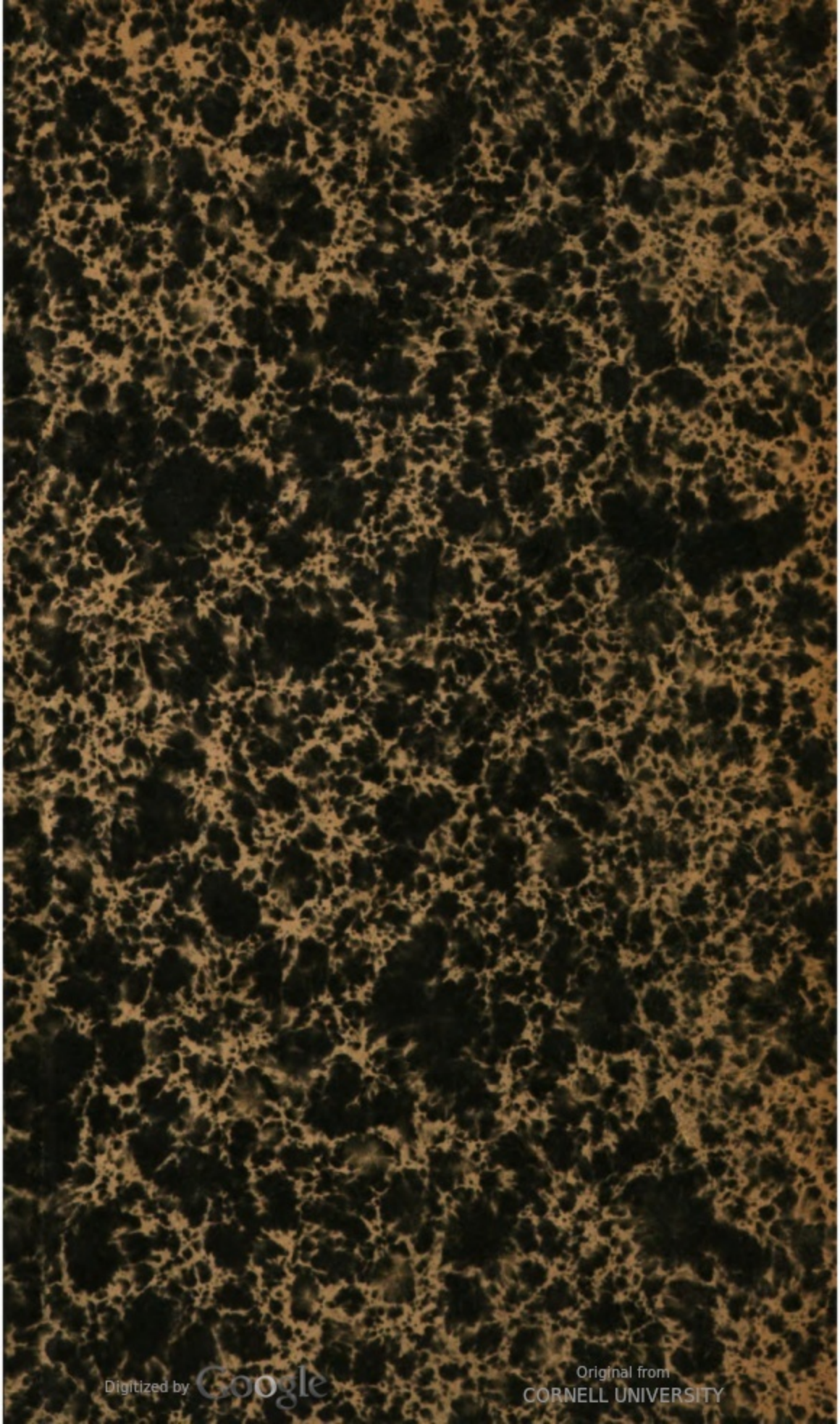
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THE OUTING MAGAZINE

THE OUTDOOR MAGAZINE OF HUMAN INTEREST

EDITED BY CASPAR WHITNEY

VOLUME XLVIII
APRIL, 1906--SEPTEMBER, 1906

THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK: 35 WEST 31ST STREET
LONDON: THE INTERNATIONAL
NEWS COMPANY, 5 BREAM'S
BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE

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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.

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THE
OUTING
MAGAZINE

Vol. XLVIII

Number 1

APRIL, 1906

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

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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 bowlders 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.

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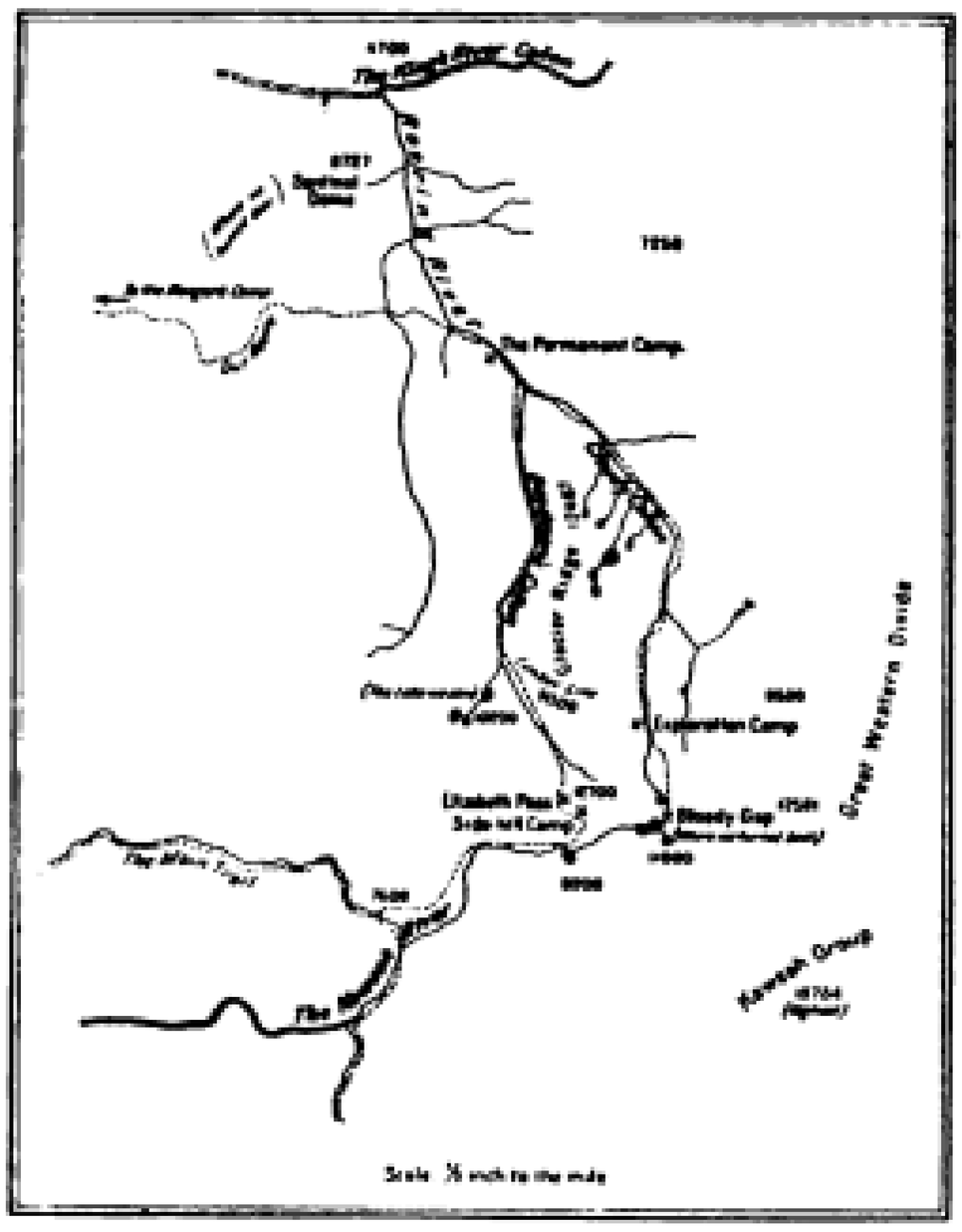

Now it was about a hundred feet down to the glacier lake, and we both knew that if Dinkey ever plunged into it we should never see her again. So we braced a mighty brace, and heaved a mighty heave. I can't describe the rest in detail. I know I slid ten feet or so on my heels, was upended, enveloped in 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 bowlders 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

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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

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

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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; Dinkey 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 mush 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 chopping 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

