kentucky horsemen through the swamp, dismounted them and attacking the Indians in the rear, drove them out on the American firing line, where they were shot down in masses. The valiant and savage Tecumseh had no thought of flight like the craven Proctor, but fought furiously to the last. When the battle field was surveyed the great chief was found shot through that heart that had beat with so many high hopes and so much of bitter hate. To Johnson and his Kentuckians belongs chiefly the glory of a victory which brought peace and quiet to the West.

General Harrison was now one of the most popular men in the whole nation. His subsequent career is familiar to all readers. Having no claim to brilliant genius, nor much book knowledge, he yet had great capacity and many talents, and was known as a brave, liberal, honest, sincere, good and just man. He became distinguished as an honorable and a useful statesman. As congressman and senator he was noted for his moderation, sagacity, soundness and unimpeachable integrity. The campaign in which Harrison was elected president and Tyler vice-president was one of the most active and exciting that the nation ever passed through. Those who lament the comparatively moderate rivalry between the political parties of to-day know nothing of the rancor and contempt with which Whigs and Democrats of old regarded each other.

General Harrison was affectionately called "Old Tip" by his devoted followers; their emblem was the log cabin in which he had lived in the West, and their political slogan was, from his great Indian victory, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

Anecdotes illustrative of his good-nature, courage and energy are still current in the regions to which he gave so many of his best years. They tell how in his campaigns he would refuse comforts that his men could not have, and how, as in moments of danger he was always the most cool, so in moments of despair he was always the most cheerful. Once when the horses had given out in a march through the forests, in a spirit of fun he had the troopers throw their saddles over the limbs of the trees, and mounting in their rocking seats give a mirthful broadsword exhibition to the soldiers of how they were to cleave the enemies' skulls. Again, once when his little army was floundering in the wooded swamps on the banks of the Au Glaise, a black night suddenly fell with a drenching rain. No fires could be built, no shelter made, for the axes were with the baggage train in the rear; but the general had one of the officers sing a favorite Hibernian song, and joined lustily with the soldiers in the refrain:

"Night's the time for mirth and glee;
Come, sing and dance and laugh with me."

He cultivated the friendliest spirit with all of his frontier soldiers, wore a buckskin jacket, was the keenest of woodsmen and in moments of leisure made real companions of his men. He would swing an axe, hunt the deer or coon, and he shot with the best. His homely, hardy ways won their love as his daring stimulated their courage. For half a century he was the archetype of pioneers, as Lincoln came to be to the generation that came after. Even yet the magic word of "Tippecanoe" will stir the reminiscences of many octogenarians in the middle West.

President Harrison gathered around him one of the strongest cabinets ever formed, with Webster as its chief, and much was expected of his administration. But the old hero was worn out with hard work, and just one month after his inauguration died on the 4th of April, 1841, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

THE SILVER FOX

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

WHEN the days were short and the forest bare of leaves; when autumnal colors had gone, leaving brown trunks and the dark green of pines and firs; when the caribou called hoarsely on the barren lands and the beaver worked to get in their winter supply, then Sebat gathered the few steel traps he had, packed some food, his blanket and two shirts around them, slung the whole on his axe-handle, tossed the bundle to his shoulder, picked up his carbine and started from Fort à la Corne for Lac le Rouge through the wilderness.

The day was dark and a raw wind muttered among the tall tops.

"Hm!" he snorted as he traveled rapidly on. "Dat facteur Daniele he tink he h'ave som'ting for not'ing. Ah goin' see dat Murchee-son h'at le Rouge, mabbe so he mor' honorable."

Around windfalls, down ravines, up the rough river beaches, over low mountain runs, past lakes and the dead water stretches of streams, he plodded on.

Always the wind mourned and the forest was deserted save for a hurrying rabbit now and then and sometimes a fleeting glimpse that he got of a caribou, its thudding feet rustling in the depths of frosted leaves. He camped that night near the Hudson Bay post at Green Lake, but he did not go in there because he knew that the factor was short of trappers and would try to make him stay.

"De troubl' weet dees Compagnie," he whispered as he boiled some tea by the little fire, "ees dat les facteurs dey fighten' too much wan noddair for mak' beeges' lot monnaie; d'Indians no get 'nough for h'eat an' die. Sacrée," he spoke aloud in his vehemence, "dey no goin' starrve Sebat, dat sure!" and he ate his supper. Tiny snowflakes dropped into the firelight as he finished.

"Snow? she come earlee dees saison,"

and he laid on a few more boughs over his one-man lean-to. Soon he was asleep and the night passed on, cold and dismal. The snow ceased and the wind came stronger and stronger, shrilling in the hemlocks with long-drawn sounds. By the first signs of light Sebat had his fire going again, and when the frugal breakfast was over he shouldered his load and went on. Late in the afternoon of the next day he stopped suddenly, while passing through a musky swamp.

"Silvare fox?" and he got down on his knees by a log that had fallen outward from the timber. He searched the bark keenly.

"Ha!" He carefully drew a long gray hair from the rough edges.

"Ha—ha! by diable, dat wan nombair wan silvaire fox," he muttered. "Dat feller mus' be leeven clos'. S'posin' ovaire dere een dat spleet rock, hein?" Then he answered his own questions.

"Certain! Ah goin' get dat fine animal leetle mor' late, w'en snow deep!"

At dusk he reached the company's post at Lac le Rouge.

"Bojou—bojou, Michele," he said, pushing open the door of a little log house.

The man looked up startled. "Eh? Ben dat you, Sebat! Ah tink you down à la Corne."

"Jus' so, but Ah no lak de facteur; Ah'm comen' le Rouge for trappen' dees wintare; for m'ek beeg lot monnaie, go see Annette and dose petits Ah got," and he chuckled. "Par Dieu, you know Ah got seez! T'ree garcons, an' t'ree filles!" The other laughed.

"Dat all ver' bon w'en you got strong han's for worrk; s'posen' you seeck, w'at happen?"

"Ah dun-no," Sebat answered, and his face sank; then brightened, "Ah'm strrong feller manee year yet!"

Michele Poitrin lighted his pipe.

"You get suppaire ef you want, hein?"

They talked long, for they were old friends; then Sebat went to the store.

"Bojou, M'sieu Murcheeson."

The factor, at his desk behind the counter, nodded, and Sebat glanced about the whitewashed and raftered interior.

A few "outside" trappers, one or two Canadians and a lot of Indians squatted and stood round, talking in low, soft voices. The air was thick with the reek of pipes; candles lighted the scene.

Murchison looked up: "What is't ye'r wantin'?"

Sebat gazed at the little Scotchman from his towering height.

"Ah'm tinkin' mak' hunt for you dees wintaire."

"Trap an' welcome," Murchison chuckled; then in a whisper to the clerk, "We'll have the greatest lot o' skins ever come out the deestrect this year! They're all flockin' to us." His subordinate acquiesced wearily and continued to add rows of small figures that danced before his eyes as the candle in front of him guttered and wavered.

"D'ye want some grub?"

"Ai—hai" (yes). Sebat walked over to the counter and brought his fist down with a crackling thump.

"An' Ah wan' grub at de 'line' cost! Ha—ha! You see Sebat he know w'at de cost ees at de 'line,' an' w'at dey geef for skeens dere aussie."

The factor stared. The store was silent—then Murchison's eyes narrowed, but he turned to his desk without further remark.

"H'm!" Sebat snorted again, and went out. "Dat Murcheeson ees 'fraid h'of me!" he announced proudly, entering Michele's hut.

"You bessis tak' care h'of dat mans! He h'ave wan heart lak'—" Michele took up a stone hammer and slammed it on the floor—"dat."

Sebat laughed. "Ah don' tink he goin' hurrt me!" and the two rolled up in their blankets on the little bough beds.

Outside, dogs yowled singly and in unison; the long-drawn wails echoing and re-echoing fainter and fainter in the silent forests. They listened to their own voices, then yelped on.

The waters of the lake rolled noiselessly; sometimes breaking on the shingle with chill whisperings; then curling liquidly,

lapping one another. Across from the Post islands stood out black and lonely, only their outlines visible in the darkness.

As the first signs of day came, pale green and scarlet in the east, the Post was awake. After breakfast Sebat went over to the store again.

"Geef me twent' pound flour, t'ree pound tea, ten pound porrk an' wan pound salt!"

The clerk weighed each article and put the amount in his ledger. "Sebat Duval four dollars and twelve cents." The voice was apathetic and dull.

"How dat?"

"Those are our prices! Take it— or leave it!" The big trapper started to push the food back, thought better of it and tucked the packages under his arms.

"You goin' see!" he called over his shoulder, "Ah'm no Indian for mak' starrve, par Dieu!"

The clerk paid no attention, and Sebat went back to Michele's.

"Ah'm goin' by Churchel Riviere today," he said, packing his supplies and outfit.

"W'at for dere?"

Sebat looked about the yard. "Beeg lot fur la bas," he whispered "mabbe Ah get—den h'ave plent' monnaie, go home, see Annette an' de leetle wans."

"B'en, au'woir," Michele called as Sebat started, snowshoes, axe, traps, food, blankets in a firm pack-load on his back, tump line over his forehead. He waved his hand, and disappeared among the hemlock, on the lake trail.

Every two hours or so he would rest, either propping his heavy load on a high-fallen tree, or slipping it to the ground; then he would smoke, his eyes coursing through the forest the while, noting everything. He saw the shuffling, padded track of a bear, and noted that the footprints were far apart.

"He goin' fast, looken' for place sleep wintaire," he muttered. On a ridge he was crossing later he found a moose trail leading to the river beyond; he followed it, and crossed the stream at a shallow ford.

"De moose dey know w'ere good place," he chuckled as he waded to his knees.

At noon the next day he reached the spot he wished to camp on, at Churchill

River, and he soon had a strong lean-to built.

The following weeks were spent in setting traps, and collecting his fur, that was not plentiful as luck seemed against him. Then he had no more cartridges or food and he went back to the Post. Michele was away trapping; so were nearly all the Indians, save for a few decrepit old men and squaws that sewed moccasins and made snowshoes.

He took his fur to the factor. Twelve beaver, seven sable, three red fox, two sable, one marten, five mink and eighteen musk-rat.

"Eighteen dollars," Murchison said abruptly examining the skins.

"Non!" Sebato shouted. "For'-five dol- laires!"

The Scotchman looked at him.

"Ye'r crazy, man," he said quietly.

"Mabbe Ah'm crazee, but you no get dose skeens les dan w'at Ah say!"

"Take 'em away then, and get out my store."

"Ah wan' grub!"

"So that's it, is't? Ye want this and that and t'other for naething! Get out, I tell ye!"

Murchison kept three beaver and a marten, the best of the lot.

"That's for the grub ye got afore."

"By diable, down h'at de 'line' dey geef—"

"I don't care what they give at the line! I'm running this place, and what I say stands, d'ye hear?"

Sullenly Sebato took the other skins and went away.

By dint of coaxing and threatening he got a little flour here, some tea there, thus eking out enough food for a two weeks' hunt. It was late; he slept that night in Michele's hut. The next morning the ground was deep with snow; he put on the caribou-thonged snowshoes and started for the silver fox.

The way was long and slow, the traveling hard, and the cold bitter in its strength. The white surfaces were indented by tracks, even and stretching away somberly into the depths of the trees.

Sebato came at last to the muskeg swamp and built his camp. He ate sparingly, then slept by starts while another winter's night passed, the moon shining mystically

on the white of the north and creating deep, black shadows.

As he slept there came a fox by the lean-to. It stopped, seeing the embers of the fire, and stood there, motionless, head lifted, dainty pointed ears thrown forward inquiringly; its silvered coat reflecting the light rays that crept through the spruce branches above. The fox sniffed high, then low and vanished noiselessly.

"Hah! Fox, by gar!" Sebato said next morning when he started out to set his traps, seeing the track.

All day he worked. Down by the frozen stream he put out three "steels," cunningly hidden by snow that looked as if it had fallen naturally. This he did by gathering it on boughs, and tossing it in the air over the trap; the bait lay tempting on top.

In other places he put dead-falls for marten and sable, and at the last took off the tump line (that he used for a belt), sprung down a sturdy young birch, and fixed a noose on a caribou trail. As he shuffled home, his snowshoes clinking sharply, he talked aloud.

"Dat Murchee-son? Saprée, he wan voleur! He don' get my fur fur h'eigheten dollaires! B'en non!"

The sound of his voice was deadened by the snow-laden branches.

Day after day he went to his traps, and always the same result—nothing.

Sometimes the bait was stolen (this was bad as he did not have any to spare); again the traps were sprung, but no body was between the sharp jaws. His food grew lower and lower; then he ate but once a day, saving his scanty supply.

"Mus' go back to-mor'," he whispered mournfully. A thought came. He took off his fur cap.

"Bon Dieu, dees pauv'r Sebato h'ave not'ing, onlee Annette an' seex child'en! He wan' for go see dem, an' mus' catch dat silvaire fox for to go dere." Satisfied he slept.

The morning dawned red and calm, with the sting of frost and the silence of daylight. As soon as he could see, Sebato went the mile to the musky swamp for the last time. He looked, rubbed his eyes, and stared. A few yards from the timber edge was a dark body; attached to one of its hind legs a steel trap, chain and clog.

"De silvaire fox!" he cried and ran out.

It was stiffened and straight—was the lithe-form; glossy and perfect its coat, each hair tipped with silver points, the under mass pure gray and of one tone. The eyes were half closed and glassy, frozen in their sockets. Almost in awe at its beauty, Sebat released the jaws; the trap clinked to the light crust. He picked up the body and ran like mad to camp; sat down, the fox in his arms, crooning like a child.

“Ah goin’ see Annette, Ah goin’ see Annette; dey geef me hund’er dollaires for dees,” he repeated over and over again.

Realizing that he had no food he packed his load and started for the post again, carrying the fox always.

At dark he reached the store, hungry, tired, snowshoe sore, but so happy and triumphant.

“How dat, M’sieu Murcheeson?” he asked, carefully putting the silver fox on the counter and smoothing the glorious coat that shone, even in the candle light.

The factor looked carelessly, then a gleam of greed flitted across his face. He examined thoroughly.

“Thirty dollars,” he said, and put out his hand to take the fox.

Sebat seemed not to understand; he gazed at the Scotchan in astonishment.

“T’irt’ dollaires?” he asked in sing-song voice.

“Aye, mon, and a gude price, too!”

Then the trapper awoke to the bitter disappointment. He struck fiercely at the hand that was drawing the fox, *his* Silver Gray for Annette, from him, and the factor winced. All the fury of the French blood boiled out, and Sebat cursed the company and the factor.

“You steal f’m de Indians, dey starrve an’ you get deir monnaie. Ah’m goin’ tak’ dees to de ‘line’ an’ get hund’er dollaires! You—you—you—Ah—sacrée,” he snarled, seized the fox and darted out.

He ran headlong to Michele’s. It was dark in the hut; he strode in, and stood there panting, listening to the violent surging of his heart. Silence—stillness everywhere, and he was hungry and tired. He hid the fox under a bunk, wrapping it in his jacket, and went back to the factor.

“Geef me for h’eat, for go to ‘line,’ Ah geef you all dose skeens Ah have.”

