

The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

SYNOPSIS.

Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Failing sits idly 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, a typical westerner. The only other members of the household are Lennox's son, "Bill," and daughter, "Snowbird." Their abode is many miles from "civilization," in the Umpqua divide, and there Failing plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. His extreme weakness in the face of even a slight exertion convinces him that the doctor had made a correct diagnosis of his case.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Yes, Steele knew Bill. Bill weighed two hundred pounds, and he would choose the biggest of the steers he drove down to the lower levels in the winter and, twisting its horns, would make it lay over on its side. Besides, both of the men assumed that Dan must be only in the first stages of his malady.

And even as the men talked, the train that bore Dan Failing to the home of his ancestors was entering for the first time the dark forests of pine and fir that make the eternal background of the Northwest. He was wholly unable to understand the strange feeling of familiarity that he had with them, a sensation that in his dreams he had known them always, and that he must never go out of the range of them again.

Dan didn't see his host at first. For the first instant he was entirely engrossed by a surging sense of disappointment—a feeling that he had been tricked and had only come to another city after all. He got down onto the gravel of the station yard, and out on the gray street pavement he heard the clang of a trolley car. Many automobiles were parked just beside the station, some of them foreign cars of expensive makes, such as he supposed would be wholly unknown on the frontier. A man in golf clothes brushed his shoulder.

Dan looked up to the hills, and he felt better. He couldn't see them plainly. The faint smoke of a distant forest fire half obscured them. Yet he saw fold on fold of ridges of a rather peculiar blue in color, and even his untrained eyes could see that they were clothed in forests of evergreen. Over the heads of the green hills Dan could see a few great peaks; McLaughlin, even and regular as a painted mountain; Wagner, with queer white gashes where the snow still lay in its ravines, and to the southeast the misty range of snow-covered hills that were the Sikeyons. He felt decidedly better. And when he saw old Silas Lennox waiting patiently beside the station, he felt he had come to the right place.

It would be interesting to explain why Dan at once recognized the older man for the breed he was. Silas Lennox was not dressed in a way that would distinguish him. It was true that he wore a flannel shirt, riding trousers and rather heavy, leathern boots. But sportsmen all over the face of the earth wear this costume at sundry times. Mountain men have a peculiar stride by which experienced persons can occasionally recognize them; but Silas Lennox was standing still when Dan got his first glimpse of him. The cane resolves itself into a simple matter of the things that could be read in Lennox's face.

Dan disbelieved wholly in a book that told how to read characters at sight. Yet at the first glance of the lean, bronzed face his heart gave a curious little bound. A pair of gray eyes met his—two fine black points in a rather hard gray iris. They didn't look past him, or at either side of him, or at his chin or his forehead. They looked right at his own eyes. The skin around the eyes was burned brown by the sun, and the flesh was so lean that the cheekbones showed plainly. The mouth was straight; but yet it was neither savage nor cruel. It was simply determined.

Lennox came up with a light, silent tread and extended his hand. "You're Dan Failing's grandson, aren't you?" he asked. "I'm Silas Lennox, who used to know him when he lived on the Divide. You are coming to spend the summer and fall on my ranch."

The immediate result of these words, besides relief, was to set Dan wondering how the old mountaineer had recognized him. He wondered if he had any physical resemblance to his grandfather. But this hope was shot to earth at once. His telegram had explained about his malady, and of course the mountaineer had picked him out simply because he had the

mark of the disease on his face. As he shook hands, he tried his best to read the mountaineer's expression. It was all too plain: an undeniable look of disappointment.

The truth was that even in spite of all the Chamber of Commerce head had told him, Lennox had still hoped to find some image of the elder Dan Failing in the face and body of his grandson. Because of the thick glasses, Lennox could not see the young man's eyes; but he didn't think it likely they were at all like the eyes with which the elder Failing saw his way through the wilderness at night. Of course he was tall, just as the famous frontiersman had been, but while the elder weighed one hundred and ninety pounds, bone and muscle, this man did not touch one hundred and thirty. Evidently the years had brought degeneracy to the Failing clan. Lennox was desolated by the thought.