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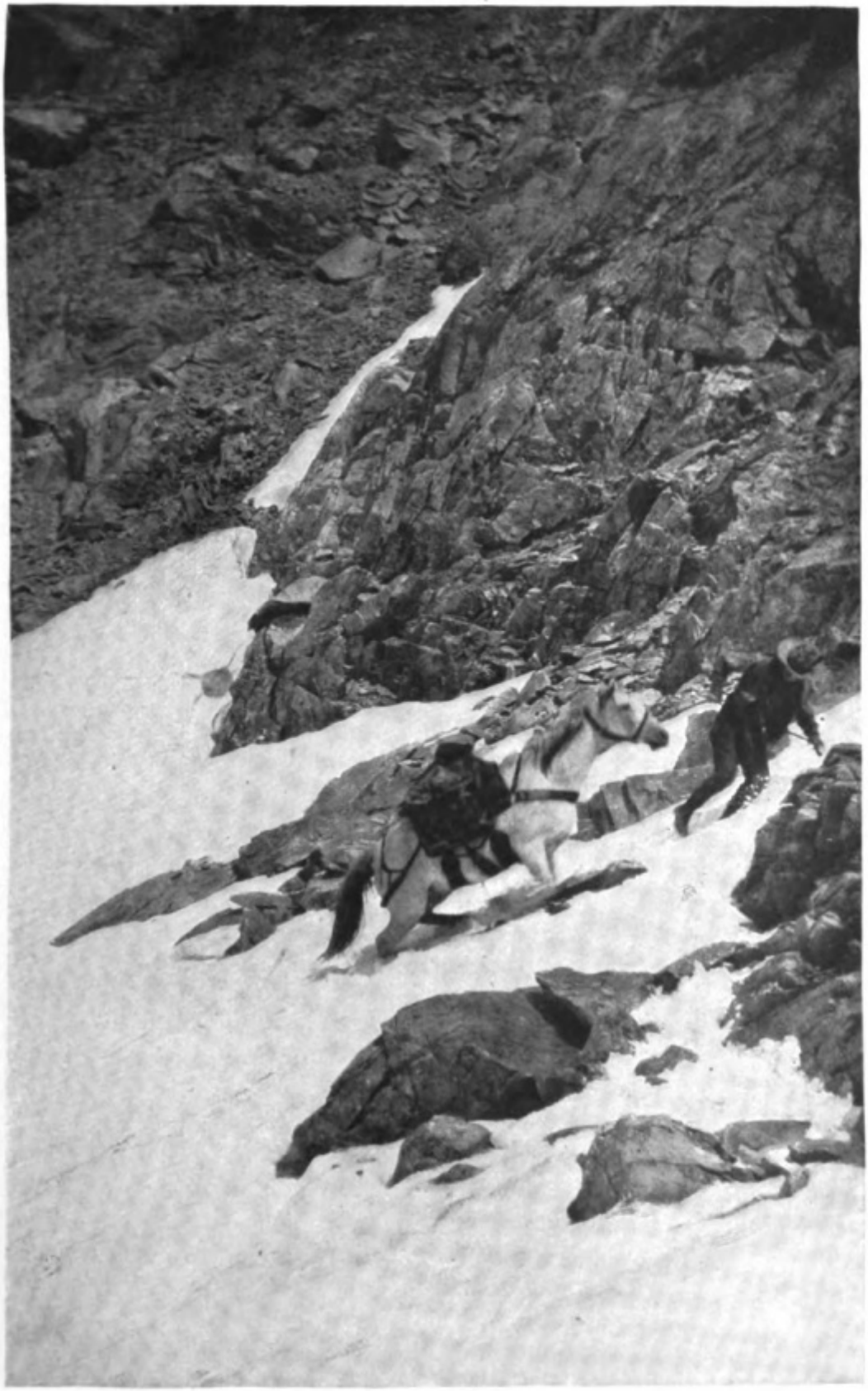

We had just time to dig our heels in and brace for the shock when over she went.

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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 absolutely 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

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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 permanent;—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.

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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. Shadows 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 Spoopendyke. 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

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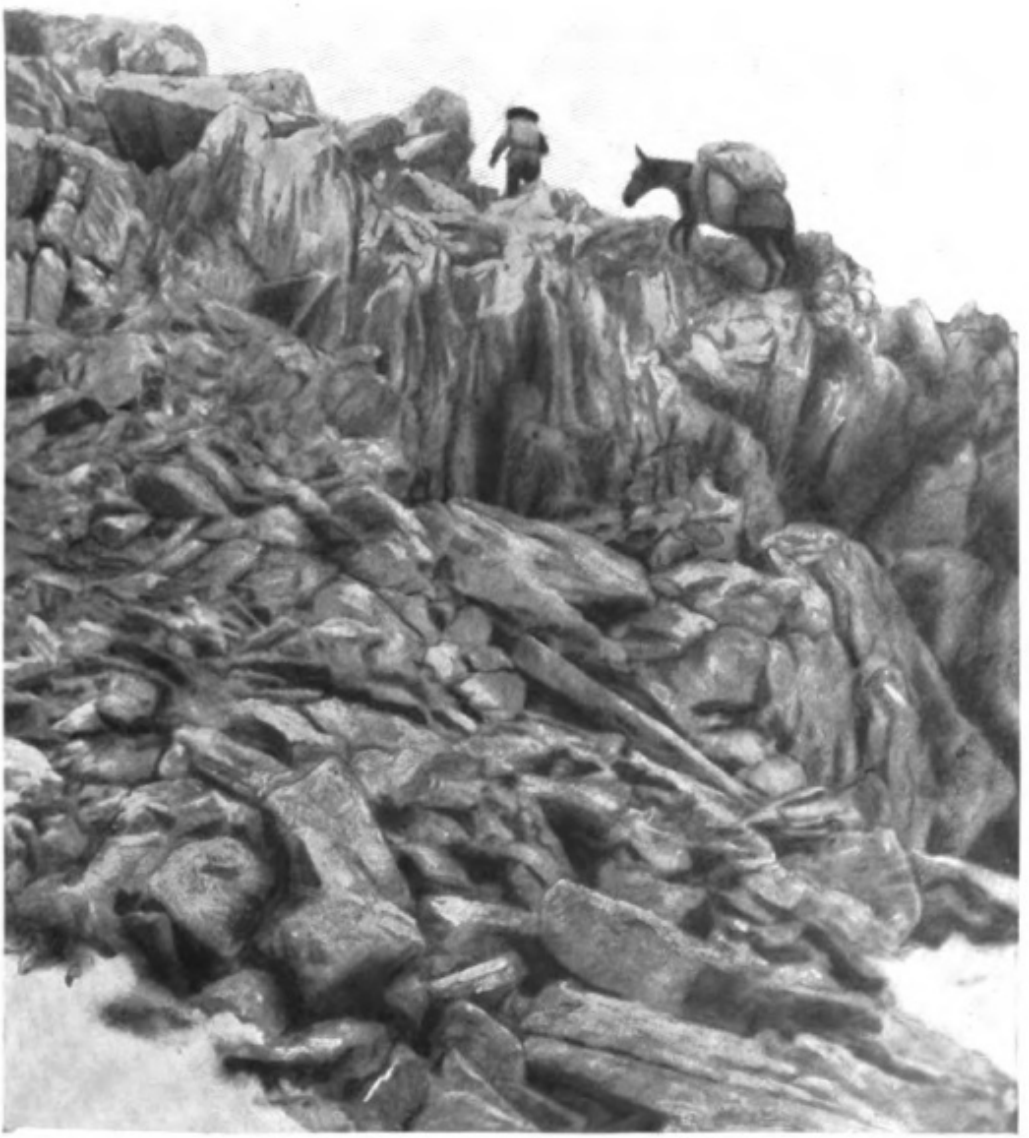

He took his time, smelled out each step, and passed without an accident.

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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 Broggins' Tongue Titillators, the best Bonbon,'" replied the brutal member.

