IDAHO TRAINS RURAL TEACHERS TO UNDERSTAND PROBLEMS OF TILLERS

Lewiston Normal School Aims to so Instruct Youth That Children May Outstrip Sires at Their Own Pursuits. Course Intended to Be Thoroughly Practical.

LEWISTON, Idaho, July 20.—(Special.)—Can the rural school of the Lewiston State Normal graduate teachers who will enable farmer girls and boys to become successful tillers of the soil, and will the farmer boy be better enabled "to beat his dad at his own game" after he has gone to school to these graduates? These are some of the informal questions that are being put to Dean Earle S. Wooster, head of the rural department of the Lewiston State Normal, and these are the questions that his model rural school hopes to solve in the next few years.

Realizing the backward condition of the rural schools of the Northwest, in contrast to the growing and broadening of the agricultural fields, Professor Wooster took the initiative in the creation of a model rural school, in this case located at Fort Lapwai, Idaho. He planned that his students should study with the teachers at the country schools, observe and see what was really needed. Last week the school completed its first year, and nearly three and one-half score of teachers have been sent out with a training that is practical and consistent with the needs of the rural communities.

The feature of the Lewiston school rests in the close contact that exists between the student and the inhabitants of the rural community. Here the student assists the regular teacher in the school. The classes are taken in charge by the student, and classes are taken over the fields and hills. When the country child can be brought to honor the vocation of his father, then a big problem has been solved.

Practical Value Needed.

"There has been an appreciable drifting away from the farm," stated Dean Wooster in a recent interview, "We hope by our method of teaching to check the lessening of interest in this matter. We want the farmer boy to realize that we have something for him that will be of actual value. We have come to realize that Latin and Greek, English and French have little charm for the farmer boy. We hope to show him the mysteries that dwell in the soil."

Success in this particular depends on the curriculum of the rural high school, a new departure in school facilities of the Northwest. The boy from the time he enters this rural school, under the direction of the trained rural teacher, gradually learns something of farming and farm life. The curriculum of manual training, coupled with a practical education, will naturally conduce to his going to a scientific school to gain more knowledge of his future vocation. The fact that the school will be in sympathy with rural life and rural sentiments will lend much to the future success of the system.

In this school the farmer girl also plays a great part. She also learns all that the three "R's" have for her, and in addition she is taught by a teacher who has a professional knowledge of the home economies—cooking, sewing, practical economies, gardening and manual work. Like her farmer brother, she will learn the art of handling the saw and hammer, the hoe and the rake. She will be just as proficient a tiller as he, because it will be presented to her interestingly.

Effort to Get Close to Nature.

A visit to Fort Lapwai discloses the fact that the teachers live in crude little tent houses. It would not be fitting for them to occupy the best of homes. They rough it. Children play on the improvised apparatus. Trained students mingle with and help farmer boys, rural high school boys and girls plant their plots in the Spring sunshine under the guidance of these special teacher-students.

At the Lewiston State Normal there are two sections of these students who live in the rural community for six weeks at a time, learning of their needs and desires. In the rural life the practical is over the theoretical, and in realization of this every effort is being made to bring it out.

In the Northwest hundreds of thousands of dollars are being expended in the replacing of the old log schoolhouse by modern, well-lighted and ventilated structures. In this state much attention is being paid by rural school directors to providing modern facilities for children.

FREE LEGAL ADVICE SOUGHT BY CITIZENS

City Attorney Grant Believes City Should Meet Demand in Certain Cases. Policemen Need Motorcycles.

THAT it would be an excellent plan for the municipal government to furnish legal advice in certain cases and that such would be perfectly proper and in keeping with the functions of a city's law department, is the belief of City Attorney Grant.

Scores of persons, both men and women, call upon Mr. Grant and his assistants every month for advice. Owing to the fact that all of the attaches of the office are so busy with actual municipal business that it is impossible for them to take up their time with such affairs, they have to decline to pay attention to these persons.

Mr. Grant, however, believes that it would be a good plan for the city to provide means of supplying legal advice in proper cases and thinks that the results would justify such a departure from present conditions.

He believes that such a department would be able to advise the poorer classes in such cases as those recently coming to public attention wherein working people have been hounded by "loan sharks," being unable to employ any attorney to tell them of their rights. There are many cases, says Mr. Grant, where proper legal advice, furnished free, would be of actual public benefit and should be given. Certain other cases, which have been made known to him, would not properly come under this class, he points out. There are some people who naturally would try to take advantage of the department to save themselves the payment of attorneys' fees, but they would not be granted advice gratis, should the city ever undertake to establish a free legal department.

