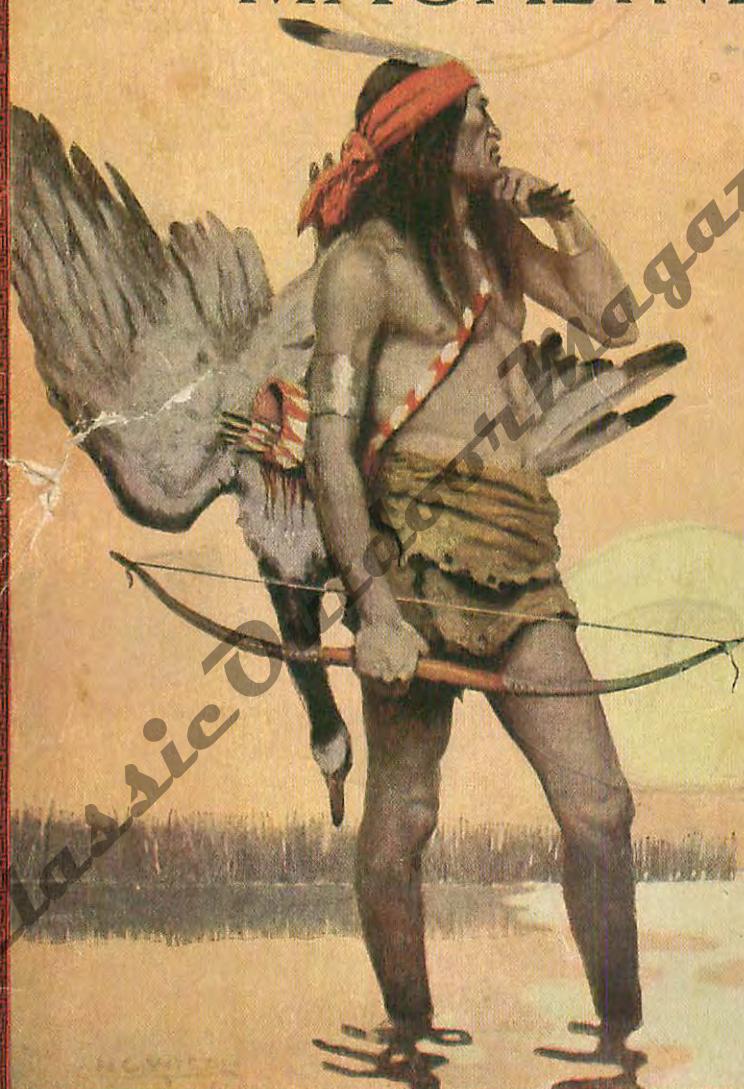


1907

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EDITED BY CASPAR WHITNEY



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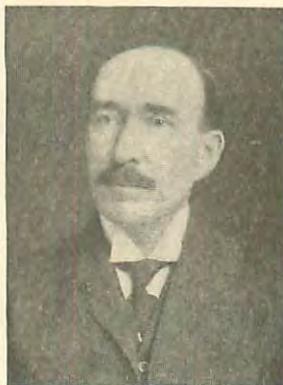
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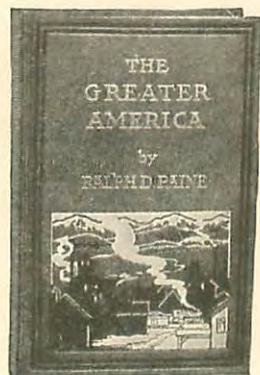
untamed Empire of the cowman and the steer, its new breed of farmer whom Uncle Sam has taken into partnership, its lumberman of the Pacific slope, its gold dredgers of the Sacramento Valley, and its "gold stampedes" of the Nevada desert,—what

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For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!"—Kipling.

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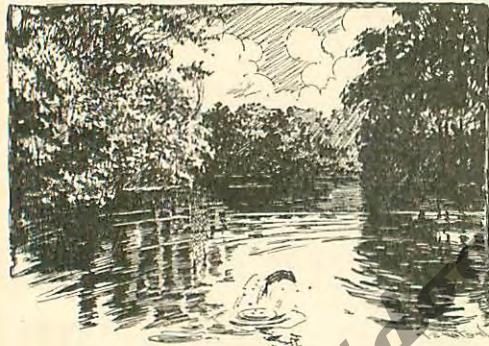
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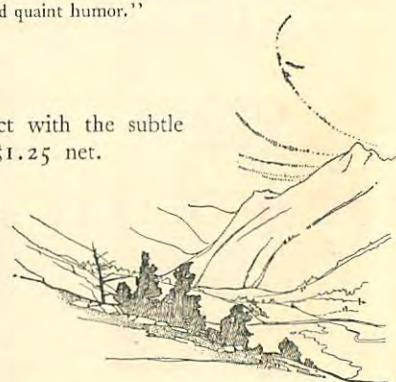
"Outdoor life described by one who loves it and knows how to make the most of it."

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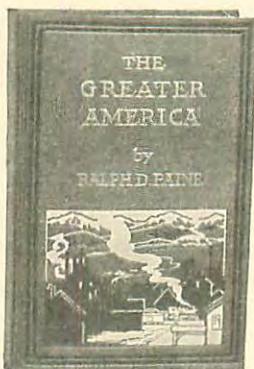


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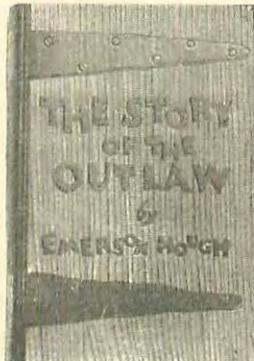
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# THE OUTING MAGAZINE FOR JULY

The searcher after amusement, after information, or after artistic enjoyment will take up THE OUTING MAGAZINE for July, turn its pages, and go no further. For in it have been collected stories that are masterpieces of humor and narration, authoritatively written special articles on subjects of present day interest, and a series of photographs and drawings which have taken months to collect and to present in this mid-summer number. Mr. Ralph D. Paine, who is the first to exploit the musical resources of the human whiskers and to present his discoveries in this magazine in a series of separate tales, has made the fun-loving reader heavily his debtor. Mr. Emerson Hough, who is writing a notable novel, continues the story which opened in the June number. And a bright array of men who can see clearly and write entertainingly have articles upon the origins of the Anglo-Saxon dominion in this country, upon the bonanza buccaneering days in Panama, upon exciting and keenly interesting hunts with a camera after game, and upon the claming industry for which the Mississippi Valley is noted.

Ten years ago "The Mississippi Bubble," by Mr. Emerson Hough, ushered in a new writer of trenchant power and of wide knowledge of American life. It will be remembered that this story sold into the hundreds of thousands, for the readers of fiction were quick to recognize the original and distinctive touch. But Mr. Hough was then comparatively a novice in literature. Forty-five years of age, he had drifted all through the growing West, living the lives of the ranchmen, the mountaineers and the plainsmen, and unconsciously laying in store impressions and facts, which ever since he has been drawing upon—his English being as vivid and as strong as the man himself is sincere. In his new story in the July issue entitled THE WAY OF A MAN, Mr. Hough has grown in breadth of vision since his first publica-



FRONTISPICE FOR JULY

Drawing by Stanley M. Arthurs illustrating "The Planting of a Nation,"  
by Lynn Tew Sprague, in THE OUTING MAGAZINE for July



A CASE OF "BARBEROUS" MUSIC

Reduced from a drawing illustrating "The Tales of a Collector of Whiskers," in THE OUTING MAGAZINE for July.

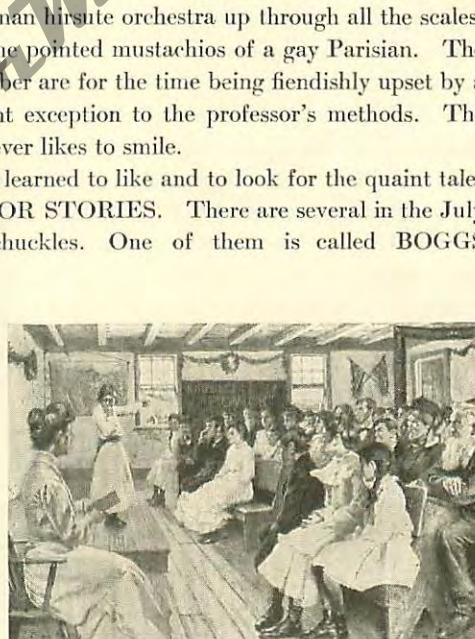
earnestness of Mr. Hough's serial, the second story in Mr. Ralph D. Paine's delightful TALES OF A COLLECTOR OF WHISKERS, will appear in the July number. This story will be entitled THE BEARDED PEASANT'S REVENGE. After months of search in the seaport towns of half the world, the human orchestra of all grades of whiskers attached to all sorts of men is gathered before the learned professor who turns upon them the marvelous instrument which is the first to detect the musical quality in the human beard. The result exceeds the Professor's fondest hopes. From the deep rich basso of the six-foot beard of the German peasant he plays the human hirsute orchestra up through all the scales, and elicits a note of intense sweetness from the pointed mustachios of a gay Parisian. The Professor's plans in the story in the July number are for the time being fiendishly upset by a revengeful bearded peasant who takes violent exception to the professor's methods. The man that will miss this story is a man that never likes to smile.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE readers have long learned to like and to look for the quaint tales in the department called LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES. There are several in the July number that will cause many delighted chuckles. One of them is called BOGGS ON FISH, by Norman H. Crowell; another is entitled THE PEDESTRIAN GOES OUT AND FINDS SOMETHING; and a third is called THE FIGUREHEAD OF THE FRONTIER.

In addition to these features, which alone would make a noteworthy fiction number, there is a typically droll story by Ben Blow entitled A SHAKE-UP AT THE Y-BAR-T. Our old friend, the foreman of the Jack Hall outfit, lights his cigar as usual and out of the smoke weaves a yarn that is ideal for hot weather reading. The man who is tied to his desk

tion and he now appears in his matured strength. Mr. Hough has a philosophy of writing a story that is his own. While the love element in this story predominates, he has successfully accomplished the feat of having every scene take place out of doors. Mr. Hough is known for his ability to strip men and women of their conventionalities and have them act their real selves. The publishers believe that this story will be one of the few novels of recent years that will be remembered in the next generation. It has an enduring quality that bids fair to outlast a dozen generations of "the best sellers." No reader of the magazine can afford to miss a single installment.

Balancing the intense and at times the tragic



"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"

Reduced from a full-page painting by Oliver Kemp, in THE OUTING MAGAZINE for July.

and cannot get away for his coveted vacation, will find an excellent substitute in the special articles that range from Morocco to Panama and the West. One of especial interest is the account of a ride to Fez, entitled MOROCCO. Fez is the Mohammedan stronghold of a fanatically Mohammedan state. This country has been driven back from the coast until now it occupies a tract of land half desert, wherein the faithful Moslem sullenly toils and asks the outlanders to keep away. Mr. Harold F. Sheets, representing THE OUTING MAGAZINE, made an expedition from the coast to this strange city of Northern Africa. The world at that time was excited over the Morocco dispute. The Algeciras conference was the talk of the civilized world, but ensconced behind its barriers of Mohammedanism, no news of this remarkable gathering had yet trickled into Fez. Mr. Sheets was obliged to overcome unusual difficulties in reaching his objective point, and new facts he learned concerning the racial makeup of some unknown parts of Morocco are given for the benefit of a curious public in this account of a desert trip. Morocco is still existing in the Middle Ages. There is no education there, no clocks, and what is more, no desire for any of what we know as civilized comforts and conveniences.

It is as good as a day's outing to read the article on HUNTING THE MUSKRAT WITH A CAMERA. Bonnycastle Dale is the one who did the hunting and who is writing the article. To secure his pictures he was obliged to use as much strategy as if he had been hunting much larger game. The article is illustrated with some unusual photographs of the animal in its native haunts. In every case the little fellows were snapped while they were unsuspectingly pursuing their busy lives. THE PLANTING OF A NATION, by Lynn Tew Sprague, is a timely résumé of the founding of the first English colony in Virginia. Mr. Sprague has a way of his own in viewing an historical event in its relations to the present time. In this article he tells with appreciation and constant interest the farcical story of the first English attempt to conquer a continent. While the story is well-known in its general features, Mr. Sprague handles without gloves some of the pretty myths that have grouped themselves about the Jamestown Colony.



HE SCRAMBLED HALF-ERECT  
Reduced from full-page photograph illustrating "Hunting the Muskrat with a Camera," in THE OUTING MAGAZINE for July.



LUNCH TIME IN A TEMPORARY CAMP

Reduced from a full-page photograph illustrating "The Real Boy's Camp," by Robert Dunn, in THE OUTING MAGAZINE for July.

He pictures John Smith as a bragging,

# THE BOHEMIAN FOR JUNE

## ARTICLES OF NOTE

THE BOHEMIAN for June will be especially rich in fiction and entertaining special articles that will make interesting summer reading. Perhaps the feature which will most appeal to the good humored readers at this time of the year will be the final instalment of Edward Marshall's Unnatural History, which will be a parody on a story by Ernest Thompson Seton, and entitled MONARCH, THE BIG MOUSE. The MY YESTERDAYS will be written by Mlle. Alla Nazimova, the young Russian actress who in a single year has mastered English and scored a gratifying success before critical American audiences. NEWSPAPER TIPS AND TIPPING will open the eyes of the laity to the romance that goes to the making of their morning newspaper. In every grade of society the great newspapers have their representatives, official and unofficial, recognized and unrecognized, ever on the alert for the marketable "story." Very little of importance is missed by the large New York paper and this article will make one see clearly why this is so. HOW I MADE CONEY ISLAND, by Fred Thompson, affords an insight into a great modern enterprise—*i.e.*, the serious business of helping a great city enjoy itself. Mr. Thompson is an amusement "specialist."

## BRIGHT STORIES

The fiction has been chosen with an especial eye to the wants of summer readers. In June will begin THE DISAPPEARANCE OF NICHOLSON, a five-part serial that is full of action, being altogether one of the best detective stories of the year. MISS MALLORY'S AWAKENED CONSCIENCE, by Edward Marshall, is the story of a woman's proposal of marriage to a man to make amends for a fancied former wrong. This delicate subject forms the theme of an unusually interesting story. THE STRENGTH OF THE WEAKLINGS is the tale of a country artist gone to town, and of his struggle upwards and final success. MISS DESSAR RECEIVES is an entertaining yarn of a female Raffles in the apartments of a society woman at midnight. The unexpected incidents that follow the meeting of these women form one of the unique tales of the season.

Our regular Household Article will be entitled IN THE TOILS OF SPAGHETTI, by Miles Bradford, being a summary of the different methods of preparing a food that in late years has gained high favor with the epicures.

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Freedom from the toil of cooking—summer slavery.  
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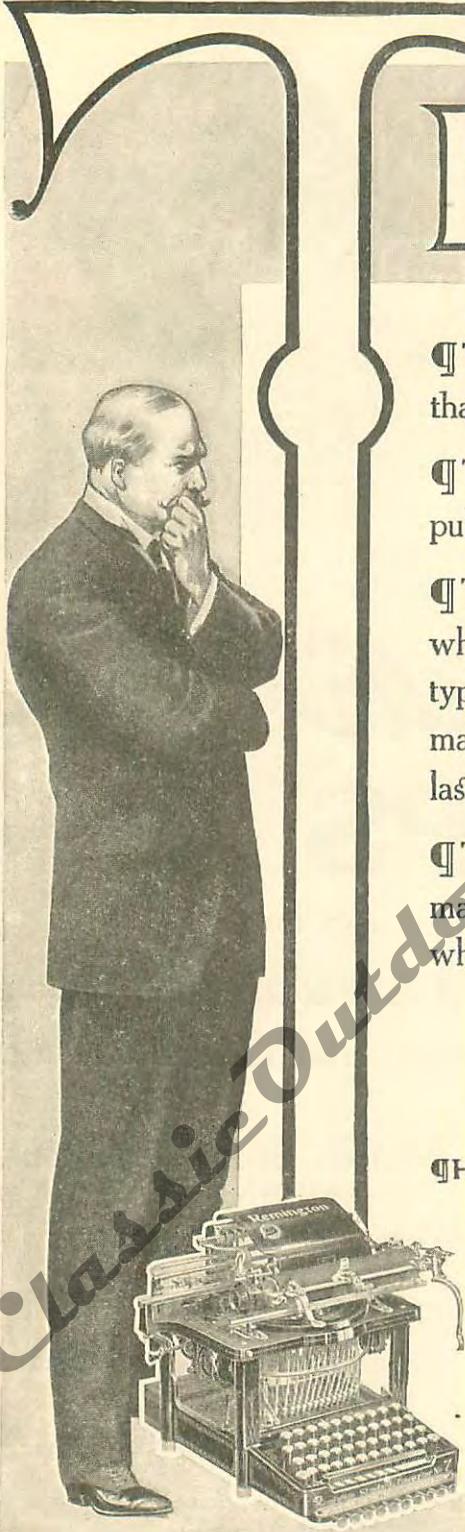
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A black and white illustration of a young boy with dark hair, wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt. He is holding a spoon in his right hand and a small bowl or cup in his left hand. He appears to be looking up at something off-camera with a neutral expression.

With every thrilling swallow,  
Sighed Tommy, o'er and o'er:  
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THE INDIAN IN HIS SOLITUDE—THE MAGIC POOL.

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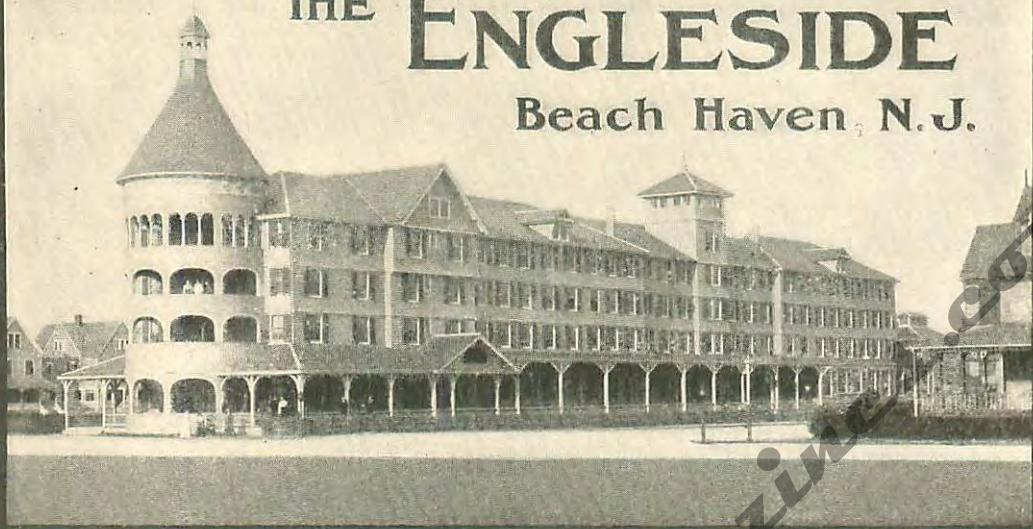
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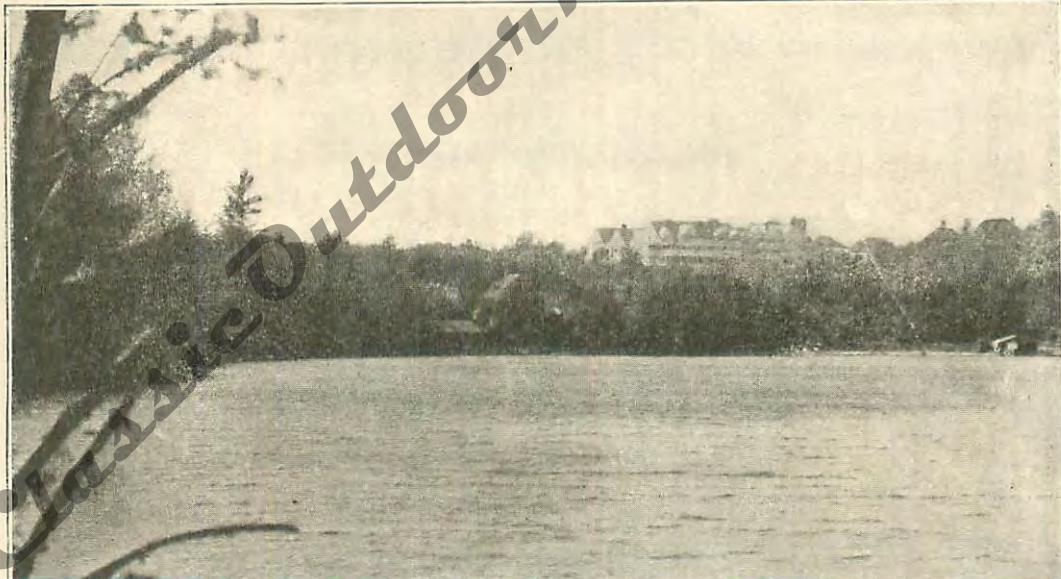
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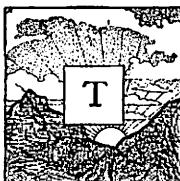
Vol. L                                          Number 3

JUNE, 1907

## THE STRUGGLE UP MOUNT McKINLEY

BY BELMORE H. BROWNE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND PROFESSOR PARKER



HERE is a mountain in the northeast end of the Alaskan Range that over one hundred years ago was discovered and named "Bolshaia" by the Russians, that the natives of Cook's Inlet call "Traleika" (both names signifying a mountain of great size), and that since 1895, when W. A. Dickey, a prospector, rafted the Sushitna River and saw it towering above its fellows, has been known as "McKinley." Mt. McKinley lies about two hundred miles from Cook's Inlet, on the edge of America's greatest wilderness. The plateau on which it stands feeds four of Alaska's largest rivers; the Sushitna, the Kuskokwim, the Copper and the Yukon, via the Tanana and Kautishna Rivers. The nearest mountains to the Alaskan Range are the Chugach. Between the two ranges is a great valley one hundred and fifty miles broad, and this wilderness is drained by the Sushitna River and its tributaries.

There are only three practicable ways of reaching the mountain. The easiest route is to follow up the Sushitna River to the Chulitna River in a launch, and up the Chulitna River to the foothills of Mt. McKinley. Several large glaciers flow from McKinley toward the Chulitna River and all of them offer possible roadways to the summit. The second route is a long overland trip from Tyoonok to the Kuskokwim side and thence in a northerly direction along the high benches of the range to Mt. McKinley. The third route is up the Yukon River to the Tanana River, and thence up the Kautishna River with a pack train to the big mountain. All three routes offer many difficulties, and to the mountaineer the problem of reaching the mountain appears to be as great as that of the actual climb.

In mountain climbing the world over the climber usually arrives fresh and unsatigued at the base of the peak he wishes to storm, and as a rule begins his ascent at a high altitude. On Mt. McKinley it is the



On a tributary of the Knik—we pause for lunch.

opposite. There are twenty-five miles of rugged foothills and glaciers to be crossed—with heavy packs—before the base of the mountain is reached, and then the climber is confronted by eighteen thousand feet of rock and ice. On the western slope the approach is less difficult, but two attempts to climb the mountain from that side have met with failure.

Prior to last summer there had been two attempts made to climb Mt. McKinley. The first by Judge Wickersham of Alaska in 1903, from the Tanana side, and the second in the same year by Dr. Cook. Dr. Cook attacked the mountain via the Ketchatna pass and the western slope, was repulsed, crossed back across the range through Broad pass, north of McKinley, and rafted down the Chulitna.

In the 1906 expedition Dr. Cook determined to take either the Sushitna-Chulitna route, or break through the range between Mt. McKinley and the Ketchatna pass, a feat never accomplished up to that time. Our outfit included Dr. Cook, Prof. Parker of Columbia University, Russell W. Porter of the Zeigler-Baldwin polar expedition, Walter Miller, photographer, Barrill and Printz, packers, and myself, with twenty horses, and a forty-foot shoal draft launch which we named the *Bolshaiia* after the old Russian name for McKinley. She was especially adapted for use in swift shallow streams.

On reaching Tyoonok, the Doctor decided to break through the range south of McKinley and to make one first attempt on the western side. There were several reasons for this plan. If we were successful we would have a quick and easy route to the mountain. No pass was known directly south of Mt. McKinley, and we would explore and map a good part of this wilderness. The western side of the range would furnish us with plenty of game and was a good country for pack-train travel. Lastly—if we were unsuccessful we could fall back on the launch and the Sushitna-Chulitna route.

Our only chance to find a pass was on the head-waters of the Yentna—the largest western tributary of the Sushitna. So the Doctor split the party.

We started from Tyoonok with most of the outfit in the launch. Printz and Barrill took the horses overland, traveling above

the lowlands and the eastern slope of the Alaskan Range. They were to cross the head-waters of the Ketchatna River, then the Squentna, and meet us on the head-waters of the Yentna.

Stormy weather made topographical work impossible, and, incidentally, held the launch. Our food ran low and we took with joy to the banks of the Sushitna where the Hooligans eased our hunger. These fish resemble smelt and run up the northern streams in incredible numbers. One afternoon, while navigating the Sushitna we baled over one hundred into our launch with our bare hands.

Our last look at civilization was at the Sushitna station. There were many Indians there, and scaffolds lined the banks weighted down with long fringes of Hooligans drying in the sun. The Sushitna birch-bark canoes were everywhere, flitting light as leaves through the swift water. We saw prospectors heading for the great unknown interior and dreaming of creeks with golden sands. Stories of gold fell on the ear; of men made rich in a day—but the gold was all “behind the ranges” on “some other river”; if they were there they would be satisfied.

A half mile above the station you meet the white water of the Yentna, where a big bluff makes a savage eddy. There we said good-bye to civilization and began the long journey that we hoped would end on Mt. McKinley's icy head.

As we pushed our way up the Yentna our difficulties and enjoyment increased. The great snow-fields of the Alaskan Range began to show to the westward. When men are traveling in the lowlands life in time becomes monotonous. The swamps and sluggish sloughs shut you in, fringes of ragged spruce form the horizon, and the low songs of winding rivers serve only to accentuate the silence. These first glimpses of snow and ice looked to us as a well-watered country would to one who has traveled in a desert.

The navigating was getting to be a problem, due to the swiftness of the water and the numerous sand bars. It was necessary to keep a man sounding with a pole, and even then we often stuck on bars or submerged snags. At night we camped on exposed islands, as mosquitoes were beginning to be troublesome. There was little



Fording Lake Creek.

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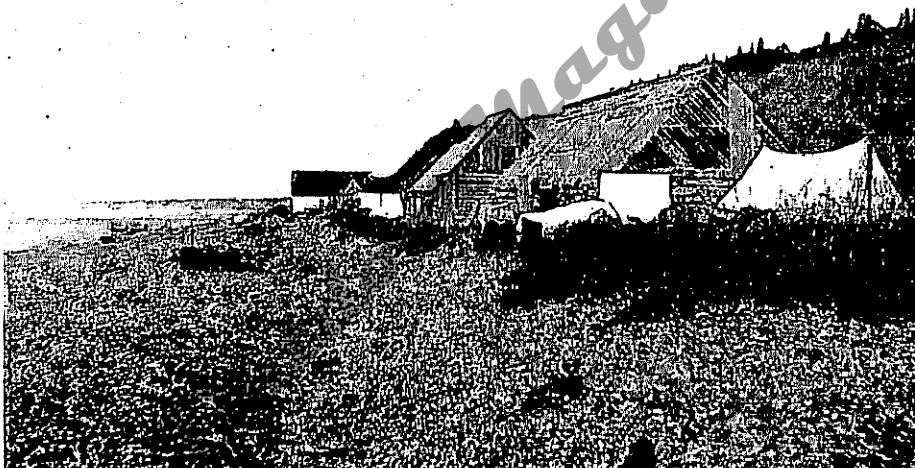
Crossing the Kahiltna-Tokoshitna divide.

sign of big game. We would see now and then where a moose had wallowed through the soft sand, or where a bear had walked the banks in search of salmon, and at night we heard the soft bugle-calls of wild swans—but that was all.

On the lower Yentna we met a few prospectors tracking their river boats against the pitiless current. Once a boatful of bronzed "sour doughs" drifted past us headed for the "outside" and the delights of civilization. These men will undergo any hardship to reach a country

The pack-train was working slowly across the uplands and would not arrive for many days. We could see the valley of the Yentna winding before us into grim snow-covered mountains, and it was our duty to explore this valley for a possible pass to the Kuskoquim before the arrival of our cayuses.

After a council the Doctor decided to push on and see if we could find a route through the mountains. The Doctor, Porter and I started on this trip. We took about three days' grub in pemmican, tea,



The settlement of Tyoonok from which we started in the launch.

where gold is reported. Once let the whisper of yellow sand drift through the forest to their eager ears, and everything is forgotten but the wild joy of hitting the trail, and the frenzy of the stampede. "If there was any gold on McKinley," a prospector once said to me, "you'd find a 'camp' there damn quick!"

At last the day came when our little craft could go no farther. On a point near by was wood in plenty, for cache and fire, so we made a base camp and called it "the head of navigation."

beans and bacon. Besides our grub and sleeping-bags we had a silk tent and a plain table for topographical work. I carried a 30.40 carbine.

Shortly after leaving camp we had our first view of Mt. McKinley—a great dome, rolling up cloud-like from the Alaskan Range. Then the mountains shut us in and we settled down to work. Before us stretched a great glacier valley, four miles broad, flat as a floor and swept bare to rock and sand by the fury of the spring overflows. At intervals majestic glaciers swept



Mt. McKinley above the clouds.



A comfortable camp on the Yentna.

proudly back into the rugged mountains. The valley was cut up with many streams. They were all deep and swift enough to be troublesome. At times the rivers ran from one side of the valley to the other and we had either to climb the mountain sides or ford the swift water. The hillsides were covered with dense alder thickets, and with packs on our backs we made little headway. Once we traveled for three hours through the thickets, and at the end we had scarcely a mile to show for our toil.

Usually we held to the middle of the valley and forded as best we could. At times we encountered streams that we could not ford. The water was mostly glacial, and at noon the streams were strong from the melting of the snow and ice under the sun, so we would wait until midnight came and ford when the water was low.

At that time of the year it was never dark and we traveled at all hours. After a day's travel we met two prospectors with a river boat. The roar and rattle of a glacier stream separated us, but we could hear them yelling, "The glacier streams are runnin' on edge up above, yuh can't cross 'em." We yelled back that we had already forded the west branch and that we were going on. They watched us dubiously as we started off and did not answer the "so long" that we shouted across the water.

When we traveled at night the mountains took on a certain grandeur and solemnity. We saw unnamed glaciers blush from the red of the rising or setting sun. Through the heat waves of midday the mountains seemed to draw back and become hazy, and the glare of the sun on the snow and the water-washed rocks was blinding.

Our camps scarcely deserved the dignity of the name; a small silk tent; a wisp of smoke from a brush pile surrounded by steaming, ragged clothes; a small black pot and three sun- and smoke-browned men hugging the fire—that was all. At a short distance we were nothing but an indistinct blur in the shadow of the mountains. A few chips and blunt axe marks on fallen trees is the only impression we made on the valley of the Yentna.

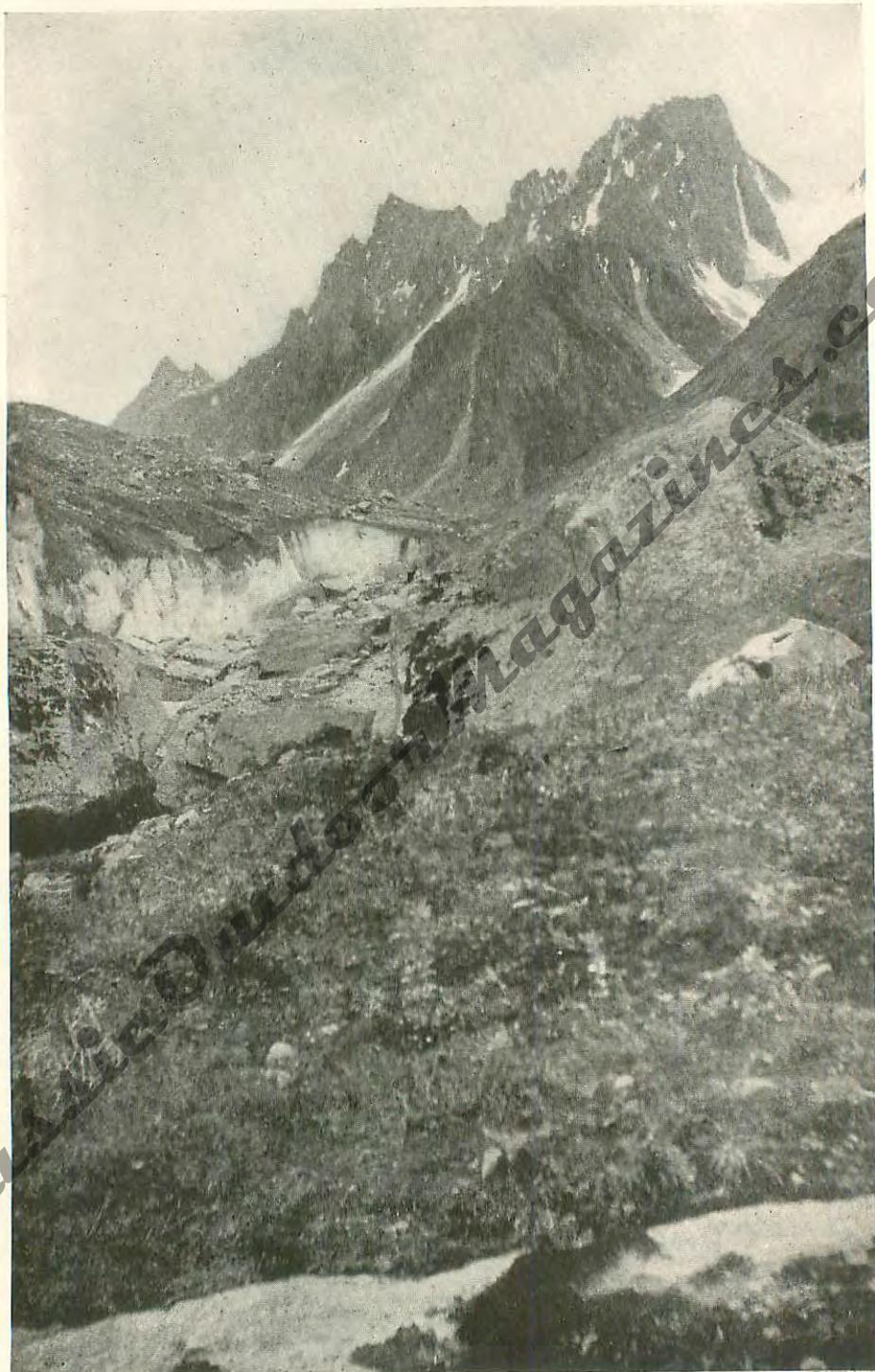
Our real interest began when the valley narrowed up. We found the rivers growing swifter day by day, the gravel was giving way to large boulders, and we were

forced more often to the rugged mountain sides. By this time we had all had narrow escapes while crossing the streams. A man with a heavy pack is helpless when he loses his footing in swift water, and is rolled. He is lucky if he reaches the bank with no worse hurt than bleeding hands and a bruised body. The Doctor and Porter used Alpine ruksacks—to my mind a poor contrivance for wilderness packing. They hang badly when heavily loaded, are unsteady, and in swift water are dangerous, as they cannot be loosened quickly. I used a home-made canvas adaptation of the "Russian Aleut" strap, to my mind the easiest and safest strap in the world.

At last we came in sight of a mighty glacier that headed in the neighborhood of Mt. Dall; beyond we saw our Mecca—the cañon of the Yentna. On it depended all our hopes—if we could get horses through or around it our route to the McKinley was assured. The indications of a pass were a'so favorable. The mountains seemed to fall away to the westward, and—best sign of all to a mountaineer—a long line of clouds drifted steadily through a gap between two giant peaks. We were beginning to be worried about our food. We were three days' travel from our base and the first half of our journey was still far ahead of us. We had only taken three or four days' grub, thinking that we could get a view of the pass from some high mountain. The windings of the valleys made this impossible, so we took in our belts a hole or two and went on short rations.

Before reaching the cañon we were forced to climb the mountain side. As the range was fairly regular we climbed above brush line and followed on parallel to the course of the valley. The scenery was of great grandeur and beauty. Below us spread the Yentna valley with its savage streams, wandering like silver bands across its brown floor. Ahead the dark cañon rose sharply from a cup-shaped basin. We noticed with misgiving that most of the water came from the cañon.

Beyond the valley was a large glacier, winding around a grand unnamed delta-formed peak, and to the westward rose the mountains we wished to penetrate. They had a more cheerful atmosphere than the silent valley. Hoary marmots whistled at us from their sheltered homes in the rock



Takoshay Mountains about twenty miles south of Mt. McKinley.



Our permanent camp on the Tokoshitna glacier

slides. Bear sign was fairly plentiful, and ptarmigan feathers lay among the willows.

We had hopes of seeing sheep, but did not expect to find any until we reached the western side of the Alaskan Range. We progressed very slowly; the sun was hot, our packs heavy, and the climbing at times was difficult. A shoulder of the mountain hid the view to the westward and we panted on with the optimistic idea that once beyond the ridge we would see the Kuskoquim.

Before long we encountered a small gorge that barred our path, and we were forced to climb still higher. Other obstructions came in their turn until we were no longer of the earth, but moving in that sphere where the valleys are a haze below you and your only companions are the wind-swept rocks and snow-slides.

At last at the foot of a cliff I found white mountain sheep hair. It meant many things to me—the excitement of the chase, fresh meat, and the knowledge that we were within reach of the Kuskoquim side of the range. The snow-slides were more numerous as we advanced, and on one of them, a wicked slope of snow that lay at a dizzy angle, the Doctor had an unpleasant experience. Porter and I were above and crossed where the angle was not dangerous, but the Doctor started across at a place where the snow sloped downward till it was lost in the haze of the valley. After starting he could not turn back and we were unable to help him. We watched from above while he carefully worked across the slide, cutting steps with a small axe.

At the next shoulder we camped at a mossy pool below a snow-slide, and on climbing a little hill we saw the sloping sheep mountains of the Kuskoquim! It was a wonderful feeling to stand there and look on a view that no mortal eye had rested on before. Even at that height the mosquitoes were troublesome. So with my rifle and the plain table tripod we pitched our silk tent and, tired but happy, rolled into our sleeping-bags.

Camps above timber line are cold and cheerless. We had no fuel, and our food consisted of dry fruit and hardtack washed down with the coldest water I have ever tasted. Early the next morning found us on a mossy shoulder where we could see the pass to better advantage. Porter did

some plain table work and the Doctor and I made a moss fire and studied the valley below. As far as we could see the route looked possible for pack-train travel.

Beyond us the cañon split. One fork flowed in a westerly direction toward the Tonzona River. The other headed between two large mountains, and offered a possible route for our horses. Between the forks was a mountain of great beauty. It rose from dim mile-long sweeps of talus and sheep meadows far below us, to a rugged pinnacled top that tore great rents in the evening sky and scattered the clouds broadcast.

Since finding the sheep hair I had been continuously on the lookout for moving white spots. When one realizes that even to a well-fed man sheep meat is a delicacy, you can understand with what anxiety we searched the mountain sides. By this time all the food remaining was a half-pound sausage of erbswurst, a handful of tea and a little square of bacon. Our fruit, bread and sugar were gone and we were four long days' travel from our base camp.

After talking things over we decided to climb down the mountainside and explore the bottom of the cañon. There was no use in going further, as we could see more than a day's travel ahead. The descent to the cañon was the most difficult task we encountered on the reconnaissance. The mountain fell off in numerous precipices and was covered with a jungle of gnarled and twisted alders. We traveled on our hands and knees, our packs catching on the brush and "devil's club." Our hands were filled with the "devil's club" thorns and our bodies covered with bruises. We advanced in the hope that once in the bottom of the cañon we would find easy walking.

Looking down from a great height is always deceiving. When we reached the bottom we found the stream dangerous and unfordable. So swift was the water that in a ford I attempted I could scarcely keep my feet in water that barely reached my knees.

We were tired and hungry, so we built a fire of driftwood and cooked a pot of erbswurst. The cañon was a dreary spot; the roaring of the water was deafening, and cold, damp winds swept down from the snow-fields above. After our meal and rest we slung our packs, and the thought



High up on the Knik glacier.

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of our base camp, with food and companions, eased the difficulties of our climb from the gorge.

The retreat was a repetition of our first trip, but rendered more difficult by our lack of food. Our ration was about three cups of tea and a thin slice of bacon a day, for each man. The scarcity of food did not seem to detract from our ability to travel, but when you think and talk of nothing but the food you would like to eat it gets monotonous. Our greatest hardship was thinking of the good things we had refused to eat in days gone by—that was hard! But we were confident of getting our horses through the pass. Our only disappointment was the lack of game, and over the fires at night we talked of the sheep steaks and "caribou butter" we would eat when we "hit" the Kuskoquim.

On the return trip we "jumped" a bear, but the thick brush prevented a shot. We reached our base camp on June 17th, after traveling eight days. Great changes had taken place since our departure. A strong cache was completed, a trail marked "Wall Street" ran along the river, and over the tent was the sign "Parker House."

Now the question before us was meeting the pack-train and getting them through the swamps and timber to the open sand bars. We first dropped the *Bolshaiia* down stream to a sheltered "sloo," and then started a trail to timber line. We completed the trail four days later and settled down to wait for our horses. Two men went to the Ketchatna River and hacked a trail to timber line, and so our system of roads was complete.

Trail cutting is always interesting, but it is hard work. Ours wound ever toward the mountains; now following an old moose trail, or the print left in the wet grass by a passing grizzly; now making a detour to avoid destroying a song bird's nest, then slashing its way through twisted alders toward some big spruce, where the brush is thinner.

As you rise you begin to catch glimpses of snow-fields above and the rivers come into view far below. When our trail winds along a bald knob we take a smoke and look out over the silent lowlands, and say, as we wipe the sweat from our faces, "Three hours more and we'll leave the mosquitoes behind." This is rank optimism, for you

never do. We finally camped on top of a snow-capped mountain, and the mosquitoes were swarming. On the last day a terrific storm struck us, and the lightning and thunder flashed and rumbled across the valleys. We took refuge in our tents and during the night the mountains echoed with the gale, and the sound of the rain was as "the sound of mighty rivers."

The next day the horses arrived and with our surplus grub cached and the *Bolshaiia* in a safe berth we turned our pack-train toward the pass to the Kuskoquim and McKinley.

The trip that followed was in a way a repetition of our first trip. The horses served as pack animals and ferryboats. We were forced to swim the animals with their packs on, and we either sat behind the packs or held on to the ropes while we were in the water. It was always exciting work and sometimes it was dangerous. Several times members of our party were in danger of drowning. In some of the fords, counting the distance we were carried by the current, we swam one hundred yards. This distance, in swift ice water, is trying to man and beast, but the short fords in savage swimming water are more nerve-trying, and the legs of the horses suffer from scrambling among the sharp rocks. At times the river banks are steep and a horse is unable to land after a hard swim; then, unless the man who is managing him keeps cool—not an easy thing to do in glacier water—trouble may result.

Professor Parker probably had the narrowest escape. He was crossing a swift chute of water above a cañon. The Doctor, Printz and I had crossed safely, and the Professor was half-way across when his horse lost his footing and could not regain it. He luckily drifted close to the bank and was helped ashore by Barrill, but the horse disappeared from view in the cañon. Three of us went around the gorge to recover the pack if possible. To our surprise we found the cayuse alive and not much the worse for his swim. The pack was intact and a 30.40 that I had pushed under the ropes was in working order. I swam the river on a powerful roan horse, changed the pack and brought both horses across.

Our evening camps were very picturesque. They were usually on a bar of the glacial rivers. Our camp fires were built in the

piles of driftwood that the river floated down in the spring freshets. The men moved half naked in the crimson glow, drying their steaming clothes, and all about us rose the cold snow-covered peaks of the Alaskan Range.

After several days of hard wet travel we reached the cañon that was the deciding factor in our crossing the pass. We had overcome all the difficulties of Alaskan summer explorations; swift water, trail cutting in heavy rains, camps without horse feed, and mosquitoes. At last we reached the Yentna gorge and made a base camp. The next morning the Doctor, Printz, Barrill, and I started up the cañon on a reconnaissance. We took our four strongest horses and rode mountain pack-saddles, as they are handy to hold on to in swift water. At the first ford in the cañon we realized the difficulty of the undertaking.

The water was swift and white and our horses shrank in fear from it. Our misgivings were well founded. Not one of us returned to camp that night by way of the gorge. After swimming six fords the cañon split. The Doctor and Printz took the right hand fork and Barrill and I took the left. The right hand branch swung to the north and carried a "fresh" water stream, showing that there was no glacier at the head. Our cañon carried the original dirty glacier torrent, which grew swifter rapidly until we were afraid to send our horses into it. At the last ford we came in sight of a beautiful glacier that completely dammed the gorge. It was deep bluish-green and the river boiled up from a great cavern in the face of the ice. Scattered about us were a million tons of granite that had rolled from the mountains above, and now and then a crash heard above the roar of rushing water would tell us of some new arrival.

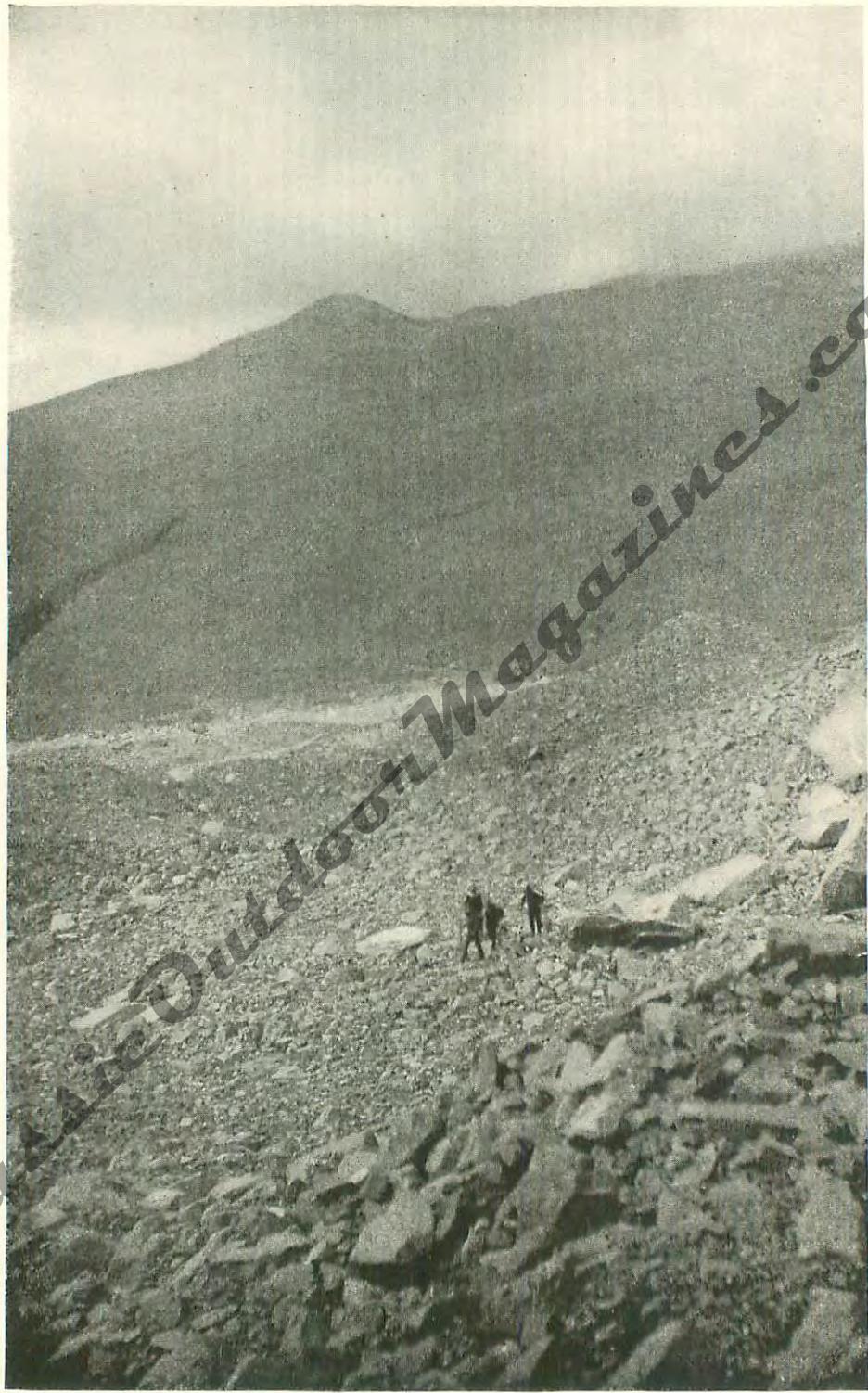
We had realized long before that it would be impossible to take a pack-train up the cañon, but the possibility of discovering a route higher up and the interest of our explorations led us on. With an axe we cut steps in the ice and crossed the glacier. We found that the stream tunneled under the mountain of ice. Above the ice wall the cañon grew narrower and we were forced to climb the cañon wall. About two hundred yards above the bed of the gorge

we found sheep sign. Ahead we could see miles of sheep pasture, everlasting talus slopes, and a great ridge that shut off the view of the pass. The signs of sheep put new energy into our tired legs and we climbed above willow line. On the great ridges that faced the south I saw more sheep signs than I had ever seen before. It was a favorite winter pasture evidently, as there were not many fresh tracks.

During one of our rests I saw a big brown bear cross an open in a thicket below us. Barrill was unarmed, but in his desire for fresh meat he followed me down the mountain. I intercepted the bear in a grassy glade and my first shot tumbled him down the mountain. He rolled about one hundred yards and lodged in a thicket, where I finished him at close quarters. He was a very large bear, but to our sorrow and chagrin we could not eat him. His neck and chest were scratched and torn from fighting. These cuts had festered, and hungry as we were we had to leave him.

After about an hour's climb we turned the mountain and could see two passes below us and to the westward. Our cañon split again and between the two forks was a high rounded mountain. It was impossible to get horses through as we had passed many cañons and cliffs that would stop a pack-train.

We lay for a few minutes looking down on the dim distances of the Kuskokim (our "promised land"), and then we sadly turned homeward. We were filled with anxiety on nearing the cañon, the sun had been melting the ice and snow, and the deep roar from below told us that the stream was more dangerous than it had been in the morning. Our fears were realized when we reached the gorge. The stream below the glacier was full of ice and looked impassable. We would have waited for the water to subside, but night was approaching; there was no accessible food for our horses, who had weakened perceptibly since morning, and we ourselves were tired and our food was gone; we had to go on. Our poor horses were terrified, but needed no encouragement in the first fords. Their dislike of the cañon was distinctly noticeable and their desire to escape from the black walls was almost human. At the first four fords a misstep would have cost us our lives, but our noble animal's braced



We packed across the Tokoshitna glacier, which was three miles wide and covered with crushed granite.



Reconnaissance Camp 4,000 feet above sea-level; Mt. McKinley in the distance 20 miles to the southward.

themselves against the granite boulders and took advantage of the eddies with wonderful intelligence.

We hoped to have easier fords when we reached the main cañon, but our horses by this time were benumbed by the cold, and it was all we could do to force them into the water. At the junction of the two streams Barrill's horse lost its footing and swept past me in a smother of foam. In the swells of the rapid I saw the horse's legs and Barrill's hat surrounded by foam and thought he would drown. But he reached a sand bar and completed the ford successfully. By this time the dusky northern night had closed about us and a chilly wind from the snow-fields sucked through the gorge. Our horses left a trail of blood from their bruised legs and we were weak from the cold. The water was full of ice that was ground to powder in the rapids. Barrill's horse barely succeeded in making the next ford and then refused to go on. I crossed safely and landed on the same side of the river as our camp.

The roar of the river made talking to Barrill impossible. I knew he had matches and driftwood was plentiful, so I waved good-bye and started toward camp. My horse refused the next ford, so I unsaddled and left him in a patch of grass and climbed over the cañon walls to camp. The next morning the men got Barrill across safely and returned with the horses.

The Doctor and Printz had followed their cañon until it "boxed," and being unable to climb out they returned. Printz' horse played out and he returned by way of the cliffs. The Doctor attempted another ford, but his horse was rolled completely over in a savage eddy, and he barely escaped with his life. This strenuous day ended our attempt to reach the western side of Mt. McKinley. The only feasible plan was to return to our base camp on the Yentna and from there strike in a northerly direction toward the eastern side of the big mountain.

Our retreat was enlivened by quicksands, high water and trail cutting. On the last day we forded all the united streams of the West Yentna. The danger was considerable because of quicksands, and some of the horses sank so deep that only their heads were visible. Even the land at a distance from the rivers was soft, and, in pack-train parlance, would "bog a snipe."

We lost no time at the base camp, but started immediately for McKinley. We crossed the east fork of the Yentna at a collection of caches called Youngstown by the prospectors. This city was movable and was an uncertain place to send mail to—we expected at any minute to find that the miners had moved the town a day's travel down stream. From Youngstown we crossed Kliskon, a rounded hill about three thousand feet in height. The country was soft; the mosquitoes lay in black clouds, and our horses were exhausted. We climbed Mt. Kliskon and were repaid by a glorious view of the Alaskan Range; from old Bolshaia on the north to Mts. Redoubt and Iliamna to the southward was one unbroken chain of jagged peaks and glistening snow-fields! Then we dipped into a low country dotted with black lines of spruce and cut with rushing streams. We found grayling, trout and salmon, no end, and added them to our simple bill-of-fare. We found buried deep in the moss the locked antlers of two giant moose that had fought and perished miserably. Our horses struggled through the swamps and grew weaker. Near Mt. Kliskon we were forced to camp and rest the animals. We were never free of the mosquito pest, but unlike our cayuses we grew hardened to it. We crossed Lake Creek, a gold-bearing stream—and an Indian told us that in the lake from which the stream came, there lived a fish "four hundred feet long that ate caribou!"

At the great glacier that heads the Kahitna River we climbed above timber line and swung toward McKinley. The country changed to high rolling caribou hills, minus the caribou, and one sunny morning a brown bear ambled amiably into camp while we were eating breakfast.

At the head of the Tokoshitna we found two glaciers. One was small and headed in a nest of rugged mountains; the other one was large and extended far into the Alaskan Range. We were now close to Mt. McKinley. The country ahead was too rugged for pack-train transportation, so we turned our horses loose and prepared for the real struggle. First, the Doctor, Prof. Parker and I climbed a high mountain that gave us an unobstructed view of Mt. McKinley. The southeast and eastern side rose in a grand system of rugged cliffs.

There was a steady drift of clouds moving across the range; so with hopes of a better view, the Doctor and I decided to remain on the peak all night. We pitched our mountain tent with the entrance facing the mountain, and as it was light all night we obtained some beautiful views of the great peak. Through the ragged lines of clouds we could see great glaciers, jagged rock peaks, and creamy, mile-wide sweeps of snow. At intervals a roar like thunder, that made the rock mountains tremble, would tell us that an avalanche had fallen from McKinley's eastern side, and the surrounding mountains would throw the echoes back and forth till all the ranges rumbled and muttered with a sound like surf on a rocky shore.

From our aerie we could see a grand unnamed peak that rose to a height of about 17,000 feet on McKinley's southeast side, and for want of a better name we spoke of it as Little McKinley.

Mt. McKinley from this side S. E. by E. was absolutely unclimbable. Rising from about 3,000 feet above sea-level it shot upward in one grand precipice to a height of about 15,000 feet and then sloped gently to its 20,364 foot summit. Our only possible chance was to work farther north across the Tokoshitna Glacier and attempt to reach the northeastern arête. The country we had to cross was gashed by great parallel glaciers, separated by high mountain chains; it was a poor outlook.

We started from the Tokoshitna Glacier with packs and worked our way across. The glacier was about three miles wide and covered with crushed granite, which ranged in size from coarse sand to blocks the size of a house. Our glacier camps were cold and cheerless. There was no wood but dead alders and willows, and it rained continually.

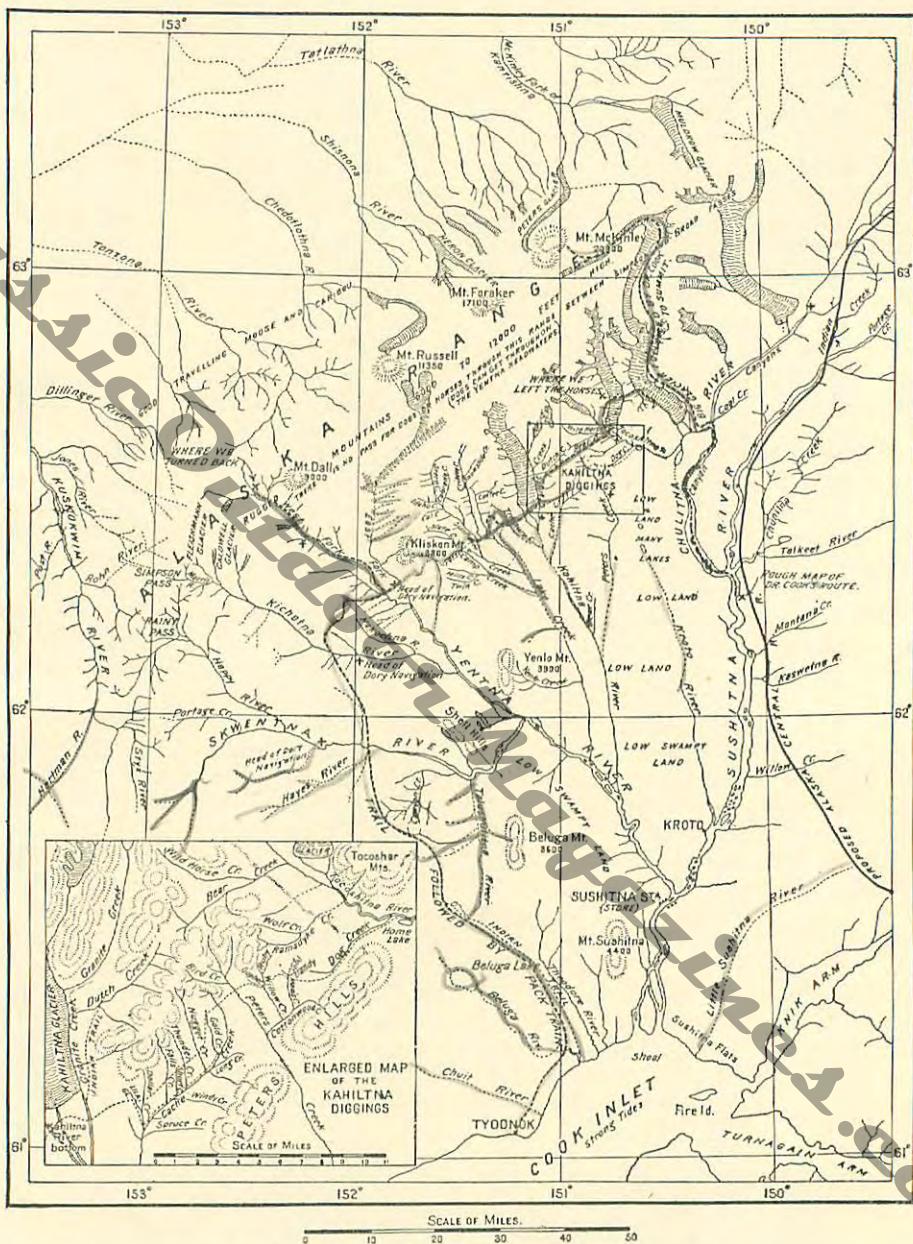
The Tokoshitna Glacier rises in the vicinity of Little McKinley, and is the fountain head of the Tokoshitna River. Bounding this glacier on the north was a mountain range that we climbed and from which we enjoyed a wonderful view of McKinley. North of the mountain was another huge unnamed glacier that seemed to come from Mt. McKinley, and after talking it over we decided to use this glacier as a roadway to the mountain. That

night we weathered a savage wind and rain squall.

We had pitched our tent on top of a high peak, anchoring it with ice axes and boulders. The view from the mountain was wonderful; two thousand feet below us on the other side of the mountain were giant glaciers, and over them the black storm clouds tore themselves to shreds against the cliffs. We had a wild night and our tent rattled like a sail in a storm. On the big unnamed glacier I found tracks of a cow and calf caribou, and a brown bear, which I tried to kill. I was armed with a Luger pistol belonging to Professor Parker, which I had never used. I crawled up to within ten paces of bruin and proceeded to finish him, when to my dismay the Luger refused to work. I was too close to him to run and spent several uncomfortable minutes waiting for him to see me and run away—which he finally did. The mountains further north were said by the Sushitna Indians to be a good caribou range. We wanted fresh meat badly, but pemmican was a great help in the heavy traveling. We found that less than one pound of pemmican would last a man a day and keep him in good health. We baked our bread below timber line, so that we had nothing but tea to make in our high camps. On studying the big glacier from the mountain top we found that to climb it we should have to cross either an ice wall or a swift glacier stream. We tried the stream first, but the waters were too swift for us. We followed the stream until it disappeared in a great cavern in the ice wall. Below the cavern the wall continued as far as we could see to the eastward. The face of the wall was solid green ice and it was covered with granite boulders that made any attempt to climb it dangerous. We skirted the wall to the Tokoshek Mountains and found no place where we could gain the top.

The weather was cold and rainy, our food low, and Dr. Cook was expected back at Tyoonok by the 15th of August; so with one last look and vows to try the northeast ridge the following spring we began our long march toward civilization.

The return to Tyoonok was uneventful. We left Porter between the Tokoshitna and the Kahiltna Glacier. He was to finish his topographical work and join us later. We



Map showing the three routes to Mt. McKinley: via the Sushitna and Chulitna Rivers—overland from Tyoonuk to the Kuskokwim, and thence along the range—and via the Yukon, Tanana and Kautishna Rivers.

crossed the Kahiltna in flood, shot salmon for food in Lake Creek, and then the pack-train went to Youngstown. The Doctor, Miller and I crossed the valley of the Yentna, swimming what streams we could not wade, until we reached our old base camp and the *Bolshaia*. After eating a wonderful amount of food and packing our dunnage we headed the *Bolshaia* down stream.

We picked our party up at Youngstown and four days later we reached Tyoonok. On Cook's Inlet we ran into a gale off Turnagain Arm, a deep fiord that has been called the "Cook's Inlet Compressed Air Plant." It kicked up a nasty sea and buried our little launch to the frail canvas house in yellow foam.

We had lost our rudder on a sand bar on the Sushitna River and were forced to steer with sweeps from the poop, where we lashed ourselves with ropes. It was more like the hurricane deck of a cayuse than a boat, but our crude methods triumphed and we reached Tyoonok. Then, with all thoughts of climbing Bolshaia put aside for another year, our party broke up.

Professor Parker returned to New York. Dr. Cook decided to explore the glaciers north of the Tokoshitna River with the launch, via the Sushitna, Chulitna, and Tokoshitna rivers. He asked me to make a side trip up the Matamouska River into the Chugach Mountains and secure some big game specimens. Printz and Miller took the remains of our pack-train up the Kechatna River. Barrill and some prospectors picked up at Sushitna station accompanied the Doctor.

