

# The Man Who Found Himself

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN'S SELECTED FICTION  
BY ELLSWORTH KELLY

THE HON. W. H. MCGUIRE sat on a log on the bank of Walnut Creek, getting his paraphernalia ready for a day's fishing.

Already he had secured his bucket of minnows, and had selected his location for angling, a pool just above the riffle, bordered on the opposite side with drooping willows that almost reached down to dabble the ends of their overhanging branches in the water. If bass were to be found anywhere in Walnut Creek, by all indications, it should be right there.

At this particular moment he was engaged in putting together his jointed bamboo rod. As he lifted the third section to screw it into place, he was struck with a thought of such startling nature that he mused involuntarily, and was soon lost in reverie. It had suddenly come to him that he was lost, had been lost for many years, and that he had not realized it until now.

Not bodily lost. He knew his present location, even to township, range and section. Nor yet lost in a physical or moral sense. He was very good, was the Hon. W. H. McGuire, and held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens, as the last November vote had testified. But as he sat there, there came to him a sudden memory from his boyhood days. He had been so very, very busy these past dozen years that he had hardly given a thought to the old days.

Now he called to mind just how his home looked in the big leather-bound family Bible, written out in his father's plain, old-fashioned hand, "William Henry, third son of John and Mary McGuire."

He thought of that September morning when he had started for college. All the boys and girls of his set were down to the 3:30 train to see him off. His last memory of their faces was the glimpse he had from the car window as the train pulled out of the station. The boys had yelled "Good-bye, Billy," very good, and the girls had waved their handkerchiefs until shut from sight by the curve around Gravel-back hill. Now the fact dawned on him that was the last time he had heard a friendly voice say "Billy."

In college he had been plain McGuire. During the time he was reading law in the office in the city he was "young McGuire." Then, when admitted to the bar he had hurried away to the West to work fame and fortune; had picked out the County Seat as an eligible place to begin, and, for a time, was W. H. McGuire, attorney. After he became a "leading lawyer," McGuire, and at last, "our eloquent young orator and present Representative from this county, the Honorable W. H. McGuire."

As he felt the breath of the south wind flowing up creek, and listened to the whistling of the redbirds, he thought, for the moment, that he would gladly give all his honors for the sake of hearing the boys say "Billy" in the old, casual, affectionate way.

"Do you care if I fish in this hole, too?" McGuire looked up. A thirteen-year-old boy, with a fishing pole across his shoulder, stood before him. The lad had a sun-burned face beneath his straw hat, and his deep blue eyes set in a pair of bantam-like ears when and where he had seen their like before. Aside from the straw hat that the boy's wardrobe consisted of the two essential garments—a checked shirt and a pair of blue denim overalls, held in place by a solitary suspender.

"Do you care if I fish in this hole, too?" repeated the boy, not quite sure whether or not the gentleman had heard his first query.

through fire, the boy would have obeyed unflinchingly. In the woods of the forest, "That's right! Hold your pole sideways, so he'll take the spring of the pole! Good boy! Now do it again, and keep doing it every time he turns. You'll make a fisherman yet!"

Back and forth the boy played the fish, until it showed signs of tiring.

"Now draw him in-gently. Hold your pole sideways. If he makes a rush with the pole held straight he'll break the line! Lift him out—still sideways! I'll declare, if he isn't an inch longer than mine!"

Tommy Haskins looked joyously on the stripes of the bass as it lay there on the gravel, flopping and palpitating by turns. He could think of nothing better to say than:

"You caught him all by yourself, didn't it? I wish my pa could have been here to see me!"

When the bass had ceased biting they had five beauties, three to the credit of Tommy Haskins. Billy took three in the fishbait and anchored them in the running water at the riffle. The boy now yielded to his social inclinations.

"Whereabouts do you live, Billy?"

"Oh, I live near here. Oh, I've got my home was back East—in Indiana."

"Indiana! Why, there's where my pa and ma came from! They talk about back there sometimes. I've heard my pa say plenty about it! I always do take plenty when I go fishing. I never know how long I might want to stay. And, say! You've got some bass at the house? Well, bring up about half a dozen, please, and I'll cook something good!"

