

THE NEW
BARNES READERS
BOOK SIX



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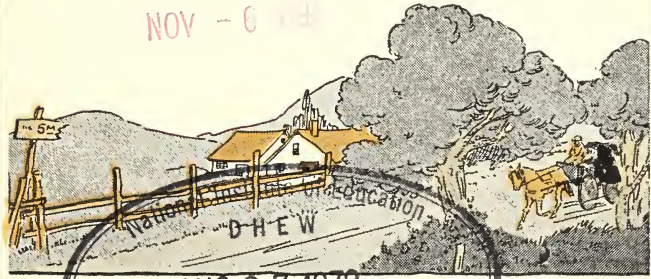
THE NEW BARNES READERS BOOK SIX

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A CRY IN THE NIGHT

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

In order to enjoy this story, you must be able to pronounce each word and know its meaning. Some of the more difficult words are listed here. How many will you have to look up in the **Words to Learn** beginning on page 375?

Kookooskoos	solitude	lucivee
Upweekis	scintillating	fascinating
Musquash	barometer	creel

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

This selection continues **What the Fawns Must Know** you read in Book Five. In the first story you learned that even Wood Folk must learn certain lessons. Their security and happiness in the great world when they are without their mothers' watchful care requires quick obedience, watchfulness and surefootedness.

Before you begin to read this story, recall the two lessons that the little fawns were taught. This story will tell you more about their life in the woods and what happened to them.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Keep the following points in mind:

1. The dangers a deer must encounter in his wild life in the woods.
2. Where and when the author last saw the little fawns.
3. The evidence of the little fawn's death.

I

This is the rest of the story, just as I saw it, of the little fawns that I found under the mossy log by the brook.

There were two of them, you remember; and though they looked alike at first glance, I soon found out that there is just as much difference in fawns as there is in folks. Eyes, faces, dispositions, characters,—in all things they were as unlike as the virgins of the parable. One of them was wise, and the other was very foolish. The one was a follower, a learner; he never forgot his second lesson, to follow the white flag. The other followed from the first only his own willful head and feet, and discovered too late that obedience is life.

Until the bear found him, I have no doubt he was thinking, in his own dumb, foolish way, that obedience is only for the weak and ignorant, and that government is only an unfair advantage which all the wilderness mothers take to keep little wild things from doing as they please.

The wise old mother took them both away

when she knew I had found them, and hid them in a deeper solitude of the big woods, nearer the lake, where she could the sooner reach them from her feeding grounds.

For days after the wonderful discovery I used to go in the early morning or the late afternoon, while mother deer was away feeding along the water-courses, and search the dingle from one end to the other, hoping to find the little ones again and win their confidence. But they were not there; and I took to watching instead a family of mink that lived in a den under a root, and a big owl that always slept in the same hemlock. Then, one day when a flock of partridges led me out of the wild berry bushes into a cool green island of the burned lands, I ran plump upon the deer and her fawns lying all together under a fallen treetop, dozing away the heat of the day.

They did not see me, but were only scared into action as a branch, upon which I stood looking for my partridges, gave way beneath my feet and let me down with a great crash under the fallen tree. There, looking out, I

could see them perfectly, while Kookooskoos himself could hardly have seen me.

At the first crack they all jumped like Jack-in-a-box when you touch his spring. The mother put up her white flag—which is the snowy underside of her useful tail, and shows like a beacon by day or night—and bounded away with a hoarse *K-a-a-a-h!* of warning.

One of the little ones followed her on the instant, jumping squarely in his mother's tracks, his own little white flag flying to guide any that might come after him. But the second fawn ran off at a tangent, and stopped in a moment to stare and whistle and stamp his tiny foot in an odd mixture of curiosity and defiance. The mother had to circle back twice before he followed her, at last unwillingly. As she stole back each time, her tail was down and wiggling nervously—which is the sure sign, when you see it, that some scent of you is floating off through the woods and telling its warning into the deer's keen nostrils. But when she jumped away, the white flag was

straight up, flashing in the very face of her foolish fawn, telling him as plain as any language what sign he must follow, if he would escape danger and avoid breaking his leg in the tangled underbrush.

I did not understand till long afterwards, when I had watched the fawns many times, how important is this latter suggestion. One who follows a frightened deer and sees or hears him go bounding off at breakneck pace over loose rocks and broken trees and tangled underbrush; rising swift on one side of a windfall without knowing what lies on the other side till he is already falling; driving like an arrow over ground where you must follow like a snail, lest you wrench a foot or break an ankle,—finds himself asking with unanswered wonder how any deer can live half a season in the wilderness without breaking all his legs.

And when you run upon a deer at night and hear him go smashing off in the darkness at the same reckless speed, over a blow-down, perhaps, through which you can barely force your way by daylight, then

you realize suddenly that the most wonderful part of a deer's education shows itself, not in keen eyes or trumpet ears, or in his finely trained nose, more sensitive a hundred times than any barometer, but in his forgotten feet, which seem to have eyes and nerves and brains packed into their hard shells, instead of the senseless matter you see there.

Watch the doe yonder as she bounds away, wig-wagging her heedless little one to follow. She is thinking only of him; and now you see her feet free to take care of themselves. As she rises over the big windfall, they hang from the ankle joints, limp as a glove out of which the hand has been drawn, yet seeming to wait and watch. One hoof touches a twig; like lightning it spreads and drops, after running for the smallest fraction of a second along the obstacle to know whether to relax or stiffen, or rise or fall to meet it. Just before she strikes the ground on the down plunge, see the wonderful hind hoofs sweep themselves forward, surveying the ground by touch, and bracing

themselves, in a fraction of time so small that the eye cannot follow, for the shock of what lies beneath them whether rock or rotten wood or yielding moss.

The fore feet have followed the quick eyes above, and shoot straight and sure to their landing; but the hind hoofs must find the spot for themselves as they come down and, almost ere they find it, brace themselves again for the push of the mighty muscles above.

Once only I found where a fawn, with untrained feet, had broken its leg; and once I heard of a wounded buck, driven to death by dogs, that had fallen in the same way, never to rise again. Those were rare cases. The marvel is that it does not happen to every deer that fear drives through the wilderness.

And that is another reason why the fawns must learn to obey a wiser head than their own. Till their little feet are educated, the mother must choose the way for them; and a wise fawn will jump squarely in her tracks.

That explains also why deer, even after they are full grown, will often walk in single file, a half-dozen of them sometimes following a wise leader, stepping in his tracks and leaving but a single trail. It is partly, perhaps, to fool their old enemy, the wolf, and their new enemy, the man, by hiding the weakling's trail in the stride and hoof mark of a big buck; but it shows also the old habit, and the training which begins when the fawns first learn to follow the flag.

After that second discovery I used to go in the afternoon sometimes to a point on the lake nearest the fawn's hiding place, and wait in my canoe for the mother to come out and show me where she had left her little ones. As they grew, and the drain upon her increased from their feeding, she seemed always half starved. Waiting in my canoe I would hear the crackle of brush, as she trotted straight down to the lake almost heedlessly, and see her plunge through the fringe of bushes that bor-

dered the water. With scarcely a look or a sniff to be sure the coast was clear, she would jump for the lily pads. Sometimes the canoe was in plain sight; but she gave no heed as she tore up the juicy buds and stems, and swallowed them with the appetite of a famished wolf. Then I would paddle away and, taking my direction from her trail as she came, hunt diligently for the fawns until I found them.

This last happened only two or three times. The little ones were already wild; they had forgotten all about our first meeting, and when I showed myself, or cracked a twig too near them, they would promptly bolt into the brush. One always ran straight away, his white flag flying to show that he remembered his lesson; the other went off zigzag, stopping at every angle of his run to look back and question me with his eyes and ears.

II

There was only one way in which such

disobedience could end. I saw it plainly enough one afternoon, when, had I been one of the fierce prowlers of the wilderness, the little fellow's history would have stopped short under the paw of Upweekis, the shadowy lynx of the burned lands.

It was late afternoon when I came over a ridge, following a deer path on my way to the lake, and looked down into a long narrow valley filled with berry bushes and a few fibre-blasted trees standing here and there to point out the perfect loneliness and desolation of the place.

Just below me a deer was feeding hungrily, only her hind quarters showing out of the underbrush. I watched her awhile, then dropped on all fours and began to creep towards her, to see how near I could get and what new trait I might discover. But at the first motion (I had stood at first like an old stump on the ridge) a fawn that had evidently been watching me, among the bushes where I could not see him, sprang into sight with a

sharp whistle of warning. The doe threw up her head, looking straight at me, as if she had understood more from the signal than I had thought possible. There was not an instant's hesitation or searching. Her eyes went direct to me, as if the fawn's cry had said: "Behind you, mother, in the path by the second gray rock!"

Then she jumped away, shooting up the opposite hill over roots and rocks as if thrown by steel springs, blowing hoarsely at every jump, and followed in splendid style by her watchful little one.

At the first snort of danger there was a rush in the underbrush near where she had stood, and a second fawn sprang into sight. I knew him instantly—the heedless one—and that he had neglected too long the matter of following the flag. He was confused, frightened, chuckle-headed now; he came darting up the deer path in the wrong direction, straight towards me, to within two jumps before he noticed the man kneeling in the path before him and watching him quietly.

At the startling discovery he stopped short, seeming to shrink smaller and smaller before my eyes. Then he edged sidewise to a great stump, hid himself among the roots, and stood stock-still,— a beautiful picture of innocence and curiosity, framed in the rough brown roots of the spruce stump. It was his first teaching, to hide and be still. Just as he needed it most, he had forgotten absolutely the second lesson.

We watched each other full five minutes without moving an eyelash. Then his first lesson ebbed away. He sidled out into the path again, came towards me with dainty, halting steps, and stamped prettily with his left fore foot. He was a young buck, and had that trick of stamping without any instruction. It is an old, old ruse to make you move, to startle you by the sound and threatening motion into showing who you are and what are your intentions.

But still the man did not move; the fawn grew frightened at his own bold-

ness and ran away down the path. Far up the opposite hill I heard the mother calling him. But he heeded not; he wanted to find out things for himself. There he was in the path again, watching me. I took out my handkerchief and waved it gently; at which great marvel he trotted back, stopping anon to look and stamp his little foot, to show me that he was not afraid.

“Brave little chap, I like you,” I thought, my heart going out to him as he stood there with his soft eyes and beautiful face, stamping his little foot. “But what,” my thoughts went on, “had happened to you ere now, had a bear or lucivee lifted his head over the ridge? Next month, alas! the law will be off; then there will be hunters in these woods, some of whom leave their hearts, with their wives and children behind them. You can’t trust them, believe me, little chap. Your mother is right; you can’t trust them.”

The night was coming swiftly. The mother’s call, growing ever more anxious,

more insistent, swept over the darkening hillside.

“Perhaps,” I thought, with sudden twinges and alarms of conscience, “perhaps I set you all wrong, little chap, in giving you the taste of salt that day, and teaching you to trust things that meet you in the wilderness.”

That is generally the way when we meddle with Mother Nature, who has her own good reasons for doing things as she does.

“But no! there were two of you under the old log that day; and the other,—he’s up there with his mother now, where you ought to be,—he knows that old laws are safer than new thoughts in the heads of foolish youngsters. You are all wrong, little chap, for all your pretty curiosity, and the stamp of your little foot that quite wins my heart. Perhaps I am to blame, after all; anyway, I’ll teach you better now.”

At the thought I picked up a large stone and sent it crashing, jumping,

tearing down the hillside straight at him. All his bravado vanished like a wink. Up went his flag, and away he went over the logs and rocks of the great hillside; where presently I heard his mother running in a great circle till she found him with her nose, thanks to the wood wires and the wind's message, and led him away out of danger.

One who lives for a few weeks in the wilderness, with eyes and ears open, soon finds that, instead of the lawlessness and blind chance which seems to hold sway there, he lives in the midst of law and order—an order of things much older than that to which he is accustomed, with which it is not well to interfere.

I was uneasy, following the little deer path through the twilight stillness; and my uneasiness was not decreased when I found on a log, within fifty yards of the spot where the fawn first appeared, the signs of a big lucivee, with plenty of fawn's hair and fine-cracked bones to tell me what he had eaten for his midnight dinner.

III

Down at the lower end of the same deer path, where it stopped at the lake to let the wild things drink, was a brook. Outside the mouth of the brook, among the rocks, was a deep pool; and in the pool lived some big trout. I was there one night, some two weeks later, trying to catch some of the trout for my next breakfast.

Those were wise fish. It was of no use to angle for them by day any more. They knew all the flies in my book; could tell the new Jenny Lind from the old Bumble Bee before it struck the water; and seemed to know perfectly, both by instinct and experience, that they were all frauds, which might as well be called Jenny Bee and Bumble Lind for any sweet reasonableness that was in them. Besides all this, the water was warm; the trout were logy and would not rise.

By night, however, the case was different. A few of the trout would leave the pool and prowl along the shores in

shallow water, to see what tidbits the darkness might bring, in the shape of night bugs and careless piping frogs and sleepy minnows. Then, if you built a fire on the beach and cast a white winged fly across the path of the firelight, you would sometimes get a big one.

It was fascinating sport always, whether the trout were rising or not. One had to fish with his ears, and keep most of his brains in his hand, ready to strike quick and hard when the moment came, after an hour of casting.

Half the time you would not see your fish at all, but only hear the savage plunge as he swirled down with your fly. At other times, as you struck sharply at the plunge, your fly would come back to you, or tangle itself up in unseen snags; and far out, where the verge of the firelight rippled away into darkness, you would see a sharp wave-wedge shooting away, which told you that your trout was only a musquash. Swimming quietly by, he had seen you and your fire, and slapped his

tail down hard on the water to make you jump. That is a way Musquash has in the night, so that he can make up his mind what queer thing you are and what you are doing.

All the while, as you fish, the great dark woods stand close about you, silent, listening. The air is full of scents and odors that steal abroad only by night, while the air is dew-laden. Strange cries, calls, squeaks, rustlings run along the hillside, or float in from the water, or drop down from the air overhead, to make you guess and wonder what wood folk are abroad at such unseemly hours, and what they are about. So it is good to fish by night, as well as by day, and go home with heart and head full, even though your creel be empty.

I was standing very still by my fire, waiting for a big trout that had risen twice to regain his confidence, when I heard cautious rustlings in the brush behind me. I turned instantly, and there were two great glowing spots, the

eyes of a deer flashing out of the dark woods. A swift rustle, and two more coals glow lower down, flashing and scintillating with strange colors; and then two more; and I know that the doe and her fawns are there, stopped and fascinated on their way to drink by the great wonder of the light and the dancing shadows, that rush up at timid wild things, as if to frighten them, but only jump over them and back again, as if inviting them to join the silent play.

I knelt down quietly beside my fire, slipping on a great roll of birch bark, which blazed up brightly, filling the woods with light. There, under a spruce, where a dark shadow had been a moment ago, stood the mother, her eyes all ablaze with the wonder of the light; now staring steadfastly into the fire; now starting nervously, with low questioning snorts, as a troop of shadows ran up to play hop-scotch with the little ones, who stood close behind her, one on either side.

A moment only it lasted. Then one

fawn — I knew the heedless one, even in the firelight, by his face and by his bright-



dappled Joseph's coat — came straight towards me, stopping to stare with flashing eyes when the fire jumped up, and

then to stamp his little foot at the shadows to show them that he was not afraid.

The mother called him anxiously; but still he came on, stamping prettily. She grew uneasy, trotting back and forth in a half circle, warning, calling, pleading. Then, as he came between her and the fire, and his little shadow stretched away up the hill where she was, showing how far away he was from her and how near the light, she broke away from its fascination with an immense effort. *K-a-a-a-h!* *k-a-a-a-h!* the hoarse cry rang through the startled woods like a pistol shot; and she bounded away, her white flag shining like a wave crest in the night to guide her little ones.

The second fawn followed her instantly; but the heedless one barely swung his head to see where she was going, and then came on towards the light, staring and stamping in foolish wonder.

I watched him a little while, fascinated myself by his beauty, his dainty motions,

his soft ears with a bright oval of light about them, his wonderful eyes glowing like burning rainbows kindled by the firelight. Far behind him the mother's cry ran back and forth along the hillside. Suddenly it changed; a danger note leaped into it; and again I heard the call to follow and the crash of brush as she leaped away. I remembered the lynx and the sad little history written on the log above.

As the quickest way of saving the foolish youngster, I kicked my fire to pieces and walked out towards him. Then, as the wonder vanished in darkness and the scent of the man poured up to him on the lake's breath, the little fellow bounded away—alas! straight up the deer path, at right angles to the course his mother had taken a moment before.

Five minutes later I heard the mother calling a strange note in the direction he had taken, and went up the deer path very quietly to investigate. At the top of the ridge, where the path dropped

away into a dark narrow valley with dense underbrush on either side, I heard the fawn answering her below me among the big trees, and knew instantly that something had happened. He called continuously, a plaintive cry of distress, in the black darkness of the spruces. The mother ran around him in a great circle, calling him to come; while he lay helpless in the same spot, telling her he could not, and that she must come to him.

So the cries went back and forth in the listening night. *Hoo-wuh*, come here." *Bla-a-a*, *blr-r-t*, "I can't; come here." *Ka-a-a-h*, *ka-a-ah!* "danger, follow!"—and then the crash of brush as she rushed away, followed by the second fawn, whom she must save, though she abandoned the heedless one to prowlers of the night.

It was clear enough what had happened. The cries of the wilderness all have their meaning, if one but knows how to interpret them. Running through the dark woods, his untrained feet had missed

their landing, and he lay now under some rough windfall, with a broken leg to remind him of the lesson he neglected so long.

I was stealing along towards him, feeling my way among the trees in the darkness, stopping every moment to listen to his cry to guide me, when a heavy rustle came creeping down the hill and passed close before me. Something, perhaps, in the sound—a heavy though almost noiseless onward push, which only one creature in the woods can possibly make—something, perhaps, in a faint new odor in the moist air told me instantly that keener ears than mine had heard the cry; that Mooween the bear had left his blueberry patch, and was stalking the heedless fawn, whom he knew, by the hearing of his ears, to have become separated from his watchful mother in the darkness.

I regained the path silently—though Mooween heeds nothing when his game is afoot—and ran back to the canoe for my rifle. Ordinarily a bear is timid as

a rabbit; but I had never met one so late at night before, and knew not how he would act should I take his game away. Besides, there is everything in the feeling with which one approaches an animal. If one comes timidly, doubtfully, the animal knows it; and if one comes swift, silent, resolute, with his power gripped tight, and the hammer back, and a fore-finger resting lightly on the trigger guard, the animal knows it, too, you may depend. Anyway, they always act as if they knew; and you may safely follow the rule that, whatever your feeling is, whether fear or doubt or confidence the large and dangerous animals will sense it instantly and adopt the opposite feeling for their rule of action. That is the way I have always found it in the wilderness. I met a bear once on a narrow path—but I must tell about that elsewhere.

The cries had ceased; the woods were all dark and silent when I came back. I went as swiftly as possible—without

heed or caution; for whatever crackling I made the bear would attribute to the desperate mother—to the spot where I had turned back. Thence I went on cautiously, taking my bearings from one great tree on the ridge that lifted its bulk against the sky; slower and slower, till, just this side a great windfall, a twig cracked sharply under my foot. It was answered instantly by a grunt and a jump beyond the windfall—and then the crashing rush of a bear up the hill, carrying something that caught and swished loudly on the bushes as it passed, till the sounds vanished in a faint rustle far away, and the woods were still again.

All night long, from my tent over beyond an arm of the big lake, I heard the mother calling at intervals. She seemed to be running back and forth along the ridge, above where the tragedy had occurred. Her nose told her of the bear and the man; but what awful thing they were doing with her little one she knew not. Fear and questioning were in

the calls that floated down the ridge and across the water to my little tent.

At daylight I went back to the spot. I found without trouble where the fawn had fallen; the moss told mutely of his struggle; and a stain or two showed where Mooween grabbed him. The rest was a plain trail of crushed moss and bent grass and stained leaves, and a tuft of soft hair here and there on the jagged ends of knots in the old windfalls. So the trail hurried up the hill into a wild rough country, where it was of no use to follow.

As I climbed the last ridge on my way back to the lake, I heard rustlings in the underbrush, and then the unmistakable crash of a twig under a deer's foot. The mother had winded me; she was now following and circling down wind, to find out whether her lost fawn were with me. As yet she knew not what had happened. The bear had frightened her into extra care of the one fawn of whom she was sure. The other had simply

vanished into the silence and mystery of the great woods.

Where the path turned downward, in sight of the lake, I saw her for a moment plainly, standing half hid in the underbrush, looking intently at my old canoe. She saw me at the same instant and bounded away, quartering up the hill in my direction. Near a thicket of evergreen that I had just passed, she sounded her hoarse *K-a-a-h*, *ka-a-ah!* and threw up her flag. There was a rush within the thicket; a sharp *Ka-a-h!* answered hers.

Then the second fawn burst out of the cover where she had hidden him, and darted along the ridge after her, jumping like a big red fox from rock to rock, rising like a hawk over the windfalls, hitting her tracks wherever he could, and keeping his little nose hard down to his one needful lesson of following the white flag.

—*William J. Long.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without further reference to the book, can you answer the first three questions?

1. Why did the author choose to fish at night?

2. What is the best way to approach large animals in the woods?

3. As you recall the story, "What the Fawns Must Know," how do you explain the pitiful death of the one little fawn?

4. Select the paragraphs in the story which described the fawns and their mother standing in the firelight. Describe the fawns and their mother.

5. Select a complete thought unit in this story and before reading it orally, discuss briefly what it is about.

THE DOUGHBOY

A doughboy is an American soldier, and American soldiers, infantrymen, artillerymen, medical department, signal corps sharps, officers and men alike, all are called "doughboys." The war cartoonist is one, so is General Pershing.

The term "doughboys" dates back to the Civil War when army wit was aroused by large globular brass buttons on infantry uniforms.

Somebody (he must have been a sailor) dubbed the buttons "doughboys" because they reminded him of the boiled dumplings of raised dough served in ships' messes and known to all sailors as doughboys.

Originally it referred only to enlisted infantrymen, but the American Expeditionary Forces applies it to all branches and all grades of the service.

—*The Stars and Stripes.*

TO THE TEACHER—See "The Doughboy" in *Second Unit in Reading—Teachers Plans.*

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

There are unusual words here. Many are of ancient use and are found in the Bible. Make these words a part of your vocabulary. See **Words to Learn**, pages 375 to 384.

obeisance	arrayed	bereaved
dominion	vestures	straitly
rebuked	chariot	tenor
devoured	plentiful	surety
rent	dearth	bondmen
wroth	famished	steward
interpreter	waxed sore	refrained
dungeon	peradventure	abomination
kine	ward	messes
blasted	verified	divineth
raiment	anguish	commandment
grievous	besought	sojourn
discreet	communed	pilgrimage
famine	laded	attained

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

Here is a story of a boy who became a great man. It is one of the most interesting stories in the Bible and it tells about a family and of a father's love.

Think of Joseph as a young lad about seventeen. Bear in mind that he trusted his brothers and was open and frank in telling his dreams to them. Try to find out why his older brothers were jealous of him and why they hated him.

As you read try to see how dreams influenced Joseph's life. Decide whether he was justified in his treatment of his brothers when they first came to see him. Contrast his generosity with

their treatment of the boy Joseph. Picture to yourself the changed attitude of the brothers and the re-united family.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Look for the following points:

1. Periods into which Joseph's life may be divided.
2. Causes which led Joseph's brothers to treat him as they did.
3. That Joseph is made lord over Egypt.
4. Joseph's treatment of his brothers during the time of famine.

I

Many centuries ago there lived in the East a man named Jacob. He was the owner of hundreds of sheep and cattle, and of many camels and donkeys.

Jacob had twelve sons. Ten of them were men; one was a youth of seventeen, named Joseph; and the youngest, named Benjamin, was still a child.

Now Jacob loved Joseph more than all his other children, because he was the son of his old age, and of his wife Rachel, for whom he had served seven years; and he made him a coat of many colors. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all the others, they hated Joseph, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed. Behold, we were binding sheaves in a field, and, lo, my sheaf arose and stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf."

And his brethren said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us, or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me."

And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him; and said unto him, "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?" And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying.

And his brethren went to feed his father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them." And Joseph said to him, "Here am I." And his father said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again."

And when they saw Joseph afar off, they said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Let us slay him, and cast him into some pit; and we will say, 'Some evil beast hath devoured him': and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

But Reuben, the eldest brother, said, "Let us not kill him. Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness." Reuben wished to rid him out of their hands, and to deliver him to his father again.

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come to his brethren, that they stripped Joseph of his coat of many colors that was on him; and they took him, and cast him into the pit: and it was empty, there was no water in it.

Afterwards when they sat down to eat bread, and Reuben was not with them they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites was coming with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, "What profit is it if we slay our brother, and con-



ceal his blood? Come, let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh.”

And his brethren were content. And they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and in spite of his entreaties they sold him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren, and said, “The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?”

And they took Joseph’s coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they brought the coat of many colors to their father and said, “This have we found; we know not whether it be thy son’s coat or no.”

And he knew it, and said, “It is my son’s coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.”

And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days, and refused to be comforted.

And Joseph was brought down to Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him. And the Lord was with Joseph and he was a prosperous man. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him: and Potiphar made him overseer over his House, and all that he had put into his hand. And it came to pass that the blessing of the Lord was upon all that the Egyptian had in the house and in the field for Joseph's sake.

But a false charge was brought against Joseph, and he was cast into prison. But the Lord was with Joseph and showed him mercy, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners, and all his own duties as their keeper.

And it came to pass after those things, that the butler of the king of Egypt and his baker had offended their Lord the king of Egypt. And Pharaoh was wroth against them and sent them to prison.

And the captain of the guard charged Joseph with them. And they dreamed a dream both of them, each man his dream in one night. And Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and looked upon them, and, behold, they were sad. And he asked Pharaoh's officers, saying, "Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day?"

And they said unto him, "We have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter of it."

And Joseph said unto them, "Do not interpretations belong to God? Tell me them, I pray you."

And the chief butler told his dream to Joseph, and said to him, "In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; and in the vine were three branches; and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes; and Pharaoh's cup was in my hands; and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

And Joseph said unto him, "This is the interpretation of it: the three branches are

three days; yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thy place; and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand after the former manner when thou was his butler.

“But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me; and make mention of me unto Pharaoh and bring me out of this house: for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews; and here also have I done nothing that they should put me in this dungeon.”

When the chief baker saw that the interpretation was good, he said unto Joseph, “I also was in my dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head: and in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head.”

And Joseph answered and said, “This is the interpretation thereof: the three baskets are three days: yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree: and the birds shall eat the flesh from off thee.”

And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants. And he restored the chief butler unto his butlership again; and he gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand: but he hanged the chief baker, as Joseph had interpreted to them.

Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.

II

And it came to pass at the end of two full years, that Pharaoh dreamed that he stood by the river. And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well-favored kine, and fat-fleshed; and they fed in a meadow. And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill-favored and lean-fleshed, and stood by the other kine. And the ill-favored and lean-fleshed kine did eat up the seven well-favored and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke.

And he slept and dreamed a second time, and, behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good. And, behold, seven thin ears, and blasted with the east wind,

sprung up after them. And the seven thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and, behold, it was a dream. And it came to pass in the morning that his spirit was troubled; and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof: and Pharaoh told them his dreams; but there was none who could interpret them unto Pharaoh.

Then spake the chief butler unto Pharaoh, saying, "I do remember my faults this day. Pharaoh was wroth with his servants and put me in ward in the captain of the guard's house, both me and the chief baker. And we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he. And with us there was a young man, a Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard; and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams. And it came to pass, as he interpreted to us, so it was; me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged."

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph, and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon: and he shaved himself, and changed his raiment, and came to Pharaoh. And Pharaoh

said unto Joseph, "I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard say of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it."

And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace."

And Pharaoh told Joseph his dream.

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, "God hath showed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good ears are seven years; and the seven thin and ill-favored kine, that came up after them, are seven years; and the seven empty ears, blasted with the east wind, shall be seven years of famine.

"What God is about to do, he showeth unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt: and there shall rise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land; and the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of that famine following; for it shall be very grievous. And for that the dream

was doubled unto Pharaoh; and God will shortly bring it to pass.

“Now, therefore, let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt.”

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants.

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, “Forasmuch as God has shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over mine house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou.” And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, “See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.”

And Pharoah took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, "Bow the knee" and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharoah king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharoah, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. And in the seven plenteous years he gathered up the food of the seven years, and laid up the food in the cities. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number.

And after the seven years of plenteousness, the seven years of dearth began, according as Joseph had said: and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharoah for bread: and Pharoah said unto all the

Egyptians, "Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do." And Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians; and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was sore in all lands.

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, "Why do ye look one upon another?" And he said, "Behold I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die."

And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, "Lest peradventure mischief befall him."

And Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them, "Whence come ye?" And they said, "From the land of Canaan to buy food."



And Joseph knew his brethren, but they know not him. And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them, and he said unto them, "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come."

And they said unto him, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are true men; thy servants are no spies. We are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not."

And Joseph said unto them, "Hereby ye shall be proved: By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proved, whether there be any truth in you."

And he put them all together into ward three days. And Joseph said unto them the third day, "This do, and live; for I fear God. If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your

prison. Go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses: but bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die."

And they said one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." And Reuben answered them, saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, 'Do not sin against the child'; and ye would not hear? Therefore, behold, also his blood is required." And they knew not that Joseph understood them; for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and communed with them, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way. And they laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence.

And as one of them opened his sack at an inn, he espied his money; for behold, it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, "My money is restored; and, lo, it



is even in my sack"; and their hearts failed them, and they were afraid, saying one to another, "What is this that God hath done unto us?"

And they came unto Jacob their father unto the land of Canaan and told him all that befell unto them. And it came to pass as they emptied their sacks, that, behold, every man's bundle of money was in his sack; and when both they and their father saw the bundles of money, they were afraid. And Jacob their father said unto them, "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me."

And Reuben spake unto his father, saying: "Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee: deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again."

And the father said: "My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone; if mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

III

And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass, when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, "Go again, buy us a little food." And Judah spake unto him, saying, "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, 'Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you.'"

And Israel said, "Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother?"

And they said, "The man asked us straitly of our state, and of our kindred, saying, 'Is your father yet alive? have ye yet another brother?' and we told him according to the tenor of these words. Could we certainly know that he would say, 'Bring your brother down'?"

And Judah said unto Israel his father, "Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go; that we may live, and not die, both we, and thou, and also our little ones. I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him."

And their father Israel said unto them, "If it must be so now, do this: take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little money, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds; and take double money in your hand; and money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight. Take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man: and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and rose up, and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph. And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of the house, "Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon."

And the man did as Joseph bade; and the man brought the men into Joseph's house. And the men were afraid, because they were

brought unto Joseph's house; and they said, "Because of the money that was returned in our sacks at the first time, are we brought in, that he may seek occasion against us, and fall upon us, and take us for bondmen."

And they came near to the steward of Joseph's house, and said, "O sir, we came indeed down at the first time to buy food; and it came to pass, when we opened our sacks, behold, every man's money was in the mouth of the sack, our money in full weight: and we have brought it again in our hand. And other money have we brought down in our hands to buy food: we cannot tell who put our money in our sacks."

And he said, "Peace be to you! fear not: your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks: I had your money."

And he brought Simeon out unto them. And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet. And they made ready the present for Joseph at noon: for they heard that they should eat bread there.

And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?"

And they answered, "Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive."

And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, "Is this your younger brother, of whom he spake unto me?" And he said, "God be gracious unto thee, my son."

And Joseph made haste; for he did yearn for his brother, and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself, and said, "Set on bread." And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves; and for the Egyptians, which did eat with them, by themselves: because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians. And

they sat before him, the first-born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth: and the men marveled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him; but Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of theirs. And they drank, and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money."

And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, "Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, 'Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth? Ye have done evil in so doing'."

And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words. And they said unto him, "Wherefore saith my lord these words?

God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing. Behold, the money, which was found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan: how then should we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, both let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen."

And he said, "Now also let it be according unto your words: he with whom it is found shall be my servant; and ye shall be blameless." Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest and left at the youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house, and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, "What deed is this that ye have done? Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?"

And Judah said, "What shall we say unto my lord? What shall we speak, or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants: behold, we are my lord's servants, both we and he also with whom the cup is found."

And Joseph said, "God forbid that I should do so: but the man in whose hand the cup is found, shall be my servant; and as for you, get you up in peace unto your father."

Then Judah came near unto him, and said, "O, my lord! let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant; for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, 'Have ye a father, or a brother?' And we said unto my lord, 'We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him.' And thou saidst unto my servants, 'Bring him down unto me, that I may set my eyes upon him.' And we said unto my lord, 'The lad cannot leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his

father would die.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.'

"And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, 'Go again, and buy us a little food.' And we said, 'We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.' And thy servant my father said unto us, 'Ye know that my wife Rachael bare me two sons: and the one went out from me,' and I said, 'Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since: and if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

"Now, therefore, when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; seeing that his life is bound up with the lad's life; it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of our father with sorrow

to the grave. For I thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, 'If I bring him not unto thee, then shall I bear the blame to my father forever?' Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad, a bondman to my lord: and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me, lest peradventure, I see the evil that shall come on my father?"

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, "Cause every man to go out from me." And there stood no Egyptian with him, while Joseph made himself known to his brethren, "I am Joseph: doth my father yet live?" And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "Come near to me, I pray you."

And they came near. And he said, "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me

hither: for God did send me before you, to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land; and yet there are five years in which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God.

“Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, ‘Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not: and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children’s children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast; lest thou come to poverty.’ And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste, and bring down my father hither.”

And he fell upon Benjamin’s neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them.

And the fame thereof was heard in Pharaoh’s house, saying, “Joseph’s brethren are come”; and it pleased Pharaoh well, and his

servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "Say unto thy brethren, 'This do ye: lade your beasts, and go, get you into the land of Canaan; and take your father, and your households, and come unto me: and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat the fat of the land.'"

And the children of Israel did so: and Joseph gave them wagons, according to the commandment of Pharaoh, and gave them provision for the way.

And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying,

"Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt."

And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived. And Israel said, "It is enough: Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die."

And Joseph made ready his chariot, and

went up to Goshen to meet Israel his father; and presented himself unto his father, and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said, "Now let me die, since I have thy face, because thou art yet alive."

Then Joseph came and told Pharaoh, and said, "My father, and my brethren, and their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have, are come out of the land of Canaan; and, behold, they are in the land of Goshen." And he took five of his brethren, and presented them unto Pharaoh.

And Pharaoh said unto his brethren, "What is your occupation?"

And they said unto Pharaoh, "Thy servants are shepherds, both we, and also our fathers." They said moreover unto Pharaoh, "For to sojourn in the land are we come: for thy servants have no pastures for their flocks; for the famine is sore in the land of Canaan; now therefore, we pray thee, let thy servants dwell in the land of Goshen."

And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying,

“Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee: the land of Egypt is before thee: in the best of the land make thy father and thy brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell: and if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle.”

And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh: and Jacob blessed Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Jacob: “How old art thou?”

And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, “The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers.”

And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before Pharaoh. And Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession of land of Egypt, in the best of the land, as Pharaoh had commanded. And Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father’s household, with bread, according to their families.

And Jacob lived in the land of Egypt seventeen years: so the whole age of Jacob was an hundred forty and seven years. And on his death, his body was carried out of Egypt, in great honor, and buried in the land of Canaan, as Joseph had promised his father.

And Joseph dwelt in Egypt, he, and his father's house: and Joseph lived a hundred and ten years. And Joseph said unto his brethren, "I die; but God will surely visit you, and bring you up out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob." And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, "God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence."

So Joseph died, being a hundred and ten years old.

—*The Bible (Abridged)*.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Select parts of the story that tell of each of the three periods of Joseph's life. Write a title for each part.
2. Under each title list two important incidents.
3. What do you think Joseph's reason was for treating his brothers kindly during the famine?
4. Class Exercise: The class should select two or more scenes for dramatization. They may rewrite the story in dramatic form. The class should be divided into groups, each group writing a section of the story. When the story is written the pupils should choose the characters and assign them to the various parts. The story may then be given as a play. The teacher may aid by suggestion, but the pupils should do the work.