* * *

Just plain human nature has asserted itself so thoroughly that the police committee of the Executive Board called for bids on new motorcycles.

"We need these machines," explained Chief Slover to the members of the committee, "for the reason that it is costing us too much to repair the present ones. The reason is that three sets of policemen are using the motorcycles every 24 hours as we now work the system. I want to get one machine for each of the six motorcycle men, so that each man will have his own and will be responsible for the upkeep. As it is now, if a machine is broken, each man tries to lay the blame on the other."

"That's human nature," commented John B. Coffey, the committee chairman, whereupon the committee ordered bids for the new machines. The contracts will be awarded in the near future, probably next Thursday.

Incidentally, motorcycles have proven to be of such great utility in the police department that the Chief would not think of being without an ample supply.

* * *

Mayor Rushlight spent a strenuous week, catching up with the official business that accumulated on his desk during the Elks' reunion. While the big convention was at its height, he was obliged to spend much time entertaining and performing the official acts necessary to the proper show of courtesy to visiting Elks and others who made the city their stopping place then.

* * *

Chief Janitor Simmons has been on duty in the City Hall for 14 years and has served so faithfully that the employes of the City Auditor's department chipped in and bought him a beautiful pipe.

* * *

The vacation season is on and many of the City Hall employes are taking advantage of the 15 working days, allowed them by the charter each year. Mayor Rushlight probably will take a vacation in the near future and George L. Baker, president of the Council, will act in his absence. When George K. McCord, secretary to the Mayor, goes into the mountains to tempt the festive trout on his vacation, Willard Tupper, secretary of the Civil Service Commission, probably will supply for him.

* * *

Policemen are wondering whether they will soon be taking off two days each month, as provided may be done by an ordinance recently passed. Whether they will depends upon action by the police committee. Something may be done by the members next Thursday on this subject.

* * *

Ralph C. Clyde, a member of the City Council, is so proud of the fact that he has at last succeeded in getting an ordinance passed that he insists upon telling his friends about it every time he sees one of them. The ordinance is one which would compel payment of interest on deposits required by public service companies. The only trouble is the Mayor vetoed it and the Council sustained the veto, thereby "killing" Mr. Clyde's year's work.

* * *

Contracts for a large amount of motor-driven apparatus for the fire department probably will be let next week. The bids are now being considered by D. Solis Cohen, John Perry and Dr. H. C. Fixott, members of the fire committee.

* * *

Christian Violence Sometimes Hidden by Gentleness

(Continued From Page 5.)

would have become a Joan of Arc, leading others to privilege and freedom.

No, her guns would not have been spiked or destroyed, but she would have transferred them to the other side. Her marshaled energies used in the kingdom of darkness would be now enlisted in the kingdom of light.

So it was, with both the Apostle Paul and Peter. The Lord came to these violent characters and coveted their strength, and retained it in the ministry of his word and life. You remember he said, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee"; he covets that passion, that strong feeling of thine, that magnificent impulse of thine; but so does thy Master; "and I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

Even so he would have you and me have the strength that comes from harmonizing all our powers. All must be brought to Him if he would succeed in taking the kingdom.

Decision Is Not All Sufficient.

But it is not enough for "men of violence" to have simply decisiveness of purpose and harmony of powers, they must have the energy of a strong and lively feeling. John Calvin was right when he said that the gospel awakens powerful emotions. But this is an element in Christianity from which the modern church has swung too far away. The Christian with deep feeling who can shed a tear is looked upon today, unfortunately, as a weakling. We have discoursed so much upon the wisdom of the speeches of Jesus and upon the might of his acts among men that we have forgotten the depths of his feeling. Many are the instances on record in which the feeling of his great heart came conspicuously into view. All his great work, especially in his ministry of healing, cost him deep emotions. He not only gave the required help to that man whose only daughter lay at the point of death, and to that widow of Nain whose only son was dead and the body being borne to its resting place, to the sisters Mary and Martha, who wept so bitterly at the grave of their only brother, Lazareth, but he gave it with that feeling that doubled its value. There is a world of difference between the physician or the pastor who merely calls at the house of sorrow and suffering as a matter of duty, to be able to say that he has been there, and him who takes the suffering and sorrow of the stricken home on his heart and goes away melted and broken down with it.