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"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 bowlder, 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-

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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 transportation. 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 campfire talk that evening centered on the reptiles. We swapped the usual yarns and experiences; indulged in the customary argument as to remedies. Wes 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. Wes likewise gave as his disillusioned opinion that whiskey is not efficacious. Why? Well, he knew of a man who, while very

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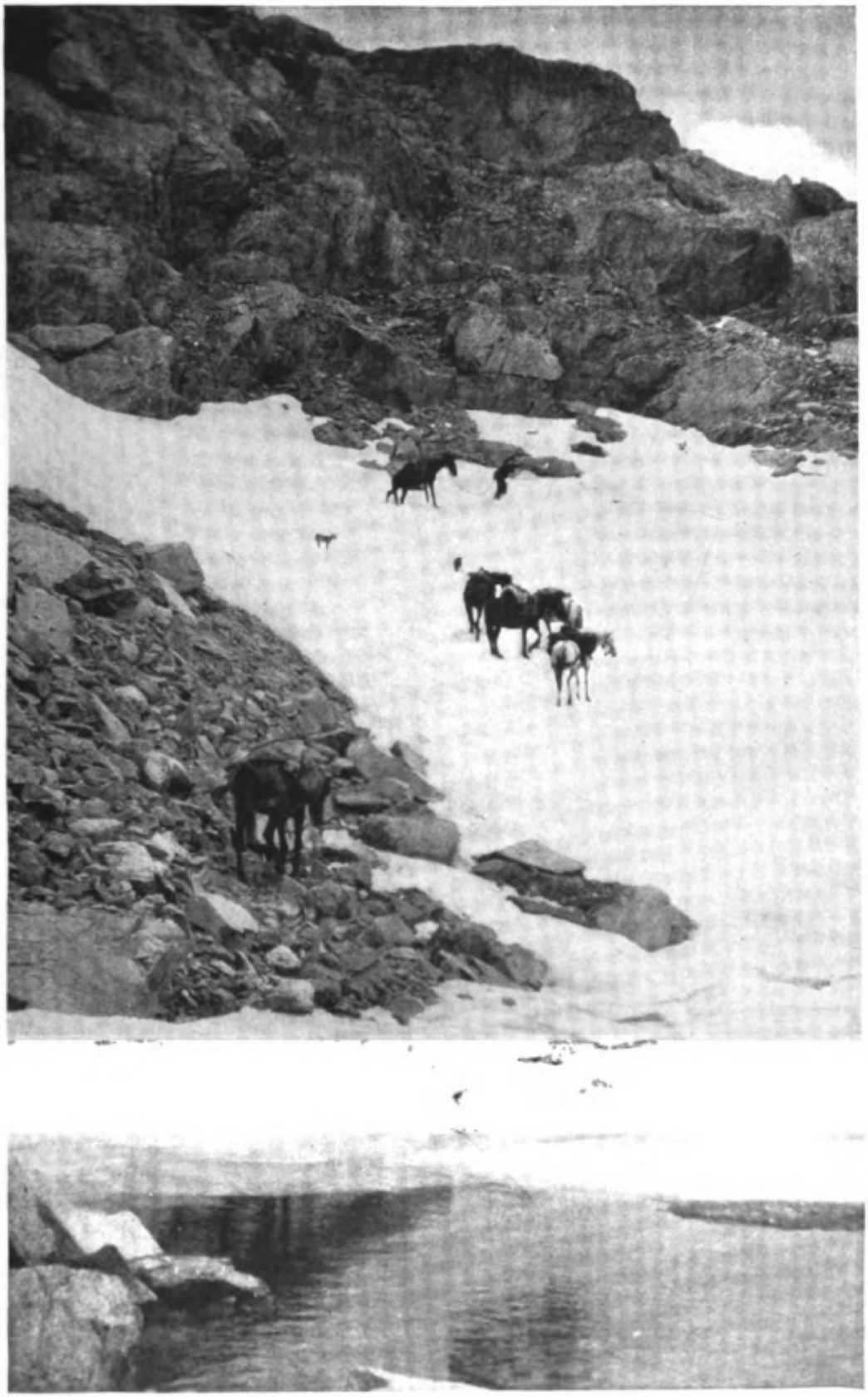

First they had to skirt the lake and climb slanting up the steep snow bank.

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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

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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 accomplished 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.

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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.

(To be continued.)

*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.

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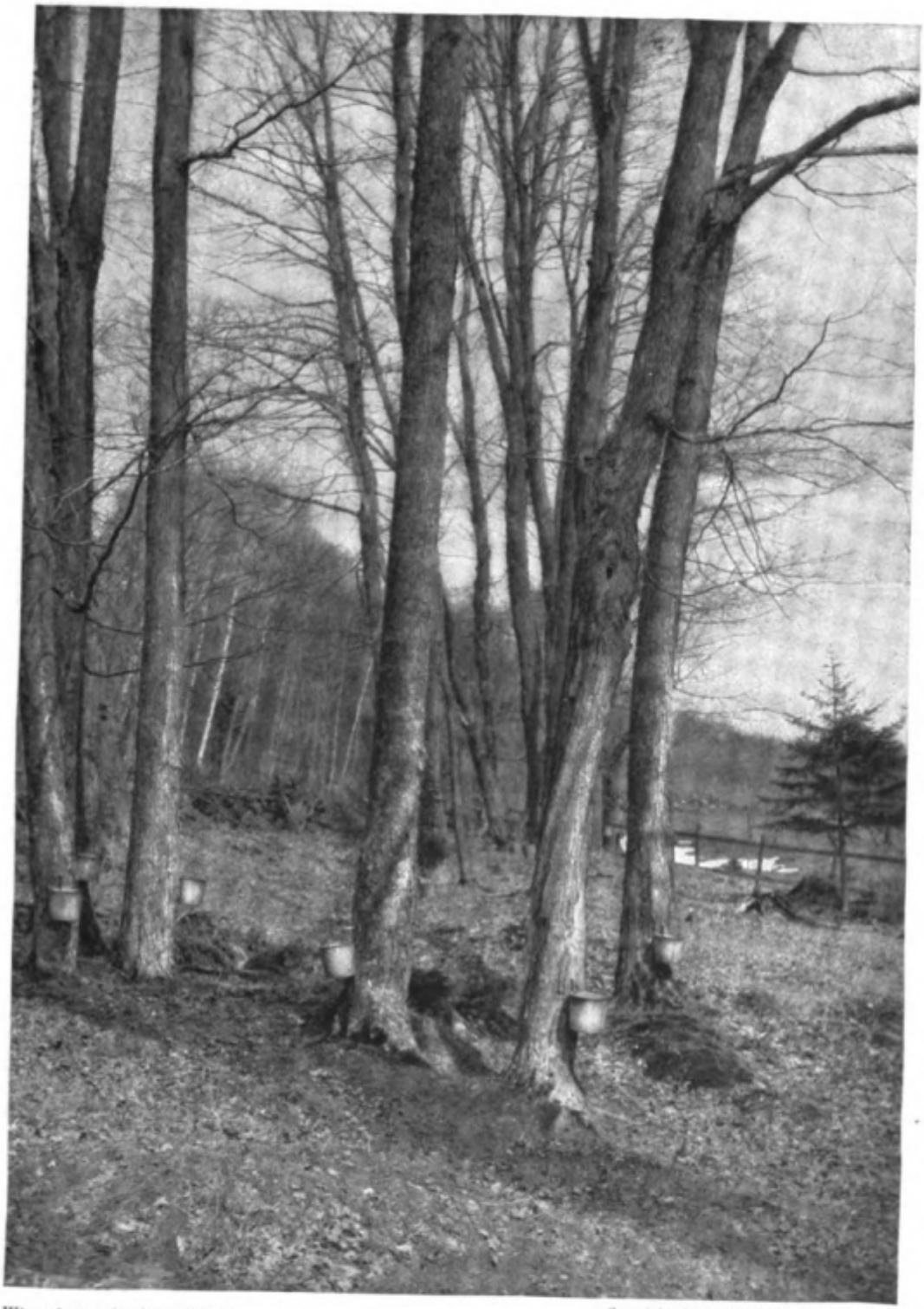

When the sap begins to climb.

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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 Nascaupee River, opposite the junction of the Red River, the point where the Indian portage route leaves the Nascaupee. 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 Nascaupee and Crooked Rivers, which has been devastated by fire, is a series of rolling hills and ridges strewn with glacial bowlders, 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 Nascaupee. 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 Nascaupee 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 Nascaupee 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.