AN ACCIDENT OF IMPORTANCE

Columbus discovered America by accident. He blundered upon the country while trying to make his way to the eastern coasts of Asia, and so long as he lived he did not know what he had found. He died in the belief that he had made his way across the ocean to the Indies. For a hundred years afterwards nearly everything done with respect to America was founded upon misconception, and everything well done was largely the result of accident. It was accident that gave the name America to the New World. It was by accident that Cabot and the rest discovered various parts of the North American mainland. They were searching for something quite different from this.

—George Cary Eggleston.

TO THE TEACHER—See "An Accident of Importance" in *Second Unit in Reading—Teachers Plans*.

AMERICA FOR ME

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Are there any words in this poem which you cannot use in a sentence? Be prepared to use each of the words listed in new sentences of your own. Find their meaning and pronunciation in **Words to Learn**, pages 375 to 384.

antiquated

renown

battalions

BEFORE YOU READ THE POEM

Perhaps you have never traveled in the Old World but you can love America. Here is a message from one of our great writers who has traveled and knows the world. Let him tell you how foreign countries appear to him when contrasted with the land he calls home.

AS YOU READ THE POEM

You get the idea of the age and slowness of the Old World in the first stanza and in the refrain you feel the bigness of America.

In the last stanza you will find a contrast, and a reason why our country is so wonderful and so great.

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up
and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of
renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the sta-
tues of the kings,—
But now I think I've had enough of anti-
quated things.

*So it's home again, and home again, America
for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I
long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the
ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag
is full of stars.*

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in
the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers
in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's
great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place
like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green bat-
talions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing
fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and
ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where
Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

*Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.*

—Henry van Dyke.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. After one reading give the author's description of London and Paris each in one sentence.
2. One stanza really tells the story of the whole poem. Select the stanza and tell what it says.
3. Make a list of the various details mentioned by the author as reasons for the statement of the first stanza.

INSECT MUSICIANS

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

This story is about insects and in it you will find unusual words most frequently used in material pertaining to zoology. Which words are unfamiliar to you? Look up the words that you do not know in **Words to Learn**, beginning on page 375, or in your dictionary.

antennae
adjacent
ecstatic
dogmatist

strident
pestilence
migratory
belligerant

stalled
munching
microscope
species

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

Not many people realize the wonders of the insect world; few can distinguish the notes and calls of certain insects. Many go along the country road unconscious of the songs and music that fill the air. Here is a lesson that will help you to understand, if you listen.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Try to remember the different stages of grasshopper life. Note the different families and how the song of each family differs from the song of the others.

I

If you walk down a country road on a hot August day, or better still if you tramp through a pasture lot, you will hear a won-



derful “concert” given by tiny grasshoppers.

People sometimes speak of the “song” of the grasshoppers but they are not vocalists. They play tiny musical instruments tucked away under their wings and are really insect musicians. Not all grasshoppers play the same instrument or in the same way. The hotter the day the louder they thump their instruments and the more fascinating becomes their music.

Every insect is conspicuous for some one thing,—the butterfly for its bright colors, the bee for its honey, and the grasshopper for its ability as a musician. Next to the ants and the bees, the grasshoppers are probably the most interesting of all our insects. They live in all sorts of places and

their fiddling can be heard all day and far into the night during August and September.

Young grasshoppers are born without wings—but they always have legs! And what legs they are—six of them (like all good insects)—four short ones to walk on and two long ones to jump with.

In fact the grasshopper's legs are his most important feature for he not only uses them to jump with (they are the best high jumpers in the insect world), but to hear with, and to "sing" with. Some day, when you have time, go out and lie down in a field of tall grass and watch the grasshoppers as they climb the grass stalks, like monkeys climbing ropes; or clean their faces and their long antennae; or kick an intruding neighbor with one of their powerful hind legs. If you have sharp eyes you will see many things that will fascinate you.

Many insects besides grasshoppers have their ears on their legs. It is not surprising, however, that those insects which make no noise have poorly developed ears, or even none at all.

A young grasshopper is very greedy. He is born hungry and eats almost continually until at last he finds himself too big for his skin! Our own skin grows as we grow, but not so with a grasshopper, for his skin is only an outside skeleton to protect the body. When he gets too big for his skin it begins to crack down the back, and after a few struggles out hops the grasshopper with a new, flexible skin—a size larger, which soon hardens into a new protecting skeleton.

Forgetting all about his recent difficulty, he begins eating just as greedily as before and almost before he knows it he is again too big for his skin. Again he literally “jumps out of his skin,” and after four or five of these moultings he feels new gauzy wings growing under the hard wing covers that he has been carrying about all the while and which have seemed quite useless. Now they serve to protect the filmy wings which are the crown of his little insect life and with which he can travel thousands of miles. He is no longer a hopper but a flyer,—a joyous aviator navigating the warm sunny air.

He is now a full grown grasshopper and he immediately starts out to find his mate, singing his low chirrup as a love song. The grasshopper's gift of wings brings with it also the gift of song for it is with his wings that he makes his shrill music. The strong hind legs are no longer used merely for traveling purposes. They have become a part of his musical equipment, and are used for playing a sort of violin note on the vibrating wing covers.

If you catch a common grasshopper and examine his leg under a microscope you will see a row of small ridges on the inside of the thigh bone. It is with these that he scrapes the adjacent wing and sets it vibrating in shrill if not oversweet tones.

Not all grasshoppers produce their music the same way. Some scrape their wings against their hard wing covers setting up a vibration that produces a shrill, ecstatic sound. During the early summer their song is not loud but as the heat increases it becomes louder and more strident.

Although these little insects perform on

such simple instruments they have a distinct individuality. You can learn to distinguish the different species by their songs of varying pitch. It is only the male grasshopper that sings, the female having wings only for flight. Instead of scolding at the shrill, rasping song of the grasshopper we should remember that while it is not lovely to us it is appreciated by the lady grasshoppers for it is their love song.

The grasshopper family is a very ancient one going back to Adam, and numbering five thousand different species. The short-horned or tree locusts are the least musical of all the family. They make only a dull, crackling sound when flying, by rubbing their wings against their wing covers.

The long-horned or meadow grasshopper is the most persistent musician and his loud piping may be heard all day long among the tall grasses and in swampy meadows. Some meadow grasshoppers are said to have special notes which they play during the day and others by night. On dark days they often play their night music as if by mistake.

Sometimes the song of the locust or short-horned grasshopper is very terrifying. This is when they gather in great flocks of millions and millions and start on one of their long, undirected flights across the country. From the very beginning of history the short-horned grasshopper or locust has been regarded as a pestilence, ranking with war and famine in the destruction of property and human life.

The migratory locusts of Egypt were often three inches long and were much used for food. Huge flocks of these locusts forming clouds many miles wide and hundreds of miles long have visited many lands in Africa, Asia, Europe, and even the United States.

They come from nowhere and go nowhere. During their brief visit, however, they clean the earth of every bit of vegetation and leave starvation and death in their train. They make a noise like a great wind or rushing railway train and darken the sun in their flight. When they alight they often cover the earth like a snow storm a foot deep. Trains have frequently been "stalled"

and travellers have been "snowed in" beneath piles of these locusts that stood waist deep.

The Rocky Mountain locust of the western United States is smaller in size but equally dangerous when found in great numbers. Many a western farmer has seen a far, gray cloud rise on the horizon, and drift slowly toward him on the wind, finally filling the sky and darkening the sun. It is a beautiful and terrible sight, for a moment later the grasshoppers fall in showers like a heavy snow over the roofs of houses, the flocks and herds, covering every foot of the fields of grain. Their hungry munching can be plainly heard.

When they again take flight, they leave only the bare ground and the naked branches of the trees. The fruit and even the green bark of the tender twigs have disappeared. The loss following one of these flights of grasshoppers often runs as high as fifty million dollars.

While these short-horned migratory locusts are own cousins to the long-horned meadow grasshoppers they should not be confused. It

is the latter that are the real musicians of the whole grasshopper family.

II

Another and more welcome relative of the meadow grasshopper is the katydid, a picturesque little insect living in trees and repeating shrilly, "Katy-did," "Katy-didn't," "Katy-did" "Katy-did-did!" No one has ever discovered what it really was that Katy did, but it must have been something very important. It is an amusing and pathetic song, particularly when heard at night.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has well characterized the Katydid in his little verse:

"I love to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,
Old gentlefolks are they,—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."

The katydids are the most picturesque of all the grasshopper family. They are timid little creatures and it is difficult to catch one

because they are soft green in color and match the color of the branches of the trees in which they live.

When the birds are safely asleep the katydids lift up their voices in shrill music that can often be heard a long distance. In the darkness they fly safely from tree to tree, and sometimes, attracted by the bright light, they fly through an open window. They have long legs and broad leaf-like wing covers that conceal beneath them exquisite gauze-like wings that are beautifully marked with delicate lines.

The song of the katydid comes from the rubbing together of two triangular plates at the base of the wing covers. When it begins to get dusk under the trees the katydids raise their wing covers and rub the roughened veins of these two triangular plates together producing a series of clicks of equal length and equal intensity, which our imagination translates into "Katy-did," "Katy-didn't," "Katy-did-did."

Like the song of the grasshopper the chirp of the katydid is the love song of the male

serenading the female. Perhaps if we remembered this we would not be impatient when a katydid perches on the branch of a tree just outside our bedroom window when we wish to sleep.

In Japan and some other countries the song of the katydid is so much admired that they are kept in tiny bamboo cages like song birds.

III

Of all the insect musicians, however, the cricket is the favorite in North America. He is not beautiful to look at, being dark in color, with a large head and big eyes which give him an air of intelligence.

He is an active little fellow hopping about with quick, short jumps, which makes him exceedingly difficult to catch. The phrase "as spry as a cricket" is common in many parts of the country.

He has none of the grace of the brown meadow-grasshopper and none of the beauty of the soft green katydid. He is just a bug to most people, yet his friendly chirp has won him a place in the hearts of all.

The house cricket is not a native of this country but the black field cricket is so friendly that it often takes up its abode in the chimney corner or the wood box, and joins the family as their household fairy. Their presence is thought by many to bring good fortune to a house.

They are difficult to capture but make very interesting pets when shut up in a box or a well ventilated bottle. They become quite tame in a short time and if you have been fortunate enough to catch a male he will often sing for you. Only one male should be put in a box at a time for crickets are hotheaded and belligerent creatures who do not stop at murder when angry.

In country farm houses when the boys and girls gather about the big fireplaces after supper, with their roasting apples and their pop corn, the friendly cricket comes out on the hearth and joins in the festivities with his merry and almost continuous chirp. Mr. Dickens' famous story of "The Cricket on the Hearth" has done much to make the cricket famous and appreciated.

Our field crickets live in holes under stones or wherever they can hide away. They come out to sun themselves and can often be seen standing in their doorways waving their antennae in the air.

The fall of the year is the best time to observe crickets for it is then that they have their musical wings, which are made for singing rather than for flying.

The small brown grass cricket that is so abundant in meadows the latter part of September, has the same kind of a musical instrument. Its chirp is subdued and almost continuous. It is especially pleasing late in the season when most of the other insects have ceased their chirping.

The snowy tree cricket is chief of the night musicians. Listen on any warm night in September to their soft rhythmic beats "Je we-e, Je-we-e, Je we-e." As you give closer attention you are aware that all the instruments are tuned in the same key and are playing in harmony. The effect is wonderful. It is indeed an insect orchestra. Now and then the rasping call of a katydid or the shrill pip-

ing of a meadow grasshopper demands your attention. Then the soothing rhythmic notes of the snowy tree crickets again take possession till you half believe they are nothing but the pulse beats of the calm September night.

The musical ability of the grasshoppers, the katydids and the crickets is only one of their many interesting traits. If we knew all the wonderful things they do it would be as interesting as a story book. Nothing in the world is *uninteresting* if we have eyes to see and ears to hear. The ability to discover beauty in the commonplace will aid greatly to our happiness, as well as contribute to our success, in life.

—*Edwin Osgood Grover.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Refer to the story without re-reading it, and do the first three exercises:

1. Select that part of the story that gives the general description of the grasshopper.
2. In the remainder of the story how many different families are mentioned?
3. Select that part of the story that tells of each family and write a title for it.
4. Reread the story and select two smaller thought units under each title.

PEGASUS

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Make a list of other words which are unfamiliar to you and look them up in your dictionary. Each of these words is explained in **Words to Learn**, beginning on page 375. Be sure you know them before you begin reading.

Bellerophon	Pegasus	Chimera
buoyant	palate	tract
incredulous	antics	precipitous
venerable	indolently	carcass
melodious	caprioles	sulphurous
boa constrictor	pinions	venomously
abominably	authoritative	insufferable
beneficent	radiance	emitted
prodigiously	perilous	execrable
submissive	perpendicularly	alighted
inaccessible	vale	rampant
Helicon	Hippocrene	visage

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

In all our best prose and poetry, constant reference is made to some mythical character or incident. Therefore without a knowledge of mythology much of the literature of our own language cannot be understood.

This story is founded on the mythological character Bellerophon who caught and subdued the winged horse.

If you have read the story of Perseus, you will be interested in a legend which tells us that when Perseus cut off Medusa's head, the blood as it sank into the earth produced the winged horse Pegasus.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Notice that it seems to divide itself into several large thought units. Read it so carefully that you will be able to write a title for each part when you have finished reading.

Once, in the old, old times (for all the strange things which I tell you about happened long before anybody can remember), a fountain gushed out of a hillside in the marvelous land of Greece. And, for aught I know, after so many thousand years it is still gushing out of the very self-same spot. At any rate, there was the pleasant fountain welling freshly forth and sparkling adown the hillside in the golden sunset when a handsome young man named Bellerophon drew near its margin. In his hand he held a bridle studded with brilliant gems and adorned with a golden bit. Seeing an old man and another of middle age and a little boy near the fountain, and likewise a maiden who was dipping up some of the water in a pitcher, he paused and begged that he might refresh himself with a draught.

“This is very delicious water,” he said to the maiden as he rinsed and filled her pitcher after drinking out of it. “Will you be kind enough to tell me whether the fountain has any name?”

“Yes, it is called the Fountain of Pirene,”

answered the maiden; and then she added: "My grandmother has told me that this clear fountain was once a beautiful woman, and when her son was killed by the arrows of the huntress Diana, she melted all away into tears. And so the water which you find so cool and sweet is the sorrow of that poor mother's heart!"

"I should not have dreamed," observed the young stranger, "that so clear a well-spring, with its gush and gurgle and its cheery dance out of the shade into the sunlight, had so much as one tear-drop in its bosom. And, this, then, is Pirene? I thank you, pretty maiden, for telling me its name. I have come from a far-away country to find this very spot."

A middle-aged country fellow (he had driven his cow to drink out of the spring) stared hard at young Bellerophon and at the handsome bridle which he carried in his hand.

"The water courses must be getting low, friend, in your part of the world," remarked he, "if you come so far only to find the Fountain of Pirene. But pray, have you lost a

horse? I see you carry the bridle in your hand; and a very pretty one it is, with that double row of bright stones upon it. If the horse was as fine as the bridle, you are much to be pitied for losing him."

"I have lost no horse," said Bellerophon with a smile, "but I happen to be seeking a very famous one, which, as wise people have informed me, must be found hereabouts if anywhere. Do you know whether the winged horse Pegasus still haunts the Fountain of Pirene as he used to do in your forefather's days?"

But then the country fellow laughed.

Some of you, my little friends, have probably heard that this Pegasus was a snow-white steed with beautiful silvery wings who spent most of his time on the summit of Mount Helicon. He was as wild and as swift and as buoyant in his flights through the air as any eagle that ever soared into the clouds. There was nothing else like him in the world. He had no mate, he had never been backed or bridled by a master, and for many a long year he led a solitary and a happy life.

Oh, how fine a thing it is to be a winged horse! Sleeping at night, as he did, on a lofty mountain-top, and passing the greater part of the day in the air, Pegasus seemed hardly to be a creature of the earth. Whenever he was seen up very high above people's heads, with the sunshine on his silvery wings, you would have thought that he belonged to the sky, and that, skimming a little too low, he had gone astray among our mists and vapors and was seeking his way back again. It was very pretty to behold him plunge into the fleecy bosom of a bright cloud and be lost in it for a moment or two, and then break forth from the other side. Or in a sullen rainstorm, when there was a gray pavement of clouds over the whole sky, it would sometimes happen that the winged horse descended right through it, and the glad light of the upper region would gleam after him. In another instant, it is true, both Pegasus and the pleasant light would be gone away together. But any one that was fortunate enough to see this wondrous spectacle felt cheerful the whole day afterward.

In the summer-time and in the most beautiful of weather Pegasus often alighted on the solid earth, and, closing his silvery wings, would gallop over hill and dale for pastime as fleetly as the wind. Oftener than in any other place he had been seen near the Fountain of Pirene, drinking the delicious water or rolling himself upon the soft grass of the margin. Sometimes, too (but Pegasus was very dainty in his food), he would crop a few of the clover-blossoms that were sweetest.

To the Fountain of Pirene, therefore, people's great-grandfathers had been in the habit of going (as long as they were youthful and retained their faith in winged horses) in hopes of getting a glimpse of the beautiful Pegasus. But of late years he had been very seldom seen. Indeed there were many of the country folks dwelling within half an hour's walk of the fountain who had never beheld Pegasus, and did not believe that there was any such creature in existence. The country fellow to whom Bellerophon was speaking chanced to be one of those incredulous persons.

And that was the reason why he laughed.

“Pegasus, indeed!” cried he, turning up his nose as high as such a flat nose could be turned up. “Pegasus, indeed! A winged horse, truly! Why, friend, are you in your senses? Of what use would wings be to a horse? Could he drag the plow so well, think you? To be sure, there might be a little saving in the expense of shoes, but then how would a man like to see his horse flying out of the stable window?—yes, or whisking him up above the clouds when he only wanted to ride to mill? No, no! I don’t believe in Pegasus. There never was such a ridiculous kind of a horse-fowl made!”

“I have some reason to think otherwise,” said Bellerophon quietly.

And then he turned to an old gray man who was leaning on a staff and listening very attentively with his head stretched forward and one hand at his ear, because for the last twenty years he had been getting rather deaf.

“And what say you, venerable sir?” inquired he. “In your younger days you must frequently have seen the winged steed.”

“Ah, young stranger, my memory is very poor,” said the aged man. “When I was a lad, if I remember rightly, I used to believe there was such a horse, and so did everybody else. But nowadays I hardly know what to think, and very seldom think about the winged horse at all. If I ever saw the creature, it was a long, long while ago; and, to tell you the truth, I doubt whether I ever did see him. One day, to be sure, when I was quite a youth, I remember seeing some hoof-tramps around about the brink of the fountain. Pegasus might have made those hoof-marks, and so might some other horse.”

“And have you never seen him, my fair maiden?” asked Bellerophon of the girl who stood with the pitcher on her head while this talk went on. “You surely could see Pegasus if anybody can, for your eyes are very bright.”

“Once I thought I saw him,” replied the maiden with a smile and a blush. “It was either Pegasus or a large white bird a very great way up in the air. And one other time, as I was coming to the fountain with my

pitcher, I heard a neigh. Oh, such a brisk and melodious neigh as that was! My very heart leaped with delight at the sound. But it startled me, nevertheless, so that I ran home without filling my pitcher”

“That was truly a pity!” said Bellerophon.

And he turned to the child whom I mentioned at the beginning of the story, and who was gazing at him, as children are apt to gaze at strangers, with his rosy mouth wide open.

“Well, my little fellow,” cried Bellerophon, playfully pulling one of his curls, “I suppose you have often seen the winged horse.”

“That I have,” answered the child very readily. “I saw him yesterday and many times before.”

“You are a fine little man,” said Bellerophon, drawing the child closer to him. “Come, tell me all about it.”

“Why,” replied the child, “I often come here to sail little boats in the fountain and to gather pretty pebbles out of its basin. And sometimes, when I look down into the water, I see the image of the winged horse in the

picture of the sky that is there. I wish he would come down and take me on his back and let me ride him up to the moon. But if I so much as stir to look at him he flies far away, out of sight."

And Bellerophon put his faith in the child who had seen the image of Pegasus in the water, and in the maiden who had heard him neigh so melodiously, rather than in the middle-aged man who had forgotten the beautiful things of his youth.

Therefore he haunted the Fountain of Pirene for a great many days afterward. He kept continually on the watch, looking upward at the sky or else down into the water, hoping always that he would see either the reflected image of the winged horse or the marvelous reality. He held the bridle with its bright gems and golden bit always ready in his hand. The rustic people who dwelt in the neighborhood and drove their cattle to the fountain to drink would often laugh at poor Bellerophon and sometimes take him pretty severely to task. They told him that an able-bodied young man like

himself ought to have better business than to be wasting his time in such an idle pursuit. They offered to sell him a horse if he wanted one, and when Bellerophon declined the purchase they tried to drive a bargain with him for his fine bridle.

Even the country boys thought him so very foolish that they used to have a great deal of sport about him, and were rude enough not to care a fig although Bellerophon saw and heard it. One little urchin, for example, would play Pegasus, and cut the oddest imaginable capers by way of flying, while one of his schoolfellows would scamper after him holding forth a twist of bulrushes which was intended to represent Bellerophon's ornamental bridle. But the gentle child who had seen the picture of Pegasus in the water comforted the young stranger more than all the naughty boys could torment him. The dear little fellow in his play-hours often sat down beside him, and, without speaking, would look down into the fountain and up toward the sky with so innocent a faith that Bellerophon could not help feeling encouraged.

Now, you will perhaps wish to be told why it was that Bellerophon had undertaken to catch the winged horse, and we shall find no better opportunity to speak about this matter than while he is waiting for Pegasus to appear.

If I were to relate the whole of Bellerophon's previous adventures they might easily grow into a very long story. It will be quite enough to say that in a certain country of Asia a terrible monster called a Chimera had made its appearance, and was doing more mischief than could be talked about between now and sunset. According to the best accounts which I have been able to obtain, this Chimera was nearly, if not quite, the ugliest and most poisonous creature and the strangest and unaccountablest, and the hardest to fight with and the most difficult to run away from, that ever came out of the earth's inside. It had a tail like a boa constrictor, its body was like I do not care what, and it had three separate heads, one of which was a lion's, the second a goat's, and the third an abominably great snake's and a hot

blast of fire came flaming out of each of its three mouths. Being an earthly monster, I doubt whether it had any wings; but, wings or no, it ran like a goat and a lion, and wriggled along like a serpent, and then contrived to make about as much speed as all three together.

Oh, the mischief and mischief and mischief that this naughty creature did. With its flaming breath it could set a forest on fire or burn up a field of grain, or, for that matter, a village with all its fences and houses. It laid waste the whole country round about, and used to eat up people and animals alive, and cook them afterward in the burning oven of its stomach. Mercy on us, little children! I hope neither you nor I will ever happen to meet a Chimera.

While the hateful beast (if a beast we can anyway call it) was doing all these horrible things, it so chanced that Bellerophon came to that part of the world on a visit to the king. The king's name was Iobates, and Lycia was the country which he ruled over. Bellerophon was one of the bravest youths

in the world and desired nothing so much as to do some valiant and beneficent deed, such as would make all mankind admire and love him. In those days the only way for a young man to distinguish himself was by fighting battles, either with the enemies of his country or with wicked giants or with troublesome dragons or with wild beasts, when he could find nothing more dangerous to encounter. King Iobates, perceiving the courage of his youthful visitor, proposed to him to go and fight the Chimera, which everybody else was afraid of, and which, unless it should be soon killed, was likely to convert Lycia into a desert. Bellerophon hesitated not a moment, but assured the king that he would either slay this dreaded Chimera or perish in the attempt.

But, in the first place, as the monster was so prodigiously swift, he bethought himself that he should never win the victory by fighting on foot. The wisest thing he could do, therefore, was to get the very best and fleetest horse that could anywhere be found. And what other horse in all the world was

half so fleet as the marvelous horse Pegasus, who had wings as well as legs, and was even more active in the air than on the earth? To be sure, a great many people denied that there was any such horse with wings, and said that the stories about him were all poetry and nonsense. But, wonderful as it appeared, Bellerophon believed that Pegasus was a real steed, and hoped that he himself might be fortunate enough to find him; and, once fairly mounted on his back, he would be able to fight the Chimera at better advantage.

And this was the purpose with which he had traveled from Lycia to Greece and had brought the beautifully ornamented bridle in his hand. It was an enchanted bridle. If he could only succeed in putting the golden bit into the mouth of Pegasus, the winged horse would be submissive and would own Bellerophon for his master, and fly whithersoever he might choose to turn the rein.

But indeed, it was a weary and anxious time while Bellerophon waited and waited

for Pegasus, in hopes that he would come and drink at the Fountain of Pirene. He was afraid lest King Iobates should imagine that he had fled from the Chimera. It pained him, too, to think how much mischief the monster was doing while he himself, instead of fighting with it, was compelled to sit idly poring over the bright waters of Pirene as they gushed out of the sparkling sand. And as Pegasus came hither so seldom in these latter years, and scarcely alighted there more than once in a lifetime, Bellerophon feared that he might grow an old man, and have no strength left in his arms nor courage in his heart, before the winged horse would appear. Oh, how heavily passes the time while an adventurous youth is yearning to do his part in life and to gather in the harvest of his renown! How hard a lesson it is to wait. Our life is brief and how much of it is spent in teaching us only this!

Well was it for Bellerophon that the gentle child had grown so fond of him and was never weary of keeping him company.

Every morning the child gave him a new hope to put in his bosom instead of yesterday's withered one.

"Dear Bellerophon," he would cry, looking up hopefully into his face, "I think we shall see Pegasus to-day."

And at length, if it had not been for the little boy's unwavering faith, Bellerophon would have given up all hope, and would have gone back to Lycia and have done his best to slay the Chimera without the help of the winged horse. And in that case poor Bellerophon would at least have been terribly scorched by the creature's breath, and would most probably have been killed and devoured. Nobody should ever try to fight an earthborn Chimera unless he can first get upon the back of an aerial steed.

One morning the child spoke to Bellerophon even more hopefully than usual.

"Dear, dear Bellerophon," cried he, "I know not why it is, but I feel as if we should certainly see Pegasus to-day."

And all that day he would not stir a

step from Bellerophon's side, so they ate a crust of bread together and drank some of the water of the fountain. In the afternoon there they sat, and Bellerophon had thrown his arm around the child, who likewise had put one of his little hands into Bellerophon's. The latter was lost in his own thoughts, and was fixing his eyes vacantly on the trunks of the trees that overshadowed the fountain and on the grapevines that clambered up among their branches. But the gentle child was gazing down into the water; he was grieved, for Bellerophon's sake, that the hope of another day should be deceived like so many before it, and two or three quiet tear-drops fell from his eyes and mingled with what were said to be the many tears of Pirene when she wept for her slain child.

But, when he least thought of it, Bellerophon felt the pressure of the child's little hand and heard a soft, almost breathless whisper:

"See there, dear Bellerophon! There is an image in the water."

The young man looked down into the dimpling mirror of the fountain, and saw what he took to be the reflection of a bird which seemed to be flying at a great height in the air, with a gleam of sunshine on its snowy or silvery wings.

“What a splendid bird it must be!” said he. “And how very large it looks, though it must really be flying higher than the clouds!”

“It makes me tremble,” whispered the child. “I am afraid to look up into the air. It is very beautiful, and yet I dare only look at its image in the water. Dear Bellerophon, do you not see that it is no bird? It is the winged horse, Pegasus.”

Bellerophon's heart began to throb. He gazed keenly upward but could not see the winged creature, whether bird or horse, because just then it had plunged into the fleecy depths of a summer cloud. It was but a moment, however, before the object reappeared, sinking lightly down out of the cloud, although still at a vast distance from the earth. Bellerophon caught the child in

his arms and shrank back with him, so that they were both hidden among the thick shrubbery which grew all around the fountain. Not that he was afraid of any harm, but he dreaded lest, if Pegasus caught a glimpse of them, he would fly far away and alight in some inaccessible mountain-top. For it was really the winged horse. After they had expected him so long, he was coming to quench his thirst with the water of Pirene.

Nearer and nearer came the aerial wonder, flying in great circles, as you may have seen a dove when about to alight. Downward came Pegasus, in those wide, sweeping circles which grew narrower and narrower still, as he gradually approached the earth. The nigher the view to him, the more beautiful he was and the more marvelous the sweep of his silvery wings. At last, with so light a pressure as hardly to bend the grass about the fountain or imprint a hoof-tramp in the sand of its margin, he alighted, and stooping his wild head, began to drink. He drew in the water with long and pleasant sighs and tranquil pauses of

enjoyment, and then another draught, and another, and another. For nowhere in the world or up among the clouds did Pegasus love any water as he loved this of Pirene. And when his thirst was slaked he cropped a few of the honey-blossoms of the clover, delicately tasting them, but not caring to make a hearty meal, because the herbage just beneath the clouds on the lofty sides of Mount Helicon suited his palate better than this ordinary grass.

After thus drinking to his heart's content, and in his dainty fashion condescending to take a little food, the winged horse began to caper to and fro and dance, as it were, out of mere idleness and sport. There never was a more playful creature made than this very Pegasus. So there he frisked in a way that it delights me to think about, fluttering his great wings as lightly as ever did a linnet, and running little races half on earth and half in air, and which I know not whether to call a flight or a gallop. When a creature is perfectly able to fly, he sometimes chooses to run just

for the pastime of the thing; and so did Pegasus, although it cost him some little trouble to keep his hoofs so near the ground. Bellerophon, meanwhile, holding the child's hand, peeped forth from the shrubbery, and thought that never was any sight so beautiful as this, nor ever a horse's eyes so wild and spirited as those of Pegasus. It seemed a sin to think of bridling him and riding on his back.

Once or twice Pegasus stopped and snuffed the air, pricking up his ears, tossing his head, and turning it on all sides, as if he partly suspected some mischief or other. Seeing nothing, however, and hearing no sound, he soon began his antics again.

At length—not that he was weary, but only idle and luxurious—Pegasus folded his wings and lay down on the soft green turf. But, being too full of aerial life to remain quiet for many moments together, he soon rolled over on his back with his four slender legs in the air. It was beautiful to see him, this one solitary creature whose mate had never been created, but who needed no

companion, and living a great many hundred years, was as happy as the centuries were long. The more he did such things as mortal horses are accustomed to do, the less earthly and the more wonderful he seemed. Bellerophon and the child almost held their breath, partly from a delightful awe, but still more because they dreaded lest the slightest stir or murmur should send him up with the speed of an arrow-flight into the furthest blue of the sky. Finally, when he had had enough of rolling over and over, Pegasus turned himself about, and, indolently, like any other horse, put out his fore-legs in order to rise from the ground; and Bellerophon, who had guessed that he would do so, darted suddenly from the thicket and leaped astride of his back.

Yes, there he sat, on the back of the winged horse!

But what a bound did Pegasus make when, for the first time, he felt the weight of a mortal man upon his loins! A bound indeed! Before he had time to draw a breath Bellerophon found himself five hundred feet aloft,

and still shooting upward, while the winged horse snorted and trembled with terror and anger. Upward he went, up, up, up, until he plunged into the cold misty bosom of a cloud at which, only a little while before, Bellerophon had been gazing and fancying it a very pleasant spot. Then again, out of the heart of the cloud, Pegasus shot down like a thunderbolt, as if he meant to dash both himself and his rider headlong against a rock. Then he went through about a thousand of the wildest caprioles that had ever been performed by either bird or horse.

I cannot tell you half that he did. He skimmed straight forward and sideways and backward. He reared himself erect, with his forelegs on a wreath of mist and his hind legs on nothing at all. He flung out his heels behind and put his head between his legs, with his wings pointing right upward. At about two miles' height above the earth he turned a somersault, so that Bellerophon's heels were where his head should have been, and he seemed to look down into the sky, instead of up. He twisted about, and,

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looking Bellerophon in the face with fire flashing from his eyes, made a terrible attempt to bite him. He fluttered his pinions so wildly that one of the silver feathers was shaken out, and, floating earthward, was picked up by the child, who kept it as long as he lived in memory of Pegasus and Bellerophon.

But the latter (who, as you may judge, was as good a horseman as ever galloped) had been watching his opportunity, and at last clapped the golden bit of the enchanted bridle between the winged steed's jaws. No sooner was this done than Pegasus became as manageable as if he had taken food all his life out of Bellerophon's hand. To speak what I really feel, it was almost a sadness to see so wild a creature grow suddenly so tame. And Pegasus seemed to feel it so likewise. He looked round to Bellerophon with tears in his beautiful eyes, instead of the fire that so recently flashed from them. But when Bellerophon patted his head and spoke a few authoritative, yet kind and soothing words, another look came into the

eyes of Pegasus, for he was glad at heart, after so many lonely centuries, to have found a companion and a master. Thus it always is with winged horses and with all such wild and solitary creatures. If you can catch and overcome them, it is the surest way to win their love.

While Pegasus had been doing his utmost to shake Bellerophon off his back he had flown a very long distance, and they had come within sight of a lofty mountain by the time the bit was in his mouth. Bellerophon had seen this mountain before and knew it to be Helicon, on the summit of which was the winged horse's abode. Thither (after looking gently into his rider's face, as if to ask leave) Pegasus now flew, and, alighting, waited patiently until Bellerophon should please to dismount. The young man accordingly leaped from his steed's back, but still held him fast by the bridle. Meeting his eyes, however, he was so affected by the gentleness of his aspect and by his beauty and by the thought of the free life which Pegasus had heretofore lived, that he could

not bear to keep him a prisoner if he really desired his liberty.

Obeying this generous impulse, he slipped the enchanted bridle off the head of Pegasus and took the bit from his mouth.

“Leave me, Pegasus!” said he. “Either leave me or love me.”

In an instant the winged horse shot almost out of sight, soaring straight upward from the summit of Mount Helicon. Being long after sunset, it was now twilight on the mountain-top and dusky evening over all the country round about. But Pegasus flew so high that he overtook the departed day and was bathed in the upper radiance of the sun. Ascending higher and higher, he looked like a bright speck, and at last could no longer be seen in the hollow waste of the sky. And Bellerophon was afraid that he should never behold him more. But while he was lamenting his own folly the bright speck reappeared, and drew nearer until it descended lower than the sunshine, and behold Pegasus had come back! After this trial there was no more fear of the

winged horse's making his escape. He and Bellerophon were friends and put loving faith in one another.

That night they lay down and slept together, with Bellerophon's arm about the neck of Pegasus, not as a caution, but for kindness. And they awoke at peep of day and bade one another good-morning each in his own language.

In this manner Bellerophon and the wondrous steed spent several days, and grew better acquainted and fonder of each other all the time. They went on long aerial journeys and sometimes ascended so high that the earth looked hardly bigger than the moon. They visited different countries and amazed the inhabitants, who thought that the beautiful young man on the back of the winged horse must have come down out of the sky. A thousand miles a day was no more than an easy space for the fleet Pegasus to pass over. Bellerophon was delighted with this kind of life and would have liked nothing better than to live always in the same way, aloft in the clear atmosphere; for it



was always sunny weather up there however cheerless and rainy it might be in the lower region. But he could not forget the horrible Chimera which he had promised King Iobates to slay. So at last, when he had become well accustomed to feats of horsemanship in the air, and could manage Pegasus with the least motion of his hand, and had taught him to obey his voice, he determined to attempt the performance of this perilous adventure.

At daybreak, therefore, as soon as he unclosed his eyes, he gently pinched the winged horse's ear in order to arouse him. Pegasus immediately started from the ground and pranced about a quarter of a mile aloft and made a grand sweep around the mountain-top by way of showing that he was wide awake and ready for any kind of an excursion. During the whole of this little flight he uttered a loud, brisk, and melodious neigh, and finally came down at Bellerophon's side as lightly as ever you saw a sparrow hop upon a twig.

“Well done, dear Pegasus. Well done, my

sky-skimmer!" cried Bellerophon, fondly stroking the horse's neck. "And now, my fleet and beautiful friend, we must break our fast. To-day we are to fight the terrible Chimera."

