

REMINISCENCES OF A NATURE FAKIR

OLD WHISKERS, THE RAM

By John Kendrick Bangs.
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"Y ES," the captain was saying as I entered the postoffice to get my mail and buy a porous plaster to stop the leak in my roof, "they ain't as many deer around these here parts as they used to be, an' somehow or other I don't blame 'em much for not bein' so sociable as they was before the trolley came through, and the place began to fill up with summer boarders. 'Twas a time when this here place was worth livin' in for man or deer, but them days is gone. When the poppylation was largely made up of fishermen and noor artists that came up here in April and hung around until Thanksgiving, our houses an' our rocks, an' them there deer, it was a pleasant place to live in, but now it ain't nothin' but profit."

Painting Worth More Than Ram.
"I ain't sayin' that ye can't, Joe," said the captain. "But somehow or other them old days makes putty fine thinkin'. Haw, haw! say, do you remember that fellow Dusenberry, the anime painter that come up here in '87 lookin' for material? He was a great feller, that man Dusenberry. He could paint a cow at one settin' that would look so like a goat you could almost hear him baa. I never see such a feller for colors. Why, he'd take that worn out old ram of St. Wotherpoon's and paint him every color in the rainbow except the color he was, an' sell the blame thing for more'n the 'riginal old ram was worth. I think he must have painted that anime every day for three months, callin' each one of his pictures by a different name, like 'Sheep Life on the

cold frame in front. The front part was all built o' glass, so that Dusenberry could get all the light he needed to paint by. Them artists need a lot of it, and I tell ye, I'd hate to have to pay for them windows they has runnin' from the cellar clean up to the roof. The first season he had that there studio was the most successful financially in Dusenberry's career. He came up about the first o' May an' he didn't go back to town until late in October,



and every day except Sundays he turned out what he called a new study o' Whiskers. He had him easin' every day with a mournful look in his eye, an' called it 'Longin'.' I don't know what he was longin' for, but that's what Dusenberry called it, an' I will say it was a mighty interestin' picture, tho' I never see the sea lookin' quite so yaller, nor old Whiskers lookin' quite so green."

Swallows Pea Green Rocks.

"Then he done another showin' old Whiskers standin' along the skyline eatin' rocks, with the sun goin' down on the other side of him. He called that 'Twilight,' an' I told him I thought it was a durned appropriate name. 'For, Dusenberry,' says I, 'it'll soon be twilight for any purple ram in creation when he gets to swallowin' pea green rocks while a sorrel sun's a-settin' back of his off hind leg.' I don't think Dusenberry got much store by my remark. He got kind o' pink around his gills himself when I made it, and said that color-blindness was a common gift among the uneducated. I allowed as how I attributed mine to the exclaim laws which acts as a sort o' restrainin' influence on the eemagination, bein', as they are wholly prohibitive. But howsomever the liquor regulations interfere with a sense o' color among the natives up here, Dusenberry, as I says, continued workin' all that summer, turnin' out new views of old Whiskers every day exceptin' Sundays, which he devoted to lettin' his pictures dry. It's surprisin' when you set your mind on it what variety there is in an old ram like that. You'd think one picture would tell about all they was to be said about old Whiskers, but Dusenberry didn't seem to find no difficulty about gettin' some new aspect o' the situation day in and day out. When the first of September came he hired a freight car an' sent 32 of them lie paintin' off to Boston to be framed up for his fall exhibition, an' then he turned to do thutty more, only this time with the spirit of autumn in 'em. He had Whiskers leavin' over the scarlet rocks of October; lookin' wistfully at a pink tugboat out on the lead-colored ocean carryin' blue tank-bark to Portsmouth—he called this one 'Expectation,' though whether he meant by that that old Whiskers expected to see the tug blowed out to sea, or was hopin' it would come ashore so's he could get the tank-bark he never explained."

Quits Asking Questions.

"Didn't ye ask?" queried the postmaster. "No," said the captain. "Long about the tenth week I sort o' quit askin' Dusenberry for reasons for anything. He got kind of tetchy whenever I made remarks about what he was doin', an' finally I decided I'd better not make any more, because sooner or later I might say somethin' that would make him say somethin' that I'd have to lick him for, and seein' as how his wife bought eggs o' my wife, and lobsters an' butter o' me, an' milk o' my son, an' my butter o' my daughter Sallie's second husband, it didn't seem wuth while for

Abused Dumb Beasts.

