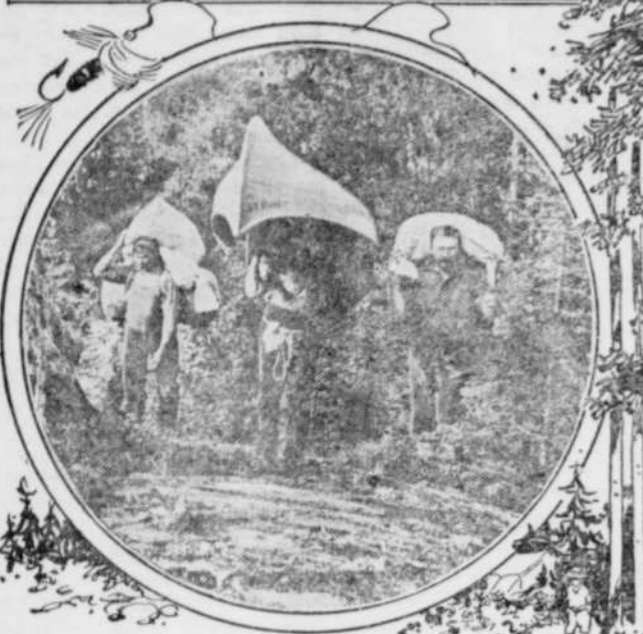


Call of the Wild



By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

ALL of the Wild! This is the time of year when it sounds over all the land, creating in every normal breast a pang unmistakable and poignant. It is the awakening of an instinct as old as the race—the desire for the open road. It is old Mother Nature herself calling, and she says:

"Play time, everybody! All work and no play is folly; you know the penalty I exact. Life in these modern times is too strenuous. Stop, get your breath, relax, rest! Come and play awhile!"

We Americans are the busiest people under the sun. There was a time when we played hard at all. Now we have finally learned the necessity of relaxation and recreation. The trouble is that we have learned to play not wisely but too well. Our avocations, especially in the large cities, are as strenuous as our vocations—sometimes even more strenuous.

"There should be nothing so much a man's business as his amusements," wrote Stevenson, and he wrote a great truth, which has not yet come home to us. So it is that we Americans, many of us, are coming to have double need of a summer vacation—to rest up from both our work and our pleasures.

The Call of the Wild means, in a sense, pretty much the same thing to all of us. But necessarily we can interpret it only according to our knowledge and experience. Fortunate indeed are they to whom the call means but one thing—whether gypsying by automobile, or the flying spray of the salt sea, or the rushing stream whose deep dark pools hide the great trout, or the tent and campfire beside the placid lake, or the mountain trail to the peaks where lies the everlasting snow. These fortunate, hear, understand and obey.

Those of us who are less fortunate also hear and rejoice. But the call has no clear message. We do not know what to do with our play time. We do not know where or at what to play, and the interesting spectacle of a great people at play is saddened by the sight of thousands of unfortunates wasting their precious vacation days—getting little enjoyment and less rest.

Come, let us plan vacation days while yet the season's new! The secret of the trip that pays is knowing what to do.

That's the motto of the wise. They are not among these unfortunates. They have planned their vacation carefully and put common sense into their plans. They have taken stock of their physical and mental needs. They have profited by the experience of past vacations and their successes and failures. They understand that a vacation for pleasure and a vacation for recuperation are not necessarily the same thing, but they will try to combine pleasure and recuperation.

Change is a great factor in both pleasure and rest. When play time comes around most of us instinctively long for something that our daily life does not offer. Often this longing is a safe guide, provided common sense is used. Obviously a camping trip in the wilds is not suited to those who must have soft beds, delicate viands and deft service—even if they are lovers of nature, longing for a novel experience. It is equally obvious that these nature lovers would be out of place in a fashionable summer resort where people congregate to see and be seen. The common sense of it is that they should go where scenic beauty can be enjoyed and the conventional comforts of life are not lacking.