As soon as they had eaten their morning meal and drunk some sparkling water from a spring called Hippocrene, Pegasus held out his head of his own accord so that his master might put on the bridle. Then, with a great many playful leaps and airy caperings, he showed his impatience to be gone while Bellerophon was girdling on his sword and hanging his shield about his neck and preparing himself for battle. When everything was ready the rider mounted and (as was his custom when going a long distance) ascended five miles perpendicularly, so as better to see whither he was directing his course. He then turned the head of Pegasus toward the east and set out for Lycia. In their flight they overtook an eagle, and came so nigh him, before he could get out of their way, that Bellerophon might easily have caught him by the leg. Hastening

onward at this rate, it was still early in the forenoon when they beheld the lofty mountains of Lycia with their deep and shaggy valleys. If Bellerophon had been told truly, it was in one of those dismal valleys that the hideous Chimera had taken up its abode.

Being now so near their journey's end, the winged horse gradually descended with his rider, and they took advantage of some clouds that were floating over the mountaintops in order to conceal themselves. Hovering on the upper surface of a cloud and peeping over its edge, Bellerophon had a pretty distinct view of the mountainous part of Lycia, and could look into all its shadowy vales at once. At first there appeared to be nothing remarkable. It was a wild, savage, and rocky tract of high and precipitous hills. In the more level part of the country there were the ruins of houses that had been burned, and here and there the carcasses of dead cattle strewn about the pastures where they had been feeding.

“The Chimera must have done this mis-

chief," thought Bellerophon. "But where can the monster be?"

As I have already said, there was nothing remarkable to be detected at first sight in any of the valleys and dells that lay among the precipitous heights of the mountains—nothing at all, unless, it were three spires of black smoke which issued from what seemed to be the mouth of a cavern and clambered sullenly into the atmosphere. Before reaching the mountain-top these three black smoke-wreaths mingled themselves into one. The cavern was almost directly beneath the winged horse and his rider, at the distance of about a thousand feet. The smoke, as it crept heavily upward, had an ugly, sulphurous, stifling scent which caused Pegasus to snort and Bellerophon to sneeze. So disagreeable was it to the marvelous steed (who was accustomed to breathe only the purest of air) that he waved his wings and shot half a mile out of the range of this offensive vapor.

But on looking behind him, Bellerophon saw something that induced him first to draw the bridle and then to turn Pegasus about.

He made a sign, which the winged horse understood, and sunk slowly through the air until his hoofs were scarcely more than a man's height above the rocky bottom of the valley. In front, as far off as you could throw a stone, was the cavern's mouth with the three smoke-wreaths oozing out of it. And what else did Bellerophon behold there?

There seemed to be a heap of strange and terrible creatures curled up within the cavern. Their bodies lay so close together that Bellerophon could not distinguish them apart; but, judging by their heads, one of these creatures was a huge snake, the second a fierce lion, and the third an ugly goat. The lion and the goat were asleep; the snake was broad awake and kept staring around him with a great pair of fiery eyes. But—and this was the most wonderful part of the matter—the three spires of smoke evidently issued from the nostrils of these three heads! So strange was the spectacle that though Bellerophon had been all along expecting it, the truth did not immediately occur to him that here was the terrible three-headed Chimera. He had

found out the Chimera's cavern. The snake, the lion, and the goat, as he supposed them to be, were not three separate creatures, but one monster!

The wicked, hateful thing! Slumbering as two-thirds of it were, it still held in its abominable claws the remnant of an unfortunate lamb—or possibly (but I hate to think so) it was a dear little boy—which its three mouths had been gnawing before two of them fell asleep!

All at once Bellerophon started as from a dream, and knew it to be the Chimera. Pegasus seemed to know it at the same instant, and sent forth a neigh that sounded like the call of a trumpet to battle. At this sound the three heads reared themselves erect and belched out great flashes of flame. Before Bellerophon had time to consider what to do next the monster flung itself out of the cavern and sprung straight toward him with its immense claws extended and its snaky tail twisting itself venomously behind. If Pegasus had not been as nimble as a bird, both he and his rider would have been over-

thrown by the Chimera's headlong rush, and thus the battle have been ended before it was well begun. But the winged horse was not to be caught so. In the twinkling of an eye he was up aloft, halfway to the clouds, snorting with anger. He shuddered, too, not with affright, but with utter disgust at the loathsomeness of this poisonous thing with three heads.

The Chimera, on the other hand, raised itself up so as to stand absolutely on the tip end of its tail, with its talons pawing fiercely in the air and its three heads spluttering fire at Pegasus and his rider. My stars! how it roared and hissed and bellowed! Bellerophon, meanwhile, was fitting his shield on his arm and drawing his sword.

"Now, my beloved Pegasus," he whispered in the winged horse's ear, "thou must help me to slay this insufferable monster, or else thou shalt fly back to thy solitary mountain-peak without thy friend Bellerophon. For either the Chimera dies or its three mouths shall gnaw this head of mine which has slumbered upon thy neck."

Pegasus whinnied, and, turning back his head, rubbed his nose tenderly against his rider's cheek. It was his way of telling him that, though he had wings and was an immortal horse, yet he would perish, rather than leave Bellerophon behind.

"I thank you, Pegasus," answered Bellerophon. "Now, then, let us make a dash at the monster!"

Uttering these words, he shook the bridle, and Pegasus darted down aslant, as swift as the flight of an arrow, right toward the Chimera's threefold head, which all this time was poking itself as high as it could into the air. As he came within arm's length Bellerophon made a cut at the monster, but was carried onward by his steed before he could see whether the blow had been successful. Pegasus continued his course, but soon wheeled round at about the same distance from the Chimera as before. Bellerophon then perceived that he had cut the goat's head of the monster almost off, so that it dangled downward by the skin and seemed quite dead.

But to make amends, the snake's head and the lion's head had taken all the fierceness of the dead one into themselves, and spit flame and hissed and roared with a vast deal more fury than before.

"Never mind, my brave Pegasus!" cried Bellerophon. "With another stroke like that we will surely stop either its hissing or its roaring."

And again he shook the bridle. Dashing aslantwise as before, the winged horse made another arrow-flight toward the Chimera, and Bellerophon aimed another downright stroke at one of the two remaining heads as he shot by. But this time neither he nor Pegasus escaped so well as at first. With one of its claws the Chimera had given the young man a deep scratch in his shoulder, and had slightly damaged the left wing of the flying steed with the other. On his part, Bellerophon had mortally wounded the lion's head of the monster, insomuch that it now hung downward, with its fire almost extinguished and sending out gasps of thick black smoke. The snake's head, however

(which was the only one now left), was twice as fierce and venomous as ever before. It belched forth shoots of fire five hundred yards long and emitted hisses so loud, so harsh, and so ear-piercing that King Iobates heard them fifty miles off, and trembled till the throne shook under him.

“Well a day!” thought the poor king: “the Chimera is certainly coming to devour me.”

Meanwhile Pegasus had again paused in the air and neighed angrily, while sparkles of a pure crystal flame darted out of his eyes. How unlike the lurid fire of the Chimera! The aerial steed’s spirit was all aroused and so was that of Bellerophon.

“Dost thou bleed, my immortal horse?” cried the young man, caring less for his own hurt than for the anguish of this glorious creature that ought never to have tasted pain. “The execrable Chimera shall pay for this mischief with his last head.”

Then he shook the bridle, shouted loudly, and guided Pegasus, not aslantwise as before, but straight at the monster’s hideous front. So rapid was the onset that it seemed but

a dazzle and a flash before Bellerophon was at close grips with his enemy.

The Chimera by this time, after losing its second head, had got into a red-hot passion of pain and rampant rage. It so flounced about, half on earth and partly in the air, that it was impossible to say which element it rested upon. It opened its snake jaws to such an abominable width that Pegasus might almost, I was going to say, have flown right down its throat, wings outspread, rider and all! At their approach it shot out a tremendous blast of its fiery breath and enveloped Bellerophon and his steed in a perfect atmosphere of flame, singeing the wings of Pegasus, scorching off one whole side of the young man's golden ringlets, and making them both far hotter than was comfortable from head to foot.

But this was nothing to what followed.

When the airy rush of the winged horse had brought him within the distance of a hundred yards the Chimera gave a spring and flung its huge, awkward, venomous and utterly detestable carcass right upon poor

Pegasus, clung round him with might and main, and tied up its snaky tail into a knot! Up flew the aerial steed, higher, higher, above the mountain-peaks, above the clouds, and almost out of sight of the solid earth. But still the earth-born monster kept its hold and was borne upward along with the creature of light and air. Bellerophon, meanwhile, turning about, found himself face to face with the ugly grimness of the Chimera's visage, and could only avoid being scorched to death or bitten right in twain by holding up his shield. Over the upper edge of the shield he looked sternly into the savage eyes of the monster.

But the Chimera was so mad and wild with pain that it did not guard itself so well as might else have been the case. Perhaps, after all, the best way to fight a Chimera is by getting as close to it as you can. In its efforts to stick its horrible iron claws into its enemy the creature left its own breast quite exposed, and, perceiving this, Bellerophon thrust his sword up to the hilt into its cruel heart. Immediately the

snaky tail untied its knot. The monster let go its hold of Pegasus and fell from that vast height downward, while the fire within its bosom, instead of being put out, burned fiercer than ever, and quickly began to consume the dead carcass. Thus it fell out of the sky all aflame, and (it being nightfall before it reached the earth) was mistaken for a shooting star or a comet. But at early sunrise some cottagers were going to their day's labor, and saw, to their astonishment, that several acres of ground were strewn with black ashes. In the middle of a field there was a heap of whitened bones a great deal higher than a haystack. Nothing else was ever seen of the dreadful Chimera!

And when Bellerophon had won the victory he bent forward and kissed Pegasus, while the tears stood in his eyes.

"Back now, my beloved steed!" said he. "Back to the Fountain of Pirene!"

Pegasus skimmed through the air quicker than ever he did before, and reached the fountain in a very short time. And there he found the old man leaning on his staff,

and the country fellow watering his cow, and the pretty maiden filling her pitcher.

"I remember now," quoth the old man, "I saw this winged horse once before, when I was quite a lad. But he was ten times handsomer in those days."

"I own a cart-horse worth three of him," said the country fellow. "If this pony were mine, the first thing I should do would be to clip his wings."

But the poor maiden said nothing, for she had always the luck to be afraid at the wrong time. So she ran away and let her pitcher tumble down and broke it.

"Where is the gentle child," asked Bellerophon, "who used to keep me company, and never lost his faith, and never was weary of gazing into the fountain?"

"Here am I, dear Bellerophon!" said the child softly.

For the little boy had spent day after day on the margin of Pirene, waiting for his friend to come back, but when he perceived Bellerophon descending through the clouds mounted on the winged horse, he had shrunk

back into the shrubbery. He was a delicate and tender child, and dreaded lest the old man and the country fellow should see the tears gushing from his eyes.

"Thou hast won the victory," said he joyfully, running to the knee of Bellerophon, who still sat on the back of Pegasus. "I knew thou wouldst."

"Yes, dear child," replied Bellerophon, alighting from the winged horse. "But if thy faith had not helped me, I should never have waited for Pegasus, and never have conquered the terrible Chimera. Thou, my beloved little friend, hast done it all. And now let us give Pegasus his liberty."

So he slipped off the enchanted bridle from the head of the marvelous steed.

"Be free for evermore, my Pegasus!" cried he, with a shade of sadness in his tone. "Be as free as thou art fleet."

But Pegasus rested his head on Bellerophon's shoulder, and would not be persuaded to take flight.

"Well then," said Bellerophon, caressing the airy horse, "thou shalt be with me as

long as thou wilt, and we will go together forth-with and tell King Iobates that the Chimera is destroyed."

Then Bellerophon embraced the gentle child and promised to come to him again, and departed. But in after years that child took higher flights upon the aerial steed than ever did Bellerophon, and achieved more honorable deeds than his friend's victory over the Chimera. For gentle and tender as he was he grew to be a mighty poet.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without rereading the story answer the first three questions.

1. Name three characters that talked with Bellerophon near the fountain.
2. Which was most helpful? Give reasons.
3. By what means did Bellerophon win the horse's affection?
4. Divide the story into its possible thought units and write a title for each.

READING THE SNOW

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Prove to yourself that you understand the meaning and the use of these words and that you can pronounce them correctly. Use them in sentences. See **Words to Learn**, pages 375 to 384.

pekan	imperceptible	vagaries
caliber	congregate	strychnine
hibernating	swashbuckling	correlated
convulsive	ferocity	ephemeral

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

Imagine you are with the writer of the story as he takes you into the big woods. He tells you what to read on the snow and explains the signs which tell the story.

Woodsmen read signs in the woods as easily as you read a printed page. In this selection the author tells you how to interpret some of the signs you may see on the snow. The stories are true, and some of them are sad.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Note the characteristics of the different animals, their cunning, their instincts, their fears.

Snowstorms are the periodicals of the wilderness. On them the authors write their

ephemeral news stories. What wonderful pages the white surface makes! Generally the trails lead to tragedy.

The far travelers, the long-story tellers, are the fox, mink, otter, pekan, ermine. I have grown breathless with increasing interest and anxiety as I trailed the actors in some snow drama, leading from chapter to chapter of tragedy,—the catch of a mouse, of a jay, of a rabbit or a grouse, until at last my own snowshoe tracks converged with the prints of a pekan or fox. And at that point, sometimes—not always!—the raiders of the wilderness went into my pack basket, their raiding done.

I found a man's track once that looked wrong. He was shuffling, scuffling, circling along in the early November tracking snow. He left his rifle leaning against a tree where he stopped to drink in a spring run. I followed him hotfoot, and, sure enough, he was lost. He had been out two nights and nearly three days. He cried for joy when I overtook him. He gave me his rifle and twenty-five dollars in cash—being one of those city



sports. Had I not known the signs of trouble in a man's tracks, he might have died, for he was working back into the Big Woods. All tracks in the snow tell stories if one knows the language.

One early tracking snow, many years ago, I struck a fox track below Indian River forks on the West Canada. I was just a boy running my first long trap line in the Big Woods. I had killed a deer and didn't need to hunt for meat. The hour was late and I had nothing to do but run around, so I followed this trail. He, too, was looking for tracks to follow. He chased a red squirrel in the open hardwood. He sneaked up wind, dragging his breast-bone in the three inches of snow, looking for a ruffed grouse, which saw him as he made a rush. He dug in some rotten wood after a mouse and caught it in its nest. A single drop of blood indicated the tragedy.

I followed the track for three hours. It was so fresh that I expected every minute to jump the animal, but the gloom of the day's end was at hand when I saw him, posed on a log, looking off down a long slope at a

deer pawing for beechnuts under the snow. He was black! For a minute I stood gasping for breath, and then drew down my old twenty-two caliber express single and shot him. I sold the skin for one hundred dollars.

Reading the snow is profitable in that way and in many other ways. I can never cross a track, no matter how old, without looking along it, because trails printed in the snow contain all the winter information to be had in the woods. Even in the spring, when the snow is melting by day and freezing at night, tracks made weeks, months or the early winter before, are there to be read—in raised print, which a blind man might readily follow. The paws pack the snow, making forms of ice that resist wind and sunshine, while all around the loose flakes melt, and thus we have the spring tracks of autumn wanderings.

One time in early March I came down the ridge south of Indian River. A hard crust was on the shady north side of the ridge, so I tramped there to save snowshoe clogging. On the sunny slope the snow was soft and clinging, loading my webs and bows if I

walked in it, besides allowing me to sink into the deeps, whether of fallen tree tops, ferns, briars or just honeycombed snow.

I saw where a bear had come over the ridge. His tracks were six or seven inches long, and they stood three inches above the snow crust. They had been made the previous early winter, probably after the first two-foot fall of snow. A bear's tracks are flat-footed, full of dignity, and make high-grade reading. In one place he walked in a short half circle, out on a rocky shelf or bench. He backed out and went down into a hollow, circling a birch top. Then he climbed up on the ridge and went over on the south, soft side. Nevertheless, I followed despite the hard walking. Good reading is lots of it hard! I knew he was looking for a hibernating nest.

He started down grade, entering a clump of second-growth hemlocks, but soon returned in his tracks. He struck westward, climbed the ridge again, and the tracks disappeared for fifty feet or so in the bare, knoll-top ground. Beyond I read along for a mile, as

he visited every tree that had fallen, working into all the thick brush and wallowing under the tall slender spruce in heavy-growth knolls.

Thus he led me within half a mile of one of my trap-line camps, then circled back from my blazed trap-line trail, having approached within thirty yards of it. He turned back in a sharp V angle. There my own raised prints stood in the vanishing snow. Had I seen that track in the early winter I should have suspected something.

I followed the tracks two miles, after hanging up my pack basket by my trail. I made considerable noise, crackling the snow crust in the heavy evergreen timber. As I climbed up over a green-timber ridge point I saw a bursting up of snow and black dead leaves about twenty rods down the south slope on my right. I threw my thirty-thirty to aim into the center of the convulsion, and shot as a black bear emerged. He had slept there all winter and had had some difficulty in clawing and breaking his way out from under the big balsam top where he had made his

nest of leaves, sticks and boughs. The snow had buried him and the warmth of his fat body had arched him under a dome of ice. I found in the broken-out chunks a hole or tube, nearly half an inch in diameter, convoluted by the coming and going of his slow, almost imperceptible breath. The bear, half awake, had messed around feebly, trying to break out; my approach had alarmed him, but he made his breakaway too late.

Old John McIntosh one time found a bear frozen in, and killed it with his ax as the animal roared angrily to attack him. Spring bears are hungry, bad tempered and dangerous, especially when they are guarding their young.

No two animals walk, run or wander exactly alike. In my trapping country I soon notice differences that identify individuals by their tracks. I have followed mink and otter many miles. Fisher, or pekan, are about the most entertaining snow writers there are. Deer leave in every hundred yards some indication of their state of mind. Of all reading that displays timidity, the snowshoe rabbit

shows the most constantly fearful frame of mind. The porcupine's crooked, careless, sunken trench in the snow is the most reckless in its stupidity.

I know my trapping country's furs—whether mink, marten, fox, pekan, ermine, or whatever, but I have only just begun to discover the volumes of the forest library. When I start off on a pekan track I know I am in for a chapter or two of swashbuckling, hard-fighting, and indignant life history.

One time I found a pekan track in the old chopping at the east end of South Lake. I was surprised. This animal belonged fifteen miles away, over toward Panther Mountain. I knew him because at every jump he laid his tail in the snow, first on one side, then on the other. He was so full of energy, eagerness and vitality that he clawed into the snow with his nails, taking hold of it, leaving squeezed-up icy pellets where his paws landed. I hung my pack on a tree and started to investigate.

He wasn't hunting food. He didn't go into brush heaps, nor circle hollow logs, and he

crossed rabbit, squirrel and even partridge tracks without stopping to follow them a yard. He turned into a mink track for a few rods, and then swung off down into Black River. He was heading nearly west when in the snow on the river ice he ran into the track of an otter. Instantly he turned and ran three or four jumps on the otter's slide till he came to paw prints, and then turned to run the other way, following the otter down the river.

The pekan was now in a terrific mood. He sprang with such vigor that his claws slipped back two or three inches on the loose snow over the rough ice. He must have raced at two or three times his previous impatient pace. I knew that the spirit of the trail changed, and I quickened my own gait though I was ten or twelve hours behind.

The pekan overtook the otter a mile downstream, near the old Syphert & Harrig chopping. The pekan cut across a bend in the otter's tracks and, as he charged, the otter turned and faced him. I have seen many a snow tale tragedy, but never anything like

the savage ferocity of these two great Adirondack representatives of the weasel tribe, as they tumbled, clawing and biting, down the river ice.

The pekan could bite the otter, but otter skin lies tough and, in a measure, loose on its heavy frame. The otter had plenty of desperate spirit of his own, but nowhere near matching that of the pekan. I looked down the river slope, and in places they rolled and left the prints of their hard skulls in the snow. They threw spatters of crimson ten and twelve feet in showers in the white snow. They broke apart and, racing in short bows, crashed squirming together, biting and clawing in. There would be the deep dig of a hind leg scraping to the ice; then a foreleg thrust to brace against being toppled over. In one place I found where the otter had been thrown, partly jumping five or six feet over the snow, and the pekan plowed after him, and nailed him when the otter struck again.

And thus they came down to a steaming hole in the rifts of Black River. The black

water boiled up into the open air for a space of a foot in length and five or six inches in width. The otter had come out of this hole two or three times during the winter, as I had noticed, but the water was too deep, the ice too treacherous for me to set a trap there. The otter was heading for the hole, and the fighters clinched a dozen times in the last hundred yards. Finally the otter made a rush and, clawing into the clear ice, plunged into the hole, leaving hair and blood as he dragged under. The pekan fought, pulled and clawed, trying to hold his victim, but the otter finally pulled under, and the pekan jerked back and crawled out of the water. He walked around and around the hole a dozen times, dripping pink water, and then started up off the river ice and, making short tired jumps in the snow, headed for home, where he belonged, some fifteen miles distant!

And five days later I found his tracks in his usual runway beyond Jones Lake, through Panther Mountain Gap, and down toward the West Canada ridges. I never caught either

him or the otter, so I do not know how much they damaged each other's hides, but the otter came through on Black River, the same as usual, the following winter—and easily escaped my best efforts. I shall always believe that that scoundrel pekan just went looking for a fight, and rejoiced in finding such a good one!

Pekans, mink, ermine and otter—all weasel-tribe animals—have regular runways, but marten, skunks, and generally, at least, weasels do not have long runways. Curiously, it seems to me, the trail runners make a fourteen-day circuit, as a rule. A pekan's runway often makes a circuit as he travels, of at least one hundred and forty miles. Deep soft snows make hard going, which delays the runners a day or two, while hard crust, like a floor, will cause them to cover the distances in less time by a day or two.

A pekan's trail crosses every kind of territory, from old burnings to green virgin timber on high mountains. I have watched a pekan's runway winter after winter for six or seven years, while the animal grew heavy

and strong in spite of my best efforts to fool him. When the beechnuts are thick pekans will leave their runway to go into open hardwood to hunt squirrels, mice, chipmunks, rabbits and grouse, which congregate in the good feeding ground. When the pekan comes charging in, the red fox and other animals take to flight. I have had pekan take poison pills meant for foxes, and bury them in the snow—I don't know why. I've poisoned pekan, however, by dosing half a red squirrel, bluejay or even a fish with strychnine. Of all ferocious tragedies written in the snow, the dying anguish of a poisoned pekan is most terrible, while that of a bird dog is most pathetic.

I have seen where a fox picked up the treacherous titbit and went on. Suddenly the animal stopped short in surprise, springing to one side as though a shot had been fired at him. Then he leaped straight away at top speed in the effort to leave his agony behind. He began to tumble end over end. He raced in a circle and turned down a long grade toward a brook with open pools. There I

found him with his head clear under water, dead but still warm.

Many animals like to run under the loose, fluffy new-fallen snow. The squirrels are in and out of it; the mink, marten and ermine go under and over, diving deep. I have seen where an ermine went through a drift ten feet deep for fifty yards, probably circling close to the ground, looking for mice, moles and shrews. Occasionally a pekan will dive under and emerge a few yards distant, usually traversing a fallen tree top on the way. Mink regularly have tunnels along and under overhanging banks in deep snow, and they will visit a retreat although it is covered with deep snow.

I have found deer waterlogged in holes in the snow where they had gone down to drink, but could not climb out. One time I dragged two does and a buck out of such a hole. They were weak, but I fed them and dried them with a big fire, and on my next trip through I found all three alive and in the yard—I suppose good game for the coming autumn.

I can always learn something by following

tracks in the snow. A trapper must know as much as possible about his wild victims. No two are alike and yet they have similar habits, eat similar food, and, within the scope of their range, have like instincts. In their ideas, though, they have many vagaries—which a trapper takes advantage of, but of which hunters may never dream.

We follow animal trails at first to kill the animals or to discover places where we can put down traps to catch them. Their dens, foods, runways and regular habits thus become of supreme importance. But after a while I have found in their snow tracks things that no amount of habit or instinctive practice could explain. For example, a deer likes to walk out on a point and look down into a deep valley. I have found where a fox climbed a knoll and sat there for a long time on his haunches, looking off across The Flats of the West Canada Valley. A hawk, full of rabbit, will perch himself on the highest dead stub on the highest hill, and stare for hours at the scenery, making no move to swoop at passing wild flocks.

Why did one owl, flying over loose snow, print it with his or her wings every rod or two for a quarter of a mile? Then in another part of the old clearing I found where this bird had struck at a snowshoe hare and, after a dozen dives, finally caught the frantic, dodging and doomed animal. The flight of the bird showed in the wing prints on the snow—in one place the scoop of the right wing, in another the scoop of the left wing. These showed how the bird turned with the inner wing lower. But I noticed that the bird rocked, and my imagination needed little more stimulus than the alternate wing strokes as the bird circled around its victim, scratching the snow with first one, then the other wing. Finally the hare was driven into the snow, and then I saw the deep wing-tip blows in the loose flakes, flapping for fifteen feet, each print lighter and lighter till only a faint puff of wing-blown air indicated where the bird had risen clear of the snow. But the long hind legs of the victim dragged for six feet farther—indicating surely the bird's talon-hold on its neck and shoulders.

The birds all wrote their stories in the snow! Grouse trampled holes in loose snow, so deep that just their heads showed above the surface, their bodies out of wind and cold. Bluejays trooped over the frost on the hard crust, picking up cling-beechnuts fallen to the ice. Chickadees left their tracks on tree branches and on the snow caught in the rough bark. The motion of a gray down feather blown along the ice on Otter Lake took me up wind to where a mink had killed a Canada jay.

Jim Smiley.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

If you have read the story carefully enough you can answer the first two questions without again referring to it.

1. What are the periodicals of the wilderness and who are the long story writers?
2. How did the story in the snow save a city man's life?
3. Select the portion of the story that is about a bear. Tell the story of the bear.
4. One portion of the story tells about the "spring tracks of autumn wanderings." Select that portion and explain what the expression means.

THE ROMANCE OF THE "SOO"

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Sometimes the entire message of a story or speech is lost because the meaning of one or two words is not clearly understood. Check the words listed which are unfamiliar to you. How many are there? Look up each one in the **Words to Learn**, beginning on page 375.

traffic	appropriation	compunction
bateaux	conceive	excavated
arduous	furlough	artificial
isolation	dimension	restricted
elapsed	epidemic	crammed
frontier	sufficed	avalanche
picturesque	compliance	hydraulic
epoch	inanimate	manipulating
focused	obliterated	portage

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

In this story the author everywhere gives you pictures of the past to compare with the present as he describes the passing of the ship through the canal.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Think of the story as a whole. Decide whether you think the title appropriate. What in the story impresses you most? Note the contrast between methods of travel in the past and the present.

The modern spirit of the Great Lakes is to be found at high tide at the locks of the

“Soo.” The passing shipping during the eight months’ season of the “Soo” is more than three times as great as through the Panama Canal or the Suez Canal for a period of twelve months.

Tonnage statistics are more or less meaningless to the ordinary man, and he accepts the oft-repeated story of the traffic through the “Soo” as a fine display of big figures which go to prove what a great country this is. It is another thing, however, to see this shipping go through the locks. It is one of the wonders of America as truly as Niagara Falls or the Yosemite. And Man, with pride in himself and his doings on the face of this planet, can find satisfaction in the boastful truth that this is a wonder wrought by his own hands.

For eight months of the year an average of a big steamer every nine minutes of the night and day passes through the lock and ship canal which joins Lake Superior and Lake Huron. Try to imagine, if you please, what an imposing spectacle would be made by a parade of ocean liners and freighters fling

up the North or East River of New York, at nine-minute intervals, twenty-four hours a day, eight months on end.

It appealed to me as a sight for mortal man to be proud of, and for an American to cheer with his hat off. It was clean, honest, splendid achievement, wrought by virtue of brains and pluck and far-sightedness. Into the St. Mary's River and canal these vessels fairly trod on each other's heels, waiting their turn at the lock. In the rapids of the river around which the ship canal has been dug were the canoes of a handful of Chippewa Indians, and on the bank were the tents and wigwams of their camping parties. They were living and thinking about as did their grandfathers when the white fur traders first came among them. And near the modern locks I saw the tiny stone lock built by the Northwest Fur Company in 1790 to permit its canoes and bateaux to make passage between the Lakes without an arduous portage.

Men alive today can remember when ten thousand Indians from the North came to Mackinac Island every year to camp and traf-

fic with the fur traders, and when Sault Ste. Marie was a small fur-trading post in the heart of the wilderness, inhabited by Canadians, half-breeds and Indians. It was not easy for me to realize that the railroad crept into this part of the Michigan Peninsula less than twenty years ago, and that many people of the town can recall living through dreary winters before the whistle of the locomotive had broken their long and snow-bound isolation.

In those times the "Soo" was closely linked in summer by means of the steamers passing daily, but winter made their situation as remote as if they dwelt in the Hudson Bay country. From the time the first snow fell until the big thaw came in the spring, the people seldom saw a strange face, and the carrier who brought the mail by a dog-sled from the nearest railroad point was an important figure in the community.

Traditions of this sort still linger so strongly that dog teams are occasionally seen even now in the region of the "Soo." In winter in the old days the mail carrier and

his dog team plied with the mail pouch between White Fish Point and the "Soo," which are sixty-three miles apart.

Twice each week over the frozen surface of Lake Superior trails the dog-sled used to cover this route, often with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. Unlike the old Indian mail carriers, he had a sleigh large enough to give him a seat, and he ran beside his dogs only when it was advisable to keep from freezing to death. The carrier drove a four-in-hand, which he raised from puppies. They were large and powerful brutes, half St. Bernard and half Scotch collie, the best possible cross for a sled dog. They were handy also for getting about the country in the summer, and even now one can occasionally see this odd team tearing along the streets of the "Soo" at a breakneck gait, the dogs hitched to a four-wheeled buggy and driven by lines fastened to their collars.

Until the railroad came the mails were supposed to arrive at least once in ten days, but sometimes a month elapsed between the visits of the sturdy Indian runners, who made their

trips of more than three hundred miles to Bay City through a wilderness inhabited by wild animals and a few scattered tribes of Indians. Forty years ago there were only



three white settlements between the "Soo" and Bay City. These were old Mackinaw, at the very northermost point of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, and Cheboygan and Alpena, still further south along the west shore of Lake Huron.

One of the most famous of the Indian run-

ners was John Boucher. Sharing the honors of his hardy calling was Antoine Paquette, who was not a full-blooded Indian, although he had the Indian's knowledge of the woods and the trail. For twenty-five years these two men made their regular trips to and from Bay City through the densest growth of pine forest on the continent, and over snow which was often six feet deep on the level.

Their sleds were large enough to carry only the mails and a few small packages, and the men usually ran the entire distance, keeping pace with their fleet-footed dogs. Boucher and Paquette were men of tremendous physical vigor, accustomed to the hardships of frontier life, and both lived to ripe old age. They usually drove eight or ten dogs in tandem, and the descendants of their sturdy animals are highly prized today.

With them in this mail service were William Mieron and Edward Vernier, two Frenchmen, who completed the list of four carriers needed to keep up the mail service in the winter. To some of the old inhabitants of the "Soo" it seems but a little while

ago that the arrival of the carrier with letters and newspapers from the outside world was an event of stirring importance in the life of the village. A crowd always gathered at the postoffice whenever the eager, yelping dogs came tearing down the main street at the end of their long journey. Newspapers and magazines were passed around from hand to hand, and often little groups of men and women would gather at the home of some neighbor and listen while one of their number read aloud.

The summer visitor can scarcely realize that this modern-looking town is so closely associated with the traditions of frontier life. The shores of the river and the islands in the upper end of Lake Huron and the lower end of Lake Superior are largely peopled with Indians and half-breeds who cling to their tribal customs. They bring their canoes loaded with willow-ware and other souvenirs for sale, and during the summer are a picturesque feature of street life at the "Soo." After running across a group of these natives, and then sighting two or three dog teams

hitched to little buggies and wagons, waiting outside the stores while their owners were shopping, I was vividly impressed with the curious mixture of the past and present which is to be found in this Michigan town.

The pioneers and frontiersmen of the storied West have seen a marvelous epoch of transformation beyond the Mississippi, and yet nowhere did I find the drama of American expansion more strikingly focused than here at the locks of the "Soo." This is the mightiest link between the East and the West, between the old and the new, second only in importance in the history of American material growth to the building of the early trans-continental railroads. Only half a century has passed since the opening of the first ship canal and locks at the "Soo." At that time the project was considered by many wise Americans as extravagant and visionary beyond words. It appealed to Henry Clay as on a par with asking Congress to make an appropriation for building a canal on the moon. Compared with the boldness of the men who were behind this project, the con-

struction of the Panama Canal was a tame and conservative undertaking.

The first steamer to navigate the waters of Lake Superior was the *Independence*, of less than three hundred tons burden. She was laboriously hauled across the portage at the "Soo," an undertaking which required seven weeks. Previous to this epoch-making event a few small schooners were hauled across from Lake Huron, by main strength, into what was then an uncharted and unpeopled inland sea.

As early as 1836, however, or as soon as Michigan was admitted to the Union, the governor advocated the building of a ship canal by the State in his first message to the new Legislature. A little later Congress was asked to give a hundred thousand acres of land to aid in the work. The effort failed, after many members of Congress had echoed the sentiment of Henry Clay, that the bill "contemplated a work beyond the remotest settlement in the United States."

The discovery of copper deposits on the shores of Lake Superior a few years later

gave the project a new lease of life. In 1852 Congress granted three-quarters of a million acres of land to aid the State of Michigan in building the canal. The discussion of the project, both in the House and the Senate, was not unlike that which was waged over the building of the Panama Canal. The type of canal and the size of the locks were earnestly fought pro and con. Learned engineers finally agreed that a lock two hundred and fifty feet long would amply provide for the largest vessels possible to conceive as ever navigating those waters.

Opposed to the engineers and the opinion of Congress was a young man, Charles T. Harvey, who was visiting the Baptist Mission at Sault Ste. Marie. He was a western agent for the Fairbanks Scales Company, and neither a trained engineer nor an expert on canal building. He was only twenty-one years old at the time, but he was an American from his boot heels up. When he heard of the passage of the land grant by Congress he began to look over the projected site of the canal. His brain was big enough to conceive

the immense future of this undertaking, and he sought and obtained from his employers a furlough and an expense allowance while he should promote the enterprise before the Michigan Legislature.

Having secured an engineer in New York, young Harvey made a private survey of the canal site, and became convinced that the lock should be at least a hundred feet longer than proposed in the plan adopted by Congress. His proposed dimensions exceeded those of any other lock in the world at that time, but he was not in the least abashed. Even the lake navigators laughed at the size of his lock. Captain E. D. Ward, at that time the most important shipowner on the Lakes, opposed the larger lock with tooth and nail, on the ground that a two-hundred-and-fifty-foot lock would be sufficient for all time, and that more ambitious plans would result in failure, for lack of financial support.

Young Harvey succeeded in having his plan adopted, and then formed a company, backed by the Messrs. Fairbanks, which secured the contract for constructing the lock. It was a

huge undertaking for those times. The "Soo" was a wilderness. The nearest railroad was several hundred miles away, and it took six weeks to receive a reply to a letter sent to New York. In order to obtain labor, agents had to be sent to New York to board incoming ships and hire parties of immigrants.

In the winter there were only eight hours of sunlight, and the temperature often stood at thirty-five below zero. An epidemic of cholera broke out and killed ten per cent of the workmen, but the work was not suspended for a single day. Once two thousand laborers struck. Young Harvey quietly hid all the provisions in the woods, and refused to serve out rations until the men had returned to work. They surrendered within twenty-four hours.

The canal and lock were finished within two years, at a cost of less than a million dollars. There were no cities on the shores of Lake Superior, and no wheat belt in the country to the westward. Then came the Civil War, which checked the growth of this vast region. In 1870, however, the Federal Gov-

ernment awoke to the needs of the lake navigation, and found that already the three-hundred-and-sixty-foot lock, a hundred feet longer than Congress had approved twenty years before, was too small for the vessels which were steaming east and west. Therefore the old lock was ripped out and two greater locks built by the Federal Government at a cost of more than two million dollars.

They sufficed no more than fifteen years, although the larger of the two was five hundred and fifteen feet in length. In 1896 the Poe lock, built by the brilliant army engineer of that name, was completed, at a cost of four million dollars. It is eight hundred feet long, and it was expected that four vessels could be locked through at once. It was hardly finished before it was found that not more than one modern freighter could be locked through at one time. Meantime the Canadian Government had built a lock at a cost of two million dollars. In 1908 a still larger lock was begun and completed in 1914 at a cost of five million dollars. A fourth lock

1,350 feet long and 80 feet wider, making it the largest in the world, was completed in 1919 at a cost of three million dollars, in order adequately to handle the mighty torrent of traffic and the increasing size of the steamers.