"I just thought of the relations of our families and didn't think it wuth while to bring up animosities. It didn't seem to hurt the ram, neither—though if I'd been St. Wotherpoon and had had any pride in the beast I wouldn't ha' let Dusenberry treat him the way he did. Fact is, it wasn't none o' my business, but I do think, and ain't afeared to say, that Dusenberry wasn't as grateful to old Whiskers as he might ha' been. "I remember that very month of September there was another one o' them artists down here paintin' the cove, an' he and Dusenberry wasn't particularly friendly, neither. They belonged to different schools, somebody said, an' for that reason they hated each other like pizen. Dusenberry'd sneer at Bogglesworth's pictures, and Bogglesworth would say that Dusenberry'd do very well paintin' barns an' plumbers' signs, but as far as art was concerned—well, he wouldn't

Butts for Friendship.

"The very slight was enough for old Whiskers. He let out a snort ye could hear from the Presbyterian church down 's far as the merry-go-round on Pike's beach, an' started on a dead run for Bogglesworth, an' the first thing we fellers as was cleanin' fish an' mendin' our nets down by the cove knowed he'd butted Bogglesworth, an' his easel, an' his paint box, an' his camp stool clean over the cliffs into the water. "Great heavens!" I cried. "What did Bogglesworth say?" "He didn't say nothin'," said the captain. "He just sputtered. It took him a week to get the salt water out of his system, an' then he left. But do you know even that didn't seem to touch Dusenberry. He just went along paintin' old Whiskers any old way but his way to the very end. A more ongrate-ful cuss I never see. You'd ha' thought after a service of that kind, entirely personal, he'd give the old ram a show and put him down as he was just once, anyhow. And so it went until the end. Along about September 20, Dusenberry found he was to picture behind his easel, and it became necessary to paint two a day, so he arranged with St. to let him keep old Whiskers at the studio nights, instead of havin' a small boy come an' drive him home every evenin'. He thought by doin' this he could begin early in the mornin' and finish up one picture before lunch, and tackle the other one afterwards—an' that was his finish."

Tragic Finish.

"Monday night, Dusenberry Jocked Whiskers in the studio and went home to supper, an' next mornin', bright an' early, he come back an' there was that poor old ram lyin' dead on the floor. "Poisoned?" I cried. "No," said the captain. "Wuss 'n that. It would ha' been money in Dusenberry's pocket if old Whiskers had been pizen. He'd eat up 18 pictures of himself during the night, an' they was too much for his artistic soul. Wal, I must be goin'," the captain added, as he rose up from the sugar barrel. "Good night, all." "Good night," said the others, as the captain went out. "You ought to write that story up, captain," said I the next mornin'. "It's a good one." "No, thanky," said the captain, and



