

The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

SNOWBIRD SAVES DAN.

Synopsis.—Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Dan Falling sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. Memories of his grandfather and a deep love for all things of the wild help him in reaching a decision. In a large southern Oregon city he meets people who had known and loved his grandfather, a famous frontiersman. He makes his home with Silas Lennox, a typical westerner. The only other members of the household are Lennox's son, "Bill," and daughter, "Snowbird." Their abode is in the Umpqua divide, and there Falling plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. From the first Falling's health shows a marked improvement, and in the companionship of Lennox and his son and daughter he fits into the woods life as if he had been born to it. By quick thinking and a remarkable display of "nerve" he saves Lennox's life and his own when they are attacked by a mad coyote. Lennox declares he is a reincarnation of his grandfather, Dan Falling I, whose fame as a woodsman is a household word. Dan learns that an organized band of outlaws, of which Bert Cranston is the leader, is setting forest fires. Landry Hildreth, a former member of the gang, has been induced to turn state's evidence. Cranston shoots Hildreth and leaves him for dead. Whisperfoot, the mountain lion, springs on Hildreth and finishes Hildreth and devours him, thus acquiring the taste for human flesh. Dan discovers Cranston in the act of setting a forest fire.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Dan felt himself straighten; and the color mounted somewhat higher in his brown cheeks. But he did not try to avenge the insult—yet. Cranston was still fifteen feet distant, and that was too far. A man may swing a rifle within fifteen feet. The fact that they were in no way physical equals did not even occur to him. When the insult is great enough, such considerations cannot possibly matter. Cranston was hard as steel, one hundred and seventy pounds in weight. Dan did not touch one hundred and fifty, and a deadly disease had not yet entirely relinquished its hold upon him.

"I do very well, Cranston," Dan answered in the same tone. "Wouldn't you like another match? I believe your pipe has gone out."

Very little can be said for the wisdom of this remark. It was simply human—that age-old creed to answer blow for blow and insult for insult. Of course the inference was obvious—that Dan was accusing him, by innuendo, of his late attempt at arson. Cranston glanced up quickly, and it might be true that his fingers itched and tingled about the barrel of his rifle. He knew what Dan meant. He understood perfectly that Dan had guessed his purpose on the mountain side. And the curl at his lips became more pronounced.

"What a smart little boy," he scorned. "Going to be a Sherlock Holmes when he grows up." Then he half turned and the light in his eyes blazed up. He was not leering now. The mountain men are too intense to play at insult very long. Their inherent savagery comes to the surface, and they want the warmth of blood upon their fingers. His voice became guttural. "Maybe you're a spy?" he asked. "Maybe you're one of those city rats—to come and watch us, and then run and tell the forest service. There's two things, Falling, that I want you to know."

Dan puffed at his pipe, and his eyes looked curiously bright through the film of smoke. "I'm not interested in hearing them," he said.

"It might pay you," Cranston went on. "One of 'em is that one man's word is good as another's in a court—and it wouldn't do you any good to run down and tell tales. A man can light his pipe on the mountain side without the courts being interested. The second thing is—just that I don't think you'd find it a healthy thing to do."

"I suppose, then, that is a threat?" "It ain't just a threat." Cranston laughed harshly—a single, grim syllable that was the most terrible sound he had yet uttered. "It's a fact. Just try it, Falling. Just make one little step in that direction. You couldn't hide behind a girl's skirts, then, why, you city sissy, I'd break you to pieces in my hands!"

Few men can make a threat without a muscular accompaniment. Its very utterance releases pent-up emotions, part of which can only pour forth in muscular expression. And anger is a primitive thing, going down to the most mysterious depths of a man's nature. As Cranston spoke, his lip curled, his dark fingers clenched on his thick palm, and he half leaned forward.

Dan knocked out his pipe on the log. It was the only sound in that whole mountain realm; all the lesser sounds were stilled. The two men stood face to face, Dan tranquil, Cranston shaken by passion.