It is bracing to read what General Poe had to say about those old locks at the "Soo," in whose construction there was none of the savor of graft and scamp work that hangs about too many public undertakings of this day.

"On the whole the canal was a remarkable work for its time and purpose," he wrote. "The construction of the locks especially bore evidence of a master's hand in their design and execution, and it was no reflection on the engineer in charge that experience developed certain objectionable features.

"The locks are now being torn out to make way for new ones, and every step in their destruction reveals the excellence of their workmanship, the honest character of the materials employed and the faithful compliance with the conditions of the contract under

which they were built, not merely in the letter, but also in the spirit.

“All honor, then, to every man connected with their design and construction. They were long in advance of their day, and if commerce had not outgrown their dimensions they would have done good service for a century. I must confess to a feeling of great regret that it has become necessary to destroy these first locks. Inanimate though they were, they seemed to appeal to every sentiment of respect. They had never failed to respond to any demand within their capacity, they had contributed in a higher degree than any other one feature to the development of the country to the westward of them, and, having done such good work, are now to be obliterated in the interest of that very commerce they did so much to establish. The man who, knowing their history, can see them go without compunction is made of other stuff than I am, and, if he be an engineer, he has no love for his profession nor pride in the achievement of those who successfully apply its teachings to the best examples of his art.”

Charles Harvey, a vigorous man of eighty, lived to attend the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the building of the first canal and lock, which was held at the "Soo" in 1905. Such men as he, who have lived to see the wildest dreams come true, who have beheld the mighty works of a nation wrought from small beginnings, cannot be convinced that the country is going to the dogs.

The Federal Government has let its ocean service languish and die, but it has dealt wisely and with a generous hand in the development of the lake-carrying trade. Fifty million dollars have been spent in deepening channels and cutting canals. The commerce between Lake Superior and Lake Erie passes through more than forty miles of artificial waterway excavated by the government, or a greater length of restricted waterway than there is in the Panama Canal. Even fifty millions for dredging and excavating ship channels is a small toll to pay, when one realizes that the value of the iron ore alone which has been carried along this water route is more than a billion dollars.

Bigger things have been done here than piling up dollars for individual and national wealth. Stand beside the American locks at the "Soo" and watch one of the great new freighters steam from the canal into the cradled basin of masonry. In length, nine of her would measure a mile. She is crammed with ten thousand tons of ore from the richest iron mines in the world in the Mesabi Range in northern Minnesota. The steel mills of Pittsburgh are waiting for this cargo, which was poured into the vessel's hold at the West Superior docks like a dusky avalanche. Mined by a steam shovel, this vast freight of ore is waiting in the lock to be lowered, with the ship that contains it, a sheer distance of eighteen feet. The brains which planned and the cunning hands which made the labor-saving mechanisms by which the steamer ore was mined and the steamer loaded are matched by the skill that sets this lock to work.

A half dozen men in blue uniform, scattered along the side of the lock, push levers and set engines working. The massive gate

closes behind the steamer, pushed by hydraulic power. Powerful pumps begin their toil, the steamer begins to drop, and foot by foot she is lowered toward the bottom of the lock, until in a few minutes she rides almost twenty feet below her former level.

The toil of engines in the big power house, the work of a few men in control of them, and all day long and through the night the great bulks of these cargo-carriers are raised and lowered with no more fuss and flurry than the operation of an elevator in an office building. Once through the lock, the steamer moves on her course to her distant dock, there to be unloaded by another handful of quiet, self-reliant men manipulating a few wheels and levers which set to work the strength of thousands of men focused in steam and electric power.

On a majestic scale, in every link of this industrial chain, American invention and talent for organization have worked to reduce the cost of the products of the mine and the farm and the forest, benefiting both the producer and the consumer. Brains have almost

eliminated brawn. When ten thousand tons of ore have been carried from the mines of northern Minnesota to the mills of the Pittsburgh district, no more than fifty men have handled them through all stages of transportation. Forty years ago the freight rate from Marquette to Ohio ports was from three to six dollars a ton. Today it averages seventy-five cents a ton.

With such a marvelous development of wealth and commerce in a lifetime as the Great Lakes have displayed, it is small wonder that Francis H. Clergue thought that nothing was impossible when he planned his empire of industry at the "Soo." He failed because his ideas were bigger than his ability to execute them, but he was not a visionary, and his dreams will in time all come true.

There is something inspiring even in such a collapse as overtook him. He had the spirit of the men who have done the biggest things for American material success, but, in the plain Anglo-Saxon, he "bit off more than he could chew." Like the young Harvey who built the

first canal and lock, he was stirred by the vast possibilities of the "Soo." He also was a young man, less than thirty-five, when he was sent West to seek a new water-power that might be turned to profit. The "Soo" bewitched him, with its fall of eighteen feet in the St. Mary's River between the two lakes.

Clergue obtained a Canadian charter for a water-power canal and constructed it. Then he found himself with twenty thousand horse power on his hands and no purchaser in sight, for the "hard times" of the early nineties frightened capital away from such pioneering enterprise as this; therefore he decided to use it himself. He knew a good deal about paper mills because he had worked in them in the State of Maine. There was no end of low-priced timber for pulp in the forests around the "Soo."

He built a pulp mill, one of the largest in the country, running night and day by water-power. He was no more than fairly started in the work of transforming the sleepy old town at the "Soo," when a little later a second

power canal was built, on the Michigan side, to develop forty thousand horse power. Then Clergue planned a railroad, the Algona Central, to connect with the Canadian Pacific, two hundred miles to the northward, and thence to Hudson's Bay, five hundred miles away. He received the promise of Canadian land grants of nearly four million acres, including the mineral and timber rights. Having acquired rich iron mines, he built a blast furnace, and then a steel plant and a rail mill. He rolled the first rail in Canada, made from Canada pig iron and smelted from Ontario ore. These works were nowhere surpassed for completeness of equipment. Meanwhile Clergue was building sawmills and developing more mining properties, constructing an electric-light plant for the town of Sault Ste. Marie, building street-car systems, and planning new industries on every hand.

He found the "Soo" a primitive settlement, no more than a supply station for passing ships. Within eight years he had built not only his paper and iron and steel and lumber mills, but also car shops, ferry and trac-

tion lines, freight and passenger steamers, and a railroad, in operation for a hundred miles. He agreed to settle annually a thousand immigrants on his land grants in the Canadian wilderness, and two thousand men were chopping wood for him in his forests. The cash investment in the Clergue enterprises was twenty-five million dollars.

One industry was to feed another, and the whole was to be correlated as a great interdependent industrial community. The splendid scheme was extravagantly executed, and disaster came before all the plants could be operated as a unit. The dazzling fabric collapsed because no more cash could be obtained to round out the undertaking. In the water-power and in the massively constructed buildings which await another master spirit to set them humming with industry, the owners have an asset that must some day realize all the dreams of its promoter, the young man from Maine who began with an idea and raised twenty-five million dollars in the struggle to make it come true.

During his leadership Clergue resided in

the old blockhouse built by the Hudson Bay Company. There could be no more dramatic contrast, even in fiction, than between this rugged old blockhouse, with the men who built it and lived in it, and the modern captain of industry who wove within these walls the projects that should set a thousand men at work to build and to produce, where one Indian fur trapper roamed no more than half a century ago.

—*Ralph D. Paine.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Reread the story and fill in the details of the following outline.

1. The Soo in the past.
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
 - d.
2. The Soo now.
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
 - d.
3. Development of the locks.
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
 - d.
4. Men who influenced the development.
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
 - d.

IDYLLS OF THE KING

Retold from Tennyson

The Coming of Arthur

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

There are some unusual words in this selection—words used only in stories of mediaeval times. Since much of our literature is centered around this period, it is most important that you become familiar with them. Test yourself by composing sentences using them and study those with which you are not familiar in **Words to Learn**, pages 375 to 384.

principality	tribute	battlements
barbarian	fortifications	symbol
dismal	petty	ought

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

The legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are associated with early Britain. They are hero-stories, full of daring deeds, of chivalry and romance. Kings and Queens, Princes and Knights, are characters in the tales. King Arthur is the greatest of these and has been immortalized by Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King*.

In the *Coming of Arthur*, we are presented with a dramatic and interesting picture which shows us the advent of the great and good king.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Note the story of the magicians—the beautiful ship and the child that came on the waves. The story also shows that Arthur's great willingness to serve and his unselfishness gave him power as a leader.

Many years ago in south Britain Leodogran reigned as King of Cameliard. His principality was a small one for when Rome withdrew her legions and strong government slipped away, Britain divided into hundreds of little kingdoms, each ruled by a petty king who made war upon the others. Continual warfare throughout the land, of course, prevented the cultivation of crops, the building of roads and the prospering of the country.

“Thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast
therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the
beast;
So that wild dog and wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the
fields
And wallow'd in the gardens of the King.”

Leodogran, King of Cameliard, and Urien, King of North Wales, had long been bitter

enemies and fighting between the two realms had been continuous. With an army thus weakened by constant fighting, King Leodogran struggled to hold back the Angles, Saxons and Jutes, barbaric tribes that were swarming over from the mainland. With his fields laid waste, his towns left in smoldering ruins, King Urien pressing him on the north, the barbarians swarming in from the south, King Leodogran found his kingdom in great danger.

Meanwhile rumors had come to him from the north of "Arthur, newly crowned." Two old, white haired magicians known throughout the realm for their works of magic, told how as they left the bedside of the dying king and walked from out the courtyard through the dismal night, "a night in which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost," they saw high on the sea the vision of a ship.

"The shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to
stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen."



The two magicians withdrew into the shelter of the overhanging cliffs and watched the great sea fall, wave after wave, each mightier than the last.

“Till at last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep

And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame;
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe.”

The two old men stooped and caught the child—and cried “The King! The King!”

“And the fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
Lashed at them as they spoke these words
And all at once around them rose the fire
So that the child and they were clothed in light.”

Then there followed a great calm, a clear sky and stars.

This child after many years became King Arthur, mighty and victorious in battle, loved loyally by a band of chosen followers. But best of all, King Arthur helped the weak and the oppressed, rebuilt towns, provided

food, made roads through the wilderness and, by generous kindness, out of enemies made friends.

To King Arthur, Leodogran sent the message, "Arise, and help us thou! For here between the man and beast we die."

King Arthur came. His way led through dense, dark forests thick with underbrush and many miles of swampy marshlands.

"He neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his
knights.

He pitched his tents beside the forest.
Then he slew the beast, and fell'd
The forest, letting in the sun, and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the
knight."

So into Cameliard he came. In a short hard battle he was successful in hurling the barbarians back. King Leodogran's kingdom was safe.

In Leodogran's splendid castle with its high stone walls and turrets lived Guinevere, his only daughter. She was very beautiful and King Arthur often talked with her in

the long banquet-hall as they sat at dinner. She was very grateful to him for the help he had given her father and in their walks through the castle gardens they grew to be great friends. At last the day came for King Arthur to return to his home and surrounded by his knights, their armor glittering, their plumes waving, their war horses prancing, he rode away. And because he was very very fond of Guinevere he thought:

“Her father said

That there between the man and beast they
die.

Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side with
me?

But were I joined with her

Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to lighten
it,

And power on this dead world to make it
live.”

Through the bitter fighting of many battles as he pushed toward his northern home King Arthur thought of Guinevere's beauty and her goodness and when at last he was

victor over all the petty kings of Cambria he immediately sent three knights, Ulfius, Brastias and Bedivere back to King Leodogran with the message:

“If I in aught have served thee well,
Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife.”

The King thought long over this request, but King Arthur had proved so brave, so kind, so strong, that at last he gave his consent. When the three knights returned with King Leodogran’s permission, Arthur was overjoyed and immediately sent

“His warrior whom he loved
And honor’d most, Sir Lancelot, to ride
forth
And bring the Queen, and watch’d him
from the gates;
And Lancelot rode away among the
flowers—
For then was latter April—and returned
Among the flowers, in May, with Guine-
vere.”

The morning of her arrival they were married in a beautiful, old cathedral surrounded by his loyal knights.

“Far shone the fields of May thro’ open
door,

The sacred altar blossom'd white with May,
The sun of May descended on the King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their
Queen."

The air was heavy with incense, and through the solemn chanting of the choir the sacred vows were taken.

The joy and gladness of the banquet following the ceremony was interrupted by the appearance of great lords from Rome. They were dressed in the glittering armor of the Roman legions. The Roman eagles were carved on their shields and with pride and arrogance they stepped into the banquet hall and demanded tribute. As the Roman soldiers had been sent throughout the world they had built roads and fortifications and given protection to the lands which they had conquered; but they had also forced the conquered peoples to pay tribute. At this wedding feast, even though their troops had been withdrawn from the country, the Romans entered and claimed tribute from King Arthur and his people as they had for many years. But Arthur spoke:

“Behold for these have sworn
To wage my wars and worship me their
King;
The old order changeth, yielding place to
new,
And we that fight for our fair father
Christ,
Seeing that you are grown too weak and
old
To drive the heathen from your Roman
wall,
No tribute will we pay.” So those great
lords
Drew back in wrath and Arthur strove
with Rome.

Arthur's knights supported him loyally, and through that strength the King “drew in the petty princedoms under him.”

“He fought, and in twelve great battles
overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and
reigned.”

And for many years thereafter there could be seen in the midst of the pleasant plains above the waving green of tall trees, the walls and stately towers, the gilded turrets, the battlements and spires of Camelot, the seat to King Arthur's court.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Separate the story into its principal thought units. Write a title for each.

2. Arthur was a great leader and had the qualities that gave him power to win men. Refer to the story and select the paragraphs to prove this statement.

3. Select the thought which you like best and be ready to tell why you like it.

4. Class Exercise: Dramatize two or three of the principal parts of the story. The plans for dramatization should be worked out as nearly as possible without the aid of the teacher.

Gareth and Lynette

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Do you know these words? Look up each of them that you do not know in **Words to Learn**, pages 375 to 384.

tournament	insolently	cipher
joust	lurked	vizoring
scullions	mere	wiry
repent	obligation	writhed
quest	pavilion	reviled
lineage	catapult	rampant
mortification	groveling	sunder
chagrined	foul	challenge

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

The **Coming of Arthur** is the story of a great and good man; **Gareth and Lynette**, the story of a courageous youth, gives us another glimpse of Arthur—how he was loved by his people and how he loved them. It reveals the true King as well as the knighthood of Gareth.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Note the qualities of loyalty, obedience, devotion to duty, courage for difficult tasks that are revealed. At the close, you will know what a youth would endure that he might become a knight. You will also rejoice at his victory over his foes and the happiness which the winning of his quest brings to him.

It was early spring in the Orkney Islands. There was rain and sunshine, and sunshine and rain, with the grass growing greener each day. The small streams, through rain and melting snow, had swollen into rushing torrents which whirled down the hillsides and reaching the valley below, elbowed their way among the rocks.

Walking alone Gareth who was Queen Bellicent's youngest son, came to the banks of the rushing torrent. He was a tall, slender, fair-haired prince. His father as King of Orkney had been one of King Arthur's most powerful enemies in the Baron's War, but both his brothers were now in Arthur's halls, winning fame by their deeds of daring. The tournaments, the jousts, the wars, the tales of Arthur's heroism, of Lancelot's chivalry were ever in Gareth's mind, and he was impatient to leave his quiet, secluded home.

This walk gave Gareth an opportunity to think of the glories of knighthood and made him even more discontented with his uneventful life. Hurrying home, he went to his mother and asked her permission to go to

King Arthur's court as he had asked many times before. The Queen sorrowfully replied:

“Hast thou no pity upon my loneliness?
Both thy brothers are in Arthur's hall,
Stay therefore thou; follow the deer,
So make thy manhood mightier day by
day;
Stay, my son! You are yet more boy than
man.”

To this Gareth replied:

“O mother,
How can you keep me tether'd to you?—
Shame.
Man am I grown a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the
King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow
the King.
I will walk through fire, mother, to gain
it—
Your full leave to go.”

“Will you walk through fire?” questioned the Queen. “Well, go then if you must; only one proof of thine obedience and thy love for me, thy mother, I demand before you ask the King to make thee knight.”

“A hard one or a hundred, if I may go,” Gareth answered.

And then in the gathering twilight the mother spoke slowly and softly to Gareth:

“Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur’s
hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and
drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen-
knaves,
And those that hand the dish across the
bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to any one.
And thou shalt serve a twelve-month and
a day.”

For the Queen believed that if her son knew that life in King Arthur’s court meant serving in the kitchen, a despised outcast, he would be unwilling to go. But Gareth answered:

“Thy son am I,
And since thou art my mother, must obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will;
For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself
To serve with scullions and with kitchen-
knaves;
Nor tell my name to any—no, not the
King.”

Early the following morning, even before dawn, Gareth was awakened by the howling of the wind. He arose, and crept softly

through the darkness down the stone passageway to the servants' quarters. Calling two faithful servants who had cared for him from childhood, he led the way down the stone stairs, through the courtyard, and the three passed silently through the castle gates.

“The three were clad like tillers of the soil.
Southward they set their faces. The birds
made
Melody on branch, and melody in mid-air.
The damp hill-slopes were quickened into
green,
And the live green had kindled into flowers,
For it was past the time of Easterday.”

The sun was rising through a silver mist as the three men made their way through the foot-hills and out across the broad plain toward Camelot, the seat of King Arthur's court.

“At times the summit of the high city
flashed;
At times the spires and turrets half-way
down
Pricked thro' the mist; at times the great
gate shone
Only—and again the whole fair city had
disappeared.”

They journeyed on and on until, passing through the great gate of beautifully carved white marble, they found themselves within the city of Camelot.

“A city of shadowy palaces
And stately, rich in emblem and the work
Of ancient kings who did their days in
stone;
Ever and anon a knight would pass
Outward, or inward to the hall.”

The glittering armor of the knights, their floating plumes, their carved shields and spirited horses seemed the realization of all Gareth's dreams. Slowly the three followed the procession of knights into the long court room. At the doorway they heard

“A voice, the voice of Arthur, and beheld
Far over head in that long-vaulted hall
The splendor of the presence of the King
Throned, and delivering doom.”

Down the full length of the hall Gareth and his companions pressed.

“In all the listening eyes
Of those tall knights that ranged about
the throne,
Gareth saw clear honor shining like the
dewey star

Of dawn, and faith in their great King,
with pure
Affection, and the light of victory
And glory gain'd and evermore to gain."

The oppressed in trouble, as their turn came told King Arthur of their sorrows and the King generously granted help to each. "We sit to help the wrong'd through all the realm," he told them, and often sent one of his bravest knights to right the wrong. At last came Gareth. He approached the throne and softly asked:

"A boon, Sir King (his voice was all
ashamed),

For see you not how weak and hungerworn
I seem? Grant me to serve

For meat and drink among thy kitchen-
knives

. A twelve-month and a day, nor seek my
name.

Hereafter, I will fight."

To him the King replied, "A goodly youth and worth a goodlier boon!" but as Gareth asked nothing more Sir Kay, the "master of the meat and drinks," disagreeable in both looks and words, was asked to take him in charge. He spoke to Gareth so disagreeably

that Lancelot standing near interfered, saying "A man thou dost not know! The boy is noble-natured. Treat him with all grace." Sir Kay muttered a retort and led him away.

For a month Gareth patiently and willingly did the duties of each day as best he could. His Queen-mother, during this time, seeing Gareth's steadfastness of purpose and knowing how unhappy he must be at the court, repented and sent Gareth arms, and released him from his promise. From one of his father's old servants Gareth heard this glad news, and hurried immediately to King Arthur and finding him alone, told him about his promise to his mother. He concluded his story with the request, "Make me your knight—in secret!"

The King replied:

"Son, thy good mother let me know thee
here,

And sent her wish that I would yield thee
thine.

Make thee my knight? My knights are
sworn to vows

Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness

And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,

And uttermost obedience to the King."

Gareth gladly took each solemn vow, kneeling at the feet of his King.

While King Arthur had promised to keep the knighting of Gareth secret until he should win fame by some brave deed, he felt that Gareth should have protection in case of danger, so calling Lancelot to him he told him of Gareth, saying: "I have given him the first quest; he is not proven. When he claims his quest in our long hall and starts upon his errand of helping the oppressed, get thou to horse—and follow him afar. Cover the lions on thy shield, and see that he be not taken nor slain."

That same day King Arthur, as was his custom, held court in the long throne room. In the farthest corner of the hall stood Gareth, an interested listener, for today he was to have the opportunity to right a wrong, and by some deed of bravery, make his knight-hood known.

There was a slight stir in the crowded hall—and down the aisle which led to the throne hurried a slender girl, Lynette. Proudly and breathlessly she began:

“O King, for you have driven the foe without,
See to the foe within! Bridge, ford, beset
By bandits, everyone that owns a tower
The Lord for half a league. Why sit you
there?”

“Comfort thyself,” said King Arthur.
“The waste moorland of our realms shall be
as safe as the center of this hall. What is
your name? Your need?”

“My name?” she said—
“Lynette my name; noble; my need, a
knight
To combat for my sister, Lyonors,
A lady of high lineage, of great lands,
She lives in the Castle Perilous: a river
Runs in three loops about her living place
And o’er it are three passings, and three
knights
Defend the passings, brothers, and a fourth
Who of the four is mightiest, holds her
stayed
In her own castle.”

More calmly she explained that this fourth knight planned to force Lyonors to marry him, but delayed only until one of Arthur’s knights, the strongest and bravest, Sir Lancelot, should come to her protection. If in the

combat, Lancelot were overthrown, the outlaw could marry her with glory. "Now, therefore, have I come for Lancelot," she ended.

King Arthur encouragingly said, "You know my knights live to crush all enemies of the realm, but what sort of men are these four knights, and who are they?"

"Three call themselves the Day; the Morning-Star; Noon-Sun and Evening-Star," she replied. "The fourth and mightiest calls himself the Night, and often Death. These mighty men ride throughout the country, doing good or bad as they wish, and have no law or king."

From his place at the rear of the long hall Gareth arose and called:

"A boon, Sir King—this quest!
Yea, King thou knowest thy kitchen-knave
am I,
And mighty through thy meats and drinks
am I,
And I can topple over a hundred such.
Thy promise, King."

Through an amazed silence came King Arthur's solemn command, "Go therefore."

Lynette, flushed with mortification, said angrily,

“Fie on thee, King! I asked for thy chief knight,
And thou hast given me but a kitchen-knave.”

She turned quickly from the King, ran down the long lane leading from the throne and out of the castle. Springing on her horse, she galloped from the courtyard. Gareth quickly followed and

“Saw without the door
King Arthur’s gift, the worth of half a town
A warhorse of the best, and near it stood
The two that out of north had come with him.”

One of his old companions held a shining shield, new and unscratched. The other held the bridle of the prancing horse. Before mounting, Sir Gareth unfastened a long, coarsely woven brown coat that had completely covered him and as it dropped to the cobblestone he stood dressed in shining armor. As he rode off, the people

“Threw up their caps and cried
‘God bless the King, and all his fellowship!’
And on through lanes of shouting Gareth
rode
Down the slope street, and past without
the gate.”

But Sir Kay, the master of the kitchen, envious of Gareth’s favor with King Arthur and chagrined at his sudden success, leaped on a horse and followed. Out beyond the city gate near the tournament field Sir Gareth overtook Lynette. Dressed in shining armor he drew close and said, “The quest is mine. Lead and I follow.”

Hurt by King Arthur’s refusal to send Lancelot to the aid of her sister Lyonors, and resentful that Sir Gareth, supposedly only a servant in the kitchen of the King’s palace should be the one to go on so dangerous and important an errand, Lynette insolently and sneeringly called him a “kitchen-knave” and rode on ignoring him.

At this moment Sir Kay rode up.

“Knowest thou not me?” he asked. “Thy
Master? I am Kay,
We lack thee by the hearth.”

To this Gareth retorted:

“Master no more! Too well I know thee,
The most ungentle knight in Arthur’s hall.”

Furiously they rode at each other. Spears struck shields and Sir Kay was hurled to the ground. Away dashed Lynette with Gareth close behind. As he drew abreast he said gently:

“Say whate’er you will, but whatsoe’er you
say,
I leave not till I finish this fair quest, or
die.”

Lynette answered scornfully and rode rapidly on through the forest. After hours of hard, silent riding she found they had missed the road which was guarded by King Arthur’s knights, so alone in a darkening forest in which robbers lurked, they rode until twilight.

“Then after one long slope was mounted,
saw,
Bowl-shaped through tops of many thou-
sand pines
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sink
To westward—in the deeps whereof a mere
Under the half-dead sunset glared; and
shouts

Ascended and there broke a serving-man
Flying from out of the black wood crying
‘They have bound my lord to cast him in
the mere.’”

Turning to Lynette, Gareth quickly said,
“Bound am I to right the wrong’d, but under
greater obligation am I to stay with you,”
and asking her to follow, he turned his
horse and galloped down among the pines.
Near the lake he found six men dragging
along a seventh, who had a stone tied
around his neck. Gareth saw that they
intended to drown him and galloping closer,

“Three with good blows he quieted, but three
Fled through the pines; and Gareth loosed
the stone
From off his neck and in the mere beside
tumbled it.
And on free feet set him, a stalwart Baron,
Arthur’s friend.”

“Well that you came,” said he. “You have
saved a life worth somewhat as a cleanser
of this wood. I would reward you—what
will you have?”

Gareth answered him sharply, “Nothing.

For the deed's sake have I done the deed, in uttermost obedience to the King. But will you give this damsel shelter for the night?"

Glad to comply with so slight a request, the Baron led them beyond the wood to his castle where in the banquet hall the finest of food was set before them. The Baron seated himself by Gareth and sought, in a fatherly way, to persuade him to go back and allow Lancelot, the recognized hero of the realm, to continue the quest. But Gareth held steadfastly to his purpose. The following morning the Baron escorted them several miles on their way, and then left them to continue alone.

Lynette urged him to discontinue this dangerous undertaking, but Gareth hurried on through the forest. On reaching the shore of the river, he paused. The river banks were steep, and covered with dense, thorny thickets; the river was deep and rapid and a narrow bridge was the only means of crossing. Here on this bridge was the field of his first combat.

“On the further side
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily in
hue,
Save that the dome was purple, and above,
Crimson, a slender banner fluttering.
And there before the lawless warrior paced
Unarmed, and calling, ‘Damsel, is this he,
The champion thou hast brought from
Arthur’s hall?
For whom we let thee pass.’ ‘Nay, nay,’
she said,
‘Sir Morning-Star. The King in utter scorn
Of thee and thy folly hath sent thee here
His kitchen-knave and look thou to thyself:
See that he fall not on thee suddenly,
And slay thee unarm’d: he is not knight
but knave.’”

In answer to Sir Morning-Star’s command
for “Arms!”

“From out the silken curtain-folds
Bare-footed and bareheaded three fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came;
These arm’d him in blue arms, and gave a
shield
Blue also, and thereon the morning star.
And Gareth silently gazed upon the knight,
Who stood a moment ere his horse was
brought.”

As Gareth stood watching the preparations

Lynette taunted from the opposite bank:

“Thou shakest in thy fear: there yet is
time:

Flee down the valley before he get to
horse.

Who will cry shame? Thou art not knight
but knave.”

To this taunt Gareth replied confidently:

“Fair words were best for him who fights
for thee:

But truly foul are better, for they send
The strength of anger thro’ mine arms, I
know

That I shall overthrow him.”

Sir Morning-Star coming out to the bridge
cried:

“A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of me!
Such fight not I, but answer scorn with
scorn.

For this were shame to do him further
wrong

Than set him on his feet, and take his
horse

And arms, and so return him to the King.”

“Dog, thou liest! I spring from loftier
lineage than thine own,” shouted Gareth.

“And all at fiery speed the two
Shock’d on the central bridge, and either
spear

Bent but not brake, and either knight at
once
Hurl'd as a stone from out of a catapult
Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew;
And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his
brand
He drove his enemy backward down the
bridge,
The damsel crying, 'Well-stricken, kitchen-
knave!'
Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but one
stroke
Laid him that clove it groveling on the
ground."

Then said Sir Morning-Star, "Take not
my life; I yield." And Gareth generously
made reply:

"Arise and quickly pass to Arthur's hall,
and say
His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See that
thou crave
His pardon for thy breaking of his laws.
Myself, when I return, will plead for thee.
Thy shield is mine—Farewell; and damsel,
thou
Lead, and I follow."

On through the forest they rode. And
when they reached the second river loop,
"huge on a huge red horse, and all in mail

burnished to blinding," shone the Sir Noon-day-Sun on the opposite bank. From across the roaring river came the question, "What are you doing, brother, in my marches here?"

"Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's hall who has overthrown your brother and taken his arms," replied Lynette.

"'Ugh!' cried the Sun and vizoring up a red
And cipher face of rounded foolishness,
Push'd horse across the foamings of the
ford
Whom Gareth met midstream; no room
was there
For lance or tourney-skill; four strokes
they struck
With sword, and these were mighty."

Gareth had fear that "he might be shamed," but as Sir Noonday-Sun raised a heavy arm to strike the fifth blow, "the hoof of his horse slipped in the stream, the stream rushed on, and Sir Noonday-Sun was washed away." But Gareth, generous in victory, helped his enemy to the shore, and sent him to King Arthur, just as before he had sent Sir Morning-Star.

As the hero in two combats, Gareth pushed

on. The sun was slowly sinking when they came to the third crossing of the river as it wound in its three loops on its way to the sea. And there beyond the third bridge, in the last rays of the setting sun which turned the river to gold, they saw the third knight, Sir Evening-Star, wrapped in closely fitting hardened skins. From the opposite bank Lynette called:

“Both thy younger brothers have gone down
Before this youth; and so wilt thou, Sir
Star;
Are you not old?”

And Gareth added, “That same strength which threw the Morning-Star can throw the Evening.”

“Then that other blew
A hard and deadly note upon the horn.
‘Approach and arm me!’ With slow steps
from out
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-stain’d
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,
And arm’d him in old arms, and brought
a helm
With but a drying evergreen for crest,
And gave a shield whereon the Star of
Even

Half-tarnish'd and half-bright, his emblem,
shone.

They madly hurl'd together on the bridge;
And Gareth overthrew him, lighted, drew,
There met him drawn, and overthrew him
again,

But up like fire he started."

But Gareth overthrew him once again.
With Lynette calling encouragement, Gareth
hurled himself upon him with greater
strength and "hewed great pieces of his
armor off him" but could not wholly bring
him under, till at length "Sir Gareth's brand
clash'd his and broke it completely to the
hilt."

"I have thee now," but forth that other
sprang,

And, all unknighthlike, writhed his wiry
arms

Around him, till he felt, despite his mail,
Strangled, but straining ev'n to his utter-
most

Cast, and so hurl'd him headlong o'er the
bridge

Down to the river, sink or swim, and cried,
'Lead and I follow' to Lynette."

But Lynette quietly replied,

"I lead no longer; ride thou at my side;



Thou are the kingliest of all kitchen-
knaves.

Shamed am I that I so rebuked, reviled,
Missaid thee; noble I am; and thought the
King

Scorn'd me and mine; and now thy pardon,
friend,

For thou hast ever answer'd courteously,
And wholly bold thou art, and meek withal
As any of Arthur's best, but, being knave,
Hast mazed my wit: I marvel what thou
art."

Sir Gareth graciously accepted the apology and they continued on through the woods.

Lancelot, who had been ordered by King Arthur to protect Gareth in time of danger had at last caught up with them. He explained to Lynette Gareth's position in King Arthur's court, his royal birth, his secret knighting, and to prove his friendship, offered him the use of his warhorse and shield in the fourth and last encounter. This shield was carved with rampant lions, and because Lancelot was so skillful in every tournament the fame of this shield was known throughout the land. He generously encouraged Gareth as they rode on. The

sky was black with heavy thunder clouds. Soon Lynette stopped her horse and softly whispered, "There," as she pointed in the direction of a huge flat rock. All three stood watching silently for they saw pitched

"Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak
Sunder the glooming crimson of the marge,
Black, with black banner, and a long black
horn

Beside it hanging; which Gareth graspt,
And so, before the two could hinder him,
Sent all his heart and breath thro' all the
horn.

Echo'd the walls; a light twinkled; anon
Came lights and lights, and once again he
blew;

Whereon were hollow tramlings and up
and down

And muffled voices heard, and shadows
past;

Till high above him, circled with her maids,
The Lady Lyonors at a window stood,
Beautiful among lights, and waving to
him."

Then from out the huge pavilion through
the black folds, "high on a nightblack horse,
in nightblack armor" in the half light,

through the dim dawn, came the monster
and then paused and spoke no word.

“At once Sir Lancelot’s charger fiercely
neigh’d
And Death’s dark war horse bounded for-
ward.”

Sir Gareth with a strong first blow
pierced the helmet of the monster from
which peered out the bright face of a boy
who cried:

“Knight,
Slay me not; my three brethren bade me
do it,
To make a horror all about the house.
And stay the world from Lady Lyonors.
They never dream’d the passes would be
past.”

Sir Gareth answered graciously, as though
talking to one much younger,

“My fair child
What madness made thee challenge the
chief knight
Of Arthur’s hall?” “Fair Sir, they bade
me do it.
They hate the King, and Lancelot, the
King’s friend.
They hoped to slay him somewhere on the
stream.

They never dreamed the passes could be past."

And so came fairer times, for Sir Gareth had won the quest. Lady Lyonors was now removed from all danger and there was merrymaking and feasting for many days to come.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

You may wish to tell this story to some one. To do so it is important to get the points in mind in logical order.

Reread the story:

1. Select the principal thought units and write a title for each.
2. Arrange in logical order.
3. List important incidents under each title.
4. Class Exercise: Divide the pupils into as many groups as the number in the class will permit and let each group prepare a plan for the dramatization of this story.

The Passing of Arthur

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

The words listed must be carefully studied in **Words to Learn**, pages 375 to 384, before the story is read. Look up any others you do not know in your dictionary.

wielded
weird
fealty

smitten
casque
relic

samite
black-stoled
margin

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

In the *Passing of Arthur* the reign of the King is closed. We are saddened to know that Arthur has grown old and feeble, yet we are deeply interested as we read of the battle in the mist. If we think of the sword, Excalibur, as representing war, and of King Arthur's desire to cast it into the lake, we can understand why the King was ready to make the final attempt to meet the ship which takes him away from war into peace.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Try to recall the stormy coming of Arthur and the beautiful ship, think of Arthur's realm and Round Table, of Knights now gone, then contrast the beginning of Arthur's life with the peace that comes at last with his departure.

Between it all is the beautiful story of a Great King.

Sir Bedivere had grown old. His hair was silvered with the years and his arm that once had wielded the mighty sword was weak and palsied. His voice was faint, yet often, almost in a whisper, he told of other knights who now were gone. And once he told the story of his beloved King, and how in the last weird battle in the west, with a heavy white mist settling closer, King Arthur was fatally wounded.

“And all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,

King Arthur. Then, because his wound was
deep

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,—
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay great water, and the moon was full.”

Then said King Arthur to bold Sir Bedivere:

“I am so deeply smitten thro’ the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou, therefore, take my brand, Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for you rememberest
how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row’d across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And now delay not:—take Excalibur
And fling it far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring
me word.”

Sir Bedivere hesitated to leave his dying King, but promising to return quickly, he left the ruined chapel and stepping down by zig-zag paths and juts of pointed rock, came to the shining level of the lake.

“There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o’er him, drawing it, the winter moon,

Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran
forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the
hilt."

But it seemed best to him to leave Excalibur conceal'd in the many knotted waterflags that whistled stiff and dry about the margin of the lake. Then he walked slowly back to the wounded King, who said to him:

"Hast thou performed my mission which I
gave?

What is it thou hast seen? Or what hast
heard?"

And the bold Sir Bedivere answered:

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

King Arthur replied faintly:

"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
Yet now I charge thee, quickly go again
And do the thing I bade thee, watch—
And quickly bring me word."

The second time Sir Bedivere crossed the rocks and went slowly down to the water's edge. Long he thought:

“The King is sick, and knows not what he
does.