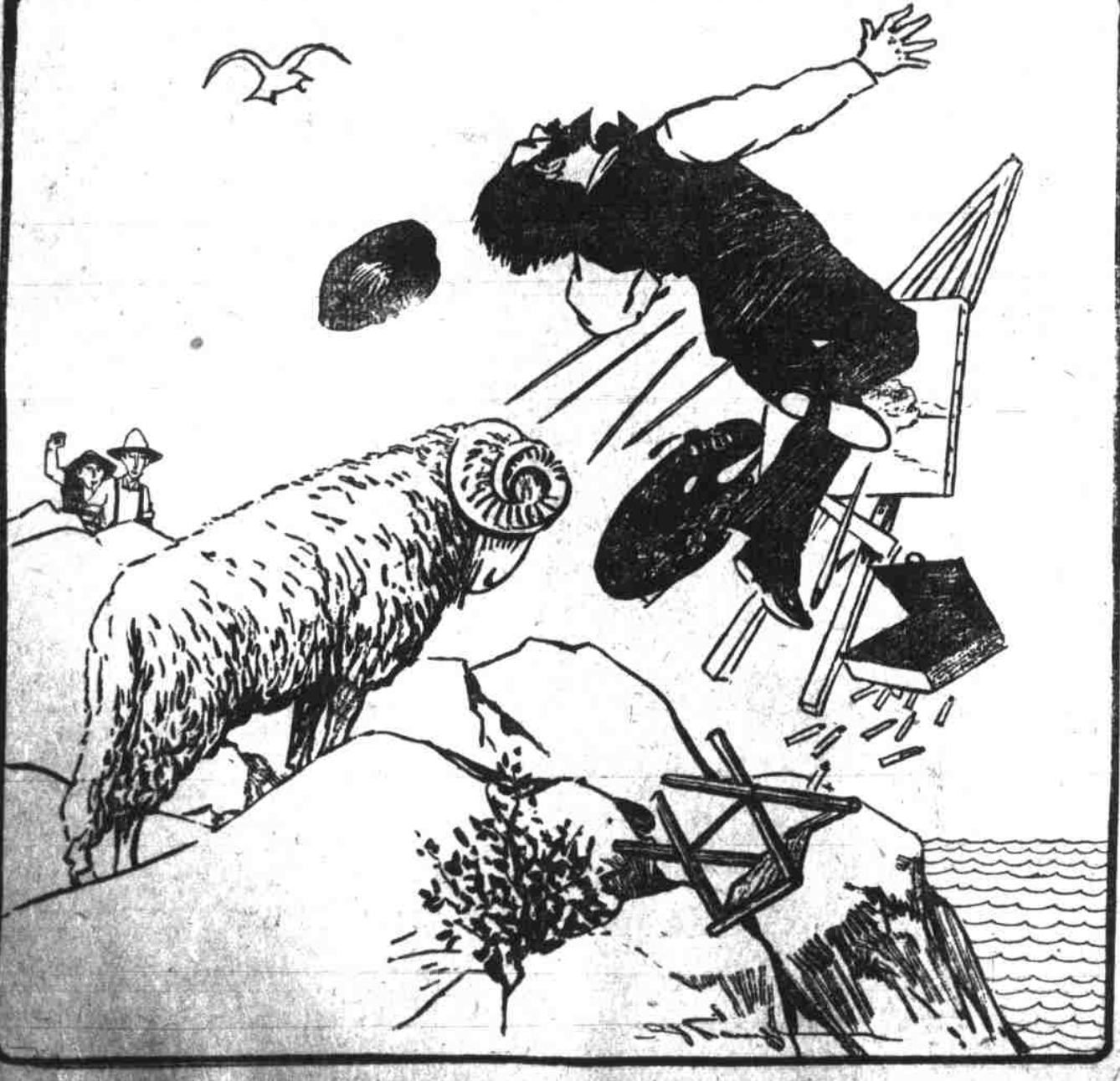
Const o' Maine, 'Old Horace, the Mascot,' 'The Child in a Hour,' 'A Study in Scarlet,' and things like that. "He kind o' stopped comin', seems to me," said the postmaster. "I ain't seen Dusenberry for 10 years."

Artist Loses Job.

"You bet he stopped comin'," said the captain. "He sort o' lost his job when that old ram turned up his toes to the daisies. He got so his mind kind o' ran on old Whiskers so hard he couldn't think o' nothin' else. That's the trouble with these here specialties. Ye get so sot on one line o' work that after a while ye can't do nothin' else. That was the trouble with Dusenberry. Down to Boston it got so they called him the leadin' ram painter o' New England. People that wanted pictures o' rams wouldn't go to nobody but Dusenberry, and he like a durn fool, thought that old Whiskers wasn't never goin' to die, went right on, season after season, paintin' nothin' else. He didn't even look around for another ram to sort o' give variety to his pictures. "And finally old Whiskers died," I put in inquiringly.

Old Whiskers Dies.