Don't think it strange if I tell you today that I have had mothers in homes of suffering and sorrow say to me, "Brother Reagor, don't send that woman to call on us any more. We don't care for her visits, her calls."

And then I have had them say, "Oh, I would like that woman to call and see us again; she was so tender and sympathetic. Our suffering was not half so severe after her visit."

Feeling Is Desirable.

Now, why the difference? Both of them were good Christian women. They were both loyal and liberal to the church. But the difference was one had the energy of strong and lively feeling, while the other did not.

I once had an assistant in a very talented Christian woman. She could fill the pulpit acceptably in my absence. She made 150 calls a month. But I learned early not to send her where there was sickness and sorrow. They would say to me, "We don't want her; please don't send her." She lacked the energy of strong and lively feeling.

The need of this element in the church is great. It is a mighty power with which to storm the strongholds of Satan. Tears will win and hold when words fail.

I've told you the story of the little girl who had promised with the other little girls in her Sunday school class to try to do something for Jesus each week. When the teacher called the roll and they began to tell what they had said during the week to help some one, she failed to raise her hand. And then the teacher asked her if she had not said anything to anybody that would lighten their load.

"No," she said. "All I did was to go to little Jane," one of the girls in her class at school, who was sitting off by herself on the playground, crying. Her little brother had died and was buried the day before.

And the teacher said, "Well, what did you say?"

And the little girl said, "I didn't say anything. I just put my arm around her and cried too."

Ah, that was one of the ways that Jesus stormed the powers of sin and suffering. And it's our way if this element is in us. No one is gospel-hardened by the appeal of a feeling heart. It will win when everything else fails. It is the need of the world.

"The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the men of violence take it by force."

"From strength to strength, go on,
wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down
and win the well-fought day."

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S BULL MOOSE IS BRANDED AS DESTRUCTIVE BEAST

William J. Long, Called Nature Faker by ex-President, Casts Few Sidelights on Animal Chosen as Political Totem by Bandana Party—Useless Bovine Would Never Be Tolerated on Private Ground, Says Writer.

William J. Long figured in a controversy with ex-President Roosevelt when the latter denounced him as a nature-faker. Mr. Long has written the following essay for the Independent, which is copyrighted by that magazine and is reproduced with the permission of that publication.

BY WILLIAM J. LONG.

(My Dear Editor—Yours is only one of many letters that have lately come to my desk from editors, lawyers and especially from progressive statesmen, all asking for an expert opinion on the bull moose as an emblem or totem of a new political party devoted to the public good. I am delighted to have your assurance that this pure and patriotic party has no self-seekers, no ambitious politicians, no plotters for revenge; that it has already exorcised all its devils and committed itself irretrievably to the society of the near seraphim. For such an organization the bull moose is, as you shall presently see, an almost perfect emblem.

At the outset, however, I must disclaim any expert knowledge of this interesting subject. I have met only three or four hundred moose, among them being a few that furnished something like a mild adventure; but I have had the good fortune to find in a second-hand shop an old volume, which tells all about the bull moose. It was written by one T. Roosevelt who, you may remember, once had considerable local reputation as a naturalist, especially among Federal office-holders whose positions were not secured by civil service regulations. I find upon examination that the esteemed author actually killed two bull moose that were not looking and chased three more that would not wait to be shot. He was also intimate with Hank Griffin, who once saw a moose somewhere out West. He speaks, therefore, with authority.

In the following essay I shall quote freely from his luminous pages, omitting only the bloody details. Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM J. LONG.)

THE bull moose lives on the public domain and is a very wasteful feeder. As T. Roosevelt well says,* "no beast is more destructive to the young growth of a forest." When his great paunch is full to bursting of the delicacies he has gathered from the common supply, he wanders toward his daybed, stripping the bark from tender young trees, especially of the rarer and more beautiful kind, like the mountain ash and the striped maple. His method is to strike his strong front feet into the bark and tear off a great strip by lifting his head. He chews a bit of this, only to throw it aside and strip another tree farther on. In trailing a bull moose one can often follow his course far ahead by the unsightly gashes or "peelings" which he leaves behind him. Another destructive method of feeding is by riding down young trees whose tops are above his reach. He straddles the trunk, bending it down by his great weight, holding it under his belly while he eats all the buds and tender twigs. A tree thus moose-ridden rarely recovers. It remains bent or broken, like a discarded boss; it cannot breathe without its leaves; it dies and the Winter snows cover it from sight.