"I give you," said Dan with entire

coldness, "an opportunity to take that back. Just about four seconds."

He stood very straight as he spoke, and his eyes did not waver in the least. It would not be the truth to say that his heart was not leaping like a wild thing in his breast. A dark mist was spreading like madness over his brain; but yet he was striving to keep his thoughts clear. Stealthily, without seeming to do so, he was setting his muscles for a spring.

The only answer to his words was a laugh—a roaring laugh of scorn from Cranston's dark lips. In his laughter, his intent, catlike vigilance relaxed. Dan saw a chance; feeble though it was, it was the only chance he had. And his long body leaped like a serpent through the air.

Physical superior though he was, Cranston would have repelled the attack with his rifle if he had had a chance. His blood was already at the murder heat—a point always quickly reached in Cranston—and the dark, hot fumes in his brain were simply nothing more nor less than the most poisonous, bitter hatred. No other word exists. If his class of degenerate mountain men had no other accomplishment, they could hate. All their lives they practiced the emotion; hatred of their neighbors, hatred of law, hatred of civilization in all its forms. Besides, this kind of hillman habitually fought his duels with rifles. Hands were not deadly enough.

But Dan was past his guard before he had time to raise his rifle. The whole attack was one of the most astounding surprises of Cranston's life. Dan's body struck his, his fists failed, and to protect himself, Cranston was obliged to drop the rifle. They staggered, as if in some weird dance, on the trail; and their arms clasped in a clinch.

For a long instant they stood straining, seemingly motionless. Cranston's powerful body had stood up well under the shock of Dan's leap. It was a



The Battles of the Mountains were Battles to the Death.

hand-to-hand battle now. The rifle had slid on down the hillside, to be caught in a clump of brush twenty feet below. Dan called on every ounce of his strength, because he knew what mercy he might expect if Cranston mastered him. The battles of the mountains were battles to the death.

They flung back and forth, wrenching shoulders, lashing fists, teeth and feet and fingers. There were no Marquis of Queensberry rules in this battle. Again and again Dan sent home his blows; but they all seemed ineffective. By now, Cranston had completely overcome the moment's advantage the other had obtained by the power of his leap. He hurled Dan from the clinch and lashed at him with hard fists.

It is a very common thing to hear of a silent fight. But it is really a more rare occurrence than most people believe. It is true that serpents will often fight in the strangest, most eerie silence; but human beings are not serpents. They partake more of the qualities of the meat-eaters—the wolves and felines. After the first instant, the noise of the fight aroused the whole hillside. The sound of blows was in itself notable, and besides, both of the men were howling the primordial battle cries of hatred and vengeance.

For two long minutes Dan fought with the strength of desperation, summoning at last all that mysterious reserve force with which all men are born. But he was playing a losing game. The malady with which he had suffered had taken too much of his vigor. Even as he struggled, it seemed to him that the vista about him, the dark pines, the colored leaves of the perennial shrubbery, the yellow path

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were all obscured in a strange, white mist. A great wind roared in his ears—and his heart was evidently about to shiver to pieces.

But still he fought on, not daring to yield. He could no longer parry Cranston's blows. The latter's arms went around him in one of those deadly holds that wrestlers know; and Dan struggled in vain to free himself. Cranston's face itself seemed hideous and unreal in the mist that was creeping over him. He did not recognize the curious thumping sound as Cranston's fists on his flesh. And now Cranston had hurled him off his feet.

Nothing mattered further. He had fought the best he could. This cruel beast could pounce on him at will and hammer away his life. But still he struggled. Except for the constant play of his muscles, his almost unconscious effort to free himself that kept one of Cranston's arms busy holding him down, that fight on the mountain path might have come to a sudden end. Human bodies can stand a terrific punishment; but Dan's was weakened from the ravages of his disease. Besides, Cranston would soon have both hands and both feet free for the work, and when these four terrible weapons are used at once, the issue—soon or late—can never be in doubt.

But even now, consciousness still lingered. Dan could hear his enemy's curses—and far up the trail, he heard another, stranger sound. It sounded like some one running.

