



The VOICE OF THE PACK

J. P. MARSHALL

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SYNOPSIS.

Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Felling sits dependently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. A friendly squirrel practically decides the matter for him. His blood is pioneer blood, and he decides to end his days in the forests of Oregon. Memories of his grandfather and a deep love for all things of the wild help him in reaching a decision.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

The squirrel was very close to him, and Dan seemed to know by instinct that the movement of a single muscle would give him away. So he sat as if he were posing before a photographer's camera. The fact that he was able to do it is in itself important. It is considerably easier to exercise with dumb-bells for five minutes than to sit absolutely without motion for the same length of time. Hunters and naturalists acquire the art with training. It was therefore rather curious that Dan succeeded so well the first time he tried it. He had sense enough to relax first, before he froze. Thus he didn't put such a severe strain on his muscles.

The squirrel, after ten seconds had elapsed, stood on his haunches to see better. First he looked a long time with his left eye. Then he turned his head and looked very carefully with his right. Then he backed off a short distance and tried to get a focus with both. Then he came some half-dozen steps nearer.

A moment before he had been certain that a living creature—in fact one of the most terrible and powerful living creatures in the world—had been sitting on the park bench. Now his poor little brain was completely addled. He was entirely ready to believe that his eyes had deceived him.

Bushy-tail drew off a little further, fully convinced at last that his hopes of a nut from a child's hand were blasted. But he turned to look once more. And all at once he forgot his devouring hunger in the face of an overwhelming curiosity.

He came somewhat nearer and looked a long time. Then he made a half-circle about the bench, turning his head as he moved. He was more puzzled than ever, but he was no longer afraid. His curiosity had become so intense that no room for fear was left. And then he sprang upon the park bench.

Dan moved then. The movement consisted of a sudden brightening of the light in his eyes. But the squirrel didn't see it. It takes a muscular response to be visible to the eyes of the wild things.

The squirrel crept slowly along the bench, stopping to sniff, stopping to stare with one eye and another. Just devoured from head to tail with curiosity. And then he leaped on Dan's knee.

He was quite convinced, by now, that this warm perch on which he stood was the most singular and interesting object of his young life. It was true that he was faintly worried by the smell that reached his nostrils. But all it really did was further to incite his curiosity. He followed the leg up to the hip and then perched on the elbow. And an instant more he was poking a cold nose into Dan's neck.

But if the squirrel was excited by all these developments, its amazement was nothing compared to Dan's. It had been the most astounding incident in the man's life. He sat still, tingling with delight. And in a single flash of inspiration he knew he had come among his own people at last. He knew where he would spend his last six months of life.

His own grandfather had been a hunter and trapper and frontiersman in a certain vast but little known Oregon forest. His son had moved to the eastern cities, but in Dan's garret there used to be old mementoes and curios from these savage days—a few claws and teeth, and a fragment of an old diary. The call had come to him at last. Tenderfoot though he was, Dan would go back to those forests, to spend his last six months of life among the wild creatures that made them their home.

CHAPTER II.

The dinner hour found Dan Felling in the public library of Gitchespolis, asking the girl who sat behind the desk if he might look at maps of Oregon. He remembered that his grandfather had lived in southern Oregon. He looked along the bottom of his map and discovered a whole empire, ranging from gigantic sage plains to the east to dense forests along the Pa-

cific ocean. He began to search for Linkville.

Time was when Linkville was one of the principal towns of Oregon. Dan remembered the place because some of the time-yellowed letters his grandfather had sent him had been mailed at a town that bore this name. But he couldn't find Linkville on the map. Later he was to know the reason—that the town, half-way between the sage plains and the mountains, had prospered and changed its name. He remembered that it was located on one of those great fresh-water lakes of southern Oregon; so, giving up that search, he began to look for lakes. He found them in plenty—vast, unmeasured lakes that seemed to be distributed without reason or sense over the whole southern end of the state. Near the Klamath lakes, seemingly the most imposing of all the fresh-water lakes that the map revealed, he found a city named Klamath Falls. He put the name down in his notebook.

The map showed a particularly high, far-spreading range of mountains due west of the city. Of course they were the Cascades; the map said so very plainly. Then Dan knew he was getting home. His grandfather had lived and trapped and died in these same wooded hills. Finally he located and recorded the name of the largest city of the main railroad line that was adjacent to the Cascades.

The preparation for his departure took many days. He read many books on flora and fauna. He bought sporting equipment. Knowing the usual ratio between the respective pleasures of anticipation and realization, he did not hurry himself at all. And one midnight he boarded a west-bound train.