"Yep—finally old Whiskers died," said the captain. "Ye see Dusenberry's rams got so poplar among the art lovers of the elight that Dusenberry found he could afford to build a shack up in Bill River's rock pasture, right by the sea, to do his paintin' in in wet weather. He called it a studio. It looked like a woodshed behind and a



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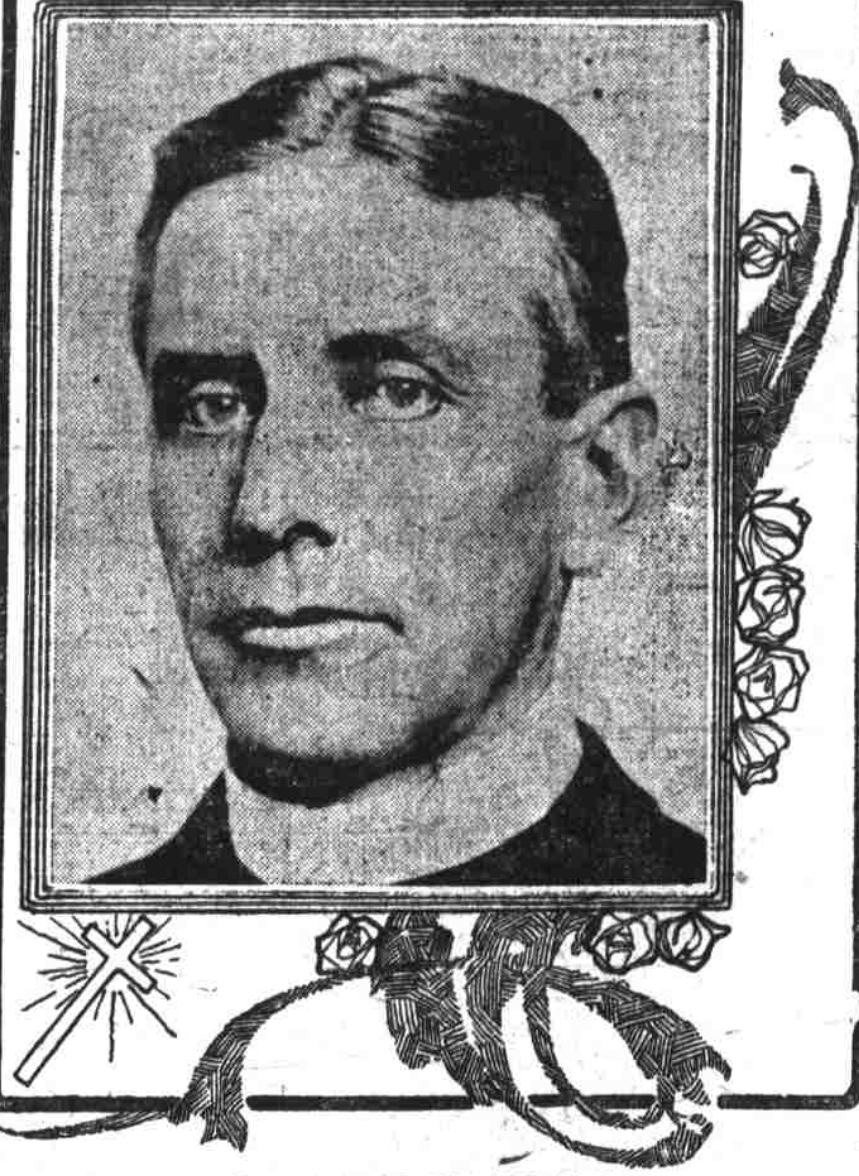
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CHURCH LEADERS OF AMERICA



Rev. Arthur S. Lloyd, D. D.

IT IS said that in the history of the American Episcopal church no man before Arthur S. Lloyd three times declined election to the episcopate. The Episcopal church can offer no higher honor to its clergy than election and consecration to the bishopric, and that this honor has been mark him an unusual man in his church. The diocese of Mississippi, Kentucky, and southern Virginia successively chose him. His declination of the first was not counted to be strange—other men have declined election to small dioceses. When he refused to become bishop of Kentucky, those who thought they knew said: "He is waiting for Virginia to elect him." For Dr. Lloyd is known to be a loyal son of Virginia. But Virginia acted and again there came a declination, and with it Dr. Lloyd's reasons. "I have not," he said, "finished the work entrusted to me by the church. I cannot leave it."