He helped Dan with his bag to a little wily automobile that waited beside the station. They got into the two front seats, and a moment later were starting up the long, curved road that led to the Divide.

During the hour that they were crossing over the foothills, on the way to the big timber, Silas Lennox talked a great deal about the frontiersman that had been Dan's grandfather. A mountain man does not use profuse adjectives. He talks very simply and very straight, and often there are long silences between his sentences. Yet he conveys his ideas with entire clearness.

Dan realized at once that if he could be, in Lennox's eyes, one-fifth of the man his grandfather had been, he would never have to fear again the look of disappointment with which his host had greeted him at the station. But instead of reaching that high place, he had only—death. He knew what his destiny was in these quiet



"You're Dan Failing's grandson, aren't you?"

hills. And it was true that he began to have secret regrets that he had come. But it wasn't that he was disappointed in the land that was opening up before him. It fulfilled every promise. His sole reason for regrets lay in the fact that now the whole mountain world would know of the decay that had come upon his people. Perhaps it would have been better to have left them to their traditions.

He had never dreamed that the fame of his grandfather had spread so far. For the first ten miles Dan listened to stories—legends of a cold nerve that simply could not be shaken; of a powerful, tireless physique; of moral and physical strength that was seemingly without limit. Then, as the foothills began to give way to the higher ridges, and the shadow of the deeper forests fell upon the narrow, brown road, there began to be long gaps in the talk. And soon they rode in utter silence, evidently both of them absorbed in their own thoughts.

Dan did not feel oppressed at all. He merely seemed to fall into the spirit of the woods, and no words came to his lips. Every mile was an added delight to him. Not even wine could have brought a brighter sparkle to his eyes. He had begun to experience a vague sort of excitement, an emotion that was almost kin to exultation, over the constant stir and movement of the forest life. Once, as they stopped the car to refill the radiator from a mountain stream, Lennox looked at him with sudden curiosity. "You are getting a thrill out of this, aren't you?" he asked wonderingly.

It was a curious tone. Perhaps it was a hopeful tone, too. He spoke as if he hardly understood. "A thrill?" Dan echoed. He spoke as a man speaks in the presence of some great wonder. "Good Heavens,

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I never saw anything like it in my life."

"In this very stream," the mountaineer told him joyously, "you may occasionally catch trout that weigh three pounds."

But as he got back into the car the look of interest died out of Lennox's eyes. Of course any man would be somewhat excited by his first glimpse of the wilderness. It was not that he had inherited any of the traits of his grandfather. It was absurd to hope that he had. And he would soon get tired of the silences and want to go back to his cities. He told his thought—that it would all soon grow old to him; and Dan turned almost in anger. "You don't know," he said. "I didn't know myself, how I would feel about it. I'm never going to leave the hills again."

"You don't mean that?" "But I do." He tried to speak further, but he coughed instead. "But I couldn't if I wanted to. That cough tells you why, I guess."

"You mean to say—" Silas Lennox turned in amazement. "You mean that you're a— a goner? That you've given up hope of recovering?"

"That's the impression I meant to convey. I've got a little over four months—though I don't see that I'm any weaker than I was when the doctor said I had six months. Those four will take me all through the fall and the early winter. And I hope you won't feel that you've been imposed upon—to have a dying man on your hands."

"It isn't that," Silas Lennox threw his car into gear and started up the long grade. And he drove clear to the top of it and into another gully before he spoke again. Then he pointed to what looked to Dan like a brown streak that melted into the thick brush. "That was a deer," he said slowly. "Just a glimpse, but your grandfather could have got him between the eyes. Most like as not, though, he'd have let him go. He never killed except when he needed meat. But that—as you say—ain't the impression I'm trying to convey."