He sat for a long time in the vestibule of the sleeping car, thinking in anticipation of this final adventure of



He Couldn't Find Linkville on the Map.

his life. He was rather tremulous and exultant as he sank down into his berth.

He saw to it that at least a measure of preparation was made for his coming. That night a long wire went out to the Chamber of Commerce of one of the larger southern Oregon cities. In it, he told the date of his arrival and asked certain directions. He wanted to know the name of some mountain rancher where possibly he might find board and room for the remainder of the summer and the fall. The further back from the paths of men, he wrote, the greater would be his pleasure. And he signed the wire with his full name: Dan Felling, with a Henry in the middle, and a "III" at the end.

He usually didn't sign his name in quite this manner. The people of Gitchespolis did not have particularly vivid memories of Dan's grandfather. But it might be that a legend of the gray, straight frontiersman who was his ancestor had still survived in these remote Oregon wilds. The use of the full name would do no harm.

Instead of hurrying, it was a positive inspiration. The Chamber of Commerce of the busy little Oregon city was not usually exceptionally interested in stray hunters that wanted a boarding place for the summer. Its business was finding country homes for orchardists in the pleasant river valleys. But it happened that the recipient of the wire was one of the oldest residents, a frontiersman himself, and it was one of the traditions of the Old West that friendships were not soon forgotten. Dan Felling III had been a legend in the old trapping and

shooting days when this man was young. So it came about that when Dan's train stopped at Cheyenne, he found a telegram waiting him:

"Any relation to Dan Felling of the Umpqua divide?"

Dan had never heard of the Umpqua divide, but he couldn't doubt but that the sender of the wire referred to his grandfather. He wired in the affirmative. The head of the Chamber of Commerce received the wire, read it, thrust it into his desk, and in the face of a really important piece of business proceeded to forget all about it. Thus it came about that, except for one thing, Dan Felling would have probably stepped off the train at his destination wholly unheralded and unmet. The one thing that changed his destiny was that at a meeting of a certain widely known fraternal order the next night, the Chamber of Commerce crossed trails with the Frontier in the person of another old resident who had his home in the farthest reaches of the Umpqua divide. The latter asked the former to come up for a few days' shooting—the deer being fatter and more numerous than any previous season since the days of the grizzlies.

"Too busy, I'm afraid," the Chamber of Commerce had replied. "But Lennox—that reminds me. Do you remember old Dan Felling?"

Lennox probed back into the years for a single instant, straightened out all the links of his memory in less time than the wind straightens out the folds of a flag, and turned a most interested face. "Remember him!" he exclaimed. "I should say I do." The middle-aged man half-closed his piercing, gray eyes.

"Listen, Steele," he said, "I saw Dan Felling make a bet once. I was just a kid, but I wake up in my sleep to marvel at it. We had a full long glimpse of a black-tail bounding up a long slope. It was just a spike-buck, and Dan Felling said he could take the left-hand spike off with one shot from his old Sharpe's. Three of us bet him—the whole thing in less than two seconds. With the next shot, he'd get the deer. He won the bet, and now if I ever forget Dan Felling, I want to die."

"You're just the man I'm looking for, then. You're not going out till the day after tomorrow?"

"No." "On the limited, hitting here tomorrow morning, there's a grandson of Dan Felling. His name is Dan Felling, too, and he wants to go up to your place to hunt. Stay all summer and pay board." Lennox's eyes said that he couldn't believe it was true. After a while his tongue spoke, too. "Good Lord," he said, "I used to feller Dan around—like old Shag, before he died, followed Snowbird. Of course he can come. But he can't pay board."

It was rather characteristic of the mountain men—that the grandson of Dan Felling couldn't possibly pay board. But Steele knew the ways of cities and of men, and he only smiled. "He won't come, then," he explained. "Anyway, have that out with him at the end of his stay. He wants fishing, and you've got that in the North fork. Moreover, you're a thousand miles back."

"Only one hundred, if you must know. But Steele—do you suppose he's the man his grandfather was before him—that all the Fellings have been since the first days of the Oregon trail? If he is—well, my hat's off to him before he steps off the train."

The mountaineer's bronzed face was earnest and intent in the bright lights of the club. Steele thought he had known his breed. Now he began to have doubts of his own knowledge. "He won't be; don't count on it," he said humbly. "The Fellings have done much for this region, and I'm glad enough to do a little to pay it back, but don't count much on this eastern boy. He's lived in cities; besides, he's a sick man. He said so in his wire. You ought to know it before you take him in."

