



The VOICE OF THE PACK

BY EDISON MARSHALL

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SYNOPSIS.

Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Falling 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. In a large southern Oregon city he meets people who had known and loved his grandfather, a famous frontiersman. He makes his home with Silas Lennox, 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 Falling 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. From the first Falling's health shows a marked improvement, and in the companionship of Lennox and his son and daughter he fits into the woods life as if he had been born to it. By quick thinking and a remarkable display of "savvy," he saves Lennox's life and his own when they are attacked by a mad coyote. Lennox declares he is a reincarnation of his grandfather, Dan Falling I, whose fame as a woodsman is a household word.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Of course—but sit down now, anyway. I'm sorry that Snowbird isn't here."

"Snowbird is—"

"My daughter. My boy, she can make a biscuit! That's not her name, of course, but we've always called her that. She got tired of keeping house and is working this summer. Poor Bill has to keep house for her, and no wonder he's eager to take the stock down to the lower levels. I only wish he hadn't brought 'em up this spring at all; I've lost dozens from the coyotes."

"But a coyote can't kill cattle—"

"It can if it has hydrophobia, a common thing in the varmints this time of year. But as I say, Bill will take the stock down next season, and then Snowbird's work will be through, and she'll come back here."

"Then she's down in the valley?"

"Far from it. She's a mountain girl if one ever lived. Perhaps you don't know the recent policy of the forest service to hire women when they can be obtained. It was a policy started in war times and kept up now because it is economical and efficient. She and a girl from college have a cabin not five miles from here on old Bald mountain, and they're doing lookout duty."

Dan wondered intensely what lookout duty might be. "You see, Dan," Lennox said in explanation, "the government loses thousands of dollars every year by forest fire. A fire can be stopped easily if it is seen soon after it starts. But let it burn awhile, in this dry season, and it's a terror—a wall of flame that races through the forests and can hardly be stopped. And maybe you don't realize how enormous this region is—literally hundreds of miles across. We're the last outpost—there are four cabins, if you can find them, in the first seventy miles back to town. So they have to put lookouts on the high points, and now they're coming to the use of airplanes so they can keep even a better watch. Snowbird and a girl friend from college got jobs this summer as lookouts—all through the forest service they are hiring women for the work. They are more vigilant than men, less inclined to take chances, and work cheaper. These two girls have a cabin near a spring, and they cook their own food, and are making what is big wages in the mountains. I'm rather hoping she'll drop over for a few minutes tonight."

"Good Lord—does she travel over these hills in the darkness?"

The mountaineer laughed—a delighted sound that came somewhat curiously from the bearded lips of the stern, dark man. "Dan, I'll swear she's afraid of nothing that walks the face of the earth—and it isn't because she hasn't had experience either. She's a dead shot with a pistol, for one thing. She's physically strong, and every muscle as hard as nails. She used to have Shag, too—the best dog in all these mountains. She's a mountain girl, I tell you; whoever wins her has got to be able to tame her!" The mountaineer laughed again.

The call to supper came then, and Dan got his first sight of mountain food. There were potatoes, newly dug, mountain vegetables that were crisp and cold, a steak of peculiar shape, and a great bowl of purple berries to be eaten with sugar and cream.

Dan's appetite was not as a rule particularly good. But evidently the long ride had affected him. He simply didn't have the moral courage to refuse when the elder Lennox heaped his plate.

"Good heavens, I can't eat all that," he said, as it was passed to him. But the others laughed and told him to take heart.

He took heart. It was a singular thing, but at that first bite his sudden confidence in his gustatory ability almost overwhelmed him. So he cut himself a bite of the tender steak—fully half as generous as the bites that Bill was consuming across the table. And its first flavor simply filled him with delight.

"What is this meat?" he asked. "I've certainly tasted it before."

"I'll bet a few dollars that you haven't, if you've lived all your life in the Middle West," Lennox answered. "Maybe you've got what the scientists call an inherited memory of it. It's the kind of meat your grandfather used to live on—venison."