And then he dimly knew that Cranston was climbing from his body. Voices were speaking—quick, commanding voices just over him. Above Cranston's savage curses another voice rang clear, and to Dan's ears, glorious beyond all human utterance.

He opened his tortured eyes. The mists lifted from in front of them, and the whole drama was revealed. It had not been sudden mercy that had driven Cranston from his body, just when his victim's falling unconsciousness would have put him completely in his power. Rather it was something black and ominous that even now was pointed squarely at Cranston's breast.

None too soon, a ranger of the hill had heard the sounds of the struggle, and had left the trysting place at the spring to come to Dan's aid. It was Snowbird, very pale but wholly self-sufficient and determined and intent. Her pistol was cocked and ready.

CHAPTER III.

Dan Falling was really not badly hurt. The quick, lashing blows had not done more than severely bruise the flesh of his face; and the mists of unconsciousness that had been falling over him were more nearly the result of his own tremendous physical exertion. Now these mists were rising.

"Go—go away," the girl was commanding. "I think you've killed him."

Dan opened his eyes to find her kneeling close beside him, but still covering Cranston with her pistol. Her hand was resting on his bruised cheek. He couldn't have believed that a human face could be as white, while life still remained, as hers was then. All the lovely tints that had been such a delight to him, the play of soft reds and browns, had faded as an afterglow fades on the snow.

Dan's glance moved with hers to Cranston. He was standing easily at a distance of a dozen feet; and except for the faintest tremble all over his body, a muscular reaction from the violence of his passion, he had entirely regained his self-composure. This was quite characteristic of the mountain men. They share with the beasts a passion of living that is wholly unknown on the plains; but yet they have a certain quality of imperturbability known nowhere else; nor is it limited to the native-born mountaineers. No man who intimately knows a member of that curious, keen-eyed little army of naturalists and big-game hunters who go to the north woods every fall, as regularly and seemingly as inexorably as the waterfowl go in spring, can doubt this fact. They seem to have acquired from the silence and the snows an impregnation of that eternal calm and imperturbability that is the wilderness itself. Cranston wasn't in the least afraid. Fear is usually a matter of uncertainty, and he knew exactly where he stood.

"Oh, I wish I could shoot you, Bert."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bull Baiting.

This was a sport once popular in England, but declared illegal in 1835. A bull was attacked by dogs, and sometimes the nostrils of the bull were blown full of pepper to increase his fury. Another form of the sport was to fasten the bull to a stake by a long rope and then set bulldogs at him, one at a time, which were trained to seize the bull by the nose. The bulldog seems to have been developed for this sport from a short-eared mastiff called "alaunt."

Alice Lake



The emotional force displayed by charming Alice Lake in her most recent pictures has placed her in the front rank of screen stars. Miss Lake is barely twenty-two years old. A few short years ago she was attending Erasmus Hall high school in Brooklyn. She is the daughter of a successful merchant. The winsome "movie" star is of medium height and lithe in figure. Her eyes are a dark hazel and her hair a rich brown.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

WHEN YOU EAT FRUIT.

Remember this—that there is a proper dignity and proposition to be observed in the performance of every act of life.—Marcus Aurelius.

IN THE formal, many-course dinner a fruit course usually follows the sweets and cheese, directly preceding the coffee. In many families fresh fruit is always served at dinner following the dessert. The decorative value of fresh fruit served in this way has, no doubt, had something to do with the establishment of this course in the dinner menu. But there are not a few good folk who always decline the course because they really don't know just how to eat it. Oh, to be sure they can eat oranges and apples and bananas and grapes, but they are not at all sure whether they eat them in the right way. For eating fresh fruit at a picnic or as a between-meal is one thing, and eating it at a dinner is another. The idea is, however, always to serve it in its natural form. To serve the oranges all peeled and sliced would indeed be a mistake on the part of the one who planned the dinner. To serve the bananas sliced would be just as grave an error.