When Tommy Haskins got back Billy had a fire going. He had also taken the time to cook up for supper. An old hen, a country boy. There were ham sandwiches and a bottle of stuffed olives, and cheese, and oranges, and bananas, and a tin of applesauce. Billy explained: "I always take some fish with me when I go fishing. Then, if I don't catch any, why, I have fish anyhow."

"Then Billy cut a couple of small black-ops, and sharpening an end of each, gave one to Tommy Haskins and said: 'Now, you do just what you see me do. I'm going to show you how to do it. Then he took three of the slices of bacon, impaled them, and held them over the bed of coals to broil. Tommy Haskins did likewise with the other three slices.

"It was a tantalizing appetizing odor came from the back of the great green stove down on the hot coals, and the raw sides of the strips took on a delicate brown."

"U-m-m! I didn't know bacon could smell so good. It fairly makes my mouth water!"

"It tastes as good as it smells, too, on a picnic like this," responded Billy.

It was a glorious dinner. Tommy Haskins said as much, and Billy and Tommy agreed with him. It was the first time Tommy Haskins had ever tasted anything he called "supper." Billy did not say so, but he was sure that it was the best he had ever had. Tommy Haskins ate at them all. And the French sandwiches are good, Billy said he had his mouth fixed for bass for supper, and he didn't propose to spoil his appetite by eating anything else.

He explained that he was fishing for bass, and that he had an appetite for bass; and then opposite direction. Tommy Haskins drew

harder still upon the lines, his feet well braced against the foothold, but the horse only sped on the faster. Tommy Haskins gave a sideways glance of alarm at Billy. "Is he—he's running off?"

But Billy only laughed and said: "Ease up a bit on the lines and see."

Tommy Haskins slackened the lines, and very soon Prince had slowed down to a walk. The boy turned to Billy with delighted eyes, albeit his voice was trembling just a little.

"When I get to be a man I'm going to have a trotting horse—just like him!"

They walked Prince the rest of the way, and when they came to the strip of alfalfa along the creek bottom, now in full bloom and ready for the first cutting, Billy laid his hand on the lines and stopped the horse. The odor of the bloom was beginning to rise with the early falling dew.

"Smells mighty good, don't it? But I just got a sniff of something a heap nicer. Don't you smell it, too—ma's coffee b'n'?"

When they reached the ranchhouse door, Tommy Haskins met them and started to extend Tommy's companion a hearty Kansas greeting and to say that supper was already on the table, when she passed, scrutinized Billy's face closely, and exclaimed:

"Good land alive! If it isn't Billy McGuire! Pa! Come here this minute! Here's Billy McGuire that I used to go to school with back in Indiana, long before I ever saw you! My memory's better'n yours, Billy McGuire! You don't know me? Don't you recollect the girl that used to hold you with one hand and wash your face in a snowbank with the other? Well, I'm her!"

"Why, no!" said Billy. "I've lived at the county seat for the last ten years."

"Well," put in Tommy's ma, "we've been out here a dozen years this Spring, and the last six of 'em right here on Walnut Creek. How on earth does it happen that we've never heard tell of you?"

"Then a flash of intelligence lit up her face. 'It can't be—yes, it is so, too, Pa, I'll declare if you didn't vote for me for Representative, W. H. McGuire?' I noticed the name at the time, but I never thought once of its being Billy!"

After supper they insisted that Billy had to stay all night. But Billy declared that he was compelled to take the morning train for Topeka to look after a case he had in the Supreme Court. So they had to let him go. Billy had to take the train for Topeka, and the most of an old-fashioned evening visit that lasted until the hands on the big, old-fashioned clock pointed alarmingly to the XII on its face.