Such a destructive and useless beast would never be tolerated on private land or by a thrifty corporation. At one time he was of small use to the early settlers, who killed him for food when they could find nothing better; but they could never depend upon him, as he is of a wandering and flighty disposition. His flesh, moreover, is coarse and stringy; his hide is thick and "of very poor quality," as T. Roosevelt says, and he ought to know. At the present time he is one of the luxuries of Democracy, which supports and protects him that he may minister to the vanity of a few sportsmen, mostly of the tinhorn variety, who think it a brave thing to follow him and to hang his grotesque head in their houses; though in truth it requires less courage and skill to kill a moose than to kill a cow that has run wild in the back pasture.

With such an emblem, the new party may well inscribe "Thou shalt not steal" upon its standard. The bull moose never steals; he simply takes what he wants. He has fed on public property so long that he considers it all rightfully his. I once planted a garden near my Summer camp, and a bull moose used to come nightly to knock down the fence and eat every bean and pea vine that had ambition to show its head.

Our authority declares (p. 205) that the legs of a bull moose are so long and his neck so short that he must go "down on his knees" to crop the tender grass or to get a mouthful of snow to quench his thirst. This delusion was already hoary when I first found it in the geography. The bull moose does nothing of the kind. If he wants to crop or drink, he simply spreads his forefeet and bends his head, as any one may see who will follow a moose for an hour without trying to kill him. If, however, we consider him as the emblem of the new party of righteousness, in a world wholly abandoned to the evil "interests," we should by all means cherish this old delusion. The picture of the bull moose on his knees, in an attitude of grace as he eats and drinks from the public hand, is an admirable one. It will be especially significant if the new party has the wisdom to choose a leader of almost monopolistic virtue, who is more emphatic than Moses in the matter of commandments and who wrestles mightily in prayer before he goes out with his Gideon band of Flinns to fight the Lord's battle.

Perhaps the most noticeable quality of the bull moose is his shyness. He avoids the crowd and eschews excitement of every kind. When you find him you must be very still, else will his native modesty take him away out of your sight. Once I ran across a party of ladies, with their guides, who were eager to see a bull moose. At twilight I took two of them in my canoe, and was followed by the whole party in breathless expectation. When I called out the great bull, certain emotional ones could not restrain their admiration. One waved her handkerchief; another clapped her hands; a third cried out ecstatically. The moose, disdaining such applause, instantly turned and vanished into the solitude which he so deeply loves. As T. Roosevelt writes, "The bull moose is never found in a great herd, but always alone or in small family parties." In all these respects he is an excellent totem; he typifies the long-expected politician who shall settle all affairs himself, or in select tennis cabinets, taking no heed of courts or constitutions or the democratic rabble, which can only shout and vote and leave all else to the true leader.

Though the bull moose is thus instinctively retiring, he has another side to his nature. At times he rampages violently through the woods, exalting his horn, brunting, squealing, stamping the earth with his hoofs and thrashing the unoffending bushes with his antlers. Meeting him now you would think him a champion, a Hotspur, a very devil of an antagonist; but he is at heart an arrant coward and braggart, without a spark of real—that is, of moral—courage. If he ever attacks it is in a fit of blind fury, like a cornered cat. He will roar defiance at all rivals and at the universe itself; but snap a twig sharply, or bark like a small dog, and all the rampant egotism oozes out of him. He remembers suddenly some very important engagement elsewhere, and when you hear him again he will be *grunting* at a *safe* distance.

A curious fact about a bull moose at such moments of emotional excitement is that he readily answers a call and comes headlong to meet it. Almost everything will serve for an issue when the bull moose is in a receptive attitude. I have called him by imitating the bellow of his mate, by pounding on a stretched skin, by grunting or chocking in my throat like a rival bull, or by simply making a loud roar unlike anything on the earth below, or, I trust, in heaven above. Here, again, he serves admirably as an emblem of the new type of political leader, who stays in retirement until the people call him loudly to their service. Unfortunately, the summons to the bull moose is sometimes arranged by crafty men with guns, and when he rushes out eagerly to meet the call he goes to his own destruction.

In many other ways the bull moose shows symptoms of emotional fits and of a disordered intellect. As T. Roosevelt says (p. 229), "he frequently shows a clumsy slowness of apprehension which amounts to downright stupidity." The leader who adopts the bull moose as his emblem, therefore, should be wary of talking too much, knowing that words are remembered, or of writing confidential letters that are almost certain to be purchased by the newspapers—those vile and slanderous instruments of the corrupt interests, without conscience or any appreciation of true greatness.