When vacation time means to the weary worker an opportunity to recuperate from toil, rest is what he needs. The best rest is absolute inaction. "I loafe and invite my soul," wrote Walt Whitman. But loafing is a fine art; most of us are too used to be up and doing to enjoy sitting and twiddling our thumbs. A change of scene and occupation, with the blessed consciousness that we do not have to do anything, is the best rest. The hodgepodge who came into money had the psychology of it down fine when he set his alarm clock as usual, threw his shoe at it when it went off and turned over for a nap.

The wise man will take his vacation temperately. To return to rest up from his play—that is a poor proposition. To come back to work with renewed strength and energy—that's the thing. The wrong kind of vacation may be worse than none. The right kind of vacation may be a veritable godsend. The wise man will so order his play as to come back refreshed and restored and eager for new worlds to conquer.

And wherever the Call of the Wild takes us,

let us be "good sports"—which is to say, let us be sportsmen and live up to a sportsman's ideals! And what is a sportsman? It is easy to say this: The sportsman is the gentleman of the out-of-doors. But that does not comprehensively define the sportsman because it is still more difficult to define the gentleman.

Anyway, whatever else he may be, the sportsman is the man who plays fair—with nature, with wild animal life, with his companions, with himself. He never wantonly defaces the fair face of nature. He never pollutes stream or lake. He never cuts down a tree that he does not need. He buries or burns his camp rubbish. He cleans up his camping place. And he is very sure that he sets no forest fire.

The sportsman plays fair with wild animal life. He will not hunt out of season. He will not kill a female deer or elk. He will not shoot a bird except when flying. In angling he uses light tackle to give the fish a fair chance. He will use the fly rather than the worm for trout. He will put back the small trout—and handle it with a wet hand. He will use the single hook rather than the gang hooks. He never takes from forest, field, lake and stream more than he can use. And always he obeys the local game laws.

The sportsman is a delight in camp and on the trail. He takes pride in keeping up his end, in doing his full share efficiently, willingly and cheerfully. In emergencies he is a volunteer. He helps the tenderfoot. Poor luck cannot rattle his temper or spoil his outing. He gets fun out of trouble and can take a joke on himself. He is a good loser; he grins and bears it when defeat is his. He is a good winner—which is harder—and wears his laurels modestly.

And the sportsman plays fair with himself, which is perhaps the hardest thing of all. He is not too proud to learn from his betters. If he catches fish "with a silver spoon," he owns up to it. He does not blame his own mistakes on others or on his tackle. He does not exhibit his musky trophy and tell of his skill while all the while his inner self is saying: "You know perfectly well the guide rigged your rod and tackle, paddled you to the place, showed you the exact spot to cast, told you how to handle the fish, netted it and landed it." In short, possibly the crowning ideal of true sportsmanship is independent achievement in sport or woodcraft.

Speaking of muskellunge, please recall those immortal lines in Sir Isaak Walton's "Compleat Angler":

"We may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did,' and so, if I might be Judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

Possibly Dr. Boteler was right about strawberries. And probably Sir Isaak was right about the innocence of angling, in spite of "fish yarns" which do most amazingly smack of rank perjury. But when the model and pattern of all good anglers doth speak of angling as "calm" and "quiet," here is one disciple who rises up to say that Sir Isaak is no "Compleat Angler"—and if this be treason, make the most of it!

For he rises to inquire: How can anyone use the words "calm" and "quiet" in connection with a thirty-pound musky? And how can any angler be "compleat" who has not been fast to this "tiger of the inland seas"?

Calm! Quiet! Oh, would that Sir Isaak were back on earth. This is what would happen to him. He'd be taken to a certain lake and given a hand-made split-bamboo casting rod, with multiplying reel, braided silk line and spoon hook with pork rind. Along toward evening he'd be rowed just a certain rummy point where the pickerel weed and lilies grow, and there is deep water on either side. And with good luck Sir Isaak would thereupon find himself fast to a

glistening, leaping, darting, plunging, rushing piece of sheer deviltry that would make him forget all his philosophy and all his morals, and act like a real human being.

Yessireebob! When a man gets fast to a big musky it is no time for him to think of home and mother, wife, sweetheart, the League of Nations and the H. C. of L. As that ardent angler, T. H. Kendall, puts it—

I have felt exhilaration in the auto's lightning rush. Evading limitations and the law, I stand. I have felt my pulses quicken when I filled a bob-tail bus.