At the appointed time we met at Seldovia on the Kenai Peninsula. Printz and Miller were the first to join me. On the head-waters of the Kechatna they found miles of tangled brush and morasses. The

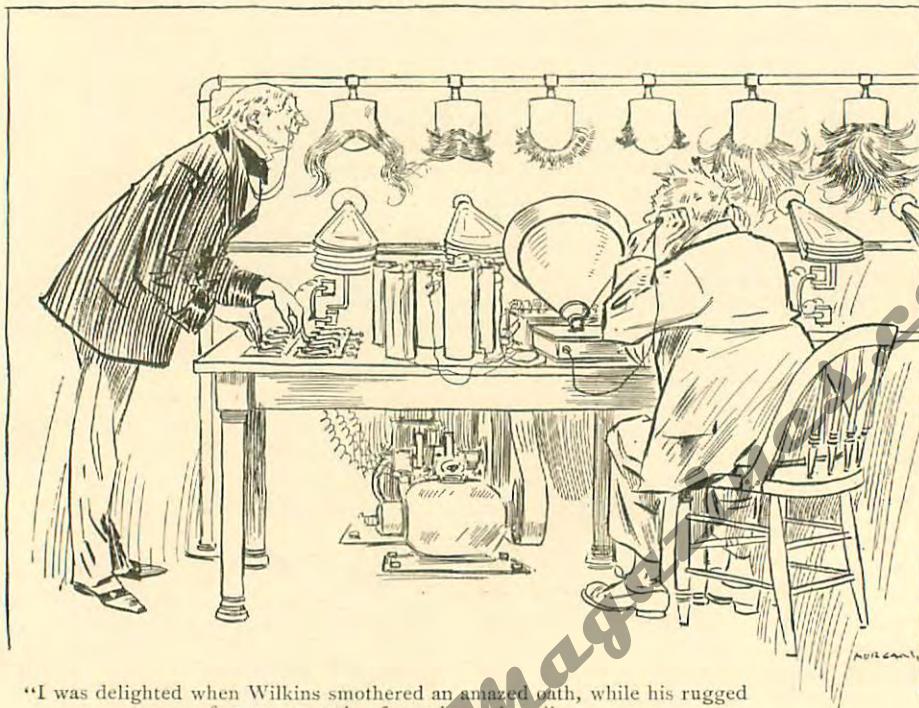
poor horses grew too weak to travel, and the report of a rifle echoing through the silent spruce forest was their only requiem. The death of the horses left Printz and Miller without means of transportation until they reached the Kechatna River and built a raft. They finally reached the Sushitna station after a narrow escape from death by drowning and took a boat to Seldovia.

At this time we heard the rumor that Dr. Cook and Barrill had reached the top of Mt. McKinley, but we paid little attention to it, as rumors in Alaska are as thick as the mosquitoes. At last the Doctor joined us and confirmed the report. He reached the northeastern arête from the big glacier north of the Tokoshitna.

With the help of the launch he arrived in seven days at a point that on our first trip cost us two months' toil and the lives of all our horses. You have all heard of the Doctor's ascent and of his conquest of old Bolshaia. As I have seen the great mountain I can say that any one who goes through the cold and exhaustion that he and Barrill must have suffered on the gleaming sweeps of ice and snow must indeed be of the stuff men are made of.

Now that Bolshaia is climbed reports are heard that another mountain to the southward is still higher—and so the world goes on. In the great northern wilderness there are many great peaks unconquered, and when once a man has the love of climbing in his blood it is hard for him to stop. After a few months of civilization his thoughts turn westward and the roar of the city at night is the rumble of avalanches on distant slopes of scree, and in imagination he hears the tinkle of axes on hard green ice and the call of the wilderness rivers.





"I was delighted when Wilkins smothered an amazed oath, while his rugged face was a study of novel emotions."

## TALES OF A COLLECTOR OF WHISKERS

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

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

THE remarkable researches and discoveries of Mr. J. Archibald McKackney have hitherto been buried in the monographs of the American Society for the Promotion of Curious Science. Mr. McKackney, it may be remarked, is an elderly gentleman of great wealth and an eager mental activity whose estate is one of the showplaces of the New England coast. For several years he had been engaged in assembling his unique collection of Human Whiskers before his discovery and employment of their musical vibrations made a world-wide stir among the students of Acoustics and Harmony.\*

\*For technical references see Annual Reports Am. Soc. P. C. S., Vol. XII., pp. 287-324 (1901); Vol. XIV., pp. 103-149 (1903). Also Appendix B, Revised Edition—*Der Mechanismus Der Menschlichen Sprache nebst Beschreibung Einer Sprechenden Maschine von Wolfgang von Kempelen* (Vienna). Also latest Edition, *Theory of Harmony*, Weitzman. Also *A Critical Analysis of the McKackney Theory of the Analogy between the Aeolian Harp and the Human Beard or Whisker*. (Pamphlet by Dr. Bruno Heilig, published by Leighton and Leighton, London, 1904.)

For the information of the layman it is perhaps well to refer to the circumstances which preceded the organization of the now famous Hirsute Orchestra. Having wearied of the more commonplace objects of the collector's ardor, including Japanese pottery, unset gems and Roman coins, Mr. McKackney turned with the utmost enthusiasm to the task of obtaining the photographs, paintings and drawings of all the styles, patterns, designs and front elevations of the beards, whiskers and mustachios that have ornamented the human face from the days of the ancient Egyptians.\*

He visited almost all the inhabited corners of the globe in the hope of adding new trophies to his classified list of one hundred and eighty-seven distinct or catalogued varieties of whiskers, and the walls of his immense library are covered with bewildering sequences of facial landscapes.

For the first time some account of the adventures and achievements of Mr. McKackney has been prepared in popular form, and the following is the first of a series of these narratives that will appear in this magazine, as told by the distinguished collector and *virtuoso*.

## I

### THE HIRSUTE ORCHESTRA

I had hastened to my "workshop," or laboratory, early in the morning of that memorable day. For months I had been groping my way toward a discovery which should set the world of science by the ears and crown the brow of J. Archibald McKackney with a unique kind of fame. My Whisker Collection, notable as it was, had almost ceased to focus my interests. My life was bound up in the array of electrical machinery, burnished spheres, rows of tuning forks and other complex apparatus which filled the long room up under the roof of my mansion. Even my loyal assistant, Hank Wilkins, had not been taken into my confidences. The former sailor-man, who had won his position with me because of his peerless beard of the rare Titian red, was left to pore over the illustrated catalogue of the McKackney Whisker Collection while I toiled behind locked doors.

Never can I forget the moment when I rushed into the upper hall and shouted down the stairway to Wilkins:

"Come up here. I've done it, by the Lord Harry! Hurry up! The grandest discovery of modern times! *You can hear it!* Beautiful! Wonderful! Amazing!"

I was dancing with impatience as the sailor fairly flew upstairs, his immense crimson beard streaming over his shoulders as if he had set studding-sails for a swift passage. Our strange adventures in search of rare types of whiskers had prepared him

for the unexpected, but for once he was almost dismayed.

I grasped his arm and led him into the workshop and pointed toward a row of rounded wooden blocks to which were attached artificial whiskers of various lengths and patterns. The faithful fellow rubbed his eyes and his jaw dropped. If the display of false whiskers puzzled him, the maze of elaborate mechanisms to right and left fairly bewildered him. The series of bellows geared to a small engine and dynamo next drew his attention and his expression was so extraordinary that I managed to explain:

"I didn't mean to frighten you, Wilkins, and it will take time to batter this achievement into that thick skull of yours. Sit down and I will try to make it clear."

I could not restrain a nervous laugh and my voice was not easily controlled as I mopped my face and went on:

"I am excited, Wilkins, and small wonder. After many heart-breaking failures and incredible effort I have—I have—been

\* "My first impulse toward this field of investigation was inspired as the result of an idle hour in a crowded railway station. I began to note the whiskers of the hurrying pedestrians and was surprised to discover that their patterns were as severally distinct and individual as the faces of their wearers. I counted no less than seventeen successive types, no two of which were identical in any respect. It occurred to me at that time that if such a wide variety could be found in this casual observation, there must be an opportunity for a scientific study of these highly entertaining and important human phenomena." (Extract from the owner's Introduction to the *Illustrated Catalogue of the McKackney Collection*.)

able to apply the *theories of musical vibration to the human whisker*. For ages the winds of Heaven have been sweeping through the whiskers of mankind, which has been deaf to the magic of their harmonies."

Wilkins made a brave rally and tried to meet my astounding statement half way as he fairly shouted:

"The devil you say, sir! Then my peerless Titian beard must be a whole brass band. Do you mean to say you can play tunes on 'em?"

He had blindly stumbled on the very climax of my discovery, and as I waved my arm around the room I told him:

"That is what I hope to do, and before very long, if you will help me. Did you ever see an *Aeolian harp*?"

"One of those boxes full of strings that make soft and soothing sounds when tickled by the wind?" he replied. "Why, I sailed with a skipper that had one in his cabin skylight. But you could hear *that* music, and my whiskers have been dumb for thirty years."

Then I told him, as simply as possible, how, after an exhaustive study of the laws of vibration and sound waves, I had evolved the theory that there *must* be a similitude between the *Aeolian harp* and the Human Whisker. The instrument was but waiting for the player. But further progress had seemed hopeless after I discovered by experiment that the average vibrations of the Human Whisker when stirred by the wind range from ten thousand to forty thousand per second. Now it is well known, as I explained, that the practical range of the musical scale is hardly more than four thousand vibrations per second for the highest note of the piccolo flute. It was therefore evident that the sound of the vibrating whisker is beyond the reach of the human ear. This accounted for the failure of the human race to detect its own hirsute music, as Wilkins was quick to comprehend. And because these tones were inaudible without some means of greatly magnifying and recording sound, my most arduous efforts had been bent toward developing the powers of the microphone.

When under unusual mental pressure Mr. Hank Wilkins sometimes burst into snatches of impromptu doggerel, and be-

fore I could carry my explanation any farther he chanted with great vehemence:

"Will I hear my whiskers singin'  
When the wind is sou'-sou'-west?  
And melojois music ringin'  
From the region of my vest?"

I could not help smiling at his faith in my assertions, and I hastened to finish my explanation. I told him how my specially devised improvements of the microphone, together with my newly discovered principles of sound wave motion, had enabled me to *bear* the tones of the Human Whisker when set in vibration by air currents, and that the resonators contrived by Helmholtz had shown me how to distinguish the fundamental notes from the confusing overtones which determined the timbre or clang-tint. Wilkins heard me out with admirable patience, although he pulled at his beard with nervous fingers as if eager to test his own share of hirsute harmony. When I paused he asked me if I could "tune up a few bass or tenor whiskers and give him some action."

I moved over to my switchboard and halted only to tell him that the length and texture of the whisker determine the number of sound waves and therefore the vibratory pitch or note. "False whiskers will do for experiments," I added, "but they lack a certain fullness of tone which, I am sure, must be found in the living growth." Then I asked Wilkins to hold the receivers of the microphone battery to his ears while I started the bellows.

My assistant gingerly sat himself down at a table littered with wires and discs and cells, and faced the row of rounded wooden blocks which were adorned with such various patterns of ornamental whiskers as the "Piccadilly Weeper" (No. 2), the "Burnside," the "Mutton-chop," the "Galway," the "Chin-curtain" (full size), the "Chest-warmer" and the "Populists' Delight."

I confess that my hand trembled with tense expectancy as I began to operate the electric keys. Then the bellows began to heave and stir and the false whiskers were violently agitated, one set after another. Of course I could hear no resultant sounds from the vibrations thus set in motion, and I was delighted when Wilkins smothered an amazed oath, while his rugged face was a study of novel emotions. There had come

to his ears a succession of musical sounds unlike anything he had ever heard. He informed me that one reminded him of a violin; another sounded like the lingering sweetness of a twanged harp-string, while a third suggested a 'cello. Mingled with these were incredibly high-pitched and piping notes that soared far above any octaves known to human instruments. There were discords, of course, because I had not progressed as far as trying to tune these experimental whiskers.

I asked Wilkins to move one of the dummies aside and step in its place. I was wild with eagerness to try a living subject. Leaving one set of bellows pumping at full blast I rushed to snatch up the receivers. The stiff breeze fanned the noble beard of Wilkins and spread it out like a crimson panel. After listening for several minutes, I dropped the instruments and could not help shouting:

"Hurrah, I was right! *No more false whiskers!* Oh, the mellow richness of your tone, Wilkins! *Never, never trim your whiskers without my supervision!* After lunch we must discuss the plans for assembling an *orchestra* with a human keyboard. I will spare no expense to find the needed assortment of whiskers."

As we went downstairs I was pleased to hear Wilkins humming behind me:

"As long as there's harvests of whiskers to grow,  
We shall have music wherever we go."

It was late that night before I was able to outline the final instructions which should send my assistant forth on the most difficult mission of our checkered career together. He was not appalled in the least, however, and I had reason for renewed gratitude that so resourceful and dauntless a companion as Wilkins had been granted me in the pursuit of my hobby. It was Wilkins who had obtained the portrait of the Insane Cossack with the Pink Whiskers after a perilous journey across Siberia, and that splendid trophy in its massive gilt frame hung facing him as we chatted in my library. It was in itself an inspiration and a reminder.

On the table were strewn my sketches and diagrams that indicated the various styles of whiskers needed to perfect the musical scale which I had resolved to

assemble as soon as possible. They were grouped according to the pitch required, and carefully numbered and described. He could not go far wrong with these charts. He was to go out into the highways and hedges and find twenty-four men—no more, no less—to equip me with a range of three octaves for my Hirsute Orchestra. They would be offered handsome salaries to visit me for an indefinite period, and already I had given orders to have the billiard room and annex made into comfortable dormitories with a private dining-room. These guests were to be carefully selected as per the diagrams furnished Wilkins, and I explained to him:

"Each of these species of whiskers will give forth a different note when properly tuned, and all you will have to do is to consult your directions. For example, here is Face Number Six—Close Cropped Sideboards (see page 118 of the illustrated catalogue of my collection); or Face Number Nine—Crisp, Pointed Vandyke, such as young doctors affect. If my recent experiments with the tuning forks have not misled me this latter type of whisker should develop a clear and bell-like Middle C."

Wilkins ventured to object:

"But I can't tell whether they'll be melojious. Supposing I happen to ship you a shockin' consignment of discords."

He also inquired why he should not be allowed to pick up "a bunch of the hairiest, whiskerest Johnnies he could find and let Mr. McKackney trim, clip and tune them to suit." I explained with some slight impatience that I could not think of waiting for such whiskers as these to season and gain timbre; that a beard is like a violin, and needs age to give it tone. Rather sharply I ordered Wilkins to be sure to send me no whiskers that had been worn for less than three years.

I left him sitting by the library fire with his head in his hands studying his charts. The prospect of asking perfect strangers for the use of their whiskers seemed to disturb him now that he was on the eve of setting out in chase. But I knew that no difficulties could make him flinch once he was fairly on the trail of a coveted whisker.

My estate is remote from populous towns, and Wilkins had decided to head for Boston as the most promising field for his

quarry. From his detailed reports I later learned that upon reaching that city he laid his course for the wharves and sailors' boarding-houses where he was most likely to run across old friends. This was a wise choice also for technical reasons, because I afterward discovered that the whiskers of the seafaring members of the orchestra surpassed the others in musical qualities. I explained this on the ground that they had been exposed to strong winds and rain and sun until they were toned and seasoned to an uncommon degree—but I am wandering from my story.

Wilkins' first capture, it seems, was made as he was nearing a saloon where in other days he had consorted with the sailors of Boston. Sighting an old shipmate, Peter O'Dwyer by name, my assistant was delighted to note that he had grown a set of whiskers "that would talk a ship's yawl." Consulting his chart, Wilkins saw at once that the whiskers looked very much like "Number Eighteen (Middle Octave), medium length, squarecut, bushy growth."

He overhauled O'Dwyer and over a table in the back room of the tavern renewed a briny friendship. Wilkins began to glimpse the troubles that threatened to beset him when O'Dwyer was moved to ask:

"You're lookin' at me kind of cock-eyed and queer, Hank. Don't my face fit me?"

Wilkins unfolded his bulky bundle of documents and jabbing one sheet with his stubby forefinger exclaimed:

"No offense meant, Pete, but I want your whiskers. There's a reward out for a man that can match these specifications.

Tell me first, how long have you worn them?"

He was assured that the O'Dwyer whiskers had sprouted four years back, or just after these two had parted in Shanghai. Wilkins came at once to the point and told him:

"Forty dollars a month and keep you like a prince. A job right out of a fairy story—that's what I offer you. And I'll give you a juicy advance the minute you sign articles."

Mr. O'Dwyer narrowly eyed his friend, and was unfeeling enough to reply:

"I'm plannin' to ship aboard a bark to-morrow, and you'd better come along with me. Booze always did give you singular visions. Did you dream you'd started a mattress factory and wanted my whiskers for stuffing?"

Wilkins saw that it would only alarm his ship-mate to enlarge upon the musical values of whiskers, and tactfully based his persuasions upon a show of cash. Still mystified, but confiding in the often-proven friendship of Wilkins, able seaman, O'Dwyer at length declared that he was ready to follow him until the surface of Hades became solidly congealed, or words to that effect. As they walked toward the



"Whiskers that would talk a ship's yawl."

water-front a salty breeze swept up from the harbor and fairly whistled through the notable beards of these two seafarers. Wilkins halted in his tracks and cocked his head as if eagerly listening. O'Dwyer stared at him with gloomy misgivings, as if his suspicions were trooping back, and muttered something about "having known 'em to hear voices in the early stages."

As Wilkins tells it, he felt himself blush

up to the eyes as he came to himself with a start and thought aloud:

"I just couldn't help listening. But of course my tones was invisible to the naked ear."

After putting O'Dwyer aboard a train to be shipped to me as the first "note" harvested, Wilkins set out after additional fragments of stray harmony. Among the several prizes captured later in the day was the cook of a coasting schooner who proved to be a treasure indeed. When sighted he was leaning against his galley airily twisting the needle-like ends of a rat-tailed mustache, while a slim goatee jutted from his chin like the point of a marline spike. Wilkins' observations showed his quick grasp of the technique of his arduous mission.

"I could see that he belonged with the rest of my sweet singers," he explained to me, "for them little wind-cutters was keyed way up for the piccolo flute. And that goatee added to them cunning mustachios had ought to make a noise like pickin' three strings of a guitar at once."

The cook was a Portuguese madly in love with a girl in New Bedford, and the offer of a situation ashore made him desert his pots and pans with cries of joy. Gaining assurance from these early successes Wilkins left the water-front for more conventional regions and was routed in confusion for the first time in his dashing career. While crossing the Common there approached him a slim and very erect gentleman with a pompous dignity of bearing. He carried a bundle of books under one arm, and seemed absorbed in weighty reflections. Wilkins appraised him as a person of intellectual distinction, and thrilled with pleasure as he stared at the trim, brown "Vandyke" which appeared to have been tended with scrupulous care. In a letter to me Wilkins wrote:

"I wish you had given me a tuning fork to try them out, Commodore, but this high-browed party struck me as a perfect specimen of Number Five, and properly sound and seasoned. I thought I'd just put it to him as man to man. So I braced up to him with a most respectful apology and tried to tell him that as I felt sure that he would be willing to help along the cause of Acoustics and Harmony, I'd like to borrow his whiskers, he to go along with

them, of course. I asked him to spare me only a few minutes, and promised to return him and his whiskers in good order."

Condensing Mr. Wilkins' narrative, it appears that the stranger fled with panicky strides, and cried out and wildly beckoned to the first policeman he saw. Wilkins stood his ground until the policeman made for him and then he dove like a frightened rabbit into the nearest subway entrance. He was followed aboard a train by a smartly dressed young man with a twinkling eye who sat down by his side and remarked:

"I beg your pardon, but I simply can't help asking what you said to Professor R. Xerxes Peabody. He is my uncle, you know, and I never saw him rattled before. Upon my word, it was like watching a glacier blow up."

Wilkins was worried and upset, but the young man's friendly air soon won his confidence and at length he explained the purpose of his mission. The stranger laughed so long and loud that Wilkins began to resent the ill-timed levity. Then the young man explained that Boston was immensely proud of Professor R. Xerxes Peabody as *its most cultured citizen*, and that never in his life had he spoken to a human being without an introduction. The idea of asking him for "the loan of his whiskers" struck the cheerful nephew as such an absolutely incredible event that he fairly begged Wilkins to "fall off at the next station and have a drink" in celebration. Wilkins was persuaded to follow his acquaintance, and a little later he related the morning's adventures along the water-front. I am sure that as the listener studied the candid features and keen eyes of Wilkins he must have viewed him with growing seriousness, for he finally exclaimed with much emphasis:

"You aren't in the least bit dippy, Mr. Wilkins. It is gorgeous, every bit of it. And you simply must let me in on this. I am a musician myself in an amateurish way. And I am dying to meet Mr. J. Archibald McKackney, whom I know, by reputation of course, for his famous Whisker Collections."

The conscientious Wilkins protested that his young acquaintance was ineligible, because his face was as smooth as a hard-

boiled egg, and pronounced him to be a "fiddle without any strings." But this Mr. Arthur Harrison Colby was a persistent youth and he argued with much spirit, that while Mr. Wilkins was able to handle seafaring folks, he had already run out of this web-footed material and was invading new territory in which he was apt to "find seventeen kinds of trouble." He quoted Professor Peabody as an example of the perils that confronted the musical pilgrim, and wound up with this proposition:

"Now, I can guarantee to take care of a dozen numbers on your chart among my own acquaintances, if you will ring me in as assistant on the harmonious round-up."

Wilkins thought it over and finally wired me the circumstances with a request for my O. K. I was glad to send my approval, and next day received a note from Mr. Colby in which he said:

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your confidence in me. I have had a very expensive musical education and I realize the importance of your undertaking. I promise on my honor to spare no pains to help Mr. Wilkins assemble the most harmonious collection of whiskers that ever sung together like the morning stars."

Mr. Colby was as good as his word. Three days later Wilkins found him waiting in the hotel lobby. With him were no less than fifteen mustached and bearded strangers. Most of them were fashionably dressed, although four or five of these recruits looked badly battered and seedy. Before Wilkins could shout a greeting, this admirable young Colby waved his bamboo cane as if



"Airily twisting the needle-like ends of a rat-tailed mustache."

it had been a baton, and his fifteen followers rose as one man and bowed with great dignity. They were presented by their leader as "two full Octaves, shy one note which got lost in the shuffle. He was a merry wag whom we plucked from the Salvation Army bread line. On the way hither he sprinted for a weighing machine, explaining that before taking a musical engagement he wanted to try his scales."

Wilkins, of course, carefully inspected the company, compared their individual whisker growths with his charts and checked them off one by one. The results were so gratifying that he asked Mr. Colby to "steer the whole symphony into the bar and wet its pipes." Presently the Salvation Army jester drifted in, and Wilkins was able to tell Mr. Colby that

twenty-one of the twenty-four musical notes had been secured. The remaining three, however, were the "rarest whiskers that grew in these latitudes," according to the experienced Wilkins, and he decided to send Mr. Colby ahead with his two Octaves for speedy delivery. He himself would stay behind and endeavor to run down the three missing notes. Mr. Colby explained that ten of his followers were personal friends and relatives of his who had been selected from the club windows of Boston. "They will be missed, because they were distinctly decorative," he added.

From the end of the bar there came the subdued harmony of an impromptu quartette singing:

"There's music in the Hair-r-r."

Wilkins opined that it was time to move, and Mr. Colby promised to deliver two

Octaves at their destination in ship-shape order. I will say for Mr. Colby that he did deliver his consignment intact, but their arrival at my place was unpleasantly spectacular. From the railroad station they marched into my ground in column of twos with half the village at their heels. Mr. Colby's elderly Harvard friends and uncles had festooned their whiskers with bows of crimson ribbon and at frequent intervals they shouted a stentorian cheer which wound up with:

"Whiz-z-z, Whee-e, Bing Boom Ah-h.  
We're the Aeol-i-an Orchestra-a."

I succeeded in quieting this disturbance and showed these two *fortissimo* Octaves to their quarters in the annex. No sooner were they off my hands than Captain Jonathan Rust was setting the dormitory by the ears. He was an old sea-dog and a confounded nuisance, and I had reason to wish that I might strangle him in his baritone whiskers. First he took offense at the harmless Portuguese sea-cook and demanded that he be removed to other quarters. The old curmudgeon made a social issue of eating at the same table with a man whom he would feel at liberty to kick the length of a deck, and whittled out several wooden belaying-pins which he hurled at the head of the panicky Portuguese. Then he insisted that the company should be divided into two watches for the sake of discipline. A musical crank argued that the natural division was into the three Octaves, and these two quarreled night and day. Some of the others took sides, and I was in mortal fear that they would fall to pulling each other's whiskers and wreck their tonal values.

On top of these trials, the able seaman Peter O'Dwyer persisted in making fish-nets for diversion. Of course he had to upset a bucket of tar in his whiskers and Heaven only knew whether I could get him cleaned up in time for the first rehearsal. When Mr. Colby and his friends were not playing golf they started fresh rows between old Rust, the musical crank,

and the Portuguese cook and egged them on with Harvard cheers. I breathed a prayer of fervent thanksgiving when Wilkins wired that he was en route with the twenty-fourth prize in tow. This musical fragment was an Irish stevedore with a coy and peerless fringe sprouting from beneath his smooth-shaven chin. I was so glad to see Wilkins that I included this Mr. O'Hara in my effusive greeting at the station. The old gentleman was ill at ease and backed away from me as he croaked:

"Your fifty dollars is in me pants, and I'd go half way to Hell for twice as much as that. But I'll be ready to lep through a windy if you do begin talkin' to yourself and makin' faces at me. Mister Wilkins here says he will give me a job on the high C's. I sailed him when a lad, but they was niver like this."

Mr. O'Hara was cheered to find several salt-water comrades in the dormitory and the forceful presence of Wilkins soon removed the discords from what he called my "human anthems." In the evening I summoned my able assistant to the library and congratulated him upon his brilliantly successful pilgrimage. My hasty survey of the *tout ensemble* led me to believe that the material for my unique Hirsute Orchestra was ready to be classified and tuned. Wilkins reported that Captain Rust had suddenly become nervous about the danger of fire among the luxuriant growths of whiskers gathered in the dormitory and had tried to place an embargo on smoking. I ordered Wilkins to equip the old man with a dozen hand grenades and a chemical extinguisher and to appoint him chief of the fire department, and then I took up the more important subject of assembling the orchestra in my laboratory for preliminary practice.

"Have the full three Octaves here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, Wilkins," I said in parting. "*You and I are on the eve of a marvelous revelation.*"

"All we need is a fair wind, sir," solemnly spoke the faithful fellow from the doorway.

(*The second tale of a Collector of Whiskers will describe further adventures of the Hirsute Orchestra under the title of "The Bearded Peasant's Revenge."*)

# SIMON KENTON, SCALP HUNTER

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

DRAWING BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS



Four early backwoodsmen Daniel Boone, "the Father of Kentucky," is perhaps the most celebrated. He, more than any of the others, possessed those characteristics which endear, and he remained a backwoodsman to the end. When settlers in Kentucky had become numerous enough to divest life of its peril he moved west into Missouri that he might continue to kill big game, scalp Indians and dwell in the midst of border alarms. Though a mighty hunter and an eager and skillful Indian fighter, he was not rash, boastful or bloodthirsty. On the contrary he was a cool-headed, kind-hearted, gentle, intelligent man, as modest as he was fearless, and as chary of words as he was prolific of deeds.

But among his friends there in the Kentucky wilderness were men equally brave, who, though by no means so lovable, surpassed him in many of the things that won him distinction. The energetic, theatrical and boastful Clark was much his superior in mental capacity and as a leader of men, and Boone's particular friend and scout—the rash and foolhardy Simon Kenton—in point of romantic adventure and hairbreadth escapes perhaps leads all the other fighters of the old frontier. We smile at the memory of the deeds of the heroes in the dime novels that Munroe and Beadle used to print, but when we have read old Simon's life we are willing to believe that their hackwriters possessed some sense of sobriety and restraint. Of course the point of view is everything in looking at Simon's career. Fill your mind with the theoretical, pleasant humanitarianism of to-day, with sympathy for the wronged and

innocent red children of the forest, and Simon becomes a mere cutthroat and horse-thief. But drift back in fancy to Simon's own time and dwell in a wilderness swarming with fierce and unspeakable red devils who seek your scalp for a trophy and your body for a barbecue, and Simon becomes a very Bayard. Of one thing we may be certain. None of the seemingly insufferable agonies that Simon as an Indian fighter stoically endured arose from the tough old hero's conscience.

Kenton sprang from the most common stock, the poor whites of the South. The date of his birth is only approximately known, 1755 being the most probable year. It was a rough time and the place of his nativity, a little hamlet of Fauquier County, Va., was a very raw community. Indeed democratic society was then in the making, and Simon's lot having been cast among its dregs presents in his youth no very edifying pictures. He was no hothouse plant, nor was he brought up on what Rudyard Kipling calls the "sheltered" plan. He received no early book education and never acquired any worth the mention. To read the simplest matter was always a task. Among the class to which he belonged to be able to sign one's name was something of a distinction, and this Simon acquired, though on a late occasion when he and a companion both subscribed to land claims, there was nothing in the penmarks to throw light upon the question which signature was his. But though utterly unlettered he was, like all distinguished frontiersmen, an acute student of the phenomena of the wilderness. His boyhood life was, of course, more picturesque than polite. Time softens and hallows, and it is to be feared that the romance and poetry with which our minds invest

the colonial life of the lowly would prove rough or mythical if that life were experienced. Young Simon's tasks were those of a low-born, illiterate laborer on a wilderness clearing; his pastimes were hunting, cock-fighting, horse racing, gambling, carousing and fighting, and the last was the chief inspiration and pleasure of his type. Physical skill, endurance and prowess—these were the things that commanded respect in Simon's day and place. And what mills of violence and torture the old mélées were! To maul and batter a victim till he was jelly, to leave a life-mark of victory upon the vanquished, and then to celebrate the Olympian event by getting gloriously drunk with your friends on new whiskey—this was fame and sport. It was a tame fight in which one of the contestants did not lose a part of his ear, or have his nose bitten off, but the acme of skill and power lay in plucking out your opponent's eye. Indeed, "eye-gouging," as it was called, was a road to glory, and the threat "I'll measure your eye-strings" was the highest taunt.

But barbarous as these fights were, there was a manly fairness in the code. At any stage of the contest one had but to cry "enough," and the fight was done, but few cared to live under such an imputation of poltroonery. To these gentle sports, add poverty, family feuds and profanity, and you have a pleasant picture of border amenities "in the good old Colony days when we lived under the king."

If we seem to linger needlessly long over Simon's gentle boyhood surroundings, it is because his were the early environments of not a few of the famous frontier fighters. While Simon was a baby in arms Daniel Morgan, afterward the most gallant soldier the Old Dominion gave to the Revolution, and, excepting Washington, perhaps the ablest, was the bully of two neighboring counties, and his fistic feats won for the town in which he dwelt the nickname of "Battletown." And this life, rough, savage and atrocious, tempered though it was with something of the Saxon spirit of fairness, still in some degree survives. Those backward communities in the Tennessee and Kentucky mountains which are the delight of story writers, are not, as many suppose, a new and strange development; they are isolated, little changed bits of

the same conditions that nurtured Clark, Boone and Kenton.

In 1771 when Kenton was about sixteen, a fair-haired, tall gaunt boy, but a man in strength and vigor and by disposition peaceful, generous and kindly when not aroused, but rash, quick and fierce as a panther when his passions were stirred, he fell in love. The girl preferred an older rival. Simon expostulated, and was so insistent that the presumably luckier man knocked him down and beat him unmercifully. This was a double disgrace, and Simon's soul hungered for revenge. Meeting his opponent in the forest path shortly afterward Simon proposed a final life and death struggle. With native promptitude and fairness both men laid aside their guns and fell to. In the parlance of to-day Simon was "outclassed," but a demon was in his heart. When his rage was spent his rival lay bruised and limp and as one dead. This somewhat sobered Simon. Eye-gouging might be sport, but the murder of a fellow white was an embarrassing inconvenience. He tried to arouse his victim but failed. Then with that instinctive sense of justice, for which, according to his rough view of life he was always noted, he unstrapped his belt and laid it beside the man, that no one else should suffer suspicion, and shouldering his gun he turned his back to home and hamlet and set out for the mountains to the west. Simon's backwoods life had now begun, and of all the "Long-knives" not one was to pass through such a terrible ordeal of thrilling adventure and indescribable suffering.

An expert hunter, he for weeks wandered along the western slopes of the Alleghenies, suffering hardships, privations and loneliness, and then his powder being low he drifted to the neighborhood of Fort Pitt, and under the name of Simon Butler mingled again with his kind. He hunted and trapped and led a vagabond life until meeting with another young man of like taste and training, who bore the name Yeager, he heard from his new friend tales of a fabulous land down the Ohio. Yeager had been captured by the Indians as a child, and had lived with savages in Ohio for a number of years before he escaped. With this wandering tribe he had visited what recollection aided by fancy pictured as an enchanted region south of the great

river, and ever since his freedom he had longed to see and verify this El Dorado. Simon was carried away by his friend's glowing account, and with another adventurous spirit named Strader they launched a scow upon the Ohio and started to explore the then unknown region of wild cane which had come to be known as Kaintuck-ee. All this undefined, unexplored and fertile region was then claimed by the province of Virginia. It was not the fixed home of any tribe, but the Indians both to the north and to the south were accustomed to kill game there and it was regarded by the native races as a sort of neutral hunting ground. Simon and his companions were the first white men to see much of the northern part of the country. Boone and his brother had previously penetrated the eastern part and two or three other men had made some explorations along the river, but as yet in all of what is now Kentucky, there was no settlement.

The three friends found no enchanted region, but Simon was greatly impressed with the beauty and fertility of the country and with its abundance of game. They hunted and trapped, and when cold weather began, returned up the river. Subsequently in the mountainous district to the east, whether in what is now Kentucky or West Virginia is uncertain, they were surprised one night in camp by a party of Indians. Strader was killed and Simon and Yeager fled without their guns. For three days the two friends wandered in the mountainous wilderness unarmed, pursued by savages, and almost dying of hunger and fatigue. At length, utterly exhausted, they crawled into the camp of a party of traders on the banks of the Ohio. This was Simon's first Indian adventure.

Returning now to the border settlements he learned from a chance acquaintance that the victim of his youthful jealousy had not died, but had survived his cruel mauling and married the bewitching beauty of his native hamlet. So Simon took again his legal name, and breathed easier.

The next two years he hunted and trapped in the western slopes of the Alleghenies, gaining a deeper knowledge of woodcraft and Indian customs, and waxing stronger and more resourceful. In the region where he wandered he became known as an unerring shot, a swift runner

and a man of great muscular power and untiring energy. He had the eye of an eagle and was so cunning at hiding or finding a trail, and knew so well all the signs of the forest that when later an expedition was projected by Virginia down the Ohio, he was engaged as guide and scout. But rumors of Indian hostilities brought about by the treacherous murder by the whites of the chief Bald Eagle, and of the family of the thrice-wronged chief Logan, compelled the abandonment of this expedition. Shawnees, Wyandots, Miamis, Delawares and part of the Iroquois were now on the warpath. In Lord Dunmore's war which followed, Simon acted as a scout, having for his colleague the celebrated renegade, Simon Girty, and the skill, activity, endurance and sagacity he displayed brought him high commendation.

In 1774 at the close of the war he found, after the excitement of Indian battle, that trapping and hunting were a boy's tame sports, so in company with a bold kindred spirit named Williams, the credulous Simon embarked once more on the Ohio and set forth to find the Arcadia for which he and Yeager had vainly searched. After voyaging for some weeks upon the river they landed on one occasion near the mouth of Cabin Creek, and hiding their boat in the bushes, started inland to hunt. And so it happened that Simon was the discoverer of the district known as the "Blue Grass Region" of Kentucky. He found it in May, 1775, and the beauty of its verdure and topography left no doubt in his mind that at length he was in the enchanted land of Yeager's dreams. This he resolved should be his home. Simon at twenty was now a pioneer of Kentucky. He and Williams cleared a small plot and planted some corn which they had brought. For some months they dwelt peacefully in their pleasant home. The Indians, they supposed, had been thoroughly cowed by the punishment Colonel Lewis had administered in Lord Dunmore's war. In the late summer when hunting they discovered near the banks of the Ohio two exhausted white men who had lost their boat in the river. One of these they persuaded to remain in their fertile land. The other, after recuperating, resolved to tramp back to the eastern settlements. So Simon and Williams started on the first day's journey with

him to set him right, leaving their new recruit in charge of the camp. Returning the third day, a sight that dismayed them met their eyes. Their camp was plundered and destroyed and their new friend was gone. As they stood wondering amid the ruins of their camp, they espied smoke rising from a near-by hollow. Indians were undoubtedly near. Simon was not yet the crafty and accomplished Indian killer that he subsequently became, and at the sight he and Williams withdrew somewhat hastily. But gathering courage, the next day they stealthfully returned in the hope of rescuing the captive. They had followed the trail but a little way, however, before they found the remains of the man so mutilated as to show that he had died a horrible death at the stake. And now Simon became convinced that as yet agriculture was attended with risks and inconvenience in this promising land that he had found. Turning his back upon it for the present, he and Williams made their way east and joined a small fortified post called Hinckston on one of the branches of the Licking. But the savages were aroused and hostile again, resenting the encroachment of the whites on their hunting ground, and this and other small settlements were also abandoned. And now Simon drifted first to Harrodstown and later to Boonsboro, at the latter place meeting Boone for the first time. These two stockaded settlements were, excepting Logan's station, the only ones left in the Kentucky region. This was in the fall of the year 1775. Simon fell at once under Boone's spell, and Boone in his turn recognized in Simon a man after his own heart, trusty and resourceful, but fearless to the point of folly. While at Hinckston he had met Clark and had acted as his guide, as we have shown in our account of Clark's exploits. It was a strenuous life these pioneers led, trying to wrest a living from the untamed wilderness. The Revolutionary War had begun and the English were fomenting the war spirit among the savages. Clark had been appointed by the Virginia legislature the military commander of the Kentucky frontiers, and his ambitious spirit had already dreamed of the conquest of the British posts to the northwest. In accordance with Clark's plan of protection each of the three posts in Ken-

tucky named two scouts who were to watch the south side of the Ohio and give alarm of Indian raids. Boone at once appointed Kenton. To be chosen from among the hardy backwoodsmen for the most adroit and dangerous service argued rare prowess and resource on the part of Kenton, and amply did he justify the selection. Scarcely a week now passed without a brush with prowling savages, and the perilous missions he undertook into dangerous regions read like wild border fiction. His frays, escapades and escapes may not be detailed in our restricted space, but a few picturesque examples may be related. One of the most romantic of his early adventures had to do intimately with Boone himself. In an artless and trustworthy little history of Kentucky, printed more than half a century ago, when men who had talked with Kenton were still living, we read that "early on the morning of the 4th of July (1777) while Kenton and two others, who had loaded their guns for a hunt, were standing in the gate of the fort at Boonsboro, two men in the fields adjacent were fired on by the Indians. They immediately fled, not being hurt. The Indians pursued them, and a warrior overtook and tomahawked one of the men within seventy yards of the fort, and proceeded leisurely to scalp him. Kenton shot the daring savage dead, and immediately with his hunting companions gave chase to the others. Boone, hearing the reports of firearms, hastened with ten men to the relief of Kenton. The latter turned, and observed an Indian taking aim at the party of Boone; quick as thought he brought his rifle to his shoulder, pulled the trigger first and the redman bit the dust. Boone, having advanced some distance, now discovered that his party, consisting of fourteen men in all, was cut off from the fort by a large body of the enemy, who had got between him and the gate. There was no time to be lost; Boone gave the word, 'Right about—fire—charge!' and the intrepid hunters dashed in among their adversaries in a desperate endeavor to reach the fort. At the first fire of the Indians, seven of the fourteen whites were wounded, and among the number the gallant Boone, who, his leg being broken, fell to the ground. An Indian sprang on him with uplifted tomahawk, but before the blow descended Kenton rushed on the



"Before the blow descended Kenton rushed on the warrior and discharged his gun into his breast."

Drawing by Stanley M. Arthurs.

warrior, discharged his gun into his breast, and bore his leader into the fort. When the gate was closed and all things secure, Boone sent for Kenton, and said to him: 'Well, Simon, you have behaved yourself like a man to-day—indeed you are a fine fellow.' This was great praise from Boone, who was a taciturn man, and little given to compliment. Kenton had certainly fully earned the brief eulogium; he had saved the life of his captain, and killed three Indians with his own hand. The enemy, after keeping up the siege for three days, retired. It is characteristic that when all the others were rejoicing at their deliverance, Simon was found lamenting because the Indians had carried off their dead, and he was therefore unable to gather the scalps of any of his victims."

It was shortly after this episode that Simon accompanied Boone on an expedition against some Indian villages just north of the Ohio. As usual he had scouted on ahead, and as he was stealthfully picking his way through some canebrake he heard the voices of Indians. He crouched down, and soon saw two savages approaching, mounted on a single pony. Now the usages of civilized warfare were but little more observed by the backwoodsmen than by the redmen, and Simon eagerly coveted the scalps of the two warriors. So he brought his long, trusty rifle to his shoulder for a "double." The ball killed the Indian riding in front, penetrating his breast and severely wounding the other Indian. Simon bounded from his hiding-place, knife in hand, but as he was about to gather his ghastly trophies he heard a rustle in the canebrake behind him, and turning saw he was covered by the guns of two other Indians. But Simon was as alert as he was cool-headed. He leaped to one side just as the savages fired, and then flew to the cover of trees. And now other Indians came rushing to the scene. Simon hastily reloaded and killed another warrior just as Boone and his men, alarmed by the shots, came to the rescue. A sharp skirmish followed, but the Indians finally gave way, and Simon gathered his scalps. Boone pushed on a little farther, but concluded that as the Indians were alarmed and re-enforced it was wise to return to the protection of Boonsboro. Simon, however, chose to remain behind in the hope

of gathering more scalps. On the second night he came upon an Indian trail, and following it craftily found the camp of four warriors, and while they were sleeping was able to steal their horses and make a successful retreat with his prizes to Boonsboro. Stealing the Indians' horses, next to lifting their scalps, was Simon's chief passion, and it was later to bring him to grief.

And now Simon joined Colonel Clark in that epoch-making expedition which achieved the conquest of the Illinois region, and which we have previously outlined. He did not, however, remain through all the fighting. Clark used him as a scout—Simon at one time passing through Vincennes while that post was held by the British, and making his escape with the information desired by his Colonel on a stolen horse—and later sent him back to the Ohio with dispatches. His reputation was by this time as great among the Indians as among the whites. Roosevelt in his "*Winning of the West*" speaks of Kenton as "the bane of every neighboring tribe and renowned all along the border for his deeds of desperate prowess, his wonderful adventures and his hairbreadth escapes."

But evil days lay just ahead of him. In the fall of 1778 that Colonel Bowman who had been Clark's chief lieutenant, planned an expedition against some Shawnee villages north of the Ohio, and sent Simon and two other scouts, one named Montgomery and the other Clark, to gather what information they could. The spies penetrated the wilderness and reached the Indian town of Chillicothe. They lay concealed during the day and about midnight Simon entered the town, explored its crooked streets and counted the wigwams. As he was leaving, ill luck led him upon a corral of all the Indian horses, and the reckless idea of stealing them all thrilled his daring mind. His companions were dare-devils like himself. The three crawled into the pound, each mounted a horse, and then with sudden lashings and cries succeeded in stampeding the drove of nearly one hundred animals. Of course the whole village was aroused. Dogs barked, squaws screamed, and warriors seized tomahawks and guns and howled wild war-whoops. As soon as the braves could discover what had

happened they bounded to the pursuit. But Simon and his friends were now well under way, and the swiftest Indian was no match for a horse's speed. The country was a clear prairie, and the three scouts and their band of horses, leaving their red pursuers far behind, reached the banks of the Ohio River the next morning. But a difficulty awaited them here. The river was rough and they could not get the horses to enter the stream. Simon's two friends were for abandoning all but one animal each, but Simon persuaded them to wait a little in the hopes of calm water. No danger would induce him to abandon his living plunder. But the savages were hot on the trail. In a few hours the first of the Indians came up. The scouts tried to shoot, but their powder was wet with the river water, so they each mounted a horse and fled. But mounted Indians who had caught abandoned horses gained on Montgomery, and Simon turned back to his help. Montgomery was shot, and Simon himself taken prisoner. Clark escaped. The harrowing details of Simon's captivity are not pleasant to dwell on. He was first beaten with sticks until he was nearly senseless; then he was tied naked upon the back of an unbroken horse, and the animal was raced through brambles, so that his flesh was horribly torn. At night he was staked out in a most painful manner, so that he could move neither hand nor foot. When he reached the Indian village he was made to run the gauntlet, and such was his speed and endurance that he reached the Council House without being killed. He was now allowed a brief respite. But on succeeding days he was led to other villages that all the tribe might see the celebrated white brave and take a hand in his punishment. At each village he was tied to a stake and beaten by squaws and children. It was proposed to burn him later. On his cruel pilgrimage between the villages he once made his escape. Owing to his wonderful physical powers and speed he got clear of his pursuers, but unfortunately ran into another party of Indians, and being unarmed and exhausted was of course captured. Two different councils sentenced him to the stake. Once when his face was painted black, in sign of his doom, and all preparations were made, he was saved for the moment by his old

companion in Lord Dunmore's war, the renegade Girty, who happened to be in the Indian village. At another time the great chief Logan interceded out of admiration for his bravery.

At length a party of British traders prevailed upon the savages to allow them to ransom Simon and take him to Detroit, saying that the British governor wished to gain information concerning American settlements in Kentucky, and promising to return Simon for further torturous pastimes, a promise, however, which they had no intention of fulfilling. At Detroit the hardy Simon recovered from his terrible injuries, but had to work like a convict. In a few weeks, however, in company with two other Kentucky captives, he succeeded in making his escape. A young squaw who had fallen in love with Simon secured guns for the three. They got clear of the British fort and made their way straight through the hostile Indian country, having stirring adventures and being twice nearly captured, but in the end reaching Kentucky in safety.

After such mishaps and sufferings one would think that Simon would have been contented to keep within the protection of the settlements for the rest of his days. But as soon as he was rested from his perilous journey he started for the Illinois country to visit his old leader Clark at Vincennes, and had one or two thrilling adventures on the way. Later we find him fighting Indians and making raids at the head of a small band of frontiersmen. Clark had made him a captain of border fighters, but he was always more successful as an individual scalp hunter. For a short time he settled in the Blue Grass region which he had discovered, and built there a small stockade; but Simon could no more keep to a humdrum life than a duck can keep to dry land.

In 1807 when Clark led his Kentuckians against the Shawnees, Kenton, as a matter of course, volunteered. At Pickaway he was the maddest fighter in the van. At this village he had suffered horribly during his captivity, and now he had the gratification of helping to burn and plunder it. He served with Clark to the end of that leader's fighting career. Simon simply could not keep away from Indian troubles, and so he took service with General Wayne when

that commander achieved his great victory of the Fallen Timbers, and as an old man Simon marched with Harrison and bore a part in the decisive battle of the Thames when Tecumseh fell. He fought valiantly, even desperately, in the various battles and sieges in which he was engaged, but won no new laurels. In truth he was less distinguished at fighting by rule and with disciplined troops, nor was he a conspicuous success as a captain under Clark, but he shone with a greater luster than most of his backwoods friends when left entirely to his own resources. Give him his trusty, long-barreled gun and let him plunge into a wilderness infested with skulking, prowling savages, and he had few equals. He was at his best when alone or with but one or two frontiersmen, following the trail of red hostiles or being pursued by them. He loved danger of this kind, and was cunning, resourceful and sagacious, though oftentimes foolishly brave. There was no chance he was not ready to take if an Indian's horse or scalp was to be gained, and when the peril was such that he could not light a fire to cook his food, or so imminent as to bewilder and confuse the faculties of most men, then Simon seems to have experienced only a stimulating and pleasurable excitation.

He had married during one of his brief respites from fighting, and, familiar as he was with the whole country, had taken up large tracts of the best land of Kentucky. He supposed himself a rich man, as riches went in those days, and was so generous that he gave away to friends several valuable farms. But the title to much of his property, owing to imperfect surveys and descriptions, or to carelessness on his part in perfecting titles, proved defective; and swindling speculators seem ever to have been on the alert to take advantage of the old hero's ignorance and simplicity. He found at the end of his fighting career that he was poor, and that even his little log shack stood upon ground claimed by another. He was even arrested for debt under the warranty clause of some of his conveyances, and was for a time in jail. Old and broken, harassed by processes that he did not understand, he left the now prosperous but ungrateful state and settled in Ohio, where he dwelt in poverty and

obscurity. One more public event awaited him. In 1824, when in utter want, he journeyed to Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, to see if the legislature would not release one poor tract of his land that had been forfeited to the state for taxes. The ragged and broken old man was at first ridiculed in the streets, but was finally recognized by a former companion in arms and a great fuss was now made over him. He was escorted to the legislative hall, placed in the speaker's chair, and much useless flummery and speeches about the gallant pioneers of old were indulged in. But the unsophisticated Simon was made happy by all this empty distinction, and the legislature did remit the taxes on a tract of worthless mountain land. Subsequently a trifling pension of about two hundred and fifty dollars a year was granted Kenton, so that he did not have to find a refuge in a pauper's home. He died in Logan County, Ohio, in 1836.

Clark, Boone, and Kenton are the archetypes of distinct classes of Kentucky pioneers, and it is sad to relate that all three of them died in indigence. As we have said, Clark was far the ablest, and he was the only one of all those early backwoodsmen who took a statesmanlike view of their mission and clearly foresaw the measureless destinies of the West. Boone was a natural leader of small bands of hardy frontiersmen, and may be said to have founded, and in its early, crucial stages, to have preserved, the commonwealth of Kentucky. But Simon Kenton was the highest and best type of the individual Indian fighter, and his life abounds in such stories of adventure as we have narrated. The services of men of his kind were incalculable. They fought the savages in the only way they could be successfully fought in those early times and conditions, without discipline, and after the Indians' own method. Their lives were simple and harsh and full of peril, but they were strong, free, loyal and fearless, and their deeds made it possible for those who followed them to fell the forest, to plow and plant and reap in peace. Before those achievements of "The Builders" of which Mr. Paine so graphically tells us, the ground everywhere had first to be won and held by rough men like Simon Kenton.

# THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



HE Shoshone Falls on the Snake River in southern Idaho rank among the most imposing in the world, yet they have received scant attention. Even the railway officials are woefully lacking in knowledge of how to get to them.

I stopped off one night at Shoshone, supposing I was to go next day from there a twenty-five-mile journey by stage to the falls, but I found the stage had long been discontinued and that I must travel a roundabout route by rail, a distance of one hundred miles.

Minidoka is the junction station on the main line, and thence one has to go by a branch road to Twin Falls City. This branch road had been called into existence within a year by irrigation. The region for hundreds of miles was a sagebrush plain rising and falling in long swells and broken here and there with ragged gullies. But an irrigation company was now ready to furnish water for three hundred thousand acres, and the government was preparing to supply a flow for half as much more territory. So the entire fifty miles along the railroad had suddenly become populous with those who are ever on the watch to rush into any district that is opened up.

I saw the cabins of the homesteaders dotting the landscape far out into the dreary desert on either side of the railroad. "When I come here a year ago," said the brakeman on the train, "there was nothin' doin' at all, and now the country is thickly settled. No crops will go in this year on the government property, because the canals ain't finished. The people living on the land have no chance for any present income from their claims. All they can do

is to make sure of 'em. You're obliged to spend part of your time on your property and put up a house and make some improvements. Usually a man's house is a one-room shack—just a little board shed as cheap as it can be made. Even then it costs seventy-five or one hundred dollars, for lumber is expensive and it all has to come in by railroad.

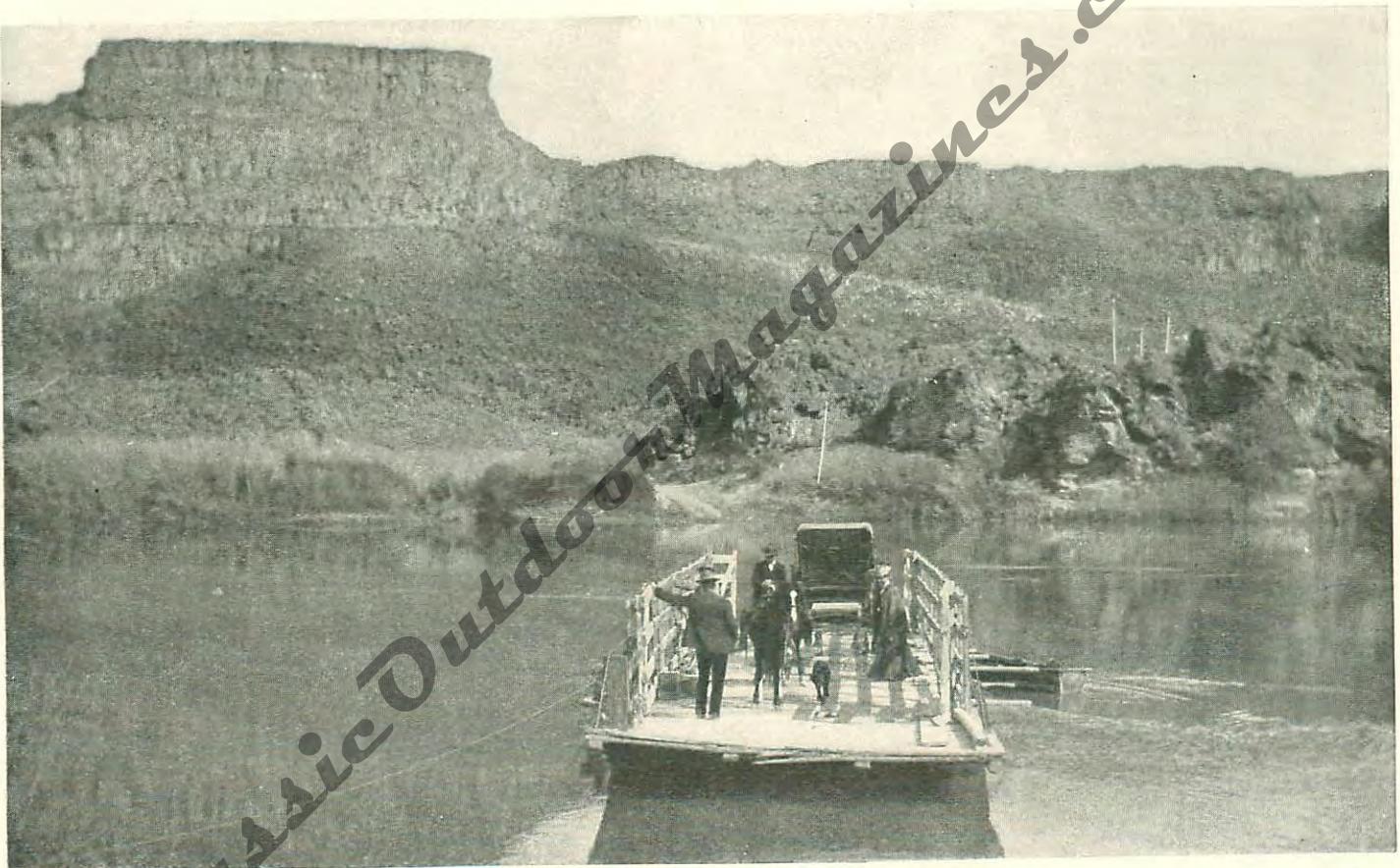
"About the only work that can be done on the land is to grub up the sagebrush and build fences. Some hack at the sagebrush by hand, but most hire a machine which claws it out at a cost of three dollars an acre. After that job is done the brush has to be piled up and burned. There ain't many who can afford to stay continually on their places. They've got to go and rustle to get money to make payments, and they put in most of their time workin' on the railroad, or in some town, or on a ranch. If a man has a family he leaves them to hold down the claim. I've got a claim myself, and so have several other fellows workin' on the train.

"This country is said to assay ninety per cent. sagebrush and sand, and ten per cent. wind. We always get the wind on such a big open plain as this, but the soil is rich, and as soon as the crops are growing things will look very different. Some say the hot wind blowing from the desert will make us trouble, and that with the fine sand it carries along it will bruise the foliage of our crops and spoil everything. The better the irrigation is, they say, the more tender the crops will grow, and the worse they'll be damaged; but I'm willing to risk it."

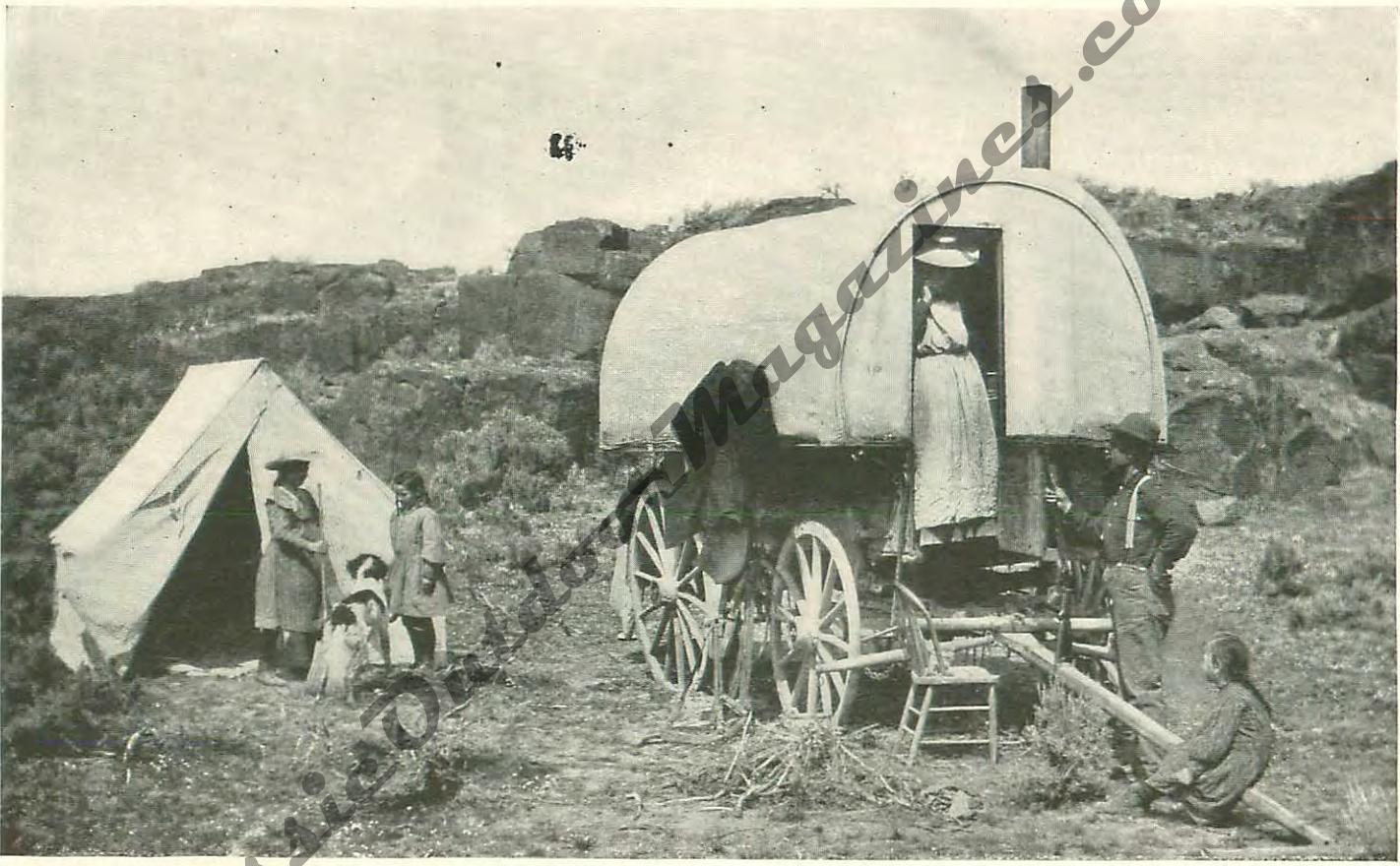
Now and then the train stopped at a little town consisting of a cluster of shops, saloons and homes, all perfectly new and distressingly bare of vegetation. There were no embowering trees and vines, and



The Shoshone Falls—a magnificent sight after the silent, monotonous prairie.



A clumsy, flat-bottomed ferryboat crossed back and forth above the rapids.



A family of travelers were camped in a hollow among the rocks.



The Wandering Minstrels of the Falls.

and carries a far larger amount of water. However, the Shoshone Falls exhibit about as much width and power as the mind can comprehend, and the environment appeals to one decidedly more than does the commonplace level from which the greater fall makes its descent. The onlooker feels satisfied that here is one of the noblest sights on this continent.

High above the walls of the gorge the buzzards soared. During the previous winter the ground had been pretty continuously covered with snow, and there had been much suffering among the cattle on the range. Many had died, and some had fallen over the cliffs of the cañon. So the buzzards hovered about the vicinity in force, for food was plenty. A little apart from the falls, on the tip of an island crag, an eagle had built its nest, though the casual observer would not have thought the rude heap of sticks was anything more than the broken tangle of a dead cedar.

Somewhat farther up the river in the quiet water beyond the rapids was a clumsy flat-bottomed ferryboat. As I watched it ply back and forth I could not help wondering what would happen if the wire broke. Not long ago the present ferryman's predecessor, after imbibing too freely of whiskey, went over the falls in his rowboat, and his body was found in the river below, several days later. One foolhardy adventurer leaped from the crest of the falls. He was an Indian half-breed, and when a comrade dared him to make the jump, down he went. However, he escaped with only a few bruises, and was at once famous. Some showman arranged with him to repeat the exploit; but while making a tour with his protégé in preparation for the event, the half-breed robbed his manager and was lodged in jail.

On a plateau, close by the falls, stands a rusty old hotel. There I lodged, and from its piazza at eventide I looked out on the mists, rosy with the sunset light, hovering over the mighty torrent and pulsating fiercely in the wind, swaying and weaving, now filling the cañon, and again all but disappearing. The volume of water in the river would be very much greater in June, the time of flood, and the spray would then fly over the hotel like rain. On its exposed side the house was kept coated by the spray with a grayish deposit that can only be

removed by the use of an acid. The glass in the upper sashes of the windows was semi-opaque with it, for as this part of the windows was supposed to be hidden by curtains, the hotel people exerted themselves no more than to keep the lower sash clean.

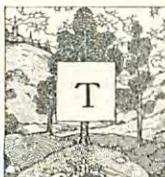
The ground quivered with the pounding of the water, and the hotel was in a tremble and the furniture shaking all night. I was out early and crawled down a narrow gulch among the crannied rocks to the foot of the falls. This was a tooth and nail task, but the view of the roaring cataract from below was well worth the labor. The river here was in violent commotion, and the waves dashed on the rocky shore like the breakers of an angry sea. The scene, no doubt, is far wilder in time of flood, yet the falls must lose in beauty by reason of the vast volumes of obscuring mist. The falls are at their worst in the late summer and early autumn, for then the stream is so low that a large portion of the precipice over which it flows is perfectly bare.

When I left the cañon I found a family of travelers camped in a hollow among the rocks a little before my road reached the level of the prairie. They had a covered wagon and a tent. The man of the family, armed with a gun and accompanied by a small daughter, was just returning from a walk through the sagebrush. "I never bagged a thing," he said. "The only wild creature I've seen to-day is a coyote. It paid us a visit a little before sunrise and sat up here on the rocks howling, and our dog was barking back. I opened the window and poked out my gun and blazed away at him, but he got away."

The man adjusted a folding chair in the shadow of his wagon and invited me to sit down. He said he and his family were all musicians and they went from town to town giving entertainments and playing at dances. The star performer was his youngest girl eight years old, and he had her get out her violin and give me a sample of her art. The music was very pleasing, for the child played sweetly and simply and with delightful ease. Best of all, her music was accompanied by the solemn melody of the great waterfall in the depths of the black gorge that yawned close at hand. This final experience is one of the most poetic memories I have of the Niagara of the West.

# NO TROUT BROOK

BY CLARENCE DEMING



THE name of the old Yankee township was Edom—a scriptural title whereto hung a tradition perpetuated by the local graybeards. As the ancient tale ran, dating far back in the mists of the eighteenth century, there came a time when the residents of a corner of a big township—originally bought from the Indians for twelve flintlock muskets and an iron pot—sought authority in the General Court of the colony to erect a new township of their own. As it chanced, they sent as petitioners a delegation wearing homespun of a strange hue. This stirred some derision in the General Court, one of whose members, half in jest, flung at the delegation the biblical query, "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah?" The staid law-makers smiled, next took the utterance as inspiration and urged Bozrah for the name of the new town as against the local preference for some more secular title. Finally Edom was accepted as a compromise. Vainly will you seek Edom on the map or in gazetteer. It is there, but under another name, here masked in deference to local sentiment.