He seemed to be groping for words. "What is it, Mr. Lennox?" Dan asked.

"Instead of being sorry, I'm mighty glad you've come," Lennox told him. "It's not that I expect you to be like your grandfather. You haven't had his chance. But it's always the way of true men, the world over, to come back to their own kind to die. That deer we just saw—his your people, and so are all these ranchers that grub their lives out of the forests—they are your people, too. And you couldn't have pleased the old man's old friends any better, or done more for his memory, than to come back to his own land for your last days."

The words were strange, yet Dan intuitively understood. It was as if a prodigal son had returned at last, and although his birthright was squandered and he came only to die, the people of his home would give him kindness and forgiveness, even though they could not give him their respect.

CHAPTER III.

The Lennox home was a typical mountain ranch-house—square, solid, comforting in storm and wind. Bill was out to the gate when the car drove up. He was a son of his father, a strong man in body and personality. He too had heard of the elder Failing, and he opened his eyes when he saw the slender youth that was his grandson. And he led the way into the white-walled living room.

"You must be chilly and worn out from the long ride," Lennox suggested quietly. He spoke in the tone a strong man invariably uses toward an invalid. Dan felt a curious resentment at the words.

"I'm not cold," he said. "It's hardly dark yet. I'd sooner go outdoors and look around." The elder man regarded him curiously, perhaps with the faintest glimmer of admiration. "You'd better wait till tomorrow, Dan," he replied. "Bill will have supper soon, anyway. You don't want to overdo too much, right at first."

"But, good heavens! I'm not going to try to spare myself while I'm here. It's too late for that."

Dan Failing is introduced to "Snowbird," who proves to be a decidedly interesting member of the Lennox family, and Dan shows new interest in life in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Watch Expenditures.

If he who is always hard up will but keep a record of his expenditures he may find that he is more lacking in sense than in dollars.

Or a "Situation."

When a statesman runs into a brick wall and sees no way to get over or under, he emits a few sharp yelps and calls it a crisis.—Baltimore Sun.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

MOTHERS MAKE MEN.

SAMUEL MATTHEWS VAUCLAIN, head of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, has had wide experience in the selection as well as the handling of men.

He admits that he has a method, a secret, in making his selections. HE FINDS OUT WHAT KIND OF A MOTHER A BOY HAS, and pays no attention to the father. In the course of a long business life he has made few exceptions to this rule.

This theory of Mr. Vauclain has a negative as well as a positive side. It explains not only why so many undistinguished fathers have distinguished sons, but also why so many fathers who are failures have sons who are successful.

There are two sides to the question. For one thing there is a tendency on the part of a boy to derive his predominant traits from his mother.

For another, the mother is obviously more instrumental than the father in creating the environment which plays a large part in the development of the sons.

In the average home the problem of providing a minimum of income—which is the duty of the father—is much less complicated than the problem of making both ends meet—which is the problem of the mother.

Long before statesmen ever dreamed of a budget system, that method was familiar to the women. In one generation after another they have had to pay their way with resources that did not increase in proportion as the families grew.

The carefulness, prudence and foresight that a woman displays in running her house naturally show themselves in the bringing up of her children. If she is incompetent and shiftless in one direction, she will be the same in the other.

The mother, as distinguished from the father, has played a leading part in the formative period of men of conspicuous genius who have lifted themselves "by their bootstraps" into places of great eminence.

The mothers of Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon Bonaparte supply the only available explanations of the rise to leadership of two men who are types of success, under the most difficult circumstances.

In each case a powerful, dominant character made possible the passage from a log cabin to the White House and from Corsica to the leading place in Europe and an imperial throne.

In our own time the supreme qualities of Marshal Foch are traceable to the powerful individuality of his mother.

From the dawn of history to the present day, in sacred and secular affairs, the influence of the mother has always been the greatest factor in the development of ability or genius. She has been the source of inspiration as she was the source of being.