Having raised the ante just before the draw, I have let the perspiration run down my smiling face. As I cashed a winning ticket on a doubtful trotting race.

With muscles tense and ready I firmly grasp my pole. I forget my wife's relations, the salvation of my soul. My debts, my duties and my native land. Cold chills of apprehension go up and down my spine. And I wonder at my folly in selecting such a line. 'Tis the limit of the pleasures I have traveled miles to feel!

On this cloudy, breezy afternoon in June, When my heart is set to pounding by the protest of my reel As the Mighty Musky rushes with my spoon.

And then the congratulations would pour in on Sir Isaak. For if, with the aid of an oneman, a club, a revolver, a gaff and a landing net, he got the musky into the boat, congratulations would obviously be in order. And if the musky got away, congratulations would be equally in order, since the panting, perspiring and exhausted angler got away from the musky with his life.

The poorest way to see the country is from the window of a railroad car. The next poorest is from an automobile going thirty miles an hour. A man on horseback has a fair chance to see things, provided he will get off the beaten highway. Really to see the country, however, a man must walk.

For it is only the pedestrian who can leave the beaten track at will to climb to the vantage spot on the slope, to wander off down the woodland trail to the tinkling stream, to cast himself down at full length on the pine needles of the cool grove. It is only the man on foot who has the time to find these hidden charms and the leisure to appreciate them.

And then there's the actual feel of the country under foot—the spring of the turf; the rustle of fallen leaves; the cooling touch of lush grass about the spring; the ring of hobcail on solid rock; the crunch of sand on the beach. That's the way to see the country—get into actual physical touch with it.

If you go camping, here is some advice in the form of don'ts:

Don't neglect to choose your companions carefully; the smaller the party the more care is necessary. If a man has a mean, lazy or yellow streak in him, it will come out in camp.

Don't eat a hearty meal when you are exhausted; you might as well take poison. Cool off and rest a while; then a hearty meal will renew your strength.

Don't go into cold water when overheated or just after a heavy meal. Don't go into deep water alone. Don't stay in after your teeth begin to chatter. Don't go in at all if it is a tax rather than a tonic.

Don't give up and conclude that the fish will not bite. If there are fish they must feed.

Don't try to do your cooking over a campfire; use a cooking fire. A campfire is for jollity and warmth, a cooking fire is principally live coals for cooking only.

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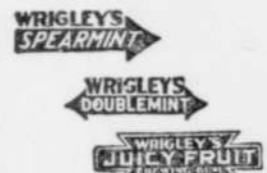
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Average Life of Motor Cars.
As highway transportation develops and passenger cars and trucks become practically the sole means of road travel, the proportion of first purchasers of cars and trucks in the total of car sales will decrease, and the demand for new cars each year will become more and more nearly equal to the number of cars which drop out of service. For this reason it is becoming increasingly important for the trade to know how many cars will be required for replacement of those withdrawn from service. Analysis of registration, production, export and import figures over a period of years leads to the conclusion that the average life of two million cars retired from service in the last seven years was about 5.3 years.—Scientific American.

Get Ready for Hot Weather By Purifying the Blood

Many people simply melt in summer. They can't work or enjoy life. They lack vitality. Ten to one their blood is impoverished. Rich, wholesome blood is the basis of vitality. If you have it, you sturdily withstand summer temperatures. But if your blood is poor, loaded with poisons that should be cast out, you are limp and useless in "shirt-sleeve" weather.

To avoid this, get from your druggist S.S.S., the famous vegetable blood tonic and alterative. It is just the thing for poor blooded people. After starting S.S.S., write us about your condition and we will send you expert medical advice free. Address Chief Medical Advisor, 839 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia.



In a Thirsty Place. A countryman was inscribing the name of a highly respected, recently departed deacon on a tombstone. The stone rested on an empty beer barrel in his shop.

A friend of the late worthy called in to see how the sculptor was proceeding with the work, and objected to his friend's tombstone resting on a beer barrel, remarking: "Do you know, John, that my dear departed friend never drank a drop of beer in his life?"

"Well," replied John. "I bet he would give something for a pint now!" —Chicago American.

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