The bronzed face changed; possibly a shadow of disappointment came into his eyes. "A lunger, eh?" Lennox repeated. "Yes—it's true that if he'd been like the other Fellings, he'd never have been that. Why, Steele, you couldn't have given that old man a cold if you'd tied him in the Rogue river overnight. Of course you couldn't count on the line keeping up forever. But I'll take him, for the memory of his grandfather."

"You're not afraid?" "Afraid, h—! He can't infect those two strapping children of mine. Snowbird weighs one hundred and twenty pounds and is hard as steel. Never knew a sick day in her life. And you know Bill, of course."

Disappointment turned into rapture at sight of the wild country and through warm welcome accorded by Silas Lennox, Dan Felling's host, characterize the next installment of this story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Porpoise a Fast Swimmer.

There is another mammal that is so fast no one has ever been able to find out how fast he is. This is the porpoise. The porpoise can do stunts in front of the fastest boat that travels the bounding wave and when he is through after several hours of clowning he flirts his tail and nonchalantly speeds beyond the horizon. The porpoise will do his tricks under the bow of a nine-knot cargo tramp or a 23-knot ocean greyhound. He is the antelope in that he sets his pace according to the speed of the pursuer.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

WHAT A MAN READS.

SOMEONE has said that Charles E. Hughes, the secretary of state, did not read novels or verse while he was at the university, and that he was so absorbed in science as to miss all the poetry and romance of college life.

To disprove this statement the librarian of the John Hay library at the recent commencement of Brown university showed in a glass case the very books that Mr. Hughes had taken out. They included the regular novelists that everybody is supposed to read, and such poets as Tennyson and Longfellow.

Variety in reading is just as necessary as variety in food.

Some good people did not understand this when they objected to novels on principle as frivolous and a waste of time.

A celebrated man of science of the latter part of the Nineteenth century used to find himself losing interest in his work every now and then. When this took place he would shut himself up with a great supply of dime novels and read nothing else for a week. Then he would go back to his laboratory as fresh as ever.

On the other hand, a certain French novelist, whenever he found himself in need of a mental rest used to read the Criminal Code.

Charles Darwin as he grew older lost all interest in poetry, but found recreation in novels with good lively plots that held his attention.

One reason why detective stories are so popular with all sorts of readers is because they appeal to the love of mystery which is almost universal.

It has been said of Poe that he would have made a good detective because of his gift for fitting together a criminal mystery. The idea was that he would have been able to take criminal puzzles to pieces as well as put them together. One side of his work kept him interested in the other.

When a boy is at school or college his reading is divided into two sorts—"voluntary" and "involuntary." He reads for pleasure and he reads for business.

As nobody's education is ever finished the same division should mark later life.

Mrs. Asquith in her celebrated "Autobiography" tells how she belonged to a sort of society the members of which agreed to do an hour's serious reading every day.

Doctor Johnson said that if a man read any subject for an hour daily he could not help becoming "learned." His own great difficulty was that he was unsystematic.

By reading certain things for recreation and at the same time following a course laid down in advance, a person gets the additional benefit of discipline.

In the Eighteenth century they thought nothing of reading through Homer, Virgil and Shakespeare once a year. No wonder they were able to think in those days.

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THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

TRAINING SALESWOMEN

IT WAS a thriving little store in a small village in New England. I had some chintz to get, and she was a real help in finding something, though the stock was necessarily limited. But she had taste, and a sense of color, and she was interested.

I found that she had graduated that year from high school, and gone into the store to earn money during the summer, and that she meant to go to the city and try for the position of saleswoman in one of the large department stores. She asked me what I thought of her chances.

I advised her to go to the highest-class store of the kind she wished to work for.

"Take a lot of pains with your appearance. Remember that you are not only applying for the job that is now open to you, when you are ignorant and untrained, but for the job in the future when you have got your training and when you know your possibilities."

There are splendid opportunities for saleswomen nowadays. It is one of the big professions now open to women. But it is a difficult one, with much competition and an almost endless amount of training. It requires hard work and natural aptitude. I think the girl I met that day is going to succeed. She had the right idea and the love for it, too. But don't think, when you hear of the big salaries and wonderful opportunities in that profession, that you can get these without deserving them.

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A Sarcasm.

"You must admit that your political antagonist uses good English." "He ought to," replied Senator Sorghum. "His ideas are so slight that he doesn't have to think about anything but the grammar."