Tommy Haskins sat wide-eyed all evening listening to the talk about the Smiths, and the Wigginses, and the Dillingsbecks, and about the church festivals at the chapel, where, two against country boys, a cake was voted to the prettiest girl. And the country girl was the winner. And of all things! Her name was—Molly Briggs! And then there Tommy Haskins realized that, when he went back with his ma to visit at gran'pa's next Fall, he would see at least two places. He would see Molly Briggs, and yet there is no foot used by the carpenter or cabinet-maker requiring more care and patient practice in order to use successfully. In using the chisel on a flat surface, or a recess, it should be held with the flat, or back, of the chisel against the work, and whenever possible it should not be pushed straight forward through an opening, especially when paring across the grain of the wood, as it should be moved laterally at the same time that it is pushed forward, as indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 26.

This morning I find to me an unfortunate moved laterally at the same time that it is pushed forward, as indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 26.

# Sixth Manual Training Lesson

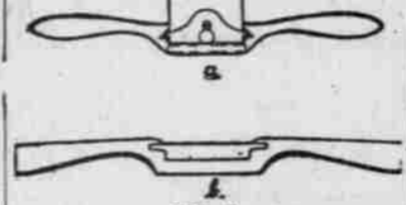
DESCRIPTION AND USES OF PLANES, CABINET WORK FILES, CHISELS AND GOUGES

By James Ritcher, Instructor in Wood-working and Patternmaking, Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago. (Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

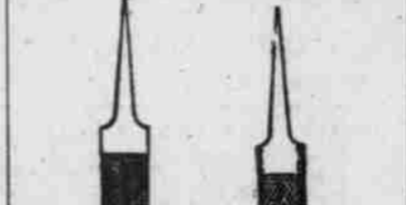
Note.—The interested reader is advised to clip this article for reference.

OF IRON planes the most important is the No. 4 jackplane, 14 inches long and having a cutter two inches in width. For nearly all our small work this plane can be used to the exclusion of all others.

In making and in truing up very large surfaces or in making long glue joints the No. 7 jointer plane, 22 inches long and having a plane iron 3 1/2 inches wide,



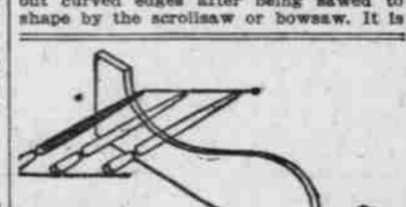
will be found very helpful, but not always necessary. For smoothing quartered oak, mahogany or other cross-grained woods the No. 4 smooth plane will be useful. It differs from the two mentioned above in being only nine inches long, and the cutter,



like that of the jackplane, is two inches wide. The No. 7 block plane shown in Fig. 21, which is seven inches long and has a cutter one and three-fourth inches wide, is very desirable on account of the low angle at which the cutter is set, and the ease with which it can be held in



one hand while the piece to be planed is held, when necessary, in the other.



As a plane is used for planing surfaces and edges which are straight, so the spoke shave is used to plane and smooth out curved edges after being sawed to shape by the scroll-saw or bow-saw.



to be found in a great variety of styles, both in metal, as shown at A in Fig. 22, or in wood, as shown at B. For the beginner the boxwood spoke shave without metal facings will be found very much the easier to use. It kept well sharp-

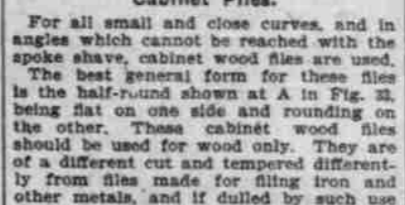


ened it is easy to control, and may be pushed from or drawn toward the operator, as the grain of the wood in the curved edge which is being dressed will permit.

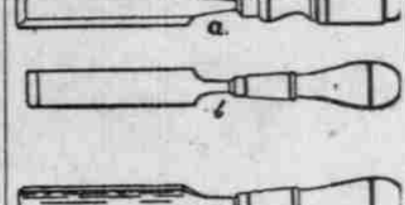
Cabinet Files. For all small and close curves, and in angles which cannot be reached with the spoke shave, cabinet wood files are used. The best general form for these files is the half-round shown at A in Fig. 23, being flat on one side and rounding on the other. These cabinet wood files should be used for wood only. They are of a different cut and tempered differently from files made for filing iron and other metals, and if used by such use they are afterwards worthless for filing wood. The cabinet wood rasp shown at B in the illustration is an entirely different tool and cuts too roughly for finishing, being used only when a great deal of wood is to be removed before using the file.