Murchison cursed him. “Go to the line

and be dammed to ye, ye French cur! Ye’ll get naething here!”

Sebat went.

From tepee to tepee he tried to obtain enough food for the two hundred mile trip, but everywhere there was some excuse. He realized then that the factor had ordered it so among the Indians, and that they dared not disobey.

In Michele’s home he found an old crust of bread, hard as wood, but it was food, and he gnawed eagerly.

“Par Dieu, Ah’m goin’ ‘line’ jus’ same!’ Ah’m strrong ‘nough for go t’ree day hongree!”

Fox under his arm, snowshoes on his feet, he started on the trail. The night was black, and snow clouds hung heavy and low.

He traveled on relentlessly, though the thongs wore into his ankles and his body craved nourishment and rest. Daylight came, grew and broadened, as he was crossing a long barren; then it began to snow. Faster and faster, thicker and thicker came the flakes, deadening the sound of his snowshoes, clogging the swing of his stride; but he pushed on, shifting the fox from arm to arm.

Of a sudden he looked up and saw a high ridge before him. “Dees no de way,” he muttered and swung to the left.

On and on and on he traveled, head low to the blinding snow that swept across the open in whirling clouds, urged by the strong wind. To the right, then to the left, he struggled. At last he knew that he was lost, and he stood still.

Crisply the snow settled about him, lonely the wind yowled and sired across the wastes. Daylight was nearly gone. He was weak and trembling. Far in the distance, only intermittently visible through the shifting white, was a hill.

“Ah go dere, mabbe see w’ere Ah goin’,” he muttered hoarsely.

Dragging his feet along, he fought his way; stumbling, slipping, he tried to reach the top—and fell. He rose slowly, worked his way a little farther and fell again. Up, more painfully, and on. Another fall, the snow cutting his face and trickling over his throat. On one hand and knees now, the silver-gray fox weakly clasped to his body, he strove to reach the top of the rise.

A sense of warmth, of unutterable comfort, came over him.

"Ah'm tire', ' he whispered, as he felt the drowsiness creep on his giant frame; and he lay still.

"Ah mus' go, Ah *mus'* go!" he gasped, and tried to move; but the peace and luxurious rest his body felt was too great and his brain could enforce no action.

"Ah'm goin' die here—die ici—jus' here alon'!"

He dragged the fox to his face. The fur felt warm and soft.

"Annette—Annette," he murmured, "so mance, manee leetle chil'—den!"

The snow fell seething on the still figure; covering it lightly at first, then blending its shape with the whiteness of everything. Finally the place was level with the rest. The wind shrieked spasmodically and the white clouds tossed and drifted.

THE BUCCANEERS

DRAKE AND THE "GOLDEN HIND"

BY JOHN R. SPEARS

FRONTISPIECE DRAWING BY N. C. WYETH

THOSE who in these days have given particular attention to the doings of the buccaneers as related by Joseph Esquemeling, are fully agreed with him in his statement that a chief inciting cause of the ferocious raids on the Spaniards was the very great success of Pierre le Grand. But back of Pierre le Grand was a tale of strenuous adventure that had come down from the preceding century, and which was told and retold in every thatched hut and on every ship of the region where the meat hunters and log-wood cutters were gathered together—the story of the luck of Sir Francis Drake, and the gold and silver that he captured on the Isthmus of Panama and the South Sea.

Sir Francis began life as a common sailor, but a relative, Sir John Hawkins, who had also been a common sailor, had made a voyage to the African coast in 1562, where he gathered a cargo of negro slaves whom he carried to the West Indies, and, eluding the officials, sold at an immense profit to the Spanish planters. Having thus acquired a fortune, Hawkins

repeated the voyage and gained fame—he was knighted for his success as a smuggler. A third voyage was planned on a still greater scale. On this voyage went Francis Drake. The expedition included a squadron of six vessels, whereof the *Jesus of Lubeck*, a ship of seven hundred tons, carried the flag.

Having secured full cargoes of negroes on the coast of Africa the expedition sailed to the Caribbean coast of South America, where at Rio de la Hacha and at Cartagena the slaves were sold at an enormous profit. But when the expedition was homeward bound a storm drove the ships into the port of Vera Cruz, on the coast of Mexico. Then a Spanish squadron arrived. The English ships were so located that they might have kept the Spaniards out of the harbor, but as a gale was blowing, the Spaniards promised to allow the English to depart in peace, and the imperiled squadron off shore was allowed to enter. But on finding themselves much superior in force to the English the Spaniards repudiated their agreement, and on

the 24th of September, 1568, made an attack. The British resisted as only men of red blood can fight when treacherously assailed. They sank three of the largest Spanish ships that came within reach, but were at last cut to pieces by guns located on shore, and only two, the *Minion* and the *Judith*, escaped.

On the *Judith*, a little vessel of but fifty tons, was Francis Drake. An old chronicle says that he had "behaved most gallantly," and he "returned into England with a great reputation, but not worth a single groat."

The treachery of the Spaniards, the sufferings endured in the overcrowded *Judith*, and the loss of the profits that had already seemed secure, soured the young captain—for it was as captain of the *Judith* that he returned to England—and the one thought of his days and his one dream by night was the making of reprisals on the King of Spain.

On arriving in England Captain Drake openly announced his determination to seek revenge by an attack on some part of the Spanish domain. "This doctrine, how rudely soever preached, was very taking in England" at that time, and he soon "had numbers of volunteers ready to accompany him."

In vessels of about twenty-five tons Drake made two voyages of exploration to the Spanish coast, and then, on March 24, 1572, he sailed from Plymouth in two vessels—the *Pascha*, of seventy tons, and the *Swan*, of twenty-five tons—bound for the Isthmus of Panama. The two ships together carried seventy-three men.

For a time this expedition was in hard luck. Hiding his ships at the Isle of Pines, Drake embarked with his men in pinnaces that had been brought for the purpose, and sailed over to the Isthmian coast near Nombre de Dios, which was then the port from which the treasures from the South Sea were shipped to Spain. He arrived at a time when the fleet from Spain was expected, and the town was well supplied with precious metals awaiting shipment. In one account it is said that a stack of silver bars in the house of the governor of the town was seventy feet long, ten feet wide and twelve feet high. At a house near the water, specially built for storage purposes, were tons of gold, quantities of

pearls from the islands in Panama Bay, and emeralds from South America.

Rowing his pinnaces into the harbor by night Drake landed his little force, lighted torches that each man carried, and then marched through the streets with trumpets sounding and drums beating. But the inhabitants, though frightened, were not panic-stricken. Rallying near the house of the governor they opened fire on the invaders. At that Drake returned one volley and then charged with sword, pike and musket clubbed. The Spaniards were dispersed as if by a tornado, but before Drake could take advantage of the victory a deluge of rain fell, wetting the powder of his men and discouraging all except the intrepid leader, who said:

"I have brought you to the very mouth of the treasure of the world, and if you go away without it you can blame nobody but yourselves."

But when Drake would have attacked the treasure-house he fainted from loss of blood, having been wounded in the leg, and his men retreated to the boats and fled.

Thereafter the Chagres River was explored as far as Cruces. Twice the bold Englishman sailed to Cartagena, but on both occasions found the Spaniards alert and with an overwhelmingly superior force. On one occasion while beating up toward the Gulf of San Blas, the expedition was not only near foundering, but provisions ran so short that all hands were at the point of starvation. But the wind fell and a Spanish coaster was met, "which, being laden with victuals well powdered and dried, they received as sent them by the mercy of heaven."

In the meantime the rainy season came on and the Spanish galleons sailed away. Drake and his men had to settle down among the islands of the coast and wait for another fleet to come to Nombre de Dios. With the help of wild negroes found in the forests of the Isthmus the adventurers built huts on the islands where their ships were concealed from Spanish coast guards, and there the time was passed in such idleness and impatience as one can imagine.

Finally, when the rainy season had passed away, another Spanish "flota" arrived. The wild negroes (called Cimar-

rones by the Spaniards because they were runaway slaves who could not be captured) now undertook piloting the Englishmen overland to Panama in order that they might learn when the pack-mule trains of treasure would leave for Nombre de Dios.

So many of the Englishmen had been killed in battle or had died of disease that after a guard for the ships was provided but eighteen men could be mustered for the overland expedition. Nevertheless, with cheerful hearts the little band started forth and for seven days worked laboriously, hewing their way over forest-covered mountains and across tangled swamps. Finally as they neared the city they came to a large hill, on the crest of which grew a ceiba tree that towered high above the surrounding forest. Here they paused while Drake, at the suggestion of the negro guide, climbed up among the many clinging vines until he reached a limb where his view was unobstructed, and looking away to the south saw for the first time the waters of the South Sea. It was such a view as Vasco Nuñez de Balboa had when crossing the Isthmus from the Gulf of Darien, sixty years before, and, filled with a feeling he could not describe, Drake raised his hands toward heaven and begged Almighty God "to give him life and leave to sail an English ship in those seas."

After Drake descended from the tree a spy was sent into Panama, who learned that on that very night the treasurer of Lima was to leave Panama for Nombre de Dios with eight mules loaded with gold, five with silver and one with pearls and other jewels. Fortune seemed now within the grasp of the adventurers. Hastening to the twelve-foot trail that led across the Isthmus, Drake and his men hid in ambush and waited till they heard the bells of the advancing mules. The watchers knew very well there was to be a train of these animals loaded with cheap merchandise in advance of the treasure train, but as these were passing the ambush, one, Robert Pike, rose up to look at a horseman who, with a page by his side, was riding along the trail. As an eye-witness said, Pike had "drunk too much *Aqua-vitæ* without water." A "Symeron discreetly endeavored to pull him down and lay upon him to prevent further discovery," but

the Englishmen had put their shirts over their coats to prevent mistakes when fighting at night, and the Spaniard "taking notice of one all in white, put spurs to his horse both to secure himself and give notice to others of the danger."

Seeing the Spaniard gallop away Drake and his men boldly attacked the train, but the guards made off with the treasure, and all they captured were a few hundred pounds of base metal hardly worth the trouble of carrying.

Dashing down the trail Drake captured Cruces, a little village on the Chagres River, but gained nothing there, and was obliged to retreat to his ships empty-handed.

Then fortune turned. As he cruised along the coast he fell in with a French ship, and it was agreed with her captain, that another attempt should be made to capture a treasure train. Twenty men from the Frenchman and fifteen under Drake accordingly landed and made their way to the neighborhood of Nombre de Dios. The "flota" was still in port, and the next day at dawn a train of one hundred and ninety mules was stopped in the road and looted. In the packs they found fifteen tons of silver and nearly as much of gold. The quantity was more than the company, including the negro guides, could carry, but most of the gold was taken away and placed on the ships, after which a party returned for the bullion that had been hidden in the brush. The Spaniards had made a pretty good search of the locality, but the party found thirteen bars of silver and several wedges of gold with which they returned to the ships.

The expedition then returned home and reached Plymouth during the forenoon of Sunday, August 9, 1573. The people were all at church, but as the news of the arrival spread through the town everybody flocked down to the beach. The interest in an expedition that had returned home from the Spanish main was strong enough to overcome all conscientious scruples.

It was not until 1577 that a new expedition was fitted out. Drake now had ample means, but he was willing to permit his friends to share in the expense of his more hazardous ventures. The fleet as fitted out numbered five, of which the *Pelican* was the flagship, and the *Christopher*, a vessel of fifteen tons, was the

smallest. That men were found ready to start on a voyage to the west coast of South America in a vessel of fifteen tons is a fact that seems particularly memorable in these modern days of great ocean liners. The total number of men in the fleet was one hundred and sixty-four.

With his five little ships Drake left Plymouth on November 15, 1577, worked his way down the coast of Africa, doing some little damage to Spanish fishermen on the way, and then ran across to the coast of South America. There they saw the natives and had a fight with them, in which one red man and two of Drake's company were killed. Mr. Doughty, who had been a close friend of Drake, was beheaded "like a gentleman" at Port St. Julian for mutiny. On this coast, too, the prizes were disposed of, and two of the original ships were broken up to make the fleet more compact. Then they rounded the Cape of the Virgins, little dreaming that the sands along that beach were full of gold, and entered the Strait of Magellan.

It was a voyage of unalloyed wonder. They were the first Englishmen to pass that way. Drake entered the strait on August 24, 1578, and sailed out on the broad Pacific on September 6th—a most expeditious passage—and in honor of his arrival there he renamed his ship the *Golden Hind*. Hind, in those days, was a term applied to domestic servants, and Drake believed that his ship was now to serve him well with gold—and so she did. The *Marigold*, however, one of the smaller ships, foundered in a gale. Then the captain of the *Elizabeth*, a ship that had been named in honor of the good queen, weakened, and against the protests of his men turned back and sailed for home, leaving the stout-hearted Drake alone on the great South Sea.

The first prize was made on December 5th. In heading for Valparaiso they overran the bay, but an Indian taken on the coast piloted them back, and they found a ship in the harbor that was named the *Grand Captain of the South Sea*. It was an easy prize. The idea of an enemy sailing into those waters had never entered the Spanish mind, and she was unarmed. In her hold Drake found 60,000 pesos of gold, and a gold peso was a coin worth \$2.56. In addition there were jewels, merchandise and 1,770 jars of Chili wine.

Valparaiso had then a population of only nine families, but it afforded a welcome store of provisions, and in the church they found a silver chalice, two cruets and a valuable altar cloth which they took and gave to Chaplain Fletcher, the "sky pilot" of the expedition.

Two incidents of the passage north of Valparaiso gave the sailors memorable notions of the riches of the region. Having constructed a small pinnace with which to explore shoal water, a landing was made near Tarapaza, and a Spaniard was found asleep near the beach with thirteen bars of silver beside him, "as if waiting their arrival." Having disposed of this silver the sailors went searching for water and stumbled on a boy who was driving eight llamas. Each beast was burdened with two bags presumably made of raw-hide, and in each bag they found fifty pounds weight of silver, or eight hundred pounds all told. The finding of the silver on the beach and this train-load of bullion in charge of a mere boy (it was worth more than £2,000 in England, and yet it was unguarded) impressed the sailors more than the capture of the gold in the ship at Valparaiso. In no other country of the world were the precious metals guarded so carelessly as that.

At Arica two or three small vessels were rifled, and then they went in pursuit of a treasure-ship of which they had heard. But when they overtook her they found that her crew had been warned and had landed her bullion—eight hundred bars of silver. At Callao, however, where a small fleet of Spanish ships was plundered, Drake heard of another treasure-ship, the *Cacafuego*, that was on the way to Panama, and he went in chase of her with such eager haste that when the wind failed the boats were manned and the ship was towed along, "each man straining to reach the golden goal."

In the meantime the presence of the *Golden Hind* had alarmed the whole coast as far as she had come, though the authorities supposed that she was a Spanish ship in the possession of mutineers. The Viceroy, Don Francisco de Toledo, hearing that the *Golden Hind* was at the port of Lima, hastened there with two thousand men, and arrived in time to see her sailing away, but nearly becalmed. Thereupon he filled

with men two vessels that Drake had neglected to destroy, and went in pursuit, a fresh breeze having sprung up to help him on the way. Just before he arrived within range the *Golden Hind* caught the breeze and a most exciting race followed. But when leaving port the Spaniards had neglected to stow any provisions on their ships, and hunger at last compelled them to abandon the chase.