But really it is no very difficult task to eat whole fruit as it should be eaten at dinner. This becomes comparatively easy at tables where the English custom of serving a fruit knife and fork is followed. The banana should first be peeled. Morsels should then be cut by means of the knife and eaten with the fork. Do not cut it all at once.

The best way to eat an apple at the dinner table is to cut it in quarters with the knife, handling it as little as possible, and then to pare the skin from each quarter and to core it as required. There is quite a knack in doing this without taking the apple up into the hands any more than necessary.

Pears are eaten in much the same manner and so are peaches and plums, but the considerate hostess does not serve these fruits when they are so juicy and over-ripe as to be difficult to manage.

Many persons would not serve oranges at all for dinner, but instead tangerines that can be managed more gracefully. Tangerines may be peeled and then broken into sections, the seeds being removed by means of the knife before taking them in the fingers to eat. Orange skins should be removed by holding the orange firmly on the plate with the fork and then cutting off the skin by means of the knife. After this morsels of the orange may be cut from the core by means of the knife and fork and the pieces conveyed to the mouth by the fork. Needless to say, this is more easily accomplished when the oranges are firm and not extremely juicy. So the wise hostess selects California oranges for dinner, though she may prefer those delicious Florida oranges when they are to be eaten with a spoon for breakfast.

You may have your own pet way of eating grapes, but there is only one right way—that is, according to the accepted usage. They should be eaten by means of the fingers of the right hand, the stones should then be dropped into the left hand inconspicuously and thence conveyed to the fruit plate. Cherries should be managed in the same way.

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Time Speed of Jackrabbits.
How fast can a jackrabbit run? Motorists of Lyons, Kan., recently have made tests of speed on country roads and have found that a cottontail will go 45 miles an hour for half a mile, while a jackrabbit will travel more than a mile at 60 miles an hour before hopping out of the road.



VAIN LITTLE CRICKET.

ONE night a little Cricket was singing loudly when a Toad which had been dozing by the trunk of a tree said: "Oh, do be quiet! I never heard such a noise as you and your family make."

"Very true," replied the little creature, "for our family are, of course, the best singers in the world. We can make a great noise, as you have said."

"But that does not make you the best singers in the world," replied the Toad. "Did you never hear the birds singing in the trees, silly creature?"

"Why should I listen to the birds when I can sing better than they do?"



asked the Cricket. "Just listen now. Our family are tuning up and I am sure birds could not sing louder."

"If you would take the trouble to listen some time when the birds are singing in the daytime I am sure you would not be so vain," said the Toad.

"Ah, there you are!" exclaimed the Cricket. "In the daytime you say; why do the birds not sing at night, I ask you, my friend? I will tell you; because they dare not compare voices with my family; that is why. We can outsing them and they do not wish to let everyone know that the Crickets have the best voices."

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ONE my frien's leetle keed come home from da school other day feela preety tough. He cry lika devil and tella hees papa he have trouble weeth da teach.

You know my frien calla dat keed Tony for da name. So when da leetle son-of-a-gun come home weeth cry een da eyes da olda man tella heem, "Wot's matter, Tony, you no be gooda boy een da school. Wat for you hava trouble weeth da teach?"

But Tony ees smarta keed alla right. He was no born lasa week. He tella hees olda man he no do someting een da school only talk leetle bit. He say tree, four time he play da L-o-k, too, but he no getta trouble for dat. He say da teach raisa devil only wien he talka too mooch.

Righa queeck my frien getta sore. He tella me when dat keed was leetle shaver everybody teacha heem how say somating. When he could say "mamma" and "papa" and some other thing he was conseeder preety smarta keed.

Da olda man say when da keed getta leetle teeger he senda heem een da school for learna speaka da Engleesha leeda. He say he wanta dat keed learna plenta talk so can maka plenta money when he getta beega man.

But when da keed talk leetle bit een da school he say he hava trouble weeth da teach. He tella hees "papa een da school he no can speaka one ting only when raisa da hand and getta permish.