After using the file the curved edge must be polished and finished with sandpaper.

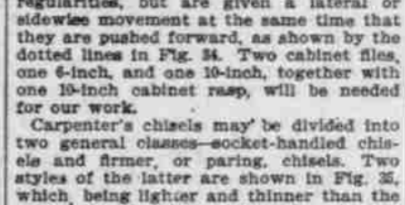
being planed, and also for laying off work of all kinds, as in the exercise in sawing already shown in Fig. 24. For bench use a six-inch triangular square is a convenient size, but a ten or 12-inch will be often needed for large work.



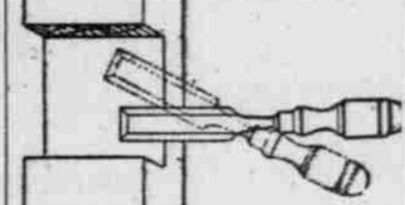
The marking gauge, shown in Fig. 25, is a tool which cannot be dispensed with. It is used to draw a sharp line at a given distance from and parallel to a surface which has been already dressed true, or from an edge which has been jointed straight.



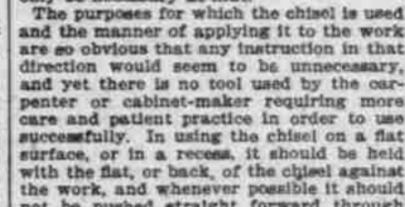
In the improved gauge shown in Fig. 25 the head can be slipped off and the sides of the head reversed with reference to the spur or cutting point. The brass facepiece shown at A is used as a straight edge, for marking around curves either convex or concave. For straight lines the head must be reversed so that the flat side of the head may be used against the wood. The spur should be sharpened so as to be flat on one side and curved on the other, as shown in a greatly enlarged view in Fig. 26. The head is sharpened on the forward edge only, as shown at C, and here again the outside is flat, and the inside, next to the gauge



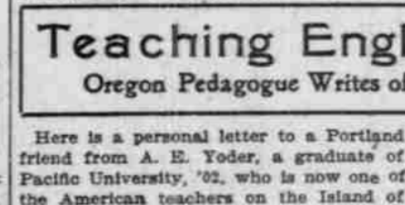
head, is curved. The tendency of this curved side is to run off, or away from the surface of the wood on which the gauge has been set, and thus the head is drawn toward and kept close to the surface. The spur must be filed and kept very sharp at all times, so that it will not scratch, but instead cut a fine sharp line. It should project 1-16 inch, but the depth of the cut made by the spur can be varied at will by simply tilting the gauge over more or less from the operator. Hold the head of the gauge in the right hand and place the thumb of the same hand directly behind the spur. In this position the hand can hold the head firmly against the surface, and the pressure of the thumb behind and against the spur will enable the beginner, after a few trials, to run a straight and true line. Never draw the gauge backward, but always push the tool away from the operator.



It is often necessary to lay out lines on the surface of the work, which are not at right angles to or square with the edges. This is done by using the blade adjustable to a greater or less angle than 45 degrees to the surface of the piece. In all such cases a bevel, the best form for which is shown in Fig. 27, is used. The blade is adjustable to any required angle, and is



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## ROAD COST OVER \$170,000 PER MILE Russia's Expensive Railway Around the Shores of Lake Baikal.

LAKE BAIKAL has hitherto made a very troublesome break in the continuity of the great Siberian railway. This large sheet of water, one of the biggest lakes in the world, has had to be traversed by various means, according to the season of the year: by steam ferry, ice-breaker, and, when the ice was strong enough, by carriage; and finally, since the outbreak of war, by a railway laid on the ice. This line around the lake has been under contemplation from the outset, but the natural conditions of the country through which it had to pass offered a multitude of obstacles to the engineers, and several distinct plans have been under consideration. This should be taken only as applying to the section as far as Kuituk, beyond which place the direction of the line was decided upon as early as 1880, while the former section could not be taken in hand until 1900.