What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? But were this
kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty
kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, ‘King Arthur’s sword, Excalibur.’”

For the second time he hid Excalibur
because he loved his King. Then he walked
slowly back to Arthur who breathing heavily
said, “What hast thou seen? What hast thou
heard?”

And the bold Sir Bedivere answered once
again:

“I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.”

King Arthur, angry at such deceit, accused
him of wanting the golden hilt set with pre-
cious stones for himself, and for the third time
ordered him to hurl Excalibur far into the
lake.

“Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere and ran,
And leaping down the ridges lightly,
plunged

Among the bulrush beds and clutch'd the
sword
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The
great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the
moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd
in an arch."

It slowly fell in a blaze of myriad lights,
but before it reached the surface of the lake

"Rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd
him
Three times, and drew him under in the
mere."

Sir Bedivere returned quickly to his King.
Then spoke Arthur, gasping:

"Now I see by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou has heard, or
seen?"

And when King Arthur heard the wonderful story of his sword, he arose from the stone floor of the chapel on which he had been lying and with Sir Bedivere's assistance staggered across the rocks, through the cold gray dawn, down to the water's edge. As

they stood there, a dark boat drew close to them. Black from stem to stern it was, and all the decks were closely crowded with stately forms, black-stoled, black-hooded. Then murmured King Arthur, "Place me in the barge."

"There three queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King
and wept.

But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed
his hands,

And called him by his name, complaining
loud,

So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur, who, with lance in
rest

From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings."

Sir Bedivere sorrowfully bade his King farewell. And from the barge King Arthur slowly answered:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to
new,

And God fulfills himself in many ways.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought
by prayer

Than this world dreams of.



But now farewell. I am going a long way
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard
lawns
Where I will heal me of my grievous
wound."

So spoke he, and the barge with oar and sail moved from the bank. And Sir Bedivere stood watching as out, far out into the lake it slowly sailed, till the hull looked one black dot against the verge of dawn.

“The King is gone.

From the great deep to the great deep he goes.”

—*Lois Donaldson.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. What happened to Arthur in the first thought unit of this story?
2. Why was King Arthur so eager to cast his sword into the lake?
3. Why was Sir Bedivere reluctant?
4. Describe, in your own words, the passing of Arthur. Contrast it with his coming.
5. Tell what you consider the most beautiful thought unit in the story. Give your reasons.
6. Class Exercise: The closing scene of this story furnishes a splendid opportunity for dramatization. The class should select a group to take the parts of the various characters and dramatize the story. When this has been well done, the three sections of the Idylls may be brought together into a play of three acts, allowing that group which has prepared the best dramatization of each part to give their work for the entertainment of the class or other classes of the school.

BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Before you read this story of boy life on the prairie, you must learn the meaning and pronunciation of the following words so that you will miss no part of the story. How many new words have you added to your vocabulary? See **Words to Learn**, pages 375 to 384.

vibrated	tinge	copse
conjury	devastating	careered
transfigured	loam	strenuous
contraptions	pulverized	stark
ignoble	impotent	compendium
argues	tedious	research
prodigious	resinous	embodiment
swales	forage	biologic
imperious	myriads	exuberant
maledictions	perception	faculties
persistence	shimmering	multitudinous
ravaged	poignant	impassive

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

Perhaps you do not know anything about farm life. If so, you have missed some wonderful experiences.

Here is a story in which Mr. Garland describes his own life on the farm and you will envy him when you read the story.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Decide whether or not you consider him fortunate in his early training and think of your reasons for the decision. Compare your games and play time with that of the boys in the story.

The snows fell deep in February and when at last the warm March winds began to blow, lakes developed with magical swiftness in the fields, and streams filled every swale, transforming the landscape into something unexpected and enchanting. At night these waters froze, bringing fields of ice almost to our door. We forgot all our other interests in the joy of the games which we played thereon at every respite from school, or from the wood-pile, for splitting fire-wood was our first spring task.

From time to time as the weather permitted, father had been cutting and hauling maple and hickory logs from the forests of the Cedar River, and these logs must now be made into stove-wood and piled for summer use. Even before the school term ended we began to take a hand at this work, after four o'clock and on Saturdays. While the hired man and father ran the cross-cut saw, whose pleasant song had much of the seed-time suggestion which vibrated in the caw-caw of the hens as they burrowed in the dust of the chip-yard, I split the easy blocks

and my brother helped to pile the finished product.

The place where the wood-pile lay was slightly higher than the barnyard and was the first dry ground to appear in the almost universal slush and mud. Delightful memories are associated with this sunny spot and with a pond which appeared, as if by some conjury, on the very field where I had husked the down-row so painfully in November. From the wood-pile I was often permitted to go skating and Burton was my constant companion in these excursions. However, my joy in his companionship was not unmixed with bitterness, for I deeply envied him the skates which he wore. They were trimmed with brass and their runners came up over his toes in beautiful curves and ended in brass acorns which transfigured their wearer. To own a pair of such skates seemed to me the summit of all earthly glory.

My own wooden "contraptions" went on with straps and I could not make the runners stay in the middle of my soles where they belonged, hence my ankles not only tipped

in awkwardly but the stiff outer edges of my boot counters dug holes in my skin so that my outing was a kind of torture after all. Nevertheless, I persisted and, while Burton circled and swooped like a hawk, I sprawled with flapping arms in a mist of ignoble rage. That I learned to skate fairly well even under these disadvantages argues a high degree of enthusiasm.

Father was always willing to release us from labor at times when the ice was fine, and at night we were free to explore the whole country round about, finding new places for our games. Sometimes the girls joined us, and we built fires on the edges of the swales and played "gool" and a kind of "shinny" till hunger drove us home.

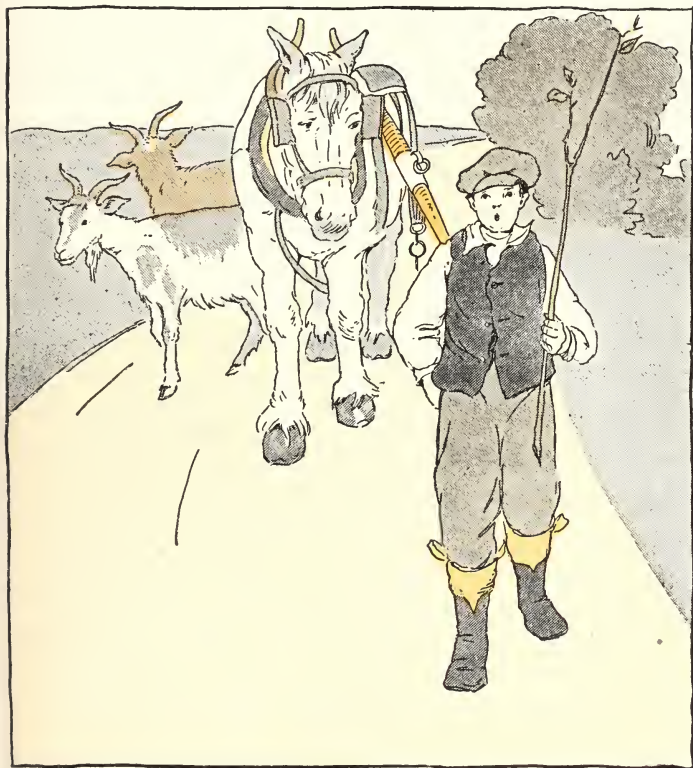
We held to this sport to the last—till the ice with prodigious booming and cracking fell away in the swales and broke through the icy drifts (which lay like dams along the fences) and vanished, leaving the cornrows littered with huge blocks of ice. Often we came in from the pond, wet to the middle, our boots completely soaked with water.

They often grew hard as iron during the night, and we experienced the greatest trouble in getting them on again. Greasing them with hot tallow was a regular morning job.

Then came the fanning mill. The seed grain had to be fanned up, and that was a dark and dusty "trick" which we did not like anything near as well as we did skating or even piling wood. The hired man turned the mill, I dipped the wheat into the hopper, Franklin held sacks and father scooped the grain in. I don't suppose we gave up many hours to this work, but it seems to me that we spent weeks at it. Probably we took spells at the mill in the midst of the work on the chip pile.

Meanwhile, above our heads the wild ducks again pursued their northward flight, and the far honking of the geese fell to our ears from the solemn deeps of the windless night. Then at last came the day when father's imperious voice rang high in the familiar command, "Out with the drags, boys! We start seeding tomorrow."

Again we went forth on the land, this time to wrestle with the tough, unrotted sod of the new breaking, while all around us the larks and plover called and the gray badgers stared with disapproving bitterness from their ravaged hills.



Maledictions on that tough northwest forty! How many times I harrowed and cross-harrowed it I cannot say, but I well remember the maddening persistency with which the masses of hazel roots clogged the teeth of the drag, making it necessary for me to raise the corner of it—a million times a day! This had to be done while the team was in motion, and you can see I did not lack for exercise. It was necessary also to “lap-half” and this requirement made careful driving needful for father could not be fooled. He saw every “balk.”

As the ground dried off the dust arose from under the teeth of the harrow and flew so thickly that my face was not only coated with it, but tears of rebellious rage stained my cheeks with comic lines. At such times it seemed unprofitable to be the twelve-year-old son of a western farmer.

One day, just as the early sown wheat was beginning to throw a tinge of green over the brown earth, a tremendous wind arose from the southwest and blew with such devastating fury that the soil, caught

up from the field, formed a cloud, hundreds of feet high—a cloud which darkened the sky, turning noon into dusk and sending us all to shelter. All the forenoon this blizzard of loam raged, filling the house with dust, almost smothering the cattle in the stable. Work was impossible, even for the men. The growing grain, its roots exposed to the air, withered and died. Many of the smaller plants were carried bodily away.

As the day wore on father fell into dumb, despairing rage. His rigid face and smoldering eyes, his grim lips, terrified us all. It seemed to him (as to us) that the entire farm was about to take flight and the bitterest part of the tragic circumstance lay in the reflection that our loss (which was much greater than any of our neighbors) was due to the extra care with which we had pulverized the ground.

“If only I hadn’t gone over it that last time,” I heard him groan. “Look at Woodring’s!”

Sure enough. The cloud was thinner over on Woodring’s side of the line fence. High

rough clods were hardly touched. My father's bitter revolt, his impotent fury appalled me, for it seemed to me (as to him) that nature was, at the moment, an enemy. More than seventy acres of this land had to be resown.

Most authors in writing of "the merry, merry farmer" leave out experiences like this—they omit the mud and the dust and the grime, they forget the army worm, the flies, the heat, as well as the drudgery of the barns. Milking the cows is spoken of in the traditional fashion as a lovely pastoral recreation, when as a matter of fact it is a tedious job. We all hated it. We saw no poetry in it.

II

In herding the cattle we came to know all the open country round about and found it very beautiful. On the uplands a short, light-green, hair-like grass grew, intermixed with various resinous weeds, while in the lowland feeding grounds luxuriant patches of blue-joint, wild oats, and other tall forage plants waved in the wind. Along the streams

and in the "sloos" cat-tails and tiger-lilies nodded above thick mats of wide-bladed marsh grass. Almost without realizing it, I came to know the character of every weed, every flower, every living thing big enough to be seen from the back of a horse.

Nothing could be more generous, more joyous, than these natural meadows in summer. The flash and ripple and glimmer of the tall sunflowers, the myriad voices of gleeful bobolinks, the chirp and gurgle of red-winged blackbirds swaying on the willows, the meadow-larks piping from grassy bogs, the peep of the prairie chick and the wailing call of plover on the flowery green slopes of the uplands made it all an ecstatic world to me. It was a wide world with a big, big sky which gave alluring hints of the still more glorious unknown wilderness beyond.

Sometimes of a Sunday afternoon, Harriet and I wandered away to the meadows along Dry Run, gathering bouquets of pinks, sweet-williams, tiger-lilies and lady-slippers, thus attaining a vague perception of another and sweeter side of life. The sun flamed across

the splendid serial waves of the grasses, and the perfumes of a hundred spicy plants rose in the shimmering mid-day air. At such times the mere joy of living filled our young hearts with wordless satisfaction.

Nor were the upland ridges less interesting, for huge antlers lying bleached and bare in countless numbers on the slopes told of the herds of elk and bison that had once fed in these splendid savannas, living and dying in the days when the tall Sioux were the only hunters.

The gray hermit, the badger, still clung to his deep den on the rocky unplowed ridges, and on sunny April days the mother fox lay out with her young, on southward-sloping swells. Often we met the prairie wolf or startled him from his sleep in hazel copse, finding in him the spirit of the wilderness. To us it seemed that just over the next long swell toward the sunset the shaggy brown bulls still fed in myriads, and in our hearts was a longing to ride away into the "sunset regions" of our song.

All the boys I knew talked of Colorado,

never of New England. We dreamed of the plains, of the Black Hills, discussing cattle raising and mining and hunting. "We'll have our rifles ready, boys, ha, ha, ha-ha!" was our favorite chorus, "Newbrasky" and Wyoming our far-off wonderlands, Buffalo Bill our hero.

David, my hunter uncle who lived near us, still retained his long old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle, and one day offered it to me, but as I could not hold it at arm's length, I sorrowfully returned it. We owned a shotgun, however, and this I used with all the confidence of a man. I was able to kill a few ducks with it and I also hunted gophers during May when the sprouting corn was in most danger. Later I became quite expert in catching chickens on the wing.

On a long ridge to the north and west, the soil, too wet and cold to cultivate easily, remained unplowed for several years and scattered over these clay lands stood small groves of poplar trees which we called "tow-heads." They were usually only two or three hundred feet across, but they stood out like

islands in the waving seas of grasses. Against these dark-green masses, breakers of blue-joint radiantly rolled. To the east some four miles ran the Little Cedar River, and plum trees and crab apples and haws bloomed along its banks. In June immense crops of strawberries offered from many meadows. Their delicious odor rose to us as we rode our way, tempting us to dismount and gather and eat.

Over these uplands, through these thickets of hazel brush, and around these coverts of "popple," Burton and I careered, hunting the cows, chasing rabbits, killing rattlesnakes, watching the battles of bulls, racing the half-wild colts and pursuing the prowling wolves. It was an alluring life, and Harriet, who rode with us occasionally, seemed to enjoy it quite as much as any boy. She could ride almost as well as Burton, and we were all expert horse-tamers.

We all rode like cavalrymen, that is to say, while holding the reins in our left hands we guided our horses by the pressure of the strap across the neck, rather than by pulling

at the bit. Our ponies were never allowed to trot. We taught them a peculiar gait which we called "the lope," which was an easy canter in front and a trot behind (a very good gait for long distances), and we drilled them to keep this pace steadily and to fall at command into a swift walk without any jolting intervening trot. We learned to ride like circus performers standing on our saddles and practiced other of the tricks we had seen, and through it all my mother remained unalarmed. To her a boy on a horse was as natural as a babe in the cradle. The chances we took of getting killed were so numerous that she could not afford to worry.

III

Corn planting, which followed wheat-seeding, was done by hand, for a year or two, and this was a joyous task. We "changed works" with neighbor Button, and in return Cyrus and Eva came to help us. Harriet and Eva and I worked side by side, "dropping" the corn, while Cyrus and the hired man followed with the hoes to cover it.

Little Frank skittered about, planting with desultory action such pumpkin seeds as he did not eat. The presence of our young friends gave the job something of the nature of a party and we were sorry when it was over.

After the planting a fortnight of less strenuous labor came on, a period which had almost the character of a holiday. The wheat needed no cultivation and the corn was not high enough to plow. This was a time for building fences and fixing up things generally. This, too, was the season of the circus. Each year one came along from the east, trailing clouds of glorified dust and filling our minds with the color of romance.

From the time the "advance man" flung his highly colored posters over the fence till the coming of the glorious day we thought of little else. It was India and Arabia and the jungle to us. History and the magic and pomp of chivalry mingled in the parade of the morning, and the crowds, the clanging band, the haughty and alien beauty of the women, the gold embroidered housings, the

stark majesty of the acrobats subdued us into silent worship.

I here pay tribute to the men who brought these marvels to my eyes. To rob me of my memories of the circus would leave me as poor as those to whom life was a drab and hopeless round of toil. It was our brief season of imaginative life. In one day—in a part of one day—we gained a thousand new conceptions of the world and of human nature. It was an embodiment of all that was skillful and beautiful in manly action. It was a compendium of biologic research but more important still, it brought to our ears the latest band pieces and taught us the most popular songs. It furnished us with jokes. It relieved our dullness. It gave us something to talk about.

We always went home wearied with excitement, and dusty and fretful—but content. We had seen it. We had grasped as much of it as anybody, and could remember it as well as the best. Next day as we resumed work in the field the memory of its splendors went with us like a golden cloud.

Most of the duties of the farmer's life required the lapse of years to seem beautiful in my eyes, but haying was a season of well-defined charm. In Iowa, summer was at its most exuberant stage of vitality during the last days of June, and it was not strange that the faculties of even the toiling hay-maker, dulled and deadened with never-ending drudgery, caught something of the super-abundant glow and throw of nature's life.

As I write I am back in that marvelous time. The cornfield, dark-green and sweetly cool, is beginning to ripple in the wind with multitudinous stir of shining, swirling leaf. Waves of dusk and green and gold circle across the ripening barley, and long leaves upthrust, at intervals, like spears. The trees are in heaviest foliage, insect life is at its height, and the shimmering air is filled with buzzing, dancing forms, and the clover is gay with the sheen of innumerable gauzy wings.

The west wind comes to me laden with ecstatic voices. The bobolinks sail and tinkle in the sensuous hush, now sinking, now

rising, their exquisite notes filling the air as with the sound of fairy bells. The king-bird, alert, aggressive, cries out sharply as he launches from the top of a poplar tree upon some buzzing insect, and the plover makes the prairie sad with his wailing call. Vast purple-and-white clouds move like stately ships before a breeze, dark with rain, which they drop momentarily in trailing garments upon the earth, and so pass in majesty amidst a roll of thunder.

The grasshoppers move in clouds with snap and buzz, and out of the luxurious stagnant marshes comes the ever-thickening chorus of the toads, while above them the kildees and the snipe shuttle to and fro in sounding flight. The blackbirds on the cattails sway and swing, uttering through lifted throats their liquid gurgle, mad with delight of the sun and the season—and over all, and laying all, moves the slow wind, heavy with the breath of the far-off blooms of other lands, a wind which covers the sunset plain with a golden entrancing haze.

At such times it seemed to me that we

had reached the "sunset region" of our song, and that we were indeed "lords of the soil."

I am not so sure that haying brought to our mothers anything like this rapture, for the men added to our crew made the duties of the kitchen just that much heavier. I doubt if the women—any of them—got out into the fields or meadows long enough to enjoy the birds and the breezes. Even on Sunday as they rode away to church they were too tired and too worried to react to the beauties of the landscape.

I now began to dimly perceive that my mother was not well. Although large and seemingly strong, her increasing weight made her long days of housework a torture. She grew very tired and her sweet face was often knotted with physical pain.

She still made most of our garments as well as her own. She tailored father's shirts and underclothing, sewed carpet rags, pieced quilts and made butter for market, and yet, in the midst of it all, found time to put covers on our baseball, and to do up all our burns and bruises. Being a farmer's

wife in those days meant laboring outside any regulation of the hours of toil. I recall hearing one of the tired housewives say, "Seems like I never get a day off, not even on Sunday," a protest which my mother thoroughly understood and sympathized with, notwithstanding its seeming inhospitality.

IV

No history of this time would be complete without a reference to the doctor. We were a vigorous and on the whole a healthy tribe but accidents sometimes happened and "Go for the doctor!" was the first command when the band-cutter slashed the hand of the thrasher or one of the children fell from the hay-rick.

One night as I lay buried in deep sleep close to the garret eaves I heard my mother call me—and something in her voice pierced me, roused me. A poignant note of alarm was in it.

"Hamlin," she called, "get up—at once. You must go for the doctor. Your father is very sick. Hurry!"

I sprang from my bed, dizzy with sleep,

yet understanding her appeal. "I hear you, I'm coming," I called down to her as I started to dress.

"Call Hattie. I need her too."

The rain was pattering on the roof, and as I dressed I had a disturbing vision of the long cold ride which lay before me. I hoped the case was not as bad as mother thought. With limbs still numb and weak I stumbled down the stairs to the sitting room where a faint light shone.

Mother met me with white, strained face. "Your father is suffering terribly. Go for the doctor at once."

I could hear the sufferer groan even as I moved about the kitchen, putting on my coat and lighting the lantern. It was about one o'clock of the morning, and the wind was cold as I picked my way through the mud to the barn. The thought of the long miles to town made me shiver but as the son of a soldier I could not falter in my duty.

In their warm stalls the horses were resting in dreamful doze. Dan and Dick, the big plow team, stood near the door. Jule and

Dolly came next. Wild Frank, a fleet but treacherous Morgan, stood fifth and for a moment I considered taking him. He was strong and of wonderful staying powers but so savage and unreliable that I dared not risk an accident. I passed on to bay Kittie whose bright eyes seemed to inquire, "What is the matter?"

Flinging the blanket over her and smoothing it carefully, I tossed the light saddle to her back and cinched it tight, so tight that she grunted. "I can't take any chances of a spill," I explained to her, and she accepted the bit willingly. She was always ready for action and fully dependable.

Blowing out my lantern I hung it on a peg, led Kit from her stall out into the night, and swung to the saddle. She made off with a spattering rush through the yard, out into the road. It was dark as pitch but I was fully awake now. The dash of the rain in my face had cleared my brain but I trusted to the keener senses of the mare to find the road which showed only in the strips of water which filled the wagon tracks.

We made way slowly for a few minutes until my eyes expanded to take in the faint lines of light along the lane. The road at last became a river of ink running between faint gray banks of sward, and my heart rose in confidence. I took on dignity. I was a courier riding through the night to save a city, a messenger on whose courage and skill thousands of lives depended.

“Get out o’ this!” I shouted to Kit, and she leaped away like a wolf, at a tearing gallop.

She knew her rider. We had herded the cattle many days on the prairie, and in races with the wild colts I had tested her speed. Snorting with vigor at every leap she seemed to say, “My heart is brave, my limbs are strong. Call on me.”

Out of the darkness John Martin’s Carlo barked. A half-mile had passed. Old Marsh’s fox hound clamored next. Two miles were gone. From here the road ran diagonally across the prairie, a velvet-black band on the dim sod. The ground was firmer but there were swales full of water. Through

these Kittie dashed with unhesitating confidence, the water flying from her drumming hoofs. Once she went to her knees and almost unseated me, but I regained my saddle and shouted, "Go on, Kit."

The fourth mile was in the mud, but the fifth brought us to the village turnpike and the mare was as glad of it as I. Her breath was labored now. She snorted no more in exultation and confident strength. She began to wonder—to doubt, and I, who knew her ways as well as I knew those of a human being, realized that she was beginning to flag. The mud had begun to tell on her.

It hurt me to urge her on, but the memory of my mother's agonized face and the sound of my father's groan of pain steeled my heart. I set lash to her side and so kept her to her highest speed.

At last a gleam of light! Someone in the village was awake. I passed another lighted window. Then the green and red lamps of the drug store cheered me with their promise of aid, for the doctor lived next door. There, too, a dim ray shone.

Slipping from my weary horse I tied her to the rail and hurried up the walk toward the doctor's bell. I remembered just where the knob rested. Twice I pulled sharply, strongly, putting into it some part of the anxiety and impatience I felt. I could hear its imperative jingle as it died away in the silent house.

At last the door opened and the doctor, a big blonde handsome man in a long night-gown, confronted me with impassive face. "What is it, my boy?" he asked kindly.

As I told him he looked down at my water-soaked form and wild-eyed countenance with gentle patience, then he peered out over my head into the dismal night. He was a man of resolution but he hesitated for a moment. "Your father is suffering sharply, is he?"

"Yes, sir. I could hear him groan. Please hurry."

He mused a moment. "He is a soldier. He would not complain of a little thing. I will come."

Turning in relief, I ran down the walk and climbed upon my shivering mare. She

wheeled sharply, eager to be off on her homeward way. Her spirit was not broken, but she was content to take a slower pace. She seemed to know that our errand was accomplished and that the warm shelter of the stall was to be her reward.

Holding her down to a slow trot I turned often to see if I could detect the lights of the doctor's buggy which was a familiar sight on our road. I had heard that he kept one of his teams harnessed ready for calls like this, and I confidently expected him to overtake me. "It's a terrible night to go out, but he said he would come," I repeated as I rode.

At last the lights of a carriage, crazily rocking, came into view and pulling Kit to a walk I twisted in my saddle, ready to shout with admiration of the speed of his team. "He's driving the 'Clay-Banks,'" I called in great excitement.

The Clay-Banks were famous throughout the county as the doctor's swiftest and wildest team, a span of bronchos whose savage spirits no journey could entirely subdue, a

team he did not spare, a team that scorned petting and pity, bony, sinewy, big-headed. They never walked and had little care of mud or snow.

They came rushing now with splashing feet and foaming, half-open jaws, the big doctor, calm, iron-handed, masterful, sitting in the swaying top of his light buggy, his feet against the dashboard, keeping his furious span in hand as easily as if they were a pair of Shetland ponies. The nigh horse was running, the off horse pacing, and the splatter of their feet, the slash of the wheels and the roaring of their heavy breathing, made my boyish heart leap. I could hardly repress a yell of delight.

As I drew aside to let him pass the doctor called out with mellow cheer, "Take your time, boy, take your time!"

Before I could even think of an answer, he was gone and I was alone with Kit and the night.

My anxiety vanished with him. I had done all that could humanly be done, I had fetched the doctor. Whatever happened I was guilt-

less. I knew also that in a few minutes a sweet relief would come to my tortured mother, and with full faith and loving confidence in the man of science, I jogged along homeward, wet to the bone but triumphant.

—*Hamlin Garland.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

See if you can do the first three exercises without referring to the story.

1. List the boys' farm tasks and relate the principal points about each task.

2. List the forms of recreation and relate a thought unit about each one.

3. Tell the mother's duties.

4. Select the portion of the story that tells of Hamlin's ride for the doctor. Describe the ride and his feelings on his homeward journey.

THE TREASURE

All through the long, bright days in June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

TO THE TEACHER—See "The Treasure" in *Second Unit in Reading—Teachers Plans.*

MARTHA WASHINGTON

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Certain periods of time develop the general use of groups of words. In this story of colonial times you will find such words. As you learn them, remember that you will find many of them in your study of American History. Make a list of the ones entirely new to you. How many are there?

prominent	oppressive	anticipating
elaborate	suspended	serenity
debut	jeopardy	federation
bequeathed	postilions	ratified
oblivious	perambulator	inauguration
captivated	genial	formula
campaign	testified	evidenced
supervised	privations	sojourning

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

This story is about a woman who helped to make American history. It will stir your enthusiasm and quicken your love of country. It will bring to your mind a picture of a life of loyal service at home, near the battle field, and as "the first lady of the land."

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Try to decide how many of the following names you can apply to Martha Washington:

A good homemaker, a leader, a woman of judgment and sympathy, a patriot.

Tell the reason for your decision.

On a great Virginia plantation in the year 1732 Martha Dandridge was born. Her father was a prominent landowner and his daughter had the usual education of the time; not much schooling in comparison with today, but she learned to play the spinet, to dance gracefully, and to sew with all the mysteries of elaborate stitches. A well-behaved, pretty child she was who at fifteen made her debut in Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, which then afforded the gayest social life in America. Dressed in a stiff bodice and flowered petticoat, Martha was the belle of the ball, and of many succeeding ones as well, for at once she became a great favorite.

When she was barely eighteen she married Daniel Parke Custis, a wealthy landowner, who was more than twenty years her senior. They lived near Williamsburg at his country home, the "White House." Seven years later he died, leaving her with a great fortune—thousands of pounds and thousands of acres of Virginia land.

In May, 1758, Mrs. Custis was visiting at Major Chamberlayne's, when her host brought

an unexpected guest—none other than young Colonel George Washington, already a military hero and commander of the Virginia troops. He was en route to Williamsburg to report to the governor on the needs of his regiments, and when Major Chamberlayne pressed him to stop, he had at first refused, but yielded when told that the prettiest and richest widow in all Virginia was there.

He would stay for dinner then, but must



go on at once, and gave orders accordingly to his servant, Bishop, who had been bequeathed to him by General Braddock. But when dinner was over and the horses were brought round no Washington appeared, though Bishop had never known his master to be late before. In the drawing-room the young colonel and the young widow were talking, oblivious to everything else, while the impatient steeds pawed the drive restlessly. Till the day was done and twilight at hand Washington loitered.

“No guest can leave my house after sunset,” said the major, and insisted that he must stay the night. Late the next morning Bishop and his master rode away to Williamsburg. The little widow in the white dimity frock, with the cluster of May-blossoms at her belt, and the little white cap half covering her soft, wavy brown hair, had completely captivated the soldier. His business in the town completed, he rode on to the “White House.”

“Is your mistress at home?” he asked the negro who met him at the ferry.

“Yes, sah,” was the reply, and the man

added, his white teeth flashing in a broad smile, "I reckon you's the man what's s'pected!"

Evidently he was, for when, on the following day, Washington left for camp and the western campaign against Fort Duquesne, the two were engaged.

In January, 1759, when they had met just four times, Mrs. Custis and George Washington were married. The wedding was a brilliant scene. The guests included wealthy planters and their wives and daughters, all very grand in their satins and brocades, English officers in army and navy uniforms, the governor of Virginia, in scarlet embroidered white satin waistcoat, with knee and shoe buckles of gold; while in contrast to his six feet two was the little bride in a petticoat of white satin, shoes with diamond buckles, point lace ruffles and pearls. At the door, attracting almost as much attention as the wedding party, stood Bishop in his red coat, holding his master's chestnut horse.

With her three bridesmaids Mrs. Washington drove to her home in a coach and six,

while her husband and a group of his friends rode beside them. Thus began their forty years of married life.

After a few months in Williamsburg, to settle the business of the Custis estate and to attend the meetings of the House of Burgesses, of which Washington had been elected a member during his campaign against the French, he took his bride to Mount Vernon, his eight-thousand acre plantation on the Potomac River. Here they planned to live quietly, he busy with his fields and flocks, she with the large household, and both enjoying the growth of the Custis children. In a white apron and cap, with a bunch of keys jingling at her side, Mrs. Washington supervised the busy kitchen and slave quarters, looked after the strict training and the lessons of the children, and was a charming hostess to their guests.

But public affairs changed and with them this quiet happy life. The Stamp Act and oppressive taxes stirred the colonies. Like many patriot women, Martha Washington ceased using tea at her table, ceased to buy

English cloth and other goods of English manufacture. No less than sixteen spinning-wheels were kept busy at Mount Vernon, and on the looms homespun was woven for the family's clothing and for the large number of slaves.

Rapidly events moved to a crisis. The first Continental Congress was called, and Washington elected as one of Virginia's three delegates. When the party started north Mrs. Washington saw them off with these words of wifely appreciation: "I hope you will all stand firm. I know George will. God be with you, gentlemen."

And this was not idle talk on her part, for she foresaw plainly the consequences. At the many discussions and debates which had occurred at their home, for and against English policy, she had said little, but had listened intelligently. She summed it up in writing to a friend:

"Dark days and darker nights, domestic happiness suspended, social enjoyments abandoned, property put in jeopardy—but what are all these evils when

compared with the fate of which the Port Bill may be only a threat? My mind is made up, my heart is in the cause."

The second Continental Congress met the following May and Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief of the army. He wrote this news to his wife at Mount Vernon, adding that he hoped to return in the autumn. Instead he then invited her to come to him in Cambridge, but carefully pointed out the difficulties of the journey. Unhesitating, undismayed, a true soldier's wife, she set out for the long trip to the North, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to leave the ease and security of her southern home and spend the winter in a New England camp on the outskirts of a city held by the enemy.

The coach with its four horses, and postilions in white and scarlet livery, attracted great attention. In the country people rushed to doors and windows to get a sight of her. In the towns she was met by escorts of Continental soldiers, the ringing of bells, and enthusiastic cheering. With a mingled feel-

ing of pride and wonder this little woman, who had never been out of Virginia, realized what it was to be the wife of General Washington.

This was a real farewell to the quiet plantation and the beginning of her public life. Except for the year of the battles of Trenton and Princeton when active winter campaigning made it too dangerous for women to be present, it was Martha Washington's custom to join her husband when the army went into winter quarters, and to march back home when work opened with the spring. Thus she heard the first and last gun of every campaign, and described herself as "a perambulator" for those eight years.

Because she was the wife of the general, it did not follow that she could live in luxury. In Cambridge to be sure headquarters were in the Craigie House, later the home of the poet, Longfellow; and here Mrs. Washington had some social life, with the wives of the Harvard professors. But in other places lodgings were often very, very uncomfortable, "a squeezed-up room or two." At

Valley Forge a log cabin was built—near a Quaker farmhouse where the Washingtons had two rooms—to serve as a kitchen and dining-room; but when this same plan was proposed for the headquarters at Morristown, no lumber was available! At Newburgh their inconvenient dining-room had one window and seven doors, and the sitting-room was so small that when Washington entertained a French officer, the guest had to sit on a camp bed.

Martha Washington's presence lessened the general's cares and broke the monotony of the long anxious winters. She was always a delightful hostess and even with camp limitations her hospitality and genial manner reminded her guests of Virginia. Nearly every day some of the young officers and their wives were invited to dinner, the General and Mrs. Washington sitting side by side, while Alexander Hamilton carved.

Martha Washington was always a simple, dignified woman, as a group of Morristown ladies who went to call upon her testified. Having heard that the general's wife was a

very grand lady, they wore their best bibs and bands, and most elegant silks and ruffles. Mrs. Washington, in a plain homespun dress and a "specked" (checked) apron, received them very graciously, a half knit stocking in her left hand, the ball of yarn in her pocket. After the usual compliments were over, she resumed her knitting.

"And there we were," described one of the women afterward, "without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady was knitting socks!"

She showed them two dresses of cotton and silk, woven at Mount Vernon, the stripes made from ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chair covers. She took pains to tell them that the livery of her coachmen was all homespun, save for the scarlet cuffs, made of English material imported long before the war.

After that visit, work for the soldiers, rather than fine feminine clothes, became the fashion in Morristown.

At another New Jersey headquarters Washington was staying at a private house,

whose mistress one day saw a coach drive up to the door, with ten dragoons as the escort. Out stepped a plain little woman dressed in brown homespun, wearing a hood; over her bosom was folded a large white kerchief. She must be a maid, thought the hostess, until she saw General Washington greeting her, and inquiring about the children, and his favorite horses at Mount Vernon. The general's wife, dressed like that!

Everywhere the soldiers loved Lady Washington, as they called her. During the sad winter at Valley Forge, when the army was in desperate straits,—suffering greatly from lack of food and blankets and clothing, and the consequent constant sickness, she went to share the soldiers' privations and make a spot of cheer in their dreary lives. She arrived in a rough farm sleigh, hired from the inn-keeper at the forks of the Brandywine, where the deep snow had forced her to abandon her coach. Staunch patriot that she was, she made light of inconveniences and discomforts and hardships; and never was a woman busier than Martha Washington, all that dis-

mal winter. In a cloak and hood, with her basket on her arm, she went in the deep snow from hut to hut, carrying delicacies for the sick and consolation for the dying, and by her sympathy and generosity stimulating the loyalty and courage of the men. "God bless Lady Washington!" was frequently heard, when her kind, motherly face appeared.

Day after day she assembled in her two rooms the wives of the officers, to knit and patch, and make new garments whenever materials could be secured. No more embroidering and spinet playing, and other light accomplishments! The work these women did at Valley Forge was far-reaching in its effects. News of it spread to Philadelphia, where the British were having a gay winter, and the patriotic ladies there commenced making shirts for the soldiers, and ultimately contributed nearly three thousand garments. Small in amount, perhaps, in comparison with such service to-day; but Martha Washington was a pioneer, anticipating the work of the Sanitary Commission and the Red Cross.

Officers, soldiers and women, all were steadied by her serenity and unwavering faith. And when the middle of March brought better times, she led in the camp gaiety. The news of the French alliance was celebrated with a grand review. The soldiers cheered for the king of France, for the thirteen states, for their general; then there came shouts of "Long live Lady Washington!" and a thousand hats were tossed into the air in the excitement.