Another noticeable characteristic of the bull moose is his inordinate and unchangeable selfishness. Whether roaming the woods in solitude, or tearing up the earth, or coming headlong to the call, he is thinking, first, last and all the time of the safety of his own skin and the fullness of his own stomach. I can take off my hat to a cow moose, having frequently seen her sacrifice herself to save her offspring or to protect the herd in the Winter yard; but I never yet saw a bull moose do a thing for anybody but himself. He is the incarnation of self-interest. A cow or even a calf moose, if she sees danger approaching, will warn all others before she takes the first step for her own safety; but a bull moose will sneak away silently at the first sniff of peril, leaving all others to look out for themselves. And that, by the way, is the real reason why a female animal is invariably found at the head of a band of moose or of deer of any kind. If they are approaching danger, you will invariably find the cows ahead, the calves close behind, while far in the rear comes the bull, taking care not to expose his precious hide and running from a safe distance at the first warning of danger. This characteristic of the noble totem, however, need not be emphasized—unless, perchance, the new party goes over bodily to the suffragets.

Further indications of the bull's essential selfishness are found in his frequent abuse and browbeating of all other moose that are smaller than himself. He cannot tolerate a rival, but flies into a jealous rage at the first suggestion that there is any other bull moose in the universe. His voice at such times is a squeaking grunt, ridiculously small for so great an animal, which sounds like ungwuh! ungwuh! Herein we have a suggestion of those ferocious warriors described in Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," who always began a speech by shouting "Ongwehonwe!" which in the tongue of that tribe means, "I am the only man; all others are squaws or liars."

At all times the bull moose is easily fascinated by too bright a light. Occasionally when I am studying the bow of my canoe, I run across his lordship filling himself with lush lily roots. Most animals will stare at the jack for a time, and then turn away into the woods. Enough limelight is as good as a feast for a sensible creature. Now and then, however, I meet a bull moose that stares too long at the light, much as a politician might look too much upon glory, and he ends by floundering headlong toward the thing that dazzles him. At such times he is dangerous. In his blind infatuation he sees nothing but the bright object of his desire, and he clumsily knocks down everything in his path as he jumps toward it. Once I was upset in this way by a fool moose that tumbled over my canoe and then floundered madly when the jack was extinguished, hitting out aimlessly with hoofs and antlers. The only sure cure for such a bull is darkness, oblivion. When you meet him, close your jack, or turn it on another candidate. Any bull moose will sober off quickly if left in the friendly darkness.

In the monumental work to which I have referred, the esteemed author says (pp. 216-217) that young moose are easily tamed, "and are very playful, delighting to gallop to and fro, kicking, striking, butting and making grotesque faces." Later, he says, they become a menace, and he tells the following story:

Some lumbermen once captured a young moose and shut him in a pen of logs. A few days later they captured another somewhat smaller and put it in the same pen, thinking the first would be grateful for a companion. But if it was it dissembled its feelings, for it presently fell upon the unfortunate newcomer and killed it before it could be rescued.

The bull moose emblem seems especially significant in view of this record. In a new party devoted wholly to the public good, there can be little personal glory, hardly enough for two and certainly not "enough to go round." It is meet and right, therefore, that the chosen leader should attack a rival and despoil him of his political goods. In a cold season I have repeately found where a big bull came upon a smaller moose in a bed that he had warmed with his own body and life blood, and the big bull drove out the little one and took the warm bed for himself. Following this excellent example, there was a righteous statesman, long ago, who found a plausible Democrat with a few patent uplift medicines which appealed to the suffering multitude; and he loudly denounced the poor Democrat as a demagog and a son of Belial, even while he stole his referendum and recall. Later this same hero found a nice little party of progressives with a chance at the next election, and waiting till the leader fell sick, he prodded him off and ran away with his band of followers, precisely as a big bull moose will drive away a little bull and take his chosen mates for himself. Here, then, is an emblem worth having, if the new party can only find the right sort of uplifter to wear it on his banner of victory.

Our renowned authority is in error, however, when he speaks here and elsewhere (p. 220) of moose "galloping" away when alarmed. I will not say that a moose never galloped; I only declare firmly that the man who saw him gallop was not sober. The bull moose often bolts, as he has a strong tendency in that direction, but he cannot gallop, being too clumsily built for the business. When alarmed, he turns stiffly and lunges blindly away at an awkward trot, running into obstacles, knocking down dead stubs, smashing the underbrush, splashing and floundering through muddy bogs, getting more and more excited at the pother he is making—precisely as an excited candidate might start a bolt and an indecent rumpus at an orderly convention.