The village of Edom, where focused the social life of the township, was typical of New England soil and tradition. It was bunched closely around the little central green, flanked by two rival stores, the gaunt meeting-house where the congregation fed weekly on fiery dogma, the blacksmith shop echoing its cheery anvil solo, the tavern—compound of farm dwelling and boarding house—and the sequence of village homes differing less in architecture and size than in residuary paint. Thirty

years ago the village had begun to take on that lusterless and washed-out local tint that marks the center of the expiring New England farm town whose young bone and sinew have merged in the long procession of sons of the soil moving to the cities and to the West. But Edom had one resource in the nature of a by-product, albeit minor in economic value. It stood near the center of a region famed for troutng and worthy of its renown. Nature's broad framework of the village was in every quarter a rare medley of shaggy mountain, forest and dale, deep valleys through which poured strong, foamy streams, brooks trickling through meadow and, anon, dashing over mossy rock, and a few deep swamps girt by thick brushwood quite unfishable and an asylum for the trout o' winters. Spite of a springtime horde of exotic fishers, equipped with the newest and most killing tackle of their craft, Edom's *Salmo fontinalis*, protected by alder and brier bush, where once was open meadow and pasture, seemed to thrive as the abandoned farm went down.

Thus it came to be that Edom won a kind of highhook repute as an upland fishing resort and begot, in particular, three characters, all of the potfisher class. Of these Jem Smith was the potfisher overlord. What Jem, by virtue—or vice—of long experience didn't know of times and places and obscure corners and springholes for trout-taking didn't seem worth trying to find out. He had a dark reputation for quick but deadly fishing of posted streams by the dawn's earliest flush, and the mighty strings of trout which he expressed to the nearest urban markets in the early morning of the first day of the "open" season smacked either of lawless prevision or the superhuman powers of the fish-god of the

Phœnicians. Bracketed with Jem was Bill Tyler who, however, had a different sphere of effort. It was Bill who played pilot to the angling plutocrats who came in from the factory towns, drove them to the points of trouty vantage, made fiscal truce for them with the embattled landowner and tarried for them downstream—meanwhile intermitting visits to the cheering flask with dreams of the five dollar note *in futuro*. Tom Marsh, third of the village trio, was of yet another breed. He was Edom's potfisher emeritus. Age had bleared his eyes, "rheumatiz," pervasive, persistent and acute, had stiffened his lower joints, and how he lived was a fathomless mystery. But as his nether parts palsied his brain grew brisk. Troutng legends and memories poured from his lips like Tennyson's endless brook. To sit on the barrel head of the village grocery and hear Tom—on another barrel head—descant on fishy prowess was like fishing through the Lick Telescope. All his trout were salmon and his black bass whales.

The time was thirty years ago when The Stranger—he is not far from the writer at this moment—first visited Edom, the guest of an old college chum who was not stirred by the divine angling afflatus. The Stranger, yearning for sport, had thus, perforce, to seek it under his limitations of local ignorance or, by advice of his chum, transmute Bill Tyler's mercenary wisdom into base dollars. There were but two days of grace, one of them Sunday and an Edom *dies non* for angling. It was just here, as The Stranger was in moral vibration between the appeal to self-reliance and the seductions of Bill Tyler's lore, that No Trout Brook entered the story. Its real name was—and is—Round Brook, so called because it half circles the village, its arc nowhere more distant from the church than two stone-throws; but for reasons to be made manifest in the sequel No Trout Brook it is lettered here and so shall stay.

Saying nothing of the close touch of the village and its life, The Brook, on the superficial view, had few credentials of a "live" trout stream. It was not very abundant as to its waters—something midway 'twixt rivulet and real brook—its current not very swift, no outward semblance even of dashing waterfall, and the angler's eye at first missed the foamy rapid breaking into

ripple and slanting into stiller depths at whose upper slope, just as the current begins to still, the trout loves to abide. All these things thought out The Stranger as, pipe in hand, on Sunday afternoon, he leaned on the moss-grown side-pole of the highway bridge only a few rods below the village green. Was it some flashing memory of Richard Jeffrey's "London Trout" or the ingrained angling instinct which just then prompted him to lean far over and scan the pool where the deeper current eddied past a big stone of the abutment? Ha! What was that quick shadow which seemed to melt under the edger? Was it a sucker, large dace, mere fancy of the angler's tense imagination, or was it a veritable trout? Probing by stick brought out no fish, and The Stranger gave over the trout hypothesis. But the angling impulse to further quest had entered his soul, and he began exploration of The Brook for a matter of twenty rods or so above the highway.

The sky was overcast, the shadows deep on the bottoms and he happened to see no trout. What he did find was a stream which, barring its course at the very back gardens of the villagers, belied the first shallow inference and took on a distinct trouty cast. It whirled around roots and under overlapping banks. It had sharp corners where the currents had bored under gnarled willow clumps. Here and there the ripples drifted under overhanging brush into reaches of still water; and there were even a few wavy rapids, though on a pygmy scale. A little farther upstream the brook in strange fashion dwarfed to a mere rivulet. Brief but sharp scrutiny brought out the occult cause. Bordering the stream was a sloping swamp of about a quarter acre, saturated with water which filled, still, clear and cold, every little nook and filtered slowly to the stream. It was a great natural sponge filled with spring water and the main source of The Brook. On the negative side of the trout diagnosis was the village débris—the broken crockery, the rust-eaten can and, tumbled sidewise in a deep pool near the bridge, an antiquated wash-boiler—that here and there projected from the bottom sands; and many a juvenile boot track and the sandpits pock-marked by little toes proved that the small boy of Edom after his fashion knew the

stream. But the freshets of No Trout Brook had swept away most of the defiling débris and purified and half-buried the rest; while, as to the small boy, his traces argued fugitive sucker or dace rather than captive trout—the game fish, as the outcome proved, being educated by the Edom boy into the shy shrewdness that protected him from commonplace fishcraft.

But The Stranger's analysis of The Brook, as a whole, was negative; and his illusion was deepened by a later interview with Tom Marsh. Tom—under suspicion of a local trout trust, with himself, Bill Tyler and Jem Smith in the combination—on the general subject of Edom's trout streams was not responsive. But the hint that there might be good fish in No Trout Brook he spurned with jocund sincerity. "Might as well," quoth Tom, "bob fer whales in a washtub as try fer traouts in Raound Brook. But we used naow and thin to ketch lots there if yer got in fust arter a shaower. Gosh! What a big pan full me and my oldest boy, Tom, ketched thar one July—'twas the year of the Hard Cider campaign. Lots of 'em weighed a paound each. Nowadays only the boys go thar to ketch dace and stun suckers. Traout wouldn't live in the brook naow if yer paid them ninepence a minnit and flung in a cigar ter boot." Tom was so obviously frank that the visitor took his dogmatism for verity. What chance was there, after all, that trout would live unknown right under Edom's village eaves and the nostrils of her skilled fishers? It was in the sequel pure luck more than angling logic that won the game.

Next morning The Stranger, long hesitant between very doubtful troutng and the relative certitudes of skittering for pickerel on the weedy shores of Long Pond a mile away, at last chose the quest of the more vulgar fish. As a starter—before the first pickerel could be served as "cut" bait to cannibal brethren—a few shiners were craved. A borrowed scoop net of a neighbor furnished him equipment, and, booted high in rubbers, he took his first dash into No Trout Brook under the highway bridge at the foot of the pool leading up to the abutment. Driving the shiners upstream to the narrows, he reached the rock of his Sunday day-dream. "Try it again with the net" whispered Angling Instinct.

Tested it was with the net set just below and a series of rapid "chugs" o' foot under the edge. There was a dash of spectral shadow moving netward; a sharp tug at the net's bottom; and a rush to shore and quick drop brought The Brook's secret to light. It was a trout of half-pound weight, full fleshed, yellow breasted, deep spotted, one of those ideal fish on which the ardent angler's eye tarries lovingly and long. But it was more than a single trout illegally, though not immorally, taken and for the law's sake and in the spirit of angling honor and good faith to be gently turned again home. It was a forecast, a demonstration, and the prelude of The Stranger's red-lettered day in a life-time of troutng annals.

Minutes seemed hours as The Stranger rushed homeward and, thrilled to inmost marrow with the angler's joy of battle, girded on his fishy armor for conquest of The Brook. The task, indeed, was one for the angler's supremest skill. No case was this of the guileless trout of the wilds eager for the bait, but, conversely, the trout lurtive, shy, harassed and educated by human environment. Nor was the choice of tackle a light thing. Well-nigh useless was the fly for a stream narrow, grass-edged, bush-fringed and rarely widening to pools; and vain too would be the common worm and sinker plashing their watery note of warning. The call was for the gossamer line, the thin gut leader, the slim angle worm, the pygmy hook. All these The Stranger gave thanks for as well as for a rod haply long, flexible enough for distant and accurate cast, stout enough to "snap" out a trout forty feet away from the reel; and he had gratitude as deep for an open-and-shut May day with now and then little bursts of shower quivering on the bud and bloom of apple tree—sure mark of the full ripeness of the spring troutng season.

His outfit ready, it was perhaps three minutes after passing through The Squire's back yard that he found himself at the natural sponge aforesaid, whence The Brook drew its vital streams. First the little runlet above was, in angling sense, "tasted," but with no bites—a streamlet too small for hopes and only tested provisionally. Just below the sponge No Trout Brook, now enlarged, poured damlike over a plank,

thence swirled sidewise under a lichened rock. There was a snap, a quick run, a straightening of the line, a sharp counter snap, and the first trout fell leaping on the turf.

Then followed a bit of the most painstaking fishing in angling memory. Step by step and foot by foot The Brook was tried out. Every nook and corner, each eddy and turn was searched by the bait, crosswise, up and down, but always with the long throw and gentle cast; and at places on the first trip down The Stranger must cut away the overhanging willows to give access to new pools. He recalls now, as though it were but yesterday, how No Trout Brook's fish that day nibbled rather than bit, how the deft hand had to meet the quick runs to cover, and how many were lost at the first trial trip and taken on later rounds.

Five times up and down The Stranger whipped No Trout Brook's arc of maybe fifty rods from the natal sponge to where the stream lost itself in a millpond fed chiefly by a larger tributary. It was just at the close of his three hours of victorious fishcraft that his most unique experience came.

In the deep still pool just above the bridge, there lay on its battered side part buried in the sand the rusty wash-boiler mentioned heretofore. Over and over again The Stranger had passed it by carelessly. But just before taking apart his rod, the bruised household relic caught his eye seriously. Yet more in joke than earnest he flung the bait at its opening. A fishy head moved slowly and slyly out, bait and sinker vanished in the relic and, two seconds later, a six-ounce trout was landed struggling and amazed on the sward—fit episode to crown the fishy oddities of a half day whose summary was twenty-two trout, yellow chested, round-backed, in prime flesh and flavor, many of six ounces, few below a quarter pound. Among them was *not* the half-pounder that

had betrayed the secret of The Brook. Health and long life, the happiest of waters and the daintiest of flies, go back to him as greeting from the grateful angler across the wide span of time!

The Stranger unjointed his rod, duly "deaconed" his well-filled creel of fish with the still gasping trout hidden at the bottom, and with loftier stature and several new inches of chest expansion hied him over the few rods homeward.

Just before he reached the grocery—shadowed by local hints of drinks more bracing than ginger beer and lemon pop—Jcm Smith and Tom Marsh emerged. It was a piscatorial crisis. The quiz was sure and imminent and the peril great either to No Trout Brook's hidden gold or to the visitor's breeding in the truth. Was there not a midway path of evasion? Might not the trout have been caught in jocular vein "over by the red barn" or "down toward Dawsonville"—technically correct, as that township was seven miles southerly in the same general compass line from Edom village as No Trout Brook; or, happy inspiration, would not the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth prove the telling bluff?

"Hullo," said Tom, "been a-fishin'? Give us a look"—and he looked.

"Gee! cotched 'em this time didn't yer! Where'd yer fish?"

"Round Brook."

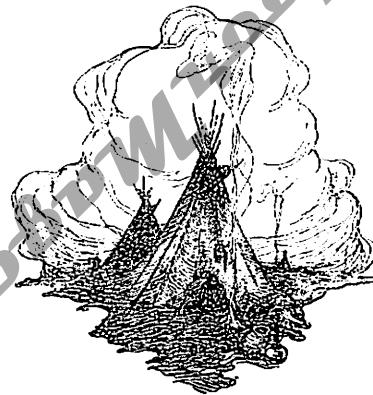
"Haw, haw, haw! That's a good 'un. Say it again slow so as to give me more time to swaller."

Jem Smith eyed the trout satirically. "That top fish," said he, "ain't a minnit less nor three hour out of the drink. Guess yer got up airy, didn't yer, and hoofed it daown south four mile ter Spruce Brook? Waal, ef a new chap ken hook such a mess ef fish in Spruce Brook, I'm daown there myself ter-morrer."

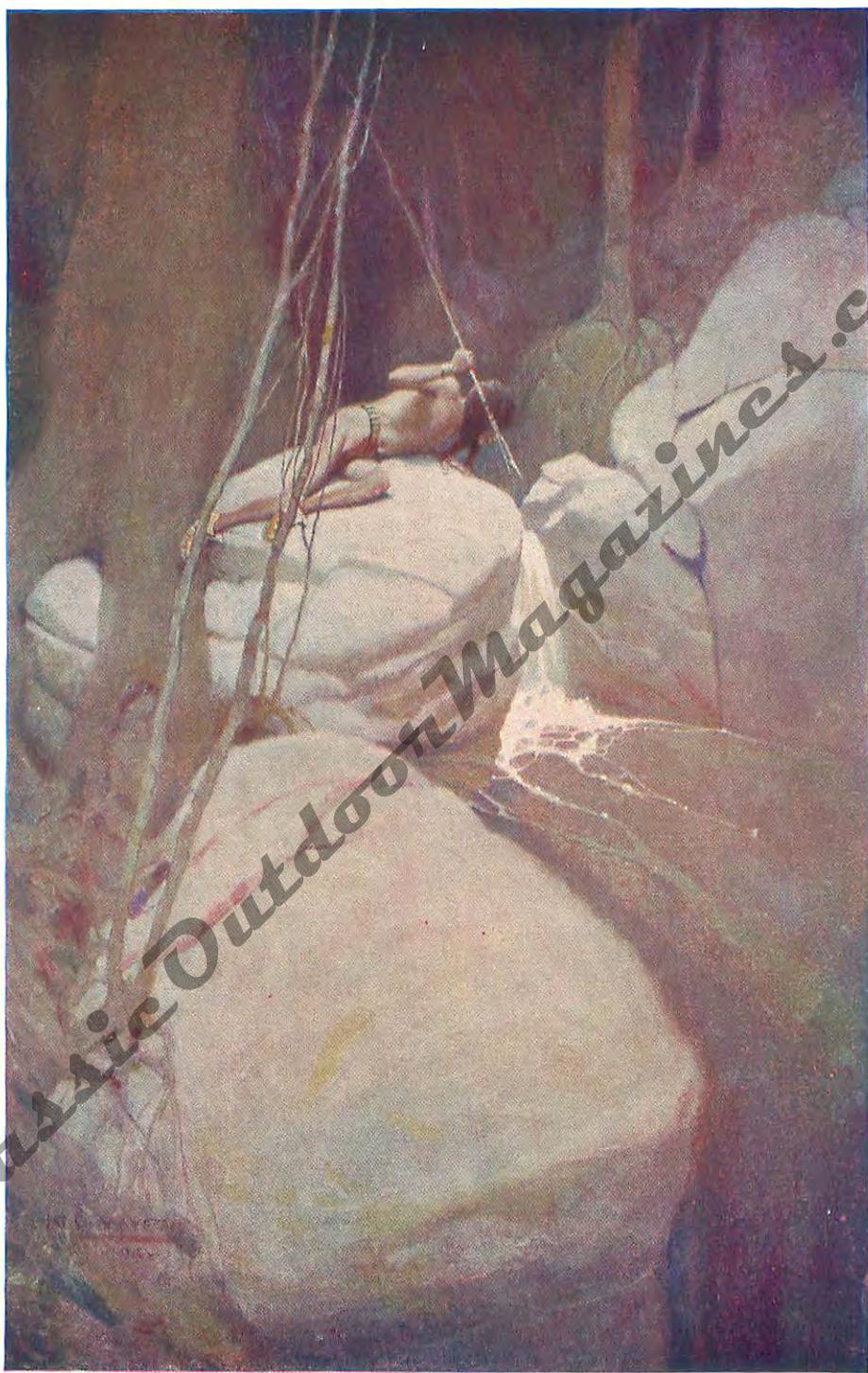
Thus did the truth prevail—not for extending knowledge but to fatten ignorance.



THE INDIAN IN HIS SOLITUDE  
A SERIES OF PAINTINGS  
BY N. C. WYETH



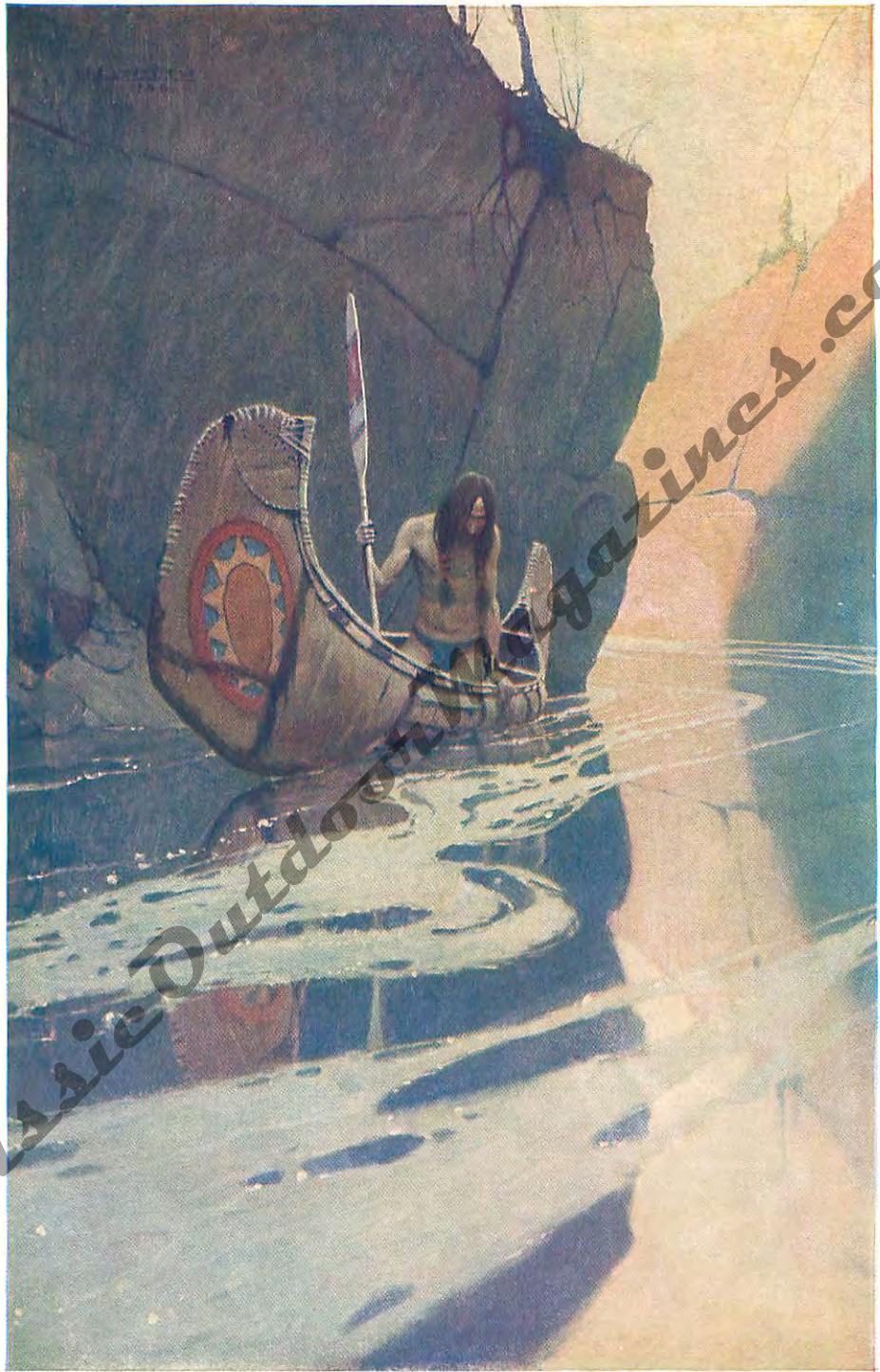
*The Spearman.*



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*In the Crystal Depths.*

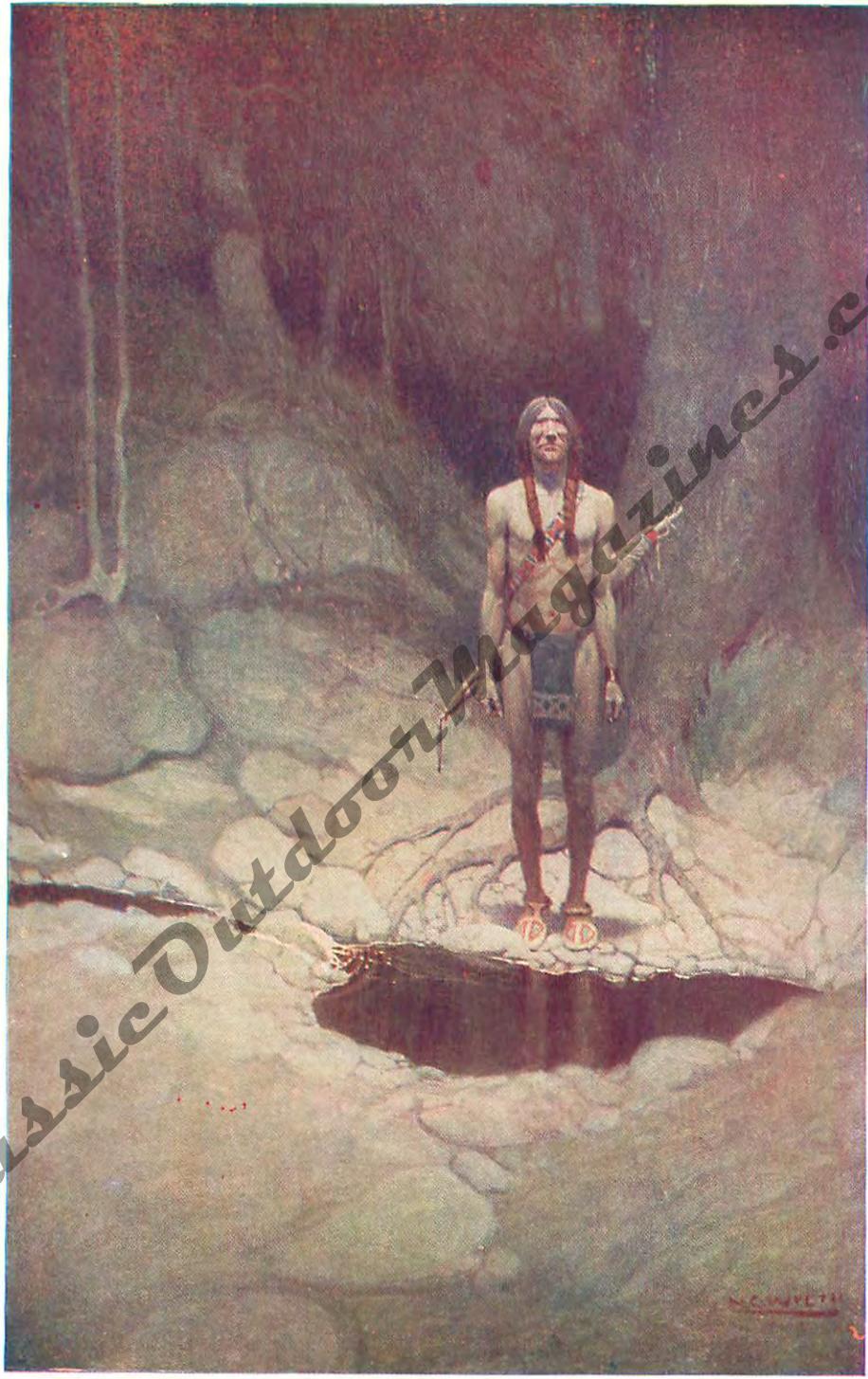




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# THE STORY OF A COPPER MINE

BY RALPH D. PAINE



HE spell of the gold chase has stirred the hearts and dazzled the eyes of strong and adventurous men even from the time of King Solomon's mines, down through the ages to the frenzied rush of the Argonauts and the invasion of frozen Alaska. The so-called baser metals have been sought and found in more prosaic fashion, and their story seems bare of romance and hazard. Yet copper and iron, for example, have done more to make this country great and strong than all the gold that ever was mined. And if one will take the trouble to explore the stories of their part in national upbuilding, there will be found much of that picturesque and pioneering spirit which has marked the trail of the gold-seeker.

Little more than a half century has passed since copper was the lure that led men to explore a wilderness as near home as the upper peninsula of Michigan, and to reveal a magnificent storehouse of treasure on the shores of Lake Superior. Late into the last century that region was considered so hopeless a wilderness, fit only for the Indian, the fur trader and the trapper, that Michigan made vehement protest against its inclusion within her borders, and almost put the matter to a clash of arms with the state forces of Ohio. The pioneer settlers of what was then the remote West were not looking for iron or copper. They had neither the means for transportation nor manufacture, and they pressed on past the Lake Superior country with an indifference that seems amazing in the light of after events.

It had been known for centuries that this

region was rich in minerals. The hardy Jesuits who were as keen prospectors after natural resources as after aboriginal souls, found copper by the shore of the inland sea that was later called Lake Superior. And as early as 1640, a history of America written in French declared that "there are in this region mines of copper, tin, antimony and lead." The Indians of that time were mining copper in crude fashion, but even they were not the pioneer discoverers. Stone hammers were found beside ancient workings whose mounds of earth were topped by trees of primeval growth. More remarkable than this, hewn wooden props, not wholly decayed, were found supporting masses of copper mined in a prehistoric age. The Mound Builders, or a race akin to them, had discovered and exploited, without the aid of a promotion syndicate or an issue of watered stock, the earliest American copper mines.

A hundred and forty years ago an adventurous Englishman, Captain Jonathan Carver, voyaged Lake Superior and went home to form a company for developing the mineral wealth of that trackless territory. English investors were more timid then than now about American securities, and Captain Carver, who deserved a better fortune for his daring enterprise, saw his schemes go glimmering.

It was left for a young American geologist, Douglas Houghton, to explore this peninsula and awaken his countrymen to the riches that lay at their hand. He perished in a storm on Lake Superior at the age of thirty-six, but his brief career wrought a mighty work for his nation. In a birch-bark canoe he skirted the south shore of Lake Superior for voyage after voyage, making observations and gathering data with the eye of a practical scientist and the

imagination of a tamer of wilderness places. In 1841 he submitted a report to the state government of Michigan in whose employ he was, and there began a rush of treasure seekers into a country far more inaccessible than the Klondike of to-day.

Copper was the prize sought by thousands of prospectors, most of whom struggled with the severest hardships only to abandon their claims in disgust and return to civilization empty-handed. But a beginning had been made and American enterprise, no longer content to let England enjoy what was almost a monopoly of the copper production of the world, buckled down to the task of opening its own mines.

This was long before the discovery of the great deposits of Montana which have yielded fabulous wealth for the copper kings of Butte and Anaconda and Helena. Nor has the Lake Superior region been besmirched by such a colossal war of greed as has befouled Montana politics and made its copper mines a by-word for stock jobbery, and a gorgeous variety of corruption. By contrast, it is as wholesome and clean a story of American commercial success as one can find, this development of the copper resources of the Lake Superior region, as typified in the famous Calumet and Hecla Mine.

Copper is a sturdy king among metals to-day. As the Age of Steel has followed the Age of Iron, so the succeeding industrial epoch is to be the Age of Electricity, whose foundation is Copper. Already this metal adds five hundred million dollars each year to the wealth of the world, and its reign is no more than in its sturdy youth. Here, for example, is this Calumet and Hecla property which has never gained that kind of spectacular notoriety that is given a famous gold mine. Yet the product of this one group of shafts has paid more dividends than have been reaped by any other mining corporation in the world.

Almost one hundred million dollars have been paid to the lucky stockholders in the last thirty-five years, on a total capitalization of only two and a half millions. In one recent period of five years the mine paid twenty-seven million dollars in dividends, or more than double its capital stock each year. Small wonder that the group of conservative Boston men who direct this magnificent bonanza have

fought shy of such top-heavy and inflated combinations as "Amalgamated Copper."

The Calumet and Hecla mines were discovered forty years ago. Tradition has it that an astute and industrious pig, while rooting amid the forests a few miles back from Lake Superior, turned up the chunk of copper which unearthed this hidden mine. The pig story is plausible enough and has no lack of historical confirmation from various other sources. In fact, it is a sort of historical mode or fashion for famous mines to have been discovered by an inquisitive pig or a wandering burro with an agile hoof. Somewhere in Mexico there is a silver pig with jeweled eyes, holding a place of honor in a cathedral in memory of the location of a fine silver mine by one of these porcine prospectors. In crediting a pig with the discovery of Calumet and Hecla the traditions have been faithfully observed.

The Calumet and Hecla of to-day is worth a visit as an impressive object lesson of how well a great corporation can look after its properties and employees without impairing its dividends. It can be said of certain other American corporations that their properties were discovered by men and have been managed by pigs ever since. The Calumet and Hecla has reversed this procedure.

As you come to the copper country after a voyage up the lake in a steamer, there is little to suggest that devastation of God's green landscape which elsewhere goes hand in hand with mining operations. Back of the city of Houghton rises a range of billowing hills, wooded with a second growth of timber. Against the sky-line looms a red shaft house or two, looking not wholly unlike grain elevators. And along the crest of the hill trails a long train of ore-laden cars like a monstrous snake. The scattered towns through which the trolley takes you on the way to Calumet have little of that ugliness and squalor of most mining communities, nor is the air heavy with smoke and foul with vapors. The clean breeze sweeps over fields and patches of woodland, and you perceive that this is a far more attractive landscape than that which is left in the wake of the coal or iron miner. In fact, the tall, red shaft houses which dot the fields are almost the only signs of the prodigious activity that toils underground by night and day.

Scattered over this rolling country are a dozen different towns, all part of one vast mining camp, Hecla and Calumet, Red Jacket, Blue Jacket, Yellow Jacket, Wolverine, Tamarack, Osceola and Laurium. More than forty thousand people live in these towns and depend on copper for their livelihood. Five thousand men work for the Calumet and Hecla company, and more than half of this army is employed in the underground workings. There are more miles of streets beneath the surface than in the towns on top. Two hundred miles of shafts, drifts and cross-cuts honeycomb the earth as far down as a mile from the surface. To support this amazing system of underground highways, this company uses thirty million feet of timber every year. It is clearing the country of timber for five hundred miles and is eating up the northwestern forest faster than all the lumbering interests. The company has its own logging crews and mills and its great forests. Its lumbering activity is a huge industry in itself.

This upper corner of the stanch American state of Michigan is a show-ground of the people of thirty nations at work, side by side, in peace and comfort. The native-born is outnumbered on a basis of one American to a hundred foreigners. The Cornwall and Finnish miners lead in numbers, followed by the Irish, Scotch, Welsh, German, Polish, French, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Poles, Russians, Hollanders, Greek, Swiss, Austrians, Belgians, Negroes, Slavs, Bohemians, with a sprinkling above ground of Chinese, Arabians, Persians, and one family of Laplanders.

This is an amazing medley of races, in which the American seems fairly lonesome. Among the local newspapers are the *Weekly Glasnik*, the *Daily Paivalehti*, *The American Soumetar*, and *La Sentinelli*. Even the leading American newspaper publishes for the benefit of its subscribers a daily column in the dialect of Cornwall which includes such poetic gems as this:

"Wheal Damsel es a fitty mine,  
Next door to Wheal Kiser;  
Ef the sun forgot to shine  
We should never miss her;  
Give us candle, clay and cap,  
We can see where we must stap,  
Ef to work we do incline,  
Down to Old Wheal Damsel.

## CHORUS

"Pay-day comes on Saturday,  
Restin' time on Sunday,  
Shall we work or shall we play  
'Pon Maaze Monday?\*

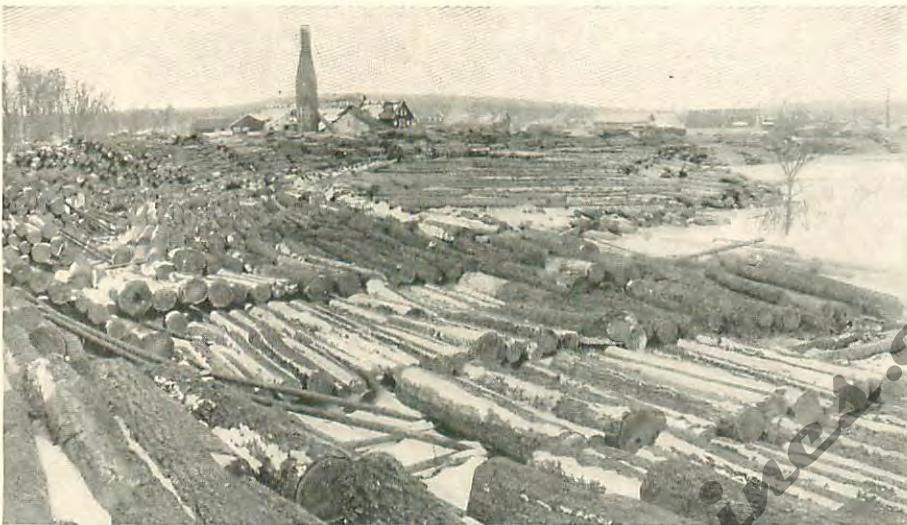
"Ef not chucked weth powder smawk  
And the smell of dyneemite,  
Tes so aisy straight to walk  
As for dogs to bark and bite;  
But touch-pipe in kiddlywink,  
Weth some fourp'ny for to drink,  
Reason 'pon its throne will rock  
Forgettin' old Wheal Damsel.  
Oh, there's trouble in the glass,  
Wuss than boyer-baiten,  
When the thursty time do pass,  
Peggy's tongue es waiten."

The men from Cornwall chuckle over such bits of the home tongue as this, but need no "Maaze Monday" to recover from the effects of visiting the saloons of Calumet or Red Jacket. In fact, this polyglot community is so singularly law-abiding that the horde of sociologists that is rampant in the land should organize a personally conducted tour to this favored community. There is no municipal police force in the district. The towns are under the supervision of a few constables and watchmen, after the manner of one of the old-fashioned New England village communities. There are no strikes, and therefore no need for an emergency police to suppress organized disorders. The Calumet and Hecla company maintains a metropolitan fire department of its own and carries its own insurance. This relieves the towns from the burden of fire protection.

In the town of Calumet two-thirds of the public revenue is received from saloons' license fees, and yet drunkenness seldom becomes disorderly. This town has an income of sixty thousand dollars a year from fees and taxes, and the officials have on their hands the problem of spending a handsome surplus for the benefit of their community. They are using it in paving streets and other permanent improvements instead of in supporting a police force and paying salaries to a lot of political barnacles.

This Calumet, a large and thriving town composed of men of more than a score of different nations, is so much more advanced than most American cities that it

\* In the old days Cornish miners used to require the Monday after pay-day to get over the effects of visiting the kiddlywink, or village public house—hence the name "Maaze Monday."



Photograph by Isler.

A logging yard of a copper mine which eats up 30,000,000 feet of lumber every year.

has a municipal theater, built by the public funds at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. This handsome stone playhouse is leased to a manager who pays the town four per cent. interest on its investment, and who is held responsible for the conduct of the enterprise on a popular and efficient basis.

Here is a large community peopled by foreigners who are alleged to be pouring into this country faster than we can absorb them. They are called a menace to our institutions, and agitators declare that Americanism will be submerged by this swelling tide. The Calumet and Hecla company has worked out its own solution of the immigration problem. Its miners and their families are treated as human beings, and they are good enough Americans to put to shame the spirit and achievements of many a community which brags of its native stock. This company has no complaint to make on the score of lack of efficiency among its employees because they are given a fair show to live decently and make their communities clean and prosperous. It has gone about the business of assimilating a foreign population by methods which do not seem to have occurred to the Chicago packers.

The company owns about twelve hundred dwelling houses in the towns around its mines. They are rented to employees

at an average charge of six per cent. on the actual cost of the building, plus the cost of maintenance. The miners pay from six to eight dollars a month in rent for the small frame houses, not tenements, with a patch of ground big enough for a kitchen garden. Wages are never reduced to fatten dividends. And wages have been good enough to permit one thousand of these miners to purchase outright from the company their own homes, which is a pretty solid argument in itself.

On the company's lands there are about thirty churches, occupied by more than a dozen denominations. The company gave the sites for all these churches, and in many cases has furnished cash aid toward the erection and maintenance funds, without regard to creed. There are eight schoolhouses on the Calumet and Hecla property, most of which were built by the corporation. In these schoolhouses the children of Finns and Welsh and Slavs and Germans, along with the children of twenty other nationalities are fused as in a melting pot to become good Americans of the second generation speaking English as their common tongue, and saluting the Stars and Stripes about their buildings.

A handsome stone library was built by the company without the aid of Andrew Carnegie, for it has been the policy here to return some of the profits, in building insti-

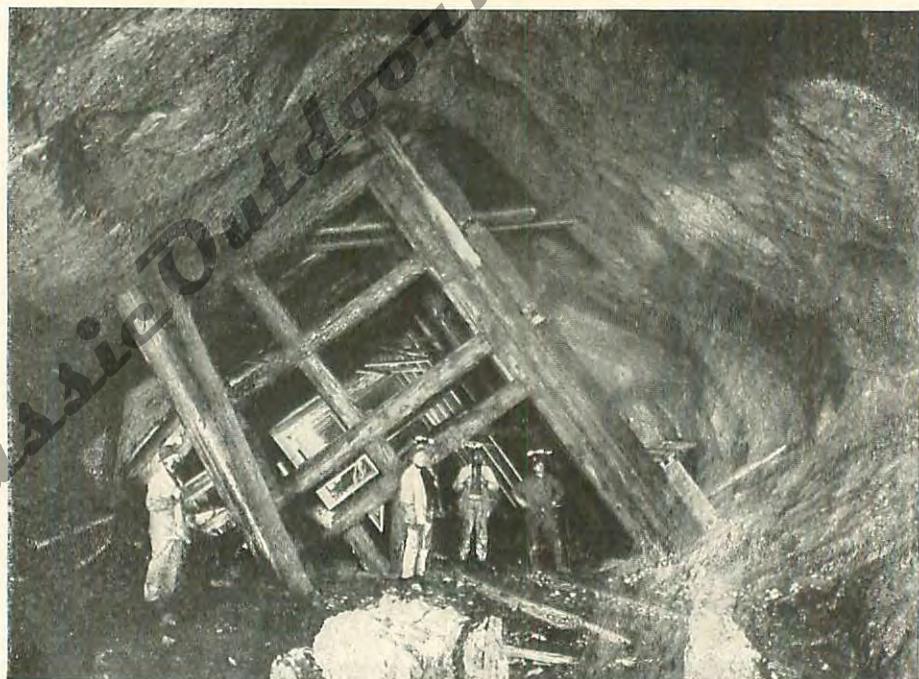
tutions to better the condition of the toilers who helped make the wealth, instead of scattering these profits elsewhere. This free library contains more than sixteen thousand volumes in a score of languages, and it is used and enjoyed by the men and women of all the races that live in this region. There is a fine stone club house built for the miners by their employers, containing bathrooms, bowling alleys, etc. There is also at Lake Linden, where the stamp mills and smelters are, a combination library and club house.

The company maintains for its people a hospital that is widely noted for the completeness of its surgical and laboratory apparatus. A dozen physicians of the hospital staff are ready to respond to the call of any miner or his family needing their services. In 1877 a miners' benefit fund was founded by the company, and its management was turned over to a board of directors chosen by the workmen. This fund pays death and disability benefits, and has disbursed an immense sum since its beginning, every dollar of which has gone to the sick or injured, or to families who

have lost their breadwinners by accident or disease.

Whenever a surplus has accumulated in this fund, it has been invested in the shares of the company, bought in the open market, and this kind of investment has been notably profitable. In one recent year the outlay in benefits from this fund was sixty-five thousand dollars, and the value of the fund, or reserve and surplus in hand, was a hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars. To maintain this fund every employee of the company pays from his wages fifty cents a month. And for every fifty cents paid in by the miner, the company adds to the fund a half dollar from its own pockets. It is therefore a combined charity, philanthropy and assessment organization which has acted as a splendid factor in promoting contentment and keeping at arm's length the sufferings of helpless poverty.

Copper mining is clean work, as mining goes, and the men behind this gigantic enterprise have tried to make their miners feel that thrift and comfort can be theirs for a little effort. The prudent Finnish and English miners save their wages with



Timbering in the Calumet and Hecla Mine—one of the deepest shafts in the world.

an eye to the future. As soon as they have funds ahead, they begin to look up cheap farming and timber tracts for settlement. Then they move their families out of the copper country, and swing the axe instead of the pick, and get their little farms under way. Thus they help to build up the new country of Northern Michigan, and to found American families close to the soil whence the strength of the nation has come.

But as long as they dwell within the shadows of the tall, red shaft houses of Calumet and Hecla, they think and talk little else beside copper. They keep in touch with the copper mines and markets of the world, from Montana to Australia, and from the Rio Tinto in Spain to the deep pits of Cornwall. One of these thrifty towns strikes the stranger as too big for its population. There are few men in the streets through the daylight hours, and the long blocks of stores seem deserted. Here is a world in which half of the men are underground and a good share of the remainder asleep at home, wherefore you can see the whole town above ground and in the streets only on Sunday. These miners go deep after copper. If you go to the famous Red Jacket shaft, for instance, you find the most powerful hoisting machinery in the world, huge engines of as much as eight thousand horse power which reel and unreel drums of wire cable that wind down a straight mile below the surface. These engines hoist ten-ton cars of ore one mile at the rate of forty miles an hour, or from the bottom to the top of this stupendous hole in the ground, in ninety seconds. This is the deepest mining shaft in the world. Apart from this fact, perhaps the most interesting feature of the Red Jacket shaft is in the theory that it is possible to detect the effect of the earth's revolution in a hole as deep as this. No less an authority than President McNair of the Michigan College of Mines has explained the belief that nothing dropped in this deepest of mining shafts can ever reach bottom without colliding with the east side of the shaft.

"This is due to the motion of the earth," said he. "The article dropped, no matter what its shape or size may be, will invariably be found clinging to the east side of the shaft. One day a monkey wrench was

dropped by a miner, but it failed to reach the bottom and was found lodged against the east side of the shaft several hundred feet down. We decided that to make a proper test of the theory, it would be worth while to experiment with a small, heavy, spherical body. So we suspended a marble tied with a thread about twelve feet below the mouth of the shaft. We then burned the thread with a lighted match in order not to disturb the exact fall of the marble. About five hundred feet down, it brought up against the east side of the shaft. When miners have fallen down the shaft the result has been similar. Their bodies, badly torn, have been found lodged against the east side of the shaft. A carload of rock was dumped down the deepest mining shaft in South Africa, but not a particle of it reached the bottom."

Professor McNair has said also, that the limit of depth to which mines can be driven and worked has not yet been reached. The temperature at the bottom of the Red Jacket was almost ninety degrees when it was first opened, but this has been reduced by ventilation to between seventy and eighty degrees, at which miners work in comparative comfort. In the opinion of Professor McNair, the Red Jacket shaft will supply the most valuable data ever gathered relating to the thickness and densities of the earth's crust. "The deep shafts in other parts of the world begin at an altitude, and end at, or above, sea level," said he, "whereas this shaft pierces the earth's crust deeper and farther below the ocean level than any other hole in existence. Scientific investigations have been in progress for some time, and we hope to make public some interesting results."

It is a fascinating hole in the ground, simply because of its amazing depth, but it is not an easy hole to enter if you are not personally vouched for by President Agassiz of the Calumet and Hecla company. Strangers are not admitted, and the reason is startling. Underground fires have imperilled this vast property more than once, and it is believed that they were of incendiary origin. Whether or not rival copper companies are suspected of such a piratical method of curtailing the supply of metal is something you must guess for yourself.



Photograph by Isler.

The "man cage" filled with miners and ready to plunge a mile underground.

This is the greatest fire risk in the world, and it is protected by a water-main and telephone system underground, pumping stations and electric alarm systems. The company has lost several million dollars in fires, however, and is cautious to the point of acute suspicion. The elaborate system of fire protection was severely tested in 1890 when an alarm was turned in on Sunday night. There were only a few employees in the workings, and the fire had gained frightful headway before it was dis-

covered. Then the burning area of the mine was shut off by closing a system of fireproof doors. The surface opening was sealed by covering the mouths of the shafts with heavy timbers, and tamping all the crevices with earth. Wherever gas escaped more earth was tamped and made solid with water. In three weeks the fire was smothered in this fashion, and other shafts were kept working without interruption. Fires in deep mines have burned for years, and the masterful system by which the

Calumet and Hecla has been able to protect its property is in keeping with its resourceful enterprise in other directions. The layman is apt to wonder how a mine can be swept by a destructive fire. But in those vast labyrinths which Calumet and Hecla has driven beneath the earth, there is more timber than goes into the buildings of many a pretentious and prosperous city. And if this mine were burned out, there would be a direct loss of scores of millions of dollars, and an indirect loss of hundreds of millions.

There is an impressive industrial community above ground in such an undertaking as this. There are saw-mills and carpenter shops, smithies greater than can be found anywhere else except in the works of the most extensive manufacturers of machinery, with a hundred busy blacksmiths. Fifty tons of steel drills have to be sharpened every day, and an army of boys is needed to lug them between the shops and the mines. Warehouses and supply stations, a private railroad operating twenty miles of main track, a fleet of steamships, these and many other parts of this huge industrial organization are kept in motion by the copper ore that is hoisted from thousands of feet below the surface.

The ruler of this lusty kingdom is James McNaughton, superintendent of the Calumet and Hecla mine. Five thousand men take orders from him, and he pays them six million dollars a year in wages. His story is one of those miracles that happen in this "land of opportunity." He was born in Ontario forty years ago, and left home to hustle for himself. At twelve years old he was a water-boy on the Calumet and Hecla docks on the lake front. Between working hours he managed to peg away at school until he was fourteen. Then he became a switch tender, and a year later was a stationary engineer earning two dollars a day, and saving half of it toward an education.

At nineteen he put himself in Oberlin College, and began to think of being a mining engineer. By working during vacation he was able to take a two years' course at the University of Michigan. After graduation he obtained a position in the Boston offices of the Calumet and Hecla company. From there he took a berth as a mining engineer at Iron Mountain, Michigan. At

last returning to the Calumet and Hecla he fought his way to the top and was made superintendent five years ago.

Now mark you what the personal equation of one strong and able man can accomplish as soon as it finds its field for action. Without cutting wages, or overworking his men, or curtailing any of the company's many philanthropic enterprises, McNaughton began to tighten up the screws for a better efficiency. He has saved millions of dollars for his shareholders, and what his ability has amounted to may be perceived in the statement that he has cut the cost of mining and milling the ore almost in half.

There is a somewhat prevalent impression that captains of industry are overpaid, that the army of toilers pays unfair tribute to those who control their labor. I do not know what salary the Calumet and Hecla company pays James McNaughton, yet if he were given a hundred thousand dollars a year, not a miner in Calumet could object with fairness. For every one of them is getting as good wages as ever, and is as generously treated by his employers, nor have any miners been deprived of their jobs. But because he has the brains and the backbone, McNaughton is able to create millions of dollars in industrial wealth with exactly the same tools which could not create this additional wealth in less competent hands.

The Michigan copper miner earns from sixty to seventy-five dollars a month, with steady employment the year round. With this he is able to have a home and pay his bills, educate his children and protect his family if he is overtaken by sickness or death. Nor is he of a different class from the average immigrant who seeks this land from all quarters of Europe. The difference is in the environment and in the way he is handled and taught after he lands. His employers believe that he has something more due him than the right to exist and toil. They give him a chance to live like a man and he looks around him and sees a thousand homes owned outright by miners who began just as he is beginning, as strangers in a strange land who have only their labor to sell. There are no labor unions among the miners of the Calumet region. The miners say that they do not need them. They are satisfied with their wages, and their living conditions,

and they prefer to work the whole year through to being on strike for higher wages.

While there is not much of the picturesque in this mining region, it is a cheering American example of what can be done with the problem of foreign immigration. Nor could this problem be more varied and vexatious than amid so great an assortment of tongues, customs and racial prejudices. The Calumet and Hecla company appears to have gone a long way toward a solution by sticking to certain old-fashioned doctrines of fair play and honest appreciation of the bonds between capital and labor.

If you would see copper transformed from a dull and unlovely ore into something really beautiful, then follow it from the mine to the smelter. My pilgrimage to the Michigan copper country ended with a visit to a smelter near the town of Houghton, where the long ore-trains come trailing over the hills from the stamp mills which grind the fragments of ore to a powder that looks like coarse brown sugar. From the cars it is dumped into elevated bins which shoot it into other cars that run across a trestle to the great furnaces whose heat is twenty-three hundred degrees.

Here the ore must be purified as it melts, and the refiner dumps cord wood into the glowing cauldron, and blows air through the mass to clean away the dross. At one end of the furnace is a trough, and at the proper time a gate is opened and the liquid copper floods out in a dazzling stream of gold. With a wonderful play of colored flames, of blue and crimson and violet, the liquid travels onward into ingot molds which are set around the edge of a huge wheel. On the hub of this wheel sits a man who rides this chariot of fire with amazing skill and indifference to his incandescent surroundings.

As the slowly revolving wheel brings one set of molds opposite the copper ladle, he fills them and they move on while others take their places. By the opposite rim of the wheel is another workman who pries the cooling ingots from their molds as they pass him. This is pure, commercial copper, made while you wait, each ingot weighing forty-six pounds and worth six

dollars in the metal market. Their color is bright red shading off into tints of steel blue.

They are dumped into running water to cool off, and a most ingenious machine with steel fingers picks them up and lugs them up a dripping incline over which they clatter and slide down on a platform ready for the warehouse. Two strong men whose hands are protected by cloth pads, pick them up and swing them on to cars until 30,000 pounds make the load. A squat electric locomotive, not as tall as the man who operates it, waits until a train of these cars is ready. Then it rattles away to the shed without fuss or effort.

Upon each of these little cars is piled \$4,500 worth of copper which has been transformed from the ore into the shining ingots while you have paused for a few minutes to watch the process. So swiftly wrought is this miracle, so deftly easy looks the process by which the turn of a wheel seems to create wealth before your eyes, that you are inclined to number copper among the precious metals.

No more than six or seven men have been busied in this whole operation, yet in one good working day they will turn out two hundred thousand pounds of copper ingots which are worth thirty thousand dollars. This crew once made a world's record for a week's production of more than a million pounds of copper worth one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The daily charge of two hundred thousand pounds is smelted in five or six hours. It is a most fascinating mining exhibit, without fuss, dirt or discomfort, with no uproar and no foul air.

After seeing the mining region beyond the hills, and watching the smelting, you begin to think that a copper mine may be as worth while owning as a gold mine in Alaska. But while the profits of the Calumet and Hecla mine are so dazzling and enviable, nobody will begrudge them as long as these communities of mining folk up among the woods and fields of Michigan are being made good Americans in the smelter of an honest corporation's sense of responsibility for the thousands of men, women and children whom wealth and power have committed to its keeping.

# WHEN A PATHAN TAKES OFFENSE

BY W. A. FRASER

DRAWING BY CHARLES SARKA



THE Bolan Pass, the high-road to Afghanistan, is a cleft cut in the Suleiman Mountains by the Bolan River, and where this snow-bred torrent is quaffed by the thirsty desert is the town of Sibi, known as "The White Man's Grave." Seventy miles northeast from Sibi is the Kuttan Valley, which holds the prize thief-tribe of the world. Each Marrie is a king looter in his own right. And this story is a reading of their gentle ways.

It was in '85—the year the black scourge, cholera, left the Bolan Pass a vast graveyard—that four of us sahibs, having business in Marrie-land because of Government Hookum (order), stepped from the train at Sibi, and thrust ourselves into the heritage of trouble that is always the accompaniment of dealings with the Pathans—for a Marrie is a Pathan, and everything else that is unholy.

Andrew Slade was our Bara Sahib; concisely, our "boss."

To relate in sequence all the happenings that came to us would be volume one, and this is a short story of the Marries' affection for other people's property.

When the old Teshildar (Sibi Governor) spoke of the road to Kuttan, it was just a touch of Oriental humor—there was no such thing. The way led over great mountains standing on their heads. We had stores and machinery to transport, and for this camels and bullock-carts and elephants. For the incidental preservation of our own lives we had guns and a guard of thirty *sowars* (native cavalry).

I rode a Beluch mare—which is an object

constructed of whalebone, animated by the spirit of the devil; my saddle was a weak imitation of a saw-buck. And because of this and some other things when I arrived in the Kuttan Valley, in violence of temper, I could discount my erratic animal.

The seventy-mile pilgrimage was a chapter of incidents. We traveled chiefly at night, for being in the hottest corner of the world the sun cremated us while the spirit was still in the flesh. The Pathans hovered about our line of march in the hills, and when a cart became detached they just looted it. That was an incident. The so-called road lay on the side of each mountain like a string of Z's topping each other; zig-zagging its laborious way up the sandy roof of the Suleimans.

My guide, a Pathan, mounted on his sure-footed hill-pony that was first cousin to a goat, scorned these angular detours and cut straight up from one shelf to another. This, like everything else, led to an incident, personal enough to be remembered.

Scrambling up one of these steep slopes, behind our guide, I felt my saddle slip to the mare's loins. She dug her toes into the treacherous gravel, humped her back like a cat taking a fence, and we hung for a second in the balance. Behind, fifteen feet away, was a mountain furrow three hundred feet deep. A treacherous slip to her knees, and we started to back water. Throwing myself from the mare's back I clung to the lines, and my weight just anchored her on the edge of the cliff. It ruffled the mare's temper so much that she twice tried to kick me as I plodded along behind, content now to walk to the top.

In the Kuttan Valley we pitched our tents, and the third night a Marrie came

and with his sharp tulwar slit the canvas side of Slade's habitation, and took it away with him. In the morning the sleeping *shahib* awoke to an uninterrupted view of the sky that is always blue in those mountains.

This annexation of his castle wall prejudiced our Bara Sahib against the hill-men, and when two large belts—one rubber and one leather—were missing, he spoke ill words of the inhabitants. This looting act seemed such a piece of gratuitous unfriendliness. Possessors of nothing but a few sheep and their implements of industry, knives and guns, machinery belts must prove superfluous. But when the tribesmen paid us friendly calls, joyous in the possession of new sandals, unmistakably cut from our belts, Slade withdrew his expression of "damn fools," leaving the stigma of "cheeky thieves."

However it was considered politic and less troublous to send for other belts rather than seek to arrest the whole tribe. The Marries were subjects of the Khan of Khelat theoretically; in actuality they knew only the chieftainship of their headman, and the guidance of their own sweet wills. The Khan of Khelat was a vassal of the British Raj, and the belts would be deducted from his subsidy.

The very atmosphere of those hills was productive of robbery. When the tribesmen were not looting, the hyenas and hill-leopards were taking our milk-goats from the very tent doors.

But the real happening came about over an innocent bottle of White Rose perfume; hardly forceful enough in its innocuous daintiness to set the death angel stalking through that mountain valley, one would think.

A caravan of three camels, bringing us supplies, was looted ten miles back on the trail. The owner came to our camp with his burdenless camels, and a sword cut in his cheek. Most of the stolen freight had been personal supplies of the Bara Sahib, and one item was a box of White Rose.

Strangely enough Slade, who was as big and gaunt as an Afghan, was as fond of perfume as a woman. He cursed with vehemence as he dressed the camel man's wound, and chuckled ironically at thought of a greasy, evil-smelling Pathan spraying his unkempt hair with subtle White Rose.

"God in heaven!" Slade ejaculated; "fancy one of these sheepskin-coated brutes whipping out my bottle of White Rose and taking a whiff."

Next day the camel man informed Slade that the three Pathans who had held him up were even then down at the *sowars'* camp—he had seen them.

"Of all the cheek," growled the Bara Sahib, stalking angrily down to the encampment.

"That's the leader," the camel man said, pointing to as fine a specimen of cut-throat as we had yet seen, even in that land of freebooters.

Slade called to the Subardar of the troop to arrest the Pathan. The latter, taking the scent of trouble, commenced to back sullenly away with his two comrades. Slade, fearing he might escape, jumped and grabbed him. There was a fierce struggle, the Pathan striving to draw his tulwar. Suddenly, with a bang, the Bara Sahib's fist crashed on the Pathan's jaw, and he fell like a log. The *sowars*, running to the fray, had seized his two companions.

The Pathan denied emphatically, in fierce *pusto*, participation in the robbery. He was Ghazi Khan, a warrior, also an owner of sheep, and not a looter of the sahib's property. But on his person was the most conclusive circumstantial evidence. The sheep taint had been subdued almost to the edge of sweetness by the Bara Sahib's White Rose.

The robber was figuratively passed around for a sniff of identification. Besides, the man he had carved with his tulwar denounced him. The robber was taken to Sibi by a guard of *sowars*, swearing by the Beard of Allah he would yet send the infidel Feringhee, Slade, to the abode of everlasting torment, which is the lot of all unbelievers.

"He'll cool off before he gets out," Slade remarked. But the camel man, either because of bribery or through fear of the Pathan, passed into oblivion, taking with him his wound, and the court, considering the White Rose too evanescent as evidence, failed to convict the robber. Ghazi Khan came back to his castle, which was a cave on the mountain side; and though Slade laughed at our fears, we felt that evil would yet come of this nasty incident.

A month passed, and though things hap-

pened there was no deviltry traceable to our friend of the White Rose.

A Bara Sahib is a man who is allowed to do just as he likes, but we remonstrated with Slade for his habit of wandering about the hills alone, collecting geological specimens. Our remonstrance was useless.

One afternoon Slade went out on a search for ammonites, armed with nothing but a geologist's hammer and a bag for specimens. I saw him cross the small stream that wound like a turquoise anklet about the feet of the mountains down in the bottom of the valley. I watched him pick his way up the red sandy slope of a mountain, that looked so near in that rare atmosphere. Presently he disappeared from view, and I went about my duties.

At five o'clock the pale blue sky was suddenly made dark as though night had arrived ahead of time. A hurricane tore up the valley that was like a tunnel, and its voice was as the cannonading of great guns. Our tents were crumpled as though they had been but tissue paper. In the wake of the wind came the dropping to earth of a sea—it was as though the bottom had been pulled from under a lake up in the skies. Then huge bins of hail burst their sides, and an avalanche of ice beads shot from the clouds.

In less than an hour it was all over. The sky, placid once more, began to gray with the frown of eventide; the stars peeped down shy'ly between the mountain walls rising three thousand feet on either side of us, and down in the valley the turquoise stream, that was now sullen red in its anger, roared hoarsely as it battled with the rocks, and dredged new channels in the yielding sand.

Slade had not returned. It seemed a strange fatality that he should have been on Ghazi Khan's home mountain during the storm, for Marrie-land was just a desert stood on end, rain falling but once or twice during the year.

We waited for a time, thinking that perhaps he had been detained by the flooded torrent. But it grew dark, and still he had not returned. Then, taking a dozen *sowars*, with heavy hearts we set out to search for the missing sahib. Fording the torrent nearly cost us a couple of lives. We were neck deep in its icy waters at times, and twirled about like corks as we clung to each other, a human chain.

Once across we separated. With three *sowars* I made for the cave-home of Ghazi Khan, while the others spread out fan-like, and worked up the mountain side, calling, and swinging their lanterns. My men led the way up a ravine that now held a small stream, though its sides bore the marks of recent flood.

Suddenly the *sowar* in the lead tripped over something, and fell. As he came to earth he cried out in horror: "*Allah! admara bai!*"

My heart stood still. A dead man! It must be Slade.

In dread I rushed to the trooper's side. In the night light I could make out a crumpled figure wedged amongst the boulders. Fearfully, with repugnance, I put out my hand, and it fell upon a tangled matted beard. That the touch of a dead man could bring a thrill of joy to one living seems strange, but I muttered in thankfulness: "Thank God! it's not poor old Slade." I struck a match and held it close to the face of the dead man—it was Ghazi Khan. His shoulders were wedged tight between two rocks; it required force to release him.

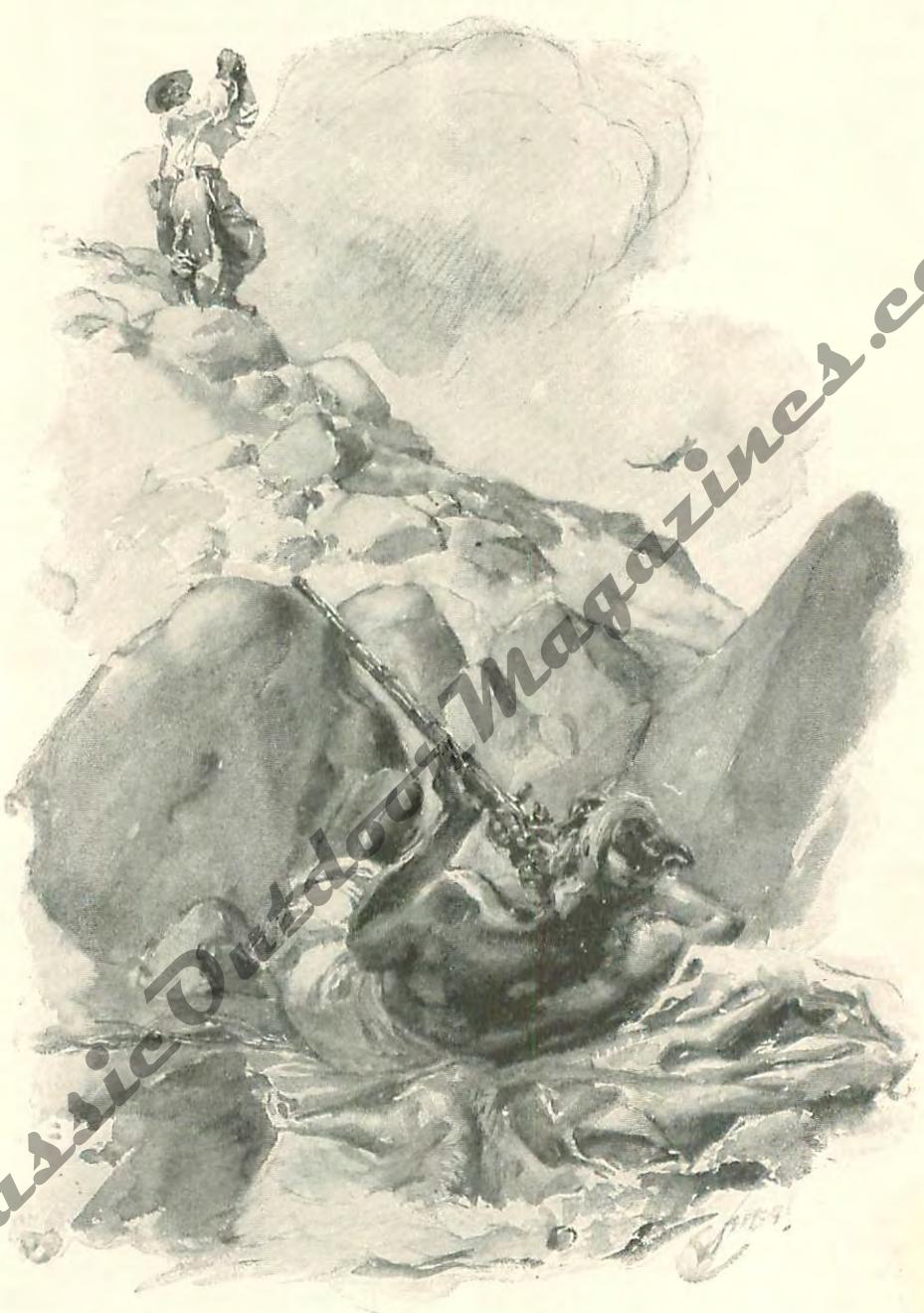
But still we had not found our missing friend. So, leaving a man with the body, we continued on up the mountain. No need now to go to the cave—the tragedy, whatever it was, had been enacted on the mountain side. Till midnight we searched, seeing at times the blinking eye of the lanterns flitting erratically here and there, up and down, and finally in the bottom of the valley where the torrent's voice was now all but hushed. Then we went back, carrying the dead Pathan with us, hoping that the other party had found Slade, and living.