SCHOOL DAYS



THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

JACK.

WHILE this name is, of course, the diminutive of John—or, rather, the Anglicised form of the French Jacques—it appears in English in a number of ways which apparently have no connection with the name. Among these may be mentioned boot-jack, jack-knife, lumber-jack, black-jack, Union-jack and jack-tar.

The reason for this usage is because the proper name or nickname, "Jack," has for many years past been applied in England to servants or laborers as a class. Jack is a handy and easy name for a waiter or a caddy, or a groom, much as many Americans apply the name George to any negro porter. For this reason, many appliances which are subject to rough usage or which perform the tasks of a laborer are known by the prefix "jack," with a noun which designates the use to which they are put. The expression "Jack of all trades" is another exemplification of the same usage, while the substitution of the name "Jack" for the "knave" in a pack of cards is an indication of the hard usage which this gentleman undergoes at the hands of the queen, king and ace.

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LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE EASY CURE.

YOU had a little hurt today, I know it by your face, A hurt you hoped to hide away, And yet it left a trace, You tried to wear the usual smile, Yet futilely you tried— That little trouble all the while Was hurting you inside.

My, my, I wish that money, too, Would earn the interest That ordinary troubles do We carry in our breast! Inside ourselves deposited They grow and grow and grow, But not in gold—a load of lead Is all we ever know.

Now, I've a simple little plan I've used with little lils, I'm glad to tell to any man Who's blue around the gills; Just ask yourself: "This little ache, This trouble, anyhow, Just how much difference will it make A year or so from now?"

What was it that you used to want? What was it made you sore?— Your woes a year ago you can't Remember any more! The thought of troubles you forgot Will cut the new in half; And then, I bet, as like as not You will not smile—but laugh!

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

So many things are queer I think Upon this funny earth When I consider high-heeled shoes I just could shriek with mirth



Mother's Cook Book

This is a difficult world indeed And people are hard to suit. The man that plays the violin Is a bore to the man with a flute.

FAVORITE DISHES.

WHEN it comes to cooking for the family, the housemother does indeed have a hard time to suit all members, if they are not normal in their appetites.

Apple and Banana Salad.

Scoop out apple balls, cover with lemon juice, and prepare banana balls, using a small French potato cutter. Heap on head lettuce, sprinkle with paprika and serve with a highly seasoned French dressing or a rich mayonnaise.

Honey Mousse.

Heat one cupful of well-flavored honey. Beat four eggs slightly and pour the hot honey over them. Cook until smooth and thick; when cooked add a pint of cream, whipped. Put the mixture into a mold, pack in salt and ice and let stand three or four hours.

Tomatoes With Ham.

Cut medium-sized tomatoes in halves, dip in seasoned flour and fry brown on both sides. Fry in another frying pan as many small round slices of ham as there are halves of tomatoes. Broil the ham until crisp. Place a slice of ham on the tomato and pour over the ham gravy. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Carrots a la Poulette.

Wash and scrape eight medium-sized carrots. Cut them into thin slices, cook in a small amount of salted boiling water with one thinly sliced onion; season with pepper. When tender add two tablespoonfuls of butter mixed with flour, stirring constantly, and just before serving stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Serve as soon as the eggs are cooked.

String Beans With Beurre Noir.

Prepare a quart of beans cut into inch pieces. Cook in boiling salted water; drain and place on a hot dish. Pour over the following sauce: Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter until a delicate brown, add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar; when hot pour over the beans and serve at once. Salt pork cut in small dice and fried until brown may be used in place of butter for this dish. Pour the fat, with the bits of browned pork over the beans.

Chicken Jelly Salad.

Soften one-half cupful of gelatin in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Add one cupful of chicken broth, salt, pepper, onion juice and celery salt to taste. To one cupful each of cooked chicken and celery arranged in layers add the gelatin and also slices of hard-cooked egg. Let harden slightly and add another layer until all is used. Chill and when firm unmold and serve with mayonnaise dressing on lettuce.

This may be molded in individual molds, making a most attractive salad.

Delmonico Peach Pudding.

Turn a pint can of peaches into a pudding dish. Scald two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler. Mix two and one-half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Stir into the hot milk; cook, stirring until the mixture thickens, then cover and cook for fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add a tablespoonful of sugar and stir into the hot mixture. When the egg is set pour over the peaches. Beat the whites of the eggs very light, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread over the pudding. Dredge with a teaspoonful of sugar and bake in a moderate oven to cook the meringue. Serve hot or cold.

Nellie Maxwell
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