Eager for the *Cacafuego*, Drake carried all sail until in the neighborhood of Paíta, where a pause of sufficient length was made to capture a number of coasters, from which some silver bars, eighty pounds weight of gold and a gold crucifix set "with a goodly and great emerald," were found. One prize also had a large quantity of ropes and other stores of the utmost use to the Englishmen, because their ship needed refitting.

Having learned here that the treasure-ship was but two days ahead of him, Drake now offered the gold chain that he usually wore as a prize to the first one to report her, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of March 1, 1579, his brother John won the chain. The *Cacafuego* was overhauled off Cape San Francisco, and she was as easy as the ship taken at Valparaiso. Her captain, a Biscayan named Juan de Anton, on seeing a ship in chase, hove to and awaited her, supposing that it was from the Viceroy with important messages. But when he saw his error he made all sail, and although he had no guns, he fled until his mizzenmast was shot away and he was himself wounded by an arrow.

From the *Cacafuego* Drake obtained twenty-six tons of silver bars, thirteen chests of coined silver, and eighty pounds avoirdupois of gold, besides many jewels.

The story of the subsequent movements of the *Golden Hind* may be briefly told here because they had but little influence on the buccaneers. Drake coasted along-shore to the north, taking prizes here and there. The ancient chronicle, in one place, speaks of coined money measured by the bushel. On the coast of Nicaragua a ves-

sel was taken in which was found "a falcon of finely wrought gold, in the breast of which a large emerald was set," but the memorable prize of the voyage was the *Cacafuego*. Having thereafter searched for and failed to find a northwest passage to the Atlantic, Drake trimmed his sails for home by the way of the Philippines and the Cape of Good Hope. He arrived at Plymouth on September 26th, or thereabouts, 1580. On the 4th of April, 1581, Drake was knighted for his success, and that was the last event in his career of particular interest to the story of the buccaneers, although he once more sailed to the Spanish main, and died at last and was buried at sea in a metal coffin just off Puerto Bello.

The boucan makers and the logwood cutters, as they sat in their thatched huts on the banks of the streams that emptied into the Caribbean Sea, told how Drake with two small vessels went to the Isthmus of Panama and with twenty-five men landed and captured a treasure-train behind Nombre de Dios from which he obtained nearly fifteen tons of gold. It was a story that appealed to the French woodsmen as well as to the English, for the French had outnumbered the English when this gold was taken. They told also, over and again, how Drake had sailed the *Golden Hind* on the great South Sea, where silver was held so cheap that it was left lying around on the beach in bars as big as a man could carry, and was transported by the hundredweight around the country with only a boy to drive the beasts of burden. Moreover it was a land of many jewels. In the belief of these buccaneers the towns of the Spanish Americas were rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and in some cases this belief was well founded. To add to the longing which the old tales of adventure created, came the story of Pierre le Grand's marvelous success. That was an adventure worth while, and what the buccaneers did when they heard of it shall be told in the following chapters.

THE VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

I HAVE returned from the Orinoco River headwaters, and the Guaharibos Indians—a hostile people among whom no other man has yet ventured—just in time to steal space in this issue for a few words. My trip proved to be a severe but a most interesting one of some three thousand miles, about eighteen hundred by canoe with half of the paddling against the increasingly strong currents of rising rivers. Yet it was the “real thing,” and to me, therefore, fascinating and thoroughly enjoyable, with more of incident than any wilderness journey I have ever made. I think its story will attract you when I tell it later. This was my fourth expedition into South America and the fulfillment of my plan to ascend its great rivers; cross its ragged mountains and its naked, shimmering plains; explore its dense forests and its noisome swamps; and to seek acquaintance with the wild life, human and otherwise, wherever and whenever I found it. Returning, thus, to civilized life, I find San Francisco, of happy memory, all but obliterated from the map; the Grand Challenge Cup lost to England; Yale beaten by Harvard’s equally good stroke and better crew; and the decency of college baseball surrendered to the ruling commercial spirit which is raiding our already too small stock of sportsmen.

I shall have something to say next month in reply to the illogical, weak explanation offered by the Brown faculty in defence of its unexampled support of professionalism in college sport; something to say also of the coward’s part being played in collegiate athletic legislation by Columbia and those others that are scrambling under cover because it looks like rain!

Harvard will beat Cambridge Good luck to the Harvard crew that will race Cambridge over the serpentine, if classic, Oxford-Cambridge Thames course (four miles, three furlongs), September 8th! It will be the second time only that

English and American ’varsity oarsmen have met at this distance; in 1869 Harvard’s plucky, though ill-prepared, four was beaten six seconds by Oxford in 22 minutes, 41 1-2 seconds. The crew Harvard sends this time will probably be the identical one that beat Yale, and there is every reason to believe the men will paddle to the start September 8th prepared to do themselves justice.

I am strong in my belief that, barring accidents, Harvard will defeat Cambridge. Since my first studies of English rowing, I have always believed that an average Harvard, Yale or Cornell eight could beat an average Oxford or Cambridge crew over a four-mile course, on any water. I believe that the American stroke, as exhibited by any one of these three colleges, is better at four miles. Also I think English rowing has been standing still, if not retrograding, during the last half dozen years, while American skill in that time has been advancing. Unless my eyes have been playing me sad tricks (and my jungle shooting recently has shown my right eye not to be above such baseness), English crews, judged by their Henley performances of late years, appear to think swing the beginning and end and all of rowing. So there is swing at the expense of leg drive, at the expense of speed in the boat which does not run between strokes as it did ten years ago.

It will do English rowing good to get a jolt, and if all goes well in the preparatory period, I think Harvard will just about supply that necessary shock.

Speaking of Henley recalls the lessons of 1906, the scandalous action of the Vesper Club and crew, and the consequent resolutions of the Stewards. There is much I wish to write on these subjects, which must await more space next month; at this time only can I say, that I sympathize with the English view of Henley (though not entirely with its expression), and ask that America be judged by Harvard, and not by the Vespers.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE WORLD

FOOTBALL FOR 1906

IT should be held in mind that the task of the committee finally chosen to overhaul the game was made most delicate and difficult by the bombardment of opinions from every quarter. One faction of excited college officials was for wiping out the game. Another ardently clamored for a game reduced to the innocuous mildness of checkers or croquet. The problem facing the men who had the game in hand was of saving its best features while trying to eliminate the monotonous prevalence of massed plays in which beef had been steadily advancing in value, of punishing brutal and unfair tactics, of devising a more rigid supervision of the contestants, and of giving variety to a game which had become an exhausting and machine-like business wholly unfit for a campus pastime.

In endeavoring to steer a course through vexed and troubled waters, the committee was forced to work out experimental rules, some of them seemingly very complex, which must serve a probation, as it were, until they are tried out. To the average follower of football, the main issue seemed to be the weakening of the defense along with the opening up of the play by forcing more varied offensive tactics.

It should be noted, in the first place, that the defensive play has been weakened only by indirect legislation. That is, the coach or captain is free to arrange his first and second lines of defense as he did last year. The rules say nothing about what positions the line-men or backs must take on the defensive. The committee met this part of the problem by making it necessary for the coach to draw his defense away to guard against a new assortment of dangers in the increased variety of attack.

For example, the taboo has been lifted from the forward pass, against which the defense will have to cock a most vigilant eye. But the rule-makers have tied strings to this forward pass, until its value is very dubious. All the traditions of the American game demand that a man hold onto the ball with the persistency of death and taxes. Passing the ball from one hard-pressed runner to another has been beautifully perfected in English football, but the American rules have made possession of the ball nine points of the law, and passing has been neglected even though it has been always permissible, except in the direction of the opposing goal line.

The removal of this one restriction is not likely to encourage passing to any notable extent, although it may keep the defense on the anxious seat. The new rule is hedged about with "ifs" and "buts" that will make it a most hazardous play to undertake. One forward pass is allowed on a play, provided the ball does not touch the ground before being touched by a player of either side, and this forward pass may be made by any man who was behind the line of scrimmage when the ball was put in play. But it may not be made to any man who was on the line of scrimmage, except the two men playing on the end, nor may the ball be passed over the rush line within a space of five yards on each side of the point where it was put in play. If the ball touches the ground before touching a player, it goes to the opponents on the spot where the forward pass was made.

FORWARD PASS

This luckless "forward pass" seems to have been almost smothered to death under a burden of restrictions. It makes an impressive show on paper, and betokens that the legislators were not trying to save gray matter. Otherwise it does not appear to amount to much, and the average coach will be no more eager to take chances with it than if it were a loaded bomb until it has been thoroughly tried out in matches.

Far more important is the rule of the "on side kick." This will cause gray hairs in the luxuriant thatch of many a player on the defense. When a punted ball strikes the ground, it puts all the men of the kicker's team "on side." W. T. Reid, Jr., of Harvard, secretary of the Intercollegiate Rules Committee, believes that this is the most important bit of legislation enacted toward weakening the defense. He has said that "since there will be less resistance in the rush line, due to the enforced scattering of the defensive backs (which must occur, if a defense is to be made against the 'on side kick'), the offense will not be so readily checked as it has been, and will therefore not invite the smashing collisions which have resulted in injuries, and in keeping the game too much one of mass plays."

Expert knowledge is not needed to perceive that if whenever a punted ball is not cleanly caught by an opposing back, the attacking team is allowed to swoop down after it and nail it on the instant,

then it will behoove the defense to cover ground with headlong energy and to exercise the most painful vigilance. This new opportunity for the attack ought to result in swift and stirring play in the open, and in those sudden changes in the tide of fortune which give zest and brilliancy to the game.

Again, the defense is to be handicapped by being forbidden to tackle below the knees, except in the middle of the scrimmage. More than one coach has claimed that the decadence of dashing runs around the ends has been largely due to the deadly tackling in vogue during more recent years. Hereafter, only the men in the line, from tackle to tackle, will be allowed to dive for a grip below the knees, because the only way in which to check a mass play in the line is to "get under it." But ends and backs must always tackle above the knees or risk a penalty of five yards lost. Hurdling, a spectacular and dangerous feat, has been placed under the ban, which also lessens the chances of injury. Hurdling is defined as "jumping or attempting to jump over an opponent who is still on his feet." It will be punished by a loss of fifteen yards.

HOLDING

Holding in the line has been ruled against with additional severity by providing that the line-men whose side has the ball must keep their arms close to the body in blocking. This is another help for the offense, and cripples by a trifle more the resisting power of the defense. When a man is running with the ball, the referee is to blow his whistle as soon as the man is tackled and any part of his person, except his hands or feet, touches the ground while he is in the grasp of an opponent. Here is a rule which is one of the most praiseworthy innovations adopted. It will put a stop to "piling up" on a player after he is down, a brutal and dangerous practice. It will open the game in that, inasmuch as there will be no provocation for the two elevens to tangle themselves in a writhing heap, the spectators will be able to see the runner and the man who stopped him. The spectacle of a plucky half-back trying to wriggle goalward with one strong lad sitting on his head, two more on his back, and a brace of them on his legs can well be spared without impairing the popularity of college football.

While the law-makers are confident that the defense has been shorn of some of its strength by the foregoing rules, it must be borne in mind that they have endeavored also to increase the versatility of the attack. But it is still a debatable question whether sufficient scoring power has been given the offense.

The ten-yard rule is certain to work

a revolution in aggressive tactics. The distance which a team must gain in three downs to retain the ball has been doubled. This will vastly diminish the usefulness of mass plays, of course, but the experts are not agreed that it will abolish them. If a coach finds that he can gain the required ten yards in three downs by the use of mass or formation plays, he will use them for all he is worth.

Now, it has been found, by overhauling the records of previous years, that in many championship games both teams have been able to advance the ball ten yards in three downs by steady hammer-and-tongs tactics in long series of gains. In the last Harvard-Yale game, Harvard averaged almost three yards for each rush, or a distance which would make it advisable to attempt to gain ten yards on three downs. As a rule, however, the desperately interlocked struggles in which a team is slowly plowing its way toward a goal-line are fought in short rushes whose sequence is very often broken by a fumble, a penalty, or losing the ball on downs. There is no doubt that this school of tactics will be gravely hampered, even though a heavy, well-drilled team may be able to use its close, smashing plays to occasional advantage.

MASS PLAYS

Six men of the attacking side must be always on the scrimmage line. The committee was beset with demands that seven rushers be kept in their places, thereby allowing no reinforcements for the backs in their onset against the line. It was finally decided to hedge the old rule about with such restrictions as should make it practically impossible for the line to help the backs in plays requiring weight and momentum. No center-rush guard or tackle can drop back of the line unless he stands at least five yards distant. This bars your beefy chap from getting quickly into heavy line-bucking plays, and yet allows a team to drop back an effective punter or drop kicker who happens to be playing a line position. Last year's ruling provided that if only six men were in the scrimmage line, "one of the men out of the line must stand outside the outside foot of the man on the end. This was devised in order to prevent the concentration of more than three men for a heavy play. This year when only six forwards are in the line, this 'outside end' man must have both feet, or one foot and the opposite hand within a foot of the line of scrimmage, and he may not face in or out." This means that it will be more difficult than before for an attack to use more than the three backs in play directed at the line.

One coach who has been studying the new rules finds that tandem plays can be used for a varied line of attack. The

two half-backs and the full-back, if they are of the heavy-weight description now popular, can be drilled for effective tandem formations without using a heavy rush-line man. Whether such formations can gain ten yards in three downs is another question. By requiring any of the five men in the middle of the line to stand five yards back when they are shifted to kick, and by keeping the "outside end men" close to the line, the majority of the committee believe they have checked mass play as effectively as if they had made the cast-iron law that seven men must be always in the line. With six as the minimum number, room is left for considerable shifting about, thus enabling the coaches to employ their versatility.

"It has been the general principle of the Rules Committee," says Mr. Reid, "in dealing with the question of the changes of the rules to try to see how the defense might be strengthened, and the offense weakened without saying to either 'You must stand here, or you there, or you somewhere else.'"

After all the bewildering argument of the past year, the essential changes in the tactical rules of the game are not numerous, when stripped of technical verbiage. Nevertheless, they are bound to alter the game in radical fashion. We have an offense which is encouraged to play an open game and to place less value on possession of the ball. It has more favorable opportunity to gain ground by punting, by runs around the ends, and by passing. It must vary its tactics or lose the ball on downs, for no offense will be good enough to drive a strong team half the length of the field by simply rushing tactics. Both sides will run greater risks of losing the ball or losing distance by penalties for unfair play. The additional penalties and the manner of their enforcement will have much to do with the fortunes of hard-fought games.

FOUL PLAY

To the existing definitions of foul play have been added, not only low tackling and hurdling, but also tripping "by obstructing a player below his knee with the foot or leg, striking a runner in the face with the heel of the hand, and striking with locked hands in breaking through."

For willful misuse of the fist, knee, hand or elbow, disqualification and the loss of half the distance to the goal line is the stiff penalty. Suspension from the game is prescribed for abusive or insulting language. A clause is added inflicting a loss of fifteen yards for acts manifestly unfair, but not provided for in the rules. "Roughing" the full-back after

a kick will cost the brutal player his place in the game.