My frien writa letter for da teach and tella her she dunno somating ver mooch. He say when hees keed was leetle eef he maka talk he was cute. And when he go een da school he ees tough guy eef he talk. My frien say he dunno how hees keed can getta da educash or learna speaka da Engleesha eef he gotta keepa da mouth shut. And believe me I gotta sama idee as my frien.

Wot you tink?

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THE CURFEW.

IN THE Middle Ages, when most of the houses were built of wood, it became a custom for the watch to go about after sundown ringing a bell as a sign for all folk to cover their fires and go to bed. This precaution was necessary to prevent the danger from fire. The name "Curfew" is derived from the French couvre feu (cover-fire). It was introduced into England by William the Conqueror though the custom prevailed in Europe long before.

(Copyright.)

"If you would come out in the daytime and sing," said the Toad. "I am sure you would have to agree with me that the birds can sing louder and more sweetly than your family. I think you are the ones who are afraid to have a contest, not the birds."

"Not at all," said the Cricket, "but why should we come out in the sunlight when we much prefer the nighttime to be abroad? We know that our family sings better than any other in the world. Let the birds, if they doubt this, come out at night and sing with us."

"You are a silly and conceited little creature," said the Toad, hopping away, for it was almost daylight by this time.

"You awoke me from my morning nap with your silly chirping," said a big Robin flying down from his home in the branches of the tree.

"And so you think your family can outsing mine, do you? Well, there will be one less at any rate tonight to help your family sing, friend Cricket, and I believe my children would enjoy you for breakfast."

"You see, Mr. Toad, it is just as I told you," chirped the vain Cricket, as the Robin flew up in the tree with him in his bill, "the birds are jealous of our voices, for this fellow is taking me to his children that they may have their voice improved by eating one of the finest singers in the world."

The Robin thought this so funny he had to laugh, and when he opened his mouth down fell the Cricket to the ground and quickly hopped away.

But he gave one last chirp as he went. "The very best singers in the world, the very best," he said, as he crawled out of sight.

"Well," said the Toad, who had stopped to see what happened, "I suppose if he thinks so it really does not matter what others think."

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name, its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

JUANITA.

THE lovely Spanish favorite, Juanita, has come to be a "name without a country." The music of its syllables proved irresistible to many countries and in modern times it lost its Spanish heritage and came to be as American as Anne or Edith.

Juanita means "grace of the Lord." It comes originally from the same source as John. It was probably in honor of St. John the Evangelist's guardianship of the Blessed Virgin that her name became joined with his. In the Fifth century a Giovanni (John) Maria Visconti of Milan appears and straightway Juan Maria became a popular name in Spain.

By adding a final "a," the feminine Juana was formed, a name which proved more acceptable than the masculine Juan as a preface to Maria, and soon Maria was dropped entirely and Juana became a separate name. Spain is fond of endearments and diminutives, as Rosita and Carmencita and scores of other names prove, so presently the ever-popular Juanita was evolved. Many famous women of Spain bore the name, among them a queen, who was known as Juana la Loca. Her reign in Castille was an unfortunate and distressing period.

It may be that the Spanish influence in the Southwestern states brought Juanita into vogue in this country, or her fame, according to some, may have been established by the country-wide vogue of the old song with which even the present generation is familiar. Who does not remember:

"Juanita, ask thy soul if we should part?"

Juanita's talismanic gem is the fireopal. That gem of sunny Spain promises her protection from evil spirits, good health and happiness. Tuesday is her lucky day and seven her lucky number.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE THING THAT COUNTS.

PERHAPS my face and figure spare Are neither things of beauty rare, But what of that? What painting's fame Was ever based upon its frame? Who judges jewels, bonds, or stocks,

Upon the basis of the box In which against the thief's foray The owner stores the same away? I care not what my figure be, Or what the kind this face of me, So long as in all mortals' sight The spirit held within is right.

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Electrical Power in Africa.
Engineers are considering the construction of an electric transmission line 700 miles long for carrying power from the Victoria falls of the Zambesi to the mines at Johannesburg.