Soon after dinner Lennox led him out of the house for his first glimpse of the hills in the darkness.

They walked together out to the gate, across the first of the wide pastures where, at certain seasons, Lennox kept his cattle; and at last they came out upon the tree-covered ridge. The moon was just rising. They could see it casting a curious glint over the very tips of the pines. But it couldn't get down between them. They stood too close, too tall and thick for that. And for a moment, Dan's only sensation was one of silence.

"You have to stand still a moment, to really know anything," Lennox told him.

They both stood still. Dan was as motionless as that day in the park, long weeks before, when the squirrel had climbed on his shoulder. The first effect was a sensation that the silence



Standing in the Shadows, He Simply Watched Her.

was deepening around them. It wasn't really true. It was simply that he had become aware of the little continuous sounds of which usually he was unconscious, and they tended to accentuate the hush of the night. He knew, just as all mountaineers know, that the wilderness about him was stirring and pulsing with life. Some of the sounds were quite clear—an occasional stir of a pebble or the crack of a twig, and some, like the faintest twitching of leaves in the brush not ten feet distant, could only be guessed at.

"What is making the sounds?" he asked.

He didn't know it, at the time, but Lennox turned quickly toward him. It wasn't that the question had surprised the mountaineer. Rather it was the tone in which Dan had spoken. It was perfectly cool, perfectly self-contained.

"The one right close is a chipmunk. I don't know what the others are; no one ever does know. Perhaps ground squirrels, or rabbits, or birds, and maybe one of those harmless old black bears who is curious about the house. And tell me—can you smell anything?"

"Good Lord, Lennox! I can smell all kinds of things."

"I'm glad. Some men can't. No one can enjoy the woods if he can't smell. Part of the smells are of flowers, and part of balsam, and God only knows what the others are. They are just life wilderness—"

Dan could not only perceive the

smells and sounds, but he felt that they were leaving an imprint on the very fiber of his soul. He knew one thing. He knew he could never forget this first introduction to the mountain night. The whole scene moved him in strange, deep ways in which he had never been stirred before; it left him exultant and, in deep wells of his nature far below the usual currents of excitement, a little excited too.

Then both of them were startled out of their reflections by the clear, unmistakable sound of footsteps on the ridge. Both of them turned, and Lennox laughed softly in the darkness. "My daughter," he said. "I knew she wouldn't be afraid to come."

Dan could see only Snowbird's outline at first, just her shadow against the moonlit hillside. His glasses were none too good at long range, and possibly, when she came within range, the first thing that he noticed about her was her stride. The girls he knew didn't walk in quite that free, strong way. She took almost a man-size step; and yet it was curious that she did not seem ungraceful. Dan had a distinct impression that she was floating down to him on the moonlight. She seemed to come with such unutterable smoothness. And then he heard her call lightly through the darkness.

The sound gave him a distinct sense of surprise. Some way, he hadn't associated a voice like this with a mountain girl; he had supposed that there would be so many harshening influences in this wild place. Yet the tone was as clear and full as a trained singer's. It was not a high voice; and yet it seemed simply brimming, as a cup brims with wine, with the rapture of life. It was a self-confident voice too, wholly unaffected and sincere, and wholly without embarrassment.

Then she came close, and Dan saw the moonlight on her face. And so it came about, whether in dreams or wakefulness, he could see nothing else for many hours to come.

The girl who stood in the moonlight had health. She was simply vibrant with health. It brought a light to her eyes, and a color to her cheeks, and life and shimmer to her moonlit hair. It brought curves to her body, and strength and firmness to her limbs, and the grace of a deer to her carriage. Whether she had regular features or not Dan would have been unable to state. He didn't even notice. They weren't important when health was present. Yet there was nothing of the coarse or bold or voluptuous about her. She was just a slender girl, perhaps twenty years of age, and weighing even less than the figure occasionally to be read in the health magazines for girls of her height. And she was fresh and cool beyond all words to tell.