"The neutral zone" of the scrimmage line was devised for the purpose of lessening the rough clash of the rushers, and for checking off-side play. The center-rush is compelled to place the ball with its long axis at right angles to the line. The line of scrimmage for each side is an imaginary meridian running through its ends of the ball. This leaves a path as wide as the ball is long between the two swaying lines of warriors. They are not supposed to punch each other's noses across this impalpable barrier, and it is expected that they will respect the imaginative "neutral zone," and thereby avoid the shock of collision until the ball is passed. In past years it has been a burdensome official task to detect off-side play. It may prove doubly hard to keep inviolate the phantom boundaries of a streak of atmosphere. However, it is a brave and hopeful sign that the rules committee dared to experiment. The trouble with the original committee, which found its task too big for it, was its idea that the game was such an intricate piece of mechanism that it could not be overhauled without smashing the whole works.

The spectator will welcome a rule that allows a captain to ask for time only thrice in one "half" without a penalty. If he asks for any more delays in order that the bottle-holders may rush on the field and then rush off again, it will cost his side two yards each time unless a player is removed from the game. The actual playing time has been shortened by ten minutes, five minutes in each half, which will be thirty minutes long. It is hard to realize that a few years ago the playing time was an hour and a half. It has been cut down by one-third, so that, with penalties against unreasonable delay, one may hope to see a game finished well inside two hours.

This year there will be an extra umpire, making three officials, with an imposing list of pains and punishments at their command. A sub-committee was appointed for the purpose of outlining a plan for the appointment and government of officials on a basis of national scope. This committee decided merely to offer its services to such institutions as desired capable officials, and in order to exercise a kind of supervision in the selection and recommendation of referees and umpires, the country was divided into four sections: the New England States, the Middle States, the Atlantic States and the Middle Western States. Because there is no national governing body to control college football, the committee was forced to abandon the plan to provide proper compensation for officials and to regulate the same.

THE MODERN BETTING RING

BY WILF. P. POND

THE WINNING CHANCES

WHAT chance has the modern visitor to the race course to "make good" against the bookmaker? Engrossing query, capable of but one—possibly unexpected—answer: "In exact proportion to the individual expert technical knowledge."

Every one seems to imagine the matter of racing speculation is an amusement; something that every person can approach without previous experience, as with tennis, golf, etc. Of the thousands who each year make few, or many, visits to the race courses there is not probably ten per cent. who approach the bookmaker with even the first rudiments of a business method. The bookmaker is strict business from his head to his feet. There is not a move he does not know. There is about sixty per cent. in his favor when the first transaction is consummated, as against about forty per cent. in favor of the visiting punter. Practically no handicapper (a much misused term, but we have none other to cover the point) can reasonably expect to select more than forty per cent. of winners. The sixty per cent. of losers therefore naturally accrue to the favor, and the advantage, of the bookmaker. This is the status of the punter *if* he understands the actual business surroundings of the ring equally as well as does the expert bookmaker. It may safely be said that not one punter (*i.e.*, he who backs a horse to win) in five hundred does thus understand the ring and its methods!

Added to this the punter must make his bet, and stand or fall by it. His scale of operation, even if it be a \$500 wager, is too small for manipulation. The bookmaker, with a normal book of from \$2,000 risk upwards on each race, is differently situated. If he changes his opinion concerning any horse, if he thinks he has made a mistake or taken an undue risk, he can easily "hedge," or lay off, by *backing* the horse to win, thus neutralizing that item of risk. The punter could do the same by "laying against," the horse he had previously "backed," but he has no facilities. The average bookmaker would not bother with his small account.

The modern scientific bookmaker no longer works along the time-honored methods. In the old days it was simply a question of framing a scientific scale of prices, on percentage, for a given race, taking in so much money overnight, so much more later at the course, and endeavoring to get certain specified amounts bet on each horse in the book. Where this

could be accomplished to the full, the book was termed "round," and the bookmaker stood to win something, little or much, no matter what horse won. With the wiping out of poolrooms, overnight betting, etc., the possible speculative time on each race was reduced to about fifteen minutes at the track, ostensibly and officially one half hour. Then commences a really wonderful piece of work, for which no adequate name suggests itself. It is thought transference, electro-biology, half a dozen such things, welded into one bewildering mental influence which can be only faintly outlined, but which, in its full effect, is responsible for nine-tenths of the havoc the bookmaker of to-day works upon the punting public.

The prices of the bookmaker are still the old ones, but are simply symbols; percentage no longer cuts any valuable figures, except in preventing the public from taking advantage of any unscientific scale, which, however, is practically an impossibility and need not be dwelt on, further than to emphasize that no straw which might favor the public is beneath the attention of the business bookmaker. The "odds" or prices, are made by one man, and, until he calls them aloud the others sit around, imperturbable, stolid as the Sphinx, while the expectant public fumes, and frets, at the delay, the individual and the composite nerves jangling like mute bells—actual vibration, but inaudible. When the first price is called there is a rush, a scurry, every one trying to hear. Few can do so. Others crane over more fortunate men's shoulders, and endeavor to tabulate on their own card. Half of these prove incorrect, and a new rush is made to verify, or to find more advantageous quotations. As a rule the people doing the more infinitesimal wagering are those most highly excited, most determined to catch every varying detail.

"WISE MONEY"

The ring is in a palpable whirl of suppressed excitement. The more steady and conservative men are tossed hither and thither like chips on a mountain stream by the rest of the public, and by the wardmen (*i.e.*, messengers) of the bookmakers, who push hurriedly to and fro across and across the ring, with scant ceremony or consideration for others. The antagonizing mental currents are akin to those of the Stock Exchange, but wider spread, more violent, and more erratic in the swings of the price pendulum.

The rumors from trainers, jockeys, friends of the stable, add to the swirling vortex, which is augmented by the appearance of the "wise money," this coming from the punters, who are supposed to "know" a little more than any one else. These men bet large sums varying from \$2,000 to \$10,000 and are supposed to make princely incomes by so doing. I say supposed! Look through the list of plungers of even five years ago, men whose names were in every one's mouth, and with the exception of the deceased "Pittsburgh Phil" what is the individual bank account? "Phil" succeeded by curious methods which may be treated at some future time.

The bookmaker fully understands the value of this conflicting mental swirl inasmuch as it upsets and negatives the individual calmer judgment, or, in the vernacular of the turf, causes him to "switch" from a preconceived horse with a chance to win according to his individual ideas, to another horse of which he knows nothing but rumor. This departure from the one beaten track of each individual is just as fatal in racing as in any other business, and all hope of success lies in the steady continuity of effort, along any given line of reasonably successful formation. Take the bookmaker as an instance, sitting day by day, letting the public make selections, and steadfastly wagering him the said selections will not win, certain that he has sixty per cent. in his favor at the start.

Realizing this the bookmaker spares no effort to augment the swirl. Hence the clever delay in the announcement of the prices, the constant rush of the messengers, and the intermittent and startling variations of prices in the individual book. No matter whether the individual bookmaker has done any business on that particular horse or not, he varies the prices in obedience to the index of the figure head, thus keeping up the guessing hurrah. Ninety per cent. of the wild rumors as to the "trials," the condition, the chances, of certain horses in each race have their genesis with the bookmakers, who know that nearly every man, even those of long years of experience, is looking for "information." The result is easy to imagine. Swayed by rumor, that which he thought good becomes questionable, that which he thought bad may be "good to-day."

So, from time to time, wild rushes are precipitated. Where from, no one knows. There comes an apparent plunge on two or three horses no one thought seriously of. The prices are "cut" from 50-1 to 10-1, some one starts a whisper "from the stable," and the weaker of the visitors are hooked. Take up any tabulated chart, of any day's racing, and note the long shot horse's played down, which finished nowhere. One can never find a central figure for such a vortex. "Stables" do not put their money down that way. It is to the interest of the stable, equally with the interest of the

bookmaker, to keep any such legitimate transaction as much from the notice of the public as possible.

Another phase is when the bookmaker places, say, 3-1 on his slate and declines to take in any cash. He does not vary the price, because he does not wish the expectant public to know the horse has been played "off the boards." He wishes them to still rush to their own selections, or to the false rumors, but the 3-1 horse as a rule wins. This trick has another angle at the opening of prices, when, say, 4-1 is marked up at once. Wager after wager is declined or ignored, and if a punter insists, he is scolded well, as only a bookmaker can "scold." As a last resource the bookmaker wipes out the price saying, "Don't want any," watches the punter go elsewhere in a mad rush, and calmly marks the 4-1 again. Next morning the public reads the starting price was 4-1. One day when the peerless Sysonby was 1-20 (put up twenty dollars to win one dollar) a well-known heavy better approached a prominent bookmaker and wanted to wager \$2,000 to win \$100. The bookmaker said, curtly: "See here, if you want to rob me of \$100, go to the cashier, collect now; otherwise don't bother me!"

A clever specialty worked some years ago, stopped in its most flagrant form, but still occasionally giving signs of life, was a prominent plunger, at times interested in a book, who would go round the ring personally saying to each layer, "\$500 on Bunco," mentioning the name of his horse. Bookmaker after bookmaker called his name, and the amount of the wager, aloud, cutting the price of the horse as at a legitimate transaction. The public "followed the wise money," rushed in shoals to get some of the "good thing," backing the same horse to win. Sometimes it did, at very short odds. Sometimes it did not, at longer odds, and slowly it was grasped as an ethical, but not a provable fact that most of the large wagers had been "wind"—in other words made in serious, business fun. He neither collected, nor paid, but the cash which followed the "wise money" was clear profit. Occasionally to-day one can almost imagine that one sees the slime of that old, familiar snake.

"STABLE MONEY"

Most visitors have a general idea of what price their favored horse should be, and are very sensitive on this point. Say the punter expects 4-1. The bookmaker has 7-5, and the punter weakens. He does not take it as an indorsement of his judgment, strange as this may seem. Nintents will not "like the price," and think something is wrong. The 7-5 slowly changes to 8-5, 2-1, 3-1, and 18-5, and by this time no conceivable power could make that man play that horse. "Stable money" may come in, the price may fall

again, but the public mentality is jarred and jangling, the great volume of play has been averted, and the horse wins. A dangerous tactic? Well, all, or nearly all, dashing successful tactics are dangerous in love, war, or business! Do not think that every illiterate bookmaker grasps the inner truths of these facts. He does not. They were conceived by a master-mind, the rank and file simply follow because they see continual success.

A well-known bookmaker, some years ago, made me a carefully veiled offer to the effect that if I could tell him when any clubhouse member was going to bet \$5,000 to \$10,000 on a horse, it would be worth \$1,000 to me if the information reached him just one minute before the commissioner reached the ring. In this way. Suppose the price was 4-1. He, as a prominent man, would raise the price to 6-1 and this would be copied. His commissioner would be out taking 6-1, 5-1, 4-1, to possibly \$2,000 to win \$10,000 before the arrival of the commission hammered the already nervous price to possibly 7-5. Then the bookmaker with the advance information would lay \$7,000 to \$5,000 in his own book, and stand to win \$3,000 whether the horse won or lost. This is simply a figurative case, but look at the price of Bedouin, Nov. 2, 1905, opened at 20-1, starting at 5-1 to win, and think of the possibilities.

There are scores of such tricks, and, the power of thought transference admitted, think of a small, confined area with a closely packed mob of 20,000 to 30,000 excited men, penned for a wild, whirling fifteen minutes, chasing elusive prices or information, hemmed in by the seventy odd stoics, absolutely unmoved and immovable, safe in their sheet anchor to windward of at least sixty per cent. in their favor, even from the most successful. Imagine the wonderful crowd on the "floor" of the Stock Exchange being enlarged to the limit of 30,000 on an hysteric rally, and there imagination will falter and fail.

SYSTEM

There is a man called "Cad" Irish who has made much money backing horses and has kept it—he is still wealthy. To him is due this cryptic utterance: "Practically all systems of speculation will win when there is ninety per cent. man and ten per cent. system. When there is ten per cent. man and ninety per cent. system, there is nothing possible but failure." This is the keynote of the chances a man has to win at the track. Practically all who lose, do so along the line of individual weakness, swayed hither and thither, with no continuity of purpose, or action, or because of inadequate capital. A man takes \$2,000 to open a store on a lower avenue, and, if he makes twenty dollars a week over expenses the first year, thinks he is a marvel of

finance. Not unreasonably! Send any man to the track with \$2,000 to win four dollars a day, and he will think you crazy. As Mr. "Dave" Gideon said: "The reason men lose is, they come down with \$200 and expect to win out the track and all its buildings."

That the market is basically open to successful business methods is shown by the incontrovertible fact that for ten years past, at least, the first choice has won from 39 to 43 per cent. of the races, and at 39 per cent. the averaged price was 8-5. Thus a wager of \$100 on every first choice to win, would have realized over \$2,000 profit on the season.

The volume of this artificial excitation, etc., in the ring, became so pronounced, and so prejudicial to the public at the close of 1904, that the various racing associations decided to curtail it so far as possible. It was realized that the whole method was the offspring of the wonderful brain of the then president of the bookmakers' association, the Metropolitan Turf Association, which had been given the sole right to operate in the most important ring. He devised the methods outlined above, hinged upon what was really a "syndicate book," in that prices were varied simultaneously where there was no individual volume of business to correspond. This was followed by the flurrying of the public, and finally, so greatly did the M. E. T. feel its power that it commenced to dictate action to The Jockey Club. It was Phaeton essaying to drive the chariot of the Sun, with the historic result. The racing associations cut loose from any financial tribute from the ring, it was decreed that "open" prices be laid, and, although evaded to some extent, this was materially carried out, the more important provision being that not less than seventy M. E. T.'s should be in line each day, or the vacant places would be filled with those of the hinterland. This stopped the decreasing of the numbers of layers (which has the corresponding effect of decreasing area, and increasing crush and flurry), and, at the close of 1905, there were thirty-seven of the original M. E. T.'s in line, with thirty-three from what is known as the "dead line."

This was the case early this season, and was one of the greatest safeguards of the public's interest that can be imagined. Unfortunately it is already being nullified to a great extent by clever price manipulation along another line, which cuts \$1,000 profit of last year down to \$600 profit this season—the punter betting along exactly corresponding lines. In other words, a clever move has reduced the profit of the public about 40 per cent. on any given risk. The season of 1905 saw the power of the M. E. T.'s broken, and it rests entirely with the individual, and with him alone, as to what chance he has to outwit and out-general the ring, which at the start has sixty per cent. in its favor.

MAKING THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

A SPARAGUS beds can be made to better advantage this month than in spring. See that they have good drainage, and that the soil is extremely rich. Spade them up to the depth of at least two feet, filling the lower part of the trench with solid manure, well packed down. Set the plants so that their crowns come about four inches below the surface. I would advise the use of two-year-old roots. Conover's Colossal is probably the best variety for general cultivation, being early, large, tender, and well-flavored. Set the plants in rows, so that they can be worked between conveniently with the hand cultivator. Let them be about eighteen inches apart in the row. The soil can hardly be too rich, so draw on the barnyard generously.