Yorktown and victory, and the end of the war in sight, but Washington must remain on duty until peace was actually signed. Martha Washington was present, sitting in the gallery of the old capitol at Annapolis, when he resigned his commission; and together they drove to Mount Vernon, arriving on Christmas Eve. Standing at the door of his cottage to welcome them was old Bishop, dressed in the scarlet regimentals he had worn at Braddock's defeat. All the servants and slaves assembled, and such a Christmas celebration as Mount Vernon had!

More than all else the Washingtons longed

for quiet days on their plantation, to enjoy the rest they so much needed. But there were guests innumerable, so that Mount Vernon was described as a well-resorted tavern. When he had been home almost two years, Washington wrote in his diary,

“Dined with only Mrs. Washington, which I believe is the first instance of it since my retirement from public life.”

This furlough, as the general used to speak of it, was not destined to continue overlong. The federation of the states proved too weak a government, and Washington must go to Philadelphia for months, to sit as president of the Constitutional Convention. Then after the people had ratified the Constitution, there came one day riding up the broad drive at Mount Vernon the aged secretary of Congress, with a letter notifying George Washington that he had been elected president of the United States.

“I little thought when the war was finished,” wrote Martha Washington, “that any circumstances could possibly have happened which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that we should have been left to grow old in solitude

and tranquillity together. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart. Yet I can not blame him for having acted according to his ideas of duty in obeying the voice of his country."

Alone to New York for the inauguration went George Washington, wearing a homespun suit woven at Mount Vernon. When his wife, likewise dressed in homespun, followed a few weeks later, her welcome all along the journey was second only to his. She entered many a town between two long columns of Revolutionary soldiers; and at New York City she was rowed across the bay by thirteen oarsmen dressed in white, while the guns fired thirteen rounds and crowds cheered her.

As the president's wife, Martha Washington was hostess for the nation, entertaining distinguished citizens and foreigners, cabinet officers and congressmen, presiding at the state dinners and giving public receptions every Friday, where plum cake, tea and coffee were served. The guests were always dismissed before nine, with her grave, frank little formula, "For the general always retires at nine, and I usually precede him." The

need over, she laid aside her homespun and dressed in silk, satin, velvet and lace, as became the wife of the president.

People criticized Mrs. Washington for the ceremony in force at her levees, saying they were too much like those of royalty. Guests were shocked because they had to stand, while the truth was, the rooms would not have contained a third enough chairs. Presided over by the Washingtons, the executive mansion combined with the most ardent patriotism a dignity and elegant moderation that would have honored any European court. They saved the social life of a new country from both the crudeness and bald simplicity of extreme republicanism, and from the luxury and excesses often marking sudden elevation to power and place. And in all these social functions Mrs. Washington never joined in any political discussion. Though the letters between her and her husband were filled with talk of public affairs, she was never once heard to utter any opinion on important questions of state; and in this, as in many details of

her life, she is a worthy model for any American woman whose husband is in public service.

The year in New York was followed by similar years in Philadelphia, after the capital was moved there. The second term of the presidency over and a third term refused, the Washingtons gladly returned to Virginia; their joy being evidenced in this letter:

“I can not tell you how much I enjoy home, after having been deprived of one so long, for our dwelling in New York and Philadelphia was not home, only sojourning. The General and I feel like children just released from school or from a hard task-master, and we believe that nothing can tempt us to leave the sacred roof-tree again, except on private business or pleasure. I am fairly settled down to the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket.”

Happily they lived at Mount Vernon two years, until the General's death. During his brief illness Mrs. Washington never left his room.

“Tis well,” were his last words.

"Is he dead?" she asked, so gentle had been the change. "'Tis well. All is over now. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

She moved up to a little attic room whose windows looked out toward his grave, and beyond to the waters of the Potomac which he had so loved. Surrounded by her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, cheerful in her sorrow and loneliness, she survived him two years, and when she died was buried beside him in the simple brick tomb at Mount Vernon.

A woman not wise nor great perhaps in any worldly sense, Martha Washington had those qualities of heart that make a noble rounded character. A devoted and loyal wife, a tender mother, an earnest Christian, she was fitted to be the chosen companion of "the greatest of our soldiers and the purest of our patriots." Serene and kindly, in the familiar white cap and kerchief, she has become the nation's ideal of the president's wife, our country's first hostess.

—*Grace Humphry.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Select the thought unit which tells of the wedding, describe the wedding, contrast the costumes of the guests with the costumes of to-day.

2. One thought unit in the story speaks of Mrs. Washington's supervision of her household. Find it.

3. Why did Mrs. Washington refuse to use tea and goods of English make in her household?

4. Select a portion of the story that tells how Mrs. Washington helped her husband and encouraged the soldiers. List the things she did.

5. Summarize the qualities in Martha Washington which made her a true patriot.

AN EXAMPLE OF SELF-RELIANCE

In most respects the lone Indian who made his silent way through the forests or over the prairies of America a few centuries ago was an independent individual. He stalked the wild deer or the buffalo which served him as food. His own hand shaped the marvelous bow and arrow he used so skillfully. What little clothing he wore consisted, for the most part, of the skins of animals he had killed in the chase. When on a hunting trip, if rough weather or sharp winds made open sky or overhanging rock an unsatisfactory roof, unassisted he raised a rude shelter of limbs and bark of trees. Food, weapons, clothing, shelter—the necessities of life,—were all products of his own skill and energy.

TO THE TEACHER—See "An Example of Self-Reliance" in *Second Unit in Reading—Teachers Plans*.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

To read this poem, you must see what Alice Cary is describing. Each word must be familiar to you—both its pronunciation and use. Which of the following list are new to you? Are there more in the poem which have not been listed? Test yourself honestly as you read for new, unfamiliar words. Make them a part of your vocabulary before leaving the poem.

cunning
sere

loitering
beauteous

sovereign
canvas

BEFORE YOU READ THE POEM

The poem you are about to read is considered one of the finest in literature. Not only has it beauty of expression but also beauty of thought. Then too, the story itself is a fine one because it tells of home, of mother, of two boys and of their deed.

AS YOU READ THE POEM

Consider that you are the painter and that the boy is telling you his story. Decide whether the story would make a good moving picture play.

Oh, good painter, tell me true—
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.



Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be overbright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing
 room

Under their tassels;—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass;
And a hedge of sumac and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

These and the house where I was born;
Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows,—open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the selfsame way
Out of a wilding wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words!
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir, one like me—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise;
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*;—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.

Ah, it is twenty long years and more,
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree
Which close in the edge of our flax field
grew;—

Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow day after day.

Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think it was solely mine, indeed;
But that's no matter,—paint it so.
The eyes of our mother—take good heed—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the
legs,

But straight through our faces, down to our
lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful sur-
prise
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went,
as though
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet;
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her
knee;
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture and leave that
out.

—Alice Cary.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to the poem see if you can answer the first three questions.

1. Describe the "woods and cornfields" and the star.
2. Who sailed on the *Commodore*?
3. Why did children dread their mother's looks?
4. Reread the poem and separate it into thought units. Write a heading for each. List the details under each heading.

THE KINGS OF ODISTASH

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Successful business, as well as entertaining conversation, requires the correct use of words. Each new word that you learn will make it easier for you to express your thoughts—and to enjoy the thoughts of others. What new words will become your own today? See **Words to Learn**, pages 375 to 384.

celestial	detour	envenomed
acquiring	insuperable	maneuver
preliminary	consort	connoisseur
viciously	energetically	strategy
semitropical	nodule	incessantly
burnished	incantations	lustrous
spiraled	uncanny	askew
tamarisk	talisman	symmetrical
ospreys	preternatural	frenzied
dorsal	arrogantly	contortion
pectoral	presumptuous	taut
impenetrable	credulous	talons

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

The bald eagle is a king and we think of this bird and America as having the same spirit of freedom and courage. Think of this as you read the description of the king as he circles in the air.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Note the legend hunters repeat about this bird; the marshman's plan to secure the stone; the operation of his plan and the result; the fight between the two kings; the escape of Jen Murray and the eagle.

The dusky marshmen of Odistash have an odd legend about the bald eagle. They say that once in the life-time of every male eagle, when he has attained the utmost fullness of courage and strength, he sets out on a journey to heaven. Launching forth from his nest in the woods he circles upward, climbing in a spiral course towards the sky, gliding up and up on wide rigid wings until in a little while even his keen eye can no longer discern the earth beneath him.

Up and up he goes, for days and nights, passing by the moon and the stars, but keeping far from the sun so that his wings will not be burned by the fierce heat; on and on through the immensity of space, until at last, if his strength does not fail, he comes to the place where a Certain One awaits him with the prize which he desires—a stone. Hiding this stone under his feather the eagle sets out immediately on his long journey back to earth, and on arriving there conceals the stone in his nest and guards it jealously.

Why the eagle, the King of Odistash,

should value this stone from some celestial valley the legend does not explain; but if a man can gain possession of it his fortune is made, for by means of the stone he can open the doors of any money vault or bank in the world. There is one condition, however, which he must observe with the greatest care. After acquiring the Eagle Stone, he must never expose it to the light of day, for if the sun touches it its rays will destroy its magic.

Jen Murray, famous among the negro marshmen of Odistash as a hunter, knew that somewhere in the dense semitropical jungle covering the whole interior of a barrier island the King of Odistash had his nest, but he did not know exactly where the nest was, and, since the island was some six miles in length and a half mile or more in width, he wanted to get some idea of the approximate locality before beginning his search. The best way to do this, he thought, was to take his stand on the front beach and watch the sky for the

king or his mate; and in planning this preliminary part of his task the marshman had decided to combine business with adventure by trying his luck with the big channel bass of the surf.

After a half hour of waiting he felt a tremendous tug and, jerking the line viciously, grinned with delight as he realized that he had hooked an unusually large and powerful fish.

Had he been using the rod and reel of a sportsman there would have ensued a glorious battle amid the curling breakers; but with Jen Murray fishing was not a species of play, and after the fish had somewhat spent its strength in three spirited rushes he hauled away hand over hand, his victim—a splendid thirty-pound bass, gleaming in the light like burnished bronze—gasping on the beach. Then, just as he rose to his feet after unhooking the fish, he saw the king high over his head journeying in from the sea.

Jen watched the big bird eagerly and marked with care the spot where he spiraled

down into the jungle. After hiding his bass in a tamarisk thicket just above the high-water mark, so that the watchful turkey vultures, incessantly patrolling the sky, would not spy it from the air, he walked two miles up the lonely palm-fringed beach to a point opposite the place where the eagle had descended. On the way he saw the king, this time accompanied by his mate, rise out of the woods and circling upward fly straight out over the ocean.

Jen knew what it was that called the pair seaward. The bald eagles of the Low Country sea islands live almost entirely on fish, but very seldom do their own fishing. In summer and early fall they rely mainly upon unwilling but highly efficient servants, the ospreys, and when the cool weather comes and the ospreys migrate southward the eagles spend much of their time searching the ocean waters for catfish carcasses floating on the surface. At that season the catfish forsake the creeks and inlets for the deeper waters offshore; and the dolphins and big fish which prey on them there bite them

cleanly in half and swallow the rear part only, rejecting the forward part because the catfish's dorsal and pectoral fins are armed with sharp stiff spines. The far-ranging eagles search the sea for these rejected catfish halves and pick them to pieces as food for themselves and their young.

The marshman grinned again with a gleam of white teeth upon seeing the king and his mate start out over the ocean on what would probably be a long hunt. It suited his purpose admirably that they should absent themselves for a while, for it might take him some time to find the nest. As a matter of fact it took him longer than he had expected; for in those dense jungle-like woods of palmetto, pine and gnarled stunted live oak, where impenetrable thickets of cassena often barred his way, and long narrow reed-bordered lagoons of still, wine-colored water compelled him to make long and laborious detours, his progress was necessarily slow.

For another reason also he picked his steps with great care. He had in unusual degree the deadly fear of snakes of all kinds,

which as a rule is so strong in even the most experienced woodsmen, and he knew that in many of the barrier-island jungles the venomous cottonmouth moccasin abounded.

There were few insects to bother him, now that the cool weather had come. Perhaps because he was careful to give warning of his approach, he saw no moccasins or any other wild things, except one dark-gray white-nosed fox squirrel, which peered down at him from a pine top, and three tall long-legged black-and-white wood ibises, as big as geese, standing motionless at the edge of a small stagnant jungle pool—belated stragglers from the great ibis flocks which had sailed away to the southward as summer merged into fall. None of these interested Jen. His eyes shifted from the lush weeds and grasses and fallen palmetto fronds at his feet where hidden dangers might lurk, to the tops of the pines towering above the lower growth; and finally he saw the nest, a bulky castle of sticks, seven feet or more in diameter, fixed some seventy feet above the ground in the crotch of a pine



standing almost in the center of a small circular opening in the jungle.

He made his way to the base of the tree, which was rather slender in proportion to its height, studied its trunk and the arrangement of its branches just below the nest, and grinned his satisfaction. No insuperable difficulties stood in the way of his scheme, and he noted with approval, too, that the eagles had evidently completed their annual repairs to the nest in preparation for the laying of the two big white eggs, an event which in the Low Country generally takes place in November.

So far so good. Searching the circle of sky visible above his head to make sure that no soaring eagle had seen him, Jen withdrew to the edge of the little opening in which the pine stood, and concealed himself with great care in the dense cover of the surrounding cassena thicket.

There he sat patiently for an hour, smoking his corn-cob pipe and building air castles. He saw the king and his mate return, watched the latter alight on a pine limb near by, while

the former, carrying a big catfish carcass in his claws, flew to the nest; and he marked with care the exact spot on the nest on which the eagle alit. Then, when the king and his consort had departed again, perhaps in search of more food to deposit in the nest, which they often used as a storehouse, Jen rose and went his way, well pleased with the results of his scouting. He did not know that there was another King of Odistash who reigned on this jungle-covered barrier isle—a mighty monarch, clad in glittering mail, who ruled with irresistible power and merciless tyranny. Jen laid his plans for the next day's operations unaware that cold, lidless, unwinking eyes had watched him as he dreamed in his cassena ambush and that for an hour he had sat within twenty feet of death.

By nine o'clock the next morning Jen was back at the edge of the little opening in the jungle beneath the eagle's pine. From the shelter of the thicket he saw the two big birds perching side by side on a limb near the nest, and he waited in concealment until in about thirty minutes they circled upward

and headed out to sea. Then he went energetically to work.

To Jen the climb up the pine trunk was a small matter. It was his boast—not altogether a vain one—that he could follow wherever a ring-tailed coon might lead. With a length of stout rope passed around his waist and around the trunk of the tree, he went up slowly but steadily, stopping twice to rest, and in less than ten minutes he gained the first of the pine's few limbs. Directly below the great bulging nest there was some little delay; but presently, with the help of his rope, his long steel-corded arms drew his lean light body up on one of the large limbs forming the crotch in which the king's castle was built. Standing on this limb, to which his bare feet stuck like the clinging feet of a tree frog or a lizard, he peered eagerly over the rim of the nest.

The king's castle, his home for more than twenty-five years, was built mainly of sticks, some of them nearly as stout as Jen's wrist, bark, sods and gray Spanish moss. Each season the king and his mate had repaired it and

added to it until now it was nearly six feet in height, and the marshman, standing tip-toe on the limb, could barely see its flat interior, lined with moss, sedge, pine straw, leaves and grass. Testing the structure of the nest Jen found that the sticks forming its outer walls were so firmly interlaced that, by putting most of his weight on a convenient branch just within reach of his hand, he could make his way to the summit. This he proceeded to do; then, kneeling on the top of the nest, he began his search, thrusting his hand through and under the moss and grass.

Almost at once he uttered an exclamation of delight. Six inches under the moss his hand had closed upon something round and hard, a little larger than a hen's egg. A matter-of-fact man who had never heard of the Eagle Stone, which had power to open money vaults and treasure chests, might have supposed that this hard round thing deep under the loose bedding of the nest was a water-worn bit of limestone, a spherical piece of bone or a nodule of black marsh mud com-

pressed in the course of time to the hardness of rock and brought up to the nest in the sods which formed part of the structure. But Jen, all aquiver with exultant joy, knew that he had found the precious object of his quest.

He knelt for a moment, shaking like a man with fever, his hand still under the moss. Then he withdrew it empty, fished a big blue cotton handkerchief out of his pocket and worked it under the mossy mattress of the nest. He would run no risk of letting even one ray of light touch the Eagle Stone and thus weaken or destroy its magic. When he again withdrew his hand the dark-blue handkerchief was wrapped around it and around the object which it enclosed; and as quickly as possible he thrust the treasure, still wrapped in the handkerchief into his trouser's pocket.

Jen was a practical soul. Credulous and superstitious he was, like most of the dusky marshmen and woodsmen of the Low Country, a believer in "hants" and incantations and spells and in many queer legends and

myths about the abundant wild folk of the Low Country woods and marshes. But he knew that there were some who scoffed at the story of the Eagle Stone, and he had started on this quest with a double object in view, so that if he found no talisman in the eagles' nest he still might profit from his undertaking. His own doubts, if he had any, as to the virtue of the talisman had now vanished pretty completely, but this did not prevent him from carrying out also the other part of his design.

First he climbed some distance down the pine and out upon a limb. With a sharp hatchet which he carried in his belt he cut a section of this limb, about four feet in length and weighing perhaps ten pounds and lashed it to the pine trunk below the nest, using a very light cord just strong enough to hold it in place. Then he made his way back into the nest and with the sure instinct and uncanny skill which had so often aroused the envy of his fellows he set about his delicate task there. In fifteen minutes he had completed it, and after a final careful inspec-

tion to satisfy himself that the nest showed no evidence of his visit he began his descent.

Just as he reached the ground he saw a tiny speck against the blue sky—a speck which might be only a soaring turkey vulture or ibis, but, on the other hand, might be the king or his mate. Stooping low, his hand clutching the treasure in his pocket, he hastened to his hiding place near the edge of the cassena thicket.

He was just in time. Five minutes later the king alighted on the rim of the nest. The marshman's luck was still with him. It was the great bird himself and not his mate, who was noticeably smaller than her lord, though in nearly all cases the female eagle is the larger. And Jen's skill, his boasted woodcraft, held good also. His sharp eye and quick brain had made no mistake. He had studied the interior of the king's castle with an almost preternatural understanding of what it revealed as to the eagle's accustomed movements after alighting. Coming to rest upon the same smooth rounded stick at the nest's rim upon which Jen had seen him alight

the day before, the king paused there a few moments, turning his snowy head this way and that, glancing keenly about him. Then with a rather awkward hop he passed to the flat moss-lined and grass-littered interior of the nest within the circle of sticks.

Instantly he leaped upward, his great wings beating desperately, madly, churning the air. Ten feet or so he rose, with the small rusty steel trap with which Jen caught minks gripping two toes of his left foot, crushing them together. A long slender cord of strong fishing line, doubled and twisted, led downward from the trap over the rim of the nest to the section of pine limb lashed to the tree trunk. As the cord tightened, the eagle, his ascent arrested, screamed with rage and swung outward. For a moment he remained stationary in the air, held by the cord, his powerful wings beating more furiously than ever. Suddenly something gave way beneath him. For a quarter of a minute perhaps he held a level course over the roof of the jungle. Then, his wings laboring mightily, he began to slant downward.

Far beneath him, at the end of the cord dangled the heavy pine clog, which, just as Jen had intended, had pulled loose from the tree trunk as soon as the trapped eagle jerked the cord strongly. Lower and lower sank the king, fighting to the last. Then, the clog caught in the billowy green top of the cassena thicket and the eagle pitched earthward. Grinning with quiet satisfaction, Jen, who had rushed out into the clearing to mark the spot where the great bird fell, set out to find him, picking up a light stick on his way to help him make a passage through the dense growth.

A hundred yards from the eagles' pine, in an open sunny spot just beyond the outer edge of the cassena thicket, a diamond rattlesnake lay at full length in the short grass. Nearly seven feet long from the point of his plated arrow-shaped head to the end of his fifteen-ringed rattle and fully eleven inches in girth, his glittering greenish-yellow body marked with dark-brown blotches bordered with gold, the huge serpent was a superb specimen of his terrible race, at once

gorgeously beautiful and indescribably hideous. Even more arrogantly than the king of the air ruled the spaces above the island jungle the giant rattler ruled the jungle itself. A monarch of uncertain temper, his mood depending mainly upon the state of his stomach, he had watched Jen with sluggish well-fed tolerance the day before as the marshman sat in his cassena ambush near the eagles' pine. Today, however, he was hungry and his mood had changed. His fury knew no bounds when suddenly, with a swish and surge of mighty wings, a great white-headed bird swooped down from the air and landed in the grass in front of him and not more than two feet from his nose.

With almost incredible swiftness the rattler threw his long thick body into coil, his kettledrum ringing its insistent challenge, his dreadful spear-shaped head drawn well back within the circle of his mailed body and pointed directly at the presumptuous intruder who had dared to invade his privacy.

Promptly the king somewhat shaken but uninjured by his fall, faced about to confront the snake. The trap on his foot hampered him sadly, but the long cord connecting the trap with the pine clog had fallen slack and he had some freedom of movement. He knew nothing about rattlesnakes, and, although their kingdoms lay so close together, he had never seen this serpent monarch before; but somehow he was aware that there was deadly peril in the huge reptile coiled in front of him, glaring at him with small glittering stony eyes, as hard and cold as jewels. Captive though he was in the grip of the trap, the king's bold spirit rose to meet the danger, and from his own deep-set piercing yellow eyes he sent back glare for glare.

A half minute the two kings—the king of the air and the king of the island jungle—faced each other thus. Then, the rattler, jaws gaping hugely so that the two white curved hollow fangs projected straight forward, lunged at the eagle's breast. The eagle—thanks, no doubt, to the marvelous

quickness of his vision — seemed to sense the blow even before it was launched. He tried to jump backward, but the trap checked him, and, thrown sideways by the effort, he instantly spread his wings to regain his balance. Thus, in the nick of time, one broad pinion interposed between his body and the snake and caught the rattler's blow as a gladiator's shield might catch a sword thrust. A pale yellowish fluid dripped down over the stiff black-brown primary feathers of the outspread wing; and just as the king regained his footing and faced his foe again the rattler struck his second blow.

Again the eagle's amazing eyesight played its part, apparently flashing to his brain a warning that the envenomed spear-head was about to be launched. He was a little farther from the snake now, his maneuver during the first attack having lifted and moved the trap some six inches. Though still within the rattler's reach he was only just within it; and when, in instant response to the warning given by his eyes, he tried to jump

backward as before and was again checked by the trap and thrown off his balance, the swift movement carried him just beyond the danger line.

Again the long, thin, needle-like fangs, thrusting forward out of the great serpent's hugely gaping jaws, clashed against the heavily shafted feathers of the eagle's out-stretched wing as he strove with a desperate flapping of his pinions to regain his footing; and again the dark-brown feathers were sprinkled, but not so plentifully as before, with pale-yellow fluid. Once more the king had won, and he seemed to know it. Proudly erect he stood, his white head held high, his shining eyes, deep under their frowning brows, glaring defiance.

Jen Murray, the marshman, thrusting his way with the aid of his stick through the outermost fringe of the cassena thicket realized anew that he had never before seen an eagle as splendid as this one. As Jen stepped out into the open his eyes were fixed upon the king, appraising with the enjoyment of a connoisseur the great bird's beautifully

molded form, clear-cut as marble, the gleaming whiteness of his head, neck and tail contrasting vividly with the rich dark brown of his big broad-shouldered body and his wings. For the moment, the marshman forgot everything else, even the Eagle Stone itself, in wonder at the size and dauntless bearing of the feathered monarch standing there before him, held helpless by the trap, yet looking every inch a conqueror.

But into Jen's mind there crept no pang of compassion, no sense of sympathy for the great valiant bird, robbed of his freedom and brought down to earth by the cunning strategy of the marshman's brain. His small eyes shone with the joy of possession as he strode swiftly forward through the grass, intent only upon making sure of his prize. He did not know how firm a grip the trap, which was rather an old one, had upon the eagle's foot, and he would not feel certain of his triumph until he had his prisoner in his hands. He intended to grapple with the eagle by throwing his coat over the bird's head, thus saving himself from being torn

by the strong hooked beak or the long claws; but first he walked close up to the king to have a look at the trap and satisfy himself that its hold was good.

The rattlesnake, coiled close beside a tussock of tall stiff olive-green grass with the color of which the hues of his body blended perfectly, had been so absorbed in his duel with the eagle that he failed to note the approach of another enemy until Jen was almost upon him. Then swiftly his terrible head, poised above his massive coils, swung to face the new foe. To Jen's deaf ears the huge serpent's rattle, incessantly ringing its challenge, carried no warning, and the marshman, his attention focused upon the eagle, saw the great reptile half-hidden by the grass at his feet, at the very moment when the glittering lustrous coils sprang open as though focused by a trigger and the hideous head with its yawning jaws flashed forward and upward.

With a scream Jen leaped, slashing wildly at the snake with the stick held in his left hand. Even in that mad moment he knew

that he was too late. He had felt the impact of the snake's head high upon his thigh, and a swift overpowering surge of terror turned the green jungle black around him. As he staggered, fainting, barely able to see, his legs suddenly weak, his foot caught in the light strong cord leading from the eagle's trap to the pine clog fifteen yards away in the thicket. Pitching forward on his face he lay motionless in the grass six feet behind the king.

At an equal distance in front of the eagle the great rattler squirmed and writhed, twisting and turning with convulsive spasmodic jerks of his burly muscular body. Plainly he was in trouble. Jen's slender stick, whipping through the air, had struck the side of the snake's head as it drew swiftly back after delivering its thrust, and the big reptile, his lower jaw knocked askew, was dazed by the blow. Possibly his spine had been injured. He seemed unable to lift his head and neck more than an inch or two from the ground, and apparently he could not bend his body back into the close sym-

metrical coil which was his fighting attitude. That coil was a living spring, supplying the motive power for the long swift thrusts of his head, and only when coiled could he strike with his accustomed strength, quickness and accuracy.

Yet, crippled though he was, he was still formidable, and the pain which racked him added to his fury. Whether by chance or by design, his frenzied writhings and lashings to and fro were bringing him nearer and nearer to the eagle. Soon he was within half his length of the king, and the javelin like head, its jaws flaring crookedly, shot forward close to the ground in the direction of his foe. The blow fell short, but in another moment the seemingly aimless and uncontrolled contortions of the snake landed him almost at the king's feet, and savagely the broad flat head lunged again.

The king could retreat no farther. When Jen, fainting with terror, had stumbled across the trap line and fallen, his foot had pulled the line taut, and the trapped eagle was anchored where he stood. The king

knew this, for he had tried vainly to move. His muscles tightened and his eyes glowed a fiercer yellow as the writhing monster drew nearer and nearer. Just as the rattlesnake's poisoned javelin shot forward two inches above the ground in that final thrust the eagle's wings opened, beating powerfully, and with his free foot he struck forward and downward, his talons spread to the utmost. Next moment his claws closed upon the rattler's head.

The king was fast to his foe, clamped to him with a grip that could not be shaken. Two long claws had pierced the snake's wide head from above, another had sunk deep into his throat from below, and the muscles operating those claws were strong enough to drive them through gristle and bone. The huge serpent thrashed and writhed like a creature in convulsions, and the eagle, one foot in the trap, the other imbedded in his enemy was all but torn in two. Pulled this way and that as the contortions of the stricken snake dragged eagle and trap here and there over the ground, the king could

not keep himself upright no matter how desperately his pinions beat the air. His wing beats were growing weaker when another convulsive twist of the giant snake's powerful body almost wrenched the big bird asunder and a sharp intolerable pain shot through him.

That pain was the signal of his victory. A corner of the trap had been jammed under a grass tussock, and the toes of the eagle's left foot had been jerked free by that last and mightiest plunge of the rattler, the trap's steel jaws raking them to the bone.

Somehow the king knew that his chance had come. Putting all his strength into the effort he drew the talons of his other foot out of the rattler's head. Next moment his wide pinions, beating strongly, were bearing him upward into the air.

Jen Murray, the marshman, with all his faith in his own woodcraft, was never quite sure that he had figured out correctly precisely what happened while he lay insensible. The first thing that he saw when he opened his eyes and rolled over on his back was an

eagle high in the air, spiraling upward into the blue, his snowy head gleaming like silver in the sun. Instantly, then, came recollection and with it, another wave of the overpowering terror which had dropped him in a dead faint in the grass. Not until a hurried examination revealed the fact that the rattler's fangs had imbedded themselves harmlessly in the thick bulky folds of the big handkerchief wrapped about the rounded stone in his pocket did Jen recover command of his faculties.

Then, assured that he was not going to die, he looked about him and saw the great snake ten feet from him in the grass, writhing feebly, evidently near death. He saw the holes and gashes in the rattler's bloody head, he saw in the grass and on the ground evidences of a struggle, he saw the empty trap. But he was still feeling somewhat sick and weak and did not stay to study to the last detail the mystery of the king's escape and of the dying serpent.

The priceless Eagle Stone, which would bring him riches incalculable, was safe in his

pocket, and already it had proved its virtue by saving his life. He smashed the rattler's head with an oak stick and started homeward. It would yield much oil, excellent for rheumatism, and the skin, nicely tanned and stretched, could be sold for half a dollar to some young blood of the Odistash plantations who would make a dashing scarf out of it for his lady.

Herbert Ravenel Sass.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you do the following exercises without reading the story again?

1. Divide this story into its principal parts.
2. Write a title for each part.
3. Select the smaller thought units and write a heading for each.
4. List these in proper sequence under the title headings.
5. Reread the story and see what changes you would make in your outline.

THE UNITED STATES MARINES AT CHATEAU-THIERRY

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

In this story you will find French words. You will learn how to pronounce them by turning to **Words to Learn**, pages 375 to 384. Learn the meaning of them.

Oise	Meaux	spanning
ultimate	Belleau Wood	deemed
recoiling	Picardy	debacle
doomed	communiques	mademoiselle
ominous	Chemin des Dames	comber
epitaph	rubble	impedimenta
Chateau-Thierry	shambles	seared
Joffre	poilus	Ypres

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

The mention of the United States Marines in the World War stirs our hearts with a thrill of pride in their courage and achievements. This story narrates the actual experiences of a nurse "over there."

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Try to picture the utter defeat and despair in the first pages of the story and contrast them with the hope and victory that came with the Marines at Chateau-Thierry.

At the end of May, 1918, the Germans, having won their great victories of March and April, were sweeping down the valleys of the Oise and the Marne toward Paris.

Their purpose—nothing less than to end the war—was at last fully revealed. They had smashed Gough's Fifth British Army in Picardy; they had fallen like a thunderbolt upon the weak joint in Flanders where the British and the Portuguese armies met; they had swept the French from the Chemin des Dames. The French, hurling themselves into the breach, had averted the ultimate disaster of separation from the British in the north. But in the little town, where the French headquarters were, a depression such as not even the black days of the Verdun attack in 1916 had produced, held complete sway.

Here, laboring almost literally night and day in a French hospital, there was an American nurse. Because I may not tell you her true name, I shall call her Mary Standish. War had long since ceased to be a new thing in her experience. She had known trying times before. She had seen France staggering under terrible blows, but recoiling always shaking a bloody head and uttering the immortal, defiant cry of the men of Verdun: "They shall not pass!"

Now it was different. When, for a little space, she was free from her work in the wards of pain, ominous, low-toned talk came to her ears. Could nothing stop the Germans? It seemed not. They were coming on. Every hour the thunder of their guns was louder. Every hour the gray wave came nearer. French officers, weary-eyed, exhausted, shrugged their shoulders. Paris was doomed. All the lives that Ypres had cost had been wasted, for the Channel ports, too, must go. And when men talked of a new line—beyond Paris—of a reorganization in the south of France and of waiting for Pershing and his Americans to be ready, they were greeted with tired, patient, pitiful looks. The end was near. France had made her last effort. She had given all she had to give, lost all she had to lose. And her all was not enough. Help might be coming—but it would come too late. Mary Standish remembered a speech Lloyd-George—some one said it was Lloyd-George—had made, in which he had said that the epitaph of the war would be those tragic words: "Too late."

A gloom, a depression such as she had never known, weighed down the spirits of Mary Standish. Hope had died. The wounded? The sight of them, as she ministered to them, the heroism with which they bore their indescribable agonies tore her as keenly as on the first day of her work in a war-hospital. But it was not the wounded who depressed her. She had grown accustomed to them. It was the hopelessness of staff-officers, of the men who knew—who understood the tragic significance of the *communiqués* that told of the ever-receding line of the fighting.

The order came for the evacuation of the hospital. Mary Standish saw the men who were in her charge into the ambulances that were to carry them further from the front. Her own orders took her to Chateau-Thierry—Chateau-Thierry, spanning the Marne, the sacred Marne where Joffre had, as men had for four terrible years believed, forever turned back the Germans from Paris and the heart of France.

German shells were falling in Chateau-Thierry when she arrived. A rubble of brick

and stone lay in the long main street. And through the town there passed, away from the fighting, toward Paris, a stream of camions, of guns, of wounded men who were able to make their slow way rearward.

The French were in retreat. Already, in the brief space of Mary Standish's journey from the headquarters town, there had come a vital, a terrible, an ominous change. The Germans were coming, swiftly, inevitably. A new battle of the Marne was developing, and Mary Standish dared not hope for such a miracle as old Joffre had wrought in 1914.

She went into the new hospital to which she was assigned. She found herself in a shambles—a place of horrors such as all she had seen of this war had failed to teach her to dream this world could hold. For three days and three nights she worked, snatching ten minutes of sleep as she leaned against a wall from time to time. Shells were falling all about. Wounded men came in so fast that there was no hope of caring for all of them. Ambulance after ambulance was waved on at the door, despite the sentence of death that

was passed by the gesture upon the men it carried.

The details of those days and nights, Mary Standish will never be able to remember. But when the order for the evacuation came, after three days, she put her hand to her aching head and found that she still wore the sodden, shapeless thing that had been her hat. She went out, staggering, reeling from sheer exhaustion, physical, spiritual, emotional, into the smoke-filled air. The roar of the advancing battle filled her ears. Sun and blue sky were hidden by the smoke of the fires the German shells had lighted in the town. And all about her there was the confusion, the horrid din of a retreat that had become a flight.

French guns went rumbling by. *Poilus*, blood-stained bandages about their heads, stole rides upon their carriages. And, heads bowed upon their breasts, other men plodded on, utterly spent and weary, holding their places grimly in the clogged road that led to what might still, for a few hours or days, be deemed to be safety.

Mary Standish caught her breath in horror and sheer pity at the things she saw. She went out of Chateau-Thierry toward Paris in an ambulance. It was a flight, not a retreat, that she saw—and saw for the first time. Rifles that had been flung away lay all along the road, packs, all the impedimenta that soldiers carry. Her mind flew back to Zola's descriptions of the debacle of 1870. These Frenchmen had given up. They had done their best, had given to the utmost, and in spite of them, the Germans were to have their way. And—she knew these men. She had lived with them, nursed them, seen them suffer and die for this France of theirs that now they were ready to yield to the invader. She had seen them suffer, without a cry, agonies such as men had never, since time began, been called upon to bear. She knew the quality of their heroism; she knew them as men of the same breed as those who at Verdun had faced steel with their bared breasts, who, on the summit of Mount Kemmel, in April, had fought until the last man died.

And now these men—these Frenchmen whom she loved—had given up. They had fought their fight. Mary Standish's head sank. Sobs shook her, tears blinded her so that she could not look before her and see what might be upon the Paris road.

And then she roused herself. She was conscious, suddenly, of a change in the appearance of the Frenchmen who were pressing on, away from Chateau-Thierry. They had ceased to plod along, wearily, steadily, as the men a quarter of a mile behind had done. They began to gather in little groups and stare along the road. The ambulance stopped, drew up beside the road, leaving a clear space.

“What is happening?” she asked the driver wearily.

“I don't know, *mademoiselle*,” he answered. “I don't know. An order—”

They had stopped at a bend in the road. The highway stretched on, rising to the crest of a little hill, and Mary Standish, her eyes obeying the impulse given by those about her, stared toward the crest. The road, as it rose,

was still clogged with troops. But now officers began to clear it. The men were herded to the sides of the road. Camions drove into the ditch. Some strange thing was in prospect. But it was her ears, not her eyes, that first gave Mary Standish a clue.