And Dan had no delusions about her attitude toward him. For a long instant she turned her keen, young eyes to his white, thin face; and at once it became abundantly evident that beyond a few girlish speculations she felt no interest in him. After a single moment of rather strained, polite conversation with Dan—just enough to satisfy her idea of the conventions—she began a thrilling girlhood tale to her father. And she was still telling it when they reached the house.

Dan held a chair for her in front of the fireplace, and she took it with entire naturalness. He was careful to put it where the firelight was at its height. He wanted to see its effect on the flushed cheeks, the soft dark hair. And then, standing in the shadows, he simply watched her. With the eye of an artist he delighted in her gestures, her rippling enthusiasm, her utter irrepressible girliness that all of time had not years enough to kill.

Bill stood watching her, his hands deep in his pockets, evidently a companion of the best. Her father gazed at her with amused tolerance. And Dan—he didn't know in just what way he did look at her. And he didn't have time to decide. In less than fifteen minutes, and wholly without warning, she sprang up from her chair and started toward the door.

"Good Lord!" Dan breathed. "If you make such sudden motions as that I'll have heart failure. Where are you going now?"

"Back to my watch," she answered, her tone wholly lacking the personal note which men have learned to expect in the voices of women. And an instant later the three of them saw her retreating shadow as she vanished among the pines.

Dan had to be helped to bed. The long ride had been too hard on his shattered lungs; and nerves and body collapsed on an instant after the door was closed behind the departing girl. He laughed weakly and begged their pardon; and the two men were really very gentle. They told him it was their own fault for permitting him to overdo. Lennox himself blew out the candle in the big, cold bedroom.

The next installment of "The Voice of the Pack" imports to Dan Falling the existence of an organized band of outlaws.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Different Kinds of Hickory.
Twelve kinds of hickory are found in the world, eleven of them indigenous to the United States east of the Rocky mountains, and one Mexican species. Previous to the ice age, extensive forests of hickory existed in Greenland.

No woman ever loved a man so much that she didn't try to find out how much the engagement ring cost.

ANNUAL WHITE SWEET CLOVER YIELDS WELL

New Variety May Possess Important Possibilities.

When Farmer Finds His Hay Supply Will Be Short This Crop Can Be Planted—Grows Well During First Season.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It has been determined that sweet clover, which grows luxuriantly along roadsides and out-of-the-way places, and which is grown in some sections as a forage crop, has one strain which is annual. The annual sweet clover occasionally appears in patches of the more common biennial form, either as single specimens or in small groups. Seed of the annual has been separated, and in recent years it has been prop-



Sweet Clover Hay Curing in the Cock.

agated. These points are brought out in Department Circular 169, Annual White Sweet Clover and Strains of the Biennial Form, recently published by the United States Department of Agriculture.

The nature of this new variety, according to the bulletin, is such as to indicate that it may have important possibilities. Probably its greatest use for hay will be as an emergency crop. When a stand of clover has been winter killed, or when for any reason a farmer finds that his hay supply will be short, this variety can be seeded during the spring and, provided lime and the proper bacteria are present, will yield a good hay crop. Where rainfall is sufficient it may be seeded even after wheat harvest. It makes a good growth the first season, and experiments in Iowa and Michigan have shown that it may be seeded with oats, to be harvested after the grain is cut. It grows rapidly, and for this reason will keep ahead of weeds.

The annual has a smaller and more woody root than the biennial form, and crown or resting buds are not formed. The stems, branches, leaves, flowers, pods and seeds are indistinguishable from those of the biennial form, but during the season of seeding the plant grows more rapidly, blossoms, fruits and dies. It blooms early and ripens seed in August when seeded early. Seed of the annual form is still very scarce and high priced and, since it cannot be distinguished from seed of the ordinary biennial, should be purchased with caution.