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work, and not until August 13th did we reach the point where the Indian trail leaves the Nascaupee, 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. Occasionally 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 Nascaupee 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 Nascaupee, and depend on that to

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

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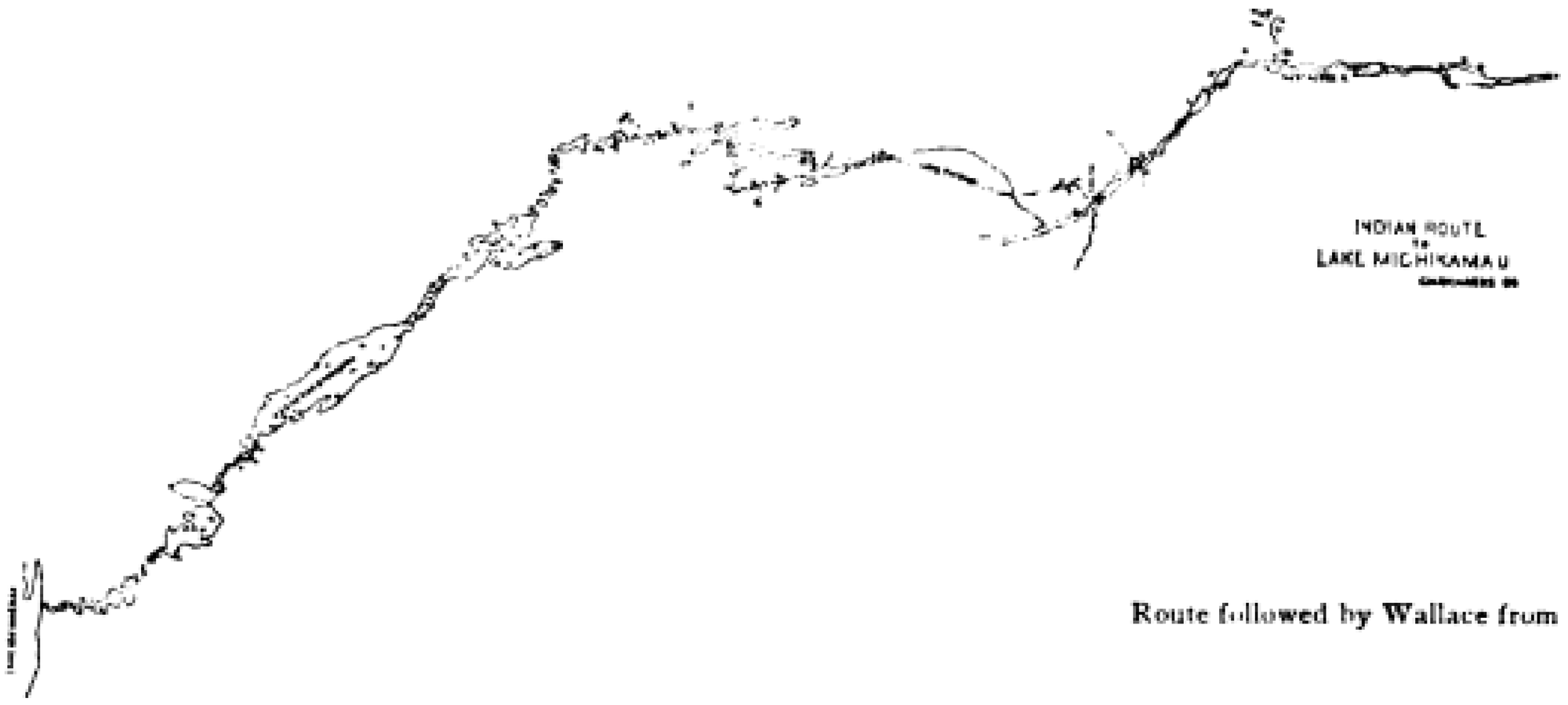

Route followed by Wallace from

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 crystallose. For the return journey to the cache on the Nascaupee 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.

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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

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Pete. Stanton. Wallace. Richards.

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

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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 Nascaupee 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 Nascaupee 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 bowlders, 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-

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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 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 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.

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.

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 Nascaupee River; it was

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

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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.

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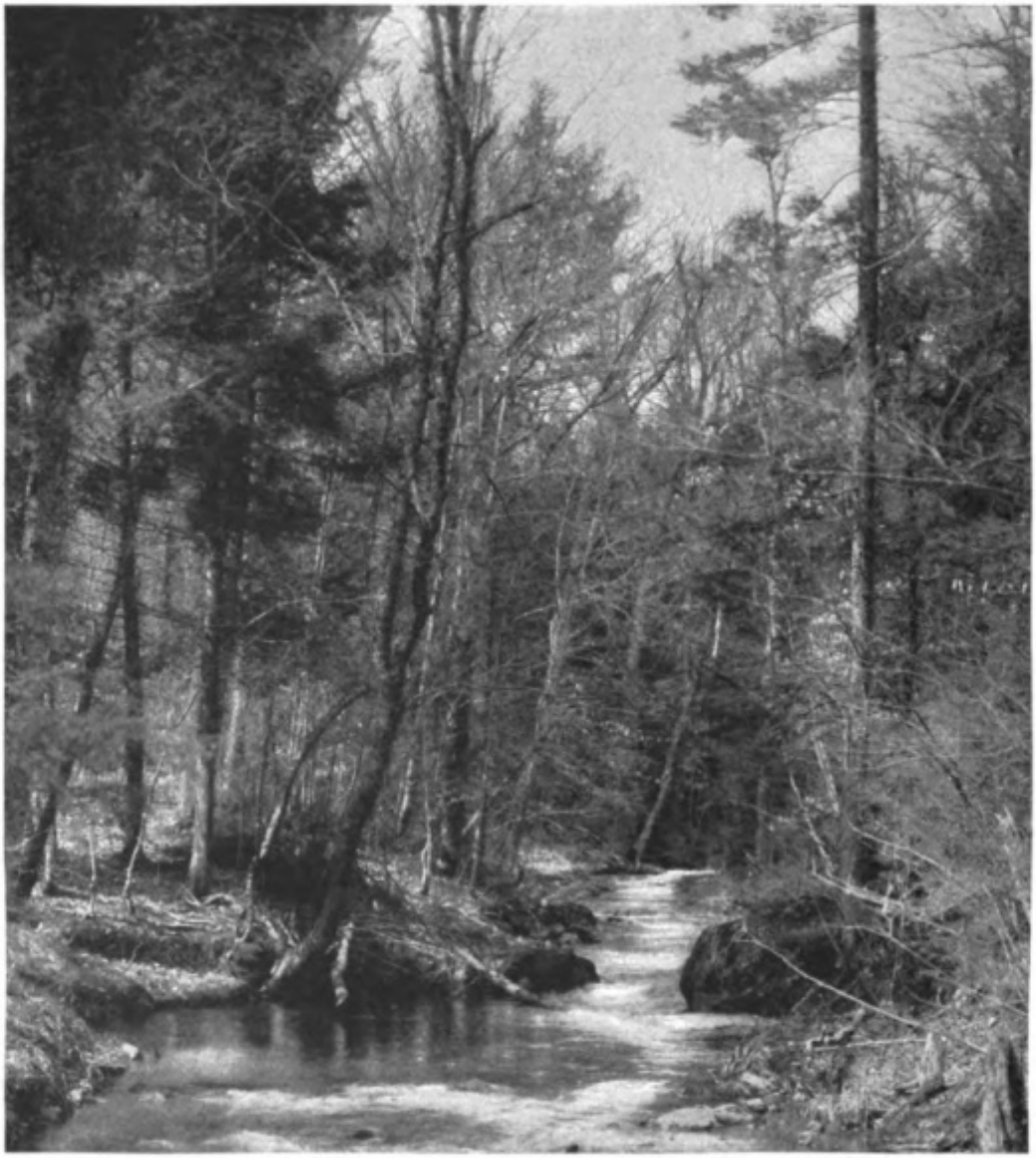

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"WHEN TH' FEVER'S IN TH' BLOOD"*

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.

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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.

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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 forrard," 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 springhole 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

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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 allurement, 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

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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 bowlder 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 blissed 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 whustle? Sure, thot 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 whustle 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

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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 procession 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, whiplashing 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

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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?

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

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 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

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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 daylights 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 ominously 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 upshore, 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."

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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-

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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 together 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

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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 "pickpocket," 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

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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 lantana 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 lantana 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.

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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

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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.

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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.

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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

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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,

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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 diversion 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 outfiting 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

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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.