BLANCHING CELERY

Celery, which ought to be making a fine, luxuriant growth at this season, should have frequent attention in the way of thorough cultivation. Encourage it to rapid development before the time comes for banking or boarding it up, for the purpose of blanching. I am inclined to think that the use of boards is preferable to banking with soil, as the plants are kept cleaner, the possibility of an earthy flavor is prevented, and a high degree of brittleness results if the boards used are wide, sound, and well earthed up at the bottom, on the outside.

Cress gives a pungent and most delightful flavor to salads. Sow seed of it now, for fall use. If the soil is rich and warm, the plants will soon be large enough for use.

As soon as onions have ripened their tops, pull them and spread them out in the sun to "cure." Keep them dry at all times. Store them in a cool and airy place. The main thing to guard against is dampness.

Squashes ought to be covered on frosty nights. The bad effect of freezing is not immediately apparent, but a failure to keep well, after storage, can nearly always be traced to this cause. A thoroughly ripened squash which has not been touched with frost ought to keep as well as a pumpkin. Gather them as soon as ripe. Store in a moderately cool, dry place. Do not let them touch each other.

Sweet potatoes should be dug as soon as the frost has killed their tops. Dry off well in the sun, for two or three days, and store in a warm place, or pack in boxes of sand—which must be very dry—if you would have them retain their freshness

fully. Home-grown ones that have thoroughly ripened will be found to be of finer flavor than those which have come a long distance to market.

If there are large quantities of full-grown but partially ripened tomatoes on the vines after the foliage has been killed by frost, pull up the plants and hang them by their roots in a warm, sunny, sheltered place. Protect at night by hanging a blanket over them. Treated in this way most of the fruit will ripen and be found superior to that which has been picked from the stems.

ADVICE FOR POULTRY GROWERS

Use kerosene to rid the hen-house of lice. Wash the roosts with it. Apply it with a brush, as you would paint, to all cracks and corners where lice would be likely to lurk. Use it liberally and frequently. Act on the principle that prevention is better than cure.

Persian insect powder, if you can get the fresh article, is the best remedy for lice on fowls. It is harmless to the fowl, but death to the insect. Old powder is generally worthless. Catch the hen, and dust it in freely among her feathers, and under her wings.

Feed a soft mash in the morning. The hens seem to relish it better than at any other time during the day. Make it of two parts bran, one part middlings, one part cornmeal, one part crushed oats. Add a pinch of salt and one of cayenne pepper.

Meat can be used to advantage about three times a week. Run it through a sausage-grinder. Use about a pound each time to a dozen hens. It will stimulate them to laying, as a general thing, and will prove a welcome addition to their usual diet, which ought to be varied occasionally. A fowl's appetite is sharpened and benefited by a change of food, now and then, though the regular bill-of-fare should be made up largely of corn, oats, wheat and barley. It pays to humor a hen's whims, somewhat, when eggs are bringing a big price and fresh ones are hard to get.

PLANTING BULBS

This is the month for planting bulbs. Every country home should have its bulb-bed, for three reasons: they bloom early in the season before any other class of plants is ready, and continue to bloom so long that the interval between the going of the snow and the coming of the earlier flowers of

shrub and perennial is completely bridged over; by their use, we can extend the season of the garden's beauty at least a month; they are of the easiest culture, and, once established, they are good for an indefinite period with but very little attention. Every third year it may be well to take them up and separate the young bulbs, which form about the old ones, from the clump, for immediate replanting, throwing out the older ones, which, by that time, will probably have outlived their usefulness.

It is important that bulbs should be put into the ground as soon as possible, that working roots for next spring's need may be formed before the coming of winter. It is a mistake to delay planting them until October and November, for a late-planted bulb cannot complete the work which should be done this season; therefore it will have to do double duty next spring, at the time when all its energies ought to be concentrated on the development of flowers.

Order your bulbs as soon as the fall catalogues of the florists come to hand, and as soon as your order is sent off begin to prepare the beds for them. It is highly important that they should be planted as soon as possible after being received, for exposure to light and air injures a bulb more than almost anything else.

The best location for bulbs is one that has perfect natural drainage. No bulb will do well in a soil retentive of moisture late in spring. If you have no place for them that has good natural drainage, arrange for an artificial system by excavating the soil to the depth of a foot and a half, and filling in at the bottom with coarse gravel or other material not likely to decay, to the depth of four or five inches. This will allow surplus moisture to drain out of the soil above, and insure the plants against stagnant water at their roots.

Work the soil over until it is fine and mellow. Make it very rich by the generous use of cow-manure which is thoroughly decomposed, or, in case this is not obtainable, fine bone meal in the proportion of a pound and a half to a yard square of surface.

Set large bulbs, like hyacinth, tulip and narcissus, about four inches deep and six inches apart. Smaller ones, like crocus, scilla and snowdrop, should be put about three inches below the surface. These are most effective when planted in groups of two or three dozens, preferably in the grass along the paths.

Before freezing weather sets in, cover all newly-planted bulbs with litter from the barnyard, or leaves, to the depth of eight or ten inches. If leaves are used, put evergreen boughs or wire netting over them to prevent their being blown away.

If special colors are desired, it will be necessary to order named varieties. Mixed collections cost less, but they are never as satisfactory as the named sorts because

they give a jumble of colors, some of which may not be in harmony with others.

In planting lilies, it is well to put a handful of clear sand about each bulb. Set them seven or eight inches deep, and protect well with leaves or litter in fall. If not protected, the expansion which takes place in the soil because of the action of frost on the moisture in it will tear loose the roots of the bulbs, and sometimes heave them nearly out of the ground. This is prevented by covering as advised.

REMOVING PEONIES

Peonies can be set this month and next to better advantage than in spring. We have no finer hardy herbaceous plant. Every garden should have a collection of at least a dozen of the most distinct varieties. The magnificent display of color which such a collection is capable of making brings this plant into rivalry with the rose. On some accounts it is a better plant for the amateur, as its culture is of the easiest, and it is entirely hardy. It likes a rather heavy soil, made very rich with old, rotten cow-manure. If old plants are to be divided, cut the clumps apart with a sharp spade, and make no effort to separate the tubers, which are likely to be so entangled that this cannot be satisfactorily done. Disturb the roots as little as possible in removal. Cutting some of them in two will do less harm than loosening all of them in an effort to save them all.

SHRUBS AND PERENNIALS

Shrubs and hardy perennials which have completed and ripened off their annual growth can be transplanted now. In doing this, be careful of their roots. Pull them gently out of the soil, after having loosened it with the spade. Save all the little, fine ones that you can, as these are the feeders upon which the plants will depend for nourishment until new ones can be sent out. Make the holes for the plants large enough to allow of spreading out as naturally as possible every root that extends beyond the central ball of earth. Fill in about them with fine soil, liberally fertilized, making it firm by pressure of the foot or watering. It is well to cut away a good deal of the old branches, in the case of shrubs. Remove all weak wood, and aim to leave the youngest and strongest portion of the plant.

Perennials which have been given no attention for two or three years will be benefited by division of the old clump. Reject all parts which have not strong and healthy roots.

Young plants of hollyhock, delphinium, and other perennials and biennials grown from seed sown at midsummer, should now be transplanted to the places where they are to bloom.

Dahlias, cosmos, and tuberoses, which

have just begun to bloom, should be covered with sheets or newspapers at night, if frosty weather comes. By protecting these plants during the first "cold spell," a long period of bloom can be secured, as we generally have some weeks of pleasant weather after the early frosts, which, at the north, are likely to happen along from the tenth to the twentieth of the month.

This is a good time to increase your stock of convallaria, or lily-of-the-valley. If you have old beds which are matted with roots, go over them and cut out portions here and there, in a sort of checkerboard fashion. Aim to remove at least half the old plants. Fill in the vacancies thus secured with rich soil. This will give the plants left in the bed a chance to spread and renew themselves during the fall, and next spring you will get large, fine flowers. Break apart the roots taken out of the old bed, and plant them in a new locality—preferably a shady one—to grow on to flowering size. One can hardly have too many of these exquisite flowers.

THE HOUSE PLANTS

Chrysanthemums which have been planted out during the summer, should be lifted and potted this month, to avoid the frosts which are likely to come at any time. The day before lifting them, water well to make the soil firm about their roots. If new pots are used, let them soak for several hours before putting soil into them. An unsoaked new pot, being porous, will rapidly extract moisture from the soil, thus robbing the plants of it at a time when it is most needed. Lift each plant with as much soil adhering as the pot selected for it will hold. Settle it into its pot, and fill in any spaces about it with fine soil, making it as firm as possible by pressing it down with a blunt stick. Then water the plant well, and set it in a shaded, but airy, place. Leave it there until it shows no signs of wilting. Shower it daily. Handle chrysanthemums very carefully, as they are easily injured, and anything that happens to them now will seriously interfere with the development of their flowers, whose buds have already begun to form.

Procure such plants as Chinese primrose, cineraria, calceolaria, primula obconica and primula *Forbesii*, better known as "baby primrose," and pot them for winter flowering. Seedlings can be bought of all florists. These will be found much preferable to old plants which have had one season's use.

Pot hyacinths, tulips, narcissus and the Bermuda lily, for winter flowering. Use several bulbs in each pot. You secure a much finer effect by growing them in that way than by potting them singly. Let the soil be light, sandy and rich. After potting water well and then put them away in a place that is cool and dark to form roots.

Do not bring them to the light until they are well rooted. You can satisfy yourself about this by inverting the pot with one hand spread over the soil in it, and giving it a tap against something solid. This will loosen the ball of earth and allow it to slip out of the pot without breaking apart. If fine white roots show about the outside of it, you will know that the plant has completed this stage of its development successfully, and is ready to make a strong, healthy growth of top.

INSECTS ON PLANTS

Be sure, before removing any plant to the house, that it is wholly free from insects. If any are found on it, make an infusion of Ivory soap, as heretofore advised, and dip the infested plant in it, allowing it to remain submerged for a minute or two. Then lift it out, and shake it well to dislodge any insects which may still be clinging to its foliage. After that, spray it well with clear water. Dipping is preferable to spraying, when the insecticide advised is used, as it is impossible for any insect to escape it.

If tuberous begonias and gloxinias begin to show yellow leaves, and cease to bloom, dry them off. Withhold water entirely. When all the old foliage has ripened, set the pots containing the tubers away in a quiet place where they will be frost-proof, and leave them there until next March. It will not matter if the soil becomes dust-dry, as the tubers have enough moisture stored up to keep them in satisfactory condition during their resting-spell.

If any tuberous are so late in showing buds that you are fearful of their being killed by frosts before they can complete their flowering, lift and pot them for removal to the house, where they will bloom beautifully. If watered well before they are taken up, the soil will not crumble away from their roots, and the plants will go on and perfect their flowers as if nothing had happened to them. But if their roots are exposed, at time of potting, they will be likely to blast their buds.

Scarlet salvia makes a charming house plant. If you look over the large plants in the garden beds, you will be pretty sure to find sprouts from the bases of many of them, which can be removed with roots adhering. Put these in seven- and eight-inch pots. Pinch off the tops of them, at potting-time, and once a week thereafter for the first three months of their existence nip out the ends of the side branches that form, until you have bushy, compact plants with a great many flowering points. After that, let them go ahead. By the first of the year they will come into bloom, and nothing but a geranium can make a more brilliant, show or a more constant one.

HOW TO APPOINT YOUR VEHICLES

BY F. M. WARE

THERE was a period in American horse-driving development when the fad for so-called "correct appointments" raged furiously, contagiously, and persistently. From its very virulence it went near to damaging the cause it strove to advance. Fortunately the fever has now run its course, in most cases, and its outbreaks are assuming a milder and more controllable form. As after typhoid the general health is better, so, after the equipment fancy had run its riotous length, the fashionable world found itself turned out in a style, and with a universal excellence and quietness of taste which it had never before known. The gaudy, the bizarre, and the incongruous, were side-tracked in favor of quiet elegance, appropriateness and inconspicuousness, and indeed so thoroughly have we thus experienced change of heart that our vehicles are apt to present a tedious sameness, which is rather depressing than otherwise; and most confusing, as preventing means of easy identification.

To horse shows and their appointment classes we owe all that we have in the way of proper equipage, and the winnowing of the extreme fashions once in vogue has left us, so far as concern the mere details of carriages, harnesses, etc., undoubtedly the best equipped nation on earth; nor do the manufacturers of any other countries approach us in the lightness, the strength and the beauty of these fabrics. To-day one has only to go to a fashionable purveyor of these commodities, explain one's wants, and forthwith be equipped in styles so absolutely correct that neither the genuine expert, nor the fad-founded dilettante can discover aught at which to cavil. Personal eccentricity of taste has nowadays slight latitude, and its fantastic outbreaks are but rarely illustrated. In the beginning, however, the opposite was true, and show judges changed their requirements so rapidly, frequently, and arbitrarily that neither manufacturers, exhibitors, nor general public could keep pace with their sudden shifts of opinion—especially when it was generally known that the equipages of these functionaries were by no means arrayed along the lines which, officially, they insisted upon in the case of others!

Grave and weighty as have been the discussions anent curves or angles, dark or bright colors; clips here, rivets there, and stitching yonder; and satisfactory as has been the final outcome, it has always

seemed that such matters were less material to the point at issue than many others regularly ignored, and that the tail was wagging the dog with great persistence. Surely there is much beyond the mere trimming to a dress; certainly the best tailor cannot "smarten" one who has not the figure to adorn, nor the taste to properly don; verily the air, the grace, the harmonious ensemble is ninety per cent. of the whole—nor can any incongruities, or absurdities of attire totally disfigure one possessing these attributes. Successful appointment, like aptly-defined genius, calls for a capacity for taking infinite pains, but not along the mere selection of carriages and harness—your tradesmen are absolutely competent to attend to that, and it is the height of folly for you to dictate to them beyond the details of trimming, choice of metals (silver or brass), and variety and extent of ornamentation.

CRESTS, BADGES, AND MONOGRAMS

The first solecism one is likely to commit is in the matter of crests, badges or monograms. America is a republic, and while some few of us are warranted in displaying a crest, the moiety is so insignificant, that it always seems to savor of conspicuousness and bad taste to thus blazon the fact. The vulgarity of those who use them with no warrant whatever is obvious. The less pretentious badge is so purely a personal emblem that it may be even less noticeable and in better taste than the monogram, which may defy graceful manipulation, and with certain combinations of letters, prove almost disfiguring. The single initial letter is unobtrusive, and at least affords some slight means of identification, as none of the other emblems do. The cockades, infrequently worn by the servants of retired or active government officials, however appropriate and even necessary in other countries, are hardly in the best of taste in America.

The colors of carriages and of liveries offer so little choice that the result is rather prosaic. Bar black, blue, green, and maroon, and we reach a halt; nor do the "invisible" shades of blue and green differ so greatly from black that the color is obvious. Faint stripings are used at times with excellent effect upon the wheels and under-carriages, but of course should not approach in variety and brilliance the colors in vogue for "sporting vehicles" which are,

as a rule, very smart, and very "personal," so to speak. A dangerous fashion is in slight vogue of wearing collars of colors upon the liveries, but it may be, generally is, ill-judged in effect, and needs a wonderfully correct establishment to carry it off. The fashion for light-colored summer livery, and the straw high-hat seems appropriate for our climate, and must be comfortable for the servants.