CAMPAIGN FOR BETTER SIRES

Since Movement Was Started There Have Been Many Animals and Fowls Enrolled.

Recent figures on the enrollment of animals and poultry in the "better sires—better stock" campaign, which is being supervised by the United States department of agriculture, show that since the movement was started in October, 1919, there have been 174,194 animals and 264,945 chickens or other poultry enrolled. During this time 3,576 certificates of membership in the campaign have been issued by the department. In order to secure a certificate, a stock breeder or poultryman must fill out a blank, which is supplied by the bureau of animal industry, stating that he will use only purebred sires. A report recently issued by the department shows that 45 states and two possessions—Guam and Porto Rico—have stock breeders or poultrymen enrolled in the campaign. Virginia leads in the movement with 1,130 certificates issued, but Nebraska has the largest number of live stock enrolled.

BEST DIVISION OF PASTURES

A 20-Acre Tract Will Yield More Grass Where Herd Is Shifted to Small Fields.

Dividing pastures into smaller fields is time and money well spent. A 20-acre pasture divided will yield much more grass where the herd is shifted from one field to the other than if allowed to tramp on the entire field at will.

BEST CONDITIONS IN WOODS

Trampling of Soil by Different Animals Among Growing Trees It Not Favored.

You can't do two things at once. If the best growing conditions are wanted in a woods, grazing animals must be kept out. Hard trampling of soil does about the same amount of good in a woodlot as it does in a field of growing corn.



BROTHER TO THE BEAR

GRANDPA COON sat in the doorway smoking when Mrs. Coon and her little ones came clawing down the tree nearby and ran toward the home of Grandpa Coon.

"They certainly do act like them," said Grandpa as the little Coons came tumbling over him, "yes, my children, you are the Little Brothers of the Bears' sure enough."

"Those big bears cannot be our brothers," said Timmy Coon, who asked more questions than his brothers, "why, Grandpa, they are bigger than you are."

"Can't help it, sonny," replied Grandpa, taking his pipe from between his teeth. "The coon is called the Little Brother to the Bear, and if you all will sit down and keep very still I'll tell you how it came about."

Timmy Coon and his brothers were soon sitting in a row in front of Grandpa Coon, for they were very



fond of his stories, and with their eyes wide open and ears sticking up so they could listen to every word they waited for him to begin.

"It was a long, long time ago, you know, honeys," said Grandpa Coon, "way back long before I was born or my grandpa, either, that all this happened."

The eyes of all the little coons grew bigger still with the gogglelike rings around their eyes.

"Yes, sreee," said Grandpa, "it was

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

ABOUT INTRODUCTIONS

We are more sensible of what is done against custom than against nature.—Plutarch.

NO ONE has any good excuse for not being able to make introductions easily and in good form. It is simply a matter of knowing the right form and then in a little practice. It is an act that requires no originality and no special talent. But there are a lot of people nevertheless, who always do bungle an introduction, and this for the simple reason that they do not give the subject sufficient thought or do not trouble themselves to look up the right way to do it.

The other day I observed a stalwart young corporal, proud to have his cheery-faced little mother visiting him, and eager to introduce her to his friends.

"Mother, meet Sergeant Jones," he said as one of his friends approached, and again, "Smith, know my mother."

To be sure this answered the purpose and as every one was very happy on the occasion it probably didn't make much difference how the introduction was made. But the form was far from courteous.

In the first place a man should always present or introduce his men friends to his mother, or any other woman, and he should use a form of introduction that shows that he is making the introduction in this way. Moreover the abrupt manner of saying simply, "Meet Mr. Brown," or "Know my friend Jones," which has recently become so popular is really too abrupt to be in good form for any purpose save possibly for men to introduce men to each other in a purely business connection. It should never be used in introducing women. The right way for the young soldier to have gone about it would have been to say, "Mother, I want to present Sergeant Jones. 'Jones,' this is my mother," or "Let me introduce Sergeant Jones to you, mother; Sergeant Jones I wish to present you to my mother." In a case like this it is not necessary to give the mother's name. The only occasion where it would be, would be in the case the mother, through remarriage, bore a name different from the one of the son who introduced her.