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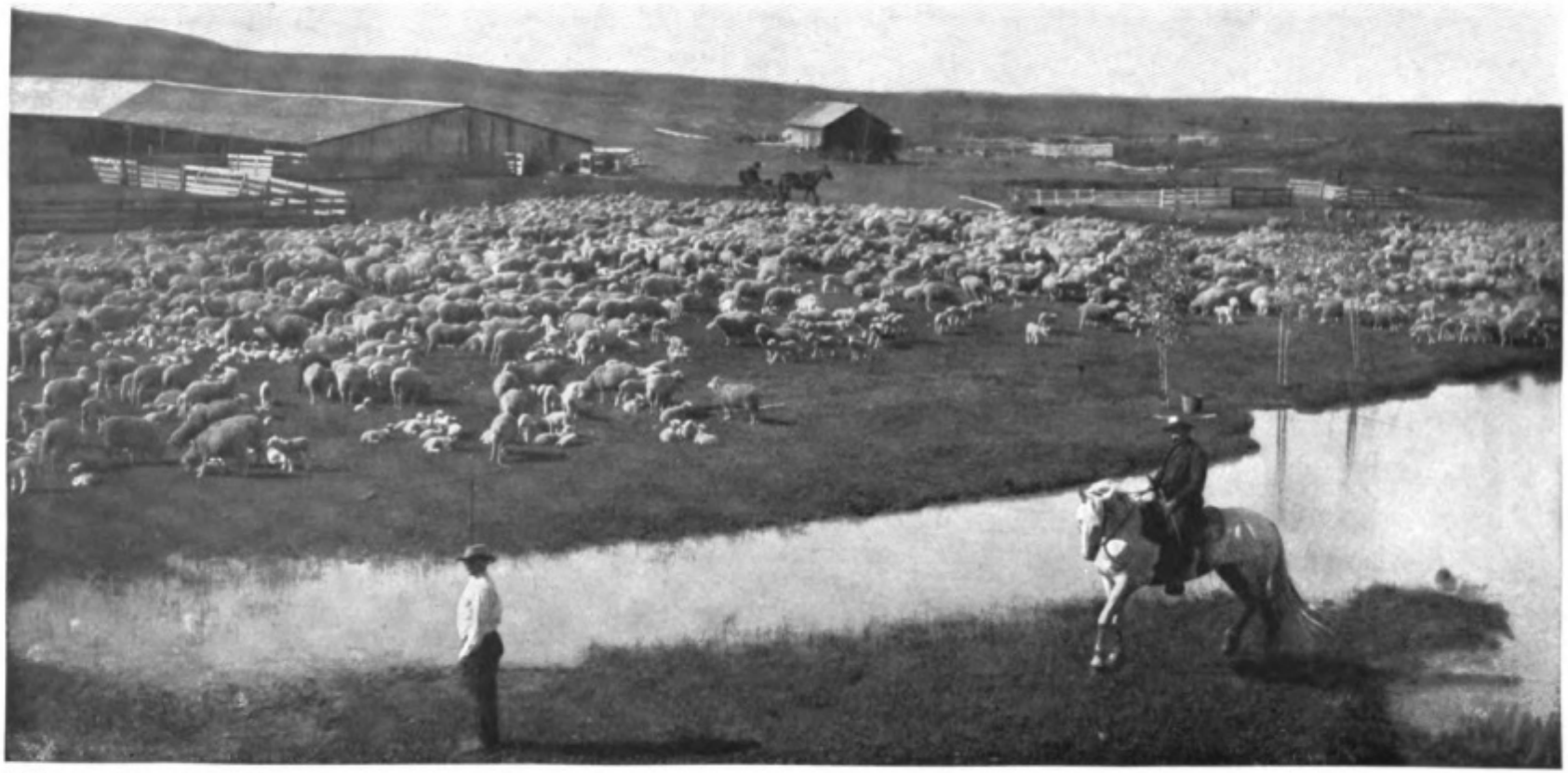

A Montana sheep ranch of to-day.

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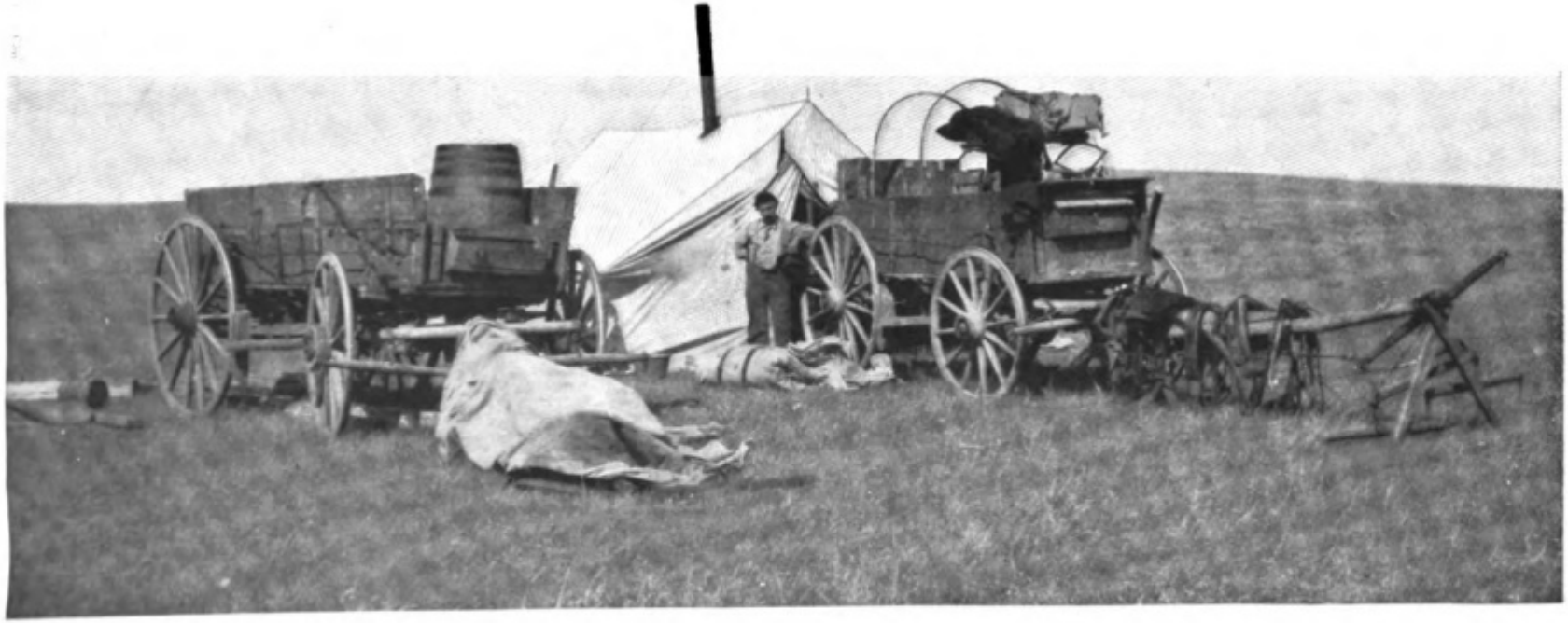

A cow camp on the fall round-up in Montana.

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Pioneers in the wake of the cowboy.

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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 barroom 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 barroom, 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

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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.

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"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.

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

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

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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 horrows. 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

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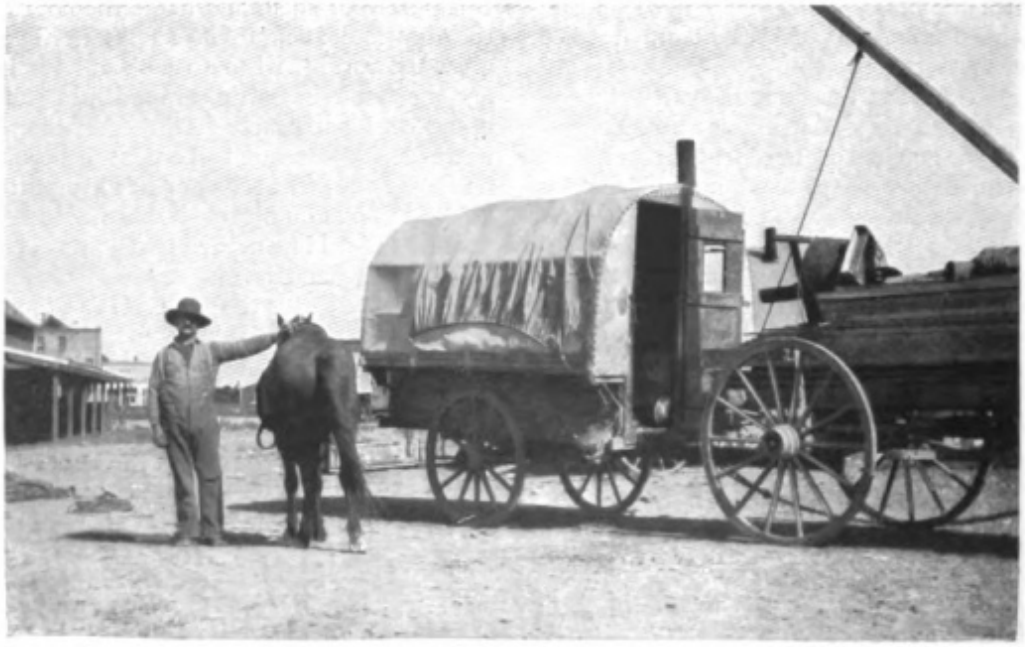
her goin'. We're makin' good on our end of the bargain. You can't lay down on your end of it, not on your life.' The fiddler grunted and cussed some, and sailed in and 'wee-waw-ed' most mournful for half an hour more. Then the boys broke loose and renigged. They simply couldn't stand it any longer, for 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."