Given all the accessories of the neatest and best, however, the genuinely important matter is the manner of their putting on, and putting together. Of what use the most costly and best-made livery if the servants have the face, figure and bearing of a 'longshoreman? Why put costly harness upon ill-assorted screws which apparently mourn their familiar grocery wagon? How ill-judged to work enormous horses before the "miniature" cabriolet or victoria, or the compact brougham? What neglect on the master's part if the harness does not fit exactly at every point, and if the horses are not properly "put to," and correctly "put together"! How grotesque the tall and portly servitor upon the small carriage behind the medium-sized horses, or the short, slight man presiding over the huge landau, and its propelling equine giants! Surely these items should harmonize, and as truly the age and size of the master and mistress deserve consideration, that "the eternal fitness of things" may not be outraged by the spectacle of a corpulent dowager wedged into a "miniature" brougham or victoria, or a girlish matron jogging soberly about in a four-wheeler big enough for a 'bus with servants and horses in proportion. Self-respect should cause any one "setting up his carriage" to consider these neglected trifles, and to arrange his purchases along the general lines he means to follow in respect to horses, carriages and servants; so doing he will certainly be more correctly appointed, than if he neglected the matter and spent huge sums in equipping himself with the costliest of their kind, but each item "fighting" as it were, with all the others. Selection through mere personal fancy is not always good taste, and surely it would be better if there were a reason for and a definite sequence to every purchase.

HAVE THE HARNESS FIT

The fit of the harness to the horses is certainly an essential, as is their situation in reference to each other and to the vehicle, yet you shall stand at any street corner, or in the park, and witness hundreds of instances of amazing neglect or ignorance in these particulars. Brow-bands too large and too small; blinkers either flaring widely or grinding the eyes; bridles too long or too short; nose-bands too large; improper and uneven biting and coupling; breast-plates too loose; collars too large, too wide and too small; checks wickedly

tight (this is nearly universal); pads too far forward; back bands too short; girths and belly-bands "cinched" up to the limit; horses too far from, and too close to, the vehicle; tugs too short, so that there is an angle from hames draught to roller-bolt; horses so tightly poled-up that they are in irons, and all but helpless; breeching far too loose, etc., etc.—thousands of little essentials neglected which really mean everything in the comfort and efficiency of the propelling power. One of the most general faults is to find carriage horses bitted dissimilarly, and there is no excuse for this before any fashionable carriage, nor with any coachman who knows his business. No such pair are ever properly appointed if one is worked in the cheek, or half-cheek, and the other in, say, the middle bar. They can, if they are fit for carriage horses, always be "brought together" by the proper use of the coupling-reins, nose-bands, curb-chains, slight raising or lowering of the bits, and the servant who does not know and accomplish this is a "deckhand" out of his proper place.

To fit a harness to a horse is the simplest of operations, and only neglect and the good nature and patience of the animal allow any departure from exactness. Few brow-bands fit as they should, but are so loose that the ears are painfully pinched. Blinkers carelessly kept become warped out of shape, and seriously obstruct vision; while if they flare, or the cheek-pieces are too loose they lose their effect in the one case, and are dangerous as affording glimpses of the following vehicle in the other. Bits are generally too wide rather than too narrow; bridoon bits too thin and sharp; curb-chains are often sharp-edged, or "roughed" through carelessness, or too tightly drawn. Collars are often too much bent at the top; our horses are rather straight-shouldered as a rule, and sore or chafed necks are very frequent in consequence. Pads are usually broader in the tree than is best, especially if a horse is light in flesh, and the ridge suffers unless a housing is worn. When placed well back, as they should be, however, they generally fit better, and the girth does not chafe the thin skin at the elbows. Breast-plates generally are far too loose, dangling aimlessly about, whereas they have vitally important duties to perform in handling the load. Back-bands, if tight, are always dangerous, as inciting to a kicking scrape, especially if the crupper is not thickly padded. Tight girthing is never necessary. The breeching should hang in the right place, and be just tight enough to come into play when traces slack, without that length which leaves it dangling about, and stopping the vehicle with a sudden jerk. Pole pieces should, while controlling the pole-head instantly, not be drawn so tight that the horses are jammed against the pole; nor should they dangle loosely about. No strap-ends should stick up or out, but

everything be snugly billeted. As a rule back-bands are made long enough for a dromedary, and girths big enough for an elephant, with from four to six holes each that are never visited by a buckle-tongue. Nose-bands should have a lot of holes, close together, and be used when needful to assist biting; at all events should fit snugly. Throat-lashes should always be quite loose. Coupling-reins should be long, with several holes at bit-ends; the hand-reins should have more holes, and rather closer together than usually punched.

SIT ON THE LEFT SIDE

It is a singular thing that if appointment means anything we violate the most elementary of its requirements, both as to servant and master, by persistently sitting upon the wrong side of the vehicle in driving; and to this absurd, short-sighted and impractical custom is due two-thirds of the congestion in all our city thoroughfares. We turn to the right, and we *sit* on the right, thus effectually obscuring our view ahead in traffic; compelling our footmen to jump down into the dirty street, and to run all around the carriage, both at stopping and starting; while to the friend who would accompany us in self-driven vehicles, we offer the alternative of crawling into our laps, and under the reins, or going out into the street and swarming up from that situation; or we alight, abandon control of the horse, and clamber in after the passenger has preceded us. Was ever anything more ridiculous? nor can any one cite any single reason for sitting on the right (where traffic keeps to the right), or against sitting on the left. For more than thirty-five years I have always sat upon the left, and in driving anything from four or six horses down to one, have found it practical, convenient, necessary. Only thus can one see one's outside wheel; only there can advantage instantly be taken in city streets, of openings ahead without the constant pulling out of line and dodging back again, which, repeated as it is all day in thousands of cases, makes all the difference between rapid and clear passage, and stagnation and confusion. Think of the aggregate time lost at theaters, the opera, etc., etc., while hundreds of footmen jump off, run round, open door, unload, shut door, run round, and climb to the box again! Why it means from one to two minutes at best per vehicle! Figure that aggregate on a crush opera night! It is true that coaches break on the off-side, and the break works by hand, but it can as well act by the foot; or the handle come up off-side the driving cushion if that is on the left. Anyhow the infrequent coach needs no consideration; nor does the position of its driver. On the left, one's whip is clear of the face of the passenger, whether driving one or four, and yet the right arm is always unobstructed for any work; while, even in a narrow seat,

the motionless whip arm is more comfortable for the companion than, when seated as customary, is the constantly-moving left elbow point of the driver.

It certainly seems that due regard for refinement and the niceties of appointment demand that upon a lady's carriage driven by a coachman, an indoor servant—a householdman—should be carried in place of the usual carriage-groom. Such an employé is surely more useful, as presumably familiar with Madame's tradesmen, her calling list, etc., and is certainly far more in the picture than the groom who officiates at home as equine chambermaid. Moreover, with any horses fit to use before a lady's carriage a groom is never needed.

In the line of sporting equipments—as the runabout, the gig and similar vehicles—the most usual departure from accepted good form appears in the nearly universal use of the breast-collar to replace the more formal collar and hames. This fashion was first brought in use by a clever dealer and regular exhibitor who thus attempted to add length to the forehand, and to fine up the necks of the heavy-crested stags which the market then, and since, assimilated. So far has this gone that we nowadays find gig-horses, tandem-leaders, etc., regularly thus harnessed, and at some shows, special conditions are framed to prevent the practice. Another freak of fashion is the conventional appointment of the runabout, which is turned out in a thoroughly non-descript fashion from the first item to the last. The runabout, as originally conceived, was meant as a roomy, side-bar buggy, drawn by a long-tailed roadster, fitted with an American road harness, straight whip, no driving cushion, and no more formal accessories than the robe, cooler and tie-rope which we all find useful in any similar vehicle. This same clever dealer, however, brought in vogue an English harness, incomplete in finish and heavy enough to pull a hansom; a dock-tailed horse whose action threw gravel and mud all over the occupants of the wagon; and evolved an absurd and impractical road-kit and other details which were as cumbersome as they were fantastic; together with a lashed whip most inconvenient in driving a fast horse, such as the motive power is supposed to be. This is the sort of contraption we offer prizes for at every show, and no more incongruous medley of ill-suited elements exists; nor will it go the way, apparently, of that equally ill-conceived establishment now but a memory—the so-called "park tandem."

If there ever was a style of using two horses which would seem to sanction the extreme of hap-hazard in equipment, that one would appear to be the tandem—yet not only for park but for road work we have laboriously appointed it. Fortunately this fad was so manifestly absurd and expensive that it worked its own remedy, and the auction marts have been over-

loaded with tandem-carts of every conceivable (and some inconceivable) pattern, bringing about the thirty dollars which their tires originally cost. Save in the show-rings the tandem is, temporarily at least, as extinct as the Dodo.

DOCKING

As an essential part of appointment the trimming of the horses, their grooming, clipping, etc., is a most important feature. Since horses must by the edict of Dame Fashion be docked, it is strange that so little attempt is made to suit the length of the dock remaining unamutilated to the size of its hapless wearer. All horses from the twelve-hand pony to the seventeen-hand landau horse are chopped across the same joint of the tail, and the result is even more grotesque than the hideous and wantonly brutal fashion need make it. Large horses require something more than the pitiful stub usually left to make them appear decently balanced; and surely a well-trained "switch" is more graceful and ornamental than the sharp outlines of the square-cut tail. Nearly all the animals are also "pricked" nowadays, as if to hoist in perpetuity their meager distress-signal at half-mast before a callous world, but what any one can see of genuine grace or beauty in this style is verily a mystery. Manes, foretops, ears, heels, etc., are but carelessly kept in exact order, and a horse thus disheveled is as illy "turned-out" as his owner would be in his evening clothes with a week's beard on his unshaven jaws.

Numerous other lapses in the practical

fitness and usefulness of appointments might be taken up, but space is precious. A few such are the use of brass or other plating than steel at points where continual severe wear occurs in the harness, as on the kidney-links for instance; wearing the pole pieces through the kidney-link rings only, instead of round the collar-throats, so that if the tiny tongue on the hames-buckle chances to break the hames must drop off; short braced pole heads, easily twisted off; inelastic roller-bolts, as made a hundred years ago; bits all of one style as to mouthpiece, and of similar antiquity; neglect of the advantages of many of our native styles of vehicle; infrequent use of fly-nets in a climate where insects swarm, and mutilated horses suffer tortures unprotected (or is humanity of the most ordinary sort not to find its place in appointment?); neglect of the frequent use of "japan" upon all iron work (steps, bolt-heads, etc., etc.) where wear comes; neglect of the harness—even the least-used straps and buckles should be pliant as if used daily; check-reins so tight that horses are, from their attitude, literally cramped across the loins; liveries and robes faded, spotted, redolent of stable odors; servants lounging on the box; carriage glasses or plating cloudy; cushions out of shape, or ill-kept; carpets worn, lining faded or in poor repair, etc., etc.—the countless little things that make all the difference not only in appearance but utility, and which, however fluctuating fad or fantastic fashion may vary, constitute the genuine and only essentials in any and every scheme of proper appointments.

DEALING WITH TIMID DOGS

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

IT is pretty nearly a general rule that a shooting dog which begins active work with a fearless disregard of the gun, the whip and other alarming circumstances is humdrum and commonplace all his life. It takes a degree of sensitiveness to make high intelligence. As for ginger and keenness, that quality can scarcely exist without a nervous responsiveness which in youth often looks like timidity.

If the best dogs, hounds as well as shooting breeds, are likely to be endowed with dispositions which are by stupid handlers construed as shyness, a little lecture on the treatment of such animals will do some good.

Patience is necessary to the trainers of all animals. And yet a certain application of force is also necessary. A dog cannot be permitted to do as he pleases. The hand-

ler, even if he is a professional, cannot devote his time wholly to waiting for his pupil to grow into excellence. Force and patience must be applied. Success comes to him who can mix them with discrimination.

A man buys a ten-months' puppy. Perhaps he has been raised in a kennel, has never known but one person, has been acquainted with but one narrow scene. He is crated and shipped—scared out of his wits from beginning to end of the journey. Everything is strange and alarming. He arrives at a new residence, is pulled about by new people. When his owner tries to be friendly, the dog is wild-eyed, crying, ready to run away. Often it happens that he has never worn a collar and never felt the coercion of a chain or lead. If the owner has not had much experience he may

think that he has bought a worthless idiot. But he should try a short period of unmixed kindness. First, he should feed the pup himself. At that age chronic hunger is the strongest feeling the dog knows. He will quickly place confidence in the man who feeds him twice a day. Feed him at the kennel where he is supposed to dwell. In a day he will follow the person whom he associates with food, and he will be pretty sure to find his way back to the kennel, if he gets lost in his panics and bewilderments. If he won't lead, put a collar on him and snap in a lead invariably before letting him eat. If you are in the country, or where you can take the chance of not losing him, have him follow you for short distances before you try to lead him. Still better, take out with him an old dog. No matter how shy he is, he will hang around another dog with which he has formed an acquaintance.

It should not be necessary to say that a gun should never be fired in his neighborhood until he is easy in his new surroundings; and then let him be at a distance when the first shooting experiments are made.

DON'T CHASE HIM

Maybe a strange dog will run at him and send him scurrying away in a fright. Don't chase him, or let anybody else raise a hue and cry. Unless it is in a city, with its labyrinth of streets, the dog is almost sure to reach home before you do. It is a good thing to take him out again at once over the same route. But that may not be convenient. Give him a bite to eat, make his home-coming happy and let him alone. While his verdancy lasts, the first consideration is to make him have faith in you, whatever other imaginary enemies excite his apprehension. Make him believe that you are a safe refuge, able and willing to protect him from all troubles.

One introduction to severity may be made early without detriment to his future. It will come up when he howls and scratches at being left alone. That is such a nuisance to neighbors and annoyance to yourself that a compulsory cessation is desirable. As you turn away from the kennel he sets up a howl and begins to bite at the wire or boards of his inclosure. Turn back at once and speak sharply, slapping the kennel loudly with a stick. If he doesn't see the point, go into the kennel, whip him a little and use the sharp tone so that he connects it with the whipping. If he "cuts up" again when you leave, turn back and administer the same treatment. Usually a few days of persistence on this line settles most of his kennel distress—or at least its noisy manifestations.

It is wise to make this point the beginning of force for a reason aside from your own and your neighbors' comfort. The connection cannot be misunderstood by the

dog. It cannot teach him bad habits or prevent the acquirement of good ones. Without injury to his qualities of work, he discovers that when you speak in a certain tone he must pay attention or suffer disagreeable consequences. You have control of him while the punishment is going on; and that is of the first importance, for a man should be very chary of whipping a young dog in the field. All whipping in the early stages of training should occur in the yard or when the dog is on a lead or check-cord. When at work in the open the trainer should be absolutely certain that the dog connects the exact error with the punishment; otherwise he can in a few minutes produce a confirmed blinker or potterer.

I have been describing an extreme case of apparent timidity. Few young ones are quite so provoking. But I have seen dozens of just such cases, and have seen some of them turn out fine animals a few months later. Once get the dog to believe that you are the source of all blessings—blessings to a dog meaning victuals and refuge from danger—and he will believe that you are the greatest and wisest and bravest of mankind. Then he will take his whipping along with other vicissitudes and trust you none the less.