What is the work? About seven years ago the Domestic and Foreign Missionary society of the Episcopal church was in search of a general secretary. Several men had been elected to the

position and had declined to serve. Then it was announced that the board of missions, as the governors of the society are usually known, had elected the Rev. Dr. Lloyd. "What is he?" was the general question. The general secretary, unknown seven years ago, is today one of the best known and best loved men in the Episcopal church. An Historic Journey. Dr. Lloyd has just returned to America from what promises to be a historic journey. This for two reasons. In the first place it was the first trip around the world ever undertaken by an Episcopal missionary secretary to visit the missions of that church. In the second place, it was during this journey that Dr. Lloyd met with the bishops and other missionary leaders of the church of England and the American Episcopal church, in a conference at Shanghai, China, and with them decided to establish an autonomous Chinese Episcopal church, to elect so soon as possible a Chinese bishop to head it, and to withdraw American and English bishops from the Chinese field. This decision is the fruition of 70 years' work in China by the American Episcopal church and 45 years' work by the Church of England. It has been said of Dr. Lloyd that he is not a man who does great things; that rather is he one who works steadily and consistently, making sure and permanent advance with what he undertakes. He is not spectacular. He undertook to place Episcopal mission work upon a better basis than that on which he found it. As one means to that end

the apportionment plan of support was adopted. It represents what Dr. Lloyd calls the "square deal." The church is committed to mission work, he holds. Therefore every church and every communicant should bear a proportionate share of the burden. The apportionment plan tells what the share of each church and individual is. Under it the income of the board of missions has doubled and is still going up.

Elected in Oregon.

Dr. Lloyd was born in a Virginia village, as his first work as a clergyman was done as missionary in Virginia, where a peculiar type of Episcopal churchmanship prevails, low and evangelistic. Of such stock is the Episcopal secretary. Some say he is comely; others speak of his awkwardness. But when he talks each person in an audience hears a message to himself, and the great heart and charming personality of the man impresses itself. Dr. Lloyd was two years ago elected bishop of southern Oregon to assist the late Bishop Morris, but declined the election.

SHARK ATTACKS BATHER

Fireman's Experience Turned Hair From Black to White in a Day.

From the San Francisco Chronicle. The arrival of the big steamer Arizona yesterday brought a harrowing tale of a battle between Frank Fonda, a member of the crew and a shark in the waters at Salina Cruz, in which the shark, with its teeth tore the forearm almost off the unfortunate sailor. Three fingers were ground in the massive jaws of the big fish, while Fonda's right foot was almost severed. The tragedy occurred on a hot day while the Arizona was lying at Salina Cruz. Fonda was on the deck and went in bathing among the breakers. Fonda's companions observed him, waving his arms wildly in the air, if to beat off something and then fell beneath the waves. They thought, however, that he was playing the drawing joke and laughed.

Soon the water where Fonda had been swimming became dyed a blood red and the man's companions secured a boat and put out to save him. As they approached the spot where the blood colored the water there was a swirl and the shark was seen to be attacking the man. The shark was almost over, displaying its glittering belly. In the jaws the men could plainly see a piece of Fonda's foot. Two of the men cut the shark off with oars, and then diving brought to the surface the mutilated body of the fireman. Fonda was taken ashore and was found to be still living. A litter was made upon which Fonda was placed and taken to the hospital at Salina Cruz fighting between life and death. His hair had turned from a jet black to white. It is expected that he will lose his right foot and several of his fingers. The shark measured 10 feet in length.

A HOTEL ZOO

But Perhaps This Story From Chicago Is a Nature Fake.

The inquiry for a man named Wolf at the Palmer House in Chicago evoked such response that Manager Vierbuchen asserted "a gamey collection of traveling men" was present, puns a writer in What to Eat. "Have you a gentleman here named Wolf—Leopold Wolf?" the clerk was asked. Dave Lyon made the inquiry. He was answered in the affirmative and sent up his card. "Just tell him there is a Lyon after him," he said to the boy with a laugh. "And if it will help any," said a traveling salesman standing near, "tell him a Bear is after him also." He then handed over his card, bearing the name Victor Bear, New York. While they laughed over the incident John A. Fox of Cincinnati, secretary of the rivers and harbors congress, stopped up and said: "And to make it a gamey bunch, put a Fox into the kettle." Before the quartet stopped laughing John W. Fish, who had just registered from Atlanta, and Charles W. Hunter from St. Louis joined the group, the latter saying, "Funs this way about finish the game." He added invited the gathering out to supper with him at the Jungles restaurant.