The stream had fallen, and we crossed with less difficulty. When we came to the tents we found the Bara Sahib in bed, and my comrades listening to his part of the drama.

When Slade saw the dead Ghazi Khan he exclaimed: "He got his just deserts, though I had not hoped for such swift retribution."

Then he commenced again at the beginning and told us what had occurred:

"About four o'clock I saw this Pathan cutthroat, Ghazi Khan, sta'king me; he was crawling on his hands and knees, and



"I knew he was watching me like a cat, probably had the long barrel of his rifle trained on me."

Drawing by Charles Sarka.

his sheepskin coat made him look for all the world like a sheep. I think he had his baggy white breeches rolled up to hide them.

"At first I did think it a stray sheep or goat, for that was his game of course.

"Perhaps he slipped on a stone—I don't know just what happened, but I caught a glint of white cloth, and knew at once that it was Ghazi. And the villain had cunningly got below me, or I'd have made a break down the mountain side, and let him blaze away at me on the run. He was working near for a pot shot—he would never come to close quarters, or I might have had a chance with the hammer.

"I continued my peaceful occupation of chipping rock, and you can rest assured that the corner of my eye was doing big business. I was thinking some, too. I knew that when he had worked well within range, Ghazi would take a crack at me with his long-barreled *jeqail*.

"All at once I remembered a cave in the very gorge in which you found the dead Pathan; I had prospected it for fossils. It was in a cañon probably five hundred yards long—a regular cleft in the mountain, with steep walls ten to twenty feet high. I had visited it before by climbing up from the bottom of the cañon. But I knew that I could get to it by dropping from above to a ledge at the cave mouth.

"Unfortunately, to reach it, I had to approach the skulking Pathan. But I took a chance, and worked down toward the cave, cracking away with my hammer, and sauntering along indifferently, as though I was quite unaware of the cutthroat who had now, seeing me coming his way, hidden behind a rock. I surmised he would do this, and it was just a question of whether the cave was well within his range or not. It might be, and he might shoot before I had a chance to slip over the bank. It was a bit hard on the nerve, I must say. I daren't look toward him, and expected every minute to hear the ringing crack of his rifle, and feel the hot plow of his bullet.

"He must have chuckled to himself as he saw me coming closer and closer, and felt how completely I was in his power. He could see that I was unarmed, and probably that was why he waited just a trifle too long. Once in the cave he could not reach

me with his rifle, and I cou'd hold half a dozen Pathans at bay with my hammer.

"To reach that hole in the rocks meant safety. I knew that when I did not return at night you would come searching for me, and Ghazi Khan would have to clear out.

"I suppose I was not a hundred yards from the rock behind which Ghazi Khan crouched when I stood on the brink of the cañon just above the cave. I picked a sample of rock from my bag and examined it critically. Then I unshipped the bag from my shoulder, and taking another piece from it held it up to the light, somewhat in the direction of Ghazi's rock.

"I knew he was watching me like a cat, probably had the long barrel of his rifle trained on me, and thought that as my face turned his way, busy with the examination of the specimen, he would conceal himself for a minute for fear of being seen.

"I suppose that is what he did, for, with a quick move, I dropped to the ledge and bolted into the cave. He must have been an astonished Pathan when he peeped again and saw nothing of the sahib he was making so sure of.

"I did not expose myself, but kept a sharp look-out just inside the mouth of the cave. I was there about fifteen minutes when the storm broke. It came with awful suddenness—it seemed only a minute till the cañon was a mill-race. I began to fear that I should be drowned right in the cave.

"I suppose Ghazi Khan knew that I was in the cañon somewhere, and was working his way up it when the torrent caught him; at any rate I did not see him again until I looked upon him here—dead.

"When it became dark I climbed the slope above, and made my way cautiously down into the valley. But I was forced to make a long detour up stream to find a crossing."

We never knew just how Ghazi Khan came by his death. One of his legs was broken. Whether he fell going down into the cañon, and so snapped the bone, and was caught thus disabled by the torrent, or whether the rushing waters had smashed his limb against a rock, we knew not.

At any rate he was very dead, which was a fortunate thing for the Bara Sahib's welfare.



"OUCH!"—Drawing the splinter.

Photograph by R. R. Sallows.

# SEE AMERICA FIRST

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

THE transatlantic liner was dropping slowly down New York Bay, outward bound. The air was crisp and thin, the sky clear blue, and the waters sparkled in the sunlight. Two women stood on the steamer's deck, apart from the crowd, talking and looking at the changing beauties of the great cyclorama spread about them from this central point. They were representative Anglo-Saxon women, at least so far as concerned wealth, social position and educational advantages. One was of New York, the other of London. They had met two hours before through the introduction of a mutual friend who had come down to the ship to say good-bye.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Mrs. Jonathan with a note of home pride in her tones. What they saw was American purely, and she was talking to an Englishwoman.

"Not only beautiful," replied Mrs. John, heartily, "but significant." This was not Mrs. John's first visit to America and she had been among us long enough to have Americanized her Anglicism to its benefit.

"Significant of what?" queried Mrs. Jonathan, who it must be admitted was no more profound than many of her sisters. "I don't quite understand."

The Englishwoman raised her eyebrows inquisitively, good-naturedly, commiseratingly perhaps.

"Have you never thought how new it all is?" she responded.

"Like everything American," almost sighed Mrs. Jonathan. "That is why I love to go to the old countries. You know one feels in America as if she were living always in a new house newly furnished. Perhaps I may lack in loyalty to my own, but, you know, I do like a little smell of mold—a sense of use, of age—a ruined castle here and there—something with the

moss of history draping its weather-worn walls."

Mrs. John laughed pleasantly,

"Very prettily put, indeed," she said, "and quite commendable in sentiment, but have you never thought as you have stood low in the valley of the Yosemite and looked upon those massive walls uprearing to the clouds that they were old enough—that they were old, old, old, thousands of years before the stone in the moss-covered walls of Europe's oldest historic structures had been taken from the earth?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Jonathan appealingly, "I don't mean that kind of old. I mean artificial old. Of course, I know that our hills are as old as any others, but I don't go abroad to see the hills of other lands. It isn't nature, but art and history that attract me, don't you know."

"Still you appreciate the grand works of nature?" persisted Mrs. John.

"Oh, well—yes, of course—I suppose so," Mrs. Jonathan admitted somewhat on the instalment plan.

"You have seen Yosemite?" said Mrs. John, half inquiry, half affirmation.

"Never, but I have always——"

"Never seen Yosemite?" exclaimed Mrs. John, amazed almost to the limit of good manners in polite conversation.

"No; it is so far, don't you know. So awfully out West."

"But not farther than across the sea," argued Mrs. John, ignoring, or not grasping, the significance of "out West" to the eastern woman.

"Isn't it?" Mrs. Jonathan asked as if she knew it must be vastly farther away than London.

"Not so far in days," Mrs. John kindly explained, "for as you Americans say, it is 'rail all the way.'"

"But nobody goes to Yosemite except excursionists," Mrs. Jonathan contended, "and I abominate excursions."

"I went," said Mrs. John simply.

Mrs. Jonathan felt the need of apologizing. "Oh, I don't mean foreigners. They feel in duty bound to see everything."

"If they think what you have in America is worth coming so far to see, won't you admit that it is worth seeing?"

"But you are different. You have the old and want to see the new; we have the new and want to see the old."

"The intelligent foreigner wants to see both—the works of man and the works of nature."

"The improved and the unimproved," laughed Mrs. Jonathan, quite nearly a superficial giggle. "As for me, I'd rather see St. Peter's at Rome than—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. John, "the groves were God's first temples. You have never seen the big trees of California?"

Mrs. Jonathan shook her head.

"Then you should, and when you see them, I am sure you will not feel as you do. You have visited Egypt?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Jonathan brightening at the prospect of a change in the conversation. "I was there for a month last winter. The temples of Karnak—"

"Pardon me," Mrs. John graciously interrupted, "I think I know what you would say, but if only you could stand in the bed of Cedar Creek and look upward to the arch of the Natural Bridge of Virginia, you would see a temple entrance grander than ever Karnak knew. No human architect has ever builded such an arch as that! You have seen the Alps?"

Mrs. Jonathan brightened again. This Englishwoman was making her uncomfortable. Perhaps there were things at home which she should have seen, but they were always with her and she intended to see them some time. First, however—

"Oh, yes," she replied, a bit proudly perhaps, "many times. Now, you must admit we haven't anything—"

"The Alps are beautiful," interrupted Mrs. John, "they are more than that, but stand at the level of the sea and look toward Mt. Ranier out yonder on your Pacific Coast. There you will see a glory of lofty whiteness clothed in such pinks and purples as never laid their light upon the Alps—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mrs. Jonathan, pulling herself together fiercely, "but really you go into such raptures over what you have seen in America that I begin to think you are a real estate boomer or the editor of a railroad folder. You are not, are you?" .

Mrs. John frowned for a moment and began to laugh.

"Well," she explained, "I have lived in California for five years and perhaps my enthusiasm has grown over-luxuriantly there as everything else does. But you Americans, or most of you at least, need somebody to stir you up on your own attractions."

"You are doing your full duty by us," smiled Mrs. Jonathan, feeling somewhat stronger since her revolt.

"I hope so, and I may be over-zealous. Without any object beyond talking about what the beauties of America are, I begin to talk about them to Americans, feeling that no subject would be more interesting, no praise sweeter than that of one's own things, when, lo, they have no knowledge of their own, and the very surprise of it sends me off into a sort of hysteria of description. I feel like a discoverer telling of the strange things he has seen."

"That's the way it sounded to me," Mrs. Jonathan kindly admitted.

"But I don't care," Mrs. John went on smoothly, "for I am doing some good, I know. Why, only last week I spoke to a New Yorker about the Grand Cañon of the Colorado—and in all the world there is nothing showing such gorgeousness of color, such terrors of nature—and do you know, he said he didn't know there was a Grand Cañon in Colorado. I asked him scornfully if he had ever heard of Pike's Peak, and he said with a beaming countenance that he had because it was not far from there that he had an interest in a mining claim which was paying twenty-five per cent."

"That sort of dividend is quite Pike's peakian," laughed Mrs. Jonathan, "at least as compared with those from my husband's mining property out there."

Mrs. John took it pleasantly. It was not the first time she had seen the dollar mark showing itself on the American mind. "And there was another man," she said, "he was from Philadelphia. He was telling

me about some wonderful spring of real boiling water which squirted—that was his word—up into the air as high as his head. I told him there were in Yellowstone Park hundreds of hot springs greater than any in Europe, and there were scores of geysers spouting out there two hundred and even three hundred feet high, any one of which would have made any European locality famous to Americans, and he opened his eyes and said he thought all those stories were mere railroad advertisements to attract the ignorant."

"They didn't seem to have attracted him," ventured Mrs. Jonathan. "I know better than that myself."

"Good, good," cried Mrs. John. "Some day I am sure you will see for yourself. There is no place on earth like the Park!"

"But there is history," ventured Mrs. Jonathan lamely, the meanwhile wondering why it was an Englishwoman was positively the most disagreeable of all her sex when she wanted to be.

"What is history," countered Mrs. John, "but a story of wars? Have you ever visited the battlefield at Gettysburg, only a few hours from New York, and wandered over it? It is a turning-point in history, and a monument to victor and vanquished whose equal does not exist and never has existed in any land. It is a tribute of Peace to War in which all the gentler arts have combined to hide this crimson page of history.

"You went to Niagara on your wedding trip, didn't you?" continued Mrs. John, with a pretty touch of sentiment.

"Oh, yes, it was quite the vogue when I was married," responded Mrs. Jonathan cheerily, "but I wouldn't think of doing so now. But I can remember how it impressed me, and I felt that there couldn't be anything quite so grand as that."

"There isn't, in the way of a waterfall," corroborated Mrs. John. "There are plenty of waterfalls in Europe, but they have to be lighted by colored lights and paid for in your hotel bill to make any show worth looking at, while Niagara is worthy of all that has been written of it and painted of it and said of it. You were there on your wedding trip; now when you get home again, pack up your luggage and that good husband of yours—oh, I have heard of him—and start out on another trip from New

York City. Go up the Hudson to Lake George, and through placid Lake Champlain, where old Fort Ticonderoga is history and reminds you of the ruins on the Rhine. From Plattsburg go winding by rail into the Adirondacks, the little Switzerland of the East, and by stage—you will think you are going among the lesser Alps by diligence—whither you will, and finally come again to the railway leading southward. Thence to the lake region of central New York, some day destined to be like the lake region of England, only much greater in extent, thence on to Niagara of your bridal days, but not the same. Man's hand has marred the work of nature, but nature is still triumphant. Now by the Great Lakes—their kind you will not find however far you travel beyond the sea—and on and on, a thousand miles through fields of waving grain, and pastures like a sea on which the herds are sails, and you come to Denver, a mile above the world you've lived in. As long as you please you may wander in the clear, dry air, seeing an Alp at every turn, snow-clad till the earth burns up. Away again, over roads that pass through clouds and take your breath till you stop at Salt Lake in which your famous Dead Sea could be preserved in brine and nobody could find it. You have seen the Golden Horn?"

Mrs. Jonathan nodded. That's all she could do. She was speechless in this rush of language.

"Well," Mrs. John flew on, "when you have seen the Golden Gate you will not wonder at the difference between Turkey and California. But keep moving—" poor Mrs. Jonathan was getting awfully tired—"and go north now past Shasta, and Hood and Ranier, and their lesser satellites of snowy peaks, to Seattle, a city sitting on more hills than Rome ever knew, and take a steamer for the inside passage to Skagway. There you will find a new land of the Midnight Sun with fiords no less grand and gloomy; or turn from the shadows to the sunlight and stop in Southern California. You have seen the Riviera? Yes?" Mrs. John didn't give Mrs. Jonathan time to even nod an affirmation, but was going again. "You will see a fresher and finer one there. And you will hear the old, old mission bells ringing in the new. Such flowers, such scenery, such fruits, such sunshine, such—but pardon me, I promised

not to rhapsodize, didn't I? Turn eastward now, going through the Mojave Desert, stopping on the way to stare and stagger before the awful magnificence of the Grand Cañon I told you of, and to see the petrified forest, as a reminder of ruins older than Baalbec and Babylon. At New Orleans, a little southern Paris, take steamer up the Mississippi—though down it is quicker—for a thousand miles through the land of cotton and the cane, thence into the Ohio, and for another thousand sail through a picture valley to Pittsburg, where the iron works and money make Titian and Vulcan and Tubal Cain look like thirty cents, as you Americans say. Then there are the coal fields of Pennsylvania; the gold fields of the far West; the great plains that seem to have no end; cities that have risen in a night to wealth and power; colleges whose buildings are sermons in stone; men and women who in science and art and literature——”

Mrs. Jonathan took a long, long breath.

“Good gracious!” she exclaimed, “I'd be dead before I had done all that.”

“Dead?” laughed Mrs. John, her cheeks as pink as if she had made the trip on horseback. “Why, my dear lady, you would have just waked up. The half hasn't been told you.”

“There isn't any more to see in this country, is there?” asked Mrs. Jonathan.

“Oh, I have plenty more,” laughed Mrs. John.

“I'm sure of that; but use them on some other American unappreciative of her own country. You've used enough on me to convince me that I have been very remiss. You know we have to look to the older countries for what the years have brought to them in the finer things of life.”

“But the trend of civilization is to the westward,” was the quick reply.

“What I have said about Americans,” Mrs. John became serious again, “does not in any sense mean that I oppose their going

to Europe and all over the world. The more they do that the better Americans they will become. But I do think that before trying to find out what may be found away from home they first see what may be found worth knowing and telling of in their own country. In that way they become widely distributed books of reference, and while they are learning of other people and things they can teach of their own. I never have seen an American who was not better for having been away from home, but I have seen many who would have made a better impression if they had known America more and Europe less.”

“Me, for example?” said Mrs. Jonathan, just as most people do when the other person makes an ambiguous statement.

“No, now,” laughed Mrs. John, “and yes, when you first told me you had not seen your own country. Some people won't learn when they have the chance, imagining they know it all. But you are progressive, as all good Americans are, and now that you have grasped the idea I feel quite sure you will not stop until you have become fully Americanized.”

“As you are?” nodded Mrs. Jonathan.

“As I am and glad to be, and am I any the worse Englishwoman for it?” responded Mrs. John.

“No, indeed, but for a little while I thought you were about the most disagreeable type of your people I had ever seen. Not that you were so narrow, as so many of them are, but that you were so much broader than I was.”

“After that we can't help being friends,” said Mrs. John, extending her hand as men do under such circumstances, “and when you have reached England you must come and stay as long as you wish in my home to prove that I mean well, if I don't always quite say it.”

“You promise not to say a word about my great and glorious country?” queried Mrs. Jonathan, smiling acceptance.



# THE WAY OF A MAN

BY EMERSON HOUGH

## CHAPTER I

### THE KISSING OF MISS GRACE SHERATON



ADMIT I kissed her. Perhaps I should not have done so. Perhaps I would not do so again. Had I known what was to come I could not have done so. Nevertheless I did.

After all, it was not strange. All things about us conspired to be accessory and incendiary. The air of the Virginia morning was so soft and warm, the honeysuckles along the wall were so languid sweet, the bees in the spring roses so fat and lazy, the smell of the orchard was so rich, the south wind from the fields so wanton! Moreover, I was only twenty-six. As it chances, I was this sort of a man: thick in the arm and neck, deep through, just short of six feet tall, and wide as a door, my mother said; strong as one man out of a thousand, my father said. And then—the girl was there.

So this was how it happened that I threw the reins of Satan, my black horse, over the hooked iron of the gate at Dixiana Farm and strode up to the side of the stone pillar where Grace Sheraton stood shading her eyes with her hand, watching me approach through the deep trough road that flattened there, near the Sheraton lane. So I laughed and strode up—and kept my promise. I had promised myself that I would kiss her the first time that seemed feasible. I had even promised her—when she came home from Philadelphia so lofty and superior for her stopping a brace of years with Miss Carey at her Allendale Academy for Young Ladies—that if she mitigated not something of her haughtiness,

I would kiss her fair, as if she were but a girl of the country. Of these latter may guiltily confess, though with no names, I had known many who rebelled little more than formally, at such harmless pastime.

She stood in the shade of the stone pillar, where the ivy made a deep green, and held back her light blue skirt daintily, in her high-bred way, for never was a Sheraton girl who was not high-bred or other than fair to look upon in the Sheraton way—slender, rather tall, long cheeked, with very much dark hair and a deep color under the skin, and something of long curves without. They were ladies, every one, these Sheraton girls; and as Miss Grace presently advised me, no milkmaids wandering and waiting in lanes for lovers.

When I sprang down from Satan, Miss Grace was but a pace or so away. I put out a hand on either side of her as she stood in the shade, and so prisoned her against the pillar. She flushed at this, and caught at my arm with both hands, which made me smile, for few men in that country could have put away my arms from the stone until I liked. Then I bent and kissed her fair and took what revenge was due our girls for her Philadelphia manners.

When she boxed my ears I kissed her once more. Had she not at that smiled at me a little I should have seemed a boor I admit. As she did—and as I in my innocence supposed all girls did—I presume I may be called but a man as men go. Miss Grace grew very rosy for a Sheraton, but her eyes were bright. So I threw my hat on the grass by the side of the gate and bowed her to be seated. We sat and looked up the lane which wound on to the big Sheraton house, and up the red road which led from their farms over toward our lands, the John Cowles farms, which had been

three generations in our family as against four on the part of the Sheratons' holdings; a fact which I think always ranked us in the Sheraton soul a trifle lower than themselves.

We were neighbors, Miss Grace and I, and as I lazily looked out over the red road, unoccupied at the time by even the wobbling wheel of some negro's cart, I said to her some word of our being neighbors, and of its being no sin for neighbors to exchange the courtesy of a greeting when they met upon such a morning. This seemed not to please her; indeed I opine that the best way of a man with a maid is to make no manner of speech whatever before or after any such little incident as this.

"I was just wandering down the lane," she said, "to see if Jerry had found my horse Fanny."

"Old Jerry's a mile back up the road," said I, "fast asleep under the hedge."

"The black rascal!"

"He is my friend," said I, smiling.

"You do indeed take me for some common person," said she, "as though I had been looking for——"

"No, I take you only for the sweetest Sheraton ever came to meet a Cowles from the farm yonder." Which was coming rather close home; for our families, though neighbors, had once had trouble over some such meeting as this two generations back, though of that I do not speak now.

"Cannot a girl walk down her own carriage road of a morning after a few roses for the windows without——"

"She cannot," I answered. I would have put out an arm for further mistreatment, but all at once I pulled up. What was I coming to, I, John Cowles, this morning when the bees droned fat and the flowers made fragrant all the air? I was no boy, but a man grown; and ruthless as I was, I had all the breeding the land could give me, full Virginia training as to what a gentleman should be. And a gentleman, unless he may travel all a road, does not set foot too far into it when he sees that he is taken at what seems his wish. So now I said how glad I was that she had come back from school, though a fine lady now, and no doubt forgetful of her friends, of myself, who once caught young rabbits and birds for her, and made pens for the little

pink pigs at the orchard edge; and all of that. But she had no mind, it seemed to me, to talk of those old days; and though now some sort of wall seemed to me to arise between us as we sat there on the bank blowing at dandelions and pulling loose grass blades and humming a bit of tune now and then as young persons will, still, thick-headed as I was, it was in some way made apparent to me that I was quite as willing the wall should be there as she herself was willing.

My mother had mentioned Miss Grace Sheraton to me before. My father had never opposed my riding over now and then to the Sheraton gates. There were no better families in the county than these two. There was no reason why I should feel troubled. Yet as I looked out into the haze of the hilltops where the red road appeared to leap off sheer to meet the distant rim of the Blue Ridge, I seemed to hear some whispered warning. I was young, and wild as any deer in those hills beyond. Had it been any enterprise scorning settled ways, had it been merely a breaking of orders and a following of my own will, I suppose I might have gone on. But there are ever two things which govern an adventure for one of my sex. He may be a man, but he must also be a gentleman. I suppose books might be written about the war between those two things. He may be a gentleman sometimes and have credit for being a soft-headed fool, with no daring to approach the very woman who has contempt for his waiting; whereas she may not know his reasons for restraint. So much for civilization, which at times I hated because it brought such problems. Yet these problems never cease, at least while youth lasts, and no community is free from them; even so quiet a one as ours there in the valley of the old Blue Ridge, before the wars rolled across it and made all the young people old.

I was of no mind to end my wildness and my roaming just yet; and still, seeing that I was, by gentleness of my Quaker mother and by sternness of my Virginia father, set in the class of gentleman, I had no wish dishonorably to engage a woman's heart. Alas, I was not the first to learn that kissing is a most difficult art to practice!

When one reflects, the matter seems most intricate. Life to the young is barren without kissing; yet a kiss with too much

warmth may mean overmuch, whereas a kiss with no warmth to it is not worth the pains. The kiss which comes precisely at the moment when it should, in quite sufficient warmth and yet not of complicating fervor, working no harm and but joy to both involved—such kisses, now that one pauses to think it over, are relatively few.

As for me, I thought it was time for me to be going.

## CHAPTER II

### THE MEETING OF GORDON ORME

I had enough to do when it came to mounting my horse Satan. Few cared to ride Satan, since it meant a battle each time he was mounted. He was a splendid brute, black and clean, with abundant bone in the head and a brilliant eye—blood all over, that was easy to see. Yet he was a murderer at heart. I have known him to bite the backbone out of a yearling pig that came under his manger, and no other horse on our farms would stand before him a moment when he came on, mouth open and ears laid back. He would fight man, dog, or devil, and fear was not in him, nor any real submission. He was no harder to sit than many horses I have ridden. I have seen Arabians and Barbary horses and English hunters that would buck-jump now and then. Satan contented himself with rearing high and whirling sharply, and lunging with a low head, so that to ride him was much a matter of strength as well as skill. The greatest danger was in coming near his mouth or heels. My father always told me that this horse was not fit to ride; but since my father rode him—as he would any horse that offered—nothing would serve me but I must ride Satan also, and so I made him my private saddler on occasion.

I ought to speak of my father, that very brave and kindly gentleman from whom I got what daring I ever had, I suppose. He was a clean-cut man, five-eleven in his stockings, and few men in all that country had a handsomer body. His shoulders sloped—an excellent configuration for strength, as a study of no less a man than George Washington will prove—his arms were round, his skin white as milk, his hair like my own, a sandy red, and his eyes blue and very quiet. There was a balance in his nature that I have ever lacked. I rejoice

even now in his love of justice. Fair play meant with him something more than fair play for the sake of sport—it meant as well fair play for the sake of justice. Temperate to the point of caring always for his body's welfare, as regular in his habits as he was in his promises and their fulfillments, kindling readily enough at any risk, though never boasting—I always admired him, and trust I may be pardoned for saying so. I fear that at the time I mention now I admired him most for his strength and courage.

Thus as I swung leg over Satan that morning I resolved to handle him as I had seen my father do, and I felt strong enough for that. I remembered in the proud way a boy will have, the time when my father and I, riding through the muddy streets of Leesburg town together, saw a farmer's wagon stuck midway of a crossing. "Come, Jack," my father called me, "we must send Bill Yarnley home to his family." Then we two dismounted and, stooping in the mud, got our two shoulders under the axle of the wagon, before we were done with it our blood getting up at the laughter of the townsfolk near. When we heaved together, out came Bill Yarnley's wagon from the mud, and the laughter ended. It was like him—he would not stop when once he started. Why, it was so he married my mother, that very sweet Quakeress from the foot of old Catoctin. He told me she said him no many times, not liking his wild ways, so contrary to the manner of the Society of Friends; and she only consented after binding him to go with her once each month to the little stone church at Wallingford village near our farm, provided he should be at home and able to attend. My mother I think during her life had not missed a half dozen meetings at the little stone church. Twice a week, and once each Sunday, and once each month, and four times each year, and also annually, the Society of Friends met there at Wallingford, and have done so for over one hundred and thirty-five years. Thither went my mother, quiet, brown haired, gentle, as good a soul as ever lived, and with her my father, tall, strong as a tree, keeping his promise, until at length by sheer force of this kept promise he himself became half Quaker and all gentle, since he saw what it meant to her.

As I have paused in my horsemanship to speak thus of my father, I ought also to speak of my mother. It was she who in those troubrous times just before the Civil War was the first to raise the voice in the Quaker meeting which said that the Friends ought to free their slaves, law or no law, and so started what was called later the Unionist sentiment in that part of old Virginia. It was my mother did that. Then she asked my father to manumit all his slaves; and he thought for an hour, and then raised his head and said it should be done; after which our blacks continued to live on us as before, and gave less in return, at which my father made wry faces, but said nothing in regret. After us others also set free their people, and presently this part of Virginia was a sort of Mecca for escaped blacks. It was my mother did that; and I believe that it was her influence which had much to do with the position of east Virginia on the question of the war. And this also in time had much to do with this strange story of mine, and much to do with the presence thereabout of the man whom I was to meet that very morning; although when I started to mount my horse Satan I did not know that such a man as Gordon Orme existed in the world.

When I approached Satan he lunged at me, but I caught him by the cheek strap of the bridle and swung his head close up, feeling for the saddle front as he reached for me with open mouth. Then as he reared I swung up with him into place, and so felt safe, for once I clamped a horse fair there was an end of his throwing me. I laughed when Miss Grace Sheraton called out in alarm, and so wheeled Satan around a few times and rode on down the road, past the fields where the blacks were as busy as blacks ever are; and so on to our own red-pillared gates.

Then, since the morning was still young, and since the air seemed to me like wine, and since I wanted something to subdue, and Satan offered, I spurred him back from the gate and rode him hard down toward Wallingford. Of course he picked up a stone en route. Two of us held his head while Billings, the blacksmith, fished out the stone and tapped the shoe nails tight. After that I had time to look around.

As I did so I saw approaching a gentle-

man who was looking with interest at my mount. He was one of the most striking men I have ever seen; a stranger, as I could tell, for I knew each family on both sides the Blue Ridge as far up the valley as White Sulphur.

"A grand animal you have there, sir," said he, accosting me. "I did not know his like existed in this country."

"As well in this as in any country," said I tartly. He smiled at this.

"You know his breeding?"

"Klingwalla out of Bonnie Waters."

"No wonder he's vicious," said the stranger calmly.

"Ah, you know something of the English strains," said I. He shrugged his shoulders. "As much as that," he commented indifferently.

There was something about him I did not fancy, a sort of condescension, as though he were better than those about him. They say that we Virginians have a way of reserving that right to ourselves; and I suppose that a family of clean strain may perhaps become proud after generations of independence and comfort and freedom from anxiety. None the less I was forced to admit this newcomer to the class of gentleman. He stood as a gentleman, with no resting or bracing with an arm, or crossing of legs or hitching about, but balanced on his legs easily—like a fencer or boxer or fighting man, or gentleman, in short. His face, as I now perceived, was long and thin, his chin square, although somewhat narrow. His mouth, too, was narrow, and his teeth were narrow, one of the upper teeth at each side like the tooth of a carnivore, longer than its fellows. His hair was thick and close cut to his head, dark, and if the least bit gray about the edges, requiring close scrutiny to prove it so. In color his skin was dark, sunburned beyond tan, almost to parchment degree. His eyes were gray, the most remarkable eyes that I have ever seen—calm, emotionless, direct, the most fearless eyes I have ever met in mortal head, and I have looked into many men's eyes in my time. He was taller than most men, I think above the six feet line. His figure was thin, his limbs thin, his hands and feet slender. He did not look one-tenth his strength. He was simply dressed, dressed indeed as a gentleman. He stood as one, spoke as one,

and assumed that all the world accepted him as one. His voice was warmer in accent than even our Virginia speech. I saw him to be an Englishman.

"He's a bit nasty, that one," he nodded his head toward Satan.

I grinned. "I know of only two men in Loudoun County I'd back to ride him."

"Yourself and——"

"My father."

"By Jove! How old is your father, my good fellow?"

"Fifty, my good fellow," I replied. He laughed.

"Well," said he, "there's a third in Loudoun can ride him."

"Meaning yourself?"

He nodded carelessly. I did not share his confidence. "He's not a saddler in any sense," said I. "We keep him for the farms."

"Oh, I say, my friend," he rejoined, "my name's Orme, Gordon Orme—I'm just stopping here at the inn for a time, and I'm deucedly bored. I've not had leg over a decent mount since I've been here, and if I might ride this beggar I'd be awfully obliged."

My jaw may have dropped at his words; I am not sure. It was not that he called our little tavern an "inn." It was the name he gave me which caused me to start.

"Orme," said I, "Mr. Gordon Orme? That was the name of the speaker the other evening here at the church of the Methodists."

He nodded, smiling. "Don't let that trouble you," said he.

None the less it did trouble me, for the truth was that word had gone about to the effect that a new minister from some place not stated had spoken from the pulpit on that evening upon no less a topic than the ever-present one of Southern slavery. Now I could not clear it to my mind how a minister of the gospel might take so keen and swift an interest in a stranger in the street, and that stranger's horse. I expressed to him something of my surprise.

"It's of no importance," said he again. "What seems to me of most importance just at present is that here's a son of old Klingwalla, and that I want to ride him."

"Just for the sake of saying you have done so?" I inquired.

His face changed swiftly as he answered:

"We owned Klingwalla ourselves back home. He broke a leg for my father, and was near killing him."

"Sir," I said to him, catching his thought quickly, "we could not afford to have the horse injured, but if you wish to ride him fair or be beaten by him fair, you are welcome to the chance."

His eye kindled at this. "You're a sportsman, sir," he exclaimed, and he advanced at once toward Satan.

I saw in him something which awakened a responsive chord in my nature. He was a man to take a risk and welcome it for the risk's sake. Moreover he was a horseman, as I saw by his quick glance over Satan's furniture. He caught the cheek strap of the bridle, and motioned us away as we would have helped him at the horse's head. Then ensued as pretty a fight between man and horse as one could ask to see. The black brute reared and fairly took him from the ground, fairly chased him about the street, as a great dog would a rat. But never did the iron hold on the bridle loosen, and the man was light on his feet as a boy. Finally he had his chance, and with the lightest spring I ever saw at a saddle skirt, up he went and nailed old Satan fair, with a grip which ridged his own legs out. I saw then that he was a rider. His head was bare, his hat having fallen off; his hair was tumbled, but his color scarcely heightened. As the horse lunged and bolted about the street, Orme sat him in perfect confidence. He kept his hands low, his knees a little more up and forward than we use in our style of riding, and his weight a trifle farther back, but I saw from the lines of his limbs that he had the horse in a steel grip. He gazed down contemplatively, with a half serious look, master of himself and of the horse as well. Then presently he turned him up the road and went off at a gallop, with the brute under perfect control. I do not know what art he used; all I can say is that in a half hour he brought Satan back in a canter.

This was my first acquaintance with Gordon Orme, that strange personality with which I was later to have much to do. This was my first witnessing of that half uncanny power by which he seemed to win all things to his purposes. I admired him, yet did not like him, when he swung carelessly down and handed me the reins.

"He's a grand one," he said easily, "but not so difficult to ride as old Klingwalla. Not that I would discount your own skill in riding him, sir, for I doubt not you have taken a lot out of him before now."

At least this was generous; and as I later learned, it was like him to give full credit to the performance of any able adversary.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE ART OF THE ORIENT

"Come," said Orme to me, "let us go into the shade. I admit I find your Virginia morning a trifle warm."

We stepped over to the gallery of the little tavern, where the shade was deep and the chairs were wide and the honeysuckles sweet. I threw myself rather discontentedly into a chair. Orme seated himself quietly in another, his slender legs crossed easily, his hands meeting above his elbows supported on the chair rails, as he gazed somewhat meditatively at his finger tips.

"So you did not hear my little effort the other night?" he remarked, smiling.

"I was not so fortunate as to hear you speak. But I will only say I will back you against any minister of the gospel I ever knew when it comes to riding mean horses."

"Oh, well," he deprecated, "I'm just passing through on my way to Albemarle County along the mountains. You couldn't blame me for wanting something to do—speaking or riding, or what not. One must be occupied, you know. But shall we not have them bring us one of those juleps of the country? I find them most agreeable, I declare."

I did not criticise his conduct as a wearer of the cloth, but declined his hospitality on the ground that it was early in the day for me. He urged me so little and was so much the gentleman that I explained.

"Awhile ago," I said, "my father came to me and said, 'I see, Jack, that thee is trying to do three things—to farm, hunt foxes, and drink juleps. Does thee think thee can handle all three of these activities in combination?' You see, my mother is a Quakeress, and when my father wishes to reprove me he uses the plain speech. Well, sir, I thought it over, and for the most part I dropped the other two and took up more farming."

"Your father is Mr. John Cowles, of Cowles Farms?"

"The same."

"No doubt your family know every one in this part of the country."

"Oh, yes, very well."

"These are troublous times," he ventured, after a time. "I mean in regard to this talk of secession of the Southern States."

I was studying this man. What was he doing here in our quiet country community? What was his errand? What business had a julep-drinking, horse-riding parson speaking in a Virginia pulpit where only the gospel was known, and that from exponents worth the name?

"You are from Washington?" I said at length.

He nodded.

"The country is going into deep water one way or the other," said I. "Virginia is going to divide on slavery. It is not for me, nor for any of us, to hasten that time. Trouble will come fast enough without our help."

"I infer you did not wholly approve of my little effort the other evening? I was simply looking at the matter from a logical standpoint. It is perfectly clear that the old world must have cotton, that the Southern States must supply that cotton, and that slavery alone makes cotton possible for the world. It is a question of geography rather than of politics; yet your Northern men make it a question of politics. Your Congress is full of rotten tariff legislation, which will make a few of your Northern men rich—and which will bring on this war quite as much as anything the South may do. Moreover, this tariff disgusts England, very naturally. Where will England side when the break comes? And what will be the result when the South, plus England, fights those tariff makers over there? I have no doubt that you, sir, know the complexion of all these Loudoun families in these matters. I should be most happy if you could find it possible for me to meet your father and his neighbors, for in truth I am interested in these matters merely as a student. And I have heard much of the kindness of this country toward strangers."

It was not our way in Virginia to allow persons of any breeding to put up at public

taverns. We took them to our homes. I have seen a hundred horses around my father's barns during the Quarterly Meetings of the Society of Friends. Perhaps we did not scrutinize all our guests over-closely, but that was the way of the place. I had no hesitation in saying to Mr. Orme that we should be glad to entertain him at Cowles Farms. He was just beginning to thank me for this when suddenly we were interrupted.

We were sitting some paces from the room where landlord Sanderson kept his bar, so that we heard only occasionally the sound of loud talk which came through the windows. But now came footsteps and confused words in voices one of which I seemed to know. There staggered through the door a friend of mine, Harry Singleton, a young planter of our neighborhood who had not taken my father's advice, but continued to divide his favor between farming, hunting, and drinking. He stood there leaning against the wall, his face more flushed than one likes to see a friend's face before midday.

"Hullo, ol' fel," he croaked at me. "Hurrah for C'federate States of America!"

"Very well," I said to him, "suppose we do hurrah for the Confederate States of America. But let us wait until there is such a thing."

He glowered at me. "Also," he said, solemnly, "hurrah for Miss Grace Sheraton, the pretties' girl in whole C'federate States America!"

"Harry," I cried, "stop! You're drunk, man. Come on, I'll take you home."

He waved at me an uncertain hand. "Go 'way, slight man!" he muttered. "Grace Sheraton pretties' girl in whole C'federate States America."

According to our creed it was not permissible for a gentleman, drunk or sober, to mention a lady's name in a place like that. I rose and put my hand across Harry's mouth, unwilling that a stranger should hear a girl's name mentioned in this way. No doubt I should have done quite as much for any girl of our country whose name came up in that manner. But to my surprise Harry Singleton was just sufficiently intoxicated to resent the act of his best friend. With no word of warning he drew back his hand and struck me in the face with all his force, the blow making a

smart crack which brought all the others running from within. Still, I reflected that this was not the act of Harry Singleton, but only that of a drunken man who to-morrow would not remember what had been done.

"That will be quite enough, Harry," said I. "Come, now, I'll take you home. Sanderson, go get his horse or wagon, or whatever brought him here."

"Not home!" cried Harry. "First inflict punishment on you for denyin' Miss Gracie Sheraton pretties' girl whole C'federate States America. Girls like John Cowles too much! Must mash John Cowles! Must mash John Cowles sake of Gracie Sheraton, pretties' girl in whole wide worl'!"

He came toward me as best he might, his hands clenched. I caught him by the wrist, and as he stumbled past I turned and had his arm over my shoulder. I admit I threw him rather cruelly hard, for I thought he needed it. He was entirely quiet when we carried him into the room and placed him on the leather lounge.

"By Jove!" I heard a voice at my elbow. "That was handsomely done—handsomely done all around."

I turned to meet the outstretched hand of my new friend Gordon Orme.

"Where did you learn the trick?" he asked.

"The trick of being a gentleman," I answered him slowly, my face red with anger at Singleton's foolishness, "I never learned at all. But to toss a poor drunken fool like that over one's head any boy might learn at school."

"No," said my quasi-minister of the gospel emphatically, "I differ with you. Your time was perfect. You made him do the work, not yourself. Tell me, are you a skilled wrestler?"

I was nettled now at all these things which were coming to puzzle and perturb an honest fellow out for a morning ride.

"Yes," I answered him, "since you are anxious to know, I'll say I can throw any man in Loudoun except one."

"And he?"

"My father. He's fifty, as I told you, but he can always beat me."

"There are two in Loudoun you cannot throw," said Orme, smiling.

My blood was up just enough to resent this challenge. There came to me what

old Dr. Hallowell at Alexandria calls the "*gaudium certaminis*." In a moment I was little more than a full-blooded fighting animal, and had forgotten all the influences of my Quaker home.

"Sir," I said to him, hotly, "I propose taking you home with me. But before I do that, and since you seem to wish it, I am going to lay you on your back here in the road. Frankly, there are some things about you I do not like, and if that will remedy your conceit, I'm going to do it for you—for any sort of wager you like."

"Money against your horse?" he inquired, stripping to his ruffled shirt as he spoke. "A hundred guineas; five hundred?"

"Yes, for the horse," I said. "He's worth ten thousand dollars. But if you've two or three hundred to pay for my soiling the shoulders of your shirt, I'm willing to let the odds stand so."

He smiled at me simply—I swear almost winningly, such was the quality of the man.

"I like you," he said simply. "If all the men of this country resembled you, all the world could not beat it."

I was stripped by this time myself, and so, without pausing to consider the propriety on either side of our meeting in this sudden encounter in a public street, we went at it as though we had made a rendezvous there for that express purpose, with no more hesitation and no more fitness than two game cocks which might fall fighting in a church in case they met there.

Orme came to me with no hurry and no anxiety, light on his feet as a skilled fencer. As he passed he struck for my shoulder, and his grip, although it did not hold, was like the cutting of a hawk's talons. He branded me red with his fingers wherever he touched me, although the stroke of his hand was half tentative rather than aggressive. I went to him with head low, and he caught me at the back of the neck with a stroke like that of a smiting bar, but I flung him off; and so we stepped about, hands extended, waiting for a hold. He grew eager, and allowed me to catch him by the wrist. I drew him toward me, but he braced with his free arm bent against my throat, and the more I pulled, the more I choked. Then by sheer strength I drew his arm over my shoulder as I had that of Harry Singleton. He glided into this as

though it had been his own purpose, and true as I speak, I think he aided me in throwing him over my head, for he went light as a feather—and fell on his feet when I freed him! I was puzzled not a little, for the like of this I had not seen in all my meetings with good men.

As we stepped about cautiously, seeking to engage again, his eye was fixed on mine curiously, half contemplatively, but utterly without concern or fear of any kind. I never saw an eye like his. It gave me not fear, but horror! The more I encountered him, the more uncanny he appeared. The lock of the arm at the back of the neck, those holds known as the Nelson and the half-Nelson, and the ancient "hip lock," and the ineffectual school boy "grapevine"—he would none of things so crude, and slipped out of them like a snake. Continually I felt his hands, and where he touched there was pain—on my forehead, at the edge of the eye sockets, at the sides of my neck, in the middle of my back—whenever we locked and broke I felt pain, and I knew that such assault upon the nerve centers of a man's body might well disable him, no matter how strong he was. But as for him, he did not breathe the faster. It was system with him. I say, I felt a horror of him.

By chance I found myself with both hands on his arms, and I knew that no man could break that hold when once set, for vast strength of forearm and wrist was one of the inheritances of all men of the Cowles family. I drew him steadily to me, pulled his head against my chest, and upended him fair, throwing him this time at length across my shoulder. I was sure I had him then, for he fell on his side. But even as he fell he rose, and I felt a grip like steel on each ankle. Then there was a snake-like bend on his part, and before I had time to think I was on my face. His knees straddled my body, and gradually I felt them pushing my arms up toward my neck. I felt a slight blow on the back of my head, as though by the edge of the hand—light, delicate, gentle, but dreamy in its results. Then I was half conscious of a hand pushing down my head, of another hand reaching for my right wrist. It occurred to me in a distant way that I was about to be beaten, subdued—I, John Cowles!

This had been done, as he had said of my

own work with Singleton, as much by the momentum of my own fall as by any great effort on his part. As he had said regarding my own simple trick, the time of this was perfect, though how far more difficult than mine only those who have wrestled with able men can understand.

For the first time in my life I found myself about to be mastered by another man. Had he been more careful he certainly would have had the victory over me. But the morning was warm, and we had worked for some minutes. My man stopped for a moment in his calm pinioning of my arms, and perhaps raised his hand to brush his face or push back his hair. At that moment luck came to my aid. He did not repeat the strange gentle blow at the back of my head—one which I think would have left unconscious a man with a neck less stiff—and as his pressure on my twisted arm relaxed, I suddenly got back my faculties. At once I used my whole body as a spring, and so straightened enough to turn and put my arm power against his own, which was all I wanted.

He laughed when I turned, and with perfect good nature freed my arm and sprang to his feet, bowing with hand outreached to me. His eye had lost its peculiar stare, and shone now with what seemed genuine interest and admiration. He seemed ready to call me a sportsman, and a good rival; and much as I disliked to do so, I was obliged to say as much for him in my own heart.

"By the Lord! sir," he said—with a certain looseness of speech, as it seemed to me, for a minister of the gospel to employ, "you're the first I ever knew to break it."

"'Twas no credit to me," I owned. "You let go your hand. The horse is yours."

"Not in the least," he responded. "Not in the least. If I felt I had won him I'd take him, and not leave you feeling as though you had been given a present. But if you like I'll draw my own little wager as well. You're the best man I ever met in any country. By the Lord! man, you broke the hold that I once saw an ex-Guardsman killed at Singapore for resisting—broke his arm short off, and he died on the table. I've seen it at Tokio and Nagasaki—why, man, it's the yellow policeman's hold, the secret trick of the Orient. Done in proper time, it makes the little gentleman the match of any size, yellow or white."

I did not understand him then, but later I knew that I had for my first time seen the Oriental art of wrestling put in practice. I do not want to meet a master in it again. I shook Orme by the hand.

"If you like to call it a draw," said I, "it would suit me mighty well. You're the best man I ever took off coat to in my life. And I'll never wrestle you again, unless"—I fear I blushed a little—"well, unless you want it."

"Game! Game!" he cried, laughing, and dusting off his knees. "I swear you Virginians are fellows after my own heart. But come, I think your friend wants you now."

We turned toward the room where poor Harry was mumbling to himself, and presently I loaded him into the wagon and told the negro man to drive him home.

For myself, I mounted Satan and rode off up the street of Wallingford toward Cowles Farms with my head dropped in thought; for certainly, when I came to review the incidents of the morning, I had had enough to give me reason for reflection.

(To be continued.)



# THE LONG LABRADOR TRAIL

THE COMPACT WITH HUBBARD FULFILLED

BY DILLON WALLACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

XX

## BACK TO NORTHWEST RIVER



E had now reached an English speaking country; that is, a section where every one talks understandable English, though at the same time conversant with the Eskimo language.

All down the coast we had been fortunate in securing dogs and drivers with little trouble, through the intervention of the missionaries, but at Makkovik dogs were scarce, and it seemed for a time as though we were to be stranded here; but finally with missionary Townley's aid I engaged an old Eskimo named Martin Tuktusini to go with us to Rigolet. When I looked at Martin's dogs, however, I saw at once that they were not equal to the journey, unaided. Neither had I much faith in Martin, for he was an old man who had nearly reached the end of his usefulness.

A day was lost in vainly looking around for additional dogs, and then Mr. Townley generously loaned us his team and driver to help us on to Big Eight, fifteen miles away, where he thought we might get dogs to supplement Martin's.

At Big Eight we found a miserable hut, where the people were indescribably poor and dirty. A team was engaged after some delay to carry us to Tishiarluk, thirty miles farther on our journey, which place we reached the following day at eleven o'clock.

There is a single hovel at Tishiarluk, occupied by two brothers—John and Sam Cove—and their sister. Their only food

was flour, and a limited quantity of that. Even tea and molasses, usually found amongst the "livyerers" (live-heres) of the coast, were lacking. Sam was only too glad of the opportunity to earn a few dollars, and was engaged with his team to join forces with Martin as far as Rigolet.

There are two routes from Tishiarluk to Rigolet. One is the "Big Neck" route over the hills, and much shorter than the other, which is known as the outside route, though it also crosses a wide neck of land inside of Cape Harrison, ending at Pottle's Bay on Hamilton Inlet. It was my intention to take the Big Neck trail, but Martin strenuously opposed it on the ground that it passed over high hills, was much more difficult, and the probabilities of getting lost should a storm occur were much greater by that route than by the other. His objections prevailed, and upon the afternoon of the day after our arrival Sam was ready, and in a gale of wind we ran down on the ice to Tom Bromfield's cabin at Tilt Cove, that we might be ready to make an early start for Pottle's Bay the following morning, as the whole day would be needed to cross the neck of land to Pottle's Bay and the nearest shelter beyond.

Tom is a prosperous and ambitious hunter, and is fairly well-to-do as it goes on the Labrador. His one-room cabin was very comfortable, and he treated us to unwonted luxuries, such as butter, marmalade, and sugar for our tea.

During the evening he displayed to me the skin of a large wolf which he had killed a few days before, and told us the story of the killing.

"I were away, sir," related he, "wi' th' dogs, savin' one which I leaves to home,

gales, and this necessitated a long detour, so it was nearly dark and snowing hard when we at last reached the house of James Williams at North River, just across Sandwich Bay from Cartwright Post. The greeting I received was so kindly that I was not altogether disappointed at having to spend the night here.

"We've been expectin' you all winter, sir," said Mrs. Williams. "When you stopped two years ago you said you'd come some other time, and we knew you would. 'Tis fine to see you again, sir."

On the afternoon of March seventeenth we reached Cartwright Post of the Hudson's Bay Company and my friend Swaffield, the agent, and Mrs. Swaffield, who had been so kind to me on my former trip, gave us a cordial welcome. Here also I met Dr. Mumford, the resident physician at Dr. Grenfell's mission hospital at Battle Harbor, who was on a trip along the coast visiting the sick.

Another four days' delay was necessary at Cartwright before dogs could be found to carry us on, but with Swaffield's aid I finally secured teams and we resumed our journey, stopping at night at the native cabins along the route.

Much bad weather was encountered to retard us, and I had difficulty now and again in securing dogs and drivers. Many of the men that I had on my previous trip, when I brought Hubbard's body out to Battle Harbor, were absent hunting, but whenever I could find them they invariably engaged with me again to help me a stage upon the journey.

From Long Pond the men I had did not know the way. When I traveled the coast before my drivers took a route outside of Long Pond, so that night, with no one to set us right, we wandered about upon the ice until long after dark, looking for a hut at Whale Bight, which was finally located by the dogs smelling smoke and going to it.

A little beyond Whale Bight we came upon a bay that I recognized, and from that point I knew the trail and headed directly to Williams Harbor, where I found John and James Russell, two of my old drivers, ready to take us on to Battle Harbor.

At last on the afternoon of March twenty-sixth we reached the hospital, and how good it seemed to be back almost

within touch of civilization! It was here that I ended my long and dreary sledge journey.

Mrs. Mumford made us most welcome, and entertained me in the doctor's house, and was as good and kind as she could be.

I must again express my appreciation of the truly wonderful work that Dr. Grenfell and his brave associates are carrying on amongst the people of this dreary coast. Year after year they brave the hardships and dangers of sea and fog and winter storms that they may minister to the lowly and needy in the Master's name. It is a saying on the coast that "even the dogs know Dr. Grenfell," and it is literally true, for his activities carry him everywhere, and God knows what would become of some of the people if he were not there to look after them. His practice extends over a larger territory than that of any other physician in the world, but the only fee he ever collects is the pleasure that comes with the knowledge of work well done.

At Battle Harbor I was told by a trader that it would be difficult if not impossible to procure dogs to carry us up the Straits toward Quebec, and I was strongly advised to end my snowshoe and dog journey here and wait for a steamer that was expected to come in April to the whaling station at Cape Charles, twelve miles away. This seemed good advice, for if we could get a steamer here within three weeks or so that would take us to St. John's we should reach home probably earlier than we possibly could by going to Quebec.

There is a government coast telegraph line that follows the north shore of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Chateau Bay, but the nearest office open at this time was at Red Bay, sixty-five miles from Battle Harbor, and I determined to go there and get into communication with home and at the same time telegraph to Bowring Brothers in St. John's and ascertain from them exactly when I might expect the whaling steamer.

William Murphy offered to carry me over with his team, and leaving Stanton and Easton comfortably housed at Battle Harbor and both of them quite content to end their dog traveling here, on the morning after my arrival we made an early start for Red Bay.

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"I were away, sir," related he, "wi' th' dogs, savin' one which I leaves to home,

'tendin' my fox traps. The woman (meaning his wife) were alone wi' the young ones. In the evenin' (afternoon) her hears a fightin' of dogs outside, an' thinkin' one of the team was broke loose an' run home, she starts to go out to beat the beasts an' put a stop to the fightin'. But lookin' out first before she goes, what does she see but the wolf that owned that skin, and right handy to the door he were, too. He were a big devil, as you sees, sir. She were scared. Her tries to take down the rifle—the one as is there on the pegs, sir. The wolf and the dog be now fightin' agin' the door, and she thinks they's handy to breakin' in, and it makes her a bit shaky in the hands, and she makes a slip and the rifle he goes off bang! makin' that hole there marrin' the timber above the windy. Then the wolf he goes off too. He be scared at the shootin'. When I comes home she tells me, and I lays fur the beast. 'Twere the next day and I were in the house when I hears the dogs fightin' and I peers out the windy, and there I sees the wolf fightin' wi' the dogs, quite handy by the house. Well, sir, I just gits the rifle down and goes out, and when the dogs sees me they runs and leaves the wolf, and I up and knocks he over wi' a bullet, and there's his skin, worth a good four dollars, for he be an extra fine one, sir."

The next morning was leaden gray, and promised snow. With the hope of reaching Pottle's Bay before dark we started forward early, and at one o'clock in the afternoon were in the soft snow of the spruce covered neck. Traveling was very bad and progress so slow that darkness found us still amongst the scrubby firs. Martin and I walked ahead of the dogs, making a path and cutting away the growth where it was too thick to permit the passage of the teams. Martin was guiding us by so circuitous a path that finally I began to suspect he had lost his way, and calling a halt suggested that we had better make a shelter and stop until daylight, particularly as the snow was now falling. When you are lost in the bush it is a good rule to stop where you are until you make certain of your course. Martin, in this instance, however, seemed very positive that we were going in the right direction, though off the usual trail, and he said that in another hour or so we would

certainly come out and find the salt water ice of Hamilton Inlet. So after an argument I agreed to proceed and trust in his assurances.

Easton, who was driving the rear team, was completely tired out with the exertion of steering the komatik through the brush and untangling the dogs, which seemed to take a delight in spreading out and getting their traces fast around the numerous small trees, and I went to the rear to relieve him for a time from the exhausting work.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when we at length came upon the ice of a brook which Martin admitted he had never seen before and confessed that he was completely lost. I ordered a halt at once until daylight. We drank some cold water, ate some hardtack and then stretched our sleeping-bags upon the snow and, all of us weary, lay down to let the drift cover us while we slept.

At dawn we were up, and with a bit of jerked venison in my hand to serve for breakfast I left the others to lash the load on to the komatiks and follow me and started on ahead. I had walked but half a mile when I came upon the rough hummocks of the Inlet ice. Before noon we found shelter from the now heavily driving snow-storm in a livyere's hut and here remained until the following morning.

Just beyond this point, in crossing a neck of land, we came upon a small hut and, as is usual on the Labrador, stopped for a moment. The people of the coast always expect travelers to stop and have a cup of tea with them, and feel that they have been slighted if this is not done. Here I found a widow named Newell, whom I knew, and her two or three small children. It was a miserable hut, without even the ordinary comforts of the poorer coast cabins; only one side of the earthen floor partially covered with rough boards, and the people destitute of food. Mrs. Newell told me that the other livyeres were giving her what little she had to eat, and had saved them during the winter from actual starvation. I had some hardtack and tea in my "grub bag," and these I left with her.

Two days later we pulled in at Rigolet and were greeted by my friend Fraser. It was almost like getting home again, for now I was on old, familiar ground. A good

budget of letters that had come during the previous summer awaited us, and how eagerly we read them! This was the first communication we had received from our home folks since the previous June and it was now February twenty-first.

We rested with Fraser until the twenty-third and then with Mark Pallesser, a Groswater Bay Eskimo, turned in to Northwest River where Stanton, upon coming from the interior, had remained to wait for our return and join us for the balance of the journey out. The going was fearful, and snowshoeing in the heavy snow tiresome. It required two days to reach Mullanigan Bight where we spent the night with skipper Tom Blake, one of my good old friends, and at Tom's we feasted on the first fresh venison we had had since leaving the Ungava district. In the whole distance from Whale River not a caribou had been killed during the winter by any one, while in the previous winter a single hunter at Davis Inlet shot in one day a hundred and fifty, and only ceased then because he had no more ammunition. Tom had killed three or four, and south of this point I learned of a hunter now and then getting one.

Northwest River was reached on Monday, February twenty-sixth, and we took Cotter by complete surprise, for he had not expected us for another month.

The day after our arrival Stanton came to the Post from a cabin three miles above, where he had been living alone, and he was delighted to see us.

The lumbermen at Muddy Lake, twenty miles away, heard of our arrival and sent down a special messenger with a large addition to the mail, which I was carrying out and which had been growing steadily in bulk with its accumulations at every station.

This is the stormiest season of the year in Labrador, and weather conditions were such that it was not until March sixth that we were permitted to resume our journey homeward.

## XXI

### THE LONG TRAIL IS ENDED

The storm left the ice covered with a depth of soft snow into which the dogs sank deep and hauled the komatik with diffi-

culty. Snowshoeing, too, was unusually hard. The day we left Northwest River (Tuesday, March sixth) the temperature rose above the freezing point, and when it froze that night a thin crust formed, through which our snowshoes broke, adding very materially to the labor of walking—and of course it was all walking.

As the days lengthened and the sun, asserting his power, pushed higher and higher above the horizon, the glare upon the white expanse of snow dazzled our eyes, and we had to put on smoked glasses to protect ourselves from snow-blindness. Even with the glasses our driver, Mark, became partially snow-blind, and when, on the evening of the third day after leaving Northwest River, we reached his home at Karwalla, an Eskimo settlement a few miles west of Rigolet, it became necessary for us to halt until his eyes would enable him to travel again.

Here we met some of the Eskimos that had been connected with the Eskimo village at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Mary, Mark's wife, was one of the number. She told me of having been exhibited as far west as Portland, Oregon, and I asked:

"Mary, aren't you discontented here, after seeing so much of the world? Wouldn't you like to go back?"

"No, sir," she answered. "'Tis fine here, where I has plenty of company. 'Tis too lonesome in the States, sir."

"But you can't get the good things to eat here—the fruits and other things," I insisted.

"I likes the oranges and apples fine, sir—but they has no seal meat or deer's meat in the States."

It was not until Tuesday, March thirteenth, three days after our arrival at Karwalla, that Mark thought himself quite able to proceed. The brief "mild" gave place to intense cold and the blustery, snowy weather continued. We pushed on toward West Bay on the outer coast by the "Backway," an arm of Hamilton Inlet that extends almost due east from Karwalla.

At West Bay I secured fresh dogs to carry us on to Cartwright, which I hoped to reach in one day more. But the going was fearfully poor, soft snow was drifted deep in the trail over Cape Porcupine, the ice in Traymore was broken up by the

gales, and this necessitated a long detour, so it was nearly dark and snowing hard when we at last reached the house of James Williams at North River, just across Sandwich Bay from Cartwright Post. The greeting I received was so kindly that I was not altogether disappointed at having to spend the night here.

"We've been expectin' you all winter, sir," said Mrs. Williams. "When you stopped two years ago you said you'd come some other time, and we knew you would. 'Tis fine to see you again, sir."

On the afternoon of March seventeenth we reached Cartwright Post of the Hudson's Bay Company and my friend Swaffield, the agent, and Mrs. Swaffield, who had been so kind to me on my former trip, gave us a cordial welcome. Here also I met Dr. Mumford, the resident physician at Dr. Grenfell's mission hospital at Battle Harbor, who was on a trip along the coast visiting the sick.

Another four days' delay was necessary at Cartwright before dogs could be found to carry us on, but with Swaffield's aid I finally secured teams and we resumed our journey, stopping at night at the native cabins along the route.

Much bad weather was encountered to retard us, and I had difficulty now and again in securing dogs and drivers. Many of the men that I had on my previous trip, when I brought Hubbard's body out to Battle Harbor, were absent hunting, but whenever I could find them they invariably engaged with me again to help me a stage upon the journey.

From Long Pond the men I had did not know the way. When I traveled the coast before my drivers took a route outside of Long Pond, so that night, with no one to set us right, we wandered about upon the ice until long after dark, looking for a hut at Whale Bight, which was finally located by the dogs smelling smoke and going to it. A little beyond Whale Bight we came upon a bay that I recognized, and from that point I knew the trail and headed directly to Williams Harbor, where I found John and James Russell, two of my old drivers, ready to take us on to Battle Harbor.

At last on the afternoon of March twenty-sixth we reached the hospital, and how good it seemed to be back almost

within touch of civilization! It was here that I ended my long and dreary sledge journey.

Mrs. Mumford made us most welcome, and entertained me in the doctor's house, and was as good and kind as she could be.

I must again express my appreciation of the truly wonderful work that Dr. Grenfell and his brave associates are carrying on amongst the people of this dreary coast. Year after year they brave the hardships and dangers of sea and fog and winter storms that they may minister to the lowly and needy in the Master's name. It is a saying on the coast that "even the dogs know Dr. Grenfell," and it is literally true, for his activities carry him everywhere, and God knows what would become of some of the people if he were not there to look after them. His practice extends over a larger territory than that of any other physician in the world, but the only fee he ever collects is the pleasure that comes with the knowledge of work well done.

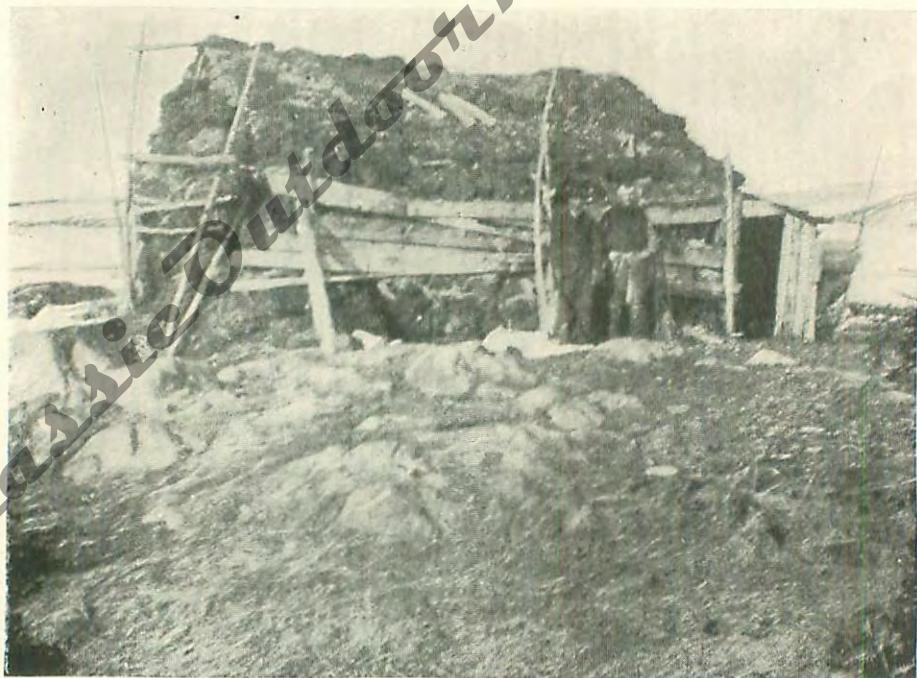
At Battle Harbor I was told by a trader that it would be difficult if not impossible to procure dogs to carry us up the Straits toward Quebec, and I was strongly advised to end my snowshoe and dog journey here and wait for a steamer that was expected to come in April to the whaling station at Cape Charles, twelve miles away. This seemed good advice, for if we could get a steamer here within three weeks or so that would take us to St. John's we should reach home probably earlier than we possibly could by going to Quebec.

There is a government coast telegraph line that follows the north shore of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Chateau Bay, but the nearest office open at this time was at Red Bay, sixty-five miles from Battle Harbor, and I determined to go there and get into communication with home and at the same time telegraph to Bowring Brothers in St. John's and ascertain from them exactly when I might expect the whaling steamer.

William Murphy offered to carry me over with his team, and leaving Stanton and Easton comfortably housed at Battle Harbor and both of them quite content to end their dog traveling here, on the morning after my arrival we made an early start for Red Bay.



Natives of the lower Labrador coast.



A typical hut near Fox Harbor.



Battle Harbor, where Wallace left Stanton and Easton, while he sledged sixty-five miles to Red Bay, the nearest telegraph station.