Sometimes she has pulled the children, handicapped by the father's characteristics up to her own level.

Sometimes she has pushed them above both herself and the father by an indomitable determination that neither poverty nor ill fortune of any kind should interfere with her ambitions.

Mr. Vauclain's plan of selection will serve its purpose in the great majority of instances. He is safe in concluding that if the boy had the right kind of a mother he can count on his being the right kind of a boy.

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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"GOSSIP"

"GOSSIP" or "gossib," as Chaucer spelled it, was the name given by the Hampshire peasantry to the persons who acted as sponsors in baptism, the godfathers and godmothers. It was a compound word made up of the name "God" and the word "sib," still used in Scotland in the sense of "skin"—the meaning being that the gossib was akin to God and stood in this relation to the child, a sense which is still extant in our own word "godparent."

Considering "gossip" in its ordinary use as one addicted to tattling or prattling or the carrying of tales and it appears to bear little relation to the word as originally coined. But it should be remembered that the "gossibs" were brought by a common sponsorship into a close familiarity with one another, which led eventually to trivial, idle talk, and the carrying of information from one to another. That this falling is not peculiar to Anglo-Saxon godparents is evident from an examination of the French word *commere* and the fact that *commere* has passed through precisely the same stages as its English equivalent.

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POISONED BRAN TAKES HOP OUT OF PESTIFEROUS GRASSHOPPERS



Side and Back View of Hopperdozer for Destruction of Hoppers—Horses Are Hitched to Projecting Ends of Two-by-Four.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

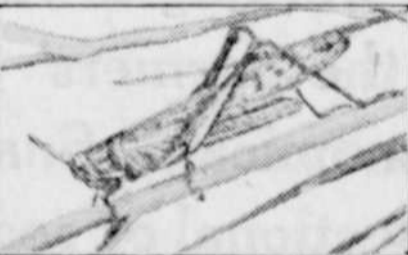
There is nothing so good as poisoned bran for taking the hop out of a grasshopper and there is no better way of buying and distributing the bran than through a community organization, specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture find. In the areas where the grasshoppers come down on the farm crops like all the plagues of Egypt there should be grasshopper-fighting organizations, just as there are fire-fighting units in every city. Fighting a grasshopper invasion without the help of the neighbors is like trying to put out a fire in a powder factory with one bucket of water.

In the Pacific states the vast, uncultivated areas of mountains, foothills, and grasslands afford ideal breeding grounds for at least eight common species of grasshopper. Undisturbed, the pests can mass their forces in the spring and be ready for a descent upon the alfalfa fields and cultivated crops of the farmer when weather conditions permit. There seems to be little hope of destroying the grasshoppers in these isolated breeding areas and for that reason specialists of the bureau of entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, maintain that it will be many years before the grasshopper menace disappears from the West. But, while the eight plagues cannot be exterminated at their source, they can be met with a systematic, well-directed barrage of poisoned bait, fire, and other weapons for control when they attempt to invade the cultivated fields.

Preparing for the Attack.

Every locality should have an organization fully equipped and prepared to meet the grasshopper onslaught. All preparations should be made early in the spring before the insects have left their breeding grounds. The organization should be directed and controlled by efficient and energetic leaders, and it ought to have the co-operation and support of every farmer in the community as well as the landowners who hold title to the remote areas from which the plague spreads.

An equitable method of raising funds for the work can be arranged if every landholder is taxed on the acreage he holds or operates. The funds should be collected and placed at the disposal of a good business man who will know how and where to go about buying poisons and other supplies when they are needed, without the necessity of untangling red



A Grasshopper at Work.

tape. Sometimes it is advantageous to fight the grasshopper army with fire, and it is often necessary to spread poisoned bait upon the property of nonresident landowners. Here are two points where legal advice is desirable, and the leaders should know their exact rights and limits in these matters before the time comes for them to act to save the crops of the community.