The railway was not expected to be ready before the beginning of next year, but the work has progressed so fast since the beginning of the war that it is practically completed. Although water supply and the full complement of sidings allow of 14 trains per day in each direction, it was proposed to run only seven trains a day in each direction, and to use the ferry, the arrangements for which have been improved, as a kind of auxiliary and reserve.

Where the Line Runs. The line evidently chosen is the one proceeding from the station called Baikal to Kuituk, and from thence to what is now the town of Mysowek, along the shores of Lake Baikal. From this town a line is made in favor of an alternative line passing over the elevated country between Irkutsk and Kuituk, which at places rises more than 300 feet above the level of Lake Baikal, which is again some 200 feet above the sea. Among the reasons why this plan was discarded were the heavy gradients, in some places over 17 per cent, and the unfavorable quality of the rock. The total length of the shore line which was eventually chosen is 243 versts, the calculated expenditure is \$2,226,000, rubles, part of the aggregate expenditure including sidings, viaducts, and other works connected with the extension of the harbor at Tanehol, which materially increases the capacity of the ferry traffic.

The railway is thus the most expensive line ever built within the Russian Empire, and the one which has presented the most serious engineering difficulties, its building necessitating a large number of special constructions, such as tunnels, bridges, viaducts, etc. The coast of Lake Baikal, from the mouth of the River Angara to Kuituk, a distance of some 80 versts, is very rugged, the rocks in many places leaving but a narrow strip of meadows, while in others they descend sheer into the lake, rising to a height of 3000 feet above the level of the water.

Many Tunnels and Bridges. These mountains are, besides, in many places intersected by awkward crevices and cherts. On this section of the line there are no fewer than 21 tunnels, in addition to which there are 20 bridges, viaducts, special supports. The railway, like a huge snake, crawls along the side or makes its way through the mountains in a variety of twists and bends, as one may have in mind a line of the lake. It has often been necessary to take special precautions against the falling upon the line of pieces of loose rock, as the mountains in this region have been much affected by volcanic eruptions. Water is apt to make its way into the tunnels from the same cause. The looseness of

the rock in many places has also necessitated the bricking up of the tunnels to a far greater extent than was originally calculated. The amount of rock and earth work is enormous, the former even reaching the figure of 10,000 cubic saaschen (70,000 cubic feet) per mile.

The other section of the new line, from Kuituk to Mysowek, runs over an entirely different kind of country, and has in every respect been much easier to build, it has been very many waverings as to its direction.

Road Beyond Kuituk. Beyond Kuituk the mountains on the whole recede further from the shore, leaving ample flat land for the railway, which, on the whole of this section, only passes one tunnel. On the other hand, several large streams have to be crossed, necessitating the building of bridges up to 500 feet in length. The country is almost uninhabited, and the soil is always frozen; the mean temperature of the year is half a degree centigrade below zero. The bridges are all built of stone and iron, as are the viaducts. The railway has the ordinary Russian gauge and only one line of rails, but the tunnels are constructed wide enough for a double track. The traffic, under ordinary circumstances, is calculated to comprise seven trains daily in each direction, a number which, however, is already mentioned, can be doubled. The maximum gradient is 3 per cent (in the tunnels considerably less), and the smallest radius of curve is about 1000 feet.

The whole of the railway round Lake Baikal has been built by contractors, and has not been split up in such small portions as was the Trans-Baikal Railway, nor partly built by the government itself, as was also the case with portions of that line, and there is every reason to believe that it has been satisfactorily constructed.

The Kid Again. New York Press. "I have noticed that Mr. Smith always leaves before the sermon," remarked the new minister in the course of his first pastoral call.

"Yes, he—er, that is—" Mrs. Smith floundered about in embarrassment until Tommy thought it time to come to her rescue.