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T! e 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.

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

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.

"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 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

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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 homestead 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.

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Drawing by R. Farrington Elwell.

Galloping in to the nearest station with Death close behind.

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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 "hottest 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

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Drawing by R. Farrington Elwell

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

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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 Palatte 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 to-day 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-

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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 bowlder 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.

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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 nightfall. 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.

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BAR 20 RANGE YARNS

II.—THE VAGRANT SIOUX

BY CLARENCE EDWARD MULFORD

PAINTING BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

I

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.

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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 untrammeled

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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 yore 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

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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 Phœnix 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 real 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,

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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

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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 mussed 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

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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 yu 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 catridges—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 Guadaloupe 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.

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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 bowlders 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 bowlder 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 *pang!* 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

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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 pie-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 8o 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

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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—l 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 plungin'. 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.

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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 pirute."

"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.

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WINKLER ASHORE

IV.—THE HEATHEN CHINAMAN

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATION BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

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

"WHEN I sold the farm and went to New York," said Winkler, "I had nearer four thousand dollars than three. But it is painful to recollect what I done with it, or rather what I didn't done. And what I'm goin' to tell you, sir, happened before I found out that Bumble were perfidious. We was pardoners to go into the liquor business, Bumble and me, and when the 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 spirits. 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 bronichal 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? Volumes 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

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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 ribbony and some thumb-marked) to egspress their heartfelt solicitations. She were a good-lookin' girl, sir, three parts drunk, and sputtering tears at every pour.

"While Bumble were egschangin' 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 egscused 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 suttenly 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 yeller ghost, lookin' neither to right nor to left. When he were three parts acrost 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 foamin' 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 assfoneer 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

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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 yeller 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 yeller 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 yeller 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'."

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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 Crœsus, 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 alow 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

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

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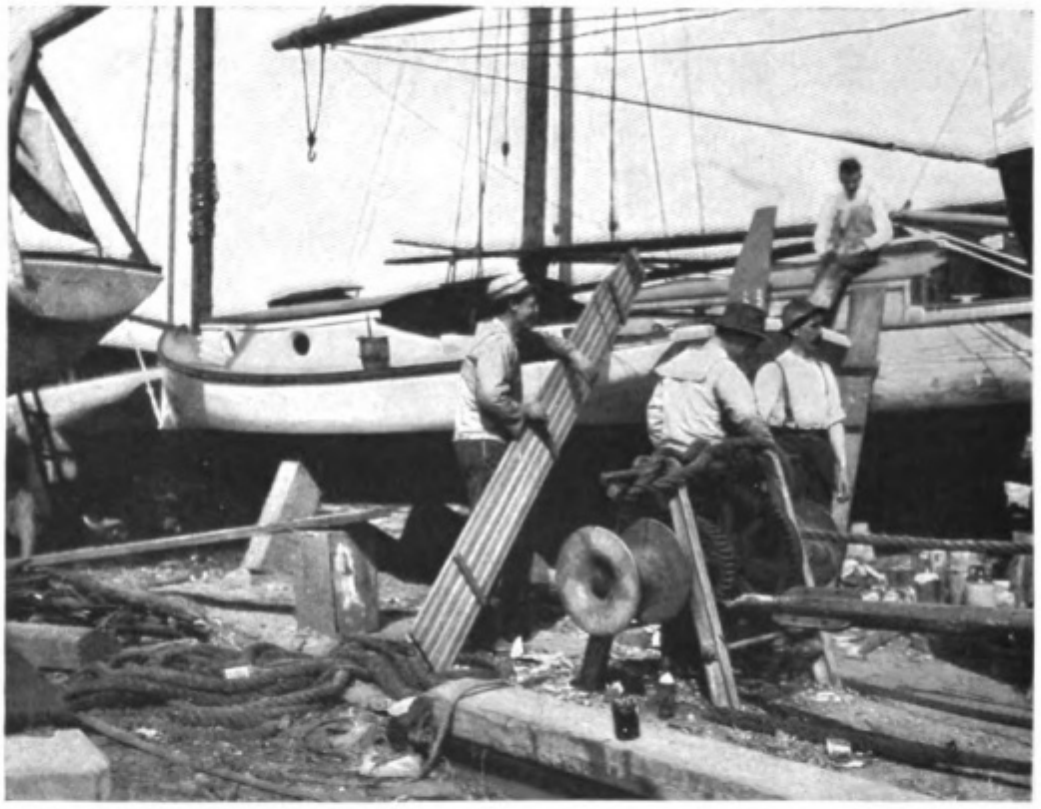

Take everything out of her that is movable.

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

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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 sandpapering 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 northwest 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.

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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 masthead 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.

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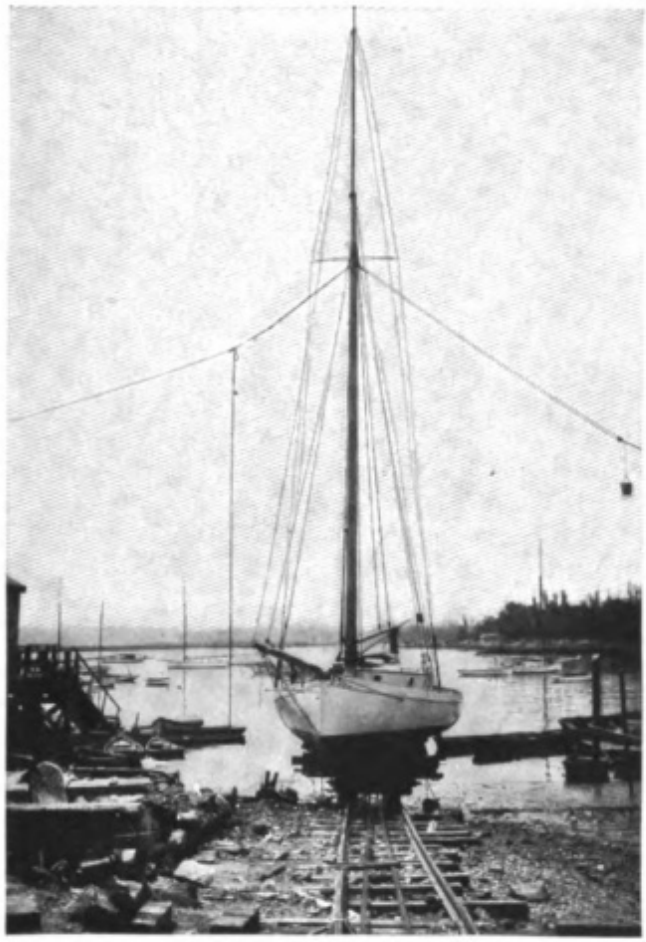

Hauling out.

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 masthead 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 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 bowsing 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

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Oiling the blocks.