If the district is divided into defense areas and each area put under the supervision of a man who knows grasshopper habits and how to use the weapons which the organization has put in his hands, there will be no waste of materials or effort when the foothills disgorge their hungry hordes. Lastly, the wider the co-operation the better the results will be. It does no good to drive the hoppers from one district, if they are allowed to settle and feed upon another—gassing the pest along to the other fellow does not afford permanent relief, and it puts an extra hardship upon one's neighbor. The assault should be simultaneous throughout the whole infested area; farm should cooperate with farm, village with village, and county with county, so that every leap that the hopper makes to escape the frying pan will land him in the fire, the specialists say.

Eight Species in West.

There are at least eight species of grasshopper commonly found in the Pacific states. Some of these are winged, some are not; some prefer one variety of food, but altogether, when seasonal conditions are favorable, they can destroy any crop that western farmers grow. The habits and

characteristics of each species are described in Farmers' Bulletin 1140, Grasshopper Control in the Pacific States, which may be had upon request of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

In addition to a brief description of the pests, the bulletin gives the recipes for mixing the most efficient poisons, when to spread, and how to place the bait so as to avoid injury to live stock. Special control measures are required to meet different geographical conditions, and the publication presents the methods that have proved most effective after five years of experimentation.

CONTROL OF WHEAT DISEASE

Farmers' Bulletin 1213 Tells of Flag Smut Discovered in Illinois County in 1919.

Methods for controlling flag smut, a destructive disease of wheat, are given in Farmers' Bulletin 1213, Flag Smut of Wheat and Its Control, issued for free distribution by the United States Department of Agriculture. The disease was discovered in 1919 near Granite City, Madison county, Ill., and in 1920 was found in 111 fields confined to 47 square miles.

Black stripes running lengthwise in the leaves and leaf sheaths are typical of flag smut. Diseased plants are stunted and rarely head. The disease is spread by spores carried on the seed, and by spores left in the field on infected plant material or on the ground, where they may be scattered in various ways, and infect wheat seedlings in the fall.

Treat with formaldehyde the infested grain as it comes from the thrasher. Burn infested straw. Sow disease-free seed on noninfested land. Treat with copper sulphate and lime the seed wheat to be sown in the infested area. Grow resistant varieties.

The bulletin may be had upon application to the division of publications, United States Department of Agriculture.

GROWERS STUDY CONDITIONS

Sales Concluded on Satisfactory Basis and Useful Experience Obtained in Market.

Some cabbage growers accompanied their car-load shipments to market the past season in order to secure first-hand knowledge of shipping conditions, and marketing practices. As a result, not only were sales made on a fairly satisfactory basis from the standpoint of the producer, but the growers obtained considerable useful experience through observing the handling of the cabbage in the markets. They studied conditions affecting shipments en route and became better acquainted with the demands of the large wholesale markets. The information and experience obtained were of particular value to growers located in sections where cabbage had not been grown commercially in previous years.

The plan was employed by growers having two or more cars ready for shipment at one time, and is a detail in the business of marketing farm products that experts of the bureau of markets, United States Department of Agriculture, say might sometimes be employed profitably by producers of other farm crops.

NUT TREES GOOD FOR SHADE

Japanese Walnut Is Especially Appropriate for Farm and Door-Yard Planting.

The Japanese walnut offers possibilities for landowners who are seeking to plant nut trees for shade or other purposes; say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is nearly as hardy as the black walnut and is by no means uncommon in northern and eastern states, where it is especially appropriate for farm and door-yard planting. For the present, seedling trees will have to be relied upon almost entirely, as very few budded or grafted trees are available.

This nut has been confused with the Persian or so-called English walnut, although the two are quite unlike. The Japanese is a dwarfish species, with dull-green rough leaved, often as many as 15 or 17 to the leaf, and bears nuts in racemes of a dozen or more.

The shells are thinner than those of the black walnut, but thicker than those of the better Persian walnuts. The flavor of the kernels is much like that of the American butternut.