Except in the more sheltered places the bay ice had broken away along the straits and we had to follow the rough ice barricades, sometimes working inland up and down the rocky hills and steep grades. Before noon we passed Henley Harbor and the Devil's Dining Table—a basaltic rock formation—and a little later reached Chateau Bay and had dinner in a native house. Beyond this point there are cabins built at intervals of a few miles as shelter for the linemen when making repairs to the wire. We passed one of these at Wreck Cove toward evening, but as a storm was threatening pushed on to the next one at Green Bay, fifty-five miles from Battle Harbor. It was dark before we got there, and to reach the Bay we had to descend a steep hill. I shall never forget the ride down that hill. It is very well to go over places like that when you know the way, and what you are likely to bring up against, but I did not know the way and had to pin my faith blindly on Murphy, who had taken me over rotten ice during the day—ice that waved up and down with our weight and sometimes broke behind us. My opinion of him was that he was a reckless devil, and when we began to descend that hill five hundred feet to the bay ice this opinion was strengthened. I would have said uncomplimentary things to him had time permitted. I expected anything to happen. It looked in the night as though a sheer precipice with a bottomless pit below was in front of us. Two drags were thrown over the komatik runners to hold us back, but in spite of them we went like a shot out of a gun, he on one side, I on the other, sticking our heels into the hard snow as we extended our legs ahead, trying our best to hold back and stop our wild progress. But, much to my surprise, when we got there, and I verily believe to Murphy's surprise also, we landed right side up at the bottom, with no bones broken. There were three men camped in the shack here, and we spent the night with them.

Early the next day we reached Red Bay and the telegraph office. There are no words in the English language adequate to express my feelings of gratification when I heard the instruments clicking off the messages. It had been seventeen years since I had handled a telegraph key—when I was a railroad telegrapher down in New

England—and how I fondled that key, and what music the click of the sounder was to my ears!

My messages were soon sent, and then I sat down to wait for the replies.

The office was in the house of Thomas Moors, and he was good enough to invite me to stop with him while in Red Bay. His daughter was the telegraph operator.

The next day the answers to my telegrams came, and many messages from friends, and one from Bowring & Company stating that no steamer would be sent to Cape Charles. I had been making inquiries here, however, in the meantime, and learned that it was quite possible to secure dogs and continue the journey up the north shore, so I was not greatly disappointed. I despatched Murphy at once to Battle Harbor to bring on the other men, waiting myself at Red Bay for their coming, and holding teams in readiness for an immediate departure when they should arrive.

They drove in at two o'clock on April fourth, and we left at once. On the morning of the sixth we passed through Blanc Sablon, the boundary line between Newfoundland and Canadian territory, and here I left the Newfoundland letters from my mail bag.

At Brador Bay I stopped to telegraph. No operator was there, so I sent the message myself, left the money on the desk, and proceeded.

Three days more took us to St. Augustine Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, where we arrived in the morning and accepted the hospitality of Burgess, the Agent.

Our old friends, the Indians whom we met on our inland trip at Northwest River, were here, and John, who had eaten supper with us at our camp on the hill on the first portage, expressed great pleasure at meeting us and had many questions to ask about the country. They had failed in their deer hunt, and had come out from the interior half starved a week or so before.

We did fifty miles on the eleventh, changing dogs at Harrington at noon and running on to Sealnet Cove that night, where we met several Indians who had just come, half starved, from the interior, having failed to get caribou, as had the Indians at St. Augustine.

Two days later we reached the Post at Romain, and on the afternoon of April seventeenth reached Natashquan and open water. Here I engaged passage on a small schooner—the first afloat in the St. Lawrence—to take us on to Eskimo Point, seventy miles farther, where the Quebec steamer, *King Edward*, was expected to arrive in a week or so. That night we boarded the schooner and sailed at once. I threw the clothes I had been wearing into the sea and donned fresh ones. What a relief it was to be clear of the innumerable horde "o' wee sma' beasties" that had been my close companions all the way down from the Eskimo igloos in the north. I have wondered many times since whether those clothes swam ashore, and if they did what happened to them.

It was a great pleasure to be upon the water again, and see the shore slip past, and feel that no more snow-storms, no more bitter northern blasts, no more hungry days and nights were to be faced.

Since June twenty-fifth, the day we dipped our paddles into the water of Northwest River and turned northward into the wastes of the great unknown wilderness, eight hundred miles had been traversed in reaching Fort Chimo, and on our return journey with dogs and komatik and snow-shoes, two thousand more.

We came to anchor at Eskimo Point on

April twentieth, and that very day a rain began that turned the world into a sea of slush. I was glad indeed that our komatik work was finished, for it would now have been very difficult if not impossible to travel farther with dogs.

I at once deposited in the post office the bag of letters that I had carried all the way from far-off Ungava. This was the first mail that any single messenger had ever carried by dog train from that distant point, and I felt quite puffed up with the honor of it.

The week that we waited here for the *King Edward* was a dismal one, and when the ship finally arrived we lost no time in getting ourselves and our belongings aboard. It was a mighty satisfaction to feel the pulse of the engines that with every revolution took us nearer home, and when at last we tied up at the steamer's wharf in Quebec, I heaved a big sigh of relief.

On April thirtieth, after an absence of just eleven months, we found ourselves again in the whirl and racket of New York. The portages and rapids and camp fires, the Indian wigwams and Eskimo igloos and the great, silent white world of the North that we had so recently left were now only memories. We had reached the end of The Long Trail.

The compact with Hubbard was fulfilled.

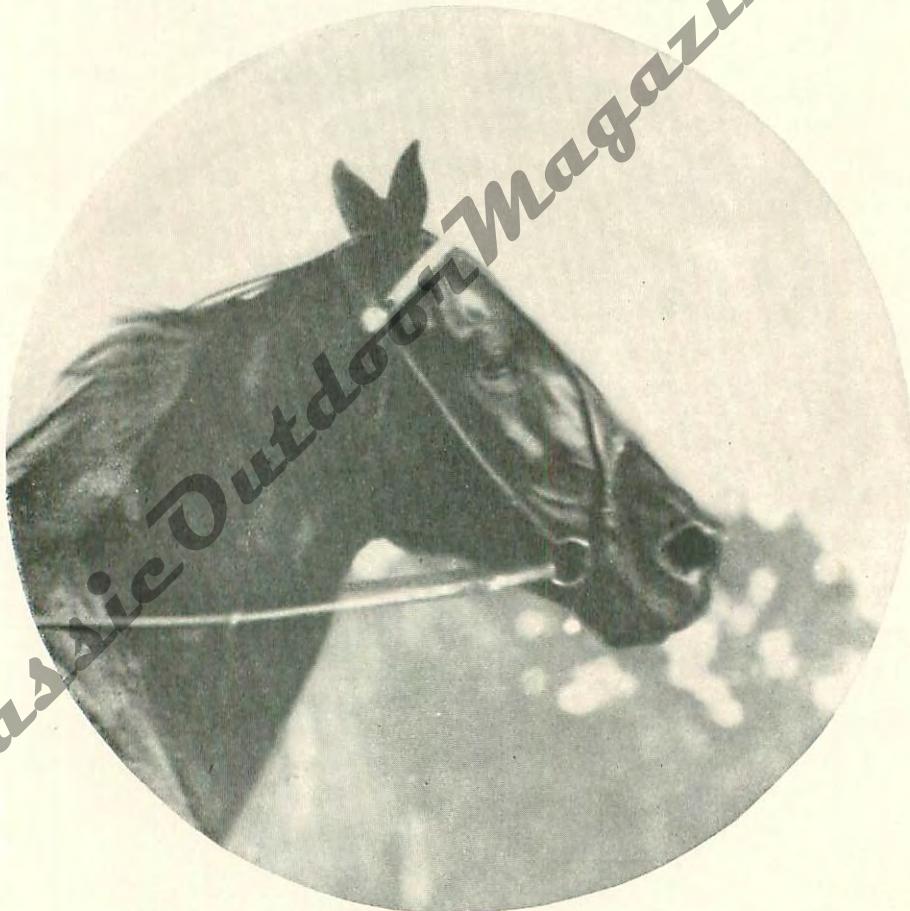
THE END



# THE AMERICAN HORSE IN PORTRAITURE

A SERIES OF COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS

BY N. W. PENFIELD



DAN PATCH  
Champion pacer of the world (time 1.55).

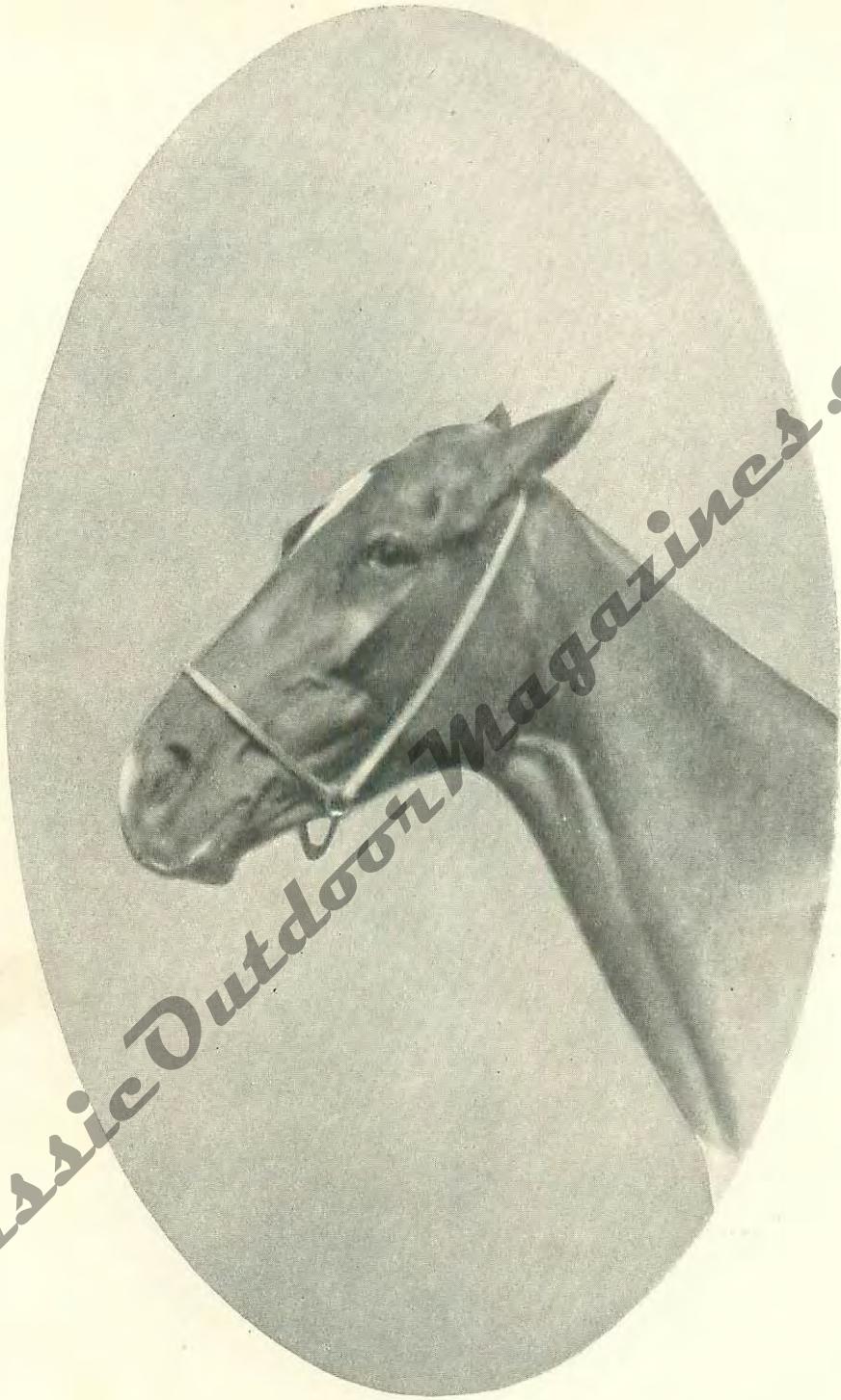


HERMIS

A spectacular favorite of the race-going public; a really great horse and the best "miler" of the past decade.

**ARTFUL**

The fastest two-year-old running filly of recent years; record maker of six furlongs in 1.08 on a straight course.



LOU DILLON

The trotting phenomenon that is credited with the world's record mile of  $1.58\frac{1}{2}$  made behind a wind shield.



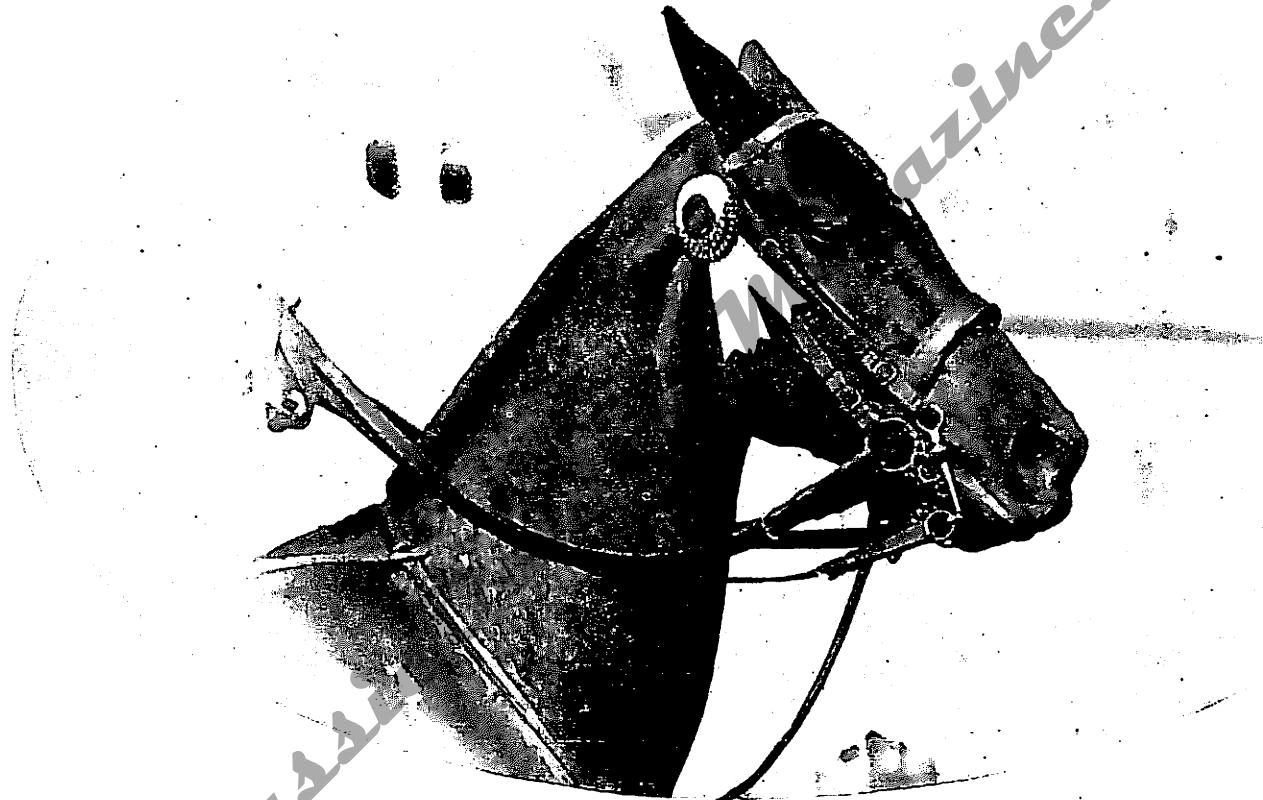
SYSONBY

A marvelous runner that beat every rival without being extended; the undoubted champion of the modern American turf.



BELDAME

The beautifully bred racing mare, which as a three-year-old swept the boards, ending the season queen of her year.



QUEEN

Considered one of the finest examples in America of the polo pony.



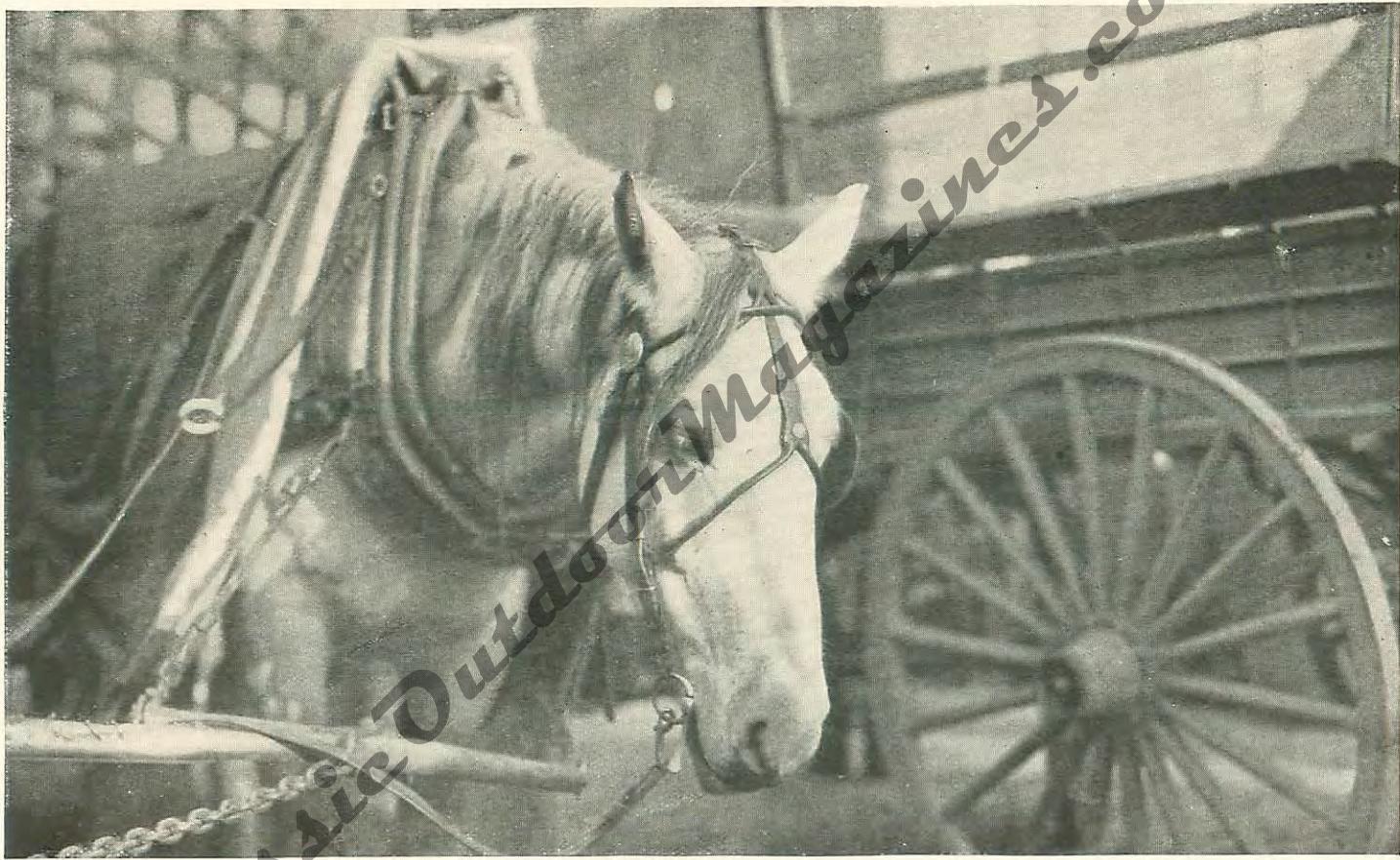
#### RETRIBUTION

A famous old hunter that followed the hounds until he was twenty years old.

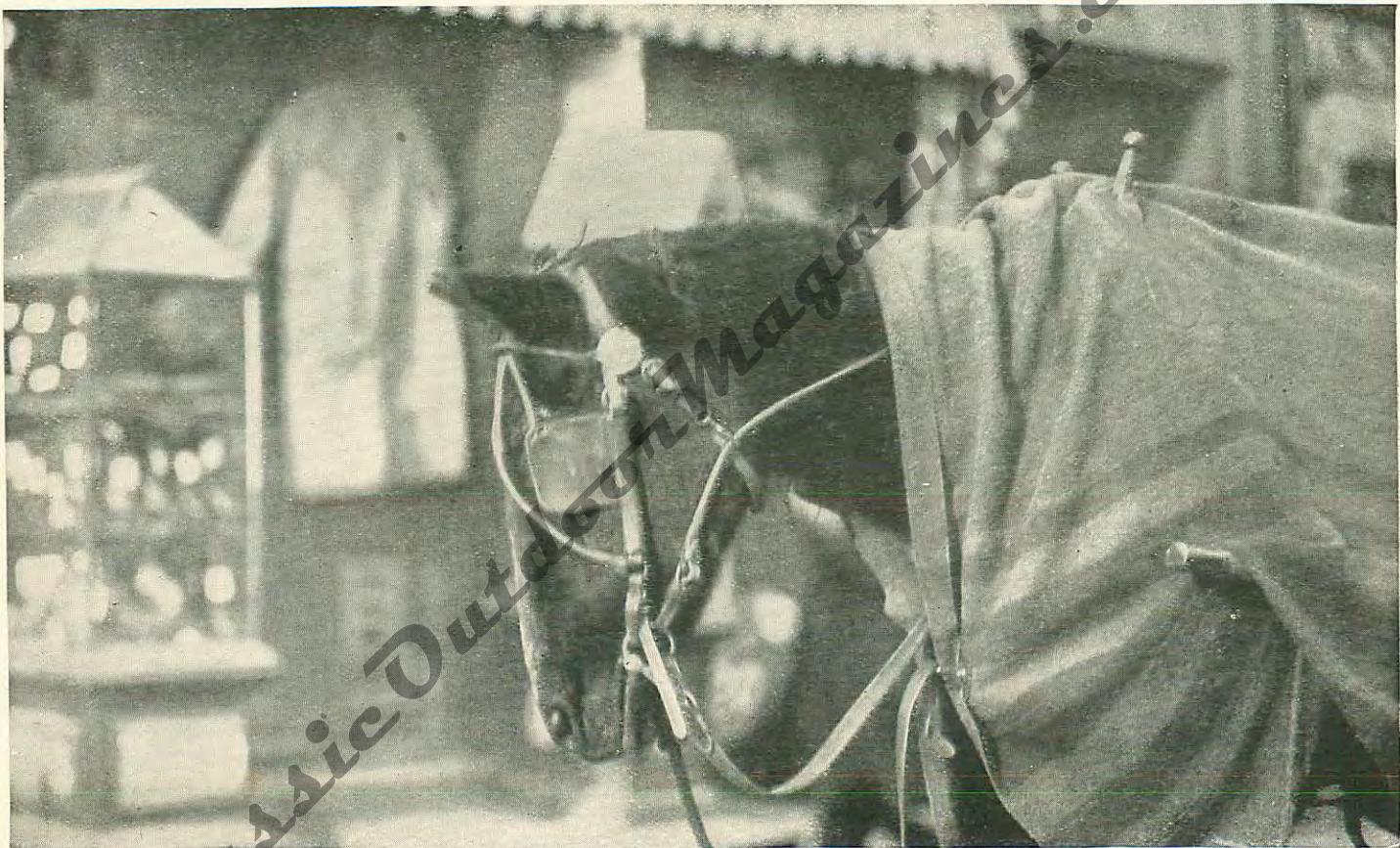


PONY

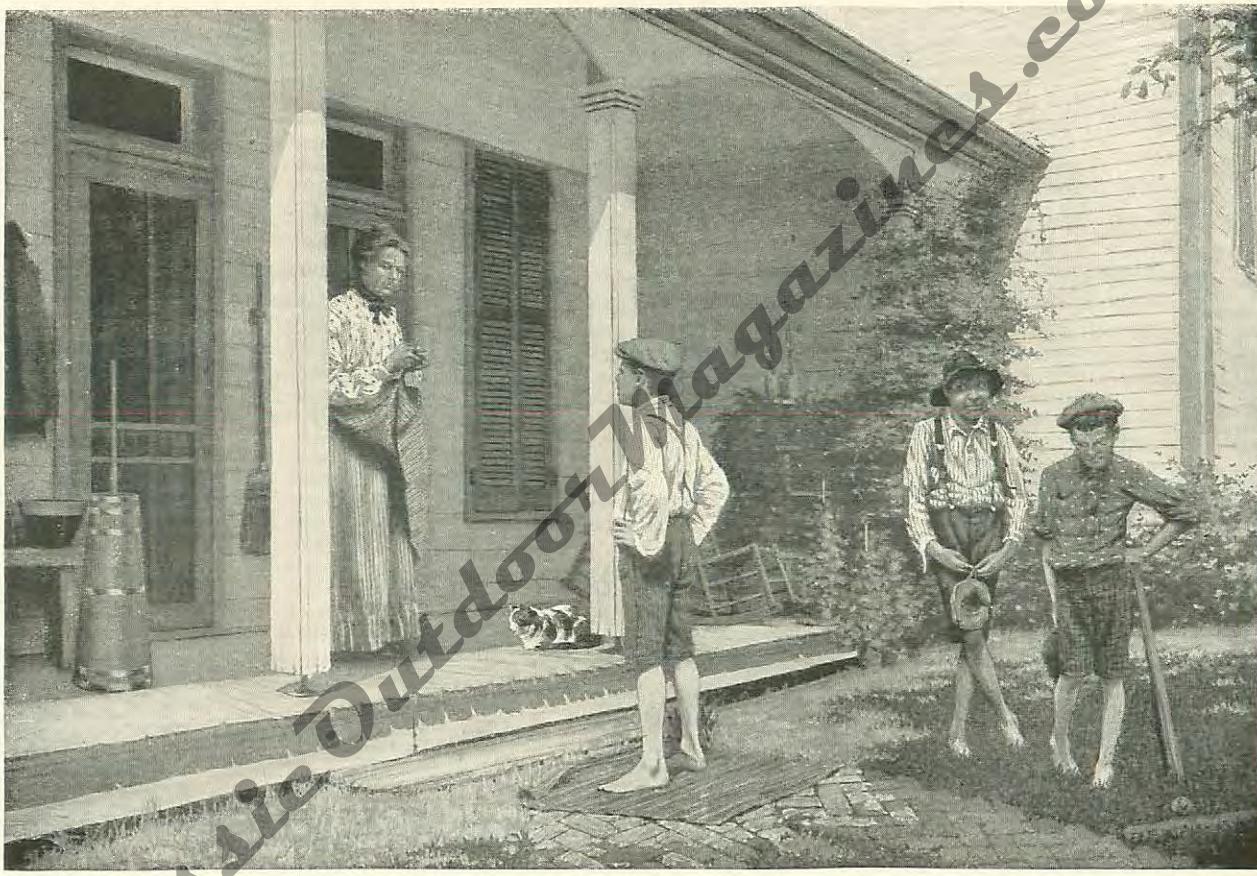
A fire horse attached to Company 65 of the N. Y. Fire Department.



BILL V.—a common truck horse of much work and no play.



ANGEL—the ragman's main dependence—a horse without a pedigree.



AFTER THE GAME—"Ma, can us fellers have sompin' ter eat?"

Drawing by Worth Brehm.

# LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

## A BUSY MAN'S VACATION

BY CHARLES EMMETT BARNES

IT was only a string of fish. Who can explain its strange fascination, the witchery, the mysterious something that attracts to it?

The happy-go-lucky boy stood on the sidewalk in front of my office with a fine catch of perch and blue gills strung upon a willow branch. It was a magnet that drew to him every person who passed, and his expression showed how pleased he was at the attention. It was a compliment to his skill as an angler. Each man, from the day laborer to the aristocratic banker, as he paused, asked the boy where he caught them. That string of fish made them all democratic. It was not strange that the drayman came over to look at them, but what was it that appealed to Bunker Jones, who never recognized or spoke to any one; who never looked right or left as he walked along the street, always meditating? This self-absorbed man actually saw the fish and came to a standstill. It made even him akin to all the other onlookers. For that string of fish brought to memory happy, free-from-care "other days," before the strenuous business life had confined one everlasting to the office without a vacation; a mental kaleidoscope that vividly pictured green fields, sylvan scenes, running brooks, placid lakes, sunshine, fresh air; thoughts of a time of freedom from care and business, and hope of holidays.

An outing! Let's see! I have not had a vacation from the office in ten years. I must—

"Been out of copy for half an hour," exclaimed the foreman in a vexatious voice as he rushed into my sanctum. To appease him I gave him an obituary of Smith that I had just finished writing when the boy

came along with the string of fish that had caused my meditations.

Smith's obituary set me to musing again. Smith was a successful business man and died worth \$100,000. Almost every week he had confidentially told me that next year he intended to retire from business and enjoy life. Next year came and he repeatedly told me the same thing. It was always next year. By-and-by he would enjoy life. Yes, by-and-by. But Smith died with apoplexy, and by-and-by never came to him on this earth, as it seldom does to any other business or professional man. He had worked like a slave, always anticipating that "good time" by-and-by.

Well, every other business man has the same dream of happiness, in the future, when he "quits business." As I mused, a forcible realization of the fact came to me that I, too, never took a vacation. The conclusion came quickly, that if a person did not enjoy life in the present, from day to day, he never would. It could not be deferred to be realized all in a lump—his pleasure must be *now*.

I had always been a great lover of nature, but the communion that I had established in boyhood had been rudely broken by the cold, ruthless, selfish demands of business in later life. To see more of, and to study nature; to renew my acquaintance with birds and flowers; to get the fresh air that was my natural inheritance, and hereafter to take an outing at least once a week, was a decision quickly and wisely made. I would consecrate Sundays to nature study and to the recuperation of the mental faculties and physical system by outdoor life.

For several years I have kept this covenant, taking an all-day outing on the Sabbath whenever the weather would permit. I have tramped along every river and brook, and around about thirty lakes in the vicinity of my city—traversed hills and dales; strolled through woods and

fields; studied birds, flowers, insects, trees and shrubs, and got more satisfaction and enjoyment and more physical benefit out of it than from any other recreation or physical exercise I had ever before indulged in.

In company with my young son I began my outings. Other friends were attracted to the novel one-day-at-a-time vacation idea by my enthusiasm, and asked to accompany us; so that three, then five, then a dozen nature students, in time, made up the party. The first season's outings were such a success and so beneficial physically, socially and intellectually, that when winter came the memory of the pleasant excursion days resulted in the organization of a "Nature Club." Every winter since then meetings of the club were held weekly and a study was made of natural history. The club now numbers eighty business, professional, and working men—is thoroughly democratic, the only qualification for membership being a love of nature. When spring comes the "call of the wild" is heard and the members cease to be indoor naturalists and become outdoor nature students, taking tramps in groups on Sundays during the spring and summer and until late in the fall. The work of the club has had its influence upon nature students in other cities. An outing was held at Gull Lake with the students from the Michigan Normal School at Kalamazoo, and the Kalamazoo River Valley Nature Club organized, to comprise all of the cities in the valley of that river.

My personal record for one year was twenty-two Sunday outings, Memorial Day, Fourth of July and Labor Day—making a total of twenty-five days' vacation without loss of time from business. During the long summer evenings many outings were taken after five o'clock, going direct from the office and carrying lunch along so that a return was not necessary until after dark. Does this not appeal to the man who loves outdoor life, but can never get away from business? This is what I would call the busy man's vacation or poor man's outing.

Our home city is very favorably situated for enjoyable outings. Running twenty-five miles to the west is an interurban line along the valley of the beautiful Kalamazoo River, into which flows several picturesque brooks. One branch runs to Gull Lake, the

largest inland lake in southern Michigan. Another line runs to Lake Goguac, the queen of Michigan lakes. Still another runs eastward for forty-five miles. In this county are sixty-seven lakes bearing names, with numerous small ones that are nameless. These, with many picturesque brooks and two rivers, make it a paradise for the nature lover.

The nature students, each Sunday, now divided up into several parties, take one of the interurbans, drop off the car at some new point and spend all day tramping, following the river or creek bottoms or visiting some lake. The visiting of a new place on each outing is essential in keeping up the interest. It gives variety and change, and arouses anticipation for the next trip.

Unless there is an interest in research an outing develops into a mere cross-country tramp, which soon tires and becomes uninteresting, as it has its limit. When on an outing attention is directed to objects animate or inanimate, the mind is aroused and the stroller "wants to know." Just as soon as this desire manifests itself his fate is sealed. He is converted into a modern gypsy. He will become a confirmed "tramp" and an enthusiastic nature student. He has got into the spirit of it. Each outing develops the power of observation to a wonderful degree. He is constantly on the lookout for something that he never saw before. Nature is full of surprises. He finds a new flower, a vine, a shrub, a tree, a berry, a nut, an insect, a bird, or some freak in nature; discovers some fact in woodcraft or forestry, or a geological specimen. He soon learns that the study of nature is inexhaustible, without end. Each flower or bird identified gives zest to the tramp, and the next Sunday's outing is looked forward to eagerly in anticipation of new discoveries.

A business man or professional man cannot be a specialist. He does not have the time or desire. He wants to enjoy nature and get the fresh air that the open brings to him. To do this all that is necessary is just a sufficient knowledge, to commence on, of the several branches of natural history, so that he can learn the names of things. When he sees a tree with a bird in the branches, a flower with an insect upon it, or picks up a geological specimen,

the name of each is what he is seeking. He will become so enthusiastic over this desire to know and to find that he will recklessly invade slimy marshes, muddy river bottoms and snake-infested tamarack swamps, to find a rare flower, bird, or nest, and is thrilled with delight when he finds it. Each member of the club has a nature library, and on the return home, the quest in books for information begins in earnest. All things unidentified upon the trip are searched out in eagerness, and—Eureka! He exults in the discovery. It is surprising what enthusiasm is aroused in the efforts to become acquainted with nature.

During the past year photographing from nature has been added to the regular attractions. This has increased the interest and brought into the club the photographers of the city.

The gun is barred. No firearms are allowed and no birds or harmless animals are ever killed. There is harmony upon all questions except one. Shall snakes be killed? This has been the subject of many an excited debate, and no unity of action has yet been attained.

The great need of this strenuous age, when there is such a waste of vital forces, is more fresh air and outdoor life for men and women, for a restoration of the physical and mental equilibrium. Nature excursions will do this. The mounting of wire fences, the jumping of ditches, the crossing of brooks and climbing of hills, will bring all of the physical benefits to be derived from golf and kindred pastimes, and in addition the nature lover increases his knowledge on every trip—it is a continuous education.

A feature of the outing is the enjoyable time that the dinner hour brings, when the lunch is eaten by the side of some swift brook or cold spring, with the grass for linen. The previous exercise brings a relish that makes the sylvan banquet most appetizing, and the social spirit reigns supreme, while the birds charm with their sweet melody.

As a climax the members of the club have awakened to the fact that there is beauty, picturesqueness, and even grandeur right at their own door and all about them; that the ordinary is extraordinary; that common things are interesting; that there is beauty in familiar things.

## A FEW DOG STORIES

BY RALPH NEVILLE

NO one can fathom a dog's reasoning. From Addison in the *Spectator*, through the flight of years to Sir Walter Scott and on down to present-day writers, one hears of properly authenticated cases of the remarkable reasoning of dogs. There are records of talking dogs, but these are somewhat open to doubt; tales of thinking dogs are therefore much more acceptable. The knowing dogs so frequently mentioned in the old *Spectator* did so many wonderful things that there can be little doubt that the writers of some of these racy essays drew the long bow. So veracious a man as Sir Walter Scott, however, had a "wise" dog, a bull terrier. Said the novelist once: "I taught him to understand a great many words, inasmuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offense, after which, to the last moments of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever tone of voice it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said, 'the baker was well paid,' or 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered and barked and rejoiced."

This same Camp certainly possessed a singular knowledge of spoken language. After he was unable, toward the end of his life, to attend when Sir Walter rode on horseback, he used to watch for his master's return; then if the servant should tell him his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor, although using no gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side.

But to come to more modern instances: sporting dogs have a wonderful way of understanding the phrases of the human voice. The owner of a spaniel made up his mind to give him to a man who lived fifteen miles away. He spent a day in taking the dog by train to his friend's place.

The next morning when he opened his front door in walked "Ben" looking for all the world as if he expected a welcome. But the owner was not to be done.

He put him in charge of a guard on a through train, with instructions not to let him escape. A month went by, and the family concluded that they had at last got rid of the dog, when one day the head of the house, standing on his front porch, saw a thin, worn-out liver and white spaniel trotting up the walk.

The dog gave a bark of joy as he caught sight of the master, who gazed on him with amazement and then exclaimed:

"Great Jehosaphat! Are you back?"

The animal paused when he heard these unappreciative words, and, looking crushed and miserable, sneaked around the house. No amount of coaxing could persuade the dog to pay attention to his conscience-stricken owner, but he lavished all his affections on the lady of the house, who took the old fellow back to her good graces.

In the window of a cigar store in New York a dog sits looking out upon passers-by and smoking a pipe or cigar with a relish that makes a man's mouth water. Now and then he blows a ring of smoke toward the ceiling and gazes out at newsboys and pedestrians in a self-satisfied, contented manner that simply compels all who have the tobacco habit to step inside for the purpose of making a purchase. "Cap," as this money-making dog is familiarly known, has all the characteristics of a fox terrier except the contour of his face, which betrays the bulldog blood that is in him. John D. Dalton, his owner, found him roaming the streets when he was a puppy about five weeks old, and the dog has been showing his gratitude ever since in a most substantial way. "Cap" learned to smoke when still a puppy, and is now a confirmed slave to the Lady Nicotine.

Dogs frequently become proud when dressed in special uniforms. One has noticed this at shows and at dog races, where some of the most extravagant clothes and muzzles are to be seen. The police dogs of Ghent—much of the type of the sheep dog—wear for their uniform a leather collar strongly bound with steel and armed with sharp points. From this hangs a medal showing the dog's name and quarters and age. In bad weather they have

their mackintosh capes. The Belgian dog must obviously be well endowed with the instinct of self-preservation. He is taught to attack, to seize, and to hold a man. Dummies are at first used for training purposes, and woe betide any one the police dog finds in a crouching position, it having been driven into its mind that a man endeavoring to conceal himself is up to no good. Gradually the dog is broken off a dummy and a living model is used—and in four months the animal's education in the matter of saving life from drowning, scaling walls, and burglar catching is complete. Then he goes out with the town "bobbies." Ghent possesses sixteen dog policemen.

In England we recently had afforded us an excellent example of a black retriever's heroism. During the height of a gale a bark was seen at Fraserburgh to be helplessly driven before the wind, and the greatest excitement prevailed among the anxious watchers on the headland when it was seen that the vessel was making for the rocks at Rosehearty. The Fraserburgh Life Saving Brigade was summoned by telephone, but before they could arrive the vessel was among the breakers, with great seas sweeping over her. There was no possibility of launching a boat, owing to the rocks and the violence of the waves. The crew were seen clinging to the trail-board, expecting every moment to be engulfed. So great was their danger that they tied a rope to a piece of wood, in the hope that it would drift ashore.

Then it was that Mr. Shirran, a Rosehearty banker, relieved their anxiety. He had a fine black retriever, which he ordered off for the stick. The noble animal at once obeyed. Plunging among the breakers he made for the ship. The waves were too much for him, however, and he returned. Again he was sent off, and many times he was completely lost to view. Once more he returned without accomplishing his object. It was pitiable to see the anxious sailors watching their only present hope of rescue. The dog was again sent off, but without avail. Yet a fourth time the animal breasted the billows, and, after a heroic struggle, he reached the stick. The swim back, handicapped with the weight of a heavy rope, was a great task. Several times the dog was overwhelmed, and hope was abandoned, but at last the victory was

obtained, and the weary animal fell panting on the shore, dropping the stick at his master's feet. Communication was thus established between the vessel and the shore. Immediately after the brigade arrived, and with the life-saving apparatus saved the crew.

In 1829 a peasant was found murdered in a wood in the Department of the Loire, France, with his dog sitting near the body. No clew could at first be gained as to the perpetrators of the crime, and the victim's widow continued to live in the same cottage, accompanied always by the faithful dog. In February, 1837, two men, apparently travelers, stopped at the house, requesting shelter from the storm, which was granted; but no sooner had the dog seen them than he flew at them with great fury, and would not be pacified. As they were quitting the house one of them said to the other: "That rascally dog has not forgotten us!" This raised the suspicion of the widow who overheard it, and she applied to the gendarmes in the neighborhood, who followed and arrested the men. After a long examination one of the criminals confessed.

There is a strong trait of jealousy in a dog's nature. A story is told of a Birmingham dog that had been a great pet in the family until the baby came. There was suspicion that he was jealous, but he could not be detected in any disrespect to the newcomer. It always happened, however, that when the dog was left alone with the baby the baby began to cry. No signs of trouble were ever to be seen upon entering the room, and the dog was always found sleeping peacefully before the fire. Finally one day a peep through the keyhole disclosed the canine rubbing his cold wet nose up and down the baby's back.

There is a common rumor to the effect that a dog at Berlin was taught to say the word "Elizabeth" most distinctly. A more generally authenticated statement is to the effect that Sir William Gell had a dog which could repeat some words, though he could only do this when his master held his jaws in a certain manner.

Southey, in his "Omnian," tells us that he knew of a dog which was brought up by a Catholic, and afterward sold to a Protestant, but still refused meat on a Friday.

## BRANNIGAN'S NERVE

BY NORMAN CROWELL

WALLOPIN' Tom Geery was in the final stages of a harrowing narrative when William P. Brannigan, puncher on the X L diggings, pounded in under a full head of steam and leaned over the bar with a familiarity that jarred the place. While Bill threw in a single, a double header and repeat without swallowing, the hair-raising yarn drew to a hurried and untimely close.

After methodically combing the froth off his mule-tails, the new arrival advanced toward the group about the stove with menace in his eye.

"Perty darn good remarks, them was, Wallopin'. Don't believe I could have ekalled that feat you was tellin' of even in my best days. Do I ketch ye right in thinkin' it was you what kidnaped that Injun chief's darter under that parfect hail er arrers?"

Wallopin' looked a trifle weary but admitted blushingly that it was none else.

"Well now, son, that was nervy—blame nervy! But tellin' about it was jest about as nervy or maybe a leetle more so," said Bill as he aimed himself at a chair and sat down heavily.

After whipping out a copious plug of tobacco and disconnecting a cheekful from a prominent corner he drew a deep inspiration and glanced at the faces round about.

"Boys," said he, as he made a mysterious pass wherein the plug faded forever from human eye, "after ye've knowed this here Wallopin' person th' time I have ye'll git onto th' fact that he loves th' truth jest as severe as he is infatuated with work. He'd do first class if he wa'n't some cross-eyed on th' fundermental principles o' th' business."

Following the approving chuckles the speaker hitched a leg across its mate and resumed.

"Speakin' about nerve makes me recall a leetle something that happened to me a few years ago. I was driftin' around th' streets o' Frisco broke clear in two an' with cramps in th' floatin' ribs from ridin' brake-beams. Feller run agin me one day an' he says:

"Lookin' for work, pard?"

"Course he ketched me off my guard

some an', like a fool, I pervaricated an' said that I was.

"Any petikelar line?" he says.

"Not that I knows of," says I.

"Jest so there's money comin', eh?"

"How'd you guess it?" I says.

"Then this feller took me by th' hand and pulled me to one side and begun whisperin' a few bundles of information into me. By th' time he'd got through my wool was stickin' up so's you could have druv it in with a mallet.

"But, bein' game, I agreed, as I was needin' th' money bad. He took me down to a big buildin' on th' aidge of town an' interduced me to four of th' toughest humans I ever see collected into one bunch. One of 'em hands me a long knife, ground sharp as a razor, an' I see right off I was in for it to th' eyelids. Then they led me into a long, thin room an' begun rollin' up their sleeves. I rolled mine up, too. Then I looked down an' see fresh blood on th' floor an' while I was lookin' at it one feller pulled his watch an' said we'd better begin.

"Jest about that time o' day Bill Brannigan was a-sayin' what few prayers he knowed, but I kept my grip onto that knife, callatin' on a desprit attempt if th' wust come to th' wust. Then I heard a noise—a sorter wailin' an' shriekin'—it was enough to make your blood back up to hear them groans, but th' fellers only gritted their teeth an' told me to git prepared.

"I heard men's voices—hollerin'—but I knowed they was too far off to help anyway, so I jest stood there waitin' fer them there pore critters what was comin' to their doom.

"Well, fellers——"

Here the speaker tossed his cud into the farthest spittoon and drew out the plug. The listeners were sitting in breathless silence, intent upon every word of the marrow-freezing tale. Suddenly Bill leaned forward in his chair and held up a finger.

"Boys——"

Deep pathos was apparent in his tone as he paused and glanced hurriedly for the spittoon, into which he spat with a power and precision that elicited the admiration of the audience.

"It was awful. I've been in skirmishes where men was killed—but them was fair fights—no murderin'. Each man took his chances then—but here them miserable critters came in unarmed an' unsuspectin' an' before they'd get their bearin's their throats would be cut. There's no use denyin', fellers, it was jest butchery, pure an' simple. I can't get around that—it was butchery."

The barkeeper's peg-leg came down with a thump that roused half the hearers with a gasp.

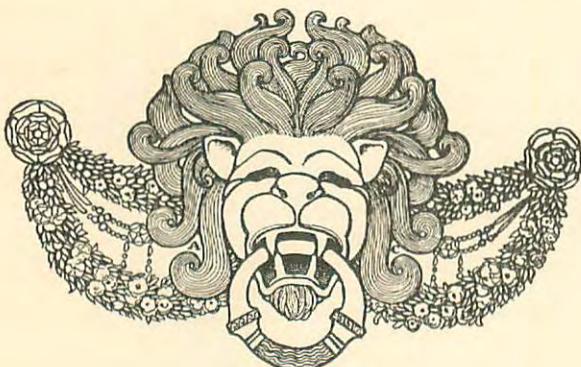
"But—but——" began Wallopin', hesitatingly.

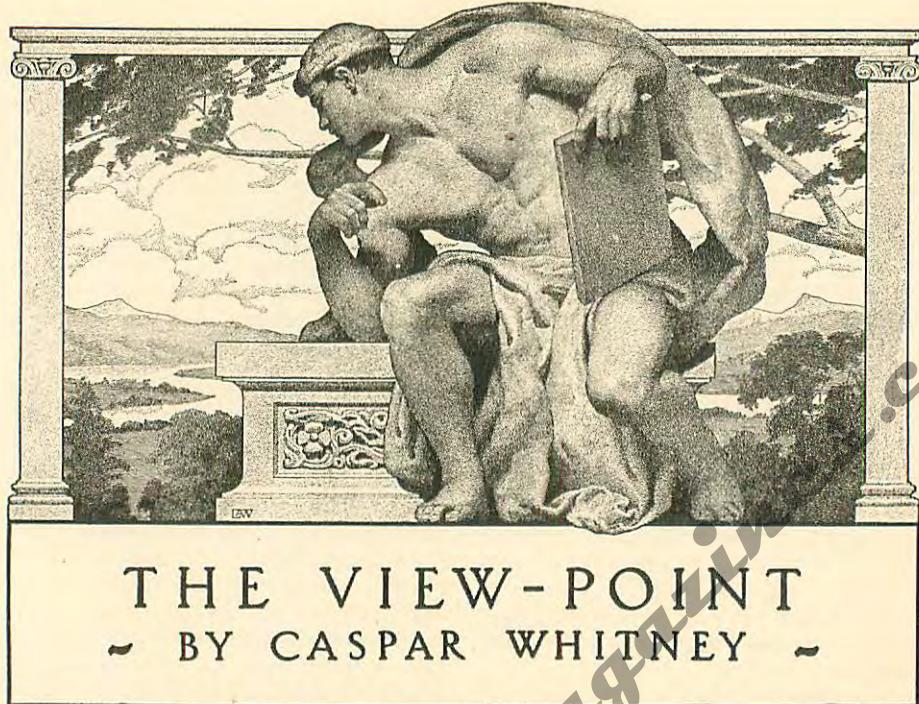
Bill gazed into the fire and shuddered.

"Wh—what—was it?" finished Wallopin'.

"Well, boys, th' only explanation I can give ye is what I jest said—it was butchery—jest butchery—it was in a packin' house."

A dense, violet-scented silence reigned for a brief instant. Then a noise that sounded like a run on the bank ensued and the entire crowd drew up in line against the bar, while William Brannigan gazed into the stove and chuckled hoarsely.





## THE VIEW-POINT - BY CASPAR WHITNEY -

### How We Little Ducks Do Swim

Thomas Jefferson's birthday was celebrated in New York the other night by two simultaneously given dinners held by the derelict local factions of the long-suffering Democratic party. At one Hearst occupied the head of the table; at the other "Boss" Charley Murphy, Andy Freedman, and "Little Tim" Sullivan—owners of New York—Augustus Van Wyck, a one-time mayor, and Charley Harvey of pugilistic-ring fame, divided attention.

At the Hearst feed five dollars a plate was the price asked, and Hearst did pretty much all of the speech making. At the feast of "Boss" Murphy *et al* ten dollars a plate was the fee exacted, and each spoke the little piece he had prepared for the occasion. At both gatherings most everybody, except Hearst, threw rocks at everybody else not at the party.

### Goodness Gracious

### Is it as Bad as That?

Let us enjoy the closing paragraph of one of the ten-dollar-a-plate speeches:

"Is there no courage left in us? Must time-honored Democracy follow the Republican party in voluntary submission? Is there not somewhere to be found inspiration to tear down the conglomeration of

shreds and patches now waved insultingly in our faces, and raise, whether for success or failure, but everlasting for the right, the flag of the fathers of the republic? May not one final attempt be made to join hands with the conservative South and blaze the way for the entrance of living truth and real sincerity to supplant the hollow sham and glaring hypocrisy before which now in shame we bow our heads? If government by the people must perish and the pendulum be swung back to autocracy, then woe, indeed, to the land! But let us at least go down with our faces to the front, trampling expediency under foot, spurning compromise, defying mobs, following the fixed star of undying principle, and trusting to the return to reason of the American people and the working of God's immutable laws for a resurrection that shall be glorious because deserved!"

This peroration was not borrowed from some Fourth of July oration of Col. Delphin Delmas, but probably was written by that other colonel of equally distinguished military record—G. B. M. Harvey, who delivered it at the close of the night's bombardment with obvious mental anguish and much impressive gesture.

### Theodore Roosevelt

To throw bricks at Theodore Roosevelt has become an obsession among "little Americans" and those impelled by corporate or other selfish interests. Lacking the creative they use their only quality in stock—the destructive;

after all, it relieves their "pent-up" feelings, and does no harm to the President, who is as far above them in genuine Americanism as he is in the esteem of the people.

Theodore Roosevelt, being human, makes mistakes, but he makes them while engaged in creative work, and he stands for the best interests of all the people all of the time; and he is honest—that is why he is indorsed by every citizen who really cares for Old Glory.

**Good Roads  
Movement  
Lesson in  
New York**

The good roads movement moves, and very generally, although it is meeting many obstacles, and we must learn by experience in the different states how to overcome them. New

York's experience is vexatious, and perhaps unique, and for that reason and for the lesson it conveys, I give it rather fully as set forth by Mr. White, the highway superintendent.

Ever since the two state aid statutes of 1898 were placed in operation in New York, there has been an insistent reference to the fact that while they were both fair on their face, in practice they did an injustice to the poor towns, in that the distribution of state aid under both statutes is based on the assessed valuation of the community liable to highway taxes.

This enables the rich communities with a low tax rate to obtain funds from the state treasury, with comparatively no burden of taxation, while the poor communities, burdened by their tax rates, are practically barred from receiving aid in the construction of their highways. This is more readily understood when one considers two towns of equal size and equal mileage with equal conditions, in regard to the cost and maintenance of their highways.

**Hard on the  
Poor Towns**

One is assessed for \$1,000,-  
000 and the other assessed  
for \$100,000 for highway  
purposes. The care of the  
roads in each town calls

for the raising of \$6,000 for road maintenance. This makes a tax rate for highway purposes in the rich town of sixty cents on a farm assessed for \$1,000. In the poor town it makes a tax rate of six dol-

lars on the \$1,000. In the rich town the tax rate is no burden. In the poor town the tax rate is an excessive burden upon all of its citizens.

Our highway law comes direct from England, just as the old English system was in existence, and before Napoleon forced England into realizing the fact that the main highways should be built and maintained at national expense; for it was the fear of the all-conquering Napoleon that brought the main highways of England promptly into construction and existence, to carry the English forces down to the Channel to repel the expected invasion from France.

The following tables show how great is the unequal burden of taxation in the town tax rates, and why the poor towns cannot obtain improvement on their main or lateral highways under the present acts. The tables take as a basis any ten towns assessed from \$100,000 up to \$1,000,000, and show the burden of taxation on a \$1,000 farm for each of the respective towns, figuring that each town is to receive a mile of highway at a cost of \$8,000 a mile, and then increasing the number of miles in each town up to ten miles at the same cost.

The first group of figures show increased tax levy on a town, to be raised for the improvement of from one mile of highway in the town at a cost of \$8,000 a mile up to ten miles.

A road costing \$8,000 a mile under the bond issue is paid for as follows:

Maximum Annual Tax Levy	Being interest and sinking fund of \$ per cent. on
State, 50 per cent.....	\$200      \$4,000
County, 35 per cent.....	140      2,800
Town, 15 per cent.....	60      1,200
	\$400      \$8,000

INCREASED TOWN TAX PER MILE.

Increased tax levy		Increased tax levy
1 mile X \$60 = \$ 60		6 mile X \$60 = \$360
2 mile X 60 = 120		7 mile X 60 = 420
3 mile X 60 = 180		8 mile X 60 = 480
4 mile X 60 = 240		9 mile X 60 = 540
5 mile X 60 = 300		10 mile X 60 = 600

On the next page is a table showing burden of taxation on towns from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 according to the mileage improved in each town, each mile to cost \$8,000.

Assessed Valuation of Town	Increased Co. tax on \$1,000 assessed valua- tion for 1 m. of highway.	Two miles.	Three miles.	Four miles.	Five miles.	Six miles.	Seven miles.	Eight miles.	Nine miles.	Ten miles.
\$ 100,000....	.60	1.20	1.80	2.40	3.00	3.60	4.20	4.80	5.40	6.00
200,000....	.30	.60	.90	1.20	1.50	1.80	2.10	2.40	2.70	3.00
300,000....	.20	.40	.60	.80	1.00	1.20	1.40	1.60	1.80	2.00
400,000....	.15	.30	.45	.60	.75	.90	1.05	1.20	1.35	1.50
500,000....	.12	.24	.36	.48	.60	.72	.84	.96	1.08	1.20
600,000....	.10	.20	.30	.40	.50	.60	.70	.80	.90	1.00
700,000....	.085	.17	.25	.34	.425	.51	.595	.68	.765	.85
800,000....	.075	.15	.22	.30	.375	.45	.525	.60	.675	.75
900,000....	.066	.13	.19	.26	.33	.39	.462	.52	.594	.66
1,000,000....	.06	.12	.18	.24	.30	.36	.42	.48	.54	.60

**Road Benefits  
Should be  
Widely  
Distributed**

rate, while the burden of taxation for the same character of improvement is so heavy in the poor towns that they cannot accept the benefit. This places squarely in front of the state the question of which is the better policy, the building of poor roads in the poor parts of the state at state, county and town expense, or the building of expensive roads of equal strength and durability in all parts of the state, the state assuming and paying the entire cost of construction.

One argument is that to him that hath little, little shall be given. And that the more remote the town, and the greater the distance it is away from canals, railroads and cities, the less it should expect, and should be satisfied with inexpensive highways according to its present needs.

The other side of the argument is, that with roads of equal strength and durability built throughout the state, without creating a burdensome local or state tax rate, the back country, which is now cheap, would be increased in value, and that back farms and quarries, the mines, the timber districts, the mineral sections, with their wealth, would all be made accessible over the improved highway system, and by bringing their neglected products to the present shipping centers, great values would be created. Would not a short-sighted policy continue to leave the state undeveloped, where a large and liberal policy would create in the state, outside of the incorporated cities and villages, tax-

able assets that within a short period of time would become almost stupendous in their amounts?

**Peary  
the Man  
to Find It**  
Commander Robert E. Peary is to make another attempt to reach the North Pole; he is trying to raise the \$100,000 needed for this, his sixth, expedition. It is not to the credit of America that Peary should have difficulty in securing financial support. In any other country than America the government would take entire charge of such exploring work—and it ought to do so in America.

The *Roosevelt*, which served him so well last year, is being repaired, and if the money is forthcoming Peary will start before mid-summer. This would put him in position, he expects, to make his final dash in the early part of 1908. May it be a successful "dash" and may he survive to bring us the news of his achievement!

Certainly if the Pole is ever to be found, Peary is the man suited to the honor; he has knowledge, experience, judgment—the three most essential qualities when the adventurer cuts adrift from his base of supplies and plunges dead ahead into the unknown—a brave heart and firm determination. No explorer ever went forth so well equipped; in fact Peary is the only American to have entered upon this hazardous voyage with adequate equipment.

And yet there is one element of that terrible last struggle for the "Farthest North," which neither experience nor provision is competent to provide against—and that is the "open lead," which cannot be presaged. It has closed the career of other expeditions and it all but cut off

Peary's retreat last year. None may know whence it comes or when, but it appears to be inevitable and is to be reckoned with.

The first explorer with sufficient provision who is so lucky as to escape an encounter with an open lead and therefore find foothold as he travels will reach the Pole—assuming it to be an ice cap.

Here's hoping that man will be Peary.

#### **Hot Air**

With the loyal object of hanging upon the Pole the beautiful Aéro Club flag with which, at a New York love feast recently he was presented, Walter Wellman is preparing to float northward. Mr. Wellman is of a hopeful nature; with a sand bag or so, a few personal belongings, and, let us pray, something material to cheer the journey through the light, hot air, he will take seat beneath his huge gas bag and trust for the best. Since he will have very little more control over the direction of his balloon than either you or I sitting comfortably on earth, it is well his nature is thus hopeful.

To the less spectacular, if more practical, mind a trip across the Atlantic or even across New Jersey might suggest itself—especially since chance of reaching the Pole would seem to be equally as good from that starting point as Spitzbergen. Of course there might not be so much advertising in it—and we should like to see Mr. Wellman get all the notoriety he courts—and return to enjoy it.

For the rest, we cannot take Wellman and his gas bag seriously; aerial navigation has not yet advanced beyond the mere toy stage with the longest of its flights still within eye range. As for sending up a balloon to be blown whither the wind listeth—well, I hope Wellman is provided with a stout drag and a long rope.

#### **Just Talk**

Do not be misled into believing the newspaper stories that a one hundred thousand dollar appropriation is to be asked of Congress for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the team of athletes who will represent America in July, 1908, at the London Olympic Games. The yarn was born in the imagination of a poor soul on the lookout for a job; he started a similar

story on its rounds through the press last year at the time an American team was organizing for entry in the Olympic Games at Athens. There was no truth in the story last year, and there is as little truth in it this year.

The American end of the London Olympic Games is without restriction in the hands of a home committee which collectively and individually—officially and unofficially—has no thought of permitting such a request to be made. This Committee has not asked, will not ask for, and does not wish public money. The money to help pay the expenses of the American team will be raised as heretofore—from the clubs having athletic affiliations, from the organizations having the care of various sports in their keeping, and from individual sportsmen having enough interest in seeing America well represented to impel them to put their hand in pocket and help.

#### **Timber Supply and Demand**

Every person in the United States is using over six times as much wood as he would use if he were in Europe. The country as a whole consumes every year between three and four times as much wood as all of the forests of the United States grow in the meantime. The average acre of forest lays up a store of only 10 cubic feet annually, whereas it ought to be laying up at least 30 cubic feet in order to furnish the products taken out of it. Since 1880 more than 700,000,000,000 feet of timber have been cut for lumber alone, including 80,000,000,000 feet of coniferous timber in excess of the total coniferous stumpage estimate of the Census in 1880.

These are some of the remarkable statements made in Circular 97 of the Forest Service, which deals with the timber supply of the United States and reviews the stumpage estimates made by all the important authorities. A study of the circular must lead directly to the conclusion that the rate at which forest products in the United States have been and are being consumed, is far too lavish, and that only one result can follow unless steps are promptly taken to prevent waste in use and to increase the growth rate of every acre of forest in the United States. This result is a timber famine.

**America  
Behind  
Europe**

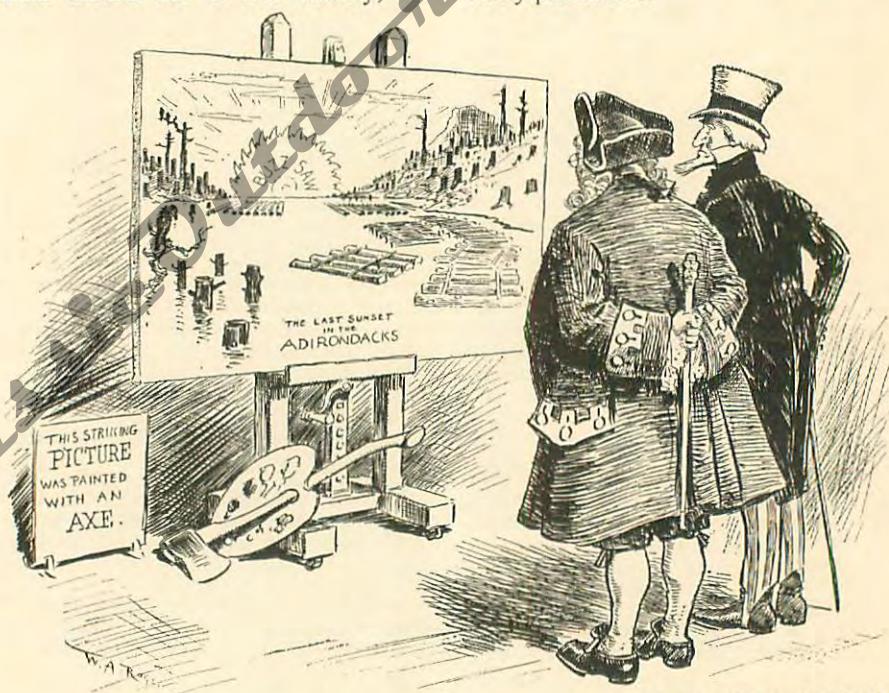
This country is to-day in the same position with regard to forest resources as was Germany 150 years ago. During this period of 150 years such German States as Saxony and Prussia, particularly the latter, have applied a policy of government control and regulation which has immensely increased the productivity of their forests. The same policy will achieve even better results in the United States, because we have the advantage of all the lessons which Europe has learned and paid for in the course of a century of theory and practice.

Lest it might be assumed that the rapid and gaining depletion of American forest resources is sufficiently accounted for by the increase of population, it is pointed out in the circular that the increase in population since 1880 is barely more than half the increase in lumber cut in the same period. Two areas supplying timber have already reached and passed their maximum production—the Northeastern States in 1870 and the Lake States in 1890. To-day the Southern States, which cut yellow pine amounting to one-third the total annual lumber cut of the country, are

undoubtedly near their maximum. The Pacific States will soon take the ascendancy. The State of Washington within a few years has come to the front and now ranks first of all individual states in volume of cut.

**Federal  
Control  
Only Hope**

At present but one-fifth of the total forest area of the United States is embraced in national forests. The remaining four-fifths have already passed or are most likely to pass into private hands. The average age of the trees felled for lumber this year is not less than 150 years. In other words, if he is to secure a second crop of trees of the same size, the lumberman or private forest owner must wait, say, at least one hundred years for the second crop to grow. As a rule, such long-time investments as this waiting would involve do not commend themselves to business men who are accustomed to quick returns. But the states and the nation can look much farther ahead. The larger, then, the area of national and state control over woodlands, the greater is the likelihood that the forests of the country will be kept permanently productive.



A Fifty-Million Dollar Picture.

By courtesy of "The New York Herald."

# CARE OF DOGS IN SUMMER\*

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

SUMMER is the trying season on dogs, especially on sporting dogs. They suffer constantly from heat, from flies and fleas, from ill-judged feeding, from skin diseases and from excessive exertion. Perhaps the leading topic of the kennel at this time of year is the "dip," or wash, to be used. A perfect wash would cleanse the hair and skin, drive away insects, cure mange, smell sweet, be non-irritant and improve the coat, while costing little and giving the attendant the least trouble. In the warmest weather a dog should be dipped or sponged every day.