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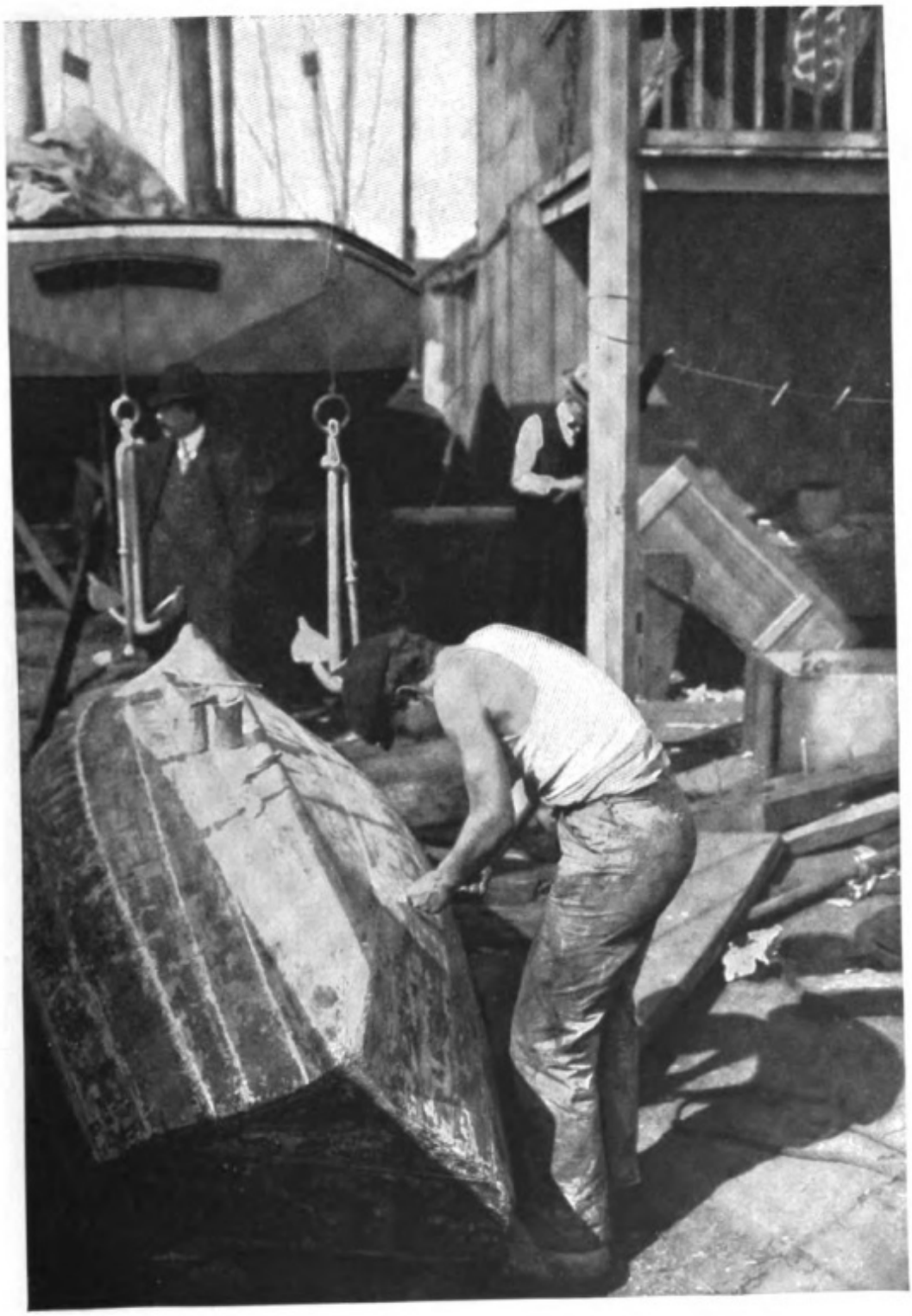

Calking the seams.

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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.

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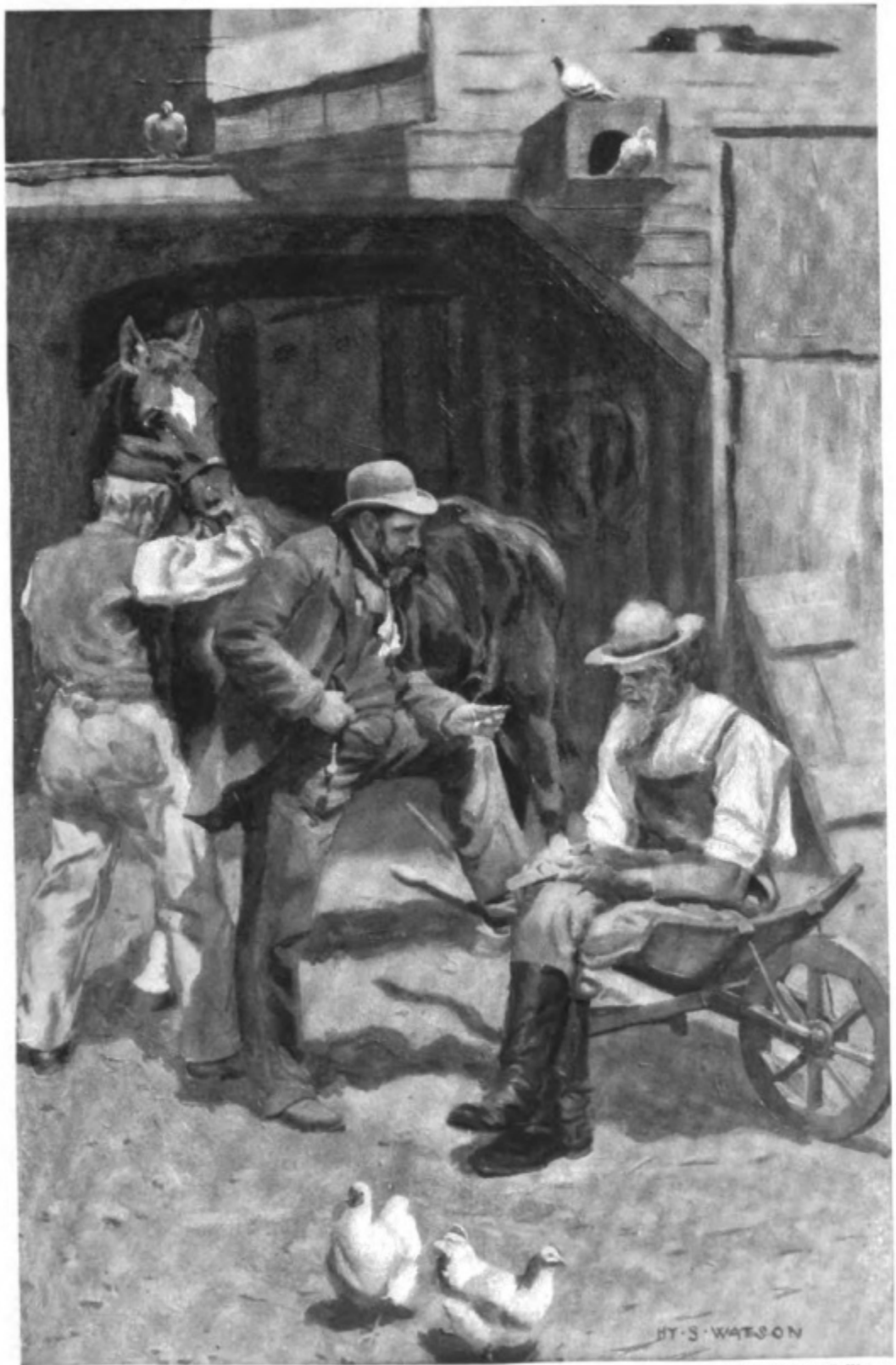

Drawing by Hy. S. Watson.

The horse trade—willing to be tempted.

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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.

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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 *bole-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.

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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 re-insertion 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 court-house 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

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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 untoward 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 cartwheels, 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.

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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.

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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 becos 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?"

"Yep, 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

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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

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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 expec' 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 wi' 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!"

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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 sluggard 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!"

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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-

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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 committee will be sent to inspect that reincarnated 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 felicitations 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

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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.

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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.

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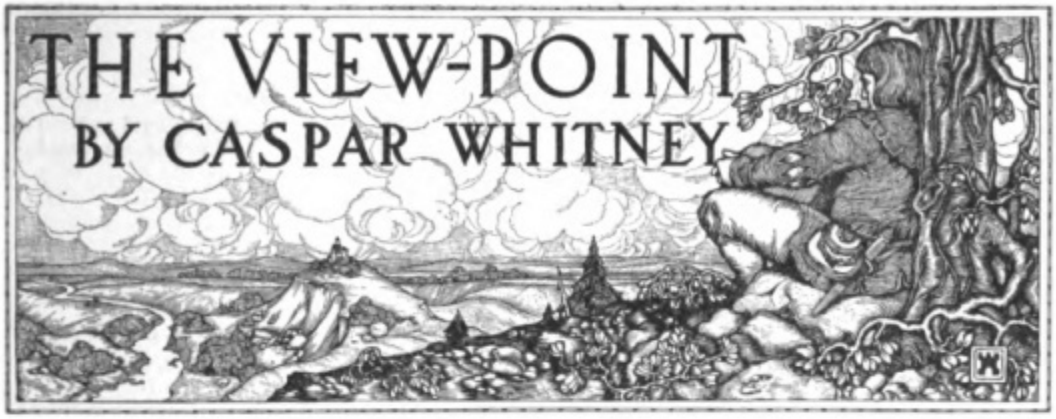

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY'S editorial comment touching events in the out-door world is omitted because he sailed for South America last month to complete an undertaking which will have required four trips to that vastness of country during the last few years. He is somewhere in the region of the upper Orinoco, which is more of an unchartered 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.

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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.

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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 "quadruple 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.

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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 lop-sided, while the professional style would develop them more symmetrically. As a matter of fact college oarsmen are not lop-sided, 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-scull 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-scull 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.

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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

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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 case 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:

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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.