(Copyright.)

Moved and Seconded.

Indirectly, the recent prize fight gave us a new word, or rather revived an old one, for there our national word-and-smile sharp, Frank Wilstach, says he heard for the first time the word "dither." This means to quiver, to vibrate, as, for example, "She caused the audience to dither with delight."

Not a particularly pretty word, perhaps, but a prettier one for the same thing than shimmy, which we suggest be sent immediately to the cannery.—Boston Transcript.

a long, long time ago that day when Mr. Dog was a-chasing young Swifty Coon after he jumped from the tree where he thought he had him 'tree'd' for sure.

"Swifty heard Mr. Dog a-coming behind him, and as he was running as fast as he could he knew that something had to be done right off quick or he would be a dead coon in a very few minutes.

"Swifty thought of the tree ahead, but he knew that Mr. Dog would just sit under it and bark and wait for Mr. Man to come with his gun and then all his trouble would have been for nothing.

"Right then Swifty saw ahead of him Mr. Bear's house with the door wide open, just as if he was expecting company, and he was going to have company only he did not expect it.

"Well, into Mr. Bear's house tumbled Swifty and ran right under the table, where Mr. Bear was a-sitting reading.

"Oh, save me, Mr. Bear!" said Swifty. "That awful Mr. Dog is chasing me and back of him, I expect, is Mr. Man."

"Mr. Bear, he jumped right up, for he was not a bit afraid of Mr. Dog, but he did not care for Mr. Man at all.

"When Mr. Dog came up to the door there stood great big Mr. Bear looking very cross and growling.

"What you doing here?" he asked, showing his mouthful of teeth, "you been chasing my little brother, and if you don't run off home this very minute I shall eat you up."

"Mr. Dog, he just dropped his tail and he legged it for home so fast that Mr. Man never did know where he went, and he had to go home, too.

"And ever since that time we have been called the 'Little Brother to the Bear.'"

The little Coons waited for a minute to see if Grandpa Coon would not tell another story, but his pipe fell from his hand on the grass and Grandpa's head began to nod, and they knew there would be no more stories that day.

(Copyright.)

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. LURIE

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"TRANSPIRE" AND "OCCUR."

TO OCCUR means to take place, to happen, to come to pass; to transpire means to become known, to escape from secrecy, to be made public. It is quite common, especially in ordinary speech and in writings in newspapers and magazines, to hear and see the verb "transpire" used instead of "happen" or "occur." Such usage is, however, quite incorrect, and is condemned by critics in England and America. "It transpired yesterday, at the meeting of the common council, that permission was withheld," etc., wrote a reporter, but he should have written, "It happened yesterday," etc.—or, better still, he should have omitted the phrase and begun his sentence with "at" and omitted "that."

Following is a case of the proper use of the verb "transpire": "At the meeting of the common council yesterday it transpired that last week's action on the street-railway franchise was not final"—that is, it became known.

(Copyright.)



THE FINGER PRINT SYSTEM.

THE British authorities in India, desiring to impress the natives with their omniscience, hit upon the idea of taking the finger prints of everybody. Later the scheme was brought to Scotland Yard, the police headquarters in London. From there it spread till it is now in universal use.

(Copyright.)

A Long Wait.

Father (as he starts to carve).—"By the way, my dear, I've got to attend a bankers' dinner tomorrow. They expect over a hundred. Tommy—'Gee! I'd hate to be the youngest where there's that many to be helped.'—Boston Transcript.



ULTIMATE OBJECTIVE

Old Mr. Multirox.—And so, you are willing to make me happy by becoming my wife?

Young Miss Goldilox.—Yes, I suppose I'll have to be your wife in order, eventually, to become your widow.