None is quite ideal. All in all, the best is the sulphur, or Gleason, dip. I do not know whether Andy Gleason, the trainer, invented the compound, but he introduced it to the large kennels. It is cheap, easily obtained, and effective. The preparation is worth a detailed description. Get two boxes of concentrated lye (Lewis'), empty the contents into a pail or jar, being careful that the caustic does not get on your hands. Have ready about five pounds of sulphur. Pour a pint of water on the lye and stir it a little. Add the sulphur, stirring vigorously all the time, because the usefulness of the mixture depends on the thoroughness with which the lye takes up the sulphur. As it mixes, the stuff will turn reddish brown. Keep stirring until no particles of sulphur can be seen, and the mixture has the consistency of cream. Maybe it will take a half hour. Meanwhile you will have filled with soft water, to about three-fourths of its capacity, a coal oil or whiskey or any other barrel which will hold water. Put in the mixture and stir. If the sulphur has not been taken up thoroughly by the lye it will be precipitated to the bottom of the barrel. No great loss is suffered thereby, as the sulphur will still be of some benefit, though it will never be dissolved. To dip the dog, stick his hind legs down into the barrel and "slosh" the stuff over him well. It will not hurt his eyes if a drop or two falls that way. If mange is present or suspected, rub and scratch until you are sure the dip has reached the skin. If nothing is the matter just put the dog in and take him out, merely seeing that the liquid reaches his ears with your hand.

The disadvantages of this recipe are that it calls for a little trouble in mixing, that the smell is something dire, and that it will hardly cure a bad case of mange. The smell, however, disappears in a few minutes

from the dog and your person. All coal tar, carbolic acid and oil applications have some advantage in odor at first, but are far more persistent and disagreeable in the end. The advantages of the sulphur dip are that it is non-irritant, wonderfully healthful and beautifying for the hair as well as for the skin, cheap and cleansing.

For a bad case of mange, the very best treatment is kerosene. The way to use is to dilute one part of coal oil with six of sweet oil or any other available and cheap oil. Rub on with the hand, remembering that only a small part of the body should be treated any one day. One of the most successful veterinarians of my acquaintance always uses for mange carbolic acid in glycerine—one dram of medical carbolic acid to one ounce of glycerine, diluted with from two to four ounces of water. The mange parasite gets under the epidermis in severe cases. Glycerine is very penetrating and seems to carry deeply the curative properties of the carbolic acid. Either kerosene or carbolic acid must be kept away from the eyes. If mange appears around or near the eyes, as it is likely to do, use the sweet oil without the kerosene.

All carbolic or coal tar washes are excellent. There are many of them and all are, or ought to be, very cheap. They come in concentrated form, to be diluted with from twenty to forty times their bulk of water. The drawbacks are the persistent odor, the irritating quality, unless much diluted, and the rather bad effect on the hair.

In the case of a house dog or a single dog about the premises, a regular dip in a barrel or tank may be too troublesome and an insecticide soap may suit better. Still, a washing with soap is a lot of trouble and in flea season is needed every day. Fleas come back in an hour during August. Even for one little dog, a small tank or barrel would please me better. Soap of any kind does not help the hair.

In behalf of the sulphur dip there is no harm in stating the homely information that it is highly beneficial to the human skin and hair. Once I overheard a charming lady whispering to a kennelman a request for a bottle of his decoction the next time he mixed it—before the dogs had reached the tank. It appeared that she was annoyed at times with a feverish scalp and dandruff. Observing the coats of the dogs, she secretly tried the dip and found a relief she had not obtained from a hair-

\* The Editor will be glad to receive from readers any questions within the field of this article. While it may be impracticable to answer them all, yet such inquiries will undoubtedly suggest the scope of future contributions to the department. Letters should be addressed to the magazine.

dresser's attention. Needless to say, she made the application in the privacy of her boudoir at night and passed through the odorous stage before she appeared to her friends. Food in summer should be cut down to small quantities. The kind may be anything of the dog dietary. Water should be abundant and fresh. If there is no brook or pond around, see whether you cannot sink a tub or box near the pump, where a cool bath may be taken two or three times a day. Do not let a sporting dog take on fat. To get rid of adipose is a tedious and somewhat risky proposition in the warm early fall. Normally, meat is the most nutritious food for dogs. In summer, for

that very reason, it is better to feed on plain bread, and not much of that, as long as the animal's vigor is not weakened.

Lots of carbolic acid or kerosene may be with benefit freely applied to the floors and fences of a kennel. One greyhound kennel of fifty dogs used to reek with kerosene the year around. But that form of precaution is of little importance if the dogs themselves are frequently dipped or washed in antiseptic and germicide fluids. It should never be forgotten that, added to the well-being of the dogs, there is an interest to the owner. The hair of all animals is a vehicle of germs. So are fleas, lice and flies. Drive the whole army away daily.

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## PUTTING THE COUNTRY HOME IN ORDER

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

### THE BOYS' ROOM

I HAVE advised fitting up home workshops in which the boys of the family can learn the use of tools, and in encouraging them to make themselves proficient with them. This is training of a very practical sort, and it is a training from which most boys will derive a good deal of pleasure as well as profit. But I recognize the fact that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and I want to urge the advisability of fitting up a place in which the boys can *amuse* themselves when so inclined. In most houses, the attic can be made into a boys' room with but little trouble. Provide it with such appliances as will delight the boy with a liking for athletic exercise. Make a gymnasium of it, in fact. But don't make the mistake of arranging it for him. Let him do that. He will take pride in it, and he will do it much better than you can, because he is the one who is going to use it, and he knows just how he wants it to be.

With such a room in the house—or the barn, if there is no place in the house for it—the average boy will devote a great deal more time to good physical exercise than he would be likely to without it, because of the convenience afforded for really scientific training. He may get plenty of exercise of a kind in work about the place, but the thorough development of brawn and muscle calls for special appliances for which there is no good substitute. Give the boy a chance to make the most of himself, physically, at the period when his muscular system is developing. Encourage him to give as much attention to the development

of his body as to his mind, and you will find that mental development is greatly benefited by the practice. There's a world of truth in the old saying of a sound body for a sound mind. We have laid too much stress on mental training, and neglected the physical. The two should go on together. The result will be an all-around man, ready for work in almost any avenue of life.

Boys are at a disadvantage in the average family. The girls have rooms of their own, but the boys can "get along almost any way." But because it has not been thought worth while to fit up a place for them to spend their spare time in, and invite their boy friends too, isn't proof that they would not appreciate such a place if it were offered to them. Suggest it to them and see if they do not fall in with the idea enthusiastically. The fact is, we treat our boys as if they weren't of much account, too often, and it isn't to be wondered at that they accept our apparent estimate of them as a correct one after a time. To encourage a boy to make the most of himself treat him as well as you treat the girls of the family. Treat him as a man on a small scale—a man in the making—and he will respond to your treatment in a way that will surprise and delight you. There's nothing too good for the boys.

### NEATNESS ABOUT THE HOME

Neatness about the home place should be the rule, always. The writer of this article doesn't believe in an annual "cleaning-up," after which nothing more is done in the way of keeping the place tidy until another year rolls around. He believes in doing

whatever is necessary to be done to keep the place looking well as soon as the necessity for it is seen. If this is made the rule, and the rule is lived up to, all about the home will *always* look well, and the dreaded "cleaning-up time" will be done away with. Clean up as you go along.

#### MAKE REPAIRS WHEN NEEDED

The preceding paragraph reminds me to say a word about repairs to fences, gates, buildings, and everything about the place that is likely to get out of order. When the need of repair is seen attend to it promptly. It will be money in your pocket to do so. And it will add wonderfully to the appearance of the place. If one hinge of the gate is broken, it can easily be replaced, and the gate will be as serviceable as ever, but neglect it and the chances are that you will soon have a new gate to make, or an old one to patch up to such an extent that it will be a most unsightly affair. It is the same with anything else that needs attention. The longer it goes without getting it the worse its condition, and the more work and expense will be required to put it in proper shape. Do what needs doing now.

#### RUGS VS. CARPETS

I do not believe in carpets. Anything more unhygienic it is impossible to imagine. They breed and harbor more filth and disease germs than anything else about the place. They are hard to take up and put down, and because of this they are often neglected. If rugs could be substituted for them, our rooms could be kept clean with but very little trouble, for it is an easy matter to take a rug out of doors once a week and give it a thorough beating and airing. One will be surprised to see how much dust comes out of it, once a week, but with the old-fashioned carpet most of this dust would go into the fabric, or under it, and remain in the room for months. Many floors are being improved by running a strip of hardwood carpeting about the edges of the room. This carpet comes in many styles, and in a wide range of prices. It can be put in place with but little trouble, and is as pleasing in appearance as it is durable, and dust-proof. It is so laid as to become a part of the floor. This leaves the center of the room free for the use of rugs. If floors are of sound wood, and well laid, they can be stained to a depth of two or three feet about the sides of the room with but slight expense. This will not look as well as the parquetry carpeting, but it will be a great improvement on the old floor covered with a carpet. If there are wide cracks between the floorboards, fill them with putty before staining.

#### GASOLINE STOVES

The gasoline cook stove is to the kitchen what the low-pressure system of lighting is to the rest of the house, one of the great improvements of the age. The up-to-date

gasoline stove is quite as convenient and efficient as the gas stove so extensively used in the city. There is no need to generate heat with alcohol or gasoline before the burners can be lighted. With the modern gasoline stove all one has to do to put it in operation is to turn a valve, let on the fuel, and apply a match to the burner, and you are ready for business. Intense heat is afforded at the place where heat is required, but the temperature of the room is scarcely affected by it in the hottest weather. Such a stove is a convenience which any woman who has roasted herself over the ordinary coal or wood range will heartily appreciate. In buying, it is wisdom to get a good-sized one, for with such a stove quite as much can be done as on the ordinary range. These stoves are wonderfully quick in operation, are easily managed, and I consider them perfectly safe if the directions for operating them are followed. Most housewives who give them one season's trial generally have a range for sale.

#### PAINT VS. PAPER

I am not an advocate of wall paper. It is almost as unhygienic as the carpet. The ideal wall finish is paint, applied directly to the plaster. Give two good coats of it and you have a surface that can be washed with entire safety. Dust will not cling to it. Germs cannot find a lodging place in it. If care is taken in the selection of color, the wall will look better than it would if hung with an expensive paper, especially if it is to serve as a background for pictures. If the coloring does not prove satisfactory, paint of another color can be applied at any time. If it is not thought advisable to use paint, alabastine can be substituted. This makes a hygienic finish, costs but little, and looks well. Anything is better than paper with its musty paste and general unsanitariness.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Renovating the Lawn.* (H. D. F.)—If there are dead spots in your lawn, go over the surface of the soil with an iron-toothed rake and make it fine and mellow. Then scatter lawn-grass seed over it, using it very liberally, and press the soil down firmly to keep it moist until germination takes place. In this way you can secure a thick growth of grass in a short time. You will find this much more satisfactory than the use of sward, as you suggest.

*Screens for Porches.* (C. C. A.)—You can make your porches insect-proof with but little trouble, and the expense will not be great. Get a carpenter to come and look them over, and tell him that you want panels made to fit the sides and ends. If he understands his business he will find little difficulty in fitting frames to each space. These frames should be covered with a fine wire netting. Mark each panel as it is put in place, so that there will be no mistaking where it belongs next season.

These can be attached with screws to the woodwork of the veranda. If a good job is done, you will be enabled to make use of your veranda at all hours of the day without being annoyed by flies and mosquitoes.

*Storing Stoves for the Summer.* (A. A.)—I have seen the blacking you ask for, but I do not know what its name is. I presume almost any hardware dealer can furnish it. I think it answers its purpose well in preventing stoves from rusting, when stored away for the summer, but I would prefer giving them a coat of ordinary linseed oil. This furnishes all the protection necessary, is easily applied, and will not burn off next fall with the very disagreeable odor which results from the use of the liquid blacking you have in mind. Always put your stoves in a dry room, and wrap them in thick paper if you do not give them a coat of oil or an application of blacking.

*Vine for Veranda.* (Mrs. W. E. R.)—This correspondent asks for a rapid-growing vine suitable for use on an upper veranda or balcony. I would advise the Madeira vine. This grows very rapidly, is luxuriant in its production of branches, has very pleasing foliage, and soon affords a thick shade. It is grown from tubers, which should be planted in a rich and sandy loam. Use five or six of them to a box a foot wide and deep and four or five feet long. The vines can be trained on strings, but wire netting is better. This plant blooms profusely in fall. Its flowers are white, and very sweet-scented. It is seldom attacked by insects.

*Perennials from Spring Sowing.* (C. N.)—You will not get flowers from perennials grown from seed this season. They will bloom next year. For immediate effect, buy plants of last year's starting. Plant your hollyhocks in groups, rather than singly. Set at least half a dozen in a place. If you prefer to grow your own seedlings, do not sow seed until the middle of summer. When the plants have made considerable growth, set them where you want them to flower.

*Tin Roofs.* (A. F. G.)—A tin roof is satisfactory if you use good material and it is put on properly. But the ordinary tin sold about the country is short-lived, unless given a good coat of paint every year, and the ordinary workman cannot do a good job in putting it on. You will find it money in your pocket to go to a good tinner and find out what kind of tin to use, and let him put it on for you.

*What Kind of a House to Build.* (S.)—This correspondent is going to build a house this summer, and he asks what kind of a house I would advise. This is a question more easily asked than answered. I don't know anything about his tastes in the architectural line. I can only tell him what I would build if I were going to make a house for myself, I would select a plan that has a substantial look about it, and very little flummery. The days of the

"Queen Anne" house are ended. Nowadays we see comfortable houses rather than showy ones. Don't pay so much attention to the outside of the house as you do to the inside. That is, make sure of a convenient arrangement of the rooms, and fit the house to them rather than plan from the outside, and let the rooms take their chances, as is so often the case. The trouble with us has been, we have built our houses for looks rather than convenience, heretofore. We are getting to be more sensible, and the modern house is constructed more with regard to the convenience of the family than to the opinions of our neighbors. I would advise you to consult the advertising pages of the magazines. You will find the advertisements of many architects in them, and from their books of plans you can most likely find something that is about what you want. If not quite satisfactory, your builder can make such changes as seem advisable.

*Fern for Window.* (S. J.)—This correspondent asks for the best fern to grow in a large window, where but one plant will be kept. I would advise the Pierson fern. This is a sport from the Boston fern, one of our most popular plants for several years past. The sport has its leaflets divided in such a manner that each one of them becomes a miniature frond, and this gives the large frond a rich, heavy look which is greatly admired by all who grow the plant. Give it a soil of loam and sand, with good drainage. Shift it to pots of larger size as its roots fill the old pot, until you have it in a ten or twelve inch pot. This ought to be large enough for a fully developed plant. Water well, and keep the plant out of strong sunshine. A fine specimen will appear to much better advantage when kept by itself than when crowded in among other plants.

*How to Treat Hybrid Perpetual Roses.* (Mrs. T. H.)—This correspondent writes that she bought several plants of hybrid perpetual roses which were warranted to bloom all summer. She has had them three years. They bloom quite well early in the season, but she has not had a dozen roses from them after the first crop. What's the trouble? The fact is, the term "perpetual" is a misleading one. These roses will bloom occasionally during the latter part of the season if given the right kind of treatment, but they will seldom bloom at all after June or July, with ordinary treatment. They produce their flowers on new branches, and in order to get flowers the bushes must be kept growing. It is necessary to cut back the old branches after each period of flowering, and to manure the plants so heavily that they are constantly spurred on to new growth. If this is done, it is possible to secure bloom in small quantities up to the coming of cold weather. But if the bushes are not pruned severely after the summer-flowering period and are not well fed, they will refuse to bloom.

# YACHT MEASUREMENT AND RACING RULES\*

BY C. SHERMAN HOYT

THE modern trend toward organization and standardization is becoming more and more strongly marked among yachtsmen, and yacht racing, like all other sports, with the increased keenness in competition, must be conducted on more businesslike principles, or the regatta committees are confronted with a falling off in their entry lists. The formidable sheaf of literature and instructions which are nowadays handed to skippers of competing craft, would have staggered any of the old school racing men of a few years ago, and even now the different methods of signaling courses, etc., in vogue among the different clubs, cause many anxious moments. The last eighteen months, however, have seen the adoption by all the leading yachting communities in this country of a uniform measurement rule and a standard set of rules governing the right of way, while in Europe all countries interested in yacht racing have entered into a ten years' agreement to abide by a certain measurement formula which, unfortunately, is not the same as ours.

In the early days of the sport the necessity for measurement rules as a basis for time allowance was soon realized; likewise the need of special rules to determine which of the participating craft should have the right of way in the various complicated relative positions in which they were liable to find themselves during the course of the races. Different rules were adopted for varying periods of time by different clubs in different localities; some based upon displacement, or tonnage, and others upon sail. It was always found that after a few years the newer boats took advantage of the untaxed elements, and in this country was evolved the broad and shallow centerboard, or so-called skimming dish type; while in England, where length and depth were little penalized in comparison with beam, the long narrow plank on edge cutter was the most successful racing craft, or rule evader.

During the eighties the "length and sail area" or Seawanhaka rule was formulated, and by 1890 may practically be said to have been universally adopted both in this country and abroad. It worked well for many years until the introduction of fin-kneels, long overhangs and light construction produced a type of yacht which was

all above and little below the water line, which while very fast in average conditions, were anxious craft to be caught in a heavy sea and blow. They pounded fearfully and were difficult, if not impossible, to heave to, on account of their short lateral planes, lacking any forefoot; the position of their rudders, near the pivotal point, and their long overhangs which presented large areas to the wind and sea. They were just as bad when put before the wind, and seemed possessed of the strongest desire to broach to and look at their own wakes. Moreover, save in the large classes, owing to the reduction of the displacement, and the loss in the depth of the hull proper, it was very difficult to get comfortable head room without excessive freeboard, except by means of unsightly trunk cabin houses, or a plentiful sprinkling of hatches and skylights. Construction was so pared down that straining and distortion of form was common in most racing craft, especially among the smaller classes. A first-class racer, extremely expensive initially, was usually outbuilt and outclassed in the following season or so by another craft, a little more extreme, so that her days of utility were usually limited pretty well to one or two season's racing. After this brief racing career, even if she still held together, she was ill-adapted for cruising and perfectly useless for the fishing or merchant trades, within which so many of the stanch old schooners of earlier days have or are still working out useful ends.

The natural result was a falling off in racing, save in one design, restricted, or very small classes (phases of the present yachting situation which will be discussed with some other points in another article), and large class racing received a setback from which it has not as yet been able to recuperate, save spasmodically at times of international events. The dissatisfaction was general, but it took a struggle to overcome the opposition of vested interest in the form of owners of successful boats, before a new rule could be enacted.

In England came the first break away; there the Yacht Racing Association embarked on a series of rules leading up to one that remained in force for five or six years, until the present time when the new European Universal Rule goes into effect this coming season. The English, after abandoning the old Seawanhaka rule, tax-

\*The Editor will be glad to receive from readers any questions within the field of this article. While it may be impracticable to answer them all, yet such inquiries will undoubtedly suggest the scope of future contributions to the department. Letters should be addressed to the magazine.

ing as has been stated simply sail area and length water line, introduced into their formula the additional factors of beam, chain girth of section (that is the girth as measured by a taut chain, rope or tape line, stretched around underneath the keel from the water line on one side to the water line at the other side at a specified cross section), and girth difference. The last factor was the difference between the chain girth and the actual girth at the same section. This "girth difference" was heavily penalized and was aimed at the then prevalent fin-keel type, two of the most successful exponents of which, the Herreshoff designed *Dakota* and *Niagara*, were at that time sweeping all before them in their respective classes in British waters.

It will be readily seen that if the section where the girth was measured was a triangle in form there would be no "girth difference." Now fin-keels of the *Niagara* type were anything but triangular in section, and although in *Niagara's* case by filling in the corner between the fin-keel and the bottom of the hull, and if I remember correctly, by reducing her draft slightly, it was possible to keep her within the class limit and to still win races for one more season, yet in due course of time the fin-keels were driven to the wall and the British rule in its later years evolved a distinct type of its own. Personally, in the larger classes at least, I think the type was not such a bad one; certainly it was far ahead of the latest developments under the old Seawanhaka rule, with the all-important exception of speed. However, in the smaller classes, it was a distinct failure as far as internal accommodation was concerned, and boats of thirty feet and more water line length were built with open cockpit and practically without cabins of any sort, an extreme which we have never reached in such large sizes. Owing to the exigencies of British winds and steep, short seas they were well decked in, however, and were seaworthy enough from a racing standpoint provided that their construction was sufficiently heavy, which alas, could not always be claimed. All, whether large or small, were inclined to be rather narrow, and with profiles well cut away forward, sweeping down to the deepest draft at heel of the rudder post, which usually showed an excessive rake. The large racing cutters ceased to exist, and the only really active pure racing class of any size, for the last four years at least, has been composed of fifty-two raters, the outgrowth of the old twenties such as *Niagara*. Such was the condition of affairs in the fall of 1905 when, helped by agitation first started in Germany, representatives from all yachting countries almost all of whom had different rules were invited by the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain to join in a conference to fix upon some common rule.

With us, when the break away from the old rule came, a perfect state of chaos ex-

isted, as clubs and racing associations thrashed about in their efforts to hit upon the perfect formula. The object of all was of course to encourage a more wholesome type, by putting a premium on displacement to develop bigger bodied craft, and to hit upon some way of taxing the excessive overhangs and the scow forms of the then successful racing fleet. Some of the rules evolved seemed to work well and some poorly; none perhaps were given a thorough trial, as the changes were frequent and owners showed slight desire to build to rules which bid fair to be altered in the near future, and would leave them with a craft which might or might not rate very badly under the next change. The confusion was so great that during the winter of 1904-5 the clubs and associations in and around New York decided that something must be done, and after much discussion a rule was adopted by all in that neighborhood.

A year later this rule was also accepted by the eastern clubs around Boston, and once again we have a measurement rule which is practically universal throughout all the principal clubs and organizations of the Atlantic Coast. This, of course, is a tremendous gain in the saving of time and expense both to the owners and to the race committees. A yacht now, furnished with a certificate of measurement by her own particular club measurer, can compete in the regattas of other clubs without any re-measurement. During the previous few years, however, she frequently had to have two or even three different racing lengths, due to the various club rules in force in the same locality, and we were confronted with the peculiar condition of seeing boats giving time to certain others of their own class in a race in one yacht club, and receiving time from these same ones when racing under another club's rules. This state of affairs naturally caused great confusion and dissatisfaction among all hands, and while many are not in full sympathy with the form of the present rule it is freely admitted that its universal adoption is a tremendous advantage.

It is rather soon to judge whether the present American rule is all the success that some claim. The principle is correct enough, as it taxes sail area and length, the two speed-giving factors, and puts a premium on displacement. As to whether these three factors are properly proportioned, time must prove. The length taxed is not the load-water-line length in the upright position, but it is what may be assumed to be the approximate length of the boat when sailing on the wind in average conditions. It is, unfortunately, very difficult to measure this length with any great degree of accuracy, taken as it is at one-quarter of the load-water line beam from the center-line, and one-tenth of the beam above the surface of the water. Moreover it is left to the discretion of the measurer as to whether he shall measure

this length himself, in some way or another which he may devise, or whether he shall take the designer's word for it. It is the same with the displacement, and the consequence is that no two club measurers pursue the same methods in arriving at their figures for length and displacement, and it is very much to be doubted if two different measurers would get the same final racing length for a given boat.

The new rule, of course, has worked havoc with vested interests, and there was some complaining on the part of owners of existing boats who found themselves compelled to give time to others, formerly rated much higher, and which, boat, were larger. Such conditions are bound to occur with any change of rule and are scarcely arguments worth considering for or against. Certainly thus far the boats built to the rule may be said to be large, roomy and able, compared to the old boats racing in their classes, and as a rule have been successful in the majority of their races against old rule boats. This extra speed with greatly increased size, of course, has been brought up as a great argument in favor of the new rule, but it must not be lost sight of that a boat built to the new rule for a certain class, is really of about the same length water line, and the same sail area, as the old boats in the class next above, and not as fast, and that it is simply by means of slight modifications in the form and length of the overhangs, with a little increase in the displacement, that the new boat is enabled to be classified with, and to beat old boats, which are really a class below her in size judging the latter by the speed giving factors of length and power, as represented by water-line length and sail area. On the other hand, the new boat is certainly a more wholesome craft than either her old class sisters or the old boats of her same length in the class above. So far, in the yachts built under the new rule, little need has appeared for any scantling regulations, such as cropped up in the English rule. Designers, in most cases, seemingly have not sacrificed any needed strength of construction to utilize the weight saved in additional lead, and the proportion of lead weight to total displacement has kept within reasonable limits.

As the draft, under the rule, is limited rather severely by the length it is open to the designer to increase the displacement by adding to the length of the hull. This length, of course, is taxed, but he is enabled at the same time to increase his draft, and to compensate for the tax on the added length by the premium on the increased displacement, without departing to any great degree from the canoe-shaped hull and usual midship section of the last few years, save in the finer lines at the ends. It will be extremely interesting to see if the rule will tend to produce boats of such a type, or whether it will be successful in the

encouragement of the fuller and deeper bodied craft desired by the formulatators.

The new boats have been pretty well divided between these two types up to this time. Among the larger ones Herreshoff, with the very successful *Queen* and the very unsuccessful (so far as ability to win races is concerned) *Irolita*, has produced yachts with rather deep bodies and good head room. Both are able and very roomy craft of ample strength with a very distinct value aside from racing purposes. *Queen* has shown remarkable speed, especially in a breeze, but has not had to compete with any craft in her own class built purely and simply with the present rule in view. *Irolita* on the other hand met it in *Effort*, the highest development of the racing machine as yet built under the new rule; a craft with inferior accommodations compared to *Irolita*, very much disputed strength, and the greatest turn of speed to windward in a fresh breeze probably yet reached in a boat of her length. Her midship section, however, below the water line is distinctly of the same type as that produced under the old rule. Among the smaller fry in the twenty-two foot rating class, for example, all active members of which are boats built to the rule, the lightest boat of the lot, the Boston *Orestes*, in a series of races under varying conditions succeeded in lowering the colors of the heavier and deeper bodied New York crack *Soya*.

From present appearances our rule will be allowed to stand for some time without any radical change in its form, although an addition to it in the form of scantling restrictions will doubtless shortly be adopted, and it is probably very wise to put these in force before any urgent need for them has arisen. Of course there are many changes being advocated, some like Mr. Herreshoff wishing to reduce the proportion of sail area to length as allowed at present, while Mr. Gardner thinks there should be some limit placed upon displacement, and others like the writer are anxious to have more definite and simpler instructions issued to measurers when computing a yacht's rating. On the whole the situation may be said to give reasonable satisfaction to the majority, and we are better off than the European yachtsmen with their ten years' agreement.

As mentioned before, a conference was called in England in the winter of 1905-6, to which all yachting countries sent delegates with the exception of our own. Those in charge on this side wrote that they could, under no circumstances, advocate another change in our rules so soon after the long desired adoption of a uniform rule here, and while they strongly recommended our own formula to the conference they sent no delegates, probably feeling that they would have little chance of swinging the others into line for our practically untried rule. As a matter of

fact this rule was seriously discussed, but was dismissed owing to what seemed to the conference to be unsurmountable difficulties in making accurate measurements of boats under the rule in its present form. The French delegation especially was strong in its support of a modified, and more easily applied form of the American rule, and protested to the end against the one finally adopted, which is a combination of the previous English and German-Scandinavian rules, and in the end, when referred back to the French clubs and associations for ratification, they refused to adopt it for the smaller classes, in which the bulk of their yacht racing is done. On paper the new European rule presents a formidable appearance, involving the seven elements of length water line, fullness of overhangs, beam, chain girth, girth difference, sail area and freeboard, a premium being put upon the latter. Actually it is far easier to apply than our own, and is very clear in its directions as to how measurements are to be made. It goes into effect this coming season and is to remain in force unchanged in form for ten years. Certainly it should be well tested by then, but I should consider it a safe gamble to say that it will prove even more unsatisfactory in the small classes than the previous English rule. Beam is singled out for severe penalization, taxed as it is directly once and indirectly three times in combination with other elements, and how it will be possible to get more than dog kennel accommodation in the smaller boats I fail to see. Three interesting points about this rule are that there are scantling restrictions in connection with it; that all measurements are to be made by the metric system; and last, but not least in interest to this country, there is a call for the black bands on the spars marking the limits to which sails may be stretched, as has been stipulated in our rules for some time and which we rather seldom comply with. But enough of measurement rules, we have at least reached a point where there are only two different formulas in all the main yachting communities of the world, with the Atlantic Ocean separating the two. Let us hope that the best will win out and that the next decade will see the same in force on both sides of the pond.

The other point which has caused great confusion up to the past season has been the slight variations in the rules of the right of way as enforced in different clubs and localities. In the main they were much alike, but skippers were confronted with many minor discrepancies which caused great confusion, many protests, and some hard feeling. It was difficult to sail ordinarily under one set of rules, and then occasionally another race where in identically the same positions the right-of-way would be reversed. Unless one was thoroughly conversant with these variations, in the sudden contingencies of a closely fought

match the tendency was to pursue the most accustomed course of action which in this particular case might be quite wrong and cause the loss of the race through a foul. It was a much simpler matter to arrive at an agreement among the various clubs on these points of right-of-way than it had been to bring about a common measurement rule, and the committee appointed to consider this matter in the winter of 1905-6 were successful in their efforts to give us standard rules here also.

The most serious difference which confronted them, aside from the various wording of practically the same rules, which were easily made identical in all cases, were the rules which pertained to overtaking, luffing and bearing away. The New York Yacht Club rules, for instance, on this point differed radically from those in force in the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. The former rule, which was adopted, is the one in general use in England and Europe and has the great advantage that a yacht may still luff to prevent another boat passing her to windward after an overlap has been established. The original rule in use here forbids such luffing after the establishment of an overlap, and race committees were constantly called upon to decide whether it did or did not exist at the time luffing commenced. This is an extremely difficult question and has caused much hard feeling, as it is very easy for one party to be sure that there was no overlap, while the other with equally good faith is ready to swear that it did exist. On the other hand, the New York Yacht Club rule has rather dangerous possibilities, as the overtaken boat, if in unscrupulous hands, might not luff until the other boat was close aboard and nearly by, when she, if luffed sharply, would cause the weather boat great difficulty to keep clear and avoid a foul. This rule caused considerable debate before some associations agreed to adopt the recommendations of the committee in charge of the unification, especially as the rule as worded is inapplicable to cat-boats, but it is a remarkable fact that after its adoption so far as I know no protest was handed in to any regatta committee in the neighborhood of New York, based on fouls or alleged fouls incurred in luffing matches, while in previous years a large proportion of the protests considered involved this question. There were some amusing incidents at first before all hands became acquainted with the change, and there was one case within my knowledge in a private match race in which the contesting boats came together pretty hard through the overtaking boat in the excitement of a down wind jibing match placing herself so near the overtaken boat that when the latter luffed with extraordinary smartness the former had no possible way of avoiding a collision. She had no right, of course, to be so close, but the temptation is often great; and here lies the great danger in the

rule, if as before stated the overtaken boat happens to be in unscrupulous hands. In this case there was no such question involved and the two craft after some words and considerable untangling of sails and gear proceeded with their test of speed without entering protests. One shudders, however, at the damage which might be caused by two ninety-footers, say, in the same predicament where, with such a stake as the America's Cup in the balance, the overtaken boat, foreseeing defeat might feel justified in trying to win by such a foul, in which she would be technically right. This is, of course, a remote possibility and no such regrettable incident has yet occurred in the many years in which the rule has been in force abroad.

These uniform rules of the road, with the general measurements rule, the permanent

racing numbers now usually assigned to each craft, and the effort which is being made to issue racing instructions of a similar form regarding courses, starting signals, etc., by the clubs in the same localities, have greatly simplified the troubles and worries of all those connected with the fine sport of yacht racing, and with the prospect that the present rating rule will remain in force unchanged in its present form for a considerable period, should greatly encourage the building of new boats. On the whole it may be said that the prospects are better than they have been for some time for an owner to get more satisfactory use out of the money spent in building a new craft, and that he should be able to realize at the end of a few years much more nearly his original investment than has been possible for some time past.

## THE RACQUET SEASON OF 1907

BY GEORGE H. BROOKE

THE season in racquets just past has been notable for two things: first, the presence of more players in the field, and second, the showing of a higher average of skill in the game.

That there are more good players in the field to-day than ever before, is shown by the great uncertainty of these tournaments. No one ever seems to be able to pick a winner beforehand out of the six or seven good men named as having even chances for first honors. These men and a few dark horses fight it out among themselves in the hardest kind of battles before the finals are reached. For this reason the tournaments are every year becoming of greater interest with new experts coming into the field, and enthusiasm runs high among the racqueters themselves and the clubmen who follow the game.

In point of average skill the game has gone so far ahead of what it was, say six years ago, that any comparison is really almost laughable. For instance, go back six years and imagine putting the best four English amateurs against our best four in singles. The result would have been a walkover. Arrange the same matches in 1908, and see what happens. Although the Englishmen would probably win, yet there would be a chance for a wager at odds at least. In this country no one ever learns racquets, for various reasons, until he attains his majority. In England they learn it as schoolboys. But where we lose in this particular, we gain in our strenuous

and concentrated efforts in going at a game to master it.

Racquets is a tremendously swift game, a quality that is attractive and adapted to Americans. In the last year or two our players have caught up with the real speed of the game. They volley and half volley much oftener and harder, instead of waiting for long bounds, or for the ball to take the back wall. As compared with the English schoolboy method of learning racquets, our nearest approach, it seems to me, is the course of development which this year made R. R. Fincke our singles champion. Mr. Fincke learned to play tennis as a boy, and is now an expert at that game. After tennis he took up squash, which is a mild form of racquets, and is a splendid teacher of form. Then, when a couple of years ago Mr. Fincke went into the racquet court he took to the game naturally and correctly and thus was enabled this year to play as well as he did.

Robert D. Wrenn, the ex-tennis champion, took up racquets about three years ago, and has mastered the game very well. In fact so well that, partnered with Fincke, he won the doubles championship this year. Mr. Wrenn did not go through a course of squash, however, like Fincke, and his form shows the lack of this training and therefore is not so easy and natural as that of the present champion.

One of the best natural players the writer has ever seen was F. M. Rhodes of Philadelphia, who learned to handle his

racquet as a schoolboy at St. Paul's, where they have a hardwood court. It is a great pity that more of our schools do not have courts and more boys take up the game.

Clarence Mackay is perhaps the most striking example of our American course of development. His skill and finesse are remarkable for one who did not learn the game as a schoolboy, and I have no doubt he would be fully able to take care of himself in competition with the best English amateurs. Mr. Mackay went to school in England, but did not play there as a boy.

There is a good deal of simplicity about the game of racquets, but it is so fast that one has to move into position rapidly, hit rapidly, and recover rapidly. The movements of a player must be almost instinctive. This is the reason why those who learn the game very young have better prospects. The greatest mistake of men who take up racquets in this country is that they often learn bad form at the start, which only the most careful practice will enable them to ever overcome. As a matter of fact, a good many of our players do not care to take the time for such practice. Bad foot work and a poor wrist are the cause of the downfall of nearly all of our second and third class players. Plenty of men, physically well-equipped for the most strenuous racquets, will peg along for years, and never learn the game properly, simply because they began badly, and either have never taken the trouble, or do not know how to correct their faults. In praise of our advancement it can be said that no one now need hope to get the championship of America without clever foot work, a first-class wrist and a fairly easy style. It is an interesting fact to note that most of our past racquet champions have been clever all-round athletes. This may be partly due to the fact that our form has been so bad and strained, and with such hard work about it, that only the most seasoned athlete could stand the pace of a long tournament. Racquets, as played by the best professionals, is a beautifully easy and graceful game, and these men can go nine or ten games at almost top speed without greatly feeling it.

The tournament at Tuxedo this year showed very clearly the superiority of easy, graceful racquets over the cruder smashing game. Both Mackay, who won the gold racquet at Tuxedo, and Fincke, the National Champion, are easy, graceful players, who hit freely and properly, and who are nearly always in position for their stroke. The bat used in racquets is a delicate instrument, which breaks very easily. When a man is in best form he is not particularly hard on his bats, which is shown by the play of professionals. Bad form tells the tale in dollars and cents. In 1887, when the New York racquet court was in West Twenty-sixth Street, there was a player named Miller, who struck with such vigor that the ball broke the gut and

wedged itself in between the strings and the wood on the racquet. In the Racquet Club in Philadelphia this year, a player hit a ball so hard that it lodged in the middle of the racquet tight in the strings. He had hit the bat with a full face, instead of with the slope for a proper cut. The rules do not provide for such a contingency.

We have a number of players in this country who handle themselves in the racquet court in beautiful form, but yet who do not seem to be very effective in winning tournaments. A notable instance of this is Clarence Dinsmore of Tuxedo. When Dinsmore is at the top of his game his style is nearer to perfection than that of any amateur in this country, and when he is on his game, about the only thing to do is to stand by and watch him go through. On the other hand, there are some very awkward players who never seem to have their feet in position, but who hit out tremendously and are very effective in tournaments, and always dangerous. If England sent her best amateurs to play our best, one would probably see the Britishers hitting volleys and half volleys off the side walls with far more skill than we do. These shots practically have to be prejudged; in other words, the player has to aim his bat and start it before the ball has reached him, for he cannot see it in the last part of its flight. Nothing but years of practice can teach a man to handle his bat with such instinctive skill.

I was sitting beside a veteran racquet player in the galleries of the New York courts, watching an exciting match in the recent championships, and was much interested to hear him say that our racquets in this country is improving each year.

"One soon tires," he said, "of the heavy smashing kind of game. We old-timers want to see real racquets; the clever nursing of the ball, good length on the side walls, and hard low hitting; none of this freak racquets, when the ball is smashed all round and over the court without regard to anything but hitting it hard. It is like football was under the old rules when it was smash bang into everything with little of the skill and finesse that we all love to see."

The courts have improved very greatly in this country. New York, Tuxedo, and Boston have the hard wall Bickley courts, and Philadelphia will soon have them in the new club home now being built, and which is to be occupied early next fall. Out in St. Louis a new racquet club has been formed, and the courts will have the uniform Bickley cement. There is a similar club in Detroit. Chicago seems to have pretty much dropped out of racquets, for at the Chicago Athletic Club they have turned the racquet courts into bowling alleys, or some such thing. Harold McCormick of Chicago at one time gave promise of being a champion, but he has dropped out of the game, and since this

they seem to have lost all interest out there.

The Bickley courts have made our game in this country much faster, and serving to a hard front wall is a different proposition from serving against one of our old cement walls. To bring the ball down effectively, takes a much cleverer wrist. In the old courts in Philadelphia, all you have to do is to smash into the wall as hard as you can with a heavy cut, and you can bring it right down into the corner. If you try this on a Bickley wall, you probably will land the ball in the gallery, for the hard surface prevents the cut from taking hold and reducing the angle of deflection. The service, therefore, in the best courts is a nicer piece of work, for you cannot depend so much on speed and cut, but must vary speed and length more according to the moves of the receiver.

The best two courts at present are Boston and Tuxedo. The New York court, while very fast, is somewhat tricky and uncertain, especially the back wall, and the front wall is so hard it is almost impossible to serve a ball with any cut to it.

The gold racquet singles at Tuxedo was won for the third time by Clarence Mackay, playing in his usual consistent and brilliant form. His opponent in the finals was Brooke of Philadelphia. The winner took three straight games, and his all-round-the-court play was very pretty, the nursing of corner shots for easy kills being especially deadly. Mackay has no equal in the country on these corner shots and they are immensely effective in running an opponent off his feet. Brooke's service, which had been very largely instrumental in carrying him through the tournament, was easily handled by Mackay, who is an adept at volleying and half volleying service off the backhand side wall. The latter had his service under perfect control and varied to perfection and throughout played the finished game of which he is capable. Brooke's foot work in such a fast game was poor, and the rapid pace made his shots uncertain. Mackay pulled himself out of several tight places by clever boasting on the forehand wall, the ball often carrying to the far left hand corner for a kill. Mackay uses a fuller swing in hitting the ball than any other American player, even including the professionals. The great quickness required in swinging freely and accurately on the fastest balls is one of the best qualities of his game. His foot work is better than any other player, with the possible exception of Fincke, and he almost invariably hits low and hard. In fact he has a tendency to keep the ball too low, losing shots in the tell tale. A professional allows himself a foot or two on the tell tale and depends more on length and speed.

Among the other entries in this tournament were Payne Whitney, Milton Barger, Lawrence Waterbury, Robert and George L. Wrenn, Erskine Hewitt, W. B. Dins-

more, and Charles Sands. Some of the matches were very good indeed. Barger played beautifully in his match with Waterbury, which he took three games to one.

It is very hard to criticise any one's play when the other man is on top of his game and winning easily. With a few exceptions reversals of form are so common among many of our best amateurs that it seems their games must be judged by their average of play. Waterbury, who was champion in 1905, was off his game all through this year. His form is very pretty and he has been noted for his good eye and activity. This year he hit too many balls into the tell tale and misjudged pace badly at times, hitting either too soon or too late. There was a deadly certainty about Barger's play in his match with Waterbury that left no room for doubt as to the victor. Barger like Whitney has a terrific forehand stroke and is a remarkable "getter." Neither of these first-class men, however, play their backhand strokes quite correctly, and an opponent who knows this weakness will keep the ball as much to the backhand as possible. Both of these players use the forehand above the shoulder service and hit with tremendous force and cut. On the second day of the Tuxedo tournament they met and Whitney won from Barger just as easily as the latter had won from Waterbury. There was a falling off in Barger's work as compared with the day before and he only made 15 points to Whitney's 45 points. The loser's play was lacking in accuracy and his service was ineffective. When both these men are at top form they put a terrific battle against each other with the outcome uncertain. Neither one of them, however, ever attempts the delicate corner nursing used by Mackay, Fincke, and Percy Haughton. The next day after this match Whitney went down easily before Brooke and seemed utterly unable to handle the latter's service or break it up as Mackay later on succeeded in doing. When Whitney did get the ball up it was usually with an easy kill left to his opponent.

R. D. Wrenn put out the brilliant but erratic Dinsmore and G. L. Wrenn beat George Clarke. Both of the Wrenn brothers played hard and consistent racquets and forced their opponents so hard that neither Clarke nor Dinsmore were seen at their best. R. D. Wrenn using a heavy cut left-handed serve won from Dinsmore three sets to one set. In the semi-finals he defaulted to his brother George L. Wrenn.

Brooke won from Sands, who put up a remarkably rapid game. Sands is more of a tennis than racquet player, but he handles his bat like a professional. His play in the volleys excelled that of his opponent. He half volleyed the most difficult shots with deadly accuracy into the corners. Brooke won on his service which he dropped dead in the forehand court and varied in the

backhand court. Sands allowed Brooke to volley his service, otherwise the final outcome might have been different.

In the tournament finals Brooke won easily from G. L. Wrenn, the latter seeming nonplussed by the service. G. L. Wrenn gives great promise of becoming a very brilliant player. All he needs is experience at the game and a knack of killing the easy shots. The Mackay-Brooke match has been discussed.

A week later, in the courts of the New York Racquet Club, the National Singles Championship was played off. There were originally twenty-six entries in this tournament, but ten withdrew, leaving sixteen who were drawn in the Bagnall-Wilde system. Percy Haughton of Boston, last year's champion, and one of our most easy and graceful players, unfortunately had to default. Also Quincy A. Shaw who used to win the championship regularly.

Haughton was a dark horse in the championships last year like Fincke was this year. These two men play very much in the same form, only Fincke is more active on his feet and a trifle more severe in his hitting. Haughton plays an easy, shifty and graceful game and uses a deadly "nick" service. Next year when the singles championships are held in Boston both he and Shaw will doubtless compete and add greatly to the interest. Shaw when at his best is a remarkable player. He hits the ball more like a professional than any of our players and gets terrific speed. It might be said that he cuts his game too fine in attempting to kill every ball and lands in the tell tale too often.

On the first day of the tournament R. D. Wrenn put out H. D. Scott of Boston, last year's national doubles champion, and Brooke put out Waterbury. On the second day's play, Mackay, owing to sickness, defaulted to Clarke. This was greatly regretted, as Mackay has not been in a singles championship since he won the title several years ago. A match between Fincke and Mackay would have been tremendously interesting. The latter won in their match in the club tournament but it was a close affair and Fincke was improving every day. These two men are the most consistent of our players. The Tuxedo tournament was remarkable for the inconsistency displayed. Perhaps it is because both these players have easy and correct form that they maintain their best form in all matches. If Mackay had remained in the tournament he would have met Brooke in the semi-finals.

The Whitney-Wrenn match on this day proved to be a very exciting affair, and the former, contrary to expectations, won in three straight games, playing almost the best racquets of his career. From the start Whitney went in to volley Wrenn's hard service, and when he turned on the wide ones he nearly always killed with strokes to the forehand corner. In the last

set at 14 all Wrenn displayed the fighting ability that used to make him champion on the tennis courts, and each hand went out about five times at this point.

Fincke beat O. W. Bird easily, and Brooke went through Dinsmore. In the semi-finals Fincke took Whitney into camp in the best match of the tournament by three games to two games. With the score 11-8 against him in the deciding game Fincke's tireless energy began to tell against his veteran opponent, and he won out in brilliant form. Whitney used splendid generalship and forced Fincke so hard that the latter was unable to play as much to Whitney's weak backhand as he evidently desired to do. Whitney dug out some perfect gets right off the backhand side wall. Fincke played with the utmost coolness and took chances on nursed corner shots at all times, knowing full well that it would pay to run his heavier opponent as much as possible.

Fincke in his final match with Brooke played the same cool-headed game, and when Brooke began to tire he began to hit the ball away out from the back wall to run his opponent hard. Fincke took the first game easily and Brooke took the second in just as easy form. In the third with the score 11-5 against him Brooke ran to 14-11 in his favor. At this point Brooke missed a kill for game by a narrow margin and his last chance went. Brooke was at his best, but Fincke set such a fast pace that he ran him off his feet and made him force his strokes, especially in the last game which Fincke won easily. Fincke volleyed, half-volleyed and hit from every conceivable position with seemingly equal ease and certainty, and won not only this match but the tournament strictly on his merits. His game displayed few weaknesses and considering his short experience he should improve steadily.

Next season promises to be the banner one in racquets in this country, with a great many events. The Philadelphia Racquet Club will open new courts with a big tournament; the St. Louis Racquet Club will also open its new courts with a tournament, invitations to which several of the eastern cracks have already accepted. Then there will be the usual inter-city doubles between Philadelphia and New York and Philadelphia and Boston; also the Tuxedo gold racquet championship for Clarence Mackay, who is going to offer another trophy similar to the one which he won this year. Then there will be singles and doubles championships. Mr. Mackay has suggested another event for which he will offer a handsome trophy. This is a double championship in which no team shall be composed of two members from the same club. For instance, any New York man would have to choose his partner from Boston, Philadelphia, or somewhere else. W. R. Furness of Philadelphia has suggested still another event,

to be called the junior championship. It would be a tournament in singles, in which no player who has ever won a national doubles or singles championship will be allowed to compete. The idea of this is to encourage younger players, and it should undoubtedly prove successful.

Probably nothing could be done to boom racquets in this country better than to secure a racquets team from England to visit us here, exactly the same way that our tennis team goes to England. The idea should be perfectly feasible; four or five men to be selected for both teams, to meet in both singles and doubles. Mackay and Fincke would undoubtedly be chosen for America, the other three members

would have to be selected from seven or eight men. Very often men who play singles well, are not at all good at doubles, and vice versa. Fincke, however, won not only the singles but was one of the doubles champions, a record which has not been equaled for some years. H. D. Scott when in good form is the best doubles player in this country, and would be selected as one of our doubles team to meet England. Such an international contest would be extremely interesting not only from the standpoint of great rivalry but to show a comparison of style and form. It would be our dash and aggressiveness versus the more finished form of the school bred Britisher.

## CULTIVATING FISHES IN YOUR OWN POND\*

BY C. H. TOWNSEND†

IT would seem that notwithstanding the abundant literature relative to public fish-culture, which has been distributed freely in this country, there has been left almost unconsidered a field of pond culture simpler and cheaper than that connected with our admirable system of stocking public waters, and with possibilities greater than have been realized. Wholesale methods in fish-culture, requiring artificial fertilization of eggs, hatchery buildings, and series of rearing ponds, are seldom applicable to the farm and the private estate.

The writer devoted considerable time to the study of small, natural and artificial lakes in the region about New York, with a view to ascertaining their possibilities for producing the commoner kinds of fishes with a moderate amount of expense and care. It is hoped that the present paper, relating merely to the *actual requirements* for success in home fish raising, will be of interest not only to members of the New York Zoological Society, but to the out-of-town public in general. It is presented as a primer on the subject, not as a general treatise. Its publication will at least serve the original purpose of the writer—that of facilitating the handling of a portion of the correspondence of the Aquarium. As a good many years have passed since he served an apprenticeship at a government fish-hatchery, recent publications on fish-culture have been used freely.

### POND CULTURE IN GENERAL

It should be made clear that the instructions which follow will be of little use to those who suppose that the pond can be

filled with fishes and left to take care of itself. To be made productive it will require intelligent care and considerable work. Those who are not interested to that extent may as well abandon the idea of raising fish and save the expense of stocking the pond.

For the encouragement of those who are disposed to make a trial it may be stated with perfect fairness that food fishes can be raised with no more difficulty than chickens or vegetables. All persons who have experimented with the poultry yard and the garden know that they demand attention. A neglected fish pond may be compared to a neglected garden, and will eventually reach the same gone-to-seed condition.

The raising of trout is not considered in this connection. Trout require special conditions of water supply and temperature, and there are already in existence many volumes on the subject of trout breeding. While it is a fish that most owners of ponds hope to cultivate, it is essentially one that cannot be managed except under naturally favorable conditions, and it demands more attention than it is likely to receive at the hands of the amateur. Trout culture is in active progress all over the land, and there are numerous commercial trout culturists from whom fry and yearlings may be purchased. Brown trout and rainbow trout, it should be stated, are more suitable for small lakes than brook trout, and will stand warmer water and grow considerably

\*By permission of the New York Zoological Society.

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larger. The brook trout does not naturally inhabit waters having a temperature much above sixty degrees.

With the ordinary run of ponds in the New York region, where the water becomes rather warm in summer, it is necessary to restrict the list of available fishes to the basses, perches, and sunfishes to which they are adapted. This paper, therefore, deals with the commoner fishes only.

There are few sections of the country so lacking in native fishes that enough black bass, rock bass, yellow perch, white perch, crappie, blue-gill sunfish, long-eared sunfish, or catfish cannot be procured for the purpose of stocking.

State fish commissions cannot usually furnish fishes for private waters, and much of the fish stock supplied by the national commission for private waters has, through ignorance on the part of the recipient, been lost, washed away by floods into public waters, or consumed when mature, without the conditions necessary to propagation having been supplied.

Some of the above-named pond fishes occur in almost every county, and are to be found in the streams, lakes and ponds of the region about New York City and on Long Island. A little preliminary personal effort in fish catching and transporting on the part of the pond owner, will help to increase his interest and knowledge, and thus increase the chances of the pond getting some necessary attention later on.

Fishes already acclimatized are safer for stocking than those brought from distant points in the North or South. In transporting fishes all necessary changes in temperature should be made gradually. Changing to a lower temperature is safer than to a higher.

State fish commissioners are usually able to inform correspondents where desirable kinds of pond fishes occur in each state.

In applying to the Fisheries Bureau at Washington for fishes, it is necessary to send full information respecting the extent, depth, summer temperature, etc., of the waters to be stocked, and to do the same through local representatives in Congress. Fishes will not be sent at once to a single applicant, but only after enough applications have been filed to warrant large shipments to each state. Long delays are therefore liable to happen.

It is possible to procure the fry of bass and some other species from dealers. If they cannot be purchased it will be necessary to procure them from the nearest lake or stream, which can be done, if necessary, with ordinary fishing tackle. For transportation a couple of milk cans of the pattern used by dairymen will be most convenient and the cans will be almost indispensable in handling the fishes from the pond later on.

The fishes need not be injured by the hook, if they are unhooked carefully, and they will stand the trip in wagon or bag-

gage car very well, if they are not crowded, and the temperature of the water is kept down with a little ice.

If a fisherman who has a seine can be hired, so much the better for the fish. The fishes wanted may very likely be found in one's own neighborhood, and it may only be necessary to subsidize the barefoot boy, who won't take long to find some stock for the pond. Beware, however, of the common sunfish, which is usually too small to be worth saving and becomes a positive annoyance when one is angling for something larger. Other species which it is well to avoid are the pike and pickerel on account of their voracity and destructiveness to other species.

Practice teaches one rapidly, but it is unwise to try to get along without study when helpful books may be had. If fish raising is to be merely a passing fancy it is just as well not to attempt it, but interest in most things comes with learning about them, so the books should be read at the beginning—not after failures have led to discouragement.

#### NATURAL PONDS OR LAKES

It is assumed that the position of the natural pond is such that no arrangement can be made for drawing off the water. Its possibilities will therefore have to be considered separately. Its fish life, moreover, can never be brought under complete control.

If the character and abundance of the fish life in the pond are not known it is desirable that it be ascertained as far as possible by fishing or netting. If the pond is without any fishes it should, of course, be stocked at once, and the selection of fishes made with due regard to its natural conditions. The extreme depth, mid-summer temperature, plant life and character of the bottom of the pond should all be ascertained. The summer bottom temperature of deep ponds should be known. It can be taken by lowering the thermometer in a pail and allowing it to remain some time. If pulled up rapidly the temperature will not have time to rise materially. A series of bottom temperatures will serve to indicate the presence of bottom springs.

A wide area of shallow water in a pond not well supplied by springs or rivulets usually means great warmth in summer. If such a pond can be temporarily lowered and deepened in places, its conditions for fish life would be greatly improved, as there is a decided difference in temperature between surface and bottom waters. Below six or eight feet the temperature decreases at the rate of about two degrees for each foot of depth. Increased depth would also give fishes an additional chance for life in winter when heavy ice cuts off their supply of air.

A small pond, supplied chiefly by rainfall, may be increased somewhat in water

supply by leading to it ditches from adjacent fields; while its depth may admit of some increase by embankments. If water can be had by boring, an artesian well may make just the difference between a poor pond and a good one. Fish ponds should have water plants to afford shelter for young fishes and harbor the various forms of aquatic life on which they feed. Several kinds of common pond-weeds will serve for this purpose. The broad leaves of water-lilies afford shelter in summer for the larger fishes and should be introduced. If the pond be very small and unshaded, some floating boards will afford shelter. Too many large fishes in the pond are detrimental, since they are consuming the food supply and are themselves going to waste. When such fishes cannot be taken with the hook, as sometimes happens, they should be removed with a seine if it is possible to do so, and marketed. It is important that the mature fish crop of a pond be utilized and the young of the year be given a chance to develop. The accumulation of large fishes serves no useful purpose, but results in overstocking, exhaustion of the food supply, cannibalism, and stunted growth.

If a natural lake or pond is already stocked with carp, which are not desired and cannot be entirely removed, their further increase may be checked by the introduction of black bass, which feed freely on young carp. Black bass will also keep other species in check by devouring their young, and thrive amazingly in the process.

If the waters contain black bass, or other fishes which have become stunted from overcrowding and the exhaustion of the natural food supply, it is important to reduce their number by any methods of fish catching that will prove effective and to restore the food supply by introducing other species.

If numerous adult yellow perch are added their young will contribute to the food of the bass and other large species. Experiments have shown that fishes stunted from overcrowding are not necessarily permanent dwarfs, but will attain a larger size if well fed or removed to more favorable waters. No fishes could be more stunted and worthless than those now swarming in the lakes of Central Park, yet we have succeeded in doubling the size of such fishes in two years. Stunted European rudd, transferred from Central Park to Prospect Park, began developing, and later, when we seined them out for exhibition at the Aquarium, it was found that their size compared favorably with that which they attain in Europe.

It has been shown at government fish cultural stations and elsewhere that a few adult carp placed in waters overstocked with bass do not increase in number, their young being wholly consumed each season.

It is well to introduce only a limited number of carp, since too many of them, owing to their rooting habits, will not only destroy the water plants, but also make the water too roily. It has been found that the introduction of carp for feeding fishes is also favorable in ponds containing crappie, the slight roiling of the water, which they cause, being beneficial to the latter rather than otherwise. It should not, however, be introduced into overstocked bass waters as a food supply until yellow perch or other species have been tried.

All ponds, whether natural or artificial, containing food fishes should be stocked with brook-minnows, shiners, chubs, freshwater killifish and other small species to constitute a food supply. The killifish and other small species, it may be noticed in passing, are useful in small ornamental ponds in destroying the larvae of mosquitoes.

The full use of the fish crop of a large natural pond or lake can seldom be secured by ordinary fishing. It is necessary that seines and trap-nets be used. Experience has proved that such ponds usually contain many large fishes which will not take the hook.

A deep spring-fed lake on Long Island had for years furnished only moderately good bass fishing and no one imagined its wealth of fishes until the embankment which formed it gave way and distributed hundreds of good-sized black bass on the flats below, many of them weighing from four to six pounds. It is possible that these fishes were so well fed on the small fry of their own kind, as well as other species coming over the dam from the pond above, that what the angler could offer did not tempt them.

The introduction of new adult stock may be desirable in an old pond where there has been in-breeding, but overstocking is the main trouble, the remedies for which are thinning-out and re-establishing the food supply.

Owing to the customary preference for "game fishes," many excellent pond species, such as rock bass, calico bass, yellow perch, white perch, long-eared and blue-gilled sunfish and catfish, have been overlooked. Other kinds, such as the warmouth or the white bass, inhabiting waters of the south or middle west, are equally desirable. All of these fishes increase rapidly, take the hook readily, and are good food fishes. They will multiply in favorable waters with less care than probably any other native fishes. With the exception of the catfish, they will take the artificial fly and afford good sport. They are of considerable commercial importance since, according to government statistics, the quantity annually sent to market exceeds twenty-eight million pounds. Nearly all of them are known to attain weights exceeding two pounds.

## PONDS MADE BY DAMMING STREAMS

Ponds created in this way should on no account be completed without the placing of drain-pipes and penstocks, so that the water can be lowered and the fish life controlled. There are marketable fishes going to waste in ponds everywhere for lack of simple facilities for getting at them. The deepest portion of the pond should be at the lower end, where the fish will gather when the water is drained down. Ditches dug in the bottom of the pond, leading to the deep hole or "kettle," will greatly facilitate the concentration of the fishes at that time.

Two or three ponds will be found to be much more satisfactory than one, since they will permit of the sorting of fishes according to size. Angling or other fish catching would then naturally be confined to the pond containing the large fishes. If properly managed, a series of fish ponds will naturally yield a surplus for the market.

It is dangerous to construct a fish pond in a narrow ravine as the dam is liable to be broken during spring freshets or exceptionally heavy rains, and the pond will gradually fill up with silt. Even if the embankment is not broken during high water it is difficult to screen it so that the fishes will not escape. A safe plan is to make the pond at one side of the stream, by excavation and embankments, leading the water to it through a ditch, and damming the stream sufficiently at the ditch-head to divert a portion of its flow. In case of freshets, the deep pool formed in the stream by the dam at the ditch-head naturally receives the silt brought down stream, thus guarding against the filling up of the fish pond. The ditch itself should be screened at both ends to prevent the ascent of fishes to the stream, and keep floating drift out of the ditch.

If the pond can be excavated in marshy ground so much the better. A layer of clay on the bottom will render it more watertight than it would be otherwise. The embankment should be broad, and before it is thrown up all sod should be removed so that there will be no subsequent seepage caused by the decay of vegetable matter. The earth used for the embankment should also be free from sods or other matter liable to decay. The ground cleared for the embankment should have a ditch extending its full length into which the new earth will settle, thus increasing the stability of the dam.

The embankment of the dam if it is to be 6 feet high should be 10 or 12 feet wide at the base and 4 feet broad on top. The earth used in its construction will naturally be derived from the bottom of the proposed pond, which will, of course, serve to increase its depth.

The overflow should be large enough to carry off the surplus, when the water is high, without danger to the dam and the

outlets in general should be screened with wire netting to prevent the escape of fishes. The drain for drawing off the water should, of course, be put in place before the dam is thrown up. Earthen drain-pipes are risky, as no matter how closely the joints may be set and cemented, plant roots will eventually find their way inside and clog them up. Iron pipe of not less than four inches diameter, with the joints well soldered, is more reliable. A hollow log will serve as a drain-pipe, and wear well.

If the drain or bottom outlet is built of concrete and large enough to be conveniently cleared, it would be more effective in lowering a large area of water. The upper end of the drain should fit tightly into the foot of the upright penstock in the pond.

The penstock itself is merely an upright drain or sluice of planks or concrete, having about the same capacity as the drain-pipe itself. It is fitted on one side with short "water boards" sliding in grooves which can be removed one after another to permit the escape of the water. A heavy plank should connect the head of the penstock with the top of the dam.

Before the new pond is filled, all roots, stumps, rocks and everything else that would prevent the free sweep of a net along the bottom, should be removed.

All ponds, whether natural or artificial, accumulate débris of which they cannot be cleared except when empty. A muddy pond will give the fish a muddy flavor. When the pond is being cleaned it is necessary to remove the fishes from the deep hole or kettle. Any attempt to remove decayed matter and sediment, while fishes still occupy the deeper portions of a pond, may be fatal to them, as dangerous gases are then liberated among the crowded fishes. If the pond is very foul it should be only partially lowered at first and the fishes removed with a seine.

With a reserve pond or two, it is possible not only to thoroughly clean a pond, but to "winter" it; that is, leave the bottom exposed for a time to the action of the sun and frost. It destroys excessive plant growth and kills out destructive water beetles and other enemies of young fishes and is approved by most professional fish culturists. With a series of ponds constructed at different levels, the overflow of the upper ponds will serve to feed those below. The more fall there is to the water the better will be its aération—a matter of great importance to small ponds.

It is desirable that surface water caused by rainstorms be kept out of small ponds by banking up or ditching.

## WATER SUPPLY

The water supply of the fish pond is the most important thing to be considered. It must in fact be taken into consideration before the artificial pond is made. The flow of water should be abundant. About

twice as much will usually be required as the beginner thinks is necessary.

Ponds fed by strong springs are excellent and are not subject to the dangers to which stream-fed ponds are exposed. Their temperature is naturally more equable throughout the year and they are less liable to heavy freezing in winter. In warm weather and in the winter time, pond fishes avoid extreme temperature by frequenting the vicinity of bottom springs. Spring water, however, contains less life available as fish food, and less air than that from brooks. Its value for pond supply will be improved, if it can be led some distance in rivulets.

Fish-life in small ponds with limited water supply will suffer from heavy ice in winter. The ice should be broken daily, and masses of brush and branches placed partly in the water will aid in keeping air holes open, especially if moved by the wind.

#### EXTENT AND DEPTH OF PONDS

The extent and depth of ponds made by damming streams, will be governed somewhat by the nature of the situation available.

A pond of an acre or more in extent, and with 8 or 10 feet of water in the deepest part, will, if properly managed, give excellent results. It may be necessary to make it less than one-quarter of an acre in extent, but a small pond should have an extreme depth of not less than 6 feet, although it is quite possible with a strong water supply to raise fishes in very small and shallow ponds. This, however, means active cultivation, with daily feeding of the fishes, numerous ponds to permit of sorting, and all the details of a fish-cultural establishment. As a matter of fact, nearly all of the extensive fish breeding carried on by the National and State fish commissions has been done in ponds of rectangular shape, averaging perhaps less than 100 feet in length and 25 feet in width, having depths of only 3 or 4 feet. Such ponds are worked in series, as nursery and rearing ponds, and there are generally two or more ponds of large size in which fishes of different growths can be held.

The following extract from the report of the fish commissioner of Indiana for 1903-4, is worth inserting in this connection:

"Mr. Carl H. Thompson, of Warren, Indiana, has a fish pond 60 x 120 feet in surface dimensions, and from 4 to 6 feet deep. In May, 1895, he placed in this pond four pairs of small-mouthed black bass. Fifteen months later he seined the pond and took therefrom, by actual count, 1,017 black bass averaging one pound each. In addition to the above he took between six and seven hundred yellow perch, weighing, according to his statement, 'not less than 250 pounds.' This makes the production of the pond amount to 1,267 pounds for a period of fifteen months."

Ponds to be used for black bass and in fact most other fishes, ought to be several acres in extent and quite deep. In general, fishes kept in small ponds do not attain the size of those in large ponds since their range and food supply are restricted.