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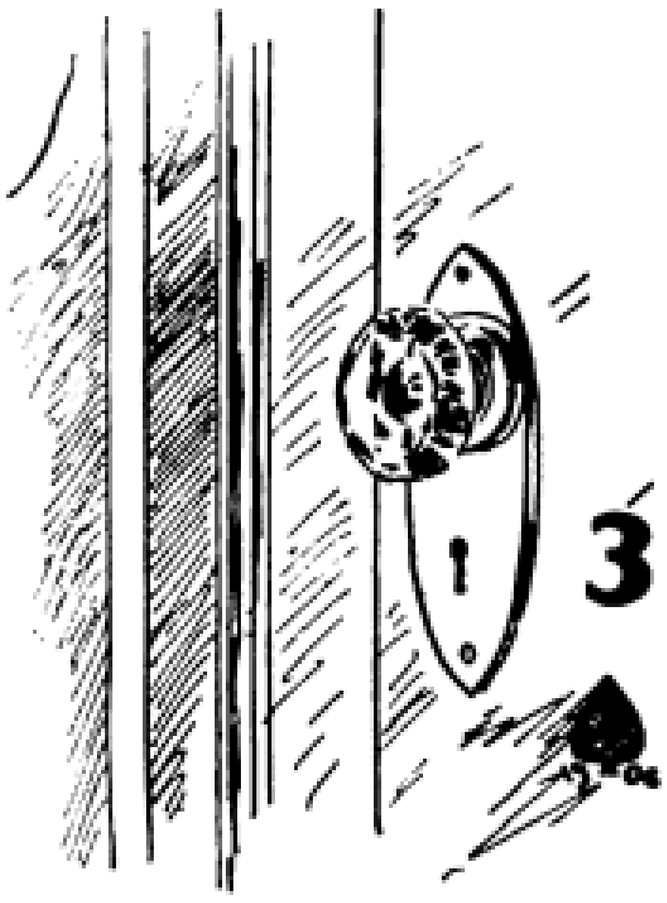
HOW TO BUILD AND FURNISH A SURPRISE DEN IN A MODERN HOUSE

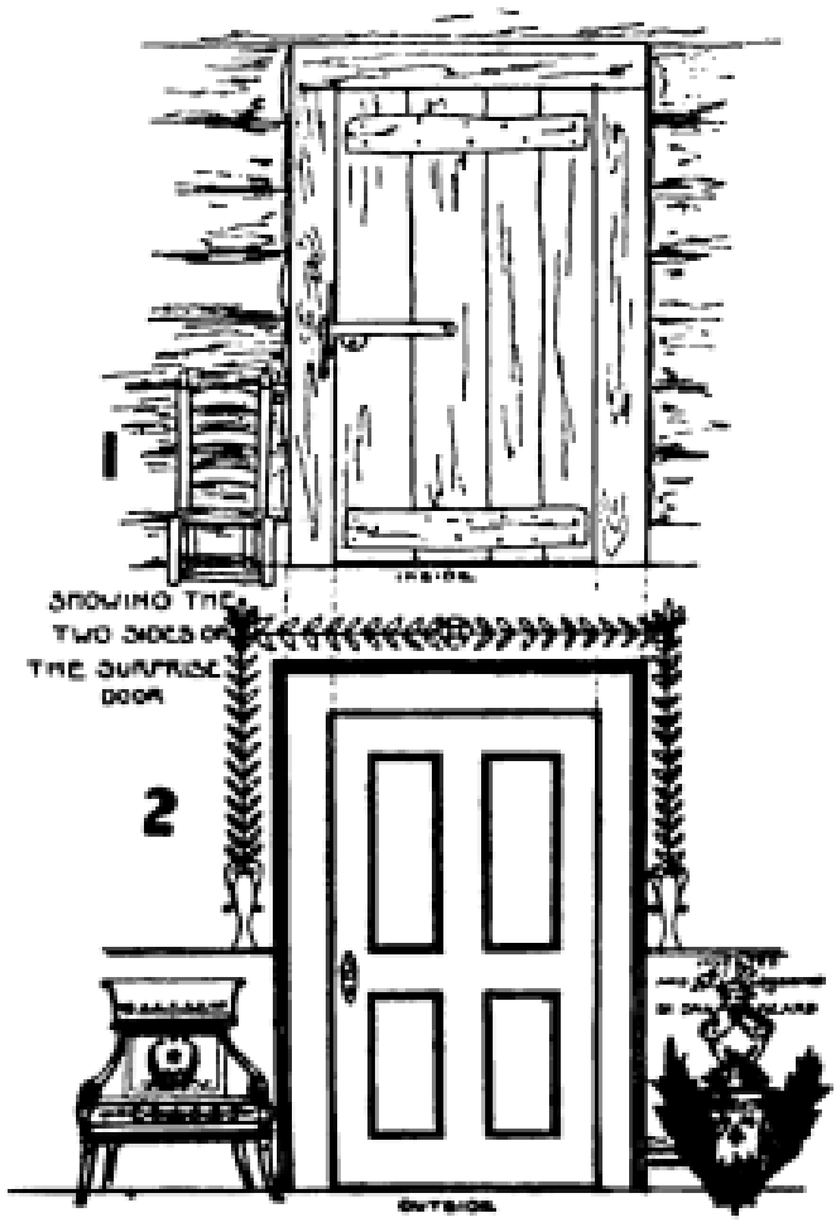
BY DAN BEARD

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

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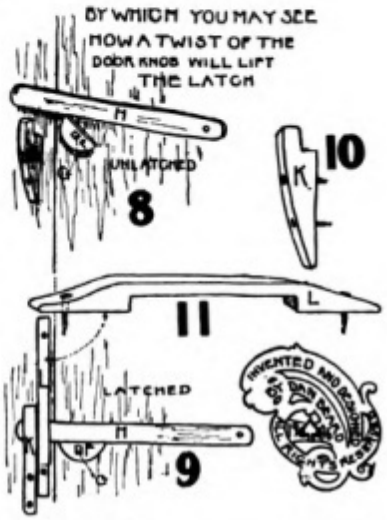
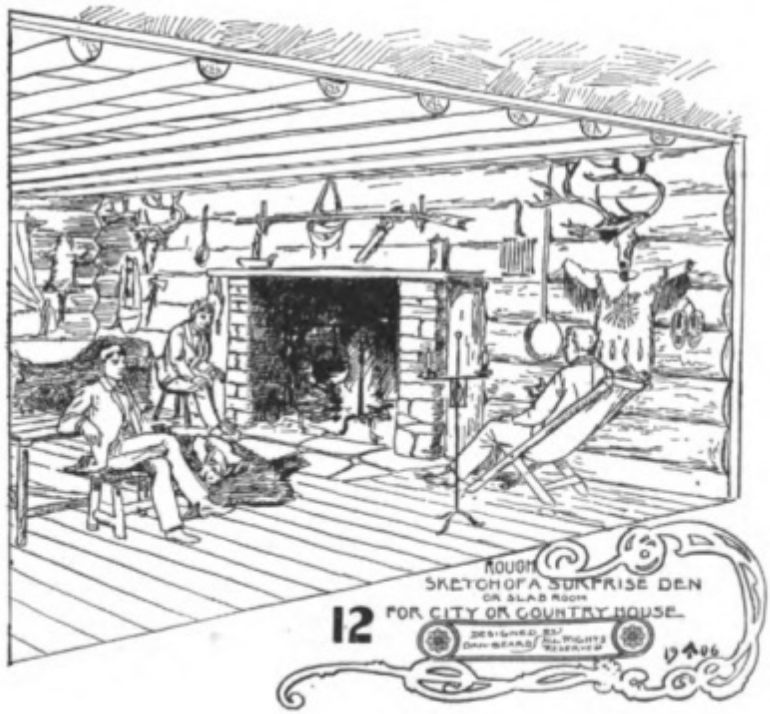


den is the doorway. Of course, the side of the door which faces the drawing-room, parlor or library must give no indication of the other side. It must be, in all respects, similar to the other doors in the house. But the opposite side, or the side facing the den, must resemble, in no respect, the modern 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



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Also, the effect of heavy logs supporting the rough board ceiling. The ceiling of the room should be covered with rough, unplaned 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 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

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.

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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 outgeneraling 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 sportsmen 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

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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

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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 immediately, 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

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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.

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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

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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.

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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

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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 wou'd 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.

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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" wisped 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 banged, 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-

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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

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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 dropsied 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.

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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

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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

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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 bowlders 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.

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Painting by Frank E. Schoonover.

"They can come in and get me now."

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THE
OUTING
MAGAZINE

Vol. XLVIII

Number 2

MAY, 1906

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 snow-shoes, 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?"

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"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.

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"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 II

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-

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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 objuration, 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.

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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 attacks 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 lambasted 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."

"Ol' 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' Ol' 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."

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"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

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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 sidewise 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

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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 III

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

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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.

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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-sepulcher.

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 possessive 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 finger-tips, 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

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