"Do you, why," he piped shrilly. "I know, my little man," said the minister, smiling encouragingly. "Why is it, then?"

"Ma makes him. 'Cause he always snores when he goes to sleep."

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## LARGEST THREE-YEAR-OLD FILLY IN THE WORLD



Here is a picture of what is reputed to be the largest 3-year-old filly in the world. She is 19 hands high, weighs 2200 pounds, is perfectly formed, a chestnut color with silver mane and tail. She was bred and raised by Sol King, of Corvallis, and was 3 years old May 20 last. She is now owned by C. W. Todd, of Albany, who will exhibit her at the Lewis and Clark Fair, 1905.

## Teaching English to Filipinos Oregon Pedagogue Writes of Youngsters of Panay Islands.

Here is a personal letter to a Portland friend from A. E. Yoder, a graduate of Pacific University, '02, who is now one of the American teachers on the Island of Panay:

The Island of Panay is next to Luzon in size and wealth, but at present the people are in very hard circumstances. They do not attempt to raise much besides rice and coconuts. The underpelt carried off nearly all of their carabao, so they have been unable to plant any crops for two or three years; consequently they are having a desperate struggle to get enough to eat. If they had any American ingenuity they would find some way to overcome their difficulties; but once deprived of their usual means of support they make no effort to help themselves. The climate of the island is delightful. Although it is only 11 degrees north of the equator, the summer is not so hot as in the States. A blanket is necessary for covering at night.

The dress of the natives is not elaborate. The little boys wear a broad-brimmed hat and on special occasions a shirt. The girls wear a very neat costume and try to make themselves white by sticking their heads in the flour barrel. They come to school with great lumps of flour on their cheeks; then the sweat runs down through it in little rivulets and valleys, with big black streaks showing through.

Our school is at San Jose, the capital of Antique, one of the three provinces of the island. It is the only high school in the province and employs five American teachers in the primary department. Very few of the pupils can speak English when they first come, and it is quite difficult to get a vocabulary started. They are a very interesting set of children, and I am sure that every teacher who comes to the Philippines will find some of the brightest of them would shine in any American school; there are scarcely as intelligent as a well educated monkey. During Spanish times the children all went to school; but if they learned anything, it was in spite of and not because of their Spanish teachers. They used Spanish textbooks and attempted to teach the Spanish language, but three years of American teaching has produced larger results than 20 years under the Spanish regime. At least 10 per cent of the Filipinos are able to speak English. To be sure, not many of them could carry on an animated conversation on the labor question, but they have a sufficient vocabulary for all practical purposes, and they are learning fast. Outside of Manila hardly 5 per cent of the natives can speak a word of Spanish. As the Filipinos are not a very robust people, there is much absence of accessions of sickness. Some of their excuses are rather amusing. Here is one I received

## Dowie as a Football Reformer.

Ralph D. Paine, in November Outlook. Much idle fun was being done at the game of football, as expurgated and softened by Prophet Elijah Dowie, for the use of his godly youth at Zion City. As a matter of fact, and of fairness to a bold and original organizer, who has set himself up as a concentrated football reform committee, one should not expect Dowie ought to be taken seriously in this revolutionary step. Without a scrap of tradition to bother him, he sweeps aside all rules and conventions and decrees that there shall be no tackling or holding in the Zion City game. This means that his resourceful young men will develop a game with lots of passing, running and kicking, and that the English Association football so spectacular. Rough play will be so sternly dealt with that the offender will wish that he had never seen a football. This is precisely what the college game has needed, to these 30 years. The scrimmage will be freed of its brutal and hammering force, and more open play fostered everywhere on the field. In Dr. Dowie would be a valuable influence and a wholesome irritant in the councils of the intercollegiate committee.

## Our Great Wheat Crop.

Six hundred and thirty-seven million bushels of wheat is our average wheat crop. One-fifth the whole world's output, enough wheat, made into bread, to provide one and one-third loaves for every inhabitant of the United States daily for a year; enough wheat, made into flour, to furnish a foot long, to girdle the earth.