#### FEEDING

If young fishes are removed for safety to smaller ponds where they may exhaust the natural food supply, it will be necessary to feed them. If they are put in small "nursery ponds" where they are crowded, feeding is imperative. The principal natural food of fishes is *fish*, which should be perfectly fresh. For young fishes it must be cut and boned, then rubbed through a fine wire screen. Fresh meat or liver must be prepared in the same way. For the details respecting the feeding of young fishes the reader is referred to the Manual of Fish Culture, or some other work on the subject.

Adult fishes kept in restricted quarters will also require feeding. They may be fed largely on live minnows. Among the fish foods used at the New York Aquarium, are live minnows, live shrimps, chopped fish, beef, liver, and clams.

It is a mistake to suppose that fishes do not require an abundance of food. They may live without it but cannot grow.

#### WATER PLANTS

About one-quarter of the ordinary pond should be as shallow as 10 or 12 inches and planted with pond-weeds, such as *Potamogeton*, parrot's-feather (*Myriophyllum*), watercelery (*Vallisneria*), hornwort (*Ceratophyllum*) and *Cabomba*. They may be planted by tying to stones and dropping them from a boat, or set in the ground after the water has been partially lowered. The slightly greater depths—from 1 to 3 feet may be planted with water-lilies, while the more extensive and deeper portions should be kept clear of vegetation. If the vegetation becomes too thick it can usually be pulled out with a rake, but it is sometimes necessary to cut it with the scythe. Willow and other trees should be planted at some points to furnish shade.

Aquatic insects, crustaceans and mollusks, bred among pond-weeds, constitute no small feature of the pond's food supply. It is recorded in the American Fish Culturist that an electric light over a certain pond was found to attract insects which fell in the water in such numbers as to supply an important quantity of fish food. If the pond-weeds, together with the brook-minnows, frogs, crustaceans and other small fry which are to establish the natural supply of food, can be introduced a year before the stock fish are put in, the conditions for success will be greatly improved.

## SPAWNING PLACES

Fish ponds should be supplied with spawning conditions suitable to the fishes occupying them. Small-mouthed black bass, which make their nests in gravel, will require gravelly bottom. Large-mouthed black bass, which nest among the roots of plants, will find the conditions they require among the weeds of the pond. Yellow perch, which spawn among twigs under water, are easily accommodated—pieces of brush may be set firmly in the bottom where the water is shallow, in the branches of which they will deposit large whitish masses of spawn. If the brush tops extend several inches above the surface of the water, so that they will be swayed by the wind and kept free of sediment, the hatching of masses of spawn will be greatly facilitated.

Rock bass and the various species of sunfish which, like the small-mouthed black bass, make their nests in gravelly places, will absolutely require places of that character if they are expected to increase and a few cartloads of gravel dumped around the lake in water about two feet in depth will furnish the necessary conditions.

Since ponds, to be successful, must have proper spawning conditions, some study of the habits of pond fishes is important, and there are numerous helpful books available. It is now the custom with professional fish culturists to supply artificial spawning nests in ponds containing small-mouthed black bass. These are small shallow boxes about two feet square filled with mixed gravel and sand, which early in the spring are placed everywhere in shallow water around the pond. They are at once appropriated by pairs of basses seeking spawning places. The boxes have boards nailed on two sides at adjoining corners, which extend about a foot higher, affording shelter for the basses similar to that which they naturally seek under the shelter of submerged logs.

Basses guard their nests for several days after the spawn has been deposited, and it is the custom at fish-cultural establishments to place over nests before the young fishes leave them, a light circular frame of iron covered with cheese cloth, one end of which protrudes above the water. This prevents the young fishes from wandering away from the nest, and makes it possible for them to be removed with the dip net to nursery ponds, where they are safe from

their enemies and the cannibalistic tendencies of their parents.

## NUMBER OF FISHES REQUIRED

In stocking waters it is not necessary to have a large number of adult fishes. For a pond of about an acre in extent, twenty pairs of black bass will be sufficient, and perhaps fifty pairs of any of the other kinds of fishes mentioned. These numbers will in fact suffice for still larger ponds and should be reduced for smaller ponds. When the conditions are right the progeny of the first year will usually stock the pond to the limit of its natural food supply. It should be borne in mind that heavy stocking serves no useful purpose, unless it is the intention to catch some of the adults the first year. It is just as well to stock with two or three kinds of fishes and time will show which species are the best adapted to that particular body of water. With black bass the yellow perch may be placed with safety, not only on account of the food it supplies to the former, but also on account of its own value as a food fish. It is remarkably prolific, and with a good start can usually take care of itself. The same may be said of the catfish. It is harmless, since the basses and sunfishes are active in guarding their own nests. The yellow perch and the catfish may also be introduced into ponds containing rock bass or calico bass. There is no reason why black bass, rock bass, and calico bass should not be kept together if the pond is of considerable size.

## COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF CERTAIN BASSES, PERCHES, ETC.

The following figures relative to the annual catch and value of the fishes named, are derived from recent Government statistics and show only the quantity and value of fishes marketed. There are no means of ascertaining the catch of the same species made by anglers and other non-professional fishermen, although the aggregate must be very great. The catch is of course made in public waters.

	Pounds.	Value.
Black Bass .....	1,939,571	\$150,471
Yellow Perch .....	7,071,220	181,504
White Perch .....	1,397,306	161,188
Crappie and Strawberry Bass	2,686,230	161,122
Sunfish (all kinds) .....	2,094,946	52,846
Catfish (all kinds) .....	13,103,706	534,425
Total .....	28,292,979	\$1,141,556

# CHOICE AND CARE OF SADDLES AND BRIDLES

BY F. M. WARE

THE fit, comfort, and "feel" of the saddle has everything to do not only with the sensation of security afforded to the rider (of either sex), but to his actual retention of a seat. The same features apply not only to the equestrian himself but to the animal he bestrides, and it is perfectly amazing to the uninitiated, to whom any saddle or bridle seems appropriate for use if only it is strong and whole, what a difference in gait, mouth and manners these equipments make if the one exactly fits, and the other is not only equally comfortable but exactly suitable as to bits and their placings, to the mouth. The best investment any one who rides can make is a first-class saddle and bridle which not only suit his ideas of comfort and appearance perfectly, but neatly and becomingly fit and decorate his horse. Better far to economize in horse flesh than in saddlery, for one's pleasure is thereby more surely enhanced, and nothing looks so workmanlike as fastidious care and neatness in the matter of material, shape and fit, while for feminine use especially the whole outfit should be ultra-smart in every detail.

The heavy man should be most particular about his saddle, and that it shall be not only broad-seated but long in the tree that his weight may be distributed over as large a surface on the horse's back as possible, and should exercise great care that not only is it well stuffed, especially about the withers, but that the stuffing is constantly worked light, and kept from caking or becoming lumpy anywhere. Neglect of these precautions will inevitably lead to chafing and bruising of the back, or painful pinching and bruising of the withers; this latter injury leading very possibly to further complications in the way of fistula, etc., which may result in permanent and very severe complications. The individual of lighter weight is more fortunate in these respects, as he is not so likely to injure his mount severely by the mere amount of weight he represents, but even he must be duly careful not only upon the grounds of self-interest, but upon those of ordinary humanity.

No matter how well the saddle fits or how expensive it was originally it will not protect the animal's back from harm for very long unless its user sits in the middle of it as he should do. The majority of equestrians from heedless methods sit jammed back against the cantle of their saddles, causing these to tip up, as it were,

and to grind the backbone and the skin beneath at every step, forming frequently obstinate sores, and quite often leaving lumps ("sitfasts" as they are called) of more or less size, which make a permanent blemish, and serve to remind the horse each time he is mounted of the fact that his back was once hurt, caused him much suffering, and may be about to be damaged again; wherefore he flinches and crouches in an effort to escape harm as soon as he feels his rider's weight on the stirrup. This apprehension it is which causes so many of our American saddle horses to cringe and squat at mounting; most of these are animals from the West and South, where the very short-seated saddle and the seat back on the cantle are most in vogue.

It is most singular in view of this that dealers and trainers who fit such animals for market do not adopt a more sensible style of saddle, and a more nearly balanced seat. No horse can use himself properly anyway when the weight is thus far back over the loins, and a change in attitude makes all the difference in his agility, balance and carriage—merely because he is comfortable and at liberty to handle the weight of his rider in the fashion that makes it least inconvenient. Women are not so likely to chafe a horse at the rear of the saddle, because theirs are usually so long that the weight is not at the extreme end. They do, however, needlessly grind a saddle about upon an animal's back when learning, or after they become fatigued. Injuries are worked upon the withers, generally upon the off side; and it is an open question which shaped horse suffers the most from this cause—the high-withered animal which carries a saddle well in place, or the flat-withered beast which provides a precarious resting place for the side saddle, and must be more tightly girthed than the other with the result that once the saddle shifts to the left (as it almost always does under the average horsewoman) it cannot return to its square position as in the case of the slacker-girthed, good-withered horse, but must grind and dig into sensitive skin until the worst happens. The days of the side saddle, however, are numbered, and when the time comes that all women ride astride we shall wonder that the fashion has been so long in arriving, while neighs of thanksgiving will ascend from every riding school and stable in the land.

While fashion and practice decree against the use of the saddle cloth or

numnah (as it is called) it is by no means certain that the objection is well founded; nor is a properly cut, fitted and fastened cloth or felt an objection or even noticeable; while it is so easily and thoroughly dried when wet, and renewed when worn, that as a thoroughly practical economy it has much value; this is further practically enhanced by the fact that saddles thus equipped will fit the horse fairly well, and are therefore just so much more useful; nor will even the sharpest-withered horse be bruised by such a one. The cloth, if used, should be of thick felt with loops through which the girth-points may pass to keep it in place, and a further attachment at the cantle is of value as maintaining it unwrinkled when in use, and holding it better in place when the saddle is removed. If the full cloth is not used a pommel pad of felt or thick knit woolen material is a great protection to the sensitive withers, and some such arrangement will come in use with any horse in hard work; for if the saddle fits him properly when he is fresh and fat, and the article is new, it will surely fail to do once its padding is flattened by use and his flesh shrinks through the same cause. Indeed an ordinary English saddle from which the panels have been removed, leaving a mere leather and iron framework, and then placed upon a very thick felt numnah, affords a most excellent arrangement, even if unconventional, and gives a closeness of seat to the man, and a thoroughly comfortable surface to the horse which cannot be improved. For a woman's saddle the cloth or numnah is very valuable, almost indispensable if properly arranged, where much long-continued riding is to be done upon horses of various shapes. When teaching riding, as the writer did for about six years, he derived great satisfaction from the use of such a cloth, girthed on separately independent of the saddle itself. When the horses had been dressed over in the morning the saddle cloths were put on and girthed in place, and throughout the day, even though the animal might be—as he always was—sent into the ring several times—the cloth was never taken off, but the saddles were put on above it as required, and at night, when work was done, the cloths were taken off, dried, and thoroughly beaten, while the back was well sponged with a cold astringent lotion. By this means if the saddle shifted it turned, not upon the *unprotected back*, but upon the thick pad which was tightly girthed about the body when in work (loosened when idle). By this means, while working from twenty to fifty horses very hard, a sore or bruised back or withers was almost unknown, nor was any special attention paid to the padding or fit of the saddle so long as it was not too narrow in the gullet to allow for the thick felt protection. No more satisfactory arrangement or more economical one can be made for

any horse; and while the fastidious may imagine that it is not "smart" enough in effect, the details are unnoticeable, as the cloth is cut to the shape of the saddle and shows nowhere except on the near side of a lady's horse where it shields her habit from defilement by sweat and dirt.

Leather panels are in vogue with some people, and for brief rides they do very well, but in the writer's experience with them they have appeared to blister the back unduly, and to "draw" it, as it were, like a rubber boot, nor is it probable that any substance which does not freely absorb perspiration will give satisfaction for such purposes. The polo saddles made in this way are shaded off on the skirts to almost nothing so far as panels go, and are supposed to give a closer grip of thigh and knee, but it is doubtful if the difference is appreciable enough to make it of value as an extensive innovation.

For most people the saddle cannot be too long and flat in the seat, or, if curved, the curve should be very slight, and the seat not nearly so deep as many saddlers construct it. A very large and long saddle may be in reality very short seated if the slope is abrupt, as the occupant will either by inattention, or by accident when fatigued, sink down into the middle of it where he belongs, and find his own level, like water; while on the contrary a level-seated saddle may be in effect long, although it is quite short-seated. Particularly should the lady's saddle be long and flat of seat, for if thus made it will fit every one from a child of seven to a very tall and long-legged woman, and all sizes will find comfortable and safe accommodation upon it. Saddlers do not advocate this because the different sizes and lengths make better business for them and the varied curves must be changed, as one increases in growth, to newer models; whereas the flat shape will last a woman from infancy to old age if given ordinary care. Riding without stirrups will give the proper seat, and find the right place in the saddle for one to rest comfortably—the actual middle—as nothing else will, and the flat seat enables any length of limb to be accommodated.

Additional closeness of the thigh to the horse's side will be gained if the girth points on each side are moved, the one as far back and the other as far forward as possible, and the two girths crossed in buckling, the front girth on the rear point off side, and vice versa. Thus crossing they bind, and the animal will not (for a man's use) be nearly as tightly girthed as when they are fastened in the ordinary way, while the buckles, etc., are removed from their usual position beneath the thigh to points before and behind it. Even in the lady's saddle this is practical, and not only allows a trifling amount of extra freedom to the horse for the play of his ribs, in breathing, but also steadies the saddle as the

points are so far apart. The writer has also had considerable satisfaction in the use of very short girths and very long points which brought the buckles well below the rider's legs, although this was noticeable as an innovation from the fact that the buckles and the ends of the points showed on the horse's sides. The inner girth-flap may also be cut away to further assist connection.

Nearly every horse has a sore or at least a sensitive back where the surcingle rests, from the fact that nine times in ten his groom girths him far too tightly with the intention of keeping his clothing in place. The gristly and sharp spines of the backbone were never meant directly to support weight, pressure, or to sustain friction, and any of the three causes is enough to cause irritation there, and pain at a touch. The average surcingle when tightly girthed frequently causes so much pain, especially in horses already light in flesh, that the animal will not lie down, and is nervous and irritable to a degree. The padding of the saddle and of the surcingle should be stuffed so that no pressure may ever rest here where the least motion of the ribs in breathing causes discomfort if not actual pain.

The blankets, which are so common and practical nowadays, dispensing with surcingles entirely, may not be as conventionally smart in appearance as the surcingle, etc., but they are far more practical, not only for this reason, but because they stay in place much better; their only objection being that they work back until the front is against the chest, and may possibly, in horses fed from the floor, cause the hair to break and to wear away slightly on the shoulder points.

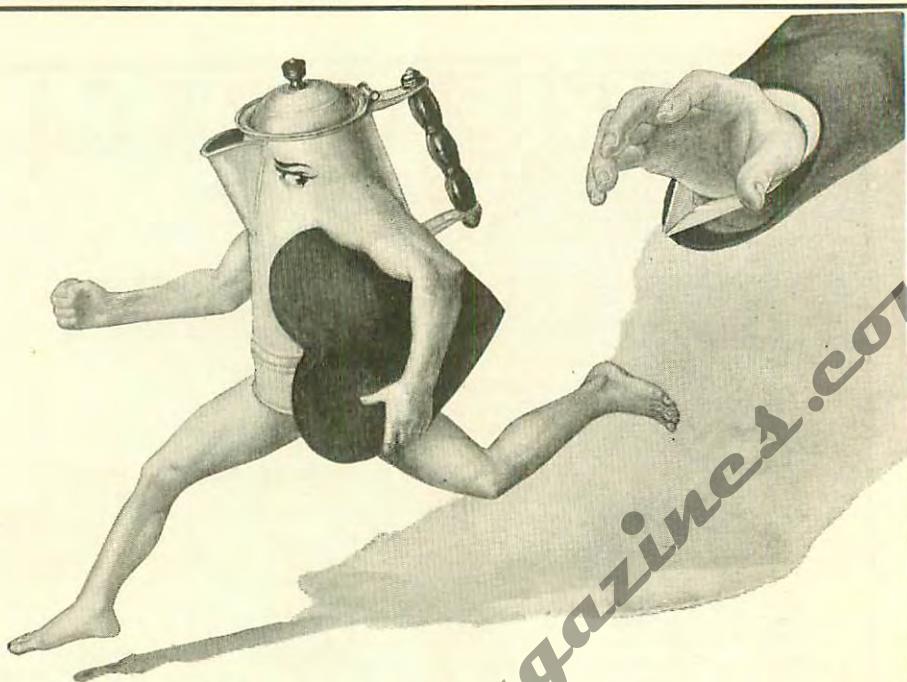
The cantle and the pommel of the man's saddle cannot, in the writer's opinion, be too low, and the usual sharp elevations are extremely dangerous, both in case of a fall, and in event of being thrown on to the pommel, beside which the unduly elevated wear away very soon along their edges and top surfaces, and soon need repairs, especially in the cantle, where the saddle is so often carelessly dropped about upon its seat surface.

There has never seemed any good reason for the double stirrup leathers, and a single strap adds greatly to the comfort of the rider. Of course this will not answer if many different people are to use the saddle; but for one individual's use, where no alterations of more than a hole or two will ever be necessary, the writer has derived much satisfaction from the single leather. This is arranged so that the buckle is about four inches from the end of the stirrup strap where it attaches to the saddle, and the leather is buckled in a small loop which

can be altered by two holes each way. If so arranged that it has five holes, and that the usual riding hole is the one in the middle, it will admit of lengthening or shortening two holes each way, which is about all that one will need in order to suit all the various sizes and shapes of horses. Of course the leather should be thoroughly stretched first by hanging very heavy weights from it for twenty-four hours after it is cut and before it is measured and finished for use. Another arrangement has a loop to affix it to the saddle, and at the stirrup end a double buckle without billets, which holds by gripping upon the leather, and may be shortened to any extent. This is not so smart in appearance, but is very practical, and may be shortened to any fraction of an inch.

The plain-flapped saddle has almost entirely superseded the knee roll in all first-class establishments. There never was any real reason for the knee roll except that it gave the rider imaginary security. On the contrary it had drawbacks—as for instance in hunting at a drop fence, or when a horse bucked and plunged so that the rider's knee slid forward—for it could not as easily slide back. The effect of the knee roll may be secured to those who fancy it by having the panel-edge underneath slightly (or considerably) thickened, and being sure that the saddle skirts are of very pliant leather. After a day or two usage this gives precisely the same "feel" to the rider as the roll, while preserving the smart appearance of the plain flapped saddle. Flaps that are quite well curved are most in favor, and certainly look better than those whose outline is too straight in front. For a fine-fronted, good-shouldered horse, which carries his saddle well—and "bridles well," as it is called—there is nothing yet made smarter than a low-pommeled, low-cantled, straight-seated, curved flap and plain flap saddle put just in the right place.

To add to the appearance of smartness, and to further avoid the possibility of bruising withers that are sharp, the man's saddle may be cut back at the pommel, nor will this alteration in shape affect its strength if the article is made of first-class material, and by a high-grade maker. In the same fashion the lady's saddle may be cut away, in which case the near flap of the saddle continues over the withers in a sort of thick pad which arranges for the leveling of the rider's seat as if the article were of conventional shape, while avoiding any possibility of bruising the withers. The gullet plate under the pommel is not infrequently made rather narrow, and especially so for our native horses which are not all as finely finished there as could be wished.



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**DORCHESTER MASS.**

# A New Sauce

## That's Being Talked About

Another Heinz Creation that brings a tingle of surprise to every palate.

Enriching ordinary food with a snappy flavor of its own—spicy and appetizing.

Unlike any other sauce you ever tasted.

# HEINZ Mandalay Sauce

Excellent with hot or cold meats, fish, game or oysters—also in soups and gravies.

An aristocrat among condiments, prepared in the Heinz way from choice fruits, vegetables and spices of foreign and domestic origin. Put it on your list to-day. It's new. It's being talked about. You will be commended for your taste.

Many other Heinz good things—Tomato Soup, Apple Butter, Baked Beans, Mustard Dressing, Olive Oil, Pure Wholesome Vinegar.

*A Booklet which we will mail you free, will make you a food optimist.*

### H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

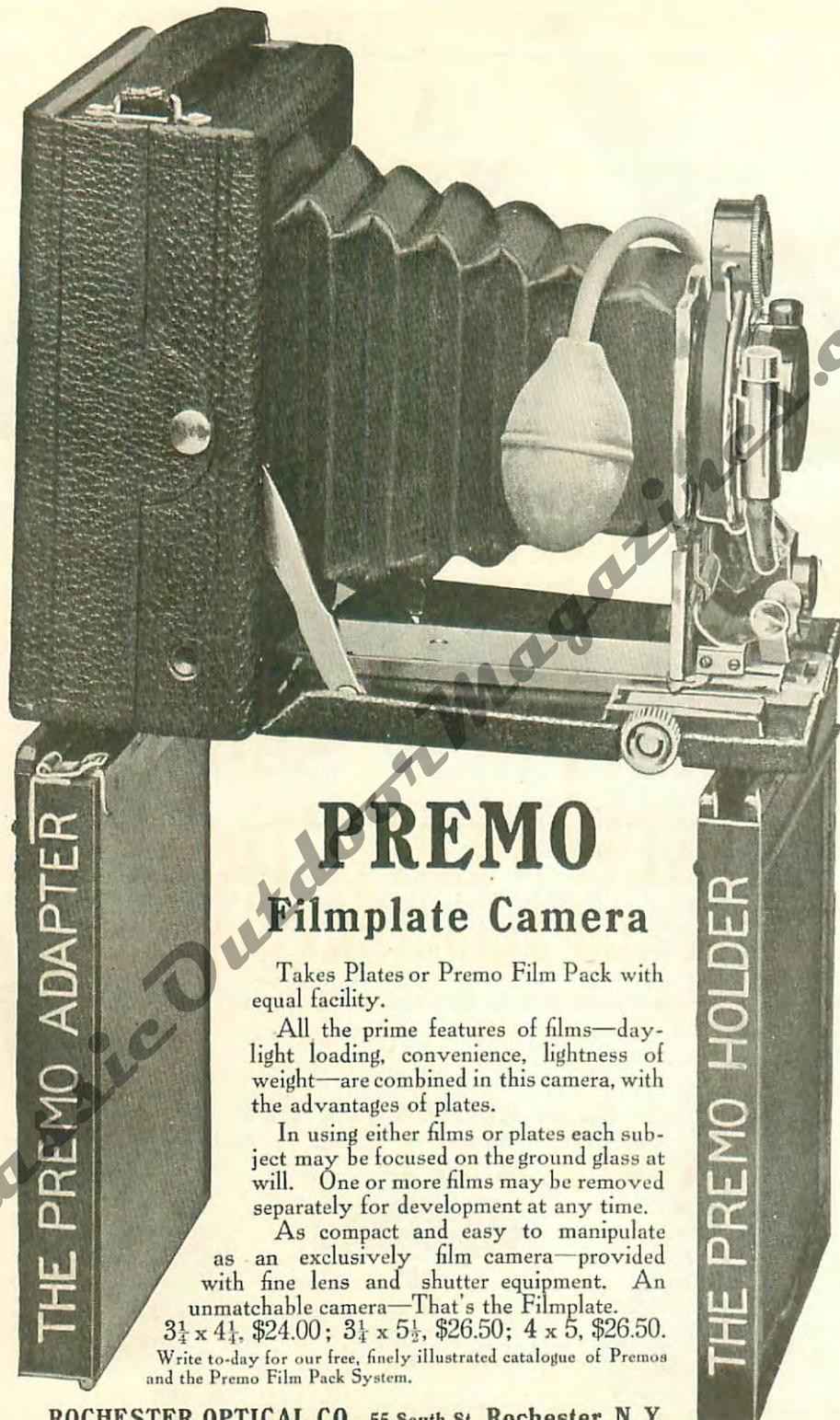
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## PREMO Filmplate Camera

Takes Plates or Premo Film Pack with equal facility.

All the prime features of films—day-light loading, convenience, lightness of weight—are combined in this camera, with the advantages of plates.

In using either films or plates each subject may be focused on the ground glass at will. One or more films may be removed separately for development at any time.

As compact and easy to manipulate as an exclusively film camera—provided with fine lens and shutter equipment. An unmatchable camera—That's the Filmplate.

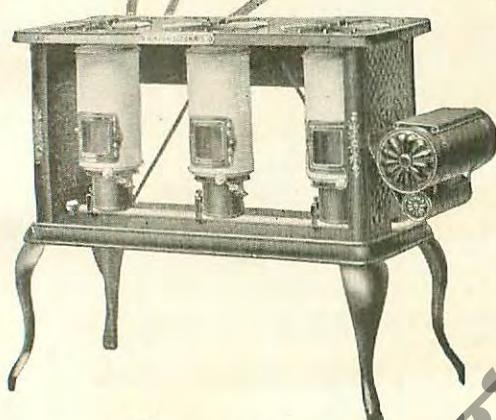
$3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ , \$24.00;  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , \$26.50;  $4 \times 5$ , \$26.50.

Write to-day for our free, finely illustrated catalogue of Premos and the Premo Film Pack System.

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SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT

## The Days that Prove This Stove



The stove that is best for washing-day, ironing-day and baking-day

is best for every other day of the week. The New Perfection Oil Stove is such a stove by every test. It does its work in a new and different way from other oil stoves. It produces a clean blue flame, which, without overheating the kitchen, is instantly ready for boiling the water, heating the irons, or baking the bread. The

## NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

will make your kitchen work lighter, will cut your fuel bills in two, and will give you a cooler kitchen. Made in three sizes, with one, two, and three burners. Fully warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

The **Rayo Lamp** is the best all-round house lamp made.

Gives a soft, mellow light of unusual brilliancy. An ornament to any room. Made of brass throughout, beautifully nickelized. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.



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Half the enjoyment of the summer vacation depends on the choice of *the right place*. There's a right place for everybody,—just the one place where everything conduces to comfort and enjoyment whether you indulge in golfing, motoring, canoeing, rowing, sailing, swimming, hunting, fishing, riding or just loafing. You can find the place you want described in the Summer Book of the Lackawanna Railroad, entitled

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This handsome book of 144 pages, beautifully illustrated, is full of helpful and interesting information about summer resorts. There's also a charming little love story entitled

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The Best that money can buy or Scientific brewing can produce



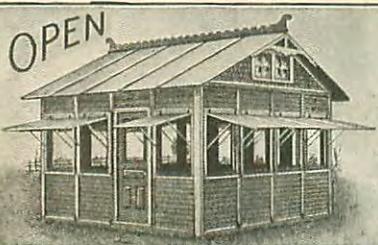
# Evans' Ale



Clubs, Restaurants & Hotels, Oyster & Chop Houses  
Brewed and Bottled by

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"It is an outrageous shame that so many people die needlessly of Tuberculosis. Tuberculosis is generally nothing short of suicide. People coop themselves up in the stuffy, vitiated air of living rooms all day and night and then wonder why the "White Plague" slowly chokes them to death. Get out into the fresh air that God gave you! You have no excuse for breathing poison when for a few dollars modern devices make it possible to fill your lungs with the breath of life." —From Dr. Baker's address to tubercular patients.

## M. Portable & Open-air M. Cottages



are as movable as a tent, as comfortable as a house; Water Tight Roof and Dry Matched Pine Floor, Light and Fresh Air in abundance. Enclose 2c stamp for handsome Illustrated Catalogue of our M. & M. Portable Houses, Summer Cottages, Automobile Houses, etc.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 620 Broadway, Saginaw, Mich.

REVERSIBLE

# Linene

Collars and Cuffs

STANDAR  
SALVATOR  
RIBES  
MARSHALL  
ANGLO  
FASSO

## Have You Worn Them?

Not "celluloid"—not "paper collars"—but made of fine cloth; exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. Price at stores, 25 cents for box of ten (2½ cents each).

### No Washing or Ironing

When soiled discard. By mail 10 collars or 5 pairs of cuffs, 30 cts. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cts. in U. S. Stamps. Give size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept H, BOSTON, MASS.

YOU OUGHT TO TRY

## No 4711 WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP

TRADE REGUS.  
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No 4711.  
WHITE ROSE.  
GLYCERINE-SOAP.

PURE—DELIGHTFUL—ECONOMICAL.  
Ask for "No. 4711." Beware of Imitations.

FERD. MÜLHENNS, Cologne or Germany.  
Mühlens & Kropff, 298 Broadway, New York.  
Send 15 cents in stamps for full size sample cake.

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**AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.,**

Largest Manufacturers of Fine Commercial Paper in the World. 29 Mills.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

**A**MORAL THIEF IS NOT A LEGAL THIEF in the eyes of the law, and by that token many a man is at home when his rightful place is in jail.

**A**MAN, by dint of thought and work, invents an article of food, of wearing apparel, or for domestic use. He carries out his conception; he gets it ready for the market; he recognizes the requirements of the law of the land and patents his article; he invests large sums of money in letting the people know about it, and he makes a success.

**A**LONG comes a man who has no brain wherewith to conceive except to trade upon the other man's success, and "Uneeda Biscuit" becomes "Uwanta Biscuit"; "Jap-a-lac" becomes "Jac-a-lac"; "Cottolene" becomes "Cotoleo"; "Pears' Soap" becomes "Peer's Soap," and so on. All these imitations are purely and palpably intended to mislead the public, to confuse the buyer.

**S**UCH a parasite not only lives on the brain and capital of another, but he also directly hopes to get an undeserved livelihood by playing upon the credulity of the public. He is a coward, as is proved by the fact that he imitates. His article is never so good as that which he imitates, for the same moral twist that plays upon a name will play upon the quality of the article. As a matter of fact, he has no need to think of the quality of his article, for he relies on his misleading label; hence, quality, to him, is of slight importance, and therein lies the fraud against the consuming public.

**T**HETHE bid for patronage upon which he usually relies is his untruthful assurance that his article "is just as good as others" and—here comes in his strong point—"it is cheaper in price." And thus thousands are fooled: trapped into supporting a moral thief and a business coward.

**P**ERHAPS you fail to realize that you have it in your power to raise the standard of American business honesty by a refusal to patronize such imitations. For just in proportion as you make it easier or harder for these moral thieves to succeed, so do you make the business of honest dealings easier or harder for your husband, brother, father or son.

**B**USINESS will be honest just so far as the public demands it shall be. The two or three cents saved in your support of an imitative article represent the costliest investment you can make toward the lowering of these business ideals with which the men of your family must sooner or later battle when they go out into the commercial world. You, by your patronage, build up or tear down honest business ideals.

# JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## A STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED



### JAP-A-LAC—THE HOME BEAUTIFIER.

JAP-A-LAC is a stain and varnish combined; the original article of the kind made. It "Wears like iron." You can use JAP-A-LAC on everything of wood or metal, from cellar to garret.

A JAP-A-LAC home is always a bright, beautiful home.

You can do your own refinishing of scratched or scuffed furniture, and produce a beautiful, lustrous finish, as hard as flint, and as smooth as glass. A few cents will cover the cost.

Try JAP-A-LAC today. Be sure to get the genuine, in a can like the illustration. Look for the Green Label.

For Sale by Paint, Hardware, and Drug Dealers. All sizes from 15c to \$2.50.

#### A WARNING AGAINST THE DEALER WHO TRIES TO SUBSTITUTE.

If your dealer offers you a substitute, say to him: "No, thank you; I want what I asked for. Good bye." Trade with the dealer who gives you what you ask for. That's JAP-A-LAC.

Write for beautiful illustrated booklet, and interesting color card. FREE for the asking.

If building, write for our complete Finishing Specifications. They will be mailed free. Our Architectural Green Label Varnishes are of the highest quality.

*The Glidden  
Varnish Co.*

648 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland, O.

If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name and 10c (except for Gold which is 25c) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send FREE Sample (quarter pint can) to any point in the United States.

## How To Have A Reliable Water Supply

**N**O matter where you live, you may have an absolutely reliable water supply. No matter how extensive or modest your requirements might be, you may have an ample supply of water the entire year 'round—day and night. You may have an abundant supply everywhere—all plumbing fixtures and hydrants—just as high as you want it.

With your own private water supply

plant, you may have every convenience and comfort of the best city water works; and your buildings will be protected from fire loss.

All these desirable features will be positively assured if you install



## The Kewanee System of Water Supply

In the Kewanee System you get the right kind of pumping and storage equipment, suited to your own individual needs. You also gain the results of over ten years practical experience and the technical knowledge of trained hydraulic engineers.

Do not use an attic tank which will leak and flood your house, and which does not provide sufficient pressure. It is not necessary to have an exposed elevated tank to freeze, blow over, leak or collapse. In the Kewanee System your storage tank is placed in the cellar

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Let us design a Kewanee System for you. We will make no charge for preliminary services, and we will protect you with a guarantee of satisfactory results.

Send for our complete illustrated catalog No. 29. It shows how the Kewanee System has been adapted for buildings of various sizes, from the smallest cottage to the largest institution—and small towns.

**Kewanee Water Supply Co., Kewanee, Ill.**

New York

Chicago

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yielding from 6% to 10%, with *absolute security guaranteed*, interest you?

We can invest your money in first mortgage securities on the rich, fertile wheat and stock growing lands of

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We are owners of over 27,000 acres and have listed with us over 500,000 acres of the best selected and most fertile wheat growing lands, which we are now offering to the investor and homeseeker at prices which in a very short time will double and treble. We can sell these lands on very easy terms if desired.

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### "THE LAST WEST"

*We guarantee absolute security*, whether you have private funds to invest or can spare only a few dollars per month. *Write us at once* for full particulars and prospectus. It places you under no obligation, but will show you how your dollars can be made to grow.

We are authorized by the Manitoba Government to accept money on deposit, on which we pay 4% interest.

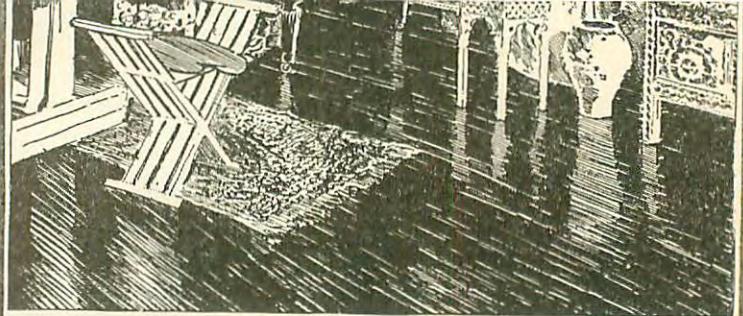
\$1,000 grows to \$2,000 in less than 18 years.



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Capital Stock, \$100,000.00



**A** DEPARTURE IN TONE PRODUCTION. Recent experiments in the direction of tone production made by us have resulted in the perfection of a notable Grand Piano, the Style X (next in size larger than the famous Quarter Grand). It is an instrument of rare and exquisite tone, in which quality and not quantity has been the first consideration. It is a new departure in modern piano building, and in inviting attention to it we do so with much pride in the success of our efforts.

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Established 1823

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60 DAYS TRIAL



Thousands cured. Our Modern Vacuum Cap when used a few minutes each day draws the blood to the scalp and forces the hair into new healthy growth, cures baldness and stops the hair from falling out. Cures Dandruff. Harmless and healthful. We send it to you on trial. We only want pay if you are pleased. Is not this fair? Write for free booklet.

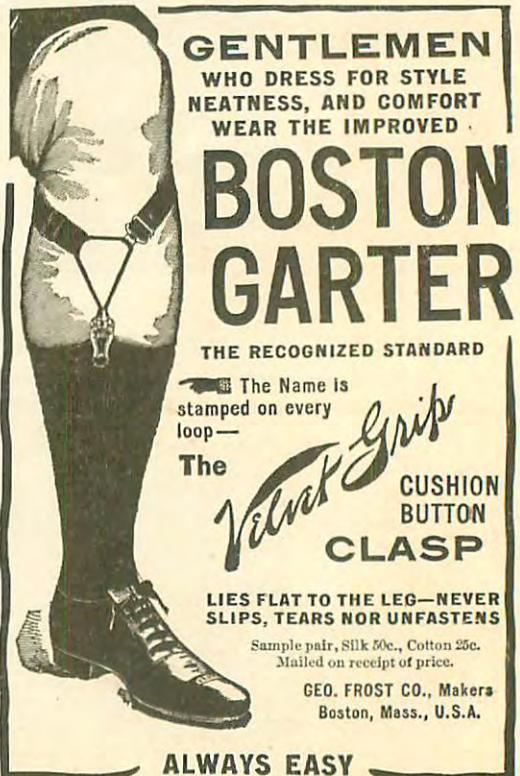
THE MODERN VACUUM CAP CO.  
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WHO DRESS FOR STYLE  
NEATNESS, AND COMFORT  
WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON  
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THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The Name is  
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The  
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CUSHION  
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LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER  
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Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.

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comes in the roll—goes down  
like a carpet. Any workman can lay

THE OUTING MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

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Pretty Creature  
Drink

**CLICQUOT CLUB**  
(PRONOUNCED "CLICK-O")  
**GINGER ALE**

Long experience has taught us how to get the real flavor from the purest imported ginger into our ginger ale. When you drink Clicquot Club Ginger Ale you get a delicious, thirst-quenching, sparkling, effervescent draught made of the purest of pure water and real ginger, which is delightfully gratifying to the parched palate.

For sale almost everywhere, but for your dealer's name we will send you a unique handsome bottle opener, FREE.

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A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 27 years

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Our new 1907 catalogue, handsomely illustrated, giving complete detail's, free for the asking. Send a postal request today. On sale with 6000 agents in the United States, or direct from factory.

THE GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.  
"You don't get done when you buy a Gunn."

# AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

This is the ONLY Safety Razor and Automatic Stropper in One Piece

The trouble with all Safety Razors all the time was—  
How to Maintain a Sharp Shaving Edge.

## You've Got to Strop Any Blade To Get a Satisfactory Shave

That's the issue in a nutshell—no getting away from it, for an Always Sharp Edge is the Essence and Life and Purpose and Value of a razor. You know that!

—Because the AutoStrop is the first and only Safety Razor yet invented that fills perfectly and completely ALL Razor Requirements.

—Because the AutoStrop is the only Capable Shaving Razor with every blade of Continuous Shaving value.

—Because the AutoStrop is at its Best when you first get it and is Everlastingly at its Best.

It's the AutoStrop "against the field"—against all "Theory Razors."

\* \* \*

Now observe the illustrations:—

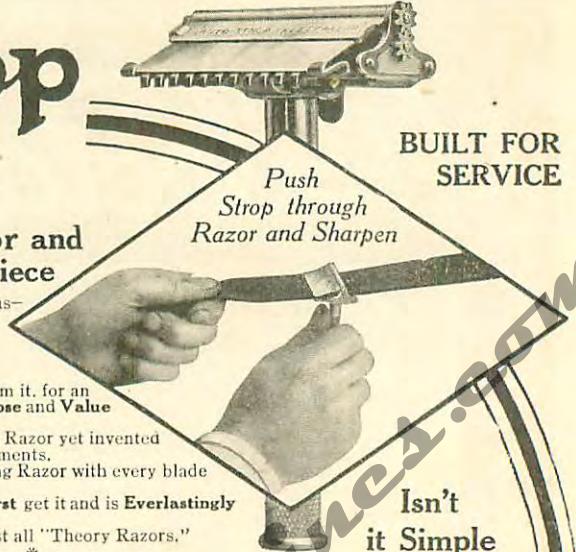
—the triple Silver-plated AutoStrop Safety Razor—Simple—Complete—Perfect—Built for Service.

—the Plan of Stropping or Cleaning WITHOUT REMOVING BLADE OR ANY PART—Isn't it Simple and isn't it a Simple Solution of ALL the Safety Razor trouble.

—the handsome compact little leather case  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$  inches including strop and 12 certified blades. An ingenious outfit. Thus the AutoStrop is the Simplest of all Safety Razors and plainly the Best of any.

**CONVINCE YOURSELF** of this and you can do it in five minutes if you read

BUILT FOR  
SERVICE



Isn't  
it Simple

## "Common Sense About Shaving"—FREE

This Book not only states facts but it tells the truth concerning Razors and Shaving also fully explains why you can pin faith always in the AutoStrop Safety Razor.

If it behoves you to write today if you wish to secure an early copy of this FREE edition. Your name and address on a postal will do if you mail it NOW. Write the postal before you lay this publication aside.

\* \* \*

The AutoStrop Safety Razor with complete outfit exactly as described in the illustration will be sent you (charges prepaid) if you will remit the price, \$5.00. OR, if you prefer to tell us your dealer's name (Cutlery, Drug, Haberdasher or General Store) we will send it through him.

In either event if for any reason you wish to return it after THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL—your money will be refunded AT ONCE.

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Dept. 611**

Now at 341 to 347 Fifth Ave., New York City

Opposite Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

RANK REFERENCE: The Colonial Trust Co. New York.

**DEALERS** We have a special proposition to offer the first dealer who writes from each section. Direct orders are now coming in by thousands. You should and could be taking your share of profit from these.

Write our SALES DEPT. immediately for particulars.

RAZOR—12 Blades and Strop  
In Leather Case  
Size  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$  in

## Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1907 model. Write for Special Offer.

Finest Guaranteed 1907 Models **\$10 to \$27**

with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.

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all of best makes

**\$500 Second-Hand Wheels**

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Great Factory Clearing Sale.

We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow

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Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc.

half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogs. Write at once.

HEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P 201 Chicago



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That's the only way to know how rich, mild and smooth French's Mixture is. Descriptive adjectives have all been used by inferior tobacco companies. We can give you no new words, but we can give you a new and better smoking tobacco direct from the makers.

To make it easy for you to try

### French's Mixture

we have the standing offer printed at the left. Take advantage of it and you will have reason to congratulate yourself. You will obtain a perfect blend of pure North Carolina Golden Leaf Tobacco, made almost entirely by hand. It is

### "The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco"

Not sold by dealers but direct to smokers in perfect condition.

**FRENCH TOBACCO COMPANY**  
Dept. D, Statesville, N. C.

**Coca-Cola**

**Physical Exercise**

becomes a delight when Coca-Cola plays a part in the day's work. The slightly tonic effect sustains bodily strength, while nerve force and mental activity are imparted without undue stimulation. It relieves fatigue and replenishes vitality. The nourishing, stimulating and beneficial effects are the result of drinking Coca-Cola, which is pleasing to the taste and is a genuine aid to digestion.

**5c**  
Sold Everywhere  
**5c**

**Delicious!**  
**Healthful!**  
**Refreshing!**

Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906, serial number 3324.

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**Send 10c. For Beautiful Japanese Calendar in Colors, Suitable For Framing.**

**THE MAGAZINE AND BOOK COMPANY OF NEW YORK**  
**256 Broadway** **NEW YORK**

# MENNEN'S BORATED TOILET TALCUM POWDER



**YOUR LITTLE ROSEBUD**  
needs Mennen's Powder—a sure relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn, etc. Put up in non-refillable box bearing Mennen's face. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. Sample Free. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906—Serial No. 1542.  
Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

## GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS

**50c**

will buy the only natural, never-failing and practically indestructible cigar, cigarette and pipe lighter ever invented. There is nothing to get out of order. No oil—no chemicals of any kind. Simply a charred wick, cube of flint, steel wheel and lever to produce friction. When the flint sparking cuts or wick is consumed, it can be replaced at trifling cost (cube 10 cts., wicks, 25 cts. doz.).

### The MATCHLESS CIGAR LIGHTER

LIGHTS CIGAR, CIGARETTE or PIPE anywhere, at any time—in wind, rain or snow—on land or sea. THE HARDER IT BLOWS—THE BRIGHTER IT GLOWS. It

### Fits the Vest Pocket

like a match box—is always ready and never fails to work.

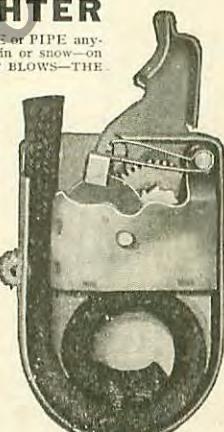
**Automobilists,  
Yachtsmen,  
Hunters, Golfers**

and all out-door smokers should have a MATCHLESS CIGAR LIGHTER. Try one. If you don't like it your money will be cheerfully refunded. Buy from your dealer or we'll supply you, postpaid, if he will not. Illustrated and descriptive circular free on application.

MATCHLESS CIGAR

LIGHTER MFG. CO.

Dept. 8 16 John St. 2-3 actual size—with side removed, showing fuse in position to light cigar, cigarette or pipe  
New York



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## For Nervousness

Nervousness knocks at the door of every man and woman under the present day strain. Its health shattering force is plainly evident in every direction you may look. In this ambitious age nobody seems able to resist the temptation of overdoing until exhausted nature rebels and is avenged by the nervous prostration that follows. At this serious stage—when you are liable to become the victim of fever or other prevalent disease—when not only the nerve forces must be restored but also the impaired system strengthened and rebuilt, you will find

# Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

because it combines the quieting and tonic effects of the choicest hops with the nutritive and digestive elements of rich barley malt. Hops contain those tonic properties which both soothe and build up the nervous system. They induce sweet, refreshing sleep, while the nourishment offered by the pure extract of barley malt, being in predigested form, is easily assimilated by the blood and carries in it those elements that quickly rebuild the delicate nervous substances and tissues. At the same time an appetite is created and your system is furnished the power to draw quicker and greater energy from what you eat.

# Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

builds up and strengthens. This liquid food in predigested form is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It revitalizes the nerves and restores energy, while the phosphates furnished from nature's own warehouse rebuild and revive the tired brain.

For Sale at all Leading Druggists

Insist upon the Original

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law

U. S. Serial No. 1921

Booklet and picture entitled "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request,

Pabst Extract Dept. 32 Milwaukee, Wis.



# CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A  
Triumph  
in  
Sugar  
Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it in excellence. Every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. You will be pleased the moment you open a box.  
**YOU WILL BE BETTER PLEASED WHEN YOU HAVE TRIED IT IN YOUR TEA, COFFEE, ETC.**

**SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.**

Remember that each package bears the design of a "DOMINO" MASK, "DOMINO" STONES and the names of the manufacturers (HAVEMEYERS & ELDER, New York). INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE.



Copyright by Detroit Photographic Co.

THE HAUNT OF THE "SPECKLED BEAUTY"—A TROUT STREAM IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

**WATERPROOFED LINEN**

# LITHOLIN

## COLLARS AND CUFFS

COLUMBIA      YALE      BARNARD      STEVENS  
CORNELL      ANN ARBOR      WEST POINT      VASSAR

**A Summer Necessity**

For comfort and economy LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs are almost indispensable, especially in warm weather. Wiped with a damp cloth they are as clean as when new, with the original whiteness, and never wilt, crack nor fray. Cuts show only a few of the Litholin styles.

**Collars 25c.      Cuffs 50c.**

If not at your dealers, send us style, size and number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail to your address, postpaid. Descriptive illustrated catalogue of full line sent FREE on request.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY  
21 Waverly Place, New York City

**The SCRIVEN IMPROVED ELASTIC-SEAM DRAWERS.**

**MADE TO FIT EVERY MAN**

If you want to know what *real underwear comfort* is, try a pair of the Scriven Improved Elastic Seam Drawers.

They have an *insertion*, constructed on a scientific principle, that stretches when you want it to, that moves every time you move.

They come in *knee and full lengths*, in light or heavy weight fabrics with *shirts to match*.

Order your exact size from your haberdasher, or if he cannot supply you write us.

**Physical Culture Book Free**

Our booklet illustrates and describes our many styles. It also contains a valuable treatise on physical culture for the busy business man. It's Free.

J. A. SCRIVEN CO., 18 East 15th St., New York

A GRAND FINALE TO A CHAPTER OF COURSES



# LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous Cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of monks who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.  
Latjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.



A  
LITTLE  
STORY  
Simply Told  
of a  
**BIG SUCCESS**

Based on Simple Merit

For many years and in many strange corners of the world I had smoked cigarettes. None of those made in Turkey, Egypt, Western Europe, or the Orient were just the "real thing," and not until I learned it from Russians, did I know the true delight of a perfect cigarette smoke. I had a friendly and honest desire to contribute something to the luxury of living, and, believing this Russian Cigarette to be the best in the world, and very far in advance of anything ever offered in America, I began a few months ago to manufacture them in a small way and to furnish them to my friends and their friends. I felt sure that smokers could and would discriminate if given an opportunity. *And I guessed right.*

In the beginning I offered Makaroff Russian Cigarettes to the consumer only. Such an insistent appeal came to me almost at once, from smokers throughout America to place these cigarettes within their convenient reach, that I was practically forced, six months ago, to begin to let dealers have them.

*Never*, since dealers were given an opportunity to stock these cigarettes, has the factory been anywhere near equal to the demands upon it. Such cigarettes cannot be ground out by machinery. The men who make Makaroff Cigarettes must be Russians of life-long training—artists at their work.

So it is that merit, backed by faith in a discriminating public, has won—again, and our sales have outrun our most strenuous efforts at production. *For a time, therefore, our advertising will be discontinued*—until we can catch up to our orders—and this is our last announcement for the present. Undoubtedly, we shall advertise again when we shall have solved the problem of adequate production.

The quality of our cigarettes will not be allowed to deteriorate because the orders are stacked up. This is a connoisseurs' business and will be kept so.

In conclusion: The manufacture and distribution of these cigarettes has quickly grown from a pleasant pastime for a few friends into a *real* business and a "main issue"; but it has not lost the savor of enthusiasm and good intentions.

Ask for these cigarettes at high-grade tobacconists. If you cannot get them at once, be patient, and write to us if you really cannot wait. We always keep a small reserve of the boxes of one hundred, packed in cedar, for our direct customers old and new. We furnish the boxes of one hundred, with or without the distinctive Russian mouth-piece or tube, at \$2.50 per hundred—and your money back instantly, without the return of any cigarettes, if they fail to satisfy your utmost expectations. Dealers sell Makaroff Russian Cigarettes in three grades, at

15 CENTS

20 CENTS

CENTS

25

IN BOXES OF TEN

Respectfully—and Gratefully,

*S. Nelson Douglas*

for

Makaroff Company of America

Suite 158

95 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.



"KLEINERT-CROWN"

GARTERS  
for  
MEN

25 and

50 Cents

"CROWN MAKE"  
CAST-OFF.

KLEINERT'S  
RUBBER GRIP.

The more critical the Wearer the more emphatic is his appreciation of  
**"KLEINERT-CROWN GARTERS"**

They are made with "KLEINERT'S" Flexible Rubber Grip and "Crown Make" patent stud (cast-off) fastener. A perfect combination of the two most essential features of any good Garter. No slipping on leg; No tearing of Hosiery, and positive assurance against unfastening of Grip or Cast Off.

Sample Pair Mailed on receipt of 25¢ (State Color)  
I.B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO., Dept. H  
721-723-725-727 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A Clean Shave

depends upon a keen  
razor as a keen  
razor depends upon  
an effective strop

*The Tramis*

is made of specially  
tanned leather and  
will without fail pro-  
duce a perfect edge.

\$1.50 POST PAID  
2512 KOKEN BARBERS' SUPPLY CO. ST. LOUIS OHIO.  
Ave

Send Us 25 Cents



To pay express charges, and we will deliver, prepaid to your home address, a good brush and a sample can of ROGERS STAINFLOOR FINISH, the best Floor Finish made, and also the best general finish for Furniture and all Interior Woodwork. Contents of can will cover 20 square feet, two coats. Mention color wanted: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Cherry, Malachite Green or Transparent. Stamps accepted.

ROGERS STAINFLOOR FINISH makes old floors look new; makes all floors and all woods look beautiful; gives a highly artistic finish to painted as well as unpainted woods; does not obscure the grain like paint; is far more durable than varnish; shows neither heel marks nor scratches; is not affected by water; can be applied by anybody. Booklet Free.

Detroit White Lead Works, Dept. 34, DETROIT, MICH.



**I**F YOU would know the heart of Nature—feel her joys and see her loveliness—get a camera and go into the great out-of-doors. Photography will open up a world of enjoyment that possibly you have never dreamt of.

**¶** But, don't forget that you can't photograph more than "the lens sees." A good lens is the first requirement. The famous

## Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss Tessar Lens

has speed, brilliance, definition, and is especially suited for outdoor work.

**¶** Send for our Catalog—it describes our complete series of lenses.

**¶** "PRISM" is a little monthly magazine concerning that world of wonder and beauty revealed by the lens. Although it is worth a subscription price, we send it free.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, N.Y.  
New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco



## Healthful Heating

with all the "life-quality" and vitality of sunlight and sun heat left in it—not the baked, dried-out kind—a system of radiation that gives the nearest approach to sun warmth, that promotes Health and Comfort with Economy—isn't that the sort of Heating System you want for your house?



## PIERCE SYSTEMS

### of Steam and Hot Water Heating

diffuse warmed fresh air; maintain an even temperature throughout the entire house—no matter what the weather conditions may be—because of their perfect control.

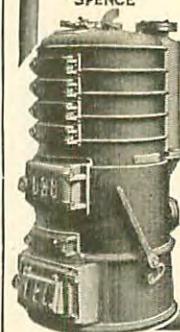
"Pierce" Boilers are adapted for all kinds of fuel—hard or soft coal, coke, wood or gas. "Pierce" Boilers are made in more than 300 styles and sizes for use wherever heat is required.

The time to prepare for next winter is NOW—before winter comes. Don't wait until you are obliged to send in a "rush" order. "Pierce Quality."

### SANITARY PLUMBING

goods in Porcelain Enamel and Solid Vitreous Ware make the Bath, Laundry and Kitchen attractive and sanitary parts of the home. "It's good economy to procure both heating and plumbing goods of one manufacture."

Send for "Common Sense Heating and Sanitary Plumbing," a very practical and interesting book. Free on request. The name of your Architect, Steamfitter and Plumber would be appreciated.

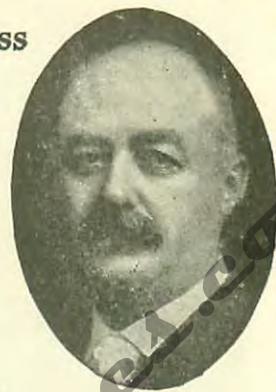


PIERCE, BUTLER & PIERCE MANUFACTURING CO.  
202 James St., Syracuse, N.Y.  
Branches in all leading cities.

# The Business Man's Farm

## A Substantial Aid to Success

*President Shutt Tells How \$2.50 a Week, Securely Invested in a Ten Acre Irrigated Farm, Will Net a Dependable Income of \$3,000 a Year*



TO the average business man, far removed from the scenes of fortune building by the cultivation of Irrigated Land, a farm is a millionaire play thing or a scene of lone-some drudgery for a poor man.

He expects to have a model farm to go to some day, but that day seems far off. A 10 acre irrigated farm, in selected crops, will net an income of from \$3,000.00 to \$10,000.00 a year over and above the cost of cultivating it.

If you doubt that I will prove it to the hardest headed business man who ever lived—from authorities that cannot be questioned.

But it has always been necessary for a man to have some knowledge of farming and at least a few hundred dollars saved up.

And it has always involved giving up business and developing the property on the ground.

I have a different proposition for the business man.

If you want a farm that I must prove will net you at least \$3,000.00 a year before you invest a penny, here's what I'll do.

I will contract to deliver you such a farm, conveniently located, completely irrigated and all under cultivation, ready to earn at least \$3,000.00 a year—if you can pay for it in instalments of not less \$2.50 a week.

Of course I cannot give you a deed for it with your receipt for the first \$2.50 payment, but here's what I have done to secure you in your investment.

As President of the Rio Grande Land, Water and Power Co., I have deeded to the Montezuma Trust Co., as trustee, all the lands, water-rights and irrigation systems owned by my company.

This property worth well over a million dollars is all pledged to the fulfilment of these Secured Land Contracts.

And so you won't miss the interest from your savings, I bind my company in these contracts to pay you 5% interest in cash.

The usual thing would be to charge you interest on what you might still owe for the land on stated interest days, but I don't ask a cent of interest.

You just pay me \$2.50 a week or as much more as you like.

The contract plainly states that 520 such payments (less \$263.25 interest) or a like amount paid in larger payments completes or matures your contract.

The contract has loan values that increase every year.

For instance it binds my company to lend you, after you have made 156 payments (or the same total in larger payments), enough money to make all further payments and mature your contract.

And at any time you chose to pay it up by loan or otherwise, I have agreed—in a Land Secured Contract, remember—to deed the property to you, fully irrigated and completely under cultivation, whether it be in two years or ten.

That means you would step right into an income of at least \$3,000.00 a year—enough to pay off any loan the first year and leave you a profit besides.

You can go and live on your property, secure in an independent, steady, same-every-year income or my company will cultivate your land for a small share of the crops.

No droughts, remember, can ever endanger your crops and in this country there are no crop-destroying insects—no chance known to man for a single crop failure, ever.

Why then should I make so liberal a proposition? Is the land in a wilderness that none would live in?

E. W. SHUTT,

President Rio Grande Land, Water and Power Co.

Not at all.

The land is all within easy access of Albuquerque, the largest city in New Mexico. The main line of Santa Fe Railroad runs through it from end to end.

My company is primarily an irrigation company.

We had to control the land to protect our immensely valuable water-rights.

But now, with our irrigation plans completed, we want to sell our land with perpetual water-rights, and then supply the water for its irrigation.

This we will do for \$6.00 an acre a price considerably lower than the average.

But I cannot explain all the advantages of this proposition in this advertisement.

If it interests you, write me.

Before you invest a penny, I want to make every point clear.

Not a cent do I want till I have proved to your entire satisfaction the security of this investment and the absolute certainty of large returns.

Business life is uncertain, you can't tell what moment conditions may change.

Wouldn't you like to have an independent income to fall back on.

One that did not depend on the whim of any man or on any other condition controlled by man?

Wouldn't you make better progress in your business if you were sure of a good living, come what may.

It's the man so fortified that he can venture something that has something handsome in the end.

I want to put this matter to you just as I would if I could talk with you here in my office—proof and all, for every statement I have made and I've some to make that are so favorable to you that you will want proof—and I have it for you.

My company is composed of reputable St. Louis, and Missouri Bankers and Business Men—I'll tell you their names and you'll find them rated by Dun and Bradstreet.

The more you investigate this proposition the better it gets. But I want to say right now that the price is low and if you want this land at this price write me about it now—today. Because later we will ask more because it will be worth much more.

Look into it—address me personally.

E. W. SHUTT, President

Rio Grande Land, Water & Power Company

627 Houser Building,

ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

**A New Fold Collar**

Country Club is a new close-fitting style, especially adapted to the narrow four-in-hand now in vogue. Its snug fit gives this collar with the small tie a very trim, stylish appearance. Shown in two heights.

*Country Club I, 1½ in.*

*Country Club II, 2⅛ in.*

**Corliss-Coon Collars  
are better**

They are made right in every detail. The "fatal spot" where fold collars break first, is made flexible by cutting away interlining, as shown in illustration. A three-ply collar lacks sufficient body. But a collar three-ply *at this point* wears better. Corliss-Coon Collars are always four-ply with three-ply extra flexible corners.

Sold by leading furnishers everywhere. If not willingly supplied, send us retail price for what you desire. 2 for 25c. Style book FREE on request.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. M Troy, N. Y.

Made Flexible  
here

Hold a  
Gorliss-  
Coon  
Collar  
up to the  
light



COUNTRY CLUB

**THE IMPROVED  
"LINCOLN"  
LEATHER  
GARTER**

Made from genuine English Pigskin with adjustable glove snap fastener (patented)—cut rights and lefts; your initial on support if requested.

The leather is soft, pliable, and perspiration proof.  
At your dealer's or postpaid 50c.

THE LOCKHART-MacBEAN CO., Inc.

1912 Market St., Philadelphia

Makers of Lincoln Lisle 50c Suspenders



The Ideal  
Knee Drawer  
Garter

50c

## SIZES

No. 10 Adjustable	"	10 to 13 in.
No. 12	"	12 to 15 "
No. 14	"	14 to 17 "

**BRIGHTON****FLAT CLASP****GARTERS**

It's a good move to wear Brightons. If you want to know how much comfort can be obtained for a quarter get a pair from your furnisher to-day.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.,  
Makers of



Patented flat clasp; pure silk web; metal parts are heavy nickel-plated brass. At your dealer's or sent postpaid upon receipt of price. Get a pair on.

718 Market Street, Philadelphia.  
Pioneer Suspenders.

*For Leg*

*Comfort*

**Invest Your Savings and Your Surplus in the**

**FIVE PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE**

**GOLD BONDS**

OF

**THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY**

VALUES AS SOLID AS GIBRALTAR

**Absolute Freedom from Worry, Fluctuations, Depreciation or Loss**

Is attained by investing in these Bonds.

They are just as safe as an investment in Government or Municipal Bonds, or a Deposit in a Savings Bank.

The Interest return is about twice that paid by a Government Bond or by the average Savings Bank.

**BONDS ISSUED IN DENOMINATIONS OF \$100 AND \$500**

**Interest at Five Per Cent., Payable Semi-Annually**

**IN GOLD**

This is a strictly high grade proposition, in fact the best we have ever had the pleasure of handling. Write the Loomis-Woodward Company for beautiful booklet describing THE OUTING PUBLISHING PLANT, with photogravures of the famous Delaware Valley, the home of THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY. Sent free, upon request.

**THE  
BINGHAMTON TRUST COMPANY**

Trustee for the Bondholders

Binghamton, - New York

**THE QUEEN CITY SAVINGS BANK  
AND TRUST COMPANY**

Cincinnati, - - Ohio

Cincinnati Depository

The price of these bonds is par and accrued interest to date of purchase, and they may be obtained of, and remittances may be made to either of the above Banks, or to THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY, at Deposit, New York, or to

**THE LOOMIS-WOODWARD COMPANY**

*Bankers and Brokers*

**104 W. Fourth St. - - - Cincinnati, Ohio**

# THERE ARE NONE! "JUST AS GOOD!"

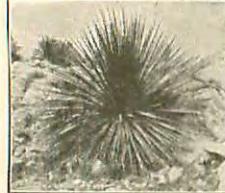
When the dealer tells you his is just as good, he admits the superiority of the KREMENTZ. It is the standard of the world.

## KREMENTZ ROLLED PLATE BUTTON

contains more gold and will outwear any button made.  
*Every button insured.*  
It stands the test of acid and time as no other button will. Quality stamped on back. Be just to yourself, take only the Krementz. All dealers.

Booklet tells all about them FREE.

KREMENTZ & CO.  
83 Chestnut St.  
Newark, N. J.



## PALMS AND CACTUS

Decorate your lawns and homes with our picturesque Cactus and Palms—not the straggling Florida, but the compact, bushy Arizona and Mexican variety.

A couple of these plants will make even a small front yard look inviting. A fine Palm, like cut, with 18-inch leaves or Cactus 12 inches across top sent express prepaid to any part of U. S. for \$1.00 each. *Guaranteed to grow.*

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

**OLSEN & CO. Lowell, Arizona**

### Can You Shave?

Rub a little "3in One" on your razor strap till leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with "3in One"; then strap. The razor cuts 5 times as easy and clean; holds the edge longer. "A Razor Saver for Every Shaver" which gives the scientific reasons, and a generous trial bottle *sent free*. Write to-day.

G. W. COLE CO.  
107 New St.  
New York.

# A FAIR OFFER!

to convince

## Dyspeptics

and those suffering from

## Stomach Troubles

of the efficiency of

# Glycozone

I will send a

**\$1.00 BOTTLE FREE**  
(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

to any one NAMING THIS MAGAZINE, and enclosing 25c. to pay forwarding charges. *This offer is made to demonstrate the efficiency of this remedy.*

## GLYCOZONE is absolutely harmless

It cleanses the lining membrane of the stomach and subdues inflammation, thus helping nature to accomplish a cure.

GLYCOZONE cannot fail to help you, and will not harm you in the least.

Indorsed and successfully used by leading physicians for over 15 years.

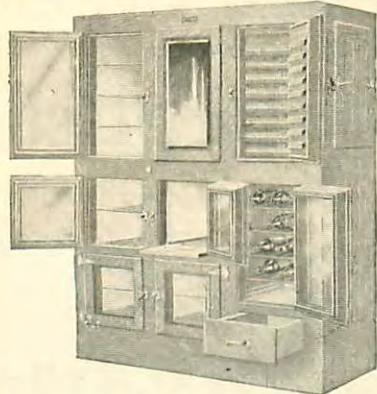
Sold by leading druggists. None genuine without my signature.