The close parallel between your bull moose and your true politician may be carried further. Thus, the addlepated creature often lets himself be hunted by cunning destroyers that he might easily escape. Witness this scene (p. 209), where T. Roosevelt describes himself as creeping through a thicket after a young bull moose that he has seen to lie down for his midday rest, chewing his cud in fancied security:

My veins were thrilling and my heart beating with that eager, fierce excitement—which is one of the keenest and strongest pleasures which make up the wild joy of living—drawing a bead against his black side I pressed the trigger—the lifeblood sprang from both his nostrils—

and more of the same bluggy and butchery details which go to make up joy and heroism.

Look on that picture then on this, if you would know how true to political nature is the bull moose emblem. In a thicket of treachery and concealment an ambitious politician rests in false security, meditating on the public good and all the glory and horror thereof. Creeping upon his trail comes Boss Barnes, his jaw set, a cold gleam in his eye, and his gun loaded for bull moose. "His veins are thrilling, his heart beating with the eager, fierce excitement" which comes to those other appointed of the Lord, who battle at Armageddon and who know the real "wild joy of political living."

There are many other reasons why the bull moose is the true symbol of political righteousness. Note that he always makes a crooked trail, wandering about as if lost in the woods. Though he travels a great deal he never makes any real progress, but always swings around to a point not far from where he started. You shall never find him at the end of a straight course, and he is never where you would honestly expect him to be. He is cunningly hidden, away off to one side of his own tortuous trail, and watching his own back track. As T. Roosevelt says (p. 205):

he has a very provoking habit of making a half or three-quarter circle before lying down and then crouching with his head so turned that he can surely perceive any pursuer who may follow his trail.

Ponder also the deep emblematic significance of this fact: every bull moose carries his own bell. This is the name given by hunters to the long gland that hangs from the animal's throat. No one knows what purpose this moose bell serves, but it is filled with nerves and is supposed by some to aid the animal's hearing, by catching vibrations too faint for ordinary ears. By others it is supposed to give added weight and timbre to the ridiculous little grunt of the bull moose. In a political sense this bell signifies that the leader is in the habit of keeping his ear to the ground, or else that he is always ready to sound the tocsin and to ring his own praises. There was a politician in Alexandria, in the fourth century if I remember correctly, who was inordinately fond of public attention, which he secured by noisy demonstration, by sounding his own praises and by constantly rousing the city over its threatened perils; and the Church fathers all called him cymbalum mundi, the bell-clapper of the universe. If the new party could by searching find such a leader the bell of the bull moose would be the most significant part of the whole totem.

In appearance the bull moose is an awkward and most ungainly brute, a relic of some earlier and more barbarous age, when strange marsh beasts wandered up and down the earth, meeting wild and hairy men. As our esteemed authority says (p. 213), he is "strange and uncouth in look as some monster surviving over from Pliocene." Among modern, more highly developed animals and men he is wholly out of place. He never learns wisdom, but comes to the same false calls and follows the old, primordial trails. Recently some moose were turned loose in the Adirondacks, only to vanish, and one who watched them found they had turned away from excellent food and a good climate to follow the old forgotten moose paths northward to greater wildness and more primeval savagery. And when you think of it seriously, the professional politician, who lives all his life on the public domain, agitating, destroying, but never creating or doing any constructive work, is also a relic and a survival of barbarism. He seldom learns, but makes the same old holy professions and follows the same unholy practices that his tribe made and followed in the Stone Age. He noisily proclaims his virtue when it serves his purpose with the crowd, but he is very still and secretive when he is about his own affairs with the heelers and bosses. As our authority writes once more (p. 205): "It is astonishing how quietly a moose can steal through the woods if it wishes." It is also a matter of wonder how quiet even our loudest politician can be when he dickers with "practical men" or with the wicked trusts over his campaign contributions.

On the whole, the bull moose is a "bully" symbol. I know of only one better, and that was suggested by the parade of Barnum & Bailey which has just passed my door. On a big wagon, resplendent with gilt, glass and general sham, and capped by a clown blowing a trumpet, is written in huge letters, "Blood-Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ! Largest in Captivity!" If the wicked Democrats could only capture that creature for a totem, the new party of the bull moose would find it hard to win the barbarian vote at the election.

*The Wilderness Hunter, p. 216.

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