She heard singing beyond the crest of the hill. Incredulous, she started to her feet, her hands caught to her breast, and stared. Frenchmen did not sing so. And then her staring eyes saw a drab wave break over the crest of that hill and come pouring down as a comber breaks over a rock. The sun shone down upon rifle-barrels. And on the drab wave swept. Another wave came—first, a wave of sound. Mary Standish's breath came in great, choking gasps as she listened and stared. And now she could hear the words: "Send the word, send the word

Over there

That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming——"

The roar of the guns from behind continued. But, in spite of their thunder, a sort of awed silence was upon that place, that stretch

of the countryside of France. The din of the retreat had died down. Only the rhythmic beat of the marching men and the swelling chorus of the song:

“Over there, say a prayer;
Send the word, send the word to beware,
We’ll be over; we’re coming over,
And we won’t go back till it’s over over
HERE!”

Mary Standish stood up and screamed. She waved her arms. On came the column of men in olive drab. She could see the faces of the men of her own race and breed now—clear-eyed, smooth-skinned, confident, alert. And young—so young, and fresh! Behind her came the roar of a racing motor. A car sped up. A French staff-officer, his face white, drawn, lined with care and weariness, sprang out. He approached an American officer upon whose shoulder-strap there was a silver leaf. Mary Standish heard their words.

“Lieutenant-Colonel Wise,” said the Frenchman saluting, “of the United States Marines?”

“Yes, sir,” said Colonel Wise, returning the

salute. But, though he had paused, the marines went on, singing.

“You are welcome, Colonel. You are in time to cover the retreat. I am instructed to request you to hold the Germans, when you get in touch with their advance, as long as you can. You will then retreat to the trenches we shall have prepared for you.”

“‘Retreat?’” said Wise. “‘Retreat?’ Never! We’ve just come!”

Mary Standish thinks she screamed again. Brown-faced boys looked at her and grinned and waved their hands. Tears of joy ran down her cheeks. And then she found herself joining, in a sort of croak, the chorus of the song:

“The Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
Over there, say a prayer;
Send the word, send the word to beware.
We’ll be over; we’re coming over,
And we won’t go back till it’s over over
HERE!”

And now, all about her, marvelous things were happening to the souls of men. Shoul-

ders were straightening. And, here and there, poilus were stooping to retrieve abandoned rifles, were slipping into the olive-drab ranks that opened to admit a splash of the horizon blue.

And the marines went on—went forward, singing, boasting, toward the very place that she was leaving.

Swiftly they passed. Eight thousand of them there were—she had learned to reckon the numbers of marching columns of troops. Pitifully few—yes! But she was sure of them, as, suddenly, mysteriously, the French were sure of them. They were going to stop the Germans, as Wise had promised they would. Her eyes strained after them, melting into the long road, after the ambulance had resumed its journey. Her eyes and her heart and her prayers followed them. She wished, as never in all her life before she had wished for anything, that she might see and know what they would do.

The marines went on. Singing, marching to the lilt of their song, they went on. And near the little town of Meaux they came into

contact, for the first time, with the Germans. They had sped a hundred and twenty-five miles from Verdun in the night, in great motor-trucks, to reach this field. And they had come at the fifty-ninth minute of the last hour. If they did not stop the Germans, the Germans would not be stopped. Paris would fall, and, with Paris, the Germans would hold the heart and soul of France. In 1914, France might have survived the loss of Paris—in 1918, the fall of Paris would mean the fall of France.

Off to the right were supporting batteries of seventy-fives manned by Americans of two regiments of field-artillery. But the work that lay ahead was work for infantry, not guns. And it was the marines, the Fifth and Sixth Marines, the commands of Catlin and of Neville—both of whom, for what they did near Chateau-Thierry, are now brigadier generals—upon whom the fate of Paris and of France and of the world depended.

It was the first day of June. That day must never be forgotten. Upon it the sun rose in gloom and black disaster. The end

was at hand. But the sun set that night upon a world redeemed.

The marines spread out in a thin skirmish-line. They held their fire with rifles and with their machine guns. The Germans came on, serene, confident. And then the marines began to fight. Time after time the Germans rushed on, only to be sent staggering back, seared, withered. They came to grips, and the marines, blistering their hands with the hot barrels of their rifles, beat them back with the butts of their guns. The work was too close, too hot, even, for the bayonet.

Those marines, those "devil-dogs"—"*Teufel-hunde*," the Germans named them that day—did not know how to fight. A score of times they were beaten. They fought on. And, at last, the Germans gave before them—swayed, broke, fell back. And the marines went on. They drove the Germans, incredulous, dazed, before them.

Three days there were in which Catlin and Neville and their marines held that new Thermopylae. Eight thousand of them went into that fighting—and *six thousand two hundred*



of them were hit! Catlin and Neville were both wounded. But they saved Paris, and, with Paris, France and the Allied cause.

For all along the front the word of what the marines had done went blazing. The

Yanks had come! These were the Americans, of whom such hopes had been had. If eight thousand Americans could fight like that, what could not a million accomplish?

Victory had been snatched from defeat. Dawn had followed, indeed, the darkest hour of the night. Paris was safe. The French had gained the time they needed to recoil.

In the days that followed, glory was piled upon glory for the marines. They won Belleau Wood, in the outskirts of Chateau-Thierry—Belleau Wood, known now, and forever to be known, as the “Wood of the American Marines.” They played their deathless part in the great advance that began on July 18th, when Foch began his memorable series of victories.

But it was on June first that the marines saved France and ended Germany’s last chance to win the war. Then victory was trembling in the balance. The Germans had to be stopped—and the marines stopped them and drove them back.

France knows the truth. And France has hailed the survivors of the men who met the

Germans that day near Meaux as her saviors. It was on the Fourth of July that Paris strewed her streets with flowers beneath the marching feet of the men who had saved her. And have you heard the tale of how the marines who carried the Stars and Stripes through Paris that day were chosen?

There were three thousand of them, wounded, but still able to be about, pining to get back to the front. They were assembled, and a general spoke to them. He told them that they had done all that could be asked of them, but that now another service still was needed. He told them that this new task called for a heroism such as even they had not displayed, and that it might well be that few of them could survive. And then he asked for volunteers among such of them as were physically fit, despite their wounds, to march.

Twenty-six hundred of them stepped forward from their seats. Twenty-six hundred out of three thousand—and the others were on crutches!

And then he told what this new task was.

It was to march through Paris on Independence Day and to receive the thanks of the city they had saved.

William Almon Wolff

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Describe the situation at Chateau-Thierry before the coming of the Marines and after the coming of the Marines.
2. Select what you think is the strong point of the story. Write a title for it and list its important details in order under the title.
3. Recall the incident of the Fourth of July in Paris and tell why it showed heroism in the wounded soldiers.

THE BOY WHO LIKED TO GO FISHING

Jim Watson was a real boy. He could run like a deer, swim like a duck and turn three cart-wheels without stopping. When he was playing baseball with Tom Wilson and the other boys it was always Jim Watson who took the hardest job whether in the pitcher's box or behind the bat. Tom Wilson, on the other hand, was never so happy as when he was lying on the high bank of the river with a fish pole in his hands. Jim Watson had a dog and they were inseparable as David and Jonathan. Jim educated the dog and the dog educated Jim.

TO THE TEACHER—See "The Boy Who Liked to go Fishing" in *Second Unit in Reading—Teachers Plans*.

THE STORY OF STEEL

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

You will be reading newspaper and magazine articles on the steel industry for many, many years. Study of the words listed here in **Words to Learn** will do much to make the meaning of these articles clear. Are there other terms with which you are not familiar?

inventive	malleable	spectacular
molten	pneumatic	unique
metallurgy	monopoly	royalties
incandescent	apparatus	modified
affinity	puddlers	volcano
agitating	tornado	paroxysm

BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY

Steel is so familiar to us that we seldom think of the men who worked and thought out the process of making it. Here is the true story of steel and of some of the difficulties which the men who discovered the process had to meet.

AS YOU READ THE STORY

Look for the following points:

1. Whether William Kelly or Sir Henry Bessemer deserves the credit for inventing the process.
2. Difficulties met with in perfecting the process.
3. That cast-iron is harder than steel.
4. That oxygen is important in the refining process.

When there arises a demand for something that shall play a vital part in our national and social development—a demand which is earnest and universal—science is pretty sure to meet it. Even nature must yield when the human race centres its brain-force, with white-hot energy, upon a certain point of attack. It was so in the cases of electricity, railroads, cables, the telegraph, and the telephone; and fifty years ago the most pressing need of the civilized world was a new metal—one that would be as strong as steel and as cheap as iron.

This was more than a trade problem. The railroads were using iron rails, which wore out in less than two years. The largest locomotive of that time would to-day be considered little more than a toy. There were no skyscrapers and no subways, and stages were practically the only street-cars. Neither wood nor iron was fit for the new uses of the growing republic; and the high cost of steel made it almost as much out of the question as silver. The greatest need of the world was *cheap steel*.

At this juncture an answer to the universal demand was voiced by the inventive genius of two men—William Kelly, a Pittsburgh Irish-American, and Sir Henry Bessemer, an Englishman of French descent. They devised a new way to refine iron, which has since been known as the Bessemer process. Their discovery was an entirely new idea and one which at first seemed absurd to every other steel-maker; but within a few years it was universally adopted, revolutionizing the iron and steel trade, and providing the world with a cheap and abundant supply of its most useful metal. It expanded the industry with almost the suddenness of an explosion, and for the first time in the long history of steel-making the steel-smiths were fairly swept off their feet by a flood of riches.

In 1846 William Kelly and his brother bought the Swanee Iron Works, near Eddyville, Kentucky. Kelly's father was a well-to-do landowner in Pittsburgh, where it is said that he erected the first two brick houses in the city. At the time when William Kelly began to make iron, he was thirty-six years

old—a tall, well-set-up, muscular, energetic man, with blue eyes and close-cropped beard. In inventiveness his brain ranked high; in business ability, low. He had left a commission business and become an iron maker mainly to carry out a process which he had invented, by which larger sugar kettles were to be made. The “Kelly kettles” became well known among the Southern farmers.

Kelly’s first aim was to make good wrought iron, for his kettles and for customers in Cincinnati. His iron was refined in what was called a “finery fire”—a small furnace in which about fifteen hundred pounds of pig iron were placed between two layers of charcoal. The charcoal was set on fire, the blast was turned on, and more charcoal was added until the iron was thoroughly refined—a slow, old-fashioned process which used up quantities of charcoal.

In a year all the wood near the furnace had been burned, and the nearest available source of supply was seven miles distant—a fact with which the unbusinesslike Kelly had not reckoned. To cart his charcoal seven

miles meant bankruptcy, unless—he could invent a way to save fuel.

Kelly's Epoch-Making Discovery

One day he was sitting in front of the “finery fire” when he suddenly sprang to his feet with a shout, and rushed to the furnace. At one edge he saw a white-hot spot in the yellow mass of molten metal. The iron at this point was incandescent. It was almost gaseous. Yet there was no charcoal—nothing but the steady blast of air. Why didn't the air chill the metal? Every iron-maker since Tubal Cain had believed that cold air would chill hot iron. But Kelly was more than an iron-maker. He was a student of metallurgy, and he knew that carbon and oxygen had an affinity for each other. He knew what air was and what iron was, and like a flash the idea leaped into his excited brain—*there is no need of charcoal. Air alone is fuel.*

It was as simple as breathing, and very similar, but no human mind had thought of it before. When the air is blown into the molten metal, the oxygen unites with the

impurities of the iron and leaves the pure iron behind. Oxygen—that mysterious element which gives life to all creatures, yet which burns up and destroys all things; oxygen, which may be had without money in infinite quantities—was now to become the creator of cheap steel.

Kelly was carried away by the magnitude of his idea. His unrestrained delight, after months of depression, amazed every one in the little hamlet. Most of his neighbors thought him crazy. Only three listened with interest and sympathy—two English iron-workers and the village doctor.

At first Kelly snapped his fingers at opposition. "I'll prove it publicly," he said. At his invitation a number of jesting iron-makers from western Kentucky gathered around his furnace the following week, and Kelly, caring nothing for patents, explained his idea and gave a demonstration of it. Air was blown through some melted pig iron, agitating it into a white heat, to the amazement of the brawny onlookers. A blacksmith seized a piece of the refined iron, cooled it, and with

his hammer produced in twenty minutes a perfect horeshoe. He flung it at the feet of the iron men, who could not believe their eyesight, and, seizing a second scrap of the iron, made nails and fastened the shoe to the foot of a nearby horse. Pig iron, which cannot be hammered into anything, had been changed into malleable iron, or something very much like it, without the use of an ounce of fuel.

Surely, the thing was too absurd. Seeing was not believing. "Some crank'll be burnin' ice next," said one. The iron men shook their heads and went home, to boast in after years that they had seen the first public production of "Bessemer" steel in the world.

Kelly called his invention the "pneumatic process," but it became locally known as "Kelly's air-boiling process." He proceeded at once to refine his iron by this method. He sent his steel, or refined iron, or whatever it was, to Cincinnati, and no flaws were found in it. Years before Mr. Bessemer had made any experiments with iron, there were steamboats on the Ohio River with boilers made of iron that had been refined by Kelly's process.

Kelly's Apparent Failure

But now came a form of opposition that Kelly could not defy. His father-in-law said, "Quit this foolishness or repay the capital I have advanced." His Cincinnati customers wrote: "We understand that you have adopted a new-fangled way of refining your iron. Is this so? We want our iron made in the regular way or not at all."

About the same time Kelly's ore gave out. New mines had to be dug. Instead of making ten tons a day, he made two.

He surrendered. He became outwardly a level-headed, practical, conservative iron-maker, and won back the confidence of his partners and customers. Then one night he took his "pneumatic process" machinery three miles back into a secluded part of the forest and set it up. Like Galileo, he said: "Nevertheless, air *is* fuel!" No one knew of this secret spot except the two English iron-workers whom he brought out to help him.

Under such conditions progress was slow. By 1851 his first converter was built—a square, brick structure, four feet high, with

a cylindrical chamber. The bottom was perforated for the blast. He would first turn on the blast, and then put in melted pig iron with a ladle. About three times out of five he succeeded. The greatest difficulty was to have the blast strong enough; otherwise the iron flowed through the air-holes and clogged them up.

His second converter was made with holes in the side, and worked better. He discovered that he could do ninety minutes' work in ten, and save further expense in fuel. One improvement followed another. In all, he built seven converters in his backwoods hiding place.

In 1856 Kelly was told that Henry Bessemer, an Englishman, had taken out a United States patent for the "pneumatic process." This aroused Kelly's national pride more than his desire for a monopoly, and he at once filed in the patent office his claims to priority of invention. The patent office was convinced and granted him United States Patent No. 17,628, declaring him to have been the original inventor.

Then came the panic of 1857, and Kelly was one of the thousands who toppled over into bankruptcy. To get some ready money, he sold his patent to his father for a thousand dollars. Not long afterwards, the elder Kelly died, and willed his rights to his daughters, who were shrewd, businesslike women. They regarded their brother William as a child in financial matters, and refused to give him his patent. After several years of unjustifiable delay, they transferred it to Kelly's children. And so, between his relations and his creditors, Kelly was brought to a standstill.

Kelly's First Tilting Converter

But even at the lowest point of defeat and poverty, he persevered.

Without wasting a day in self-pity, he went at once to the Cambria Iron Works, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and secured permission from Daniel J. Morrell, the general superintendent, to make experiments there.

"I'll give you that corner of the yard and young Geer to help you," said Morrell.

In a short time Kelly had built his eighth

converter—the first that really deserved the name—and was ready to make a public demonstration. About two hundred shopmen gathered around his queer-looking apparatus. Many of them were puddlers, whose occupation would be gone if Kelly succeeded. It is often fear that makes men scoff, and the puddlers were invariably the loudest in ridiculing the “Irish crank.”

“I want the strongest blast you can blow,” said Kelly to Leibfreit, the old German engineer.

“All right,” answered Leibfreit. “I gif you blenty!”

Partly to oblige and partly for a joke Leibfreit goaded his blowing engine to do its best, hung a weight on the safety-valve, and blew such a blast that the whole contents of the converter went flying out in a tornado of sparks. The air, it must be remembered, will take away, first the impurities in the iron, and second, the iron itself, if it is too strong or too long continued. This spectacular failure filled the two hundred shopmen with delight. For days you could hear in all parts

of the works roars of laughter at "Kelly's fireworks." In fact, it was a ten years' joke in the iron trade.

In a few days Kelly was ready for a second trial, this time with less blast. The process lasted more than half an hour, and was thoroughly unique. To every practical iron-maker, it was the height of absurdity. Kelly stood coatless and absorbed beside his converter, an anvil by his side and a small hammer in his hand. When the sparks began to fly, he ran here and there, picking them up and hammering them upon his anvil. For half an hour every spark crumbled under the blow. Then came one that flattened out, like dough—proving that the impurities had blown out. Immediately he tilted the converter and poured out the contents. Taking a small piece, he cooled it and hammered it into a thin plate on his anvil, proving that it was not cast iron.

He had once more shown that cold air does not chill molten iron, but refines it with amazing rapidity if blown through it for the proper length of time. His process was not com-

plete, as we shall see later, but subsequent improvements were comparatively easy to make. Bessemer, by his own efforts, did not get any better "steel" in 1885 than Kelly had made in 1847.

Kelly's Later Career

Kelly remained at Johnstown for five years. By this time he had conquered. His patent was restored to him, and Mr. Morrell and others bought a controlling interest in it. He was now honored and rewarded. The "crank" suddenly became a recognized genius. By 1870 he had received thirty thousand dollars in royalties; and after his patent was renewed he received about four hundred and fifty thousand more. After his process had been improved and widely adopted, Kelly spent no time claiming the credit or basking in the glory of his success. No man was ever more undaunted in failure or more modest in victory. He at once gave all his attention to manufacturing high-grade axes in Louisville, and founded a business which is to-day carried on at Charleston, West Virginia, by his sons.

When more than seventy years of age he retired and spent his last days at Louisville. Few who saw the quiet, pleasant-faced old gentleman in his daily walks knew who he was or what he had accomplished. Yet in 1888, when he died, it was largely by reason of his process that the United States had become the supreme steel-making nation in the world. He was buried in the Louisville cemetery.

Mushet Perfects the New Process

The new process was perfected by a third inventor, Robert F. Mushet, a Scotchman. He solved a problem which had baffled both Kelly and Bessemer—how to leave just enough carbon in the molten metal to harden it into the required quality of steel. Instead of frantically endeavoring to stop the process at exactly the right moment, Mushet asked: "Why not first burn out *all* the carbon, and then pour back the exact quantity that you need?"

This, too, was a simple device, but no one had thought of it before. Since then other improvements have been added by Holley,

W. R. Jones, Reese, Gilchrist, and Thomas.

The new metal was soon called by the name of "Bessemer steel." Strictly speaking it was not steel in the original use of the word. It was a new substance very much like wrought iron. It was not hard enough to serve for all purposes. For knives, for springs, for hammers, for a thousand finer uses, steel must still be made by slower and more careful methods. The Bessemer product does the rougher work, where quantity and cheapness are essential.

It is probable that one reason for the naming of Bessemer steel was the fact that true steel was then selling at three hundred dollars a ton. The new metal might have been less highly esteemed had it been announced merely as a modified form of iron.

Bessemer and His Inventions

As a matter of history, the names of Bessemer and Kelly should be linked together like those of Washington and Jefferson. The original idea first came from the brain of Kelly, but the commercial success of the new process



was due to Bessemer's machinery. Bessemer was one of England's greatest inventors, having one hundred and twenty patents to his credit. He began to earn his living by engraving labels for patent medicines. He invented a velvet machine, a sugar-making process, a glass-polisher, a ventilator, and many other devices.

Bessemer met with as much opposition in England as Kelly had encountered in America. Like Kelly, he made nothing for years but "encouraging failures." At his first demonstration, the blast was so strong that it blew three-fourths of the iron out of the converter. When he read a paper before the British Association for the Advancement of Science on "The Manufacture of Malleable Iron and Steel Without Fuel," every British steel-maker roared with laughter at the "crazy Frenchman." It was voted not to mention his "silly paper" in the minutes of the association.

What a Modern Converter Is

To-day there are more than a hundred Bessemer converters in the United States, breathing iron into steel at the rate of eighteen billion pounds a year. It is well worth a visit to Pittsburgh to see one of these tamed Etnas in full blast. Nothing else in the world is like it. One look at a converter transformed Andrew Carnegie from a company-promoter into a steel man for life.

To describe it in a few words, a converter is a huge iron pot twice as high as a man. It is swung on an axle, so that it can be tilted up and down. Although it weighs as much as a battalion of five hundred men, it can be handled by a boy. About thirty thousand pounds of molten iron are poured into it; and then, from two hundred little holes in the bottom, a strong blast of air is turned on, rushing like a tornado through the metal. Millions of red and yellow sparks fly a hundred feet into the air.

The converter roars like a volcano in eruption. It is the fiercest and most strenuous of all the inventions of man. The impurities in the iron—the phosphorus, sulphur, silicon, and carbon—are being hurled out of the metal in this paroxysm of fury. The sparks change from red to yellow; then suddenly they become white.

“All right!” shouts the grimy workman in charge.

The great pot is tilted sideways, gasping and coughing like a monster in pain. A workman feeds it with several hundred pounds of

a carbon mixture, to restore a necessary element that has been blown out. Then it is tilted still farther; its lake of white fire is poured into a swinging ladle and slopped from the ladle into a train of huge clay pots, pushed into place by a little locomotive. The converter then swings up and receives another fifteen tons of molten metal, the whole process having taken only a quarter of an hour.

—*Herman Dressel.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Select the thought unit that describes Kelly's refining process before the use of oxygen.
2. List from the story three difficulties which he met with after discovering the refining process.
3. Write a short paragraph telling of Kelly's discovery.

BRIER ROSE

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

There are many word pictures in this poem. In order that each one may be clear, every word must have a meaning based upon its use in the poem. The **Words to Learn**, pages 375 to 384, gives that definition which will make the pictures clear.

sieve	mien	quake
league	alluring	cataract
vindictive	espied	beguile
scythes	pallid	rougish
copse	crowns	leagues

BEFORE YOU READ THE POEM

There is a lesson for us in the poem you are about to read. Often children are thought to be heedless and yet they may have qualities of character which their elders do not suspect.

AS YOU READ THE POEM

“Reputation is what men and women think of us; but character is what God and the angels know of us.”

Fix in your mind the reputation the villagers had given Brier Rose. Contrast this with her deed and decide what is her true character.

Said Brier-Rose’s mother to the naughty
Brier-Rose:

“What will become of you, my child, the Lord
Almighty knows.



You will not scrub the kettles, and you will
not touch the broom;
You never sit a minute still at spinning wheel
or loom.”

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled
late at eve,
The good wife, as she bustled with pot and
tray and sieve;
But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she cocked
her dainty head:
“Why, I shall marry, Mother dear,” full mer-
rily she said.

“You marry, saucy Brier-Rose! The man,
he is not found

To marry such a worthless wench, these sev-
enty leagues around.”

But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she trilled
a merry lay:

“Perhaps he’ll come, my Mother dear, from
eighty leagues away.”

The good wife, with a “humph” and a sigh,
forsook the battle,

And flung her pots and pails about with much
vindictive rattle:

“O Lord, what sin did I commit in youthful
days and wild,

That thou hast punished me in age with such
a wayward child.”

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her
steps could hear,

And laughing pressed an airy kiss behind
the good wife’s ear.

And she, as e’er, relenting, sighed: “Oh,
Heaven only knows

Whatever will become of you, my naughty
Brier-Rose!”

The sun was high, and summer sounds were
teeming in the air;
The clank of scythes, the cricket's whir, and
swelling wood-notes rare,
From field and copse and meadow; and
through the open door
Sweet, fragrant whiffs of new-mown hay the
idle breezes bore.

Then Brier-Rose grew pensive, like a bird of
thoughtful mien,
Whose little life has problems among the
branches green.

She heard the river brawling where the tide
was swift and strong,

She heard the summer singing its strange,
alluring song.

And out she skipped the meadows o'er and
gazed into the sky;

Her heart o'erbrimmed with gladness, she
scarce herself knew why,

And to a merry tune she hummed, "Oh,
Heaven only knows

Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-
Rose!"

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid
espied,

She shook her head in warning, and scarce
her wrath could hide;

For girls were made for housewives, for spinning-wheel and loom,

And not to drink the sunshine and wild-flower's sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when the Brier-Rose went by,

"You cannot knit a stocking, and you cannot make a pie."

But Brier-Rose, as was her wont, she cocked her curly head:

"But I can sing a pretty song," full merrily she said.

And oft the young lads shouted, when they saw the maid at play:

"Ho, good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, how do you do to-day?"

Then she shook her tiny fist; to her cheeks the color flew:

"However much you coax me, I'll never dance with you."

Thus flew the years light-winged over Brier-
Rose's head,
Till she was twenty summers old and yet
remained unwed.
And all the parish wondered: "The Lord
Almighty knows
Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-
Rose!"

And while they wondered came the Spring
a-dancing o'er the hills;
Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all
the mountain rills,
With their tinkling and their rippling and
their rushing, filled the air.
And the misty sounds of water forth-welling
everywhere.

And in the valley's depth, like a lusty beast
of prey,
The river leaped and roared aloud and tossed
its mane of spray;
Then hushed again its voice to a softly splash-
ing croon,

As dark it rolled beneath the sun and white
beneath the moon.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it
whirled

Adown the tawny eddies that hissed and
seethed and swirled,

Now shooting through the rapids, and, with
a reeling swing,

Into the foam-crests diving like an animated
thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where o'er
a steep incline

The waters plunged and wreathed in foam
the dark boughs of the pine,

The lads kept watch with shout and song,
and sent each straggling beam

A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should
lock the stream.

3.

And yet—methinks I hear it now—wild
voices in the night,

A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's
flaring light,

And wandering gusts of dampness, and round
us far and nigh,
A throbbing boom of water like a pulse-beat
in the sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid east with
spears of gold and red,
As we, with boat-hooks in our hands, toward
the narrows sped.
And terror smote us; for we heard the mighty
tree-tops sway,
And thunder, as of chariots, and hissing
showers of spray.

“Now, lads,” the sheriff shouted, “you are
strong, like Norway’s rock;
A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks
the lumber lock!
For if another hour go by, the angry waters’
spoil
Our homes will be, and fields, and weary
years of toil.”

We looked each at the other; each hoped his
neighbor would

Brave death and danger for his home, as
valiant Norsemen should.

But at our feet the brawling tide expanded
like a lake,

And whirling beams came shooting on, and
made the firm rock quake.

“Two hundred crowns!” The sheriff cried, and
breathless stood the crowd.

“Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads!” in
anxious tones and loud.

But not a man came forward, and no one
spoke or stirred,

And nothing save the thunder of the cataract
was heard.

But as with trembling hands and with faint-
ing hearts we stood,

We spied a little curly head emerging from
the wood.

We heard a little snatch of a merry little
song

And saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing
through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people round
about.

“Fling her into the river!” we heard the
matrons shout;

“Chase her away, the silly thing; for God
himself scarce knows

Why ever he created that worthless Brier-
Rose.”

Sweet Brier-Rose, she heard their cries; a
little pensive smile

Across her fair face flitted, that might a stone
beguile;

And then she gave her pretty head a roguish
little cock:

“Hand me a boat-hook, lads,” she said; “I
think I’ll break the lock.”

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from
throats of young and old:

“Ho! good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, your
tongue was ever bold.”

And mockingly, a boat-hook into her hands
was flung,

When, lo! into the river’s midst with daring
leaps she sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense
and blinding spray;
From beam to beam she skipped, like a water-
sprite at play;
And now and then faint gleams we caught
of color through the mist:
A crimson waist, a golden head, a little dainty,
wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of
the hill;
A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred
hearts stood still;
For, hark; from out the rapids came a
strange and creaking sound,
And then a crash of thunder which shook
the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down
o'er the rocky steep;
We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling
in the deep;
We saw a tiny form which the torrent swiftly
bore
And flung into the wild abyss, where it was
seen no more.

Lumbering is the chief industry of that vast region bounded on the north by Alaska, on the south by California, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and on the east by the Rocky Mountains. In this territory, known as the Pacific Northwest, nearly two hundred thousand men are employed in cutting down the last primeval forests of this country, and slicing these stately armies of spruce and fir and cedar into five billion feet of lumber and six billion shingles every year.

This prodigious activity has built up cities and states and launched a mighty commerce. Its allied industries directly support half a million people. This timbered area is the richest natural treasure of the American continent, compared with which the gold mines of Alaska and Nevada are of small value for this and for coming generations. It is so wonderfully rich a treasure that its owners are squandering it like drunken spendthrifts. In these mighty western forests a billion feet of lumber is wasted every year, enough to build one hundred thousand comfortable American homes.

“Do these people ever think of the centuries through which their harvest has been growing?” implores a western man with the interests of his state at heart. “Does it never occur to them that they are the trustees of a heritage for future generations, to be guarded, cared for and watched, to be used only as necessity requires or price justifies, and not to be wantonly wasted or destroyed, or disposed of without adequate return? And how are they fulfilling their trust. They are leaving half their crop in the woods to be burned, and for the half they are marketing they are obtaining a beggarly return. They are leaving the ground a fire-swept, desolate waste. They are taking to themselves the whole of the heritage intrusted to them. The sacred right of property is theirs, and they do as they will with their own.”

The ancient woods of New England and Michigan and Minnesota have been stripped of their heavy growth by the logger; the white pine already belongs with the past, and a country which has been wont to consider its natural resources inexhaustible can

foresee the end of its timber supply within the next century unless the forests are replanted and cared for. It is very hard for the American of this generation to realize that there can be any end to the wealth of the land and the forests and the mines which have done so much to make this country what it is.

It is characteristic of western men and methods that the ways of logging in the East should have been flung aside as crude and slow. The giant timber of the Washington forests on the slopes of the Cascades is not hauled by teams or rafted down rivers. Steam has made of logging a business which devastates the woods with incredible speed, system, and ardor. The logging camps of the Cascades differ as strikingly from the lumbering centers of northern New England as the electric gold-dredgers of the Sacramento Valley contrast with the placer diggings of the Forty-niners. In other words, the greater the need of preserving forests, the greater is the American ingenuity for turning them into cash as fast as possible.

The camp where I found these up-to-date lumbermen tearing the heart out of one of the noblest forests in America was near the Skykomish River in Washington, where this mountain stream winds through the foothills of the western slopes of the Cascade Range. We set out from Everett in the early morning and left the train at a little town called Sultan. Beyond the town was the wreckage of the forest, blackened patches where the fire had swept in the wake of the loggers, miles of gaunt and melancholy trunks spared by the ax to die in flame and smoke. Beyond this devastated area rose the mountains, still clothed with trees, far up to the rocky heights, whose bare outline was fleeced with snow and wreathed in mists and clouds.

In a near-by clearing was the camp of the lumbermen, a row of bunk-houses, a kitchen and a big dining-room. The buildings were of sawed lumber, because this material was easier to handle than logs, so there was nothing picturesque in this first glimpse of the Pacific lumberman at work. His settlement looked like the beginnings of a frontier town.

Past the camp ran a single-track railroad which wound up through a gash in the bold hills, twisting like a snake, climbing hills that would tire a pack train. It spanned ravines on crazy wooden trestles, and cut corners at impossible angles. No civilized locomotive could be expected to operate on this track, but presently a squat, broad-shouldered dwarf of an engine scuttled down from the hills with a trainload of logs behind it, and proceeded to show how singularly adapted it was for the work in hand. It was a deformed, one-sided looking monster, built for power, not for speed. The boiler was not hung over the center of its trucks, but sat well on the starboard side. Instead of driving-rods, a shaft was geared along one side, cogged and geared to every wheel, so that when the shaft turned and the gearing took hold, every wheel of this little giant bit hold of the rail, and pushed, or held back with concentrated energy.

Soon this lop-sided toiler towed us up among the hills, away from the wreckage of the forest, and plunged into the green and

towering vistas of Douglas fir and red cedar and fragrant spruce. Part of this tract had been cut over, and the refuse might have marked the trail of a cyclone. But the "culls" left standing were majestic in size. They had been passed by as not worth felling. Two months before I had been loafing along the Kennebec River, watching the tail end of the spring drive float down from the woods of northern Maine. Alas, most of that harvest had been sapling logs, toothpicks in size, for the pulp mills. The biggest of the timber logs of that Maine drive, looked like kindlings compared with these neglected "culls" of the Washington forest.

Presently a spur or branch line zig-zagged off from the railroad. The squat and laboring locomotive crawled along this side track, which was laid on top of the ground with so little grading that the rails billowed up and down the hills. The toot of the locomotive was answered by the scream of another whistle somewhere ahead, as if there were a bustling activity beyond the curtaining trees. The foreman of the "outfit" was wait-

ing to go to the end of the "spur, and he swung himself aboard from a handy log alongside the track. He was a quiet young man with a frank gray eye, a square jaw and a fine pair of shoulders. He explained in reply to many questions:

"I've got a gang of a hundred Irish, Swedes and Americans. No, they aren't always easy to handle, but if you let little things worry you, you'll go crazy, so what's the use? I was raised in Michigan logging camps, and this getting timber out by steam power is different. I had to learn the business all over again when I came out to the coast. We run these spurs off the main line about every fourteen hundred feet, two of them off each side, parallel, you understand. Then we log between the two spurs, giving us a seven hundred foot haul either way to the flat cars. When we're through, we pull up our tracks and push ahead and then run the spurs off to the left and right in the same fashion. If you've been used to seeing logging with ox teams and sleds, you'll have a chance to see some real live action when

you've watched the donkey-engine at work."

His forecast was most conservative. Logging by steam, as it is done in the Cascades, is worth going many miles to see as a hair-raising spectacle. When the train toiled into a clearing, the donkey-engine stood near the tracks and the skidway which led to the loading platform. It was a commonplace looking "donkey," although bigger than most of its breed which puff and strain on docks and at the foot of derricks. The boiler and engine were mounted on a massive timber sled, whose runners or underpinnings were two weighty logs. This timber raft had a blunt bow and a snub nose where the runners had been hewn away, like the front end of a New England "stone-boat." Stout guy-ropes ran to near-by trees, mooring the "donkey" as if it were an unruly kind of a beast. In front of the engine was a series of drums, wound round with wire cable which trailed off into the forest and vanished.

The area across which these cables trailed was littered with windfalls, tall butts, sawed-off tops and branches, upturned roots fifteen

feet in air. Huge logs, cut in lengths of from twenty-five to forty feet, loomed amid this woodland wreckage like the backs of a school of whales in a tumbling sea. No roads had been cut. It seemed impossible to move these great sections of trees to the railroad and thence to market. Teaming was out of the question in such a ruck as this

The only appliances in sight were the humble "donkey," and the aimless wire-cable which led off into the general tangle of things. Closer inspection showed a signal rope which led from the whistle of the "donkey" off into the woods without visible destination.

Some one out of vision yanked this six hundred feet of rope. The "donkey" screamed a series of intelligent blasts. The engine clattered, the drums began to revolve and the wire cable which seemed to wind off to nowhere in particular grew taut. The "donkey" surged against its moorings, its massive sled began to rear and pitch as if it were striving to bury its nose in the earth.

There was a startling uproar in the forest,

wholly beyond seeing distance, mind you. It sounded as if trees were being pulled up by the roots. The "donkey" was puffing and tugging at its anchorage as if it had suddenly undertaken to jerk out the side of the mountain. In a moment a log came hurtling out of the undergrowth nearly a thousand feet away. It was a section of tree six feet through, a diameter greater than the height of most men. It was forty feet long, and it must have weighed a large number of tons.

It burst into sight as if it had wings, smashing and tearing its own pathway. The "donkey" was not merely dragging it at the end of a wire cable a quarter of a mile long, it was yanking it home hand over fist. The great log was coming so fast that when it fetched athwart a stump it pitched over it as if it were taking a hurdle. Then it became entangled with another whopper of a log, as big as itself. The two locked arms—they did not even hesitate—and both came lunging toward the "donkey" and the railroad.

The "donkey" did not complain of this extra burden. It veered sidewise as if to get

a fresh grip, reared a trifle more viciously, coughed and grunted, and jerked the burden along with undiminished vigor.