*Charles Marchand*

Chemist and Graduate of the "Ecole Centrale des Art et Manufactures de Paris" (France)

**57 Prince Street, New York City**

FREE!—Valuable booklet on how to treat diseases.



BUILT TO ORDER FOR  
THE MARSHALL APARTMENTS  
23 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO

# McCray Refrigerators

Opal Glass—Porcelain Tile and White  
Wood Lined Are Built to Order

## For Fine Residences,

Clubs—Hotels—Hospitals—Public Institutions—Grocers—Markets—Florists, etc.

They are without question the most perfect refrigerators built, and are used and endorsed by thousands of architects, physicians, sanitary experts, prominent people, clubs, hotels, etc.

## The McCray Patent System of Refrigeration

is admitted to be the best system of refrigeration ever invented, and insures a perfect circulation of absolutely pure, cold, dry air—so perfect that salt and matches can be kept in a McCray Refrigerator without becoming damp. There is never the faintest suspicion of a foul odor about the McCray Refrigerator. They can be fed from outdoors, are always clean, sweet, dry and sanitary, and keep food in perfect condition.

**Send Us Your Address Today** and let us send you the valuable book—"How to Use a Refrigerator." Catalogue No. 81 for Residences; No. 46 for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs, Public Institutions, etc.; No. 57 for Meat Markets; No. 64 for Grocers; No. 71 for Florists.

**McCray Refrigerator Co., 583 Mill Street, Kendallville, Indiana.**

Branches in all principal cities.

*It is pure of the parent, with a sparkle its own,  
Of the delicate flavor that long lingers on;  
Thorough-bred, thorough-ripened, for long years it has lain,  
Till it's rich, rare and royal—The Great Western Champagne.*

The fine wine grape, possessing the same qualities as those grown in France, with the French method of making, give

## Great Western Extra Dry Champagne

the exquisite taste and sparkling effervescence of the best foreign wines. Great Western is made under the same identical methods as the most select French Champagnes, and it is aged for five years in the same kind of cellars. This gives Great Western an excellence which the French connoisseurs themselves recognize.

Nearly one hundred years of cultivation of Great Western vineyards in New York State have given the soil the elements that produce the same peculiar quality Champagne grape as grown in the famous vineyards of France.

At the Paris Exposition Great Western Champagne was awarded a gold medal for quality.

Great Western Champagne costs 50% less than the imported. The U. S. Custom House receives no revenue from Great Western and you get 100% wine value.

*Try Great Western—we like comparisons.*

**PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., Sole Makers, RHEIMS, N. Y.**

Sold by dealers in fine Wines and served in Hotels, Restaurants and Cafes.



## I want to urge you most decidedly to buy

the "Maxwell," because without any exception the "Maxwell" is the car that will give you surest value, dollar for dollar.

But I do not wish you to buy the "Maxwell" until you have been thoroughly convinced, by demonstration, that the "Maxwell" is exactly the car you have been looking for—exactly the car that will take you where you want to go, when you want to go, with the very least trouble and the minimum of up-keep expenditure.

Now that the warm weather touring season is in full blast, those who have put off buying their cars are liable to make hasty purchases. I cannot advise prospective purchasers too strongly against this mistake.

Make sure you look thoroughly into the principles, construction, general merits and record of all the cars at about the price you want to pay, even if it takes you a week or two longer.

If you will write to me, I will send you a personal letter of introduction to

# The "Maxwell"

dealer nearest you. He will explain the "Maxwell" principles thoroughly, give you a satisfactory demonstration, and prove to you what a wonderful record the "Maxwell" has made in winning endurance contests, mountain climbs, the Deming Trophy (Glidden Tour) in 1906, the world's three thousand-mile non-stop record, etc., etc.

And if you will address Dept. 22 I will see that you get the complete "Maxwell" catalog.

Be sure you get a "Maxwell" demonstration. Then I know you cannot make a wrong decision.

*Benj Briscoe*

President, Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Co.

Members American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association, New York.

25 Pine Street, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Main Plant: Tarrytown, N. Y.

Factories: Chicago, Ill.; Pawtucket, R. I.

Dealers in all large cities.



12-14 H. P. Tourabout, \$825



16-20 H. P. 5-Passenger Touring Car, \$1,450

# Chiclets



**C**HICLETS contain everything that makes Chewing Gum "good," and such other things as make the best of all Chewing Gums. Chiclets are encased in delicious pearl-gray candy and each one is so richly flavored with peppermint that you need but chew a Chiclet after eating a hearty meal to insure good digestion. The better kind of stores sell Chiclets at 5c the ounce out of those handsome glass topped boxes, and in 5c and 10c packets—or send us a dime for a sample packet and booklet.

**CHICLET PALMISTRY.**—Look at your hand. If your Life Line is separated at the start from the Head Line it shows energy and pluck.

The Heart Line (the first line running across the hand below the base of the fingers) when forked at the start signifies happiness in love.

Little lines on the Mount of Jupiter (the cushion at the base of the first finger) predict inheritance.

You can read any hand with the CHICLET PALMISTRY CHART—  
Sent free with every ten-cent packet.

**FRANK H. FLEER & CO., Inc.**

507 No. 24th St., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

This illustration shows the heart of a piece of steel used in making the Star Safety Razor Blade



**What The Heart is to the Body  
the Blade is to the Star  
Safety Razor**

**An Appeal to Good  
Judgment**

The Star Safety Razor, fitted with the keen forged and concaved blade that cuts the beard and will not pull. Shaves all kinds of beards with rapidity, ease, safety and comfort. Does not irritate the skin or leave that burning after effect produced by thin metal blades, or poor cutting razors.

They are the best forged blades manufactured in the world. Evidence of this fact is that they have stood the test in all parts of the world for the past 27 years.

**OUR STAR BLADES CANNOT BE IMPROVED UPON.**

The Star blades can be AUTOMATICALLY STROPPED, which enables the inexperienced to keep their blades in good shaving condition at all times.

NOTE that there are over 7,000,000 of Satisfied Users.

You are not experimenting with a fad or novelty when you purchase a Star Safety Razor. It is a practical tool.

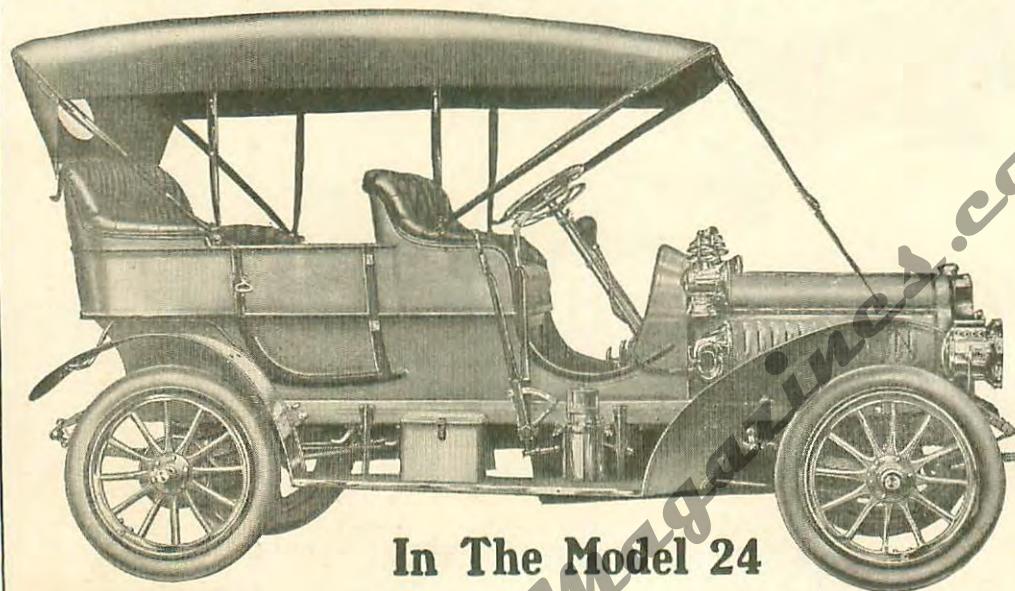
Star Safety Razors, Sets \$1.50 and up. Star Safety Razor with one blade, Strop and Automatic Stropping Machine, price \$4.50. Illustrated Catalogue on request.

The Star Safety Corn Razor, Simple, Safe and Sure, on sale by all dealers, or sent on receipt of \$1.00. Star Safety Razors on sale by dealers all over the world.

12 Post Cards, reproductions of choice oil paintings, sent on receipt of 12 cents in postage to cover expense of mailing.

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# Details Make The Car



In The Model 24

# Rambler

is every feature that makes mechanical excellence and general attractiveness.

## Constructive Details

Motor—four-cylinder vertical,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inch bore,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inch stroke that gives full 25-30 horse power at the road wheels.

Transmission—sliding gear of a special type in which all trouble in shifting gears is absolutely avoided.

Final drive—propeller shaft and bevel gears with floating type rear axle fitted with ball and roller bearings throughout. Wheel base—108 inches, wheels 34 inch with 4 inch tires. All accessories, such as mechanical sight feed lubricator, circulating pump, ignition timer, etc., are of the latest and most approved types.

Equipment includes full cape top, five lamps, horn, tools, storage battery, etc.

Price, as above, \$2000.

Our catalogue, describing this and five other models—\$950 to \$2500—is at your service.

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the "Maxwell," because without any exception the "Maxwell" is the car that will give you surest value, dollar for dollar.

But I do not wish you to buy the "Maxwell" until you have been thoroughly convinced, by demonstration, that the "Maxwell" is exactly the car you have been looking for—exactly the car that will take you where you want to go, when you want to go, with the very least trouble and the minimum of up-keep expenditure.

Now that the warm weather touring season is in full blast, those who have put off buying their cars are liable to make hasty purchases. I cannot advise prospective purchasers too strongly against this mistake.

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If you will write to me, I will send you a personal letter of introduction to

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dealer nearest you. He will explain the "Maxwell" principles thoroughly, give you a satisfactory demonstration, and prove to you what a wonderful record the "Maxwell" has made in winning endurance contests, mountain climbs, the Deming Trophy (Glidden Tour) in 1906, the world's three thousand-mile non-stop record, etc., etc.

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*Benj Briscoe*

President, Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Co.

Members American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association, New York.

25 Pine Street, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Main Plant: Tarrytown, N. Y.

Factories: Chicago, Ill.; Pawtucket, R. I.

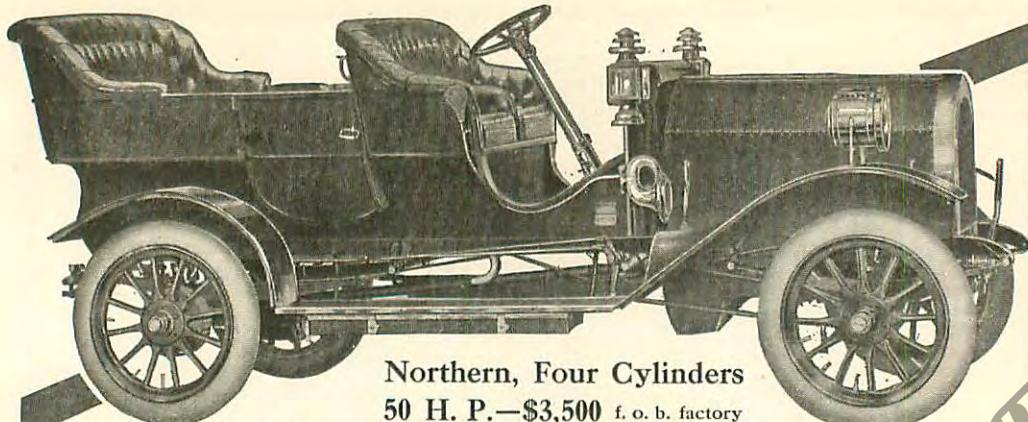
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12-14 H. P. Tourabout, \$825



16-20 H. P. 5-Passenger Touring Car, \$1,450



Northern, Four Cylinders

50 H. P.—\$3,500 f. o. b. factory

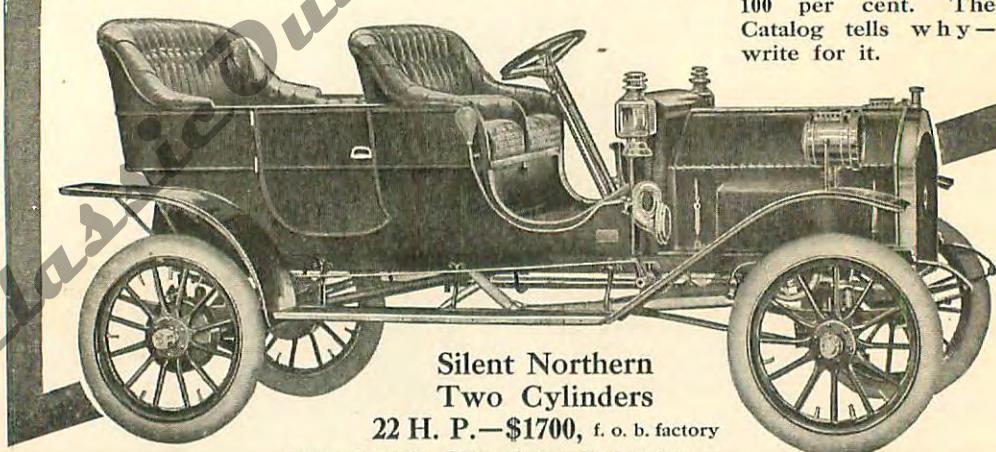
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Silent Northern  
Two Cylinders

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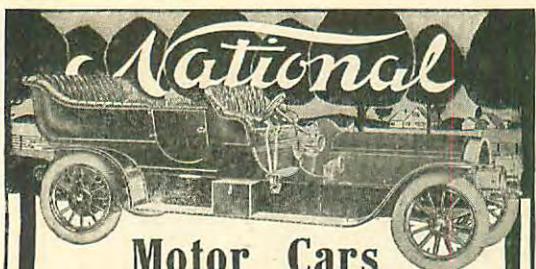
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is the most essential part, and everything depends upon  
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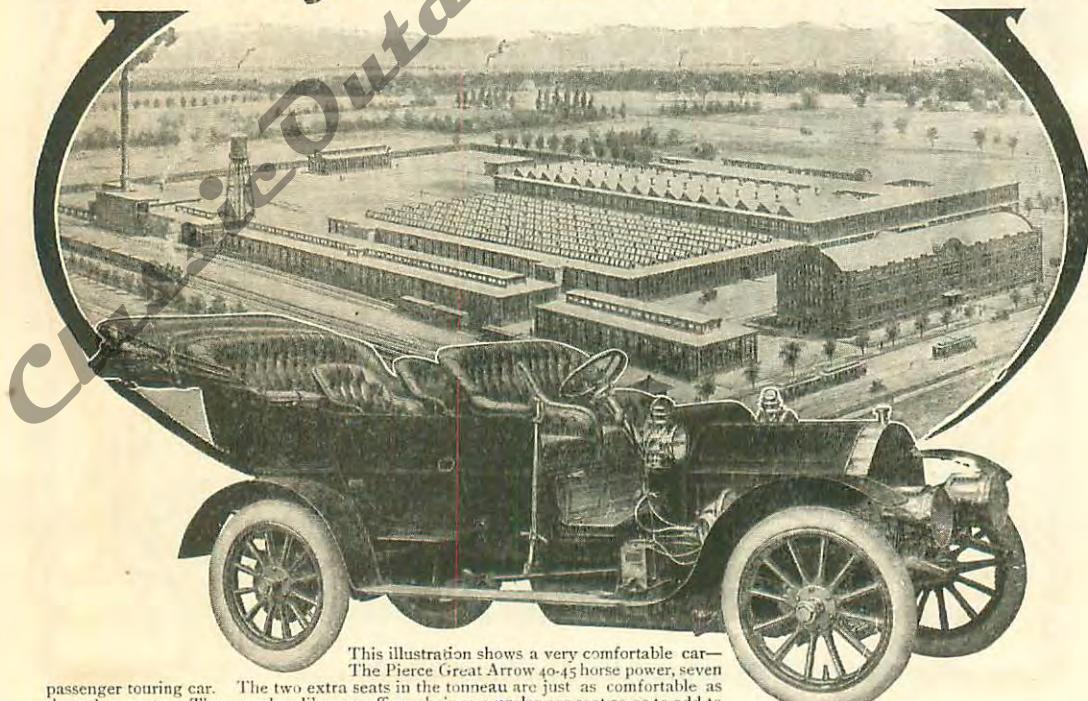
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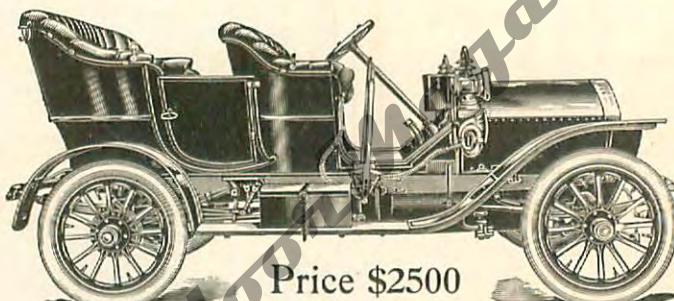
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It is on the road you need it, and where, in the  
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Price \$2500

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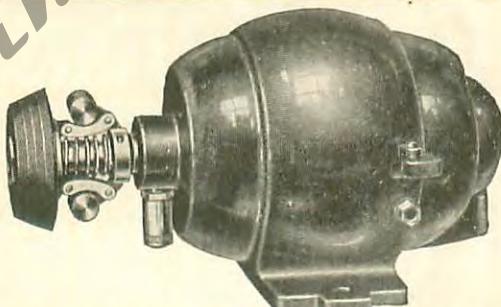
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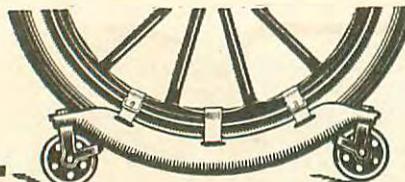
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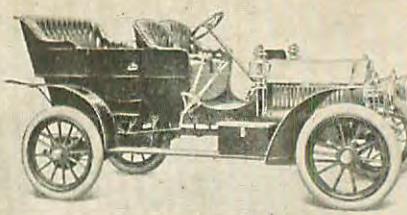
Strongly constructed of metal, weight 21 lbs. Will fit any auto wheel, and lasts as long as the car. Occupies little room—can be stored away under the seat.

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**\$35**

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**2½ to 40 Horse Power**

*The High Grade Engine at a Low Price*

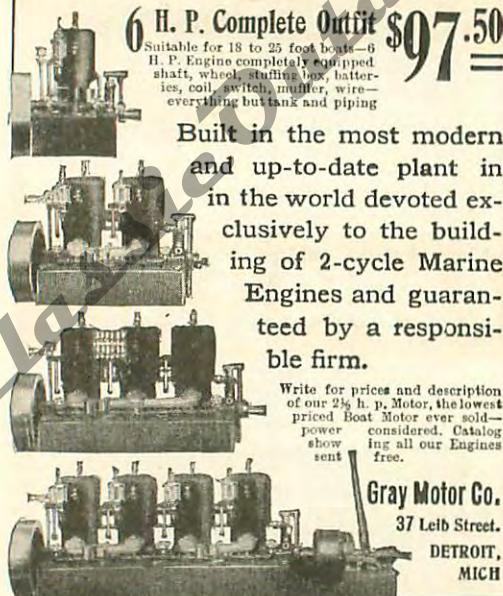
**6 H. P. Complete Outfit \$97.50**

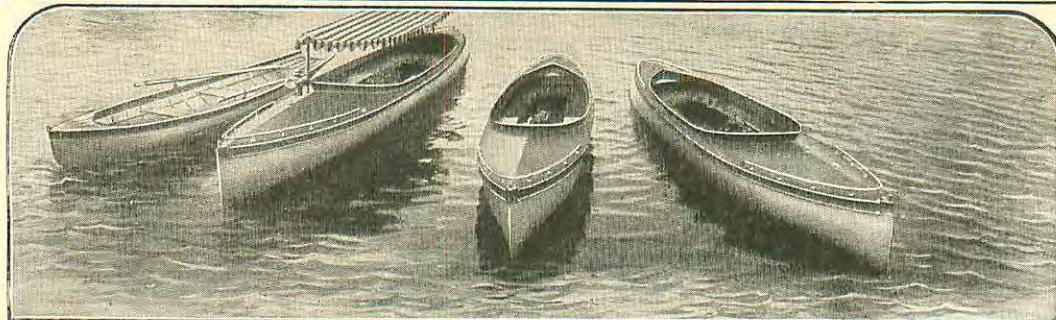
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H. P. Engine completely equipped  
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Built in the most modern  
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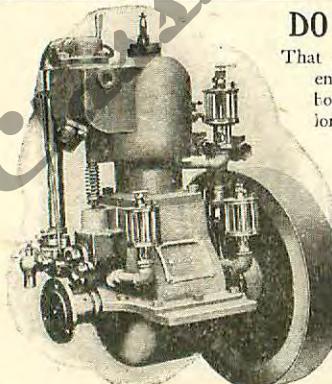
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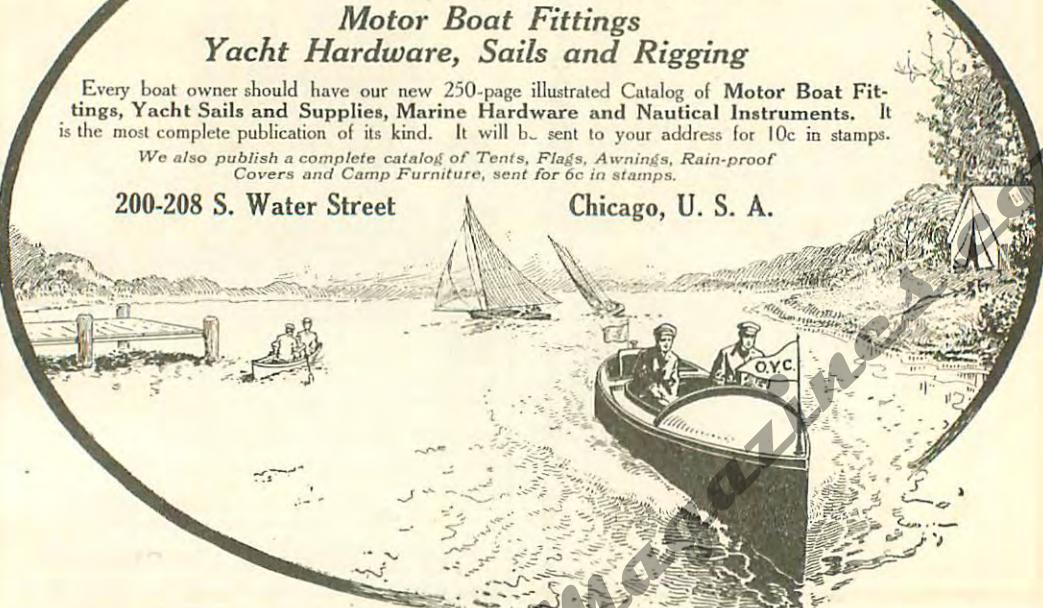
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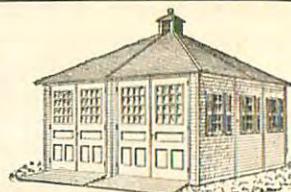
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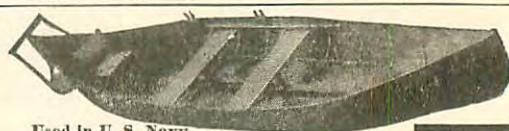
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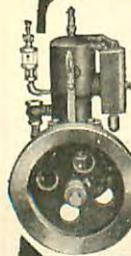


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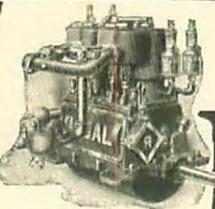
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Built to run and they do it

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Start with one turn of the crank.



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Lead in every point of EXCELLENCE

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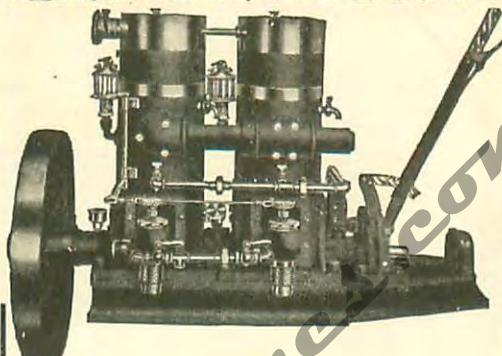
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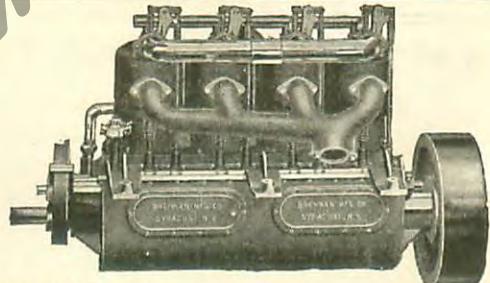


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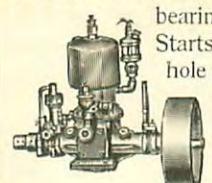
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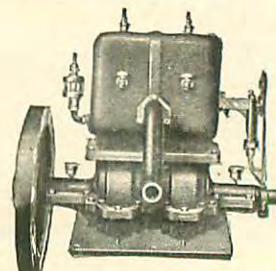
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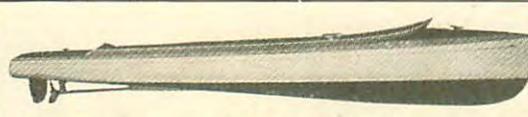
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Length, 25 Feet Over All

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Planking of  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch cedar—  
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Complete, with  
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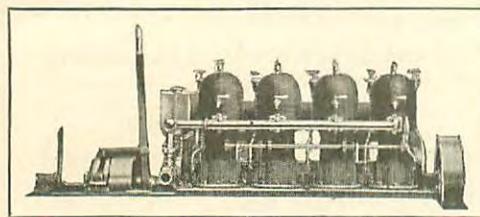
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**Our Speed Guarantee is: Speed Claimed or Money Back**

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RELIABLE—REVERSIBLE—TWO CYCLE

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BUILT IN MULTI-CYLINDER TYPES

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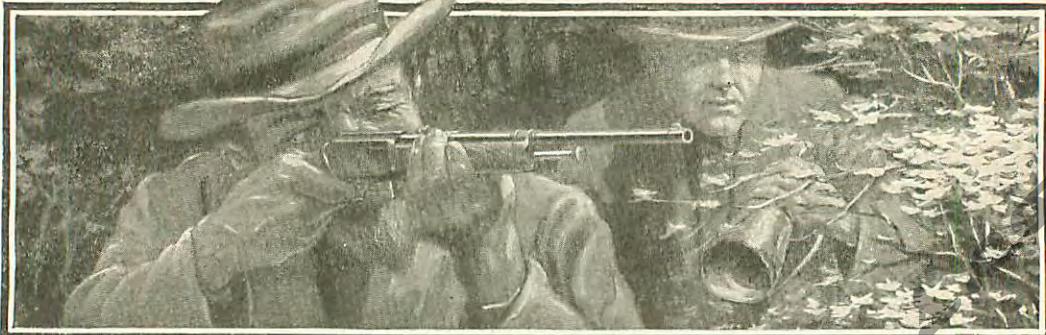
NO. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 2	H. P.	\$49
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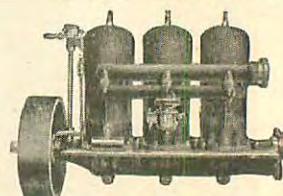
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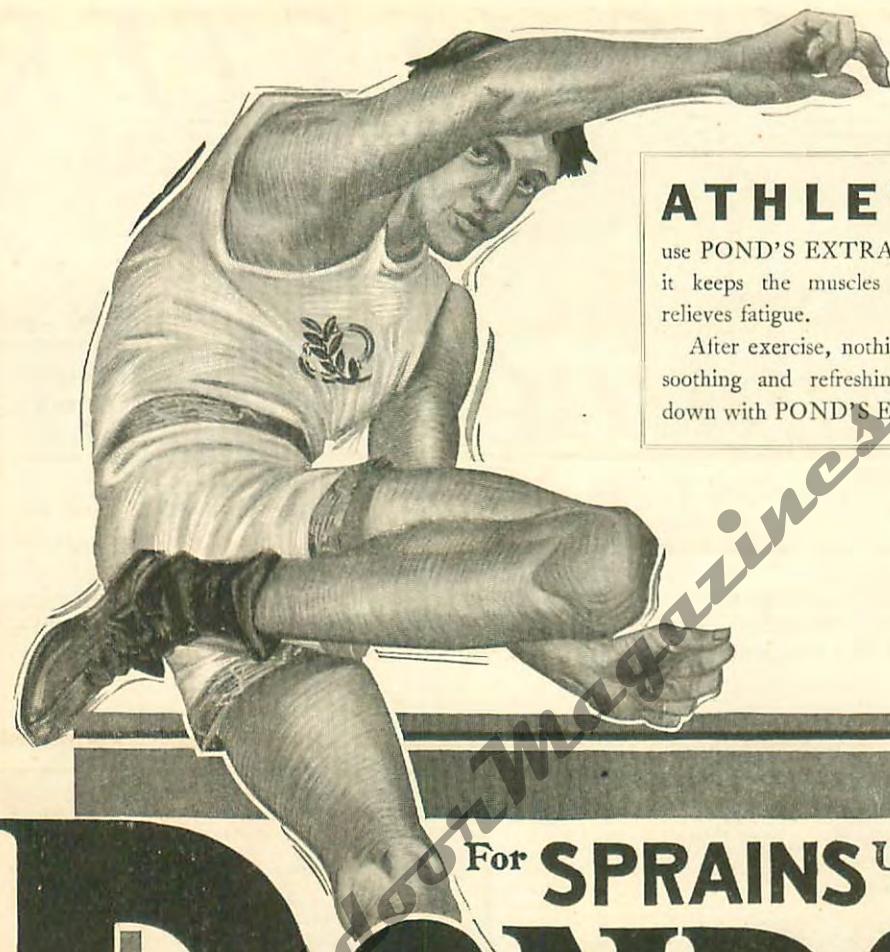
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use POND'S EXTRACT because it keeps the muscles supple and relieves fatigue.

After exercise, nothing else is so soothing and refreshing as a rub-down with POND'S EXTRACT.

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THE STANDARD FOR 60 YEARS  
Invaluable in case of a strain or any other accident

MODEL  
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is a thoroughly well made, durable and serviceable arm. Light in weight, only ten ounces, and small in size, it is particularly adapted for those who desire a **safe** and **efficient** revolver at a moderate price. An **ideal noise-maker** for the Glorious Fourth. Safe for a boy to handle and has none of the disadvantages of the dangerous toy pistol.

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Also made with 4½" and 6" barrel.

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Greatest  
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Value for  
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"THE BEST MADE"

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**\$5.50**

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22 and  
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Light, Trim & Up-to-Date

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**The best all around rifle made**—can be had in 22 or 32 calibre. Weighs 4½ lbs., has 22 in. barrel, high power rifle steel. Has rebounding hammer, easy action, best safety arrangement. **A real prize at our price.** Nos. 922 and 932.

Write for our beautiful "Gun Guide & Catalog" for 1907. It illustrates and describes all these rifles as well as 34 other models of our firearms and gives many points on the care and handling of guns. IT'S FREE to all who write promptly.

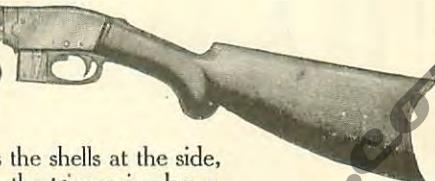
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No other gun made has all these highly desirable features. You need only ask the dealer to show you a Savage and compare it with others to be convinced of its acknowledged superiority.

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*Price, with two extra magazines, \$12.00. Extra magazines, 25 cents.*

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Regular	Special "De Luxe"
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Let us mail you free illustrated booklet with endorsements from folks you know.

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Use This Basket THIRTY DAYS  
Ask your dealer for Hawkeye Refrigerator Baskets. If he does not handle them, send us your order and we will ship you a basket to try for 30 days. If it does not prove satisfactory in every way, return the basket and we will refund your money.

## MEXICAN PALM LEAF HAT 50c

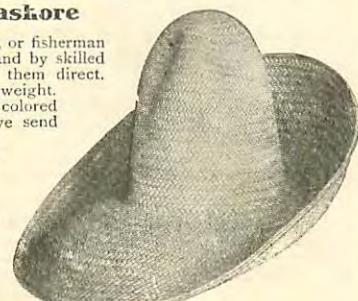
An ideal hat for fishing, camping, and the seashore

No hat procurable at double the price we ask is as suitable for the hunter, camper, or fisherman as our hand-woven Mexican Palm Leaf Hats. These are woven entirely by hand by skilled Mexicans in Mexico, from strong palm fibre, especially for us, and we import them direct. They are double weave, durable and light in weight.

This hat is light weight but very strong, with colored design woven in brim. It retails for \$1.50, but we send it to any address, prepaid, for only 50 cents, as a leader. The same hat in plain design 40 cents, or the two hats—one colored and one plain—for 75 cents.

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All sizes. Send for our illustrated booklet of Mexican hats, FREE to any address.



Received Mexican hat from you two months ago and took it with me this summer up to Canada and it gave great satisfaction.  
Dept. M6. THE FRANCIS E. LESTER COMPANY, Mesilla Park, N. M.

Allegheny, Pa., 9-25-'95.

A. A. LEE.



Think of a repeating rifle that weighs only 3 pounds 10 ounces! And be sure to examine one of these **Marlin** Baby Featherweight Repeaters before selecting a .22 for the vacation trip.

This is a mighty capable little rifle as to accuracy and penetration, and has in no way been weakened by the reduction in weight nor has **Marlin** quality been sacrificed to make the cost as low as it is.

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Send three stamps for our new catalog, which contains a fuller description of this rifle and tells of the many other **Marlin** guns.

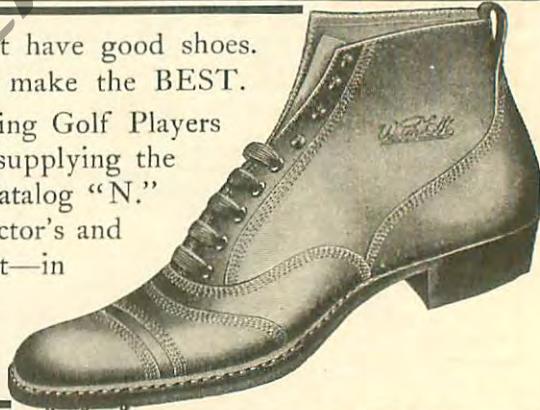
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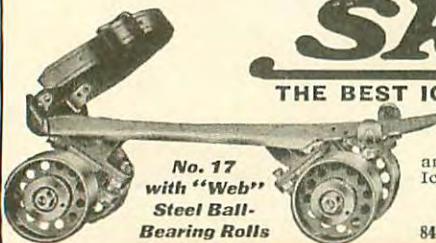
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We make the BEST.



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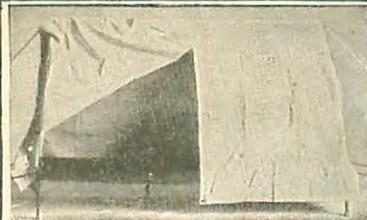
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Made in all styles and grades. Our new illustrated catalogues are free. Write for a copy. State whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

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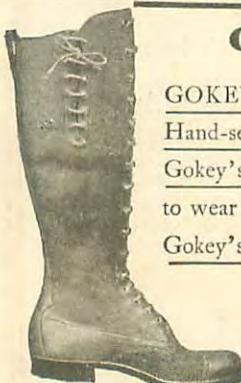


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**C**These cuts show our bed set up and covered by canvas tent. A netting cover would be same shape and size. It's the lightest and most compact, and, above all, the most comfortable camp bed yet offered. Weighs only seven pounds. With tent and netting complete, it weighs only thirteen pounds.

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Gokey's Moccasins are in a class by themselves—nothing made like them—no heel seam to wear through and leak.

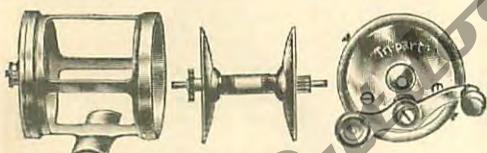
Gokey's Orthopedic Cushion is the easy shoe for tender feet when tramping.

Catalog for the asking.

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Send 35c for an 8 oz. can of our waterproofing. Sent prepaid.

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(Small in size. Great in capacity. 80 yards.)

which can be easily taken apart for cleaning and oiling, in the

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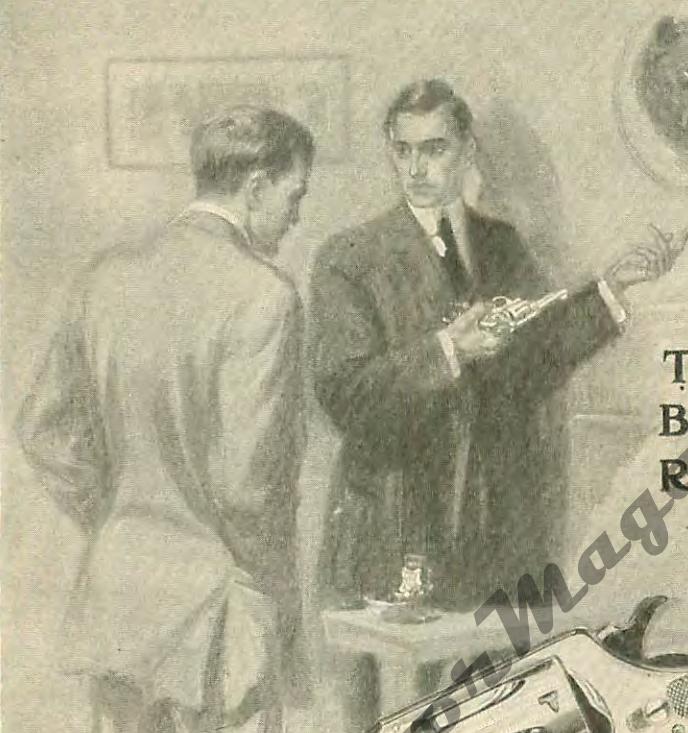
**C**The streams of Michigan are in better shape than ever this season. Full information of all the best places is given in the booklet,

## "Fishing and Hunting in Michigan"

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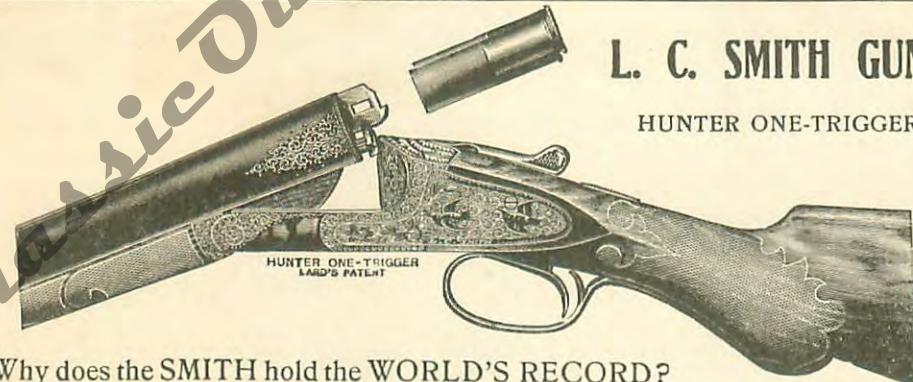
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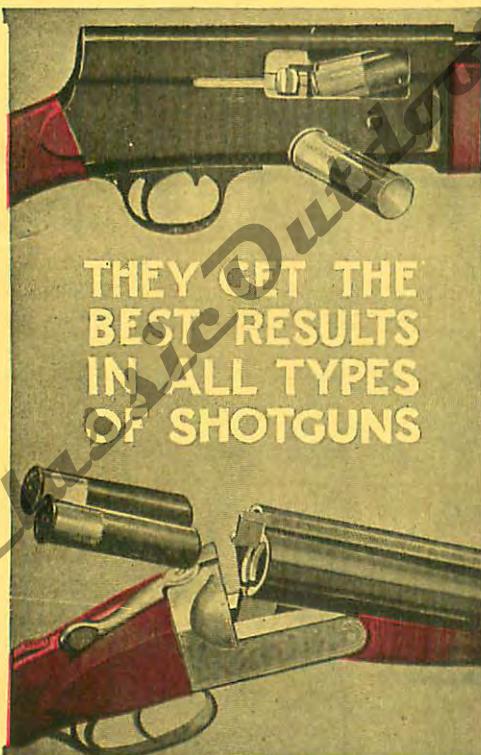
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Specify U. M. C. Arrow and Nitro Club Shells.

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The pen with the Clip - Cap

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AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

CRUDE RUBBER

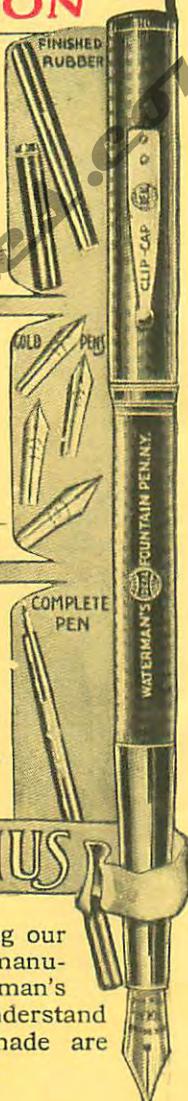
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12 Bladed  
Safety \$1<sup>00</sup>  
Razor Complete

Guaranteed as good a shaver as any \$5.00 razor ever made. By guarantee, we mean money back if you find the "Ever-Ready" otherwise. We want every man to buy and try. We claim emphatically that the razor is not made that shaves better—easier—smoother—safer—cleaner—quicker, or is more lasting or as economical in use as the new "Ever-Ready." With 12 blades—each blade critically perfect—true and keen-edged and capable of many shaves—with handsome safety frame handle and blade-stropper all compactly and attractively cased and all for \$1.00.

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Identified by B. V. D. Label which consists of white letters B. V. D. on a red woven background.

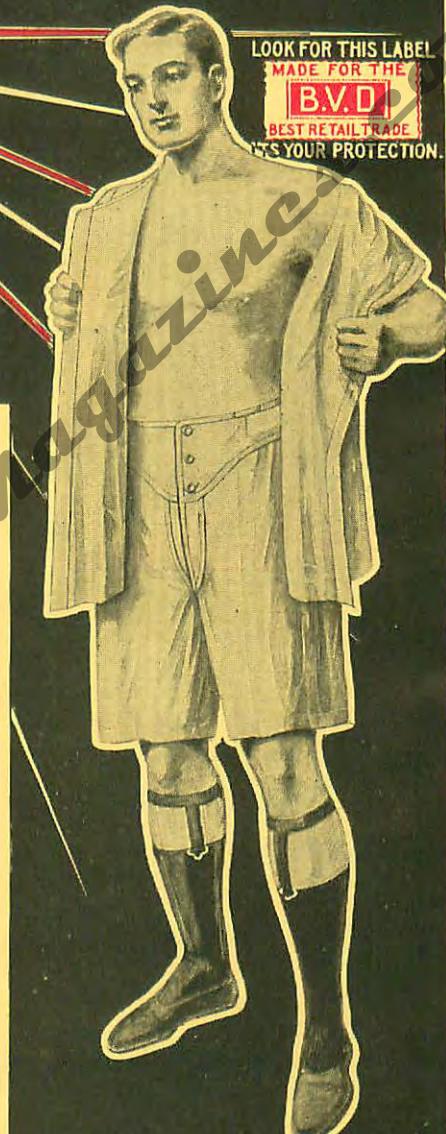
Accept no imitations. No substitute is as good as B. V. D. Look for the label.

Purchase B. V. D. Underwear through your dealer. If your dealer will not procure B. V. D. Underwear for you, send us the price of the garments desired, with your waist and chest measurements (in inches), and we will fill direct a sample order for you, postpaid.

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For everybody who wades through water, mud or slush, and who wishes dry feet.

"For the Man  
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As nearly water-proof as leather can be made, treated by our special process, they KEEP THE FEET DRY. Superior to rubber boots because leather permits the skin to breathe, and prevents that deadly, clammy, "drawing" sensation.

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Feather Weight Repeater

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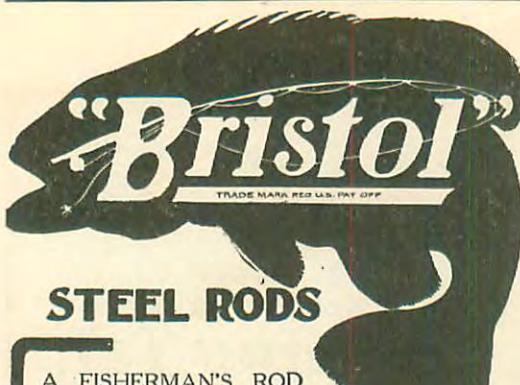
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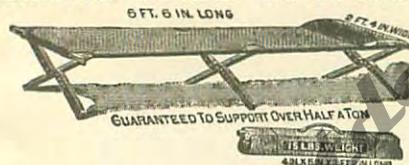
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on the American market. All standing patterns, on eyed hooks or with gut attached. Size  
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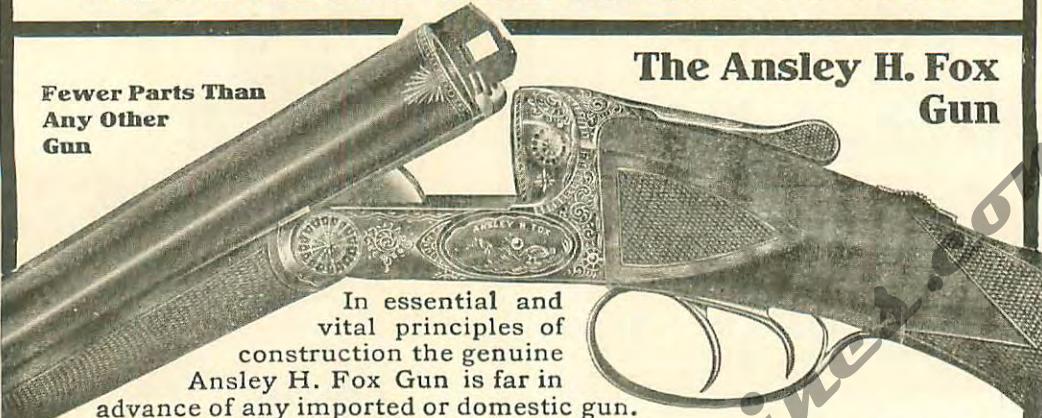


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Fewer Parts Than  
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Gun

The Ansley H. Fox  
Gun



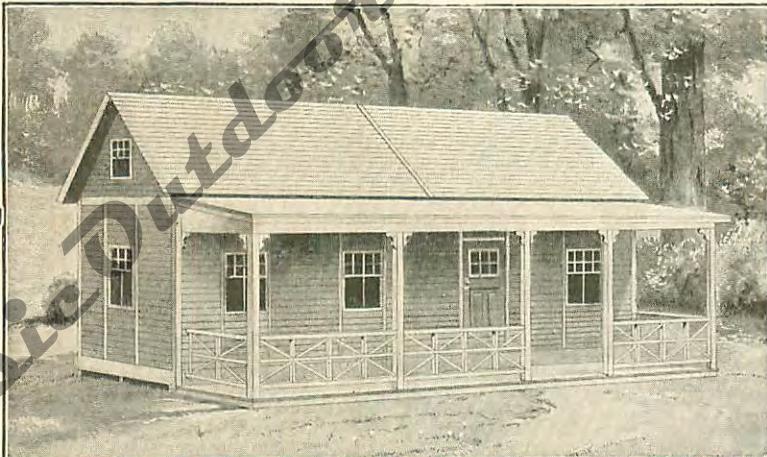
In essential and vital principles of construction the genuine Ansley H. Fox Gun is far in advance of any imported or domestic gun.

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THE ALTON ROAD  
KANSAS CITY

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**A Club Cocktail**

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT

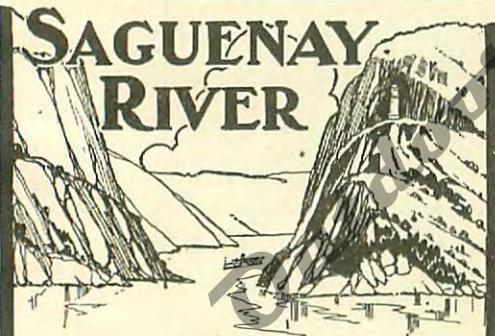


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"The Shortest, Quickest and Best Line" between New York and Montreal

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Styles  
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Men,  
Women  
and  
Children



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Wear

*This is the Men's Shoe, in Sizes 4 to 12, widths AA to E—Price \$4*

Ideal shoes for outing and general summer wear. Light and cool, very durable—made on anatomical lasts which ensure freedom and comfort to the feet. Made in both pearl and tan buckskin—high cut, extra high cut and oxford styles—and button and lace styles for children.

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The country traversed by the Reid Newfoundland Company's system is exceedingly rich in all kinds of fish and game. All along the route of the Railway are streams famous for their SALMON and TROUT fishing, some of which have a world wide reputation. Americans who have been salmon fishing in Newfoundland say there is no other country in the world in which so large fish can be secured and with such ease as in Newfoundland. Information together with Illustrated Booklet and Folder cheerfully forwarded upon application to

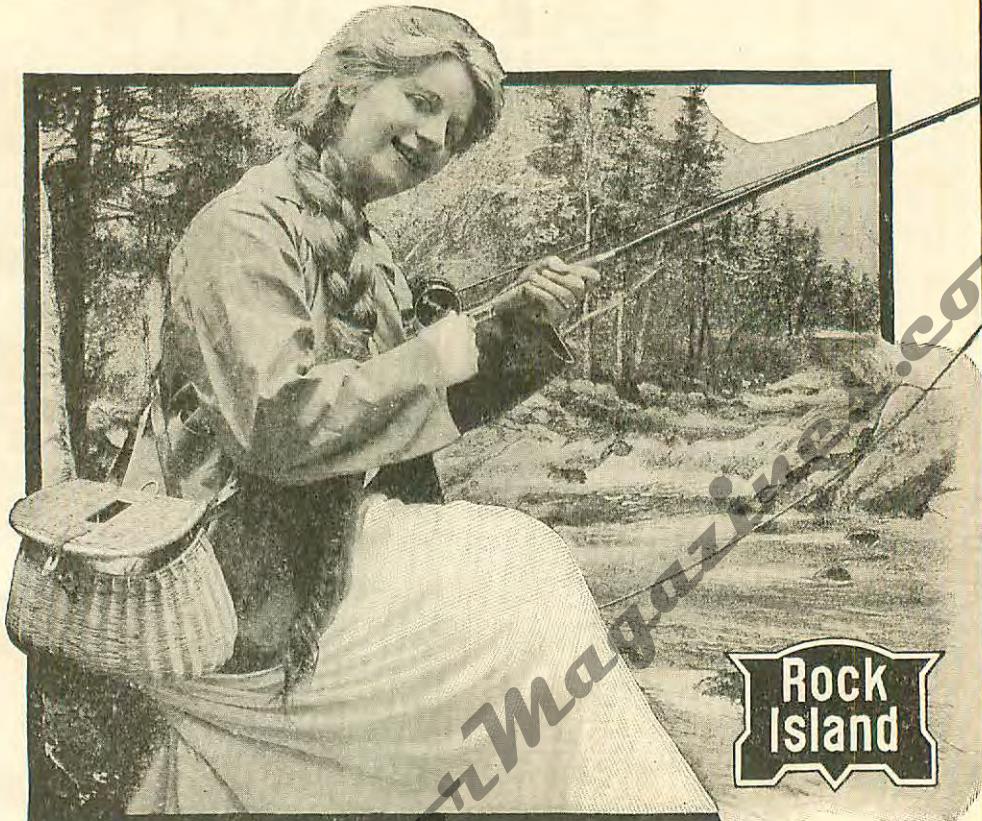
J. W. N. JOHNSTONE, General Passenger Agent, Reid Newfoundland Company, St. John's, Newfoundland

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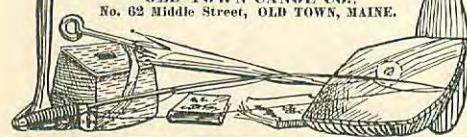
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"This name plate guarantees to you correctness of models and quality." "Old Town Canoe" materials are carefully selected and the workmanship expert from long experience. Both are peculiar to the "Old Town Canoe."

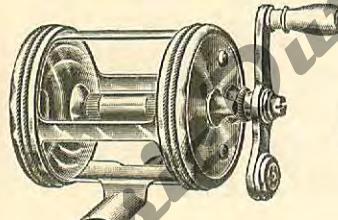
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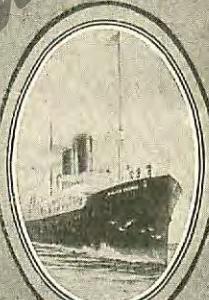
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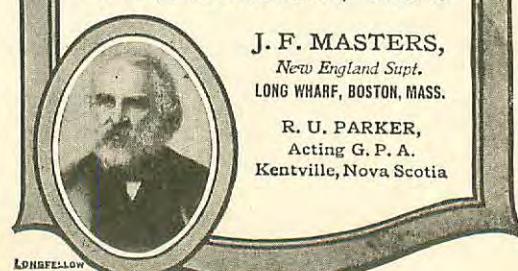


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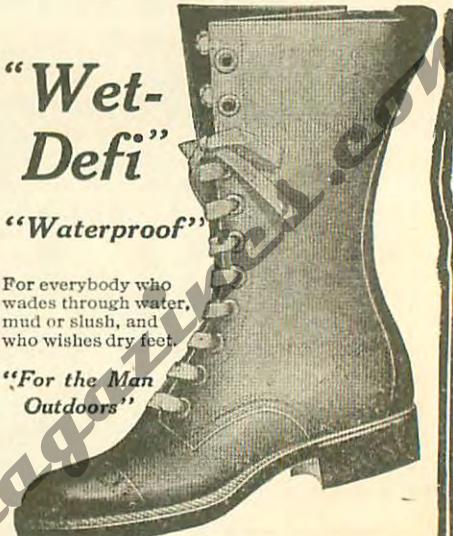
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For everybody who wades through water, mud or slush, and who wishes dry feet.

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As nearly water-proof as leather can be made, treated by our special process, they KEEP THE FEET DRY. Superior to rubber boots because leather permits the skin to breathe, and prevents that deadly, clammy, "drawing" sensation.

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5½ to 6 pounds.

4 shots, 16 gauge. Will handle  
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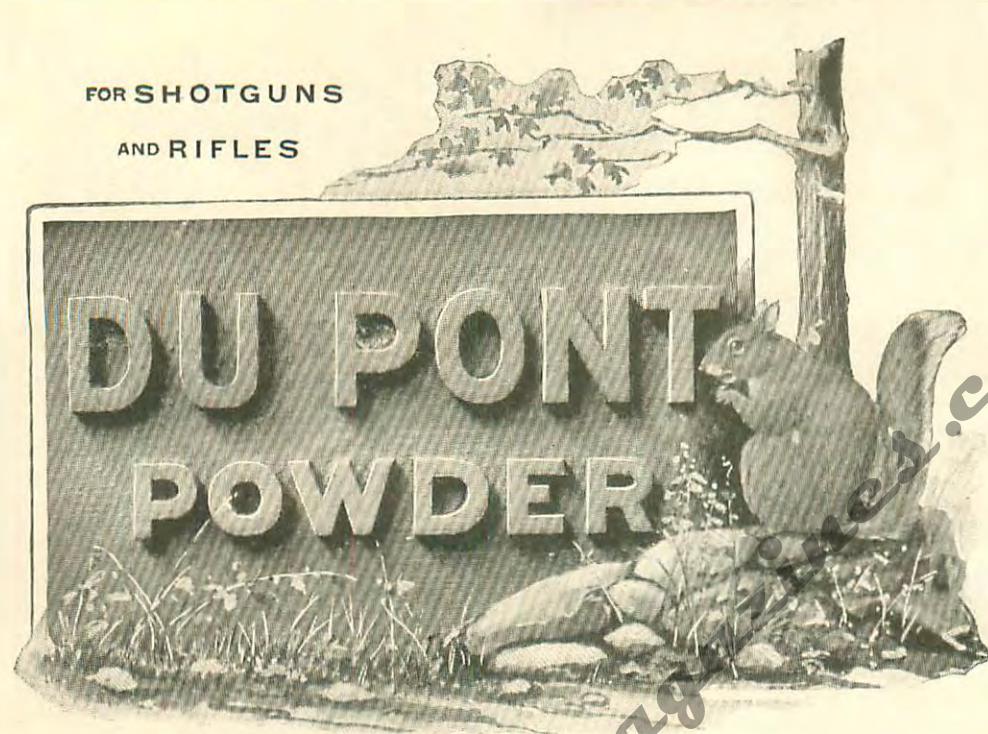
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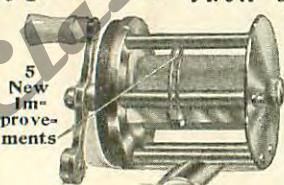
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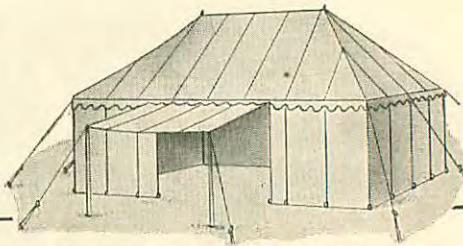
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It is a beauty in design and finish, light in weight, has a fine GRADUATED CLICK, and holds 100 yards of line which is properly wound on the spool every time, without the slightest attention from the fisherman. Our simple and well protected AUTOMATIC WINDING DEVICE is what does it.

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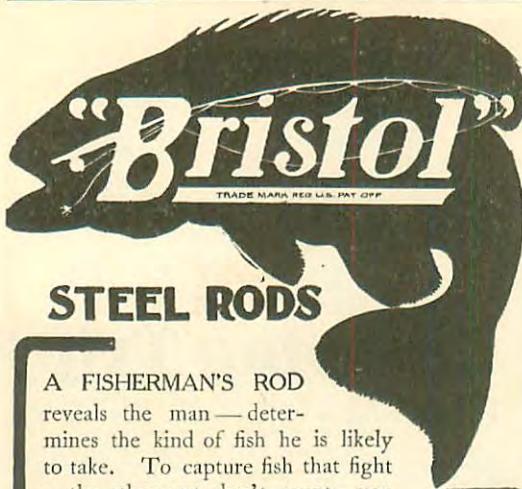
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## AND THE SANITARY FIXTURES THAT INSURE ITS HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

A SNOWY, sanitary bathroom, a dainty kitchen, and a spotless laundry—what an influence they have exercised upon the health and happiness of the modern home! In the past few years the progress in the equipment of these rooms has been so great that could the housewife of a quarter century ago be unconsciously transported from her dark, unsanitary bathroom and her unprepossessing kitchen to the snow-white surroundings of the woman of to-day she would imagine herself in some wonderland of luxury where beauty, purity, and cleanliness were the very keynotes of existence.

Of all domestic developments for the greater safety, convenience and comfort of family-living in the modern home, the equipment of the modern bathroom evidences the most thorough and radical change. The bathroom of a few years past was usually the most poorly appointed room in the house, making no appeal to its occupants other than that of absolute necessity. How great a change has come to pass! The snowy bathroom of to-day, with its pure white, glistening STANDARD fixtures, is undoubtedly the most perfectly equipped of all portions of the home, and its inviting charm is irresistible to every member of the household.

From the standpoint of the family health the householder's choice of a bathroom fixture should be guided by a desire for the best and by the experience of his neighbors. For the vital matter of health preservation only the perfect fixture should be used, an equipment of natural purity, absolutely sanitary, an equipment under all conditions of usage remaining constantly pure and wholesome. This perfection in a bathroom fixture is obtainable from one source alone—STANDARD Porcelain Enameled Ware. Those in whose homes STANDARD fixtures have been installed will vouch for their healthful influence

and will speak with pardonable pride of the additional beauty they confer upon the home appointment.

Although actual use in thousands of representative homes has proven its superior worth, the cost of STANDARD Ware is not prohibitive even where the most rigid economy is necessitated. An equipment of STANDARD Ware may be had for practically the same outlay as would be required for the old style unsanitary fittings. But the installation of STANDARD fixtures must not be looked upon as an expense. The money invested in your bathroom in STANDARD Ware adds many times its cost to the selling or rental value of your home.

Any real-estate expert or agent knows that the house equipped throughout with STANDARD fixtures may be more easily and more advantageously disposed of than one equipped with any other grade of plumbing, for the general public recognizes in STANDARD Ware the best and most desirable equipment for domestic use. Intelligent comparison will substantiate the claim that STANDARD Porcelain Enameled Ware will give you at the least expense the greatest of all modern luxuries and comforts—an absolutely sanitary bathroom whose purity and cleanliness will be a source of pride and



A bedroom in which a STANDARD lavatory has superseded the washstand.



A cheery bathroom of to-day.

satisfaction from the day the fixtures are installed.

And it is not only for the infinite comforts and conveniences it affords, nor for its cleanliness and beauty that STANDARD Ware is the most widely preferred of all bathroom equipments. The guarantee of life-long durability that it gives is largely responsible for the extent of its general use. Indestructible as the iron which constitutes its basic element, STANDARD Ware is built to last as long as the house in which it is installed. Even under the most severe usage its snowy enamel glaze, which becomes in manufacture an integral part of the metal body, will resist the most extraordinary wear without a crack or craze. STANDARD fixtures combine the strength and grace of metal with the lustrous elegance of porcelain, and in their perfect sanitation constantly protect the family health, giving the maximum of service at a minimum of cost.

The modern kitchen and the modern laundry have been as fully revolutionized as the modern bathroom. The old-fashioned sink and laundry-tub have gone the way of the unsanitary wood-incased bathtub. These undesirable fixtures had their day. This is the day of the modern kitchen and immaculate laundry with healthful, sanitary STANDARD fixtures, the equipment generating purity and cleanliness throughout the home, the fixtures that are the woman's pride and the delight of all who come in contact with them.

Every genuine STANDARD fixture bears the STANDARD Green and Gold Guarantee Label. This label is the purchaser's safeguard against the substitution of inferior goods and

gives assurance of the best sanitary fixture, made at a cost no greater than the common kind. In specifying the sanitary equipment for your home you should insist that every



An immaculate kitchen

fixture bear this guarantee, as none are genuine without it.

Every householder should have our book entitled "Modern Bathrooms." This 100-page treatise deals with a subject of vital import to the head of every family—the perfect sanitation of the home. It illustrates many equipments, both luxurious and inexpensive, for the bathroom, boudoir, kitchen and laundry and contains numerous suggestions for the proper decoration of these rooms. It shows the estimated cost of each individual fitting and tells you the most economical way to plan, buy and arrange your sanitary fixtures. It is the most complete and beautiful brochure ever issued on this subject. Write, enclosing six cents postage, and a copy of "Modern Bathrooms" will be sent you free by return mail.



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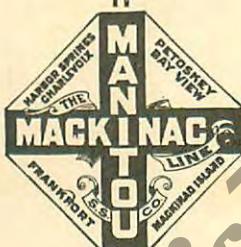


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**Gum**

Cures Indigestion  
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Hand woven by Mexicans in Mexico from palm fiber. Double weave, durable and light weight, with colored design in brim. Retail at \$1. Postpaid for 50c, 2 for 90c, to introduce our Mexican Hats and draw-work. Same hat plain, 40c; both for 75c. Large, medium and small sizes. Fine for fishing, outings and gardening. Art Catalog of Mexican Sombreros free.

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Complete Pullman service from the West. Excursion tickets on sale at principal ticket offices throughout the United States and Canada.

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Price \$6.50 for Double burner, or \$3.50 for Single burner.

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Embracing such a variety  
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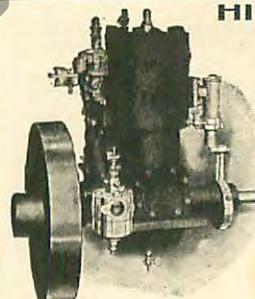
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