KEEP QUIET

Quiet behavior in the yard or kennel brings to mind another proclivity which, like unseemly and untimely noise, produces so much friction with other people that it is often a more serious matter than bad behavior in the field. Any young dog in which the hunting instinct is specially developed is prone to the pursuit and slaughter of poultry, cats, sheep and other fleeing creatures. In old American days, when most dogs were raised on farms or at large in small towns, this fault was corrected early and speedily. Nowadays your valuable dog grows up in a kennel, and the chicken has all the enticing attributes of game. He may kill enough Wyandottes worth ten dollars apiece to make your investment in him come to more than he will ever be worth.

If he is trained to stop to command you may control him at once when he starts after a chicken, and give him a reproof which will be lasting. But some owners find that the best way is to not wait for the chance fowl, but to buy a cheap one and give a special course of lessons before an evil day produces a feud with humans. Tie the chicken outside the kennel a few minutes and let the young dog or dogs show an interest. Then bring out the dog and speak to him sharply if he pulls on the lead and tries to reach his supposed game. Take the chicken by the legs, strike the dog lightly about the face with it, rub it roughly against his nose and, in general, give him to understand that chickens are

to be avoided. The treatment is nearly always effectual.

Many trainers follow this plan to break up rabbit chasing. After a shooting dog has been thumped with a dead rabbit and compelled to endure the indignity of having it rubbed in his face he remembers that to catch that kind of animal breeds shame and distress. I have seen a trainer fasten a rabbit's body around a dog's neck and force him to carry it half a day. I never tried it myself, but can understand that a dog so treated might hate rabbits to the end of his life.

Any of these devices may possibly make

a young dog timid on game. But the chance must be taken. You cannot afford to let your dog become a nuisance.

If the experiment spoils the dog's value on game it doesn't cost much to give him away and get another. In fact, most people are too slow about getting rid of low-grade dogs. It is all right to give the dog a square deal and not expect too much at first, but certain weaknesses soon become apparent, and if they are of a vital kind there should be no hesitation in changing dogs. Life is too short to waste over thirty days in deciding on the wisdom of persisting with any one animal.

HOW TO KNOW AND HOW TO CATCH BLACK BASS

BY DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

THE origin of the name black bass is not known, nor is it altogether applicable or appropriate. Strictly speaking, the fish is not a bass proper, nor is its color black. The term "bass" comes from the old English name *barse*, which is derived from the German *bars* or *barsch*, or perhaps the Dutch *baars*, meaning perch. The generic term bass is more correctly applied to several salt-water fishes, while the black bass belongs to the fresh-water family of sunfishes.

There are two species, the large-mouth black bass and the small-mouth black bass, which, in consequence of their wide distribution, have received a score or more of vernacular names more or less descriptive of their color or habits, but the most universal names are black bass in the North and West and "trout" in the South. The color varies greatly, being influenced by environment, and varies, in both species, from quite pale or yellowish-green to dark bronze-green, and in the somber waters of boggy streams or cypress swamps it becomes almost black. It was from the latter situations, probably, that the name "black" bass originated.

To the unpracticed eye the two species look very much alike. The principal structural differences are a wider mouth and larger scales in the large-mouth bass, and a narrower mouth and smaller scales in the small-mouth bass. Where there are no distinct markings, the ground color of both species is very similar. Where the markings exist, especially about the breeding season, those of the large-mouth bass are dark spots or mottlings disposed in horizontal patches, while in the small-mouth

bass they are vertical. In both species there are three dark streaks radiating across the cheeks and gill-covers, from before backward. In external appearance the sexes are alike.

Originally, the black bass did not exist in the middle states or New England east of the Appalachian chain of mountains. Both species were native to the watersheds of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi rivers, and the large-mouth bass to the South Atlantic and Gulf states. In the headwaters of streams in the highlands of the Carolinas and Georgia a few small-mouth bass existed, having apparently made their way over the mountains from the western slopes, but did not descend to the lowlands.

The natural home of the small-mouth bass is in clear, rocky streams and lakes with bottom springs, while the large-mouth bass is more partial to sluggish streams and ponds and shallow lakes abounding in water plants. The habits of the two species differ but slightly, and their spawning season is the same, being spring in the South, and summer in the North and West. Like the rest of the sunfish family, the male fish prepares the nest, guards the eggs, and when hatched takes care of the young fry for a short time. The period of incubation is usually from a week to ten days.

NATURAL FOOD

The food of the baby bass at first consists of minute crustaceans no larger than specks of dust, and later of insects and their larvæ. The adult bass is omnivorous, but not piscivorous to the extent that some would have us believe; in fact it preys on

other fishes much less than the trout, which has longer and sharper teeth, while the teeth of the bass may be compared to the level surface of a tooth-brush, or coarse sandpaper, especially designed for holding its prey, which is swallowed whole. The bass does not, as has been asserted, kill for the love of it. Its natural food consists of insects, crawfish, frogs, tadpoles and minnows. The maximum weight of the small-mouth bass is five pounds, and of the large-mouth bass eight pounds, though heavier fish of both species are occasionally taken in especially favorable locations where food is unusually abundant.

In the North and West both species hibernate, retiring to very deep water, or hiding under rocks, logs, roots or masses of vegetation, where they remain in a semi-torpid state until the temperature of the water rises to fifty degrees in the spring. A notable instance of this occurs in Lake Erie, near Put-in-Bay, where the bass retire to the crevices and fissures of the cavernous limestone reefs of the Bass Islands. In the Gulf states the large-mouth bass does not hibernate, and being active during the entire year grows to a larger size, in Florida, occasionally, to twenty pounds.

The black bass, like most fresh-water fishes, has the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch well developed. While there is no question as to the other senses, it has been very generally denied that fishes can hear sounds produced in the air, though sensible to jars or vibrations communicated through the water to the skin and lateral line organs. Because fishes seemingly ignore sounds produced in the air, it has been considered proof that they do not hear them, a most unwarranted and unscientific conclusion. I have always contended that they could hear sounds originating in the air as well as those produced in the water, and through the auditory apparatus, and this has been proven by biologists in the last few years, both in our country and in Europe, by very interesting and convincing experiments. What has always been accepted as a self-evident proposition by many anglers has at last been acknowledged as true by scientific investigators.

LONG A FAVORITE

In the early days referred to, before the Revolutionary period, the large-mouth bass was a favorite game-fish in the South Atlantic states. William Bartram, the "Quaker naturalist," in the account of his travels in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, 1764, gave a correct and graphic description of bobbing for black bass by the settlers of Florida. This was five years before Daniel Boone settled in Kentucky, in 1769. In 1803 George Snyder emigrated from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, and prior to 1810 he made the first multiplying reel for black bass fishing.

On the other hand it was subsequent to 1850 that sufficient interest was manifested in the black bass, in the North, to cause its introduction to New England waters from several small lakes in New York, contiguous to the Hudson, to which river it had gained access through canals from Lake Erie. About the same time, 1854, it was transplanted from a tributary of the Ohio River to the upper Potomac.

Previous to 1860 the black bass was not mentioned in books on angling, notwithstanding that both species had been described and named, in 1802, by Lacepede, a French ichthyologist, from specimens sent to Paris from the United States by French collectors. It is somewhat remarkable that American angling authors had failed to notice the black bass until a century after Bartram's description of bobbing in Florida, and a half century after the invention of a black bass reel by Snyder, and then only in a very meager and unsatisfactory manner, and mostly from hearsay.

This would seem altogether inexcusable, as black bass angling clubs had existed for fifty years in Kentucky and Ohio. But this apparent neglect is easily explained when it is considered that while the angling clubs mentioned were using light cane rods of several ounces weight, and ten feet in length, with smaller and lighter multiplying reels than are in common use to-day, the northern angler was furnished with rods of twelve feet and sixteen ounces and striped bass reels. This was in accordance with the fact that manufacturers gave their attention wholly to tools and tackle for trout and salmon, which were considered the only fresh-water fishes worthy of notice.

POPULARITY

But all this is changed. To-day the black bass is acknowledged to be the best and most popular game-fish of America, and manufacturers are giving more thought and care to the production of suitable and special tools and tackle for black bass than for all other game-fishes combined. By the generic term black bass, wherever used, I mean both species, for where they co-exist in the same waters, and are exposed to the same conditions of environment, there is no difference in game qualities. Both species are fished for in the same manner and with the same tackle.

Some idea may be formed of the popularity of the black bass from the fact that the demand for young bass for stocking waters far exceeds the supply, notwithstanding that the national and state fish commissions are untiring in their efforts to augment the supply by the most approved methods of fish culture. So far, however, the results are not at all commensurate with the labor and expense involved. This may be explained by the fact that while

millions of trout, salmon, grayling, shad, whitefish and other fry can be produced at pleasure, by stripping and fertilizing the free eggs of these species and hatching them on trays or in jars, the eggs of the black bass are enveloped in a mass of glutinous matter from which they cannot be separated and manipulated. The only recourse is pond culture, allowing the fish to breed naturally, or at best to furnish them with artificial nests from which the fry are collected after screening off the parent fish. The best plan would be to stock barren waters with adult bass, in the manner already referred to, if it were possible to secure them in sufficient numbers.

In 1855, when a small boy traveling from my native city Baltimore to Cincinnati, over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, I was much interested in a conversation between several gentlemen, one of whom was a black bass enthusiast. The manner of stocking the Potomac with bass from a creek near Wheeling, the year before, was related, and the merits of the black bass as a game-fish were freely discussed. My curiosity was aroused, for I was already an angler, and a few weeks afterward I took my first bass in the Little Miami River, near Cincinnati. In 1857 I visited Kentucky and fished the famous bass streams of that state, the Kentucky, Elkhorn and Licking rivers. It was there that I saw the short and light cane rods and small multiplying reels used in bait fishing for black bass. I had made and used similar rods for white perch, croakers and lafayettes in Maryland waters when but eight years of age, but had never used a multiplying reel. I was instructed as to its proper handling by one of the best anglers I have ever known—peace to his ashes. Afterward, in other states, when I saw bass fishers using eighteen-foot cane poles and fifteen-foot jointed wooden rods, with immense reels, I saw the necessity for reform in the matter of black bass tackle; and to-day have the satisfaction of knowing that my efforts in that direction have borne good fruit.

The various methods of black bass fishing, and best in the order named, are fly-fishing, minnow-casting, still-fishing and trolling. Fortunately, the twentieth century angler has his choice of the best and most suitable tools and tackle for the different methods that skill and intelligence can produce, and for which he should be duly thankful. The evolution of the equipment for the black bass fisher from the crude and cumbersome implements formerly in use has been remarkable. Light, short and graceful fly-rods and bait-rods of almost perfect action, reels of exquisite workmanship, and lines, leaders, hooks, artificial flies and scores of useful and ingenious contrivances for his convenience and pleasure, are produced in great variety, excellence and adaptability.

BLACK BASS OUTFIT

The most important and expensive implement in the fly-fisher's outfit is the fly-rod. There are rods-and rods. The best and the worst are made of split bamboo. One of the best may be had for from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, while the worst are sold in department stores for seventy-five cents. The latter are made from refuse cane, and for practical purposes are worth even less. A good wooden rod will generally give better satisfaction and wear longer than most split bamboo rods as made to-day.

There is another thing about modern rods that should be considered. Because certain rods have cast surprisingly long distances at tournaments, it does not follow that they are the best suited for practical angling. They are especially constructed or selected for long casting, and fulfill their mission admirably. A stiff tournament fly-rod of five ounces, with a very heavy line, has cast a fly nearly one hundred feet—a remarkable feat—while heavier rods have cast upwards of one hundred and thirty feet. In actual fishing, however, casts of twenty-five to fifty feet are about as long as necessary, while the practical fishing-rod has certain attributes or qualities of backbone, pliancy and resiliency, that are not found in tournament rods. It should be remembered, always, that the chief uses of a rod come into play after the fish is hooked; the mere act of casting being preliminary or subordinate.

Any good fly-rod of from six and one-half to seven and one-half ounces, and about ten feet long, if not too supple or withy, will answer for ordinary black bass fishing; in the Gulf states, however, or where the bass run unusually large, the rod should weigh an ounce more, and the length may be increased an inch. The very light trout fly-rods of four or five ounces are all right for trout of a pound or less, but are too light for black bass, a much larger and stronger fish; notwithstanding, there is a tendency to use them. With a rod too light or inadequate between the angler and a three-pound bass, it is another case of the tail wagging the dog.

CASTING

In casting the fly the casts should be lengthened in the good, old-fashioned way—and the only correct way—by taking from the reel, with the free hand, several feet of line, before retrieving each cast, until the desired distance is reached. The tournament style of pulling a lot of line from the reel and coiling it in the hand or on the ground, in order to offer the least resistance in shooting the line, however useful it may be for tournament work, is not at all adapted for practical fishing on the stream. The loose line is apt to become tangled or stepped on, and withal it

is an ungraceful and slovenly method. Weaving the line backward and forward through the guides with the free hand is also an innovation and very bad practice. The line should be always taut and straight, with the rod slightly bent, in order to be able to instantly feel a rising fish.

Some contestants at tournaments use a large wooden reel six or eight inches in diameter (the English Nottingham reel) to hold the line, and instead of attaching it to the rod it is affixed to the platform from which the casts are made. Nothing could demonstrate the difference between tournament work and practical angling more than this.

A light click reel is the best for fly-fishing, though a multiplier with adjustable click is often used. The enameled silk line, which is so perfectly made nowadays, is the only one to use. Leaders of four feet are long enough for two flies, all that should be used in the cast, and very often one is better. There are scores of flies to choose from, but the following I have found successful, and are enough: Coachman, Grizzly King, Polka, Professor, Montreal, Silver Doctor, Oriole, Gray Drake, and red, brown, black and gray hackles.

The axiomatic rules for fly-fishing are to cast a straight line; keep it taut; strike on sight or touch; kill the fish on the bend of the rod. When landed, the fish should be killed outright by severing the spinal cord at the nape, or by a stunning blow on the head, before placing it in the creel.

Next to fly-fishing, in the ethics of sport, comes casting the minnow with a suitable rod, and such a rod should be about eight feet long and weigh from seven to eight ounces, if of split bamboo or ash and lancewood. As larger fish are taken with bait, as a rule, than with the fly, a somewhat heavier rod is required. The mode of casting with this rod is underhand. By this method the smallest minnow can be accurately cast the required distance, and the largest minnow will alight without a splash. It is then allowed to sink to mid-water depth and reeled in slowly. The minnow being hooked through the lips swims in a natural manner and proves quite attractive.

Another method of casting, usually with frog bait instead of the minnow, is much in vogue on weedy waters. It is quite popular at casting tournaments, where artificial baits of established weights are used. The casting is overhead, as in casting the fly, and the rod is extremely short, from four and one-half to six feet, and quite stiff. Long and accurate casts can be made in this way, but the bait being started on its flight from a height of ten or twelve feet must necessarily make quite a splash when it strikes the water, which if not fatal to success is at least very bad form. While this style of rod and casting has many advocates, it does not appeal to the artistic angler, as the short and unyielding rod is not capable of playing and handling a

struggling fish in a workmanlike manner. As a trout fly-rod is the ideal fishing-rod, the nearer other rods approximate it the better for those rods. The minnow-casting rod of eight or eight and a quarter feet is almost as pliant as the trout fly-rod, and its action is very similar. For tournament work, however, the five-foot overhead casting rod is a joy forever for the contestants, though by no means a thing of beauty.