I waited until the log was within twenty feet of the loading platform, and then, fearful that the "donkey" might forget to let go in the excitement of the moment, I moved rapidly away from the scene of action. The huge missile halted in its flight, and the masterful "donkey" had a breathing spell.

It was time to wonder how they were going to load this unwieldy brute of a log on a flat car. One realized the girth and weight of it when the "chaser" followed it in, and branded it by stamping one end with a sledge hammer. As he stood by the butt of it, the top of the log was well above his head.

Now the "head loader," and "loader" assumed command. They deftly rigged slings of wire cable around the log, and the donkey engine was asked to give them a lift. The tireless "donkey" squatted back, made a wild lunge or two before settling in the traces, and the log began to roll over and

over up the inclined skidway in the bight of these slings.

A pull here and a tug there, and the log rolled across the platform, and settled in its place on the car, handled by steam, and by steam alone, from the time when the "fallers" and sawyers had brought it crashing to earth, and cut it into sections.

This was not the limit, however, of the resourcefulness of the "donkey." No sooner had this log been gripped by the back of the neck and flung aboard a car, than the gang back there in the woods had made another log fast to the trailing cable. Not a second was wasted. When the first log settled on the car a second was crashing and leaping through the forest.

It was even more impressive to learn that when the "yard" is cleared, and it is time to move to another forest tract, the "donkey" loads itself aboard a flat car by a process analogous to that of lifting one's self by the boot-straps. The cables are attached to convenient trees, the "donkey" takes hold, the drums revolve, and the astute

engine hauls itself along until it is close to the loading platform. Holds on new trees are secured, and the ponderous machinery jerks itself up the skidway prepared for its passage. One more clever effort and it hauls itself across the platform to the car, thus demonstrating itself a "donkey" whose capabilities give the lie to its name.

We followed the cable back into the forest while the coast was clear. There was first the "haulback," a wire rope more than half a mile long, which led in a wide circle through that part of the forest which was being logged by this particular "donkey." This cable is an errand boy for the larger and stronger cable which does the heavy work. The "haulback" leads from the drums of the donkey-engine, turning corners through sheaves made fast to trees, and is thus an endless line which can be reeled out or in to carry the stronger cable whenever it may be needed.

It would be a slow and back-breaking task for men to pull the big cable through such a tangle of forest as this. Therefore they

hitch a length of it on to the "haulback," the "donkey" kindly assists, and deposits the gear just in the right spot. Then the "hook tenders" and "rigging slingers" fall to, and pass the heavy cable, or "lead," around the end of the log, making it fast with big steel hooks which bite deep into the shaggy bark.

Thus harnessed, there is no more use for the "haulback" cable, and the "donkey" reels in the bigger cable with the log at the end much as one handles a fish that is securely hooked. Ahead of this gang are the "wind-fall buckers," who saw into handy lengths such fallen trees as are square in the way. These are jerked aside by a "lead" from the big cable, but it is not considered necessary to clear the path any more carefully than by the removal of these most conspicuous obstacles.

The men work in a dense and damp undergrowth, in mud and slime up to their knees when the autumn rains fall for months on end. It is slippery, trying work, and when the steel hooks lose their grip, and the lengths of cable whip blindly through the air,

and the log runs amuck before the ardent "donkey" can be checked, there is such vivid and varied language as cannot be found outside a polyglot lumber camp in the untamed West.

This part of the logging industry in the Cascades is essentially business-like and specialized. It lacks romance, although the method of it is filled with dashing and picturesque energy. If you would see the tragedy of the big woods, you must wander a little back from the "donkey's" area of infernal activity. Down the columned aisles of these noble trees there rings a long, deep call:

"Look out of the r-o-a-d!"

It is the warning signal of the sawyer, the dirge of a big tree which is about to fall. From a few hundred feet away there is a fierce crackling like the volley firing of rifles. The fibres of the giant are being torn asunder. A mighty green crest more than two hundred feet in air begins to sway ever so slightly as if moved by a big wind. Then comes a long-drawn, rending crash, gather-

ing volume as the heart of the tree is ripped in twain. Now the top of the tree, far up in the bright sunlight, begins to move toward the earth, very slowly. It seems a long time before it gathers headway and begins to crash in a sweeping arc down among the trees around and beneath it. The air is full of torn branches and fragments of the smaller trees that are in the shattering path of this fall.

When it is down, the "buckers" attack it. With one man on each end of a long and limber saw, the tree is soon cut into handy lengths, ready for the wire cable and the obstreperous donkey-engine. Perched high on their spring-boards set in notches made in the butt six or eight feet above ground, the "fallers" are at work, nibbling at other great trees before the saws come into play, for these trees are sawed, not chopped down, and the ax does only the preliminary work. Twenty trees are felled every working day by the crew of two "fallers" and one "under-cutter," twenty trees, together worth a thousand dollars as they fall.



Fifty men work in each gang, and two "yards" are being cleared at the same time, so that a hundred men toil to keep the two donkey-engines and the railroad spurs busy. Between forty and fifty big trees come down in the day's work of the "outfit." They are

a strong and hustling lot of men. Logging by steam admits of no leisurely methods. The gangs are kept on the jump to measure pace with the "donkey" and the busy little railroad, and profits are so small at best that no time can be wasted. The boss drives his crews, but he feeds and pays them well, and they have no snow-bound winters to fight.

When the day's work was over in the "yards" we visited, the men came flocking from the woods to board the train that was waiting to carry them down to the camp at the foot of the hills. They were rough and husky men, ready for a fight or a frolic, but the quiet young foreman with the gray eye and square jaw held their respectful attention whenever he joined a group on the swaying flat cars. Most of the cars were piled high with logs, and the broad-shouldered, lop-sided little engine had to hold back with all its might to prevent the train from running away with it.

We slowed up at another "yard" where a spur of track led to a loading platform. Here an unwearied "donkey" was engaged in its

last task of the long day. It was perched on the crest of a hill beyond which the cleared land pitched down to a shallow pond. Across the pond a trail opened into the dense forest, a trail furrowed like an irrigating ditch. Down the hill, through the pond, and along the furrowed ditch ran the wire cable, taut and humming as the "donkey" pulled it home.

It was a matter of minutes while we waited and looked at the opening in the woods. Then the log hove in sight, riding grandly through the shadows like a sentient monster. It charged out of the woods, hurling earth and stones before it. On top of it stood a logger, swaying easily, shifting his footing to meet the plunges of his great beast, a dare-devil figure of a man outlined against the sunset sky as the log flew down hill. Before it dived into the pond he made a flying leap, and tumbled into the undergrowth with a yell of pure enjoyment. Then the log tore through the pond amid a whirlwind of spray, and moved up the opposite slope to the end of its long journey.

In a hundred valleys of the Far West and

along a hundred hillsides the logger is tearing the forest to pieces by these twentieth century methods. He picks out the choicest timber for slaughter, leaves the remainder to be burned by the fires which follow his crews, and is making desolation in the noblest wilderness left to the American nation. He has invested money in the ownership of timber lands. He is unwilling to let this investment lie idle. The only way in which he can get returns is by cutting timber, and he is not to be harshly blamed for wishing to realize on his investment. He has been criminally wasteful and careless, and he is beginning to see the folly of his ways

His spirit of extravagance and contempt for the future has been of a piece with the handling of the public domain, as if Uncle Sam and his people could never come to the end of their rope. The demand for timber is enormous, and the men who possess it are average, hard-working Americans who want to make a success of the business in which their dollars and their industry are staked.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times

is the changing attitude of the lumbermen toward the science of forestry as fostered by the Federal Government. They are beginning to see that their industry is doomed to an early extinction unless the wastage is checked and the forest is renewed for future generations. And more than this, unless the forests are preserved, vast tracts of fertile and prosperous America will become desert in the next century. This is a lesson taught by such countries as Tunis, now a part of the North African desert, which in old times was a smiling and populous garden. An Arab chronicler relates that "in those days one could walk from Tunis to Tripoli in the shade." The Arab conquest destroyed the forest, and the desert swept over the face of the land.

It is difficult to realize that all attempts to educate the present-day American in the value of forest preservation fly in the face of the teachings of his immediate forefathers.

The lumbermen of to-day, realizing that our grandfathers attacked the timber as an enemy rather than a friend, are asking:

“How can I cut my timber now, and at the same time grow a new crop for future supply?”

The Forestry Bureau at Washington is ready to tell the lumberman how to face this problem, and, better yet, offers to send its experts to show him, on the ground, how to cut his timber to the best advantage for present and future use.

—*Ralph D. Paine.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Reread the section in which the western man's plea for the preservation of the forest is found. Select at least three arguments he makes against wasteful lumbering methods.

2. Write a paragraph comparing lumbering in the Northwest and in New England.

3. From information obtained from this story and from other sources suggest some methods of preserving American forests.

HOW TO PUT AN EGG IN A BOTTLE

Select a round bottle with an opening about an inch and a quarter in diameter. Place an egg in a tumbler of water and pour in two tablespoonfuls of either hydrochloric or acetic acid. Let the egg remain overnight, when the shell will be sufficiently softened to permit the egg to be slowly pressed through the neck of the bottle without breaking. Fill the bottle with water and after a few hours the shell of the egg will harden.

TO THE TEACHER—See “How to Put an Egg in a Bottle” in *Second Unit in Reading—Teachers Plans.*

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

—*William Tyler Page.*

WORDS TO LEARN

Key To Pronunciation

ā as in fāte	ē as in ēve	ī as in īce	ō as in ōld	ū as in ūse
ǎ as in făt	ĕ as in ĕnd	ÿ as in ÿll	ŏ as in ŏdd	ŭ as in ŭp
â as in câre	ĕ as in fĕrn	ī as in ma-	ô as in ôrb	û as in ûrn
á as in ásk	ĕ as in ĕight	chĭne	ô as in ôbey	ü as in rüde
ã as in ärm			ōō as in boōt	û as in ûnite
â as in senâte				

abominably (á-bŏm'ŷ-ná-bly): offensively, hatefully, repulsively.

abomination (á-bŏm'ŷ-nā'shŭn): a sacrilege, something hateful or disgusting.

acquiring (á-kwĭr'ing): obtaining possession of, receiving.

adjacent (a-jā'sĕnt): nearby, close to.

affinity (ǎ-fŭn'ŷ-tĭ): chemical attraction.

agitating (ǎj'ŷ-tāt'ing): stirring violently.

alighted (á-lit'ed): settled, landed, descended.

alluring (ǎ-lŭr'ing): attracting, tempting.

analogous (á-nāl'ŏ-gus): like, similar to.

anguish (án'gwĭsh): suffering, intense grief, pain.

antennae (ǎn'tĕn-ĕ): the feelers upon the heads of insects.

anticipating (ǎn-tĭs'ŷ-pāt-ing): realizing beforehand, preparing to deal with a situation before it arises.

antics (ǎn'tĭx): capers, dancing about.

antiquated (ǎn tĭ-kwāt'ĕd): that which has survived through many ages, old-fashioned, under the influence of the past.

apparatus (ǎp'á-rā'tŭs): the instruments used in performing an experiment.

appropriation (ǎ-prŏ'pri-ā'shŭn): a sum of money set aside for a definite purpose.

arduous (ǎr'dŭ-ŭs): hard, difficult, laborious.

argues (ǎr'gŭs): proves, shows, speaks well for.

arrayed (ǎ-rād): dressed, clothed.

arrogantly (ǎr'ŏ-gǎnt-li): haughtily, scornfully, contemptuously.

artificial (ǎr-tĭ-fĭsh'ǎl): man-made as opposed to natural, produced by human skill.

askew (á-skŭ'): out of shape or place, crooked.

attained (ǎ-tān'd): accomplished, reached, arrived at, gained.

ought (ôť): anything.

authoritative (ô-thŏr'ŷ-tā-tĭv): possessing power, commanding, vested with authority.

avalanche (ǎv'á-lǎnch): steady torrent of material sliding mass.

- barbarian** (bār-bā'ri-án): not civilized in the sense that they had not felt the culture of the Roman Empire.
- barometer** (bá-röm'ê-tēr): an instrument foretelling changes of weather.
- bateaux** (bá-tōz'): clumsy boats (from the French).
- battalions** (bă-tăl'yŭns): a military formation, a body of troops.
- battlements** (băt'l-měnts): walls or castle towers built for defense.
- beauteous** (bū'tê-ŭs): beautiful, charming.
- beguile** (bê-gil'): deceive by a trick, impose upon.
- belligerant** (bê-lj'ēr-ěnt): waging war; relating to warfare.
- Belleau Woods** (Bělo woods): a wooded elevation not far from Chateau-Thierry made famous by the heavy fighting of the American troops during the World War.
- Bellerophon** (Bě-lěr'-ô-fŏn): a Corinthian hero.
- beneficent** (bê-něf'ŷ-sěnt): kindly, genial, helpful.
- bequeathed** (bê-kwěth'd): left by will.
- bereaved** (bê-rěvd): deprived of something, robbed, destitute.
- besought** (bê-sôt'): asked, begged.
- bight** (bit): loop or bend in a rope.
- biologic** (bi'ô-lŏj'ik): the science dealing with human nature and animal life.
- black-stoled** (blăk-stŏl'ěd): covered with long black robes.
- blasted** (blăst'ěd): withered, blighted, killed by extreme heat.
- boa-constrictor** (bŏ'ă kŏn-strĭk'tēr): a large snake found in the tropics.
- bondmen** (bŏnd mĕn): people who make themselves responsible for other peoples doing something; slaves, captives, servants.
- buoyant** (boi'ánt): light, airy, floating, sailing through the air.
- burnished** (bŭr'nĭsh-ěd): polished, bright.
- caliber** (kăl'ŷ-bēr): the diameter or bore of a rifle.
- campaign** (kăm-păn'): a series of battles in the field, warfare for a certain length of time.
- canvas** (kăn'văs): a coarse heavy cloth used for painting.
- caprioles** (kăp'ri-ŏls): leaps made by a horse without advancing.
- captivated** (kăp'tĭ-văt-ed): taken captive, charmed or enslaved by beauty or charm.
- carcass** (kăr'kăs): dead body, or remains.
- careered** (kă-rēr'ed): went or rode at top speed, dashed.
- casque** (kâsk): helmet, or metal head-covering.
- catapult** (kăt'â-pŭlt): a powerful instrument of war used for throwing stones against the walls of a city, and which operated like a giant sling-shot.
- cataract** (kăt'â-răkt): a large waterfall, a swift rush of water over some obstacle.
- celestial** (sê-lĕs'chăl): heavenly.
- chagrined** (shă-grĭn'ed): shamed, disgraced, mortified.
- challenge** (chăl'ĕnj): a summons to battle, a call to fight.
- chariot** (chăr'ŷ-ŏt): an ancient two-wheeled car drawn by horses.

- Chateau-Thierry** (shá'tō'tyá'rê): a village in France made famous by the severe fighting of American troops in 1918.
- Chemin des Dames** (shemang day dame): literally "The Ladies' Road"; an ironical name for a line of trenches across Belgium where there was much heavy fighting.
- Chimera** (Kĭ-mē'-rá): a monster spitting forth flames.
- cipher** (sī'fēr): round, like a circle.
- comber** (kōm'-ber): a large wave, breaker.
- commandment** (kō-mānd'měnt): an order or command.
- communed** (kō-mūn'ed): talked with, took counsel with.
- communiques** (kō-mū'nī-kās): official reports or bulletins published in time of war.
- compendium** (kōm-pěn'dī-ŭm): a collection or summary of knowledge as gained by personal experience.
- compliance** (kōm-pli'āns): agreement with, living up to something.
- compunction** (kōm-pŭnk'shŭn): regret, remorse, sorrow.
- conceive** (kōn-sēv'): form an idea, imagine, understand.
- congregate** (kōn'grē-gāt): collect into a mass or crowd, assemble, gather.
- conjury** (kōn-jōō'ri): magic, witchcraft.
- connoisseur** (kōn'ŷ-sūr): a competent judge of things, one who knows.
- consort** (kōn'sōrt): companion, wife.
- conspicuous** (kōn-spĭk'ŭ-ŭs): outstanding, that which catches one's eye immediately.
- contortion** (kōn-tōr'shŭn): unnatural twisting and writhing.
- contraption** (kōn-trāp'shŭn): a term used to refer to something that is ridiculous and laughable for some reason, either of appearance or use.
- convulsive** (kōn-vŭl'siv): shaking or shuddering violently.
- copse** (kōps): a grove or thicket of trees or shrubs.
- correlated** (kōr'ē-lāt-ed): closely related, connected.
- crammed** (krām'ed): loaded down, filled full.
- credulous** (krēd'ŭ-lŭs): easily imposed upon, those who believe everything that is told them.
- creel** (krēl): a wicker basket used to put fish in.
- crowns** (krouns): coins worth about a dollar and a quarter.
- culls** (kŭls): trees left as not being worth cutting.
- cunning** (kŭn'ing): skill.
- dearth** (dārth): lack, scarcity, extreme want.
- debacle** (dē-bā'kl): disaster, rout, disorderly flight.
- debut** (dā'bü): entrance into society.
- deemed** (dēm-ed): thought, believed, decided.
- detour** (dē-tōōr): a roundabout way to avoid an obstacle.
- devastating** (dēv'ās-tāt-ing): destroying, destructive.
- devoured** (dē-vour'ed): eaten by wild beasts.
- dimension** (dī-měn'shŭn): the size or measure of an object as regards its cubic capacity, length, breadth and thickness.

- dirge** (dûrj): funeral hymn, a tune expressing mourning.
- discreet** (dîs-krēt): wise, prudent.
- dismal** (dîz'măl): gloomy, dark, horrid.
- divineth** (dî-vîn'îth): knows beforehand, able to foretell what is going to happen.
- dogmatist** (dôg'-mâ-tîst): one who asserts without proof.
- domain** (dô-mân'): lands, landed property.
- dominion** (dô-mîn'yün): authority, power, rule.
- doomed** (dôom-əd): sentenced, condemned, fated.
- dorsal fin** (dôr'săl): the fins of a fish nearest the back.
- dungeon** (dün'jün): a dark cell, prison.
- ecstatic** (ék-stăt'ík): joyful, happy, brimming over with happiness and joy.
- elaborate** (ê-lăb'ô-răt): complicated, difficult to do.
- elapsed** (ê-lăps'ed): passed by, gone by.
- emitted** (ê-mî't'ed): uttered, sent forth, shot out.
- energetically** (ên'êr-jêt'ík-alf): busily, with energy, efficiently.
- envenomed** (ên-vên'üm-ed): poisonous.
- ephemeral** (ê-fêm'êr-ăl): existing only for a day, passing.
- epidemic** (êp'î-dêm'ík): a wave of disease attacking many at the same time.
- epitaph** (êp'î-táf): an inscription written on a monument or memorial in memory of something or someone.
- epoch** (êp'ôk): an era, a period of time marked by events of great importance.
- espied** (ês'pid): saw, caught sight of.
- evidenced** (êv'î-děns-ed): showed, proved, demonstrated.
- excavated** (êks'kâ-văt-ed): dug or dredged out.
- execrable** (êk'sê-krâ-bl): vile, evil, awful, loathsome.
- extinction** (êks-tînk'shün): complete destruction, ruin.
- exuberant** (êgz-û'bêr-ânt): abundant, overflowing.
- faculties** (făk'ül-tîz): mental powers or capacities.
- famine** (făm'în): a time of crop failure, scarcity of provisions.
- famished** (făm'îsh-ed): hungry, starving.
- fascinating** (făs'î-năt-ing): attracts strongly, influences, charms, allures.
- fealty** (fê'ăl-tî): loyalty, an oath of obedience.
- federation** (fê'êr-â'shün): a league or union of states.
- ferocity** (fê-rôs'î-tî): savageness, cruelty, fierceness.
- focused** (fô'kûs-ed): brought to a point, centered.
- forage** (fôr'ăj): fodder or food for animals.
- formula** (fôr'mû-lâ): a repeated saying, a prescribed form, rule.
- fortifications** (fôr'tî-fî-kâ-shüns): walls, towers, trenches, camps, etc., used for military defense and protection.
- foul** (foul): unfair, disgraceful, un-knightly.
- frenzied** (frě'n'zîd): maddened, thrown into a rage, frantic.

- frontier** (frŏn'tēr): the outpost of civilization.
- furlough** (fŭr'lŏ): a leave of absence.
- genial** (jĕ'nĭ-ăl): cheerful, cordial, kindly.
- gouging** (gouj'ing): scooping or tearing out.
- grievous** (grĕv'ŭs): causing grief or sorrow, painful.
- groveling** (grŏv'l-ing): lying prostrate, fallen on the ground.
- Helicon** (Hel-ĭ-kon): a mountain range in Greece.
- heritage** (hĕr'ĭ-tāj): an inheritance which is passed down from generation to generation.
- hibernating** (hĭ'bĕr-nāt-ing): wintering, to pass the winter in a cave or hole sleeping.
- Hippocrene** (Hip-o-kren): a fountain on Mt. Helicon.
- hydraulic** (hĭ-drŏ'lĭk): operated by water power.
- ignoble** (ĭg-nŏ'bl): shameful, disgraceful, beneath one's dignity.
- impassive** (ĭm-pās'ĭv): unmoved, calm, expressionless.
- impedimenta** (ĭm-pĕd'ĭ-mĕn't á): things which hinder progress; baggage supply trains.
- impenetrable** (ĭm-pĕn'ĕ-trá-bl): not to be entered, closed, not open.
- imperceptible** (ĭm'pĕr-sĕp'tĭ-bl): not easily seen or noticed, hardly noticeable.
- imperious** (ĭm-pĕ'rĭ-ŭs): urgent, commanding.
- impotent** (ĭm'pŏ-tĕnt): powerless.
- inaccessible** (ĭn'ák-sĕs'ĭ-bl): not to be reached or approached without difficulty, not approachable.
- inanimate** (ĭn-án'ĭ-mât): lifeless.
- inauguration** (ĭn-ŏ'gŭ-rā-shun): the formal ceremony of taking office.
- incandescent** (ĭn'kăn-dĕs'ĕnt): white with heat, glowing, bright.
- incantations** (ĭn'kăn-tā'shŭns): chants or charms said or sung.
- incessantly** (ĭn-sĕs'ánt-li): continuously, unceasingly.
- incredulous** (ĭn-krĕd'ŭ-lŭs): not believing, refusing to accept something as a fact.
- indolently** (ĭn'dŏ-lĕnt-li): lazily, idly.
- insolently** (ĭn'sŏ-lĕnt-li): contemptuously, with an overbearing manner, scornfully.
- insufferable** (ĭn-sŭf'ĕr-á-bl): not to be borne, intolerable, unbearable, loathsome.
- insuperable** (ĭn-sŭ'pĕr-á-bl): unconquerable, invincible, not to be overcome.
- interpreter** (ĭn-tŭr'prĕt-er): one who explains the meaning of a language to those who do not understand it.
- inventive** (ĭn-vĕn'tĭv): able to invent, quick to meet an emergency or need.
- isolation** (ĭ'sŏ-lā'shŭn): shut off, away from others, set apart.
- jeopardy** (jĕp'ár-dĭ): danger, peril, risk.
- joust** (jŭst): a battle waged between two knights on horseback.
- Joffre** (zhŏ'fr): a marshal in France during the World War.

- kine** (kīnĕ): cattle.
- Kookooskoos** (kōō-kōō-skoos'): the great horned owl.
- laded** (lād'ed): loaded, packed.
- league** (lēg): three miles.
- lineage** (līn'ĕ-āj): ancestral line of descent, birth, family.
- loam** (lōm): rich, black soil.
- loitering** (loi'tēr-ing): lingering, idling along, delaying.
- lucivee** (lū'sī-vĕĕ): a fur bearing animal of the fox family.
- lurked** (lūr'k'ed): lay in wait, remained concealed, hid.
- lustrous** (lūs'trūs): shining, bright, brilliant.
- mademoiselle** (mád'mwa'zĕl): the French word for Miss.
- maledictions** (māl'ĕ-dik'shŭnz): curses.
- malleable** (māl'ĕ-ā-bl): capable of being hammered into shape.
- maneuver** (mā-nōō'vēr): movement, move, change of position.
- manipulating** (mā-nīp'ū-lā'ting): operating or working with the hands.
- margin** (mār'jīn): border, edge.
- Meaux** (mow): a town in France not far from Paris.
- melodious** (mĕ-lō'dī-ŭs): pleasant to the ears, full of music, musical.
- mere** (mēr): sea or lake.
- messes** (mĕs-ez): food and drink.
- metallurgy** (mĕt'āl-ŭr'jī): the science of working with metals.
- microscope** (mī'krō-skōp): an optical instrument for making very tiny objects appear larger so that they may be better seen.
- mien** (mĕn): look, appearance.
- missile** (mīs'il): a weapon or object that is thrown or hurled through the air.
- modified** (mōd'ī-fī-ed): slightly changed in form, reduced.
- molten** (mōl'tn): melted, liquid in form.
- monopoly** (mō-nōp'ō-lī): exclusive control of an article.
- mortification** (mōr'tī-fī-kā'shŭn): shame, embarrassment.
- multitudinous** (mŭl'tī-tŭ'dī-nŭs): numerous, consisting of a large number, many.
- munching** (mŭnch'ing): chewing with a crunching noise.
- Musquash** (mus'quāsh): the muskrat.
- myriads** (mīr'ī-ādz): thousands, large numbers.
- nodule** (nōd'ul): a rounded lump, clod.
- obeisance** (ō-bā'sāns): a low bow, bending the knee.
- obligation** (ōb'lī-gā'shŭn): vow, promise, bond.
- obliterated** (ōb-līt'ēr-āt-ed): wiped out, destroyed.
- oblivious** (ōb-līv'ī-ŭs): unaware, forgetful.
- oostreperous** (ōb-strĕp'ēr-ŭs): noisy, clamorous, hard to control.
- Oise** (wāz): a river between Belgium and France.
- ominous** (ōm'ī-nŭs): foretelling evil, threatening.
- oppressive** (ō-prĕs'īv): heavy, burdensome, unjustly severe.
- ospreys** (ōs'prā): the fish hawk.
- palate** (pāl'āt): location of the sense of taste or relish.

- pallid** (pāl'íd): pale.
- paroxysm** (pär'ók-síz-m): a sudden convulsion, spasm or agitation, explosion.
- pavilion** (pá-víl'yŭn): a large tent.
- pectoral fin** (pěk'tô-räl): the fins of a fish on the under side.
- Pegasus** (Pěg-â-sŭs): a winged horse.
- pekan** (pě'kan): an animal belonging to the weasel family.
- peradventure** (pěr'äd-věn'tŭr): perhaps, by chance.
- perambulator** (pěr-äm'bŭ-lä'ter): an object which is moved about from place to place.
- perception** (pěr-sěp'shŭn): idea, realization, knowledge.
- perilous** (pěr'ŭ-lŭs): full of danger, risky, hazardous.
- perpendicularly** (pŭr'pěn-dĭk'ŭ-lär-li): at right angles to a given surface, upright, up and down.
- persistence** (pěr-sĭs'těn-si): unceasing and continuous effort, perseverance.
- pestilence** (pěs'tĭ-lěns): a widely spread contagious disease.
- petty** (pět'i): small, unimportant.
- Picardy** (pickardy): a province south of Flanders in France.
- picturesque** (pĭk'tŭr-ěsk): an attractive feature peculiar to a place and beautiful for that reason.
- pilgrimage** (pĭl'grĭ-māj): the journey of life, age.
- pinions** (pĭn'yŭnz): wings, feathers.
- plenteous** (plěn'tě-ŭs): abundant, ample, plentiful.
- pneumatic** (nŭ-măt'ĭk): a process using or worked by air.
- poignant** (poin'ânt): deep, strongly severe, bitter.
- poilus** (pwá'lüz): a French term for a private soldier.
- polyglot** (pŏl'ŭ-glŏt): many languages, a jumble or mixture of speech.
- ponderous** (pŏn'děr-us): heavy, clumsy, weighty.
- portage** (pŏr'tāj): the carrying of goods overland from one waterway to another.
- postilions** (pŏs-tĭl'yŭnz): the riders on the horses drawing a carriage.
- precipitous** (prě-sĭp'ĭ-tŭs): very steep, almost straight up and down.
- preliminary** (prě-lĭm'ĭ-nâ-ri): preceding, introductory, that which goes before.
- presumptuous** (prě-zŭmp'tŭ-ŭs): rash, over-confident, bold, unwise.
- preternatural** (prě'těr-nât'ŭ-räl): unnatural, supernatural, out of the ordinary.
- principality** (prĭn'sĭ-päl'ĭ-tĭ): a territory ruled over by a prince.
- privations** (prĭ-vâ'shŭnz): hardships, deprived of the necessities of life.
- prodigious** (prŏ-dĭj'ŭs): enormous, miraculous, immense.
- prominent** (prŏm'ĭ-něnt): outstanding, chief, well-known.
- puddlers** (pŭd'lrz): a term applied to the men who take care of the converters in the steel mill.
- pulverized** (pŭl'vēr-ĭz-ed): cut or broken up into fine pieces, powdered.

quake (kwāk): shake, tremble.

quest (kwĕst): a search for some object.

radiance (rā'dī-āns): brightness, brilliancy.

raiment (rā'mĕnt): garments, clothing.

rampant (rām'pānt): unrestrained, leaping over or overflowing, boundless; rearing upright on hind legs.

ratified (rāt'ī-fī-ed): approved, signed, adopted.

ravaged (rāv'āj-ed): laid waste, plundered, invaded.

rebuked (rē-būk'ed): reprimanded, chided, scolded.

recoiling (rē-koil'ing): shrinking back, a rebound; a sudden backward motion.

refrained (rē-frān'ed): kept from doing something, restrained.

relic (rĕl'ik): a memorial, souvenir, remembrance.

renown (rē-noun'): fame, wide reputation.

rent (rĕnt): tore, pulled apart.

repent (rē-pĕnt'): regret, be sorry for, be ashamed of.

research (rē-sūrĉ'): careful investigation, search into.

resinous (rĕz'īn-ous): like or containing resin, sticky.

restricted (rē-strīkt'ed): confined within certain boundaries.

reviled (rē-vīl'ed): reproached, abused, heaped abuse upon.

roguish (rō'gīsh): mischievous, sly, playful.

royalties (roi'āl-tīz): a percentage paid to an inventor for the use of a patent.

rubble (rüb'l): rubbish, a mixed heap or pile.

ruck (rūk): heap, jumble, mess, pile.

samite (sā'mīt): a rich silk fabric worn in the Middle Ages.

scintillating (sīn'tī-lāt-ing): twinkling, sparkling.

scullions (skūl'yūns): menial servants, kitchen-boys.

scythe (sīth): a curved instrument for mowing or cutting grain.

seared (sēr-d): burned to dryness on the surface.

semitropical (sēm'ī-trōp'ī-kāl): a term applied to the lands near the equator in the tropics.

sentient (sĕn'shī-ĕnt): living, conscious, having sensation or feeling.

sere (sēr): dry, withered.

serenity (sĕ-rĕn'ī-tī): calmness, composure, peacefulness.

shambles (shām'bl): a slaughterhouse.

shimmering (shīm'ĕr-ing): flickering, gleaming.

sieve (sīv): a utensil for sifting the finer from the coarser parts of a substance.

smitten (smīt-en): to strike, to overcome in battle.

sojourn (sō'jūrn): temporary residence, dwelling for a time.

solitude (sōl'ī-tūd): loneliness, seclusion, the state of being alone.

- sovereign** (sǒv'ēr-in): supreme, ruling, dominating.
- spanned** (spǎn-ed): bridged, crossed by.
- species** (spē'shēz): a group of animals or plants agreeing in common characteristics and called by a common name.
- spectacular** (spĕk-tăk'ŭ-lār): attracting attention, highly unusual, different, wonderful.
- spiraled** (spī'rāl-ed): wheel down in circles.
- squandering** (s kwŏn'dēr-ing): spending recklessly.
- stark** (stărk): stiff, absolute.
- stalled** (stŏl-ed): blocked, stopped, held back.
- steward** (stŭ'ērd): an officer in the royal household who manages the domestic affairs.
- straitly** (strāt-ly): directly, right out, straight out.
- strategy** (străt'ĕ-jĭ): a clever plan to gain some end, an artifice.
- strenuous** (strĕn'ŭ-ŭs): earnest, vigorous, energetic.
- strident** (strĭ'dĕnt): shrill, penetrating, discordant, harsh.
- strychnine** (strĭk'nĭn): a powerful poison.
- submissive** (sŭb-mĭsĭv): obedient, yielding to authority, obeying.
- sufficed** (sŭ-fĭs-ed): be adequate, satisfy, be sufficient for.
- sunder** (sŭn'dēr): cut through, pierce, cut in two pieces.
- sulphureous** (sŭl-fŭ'rĕ-ŭs): possessing the qualities or odor of sulphur.
- supervised** (sŭ'pĕr-vĭz-ed): directed, inspected.
- surety** (shŏŏr'tĭ): a guarantee, security, hostage.
- suspended** (sŭs-pĕnd-ed): interrupted, brought to a standstill.
- swales** (swālz): marshes, swamps.
- swashbuckling** (swŏsh-bŭk'-ling): violent, daring, rough and ready.
- symbol** (sĭm'bŏl): an emblem; something, not a likeness that stands for something else and brings it to mind.
- symmetrical** (sĭ-mĕt'rĭ-kăl): proportionate, perfect in proportion.
- talisman** (tăl'ĭs-măn): an object supposed to possess magical powers.
- talons** (tăl'ŭns): claws of a bird of prey.
- tamarisk** (tăm'ă-rĭsk): a tropical Asiatic tree with small white or pink flowers.
- taut** (tôt): tight, stretched as far as possible.
- tedious** (tĕ'dĭ-ŭs): tiresome, wearisome, tiring, hard.
- tenor** (tĕn'ēr): general tendency or substance, drift.
- testified** (tĕs'tĭ-fĭ-ed): bore witness to, affirmed, declared, demonstrated.
- tinge** (tĭnj): color, stain.
- tornado** (tŏr-nă'dŏ): a violent whirlwind.
- tournament** (tŏŏr'nă-mĕnt): a series of contests or jousts between knights as a test of knightly skill.

- tract** (trăkt): an area of land, a region, a piece of land.
- traffic** (trăf'ik): trade and commerce, buying and selling; a stream of vehicles.
- transfigured** (trăns-fîg'ûr-ed): changed the outward appearance of.
- tribute** (trîb'ût): a sum of money paid by one state to another in token of servitude or services rendered.
- ultimate** (ûl'tî-mât): the last or final.
- uncanny** (ûn-kăn'î): mysterious, weird, unnatural.
- unique** (û-nêk): unusual, unequalled, the only one of its kind.
- Upweekis** (up-wêek'iss): the Canada lynx.
- vagaries** (vâ-gâ'rîz): peculiarities, whims, freakish ideas.
- vale** (vâl): valley, low land between hills.
- venerable** (vên'êr-â-bl): regarded as honorable, worthy of respect by reason of age.
- venomously** (vên'ûm-ûs-ly): poisonously, threateningly.
- verified** (vêr'î-fi-ed): confirmed, proved true.
- vestures** (vês'tûrs): clothing, garments.
- vibrated** (vî'brât-ed): quivered, resounded.
- viciously** (vîsh'ûs-ly): sharply, wickedly.
- vindictive** (vîn-dîk'tîv): revengeful.
- vista** (vîs'tâ): view, opening or avenue between the trees.
- visage** (vîz'âj): the face or countenance; appearance or aspect.
- vizoring** (vîz'êr-ing): the act of adjusting the upper part of a helmet.
- volcano** (vôl-kâ'nô): a mountain or cone from which is cast up molten lava and rock.
- wantonly** (wôn'tûn-ly): heedlessly, unrestrainedly, thoughtlessly, without thought of consequences.
- ward** (wôrd): placed under the care of a guardian.
- waxed sore** (wăksd sôr): became severe, became desperate.
- weird** (wêrd): unnatural, supernatural, unusual.
- wielded** (wêld-ed): used, swung as of a sword.
- wiry** (wîr'î): strong, flexible.
- writhed** (rîth-ed): twisted, wound about.
- wroth** (rôth): angry.
- Ypres** (ê'pr): a town in Belgium, the scene of severe fighting in 1914-1918.

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