Casting the minnow requires a multiplying reel of the best quality, and such a one costs twice as much as the rod. It should run as freely and smoothly as possible, and the gearing should be so accurately adjusted as to sustain and prolong the initial impulse of the cast, in order that the bait may be projected to the objective point without confusion, and strike the water without a splash. But such a reel requires an educated thumb to control the revolving spool in order to prevent back lashing and consequent over-running and snarling of the line.

That the cast may be as long as practicable, the line should be of the smallest caliber, size H, and to obviate kinking from constant use it should be braided instead of twisted, and furthermore should be preferably made of raw silk. Neither leader nor float should be used in casting the minnow, as the bait is reeled to within a foot or two of the rod tip before making the cast. Hooks with long snells answer every purpose.

The favorite hooks are Sproat, O'Shaughnessy, Aberdeen and Limerick, though the modern eyed hooks are preferred by some. Many anglers use much larger hooks for black bass than necessary; Nos. 1 and 2 are large enough. The smallest brass swivel is used as the connecting link between the snell and the reel line, and subserves the purpose of a sinker as well.

The equipment for casting the minnow answers as well for trolling, though a rod of eight and a half ounces is not too heavy for this work. With the addition of a leader the minnow-casting outfit is also the best for still-fishing. With the live minnow for bait a float is not necessary, but a small sinker is useful with large, strong minnows, to keep them below the surface. With crawfish, helgramites or cut-bait, a float is useful to keep them off the bottom.

As to artificial baits, a very small casting or trolling spoon, and the smallest artificial phantom minnow, each with a single hook, comprise all that should be employed by the honest angler and true sportsman. Not only because they are the best and most successful, but because it is cruel, heartless and an abomination to countenance, let alone use, the vile contraptions of various shapes, made of wood or metal, and bristling with a dozen or more cheap hooks.

WADING

Wading the stream, either in fly-fishing or casting the minnow, is the top notch of

bass fishing. Here one may enjoy all the esthetic and poetic features that for centuries have been ascribed to trout fishing. But one should know something of the habits of his quarry, with an intuition, born of this knowledge, as to the likely places to which to cast his lure. What an innate satisfaction it is to provoke a rise at just the place where the angler, from his prescience and experience, fully expected it! And how much more satisfactory and enjoyable, notwithstanding the many failures, is this compelling sense of search for his fish, to the new tad of dry fly fishing as practiced in England. There the angler sits on the bank smoking his pipe until a fish betrays its whereabouts by rising to a newly-hatched insect, then, cautiously approaching the verge of the stream, and kneeling on one knee, he casts his dry fly over the telltale swirl. This is fishing made easy. The dry fly fisher certainly has a right to practice his "sure thing" method, and make the most of it, but when he claims for it the highest niche in the category of sports, and ridicules the "wet fly" fisher as a "chuck and chance it" angler, one feels like resenting it.

Fresh-water fishes resort to, or "use," certain situations where their food is more likely to be found; therefore, in fly-fishing, casting the minnow, or trolling for black bass, it must be remembered that it is useless, and love's labor lost, to fish in the deeper portions of ponds and lakes, or in the long, deep, smooth reaches of streams. Moreover, as a rule, all game-fishes rise to the fly only in water from one to six feet deep, for unless the water is unusually clear the fly or bait will not be seen by the fish from a greater depth. With very clear water the casts must be as long as possible, in order that the angler may not be observed, for to keep out of sight of the fish is the cardinal rule in angling.

In wading, the best plan is to fish down stream, proceeding slowly and cautiously, and casting over every yard of likely-looking water. The promising places are close to patches of water-weeds, near overhanging banks, in the eddies of large boulders, at the head and foot of riffles, near submerged roots of trees on the bank, and close to ledges of sunken rocks. In trolling from a boat with the minnow, alive or dead, or

the spoon or spinner, the trend of the shore is followed, just outside of weed patches, shallow points, and about gravelly or weedy shoals in the body of the lake.

Deeper water may be resorted to in still-fishing, especially the "cat-holes" of streams in low water, for the bait being kept near the bottom, the fish are not so apt to see the angler. Natural bait only is used, as minnows; crawfish, especially shadders or "soft craws"; helgramites, the larva of the corydalis fly; grubs, crickets, grasshoppers, earth-worms and cut-bait; but a bright and lively minnow is by all odds the most enticing. Still-fishing is done from a boat or a low bank, for unless the water is quite deep the angler is sure to be seen by the fish when he occupies such situations as a high rock or bank, or the breast of a dam. A lively and strong minnow can be left to its own devices for quite a while, but all other natural baits should be moved slowly and frequently in still-fishing.

In some sections there seems to be a notion that the black bass is a peculiarly uncertain fish about taking the fly or bait, and that in his choice of natural bait he is very capricious. But as all other game-fishes are subject to the same idiosyncrasies, and seem to refuse to respond to the angler's lure at times, the black bass is no exception, and in no greater degree than others. In most cases the angler himself is at fault for not fishing in an intelligent manner. He should not expect to find his quarry always in the same places, for fresh-water fishes frequently change their accustomed haunts for reasons best known to themselves, but presumably in search of food, or in consequence of some change in the depth or character of the water resulting from storms of wind or rain. They also change their location with the change of the seasons, for fishes are extremely sensitive to variations of temperature.

As a food-fish the black bass is second only among fresh-water fishes to the white-fish of the Great Lakes. I have noticed that in sections where it is considered a shy and uncertain game-fish, it is also rated as a rather poor food-fish, ranking below the pickerel. That both of these opinions are base slanders on a noble fish is attested by the high esteem in which it is held everywhere else by anglers and laymen as well.

HAS THE WASP AFFECTION

A colony of wasps made a nest in the dark room of a studio last summer. At first the party who used the room did not relish their company—but for certain reasons he did not molest them. He paid no attention to the little buzzers, and they came and went at their own sweet will.

After a time he began to study them and soon came to the conclusion that they were gradually becoming acquainted with him,

his ways and his dark room. One day a stranger was seated on the window sill. The first wasp entering the room paid no attention to him, but made for the old crack in the wall. Then out came a big fat fellow who darted through the open window like a bullet. Within five minutes half a dozen wasps came with a rush at the stranger and two of them located him. But the writer has never been touched by his wasp colony.

TROUTING IN THE BUSHES

BY CLARENCE DEMING

THE old trout fisher, as he glances back on his experiences in fish-craft, finds no memories more beguiling than what may here be called the inner framework of his angling picture—by which is meant the actual waters that he has fished as distinguished from Nature's outwork and larger setting of bank, shore, forest and mountain. Varied both in size and quality have been those waters of memory where his triumphs and defeats of rod and reel in seeking the shy and elusive trout have been scored. He recalls the broad, free fishing of the great lakes or lesser ponds of the far north where from canoe or boat he may betimes circle with his far-cast fly eighty feet of radius toward every compass point; the angling scarcely less free in its *abandon* of fling and recover on a broad river; this next diminishing to what is perhaps the very acme of happy fishing waters in the "little" river breaking into ripple, rapid and waterfall, not so shallow that it can be waded at the center, yet not so wide but that promising holes can be reached from the shallows of the opposite shore. Into what long category of smaller streams of the "brook" type do these larger trouting waters shade down. The brook big enough to wade, the brook spanned by a single step, the brook swift, the brook still and only fished successfully in freshet, high wind or stiff shower, the brook that is one long sequence of cascades, the brook that wanders lazily through swamp and bog, where a few inches at the surface spell three or four feet of depth below, and where the hooked trout seems to the eye taken not from water but from land; and finally, as contrasted with the open brook meandering through the meadow, the brook that loses itself in briar, alder, laurel or overhanging willow, and challenges the angler to that blending of art and discomfort which he half dreads, half welcomes at "bush" fishing.

Bush fishing for trout has never been sung by the poets of rod and reel and never will be. It has not been the theme of Waltonian legend or of vivid episodes of fish-craft. Some will even impugn its right to be called an orthodox sport and dub it mere fish killing, not angling in the free and breezy sense. In truth, physically speaking, it is contracted fishing as compared with that of the open water spaces. But there is another view-point: Must angling always be easy to be sport and recreation? Is the heroic figure in fishing he who always leaves to others his "chores" and who angles under the labor-saving dollar mark? Is it the trout easy caught or the trout hard caught that is invested with the deepest angling charm, and are not hard work, system, self-denial, effort and patience prime elements in the trout fisher's richest rewards? It is bush fishing for

trout which, with all its vexations, exacts all these. The man who has mastered a hard mile of trouting on a medium-sized brook through thick briar and alder has taught himself a deep and wholesome lesson in patience—besides coming through very often with such a string of fish as dwarfs the catch of sybarite fishers of the open on the same stream. But to be done well it is not an off-hand thing and has its sharp lessons from experience as well as some special devices in tackle.

For bush fishing the longer and more limber the rod the worse; and, within certain bounds, the shorter and stiffer the rod the better. The ideal bush rod is of about eight ounces weight, of strong and inflexible green-heart or lancewood. Split bamboo may serve well for a few trips, but is apt to succumb early to the hard usage of bush fishing. The steel rod has, in its strength, one high quality, for lifting the trout in the bush, but lacks at the tip a certain effective "snap" in striking the fish, which is much more likely to be found in wooden rods. Seven or eight feet of length are extreme limits for the rod of the bush—and a few inches shorter are not amiss if the thickets are dense.

A matter of much importance is the guides. These should be tubular—not rings—and ought to be double the number on an ordinary rod. Holding thus the line closer to the rod it is less apt to "loop" a bush—in fact this reduction of possible loops is one of the keynotes of successful bush fishing. If the angler can afford it it is well to have one of these special, inflexible, short, many-guided bush rods, especially if his happy fishing grounds have some long, bushy tracts—and they generally have. But an ordinary trout rod can be much improved for this hard fishing by an additional tubular guide or two wound temporarily on the tip length—care, of course, being taken to have the guides at nearly even distances apart, thus avoiding the danger of the deadly "corner" in the tip length that so often heralds the coming break.

The reel for bush fishing should be small—both for balancing the short rod better and because it is less apt to catch the bushes. Just here and only here does the writer put in a mild plea for the reel with "click" or better with noiseless brake. In general that type of reel I abominate. Outside of bush trouting now and forever give me the free running reel with finger, hand and thumb trained to regulate the line in lieu of the whole artificial breed of clicks and brakes. But in bush fishing the free "reel" has an irritating habit of running out noiselessly several feet astern of the loop just above, which loop the angler must retrace backward in vexation of spirit. It may largely be avoided by a

coil or two around the handle, but the coil is apt to fall loose and the brake reel is therefore more reliable.

The arrangement of gut and sinker for bush fishing is also of somewhat specialized value. As the fishing, in the main, is "short-line" work the terminal tackle must be adapted to it. The leader should be of somewhat thin gut with its knots—especially the knot that joins it with the line—as small as possible. This allows reeling up close to the hook—assuming that the knots are small enough to pass the guides of the tip—and thus disentangling a snarled hook. This device is pat in all trouting, but its exceptional usefulness when the hook is "hung" on bush, tree or snag every few minutes is obvious. About three feet of gut leader is a satisfactory length and represents about the minimum of resistance to the tendency to snarl, which is the main obstacle to be overcome in bush trouting. Not more than ten inches from the hook should come the light sinker of wound strip lead, spiraled closely around the gut. Bush fishing, although essentially "short distance" angling, requires the utmost accuracy of cast, especially in the smaller streams, and that accuracy is much aided when the sinker is near the hook. Assuming that worms and not flies are to be used in this close and contracted type of angling the smaller angleworms come first as bait—not merely because the quick stroke often requires prompt swallowing of the bait, but also because in short-distance fishing the splash of the bait on the surface should be reduced to the lowest terms.

So much for the "bush" tackle. Next we come to the far more important point of the handling of the tackle, which unfortunately must be taught by experience more than by word or pen. But here are some useful hints: The most vexing marplot in bush trouting is the bush or tree bough overhanging a promising trout hole anywhere from two to ten feet above it and—in the case of the bough—apt to be a few feet nearer the angler than the hole. With the hook caught on either of these the angler in at least half the cases faces the dilemma of breaking tackle or releasing it only by scaring the fish. Every trout fisher will recognize this situation which has so often forced him to sacrifice many a promising trout hole. Hence these notes of warning: In bush fishing study each hole carefully before casting, with a view both to under water and over water snags. In particular watch out sharply for the bough overhead, almost certain to be overlooked by the angling enthusiast until the "snap" from a missed fish sends hook, line and sinker perhaps a dozen feet above. All this will be avoided if the habit is cultivated of looking up before each cast. Trite words these may seem, but how often is their advice disregarded to the wreck of the bush fisher's temper.

When the hook and snarl beyond reach, to disengage them first try the quick downward "snap" of the tip—that is to say if the snarl has been on the rise as is commonly the case—using the upward snap if the snarl has been on a fall of the line. The backward snap is, of course, only to be used in extremity and the utmost care taken not to test the rod beyond its strength.

Remember also that the highest art of bush fishing is—next to self-mastery of temper—the mastery of the short stroke in hooking the fish: the firm, brief twitch of the tip through an inch or two of space which, if failing to hook the fish, does not toss the terminal tackle more than two or three feet at most out of water and averts many a snarl. It is peculiarly a wrist stroke and can only be learned by practice. To practice and experience also must be relegated, in the main, the landing of the hooked fish, which exacts a skill, deftness and judgment far eclipsing the handling of the trout in open waters. But what specific or technical advice can compass the thousand and one local conditions—most of them difficult—of securing the hooked fish in bushy waters? A few general rules exhaust the counsels on the subject: First, before the initial cast, consider from the nature of the hole how and where a fish can be landed; second, watch sharply the bank for the interstices of bush into which a trout, particularly if of good size, may be "dericked"; third, if landing on the bank is impracticable—and it very often is—then keep the hooked trout in the water till the last possible moment so as to avoid undue strain.

Bushy trout streams must always be fished by wading, and this raises a question well worth the study of angler and naturalist alike, namely, how far trout are scared by the down stream flow of roily water. "Not at all," is the writer's answer to the query—that is to say if the bottom is sandy or rocky and not much débris has been loosened in the wading. In such case the trout, instead of being frightened, actually have seemed "fooled" by the semblance of a coming freshet and stirred to appetite and food seeking. Much more uncertain is the conclusion when the bottom is muddy and the thick cloud moves steadily down stream. Not often under those conditions, speaking from my personal experience, have many trout been taken; but whether because the mud-cloud frightened the fish or merely obscured the bait must be left to guesswork.

If the angler has choice of times and seasons, when can he best fish in the bushes? As regards the habits of the trout the best time is the hot season beginning usually with late May when the fish seek the cooler shades and leave the glare of the sunlight which they love in the colder water of the earlier spring.



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