

# 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 hardily 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 loaf and invite my soul," wrote Walt Whitman. But loafing is a fine art; most of us are too used to being 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 hook. 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 ruffle 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 Izaak 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 Izaak 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 Izaak 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 Izaak 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 past a certain rusky point where the pickered weed and lilies grow, and there is deep water on either side. And with good luck Sir Izaak would thereupon find himself fast to a

glistening, leaping, darting, plunging, rushing piece of sheer devilry 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 have felt my pulses quicken when I filled a bob-tail flush. 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 tensed and ready I firmly grasp my pole, I forget the rocking boat in which I stand, 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 Izaak. For if, with the aid of an oarsman, 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 hobnail 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.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### WATERLOO

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

Condensation by Charles E. L. Wingate

Erckmann-Chatrian is the joint name of two French writers whose collaboration made their work that of, so to speak, one personality; the former writing chiefly and the latter editing and adapting for the stage. Emile Erckmann was born on the 20th of May, 1822, at Phalsbourg; and Louis Chatrian, Alexandre Chatrian, on the 18th of December, 1820, at Soldatenthal, Lorraine. They began their work together in 1847 and continued doing so until 1889.

Among their first publications are "Science et Genie," "Schinderhannes" and many short stories. The series of novels to which Erckmann-Chatrian owe in great part their reputation includes "Le Fou Yegor," "Madame Therese," "Histoire d'un Concert de 1813," "L'Ami Fritz," "Histoire d'Homme des Peuples" and many others.

Their dramatic compositions and adaptations are "Georges le Chasseur les Ruines," "L'Alsace en 1814." Their stories, dealing with the realities of the times, are distinguished by simplicity and a genuine descriptive power, particularly in battle scenes and those of Alsatian peasant life.

THERE was joy unbounded when Louis the Eighteenth returned in 1814.

Yes, everybody was delighted, except the old soldiers and the fencing masters.

Living with Father Goulden in Phalsbourg, of old Lorraine, I was happy in the belief that conscription was now over, and that at last, I should be able to marry Catherine and live in peace.

So, when the marriage permit came, I rushed at once to her with the news. I kissed her again and again and we both wept for joy.

And then, after the happiness of marrying Catherine, my greatest delight lay in thinking that I should be a tradesman for the rest of my life.

Ah, what a happy life! what satisfaction to be young and to have a simple, good, industrious wife! We shall never be old! We shall always love one another and always retain about us those whom we love.

Thus days and weeks went by. But, later on, we found that the returning royalists, the ministers and the princes, who had rushed back to France after Napoleon's banishment, adopted the most insolent manner toward us, the people. And as to their treatment of Napoleon's former soldiers I can still hear the commandant expostulating, "They are starving us; they are treating us like Cossacks; only they are too cowardly to shoot us!"

But, about the beginning of March, a rumor began to circulate that the emperor had escaped from Elba and had landed in France. Quickly his advance toward Paris followed; and the old soldiers, sent out to restrain him, rushed forward to kneel at his feet. Thus it was that Napoleon again came to the throne.

What happened afterward, however, was not so agreeable to me, now a married man, settled as I had hoped for a life of peace. For I was called to the colors. Aunt Grethel, who had always been like a mother to me, sobbed aloud. Catherine passed into a deadly swoon.

Yet, in spite of all, I needs must leave for the army with my old veteran soldier friend, Zebede, and at once we were rushed to the front.

One day, as we halted, the emperor came to our lines and the whole division shouted "Vive l'Empereur!"

I had a good view of him as he advanced with his arms crossed behind his back and his head bent. He had grown stouter and more sallow since the days of Leipzig. He looked much older and his cheeks were flabby. Little wonder, also, that he appeared worried—for had he not lost everybody's confidence? The old soldiers alone retained their love for him; they were ready to conquer or to die in his behalf. But for my part I cared much more for Catherine than for the emperor. Of her I thought with greatest tenderness, the more so knowing that she would soon become a mother. And I prayed to God to preserve my life.

At last we came upon the Prussians and, driving them back at Ligny, marched on against the British.

I thought I should drop every moment from weakness, but finally near Waterloo, on mounting a little ridge, we saw the English pickets through the rain.

In a cornfield, under a beating storm, we lay like gypsies, our teeth chattering with the cold—and yet thinking of massacring our fellow men, and esteeming ourselves lucky if we had a turnip, a carrot or anything else to keep up our strength. Is that a life for honest men? Is it for this that God created us? Is it not an abomination to think that a king or an emperor, instead of encouraging commerce and diffusing liberty, should reduce us to this state by hundreds of thousands? I know that this is called glory, but people are foolish to glorify such men who have lost all sense of right and heart and religion.

When I awoke in the morning, the church-bells were ringing and I thought:

"Today is Sunday, a day of peace and rest. Father Goulden, dressed in

his best coat and a clean shirt, is thinking of me. Catherine is sitting on the bed and weeping. Aunt Grethel has taken her prayer-book and is going to mass." As I pictured to myself that quiet, happy life, I could have burst into tears.

But the drums began to beat and the trumpets sounded.

The first movement was when our four divisions were ordered to advance. We were about twenty thousand men marching in two lines and sinking up to our knees with every step in the soft mud. Nobody spoke a word.

Face to face with us were the English, in perfect order, their cannoneers with lighted matches in their hands.

On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but cuirasses, helmets, swords, lances and rows of bayonets.

"What a battle!" cried Buche, my comrade-at-arms. "Woe to the English!"

And I thought as he did. I believed that not a single Englishman would escape. But bad luck pursued us that day; though, had it not been for the Prussians, I think we should have exterminated them all.

Down into the little valley we poured, right into the face of the English fire, and shouting all the time "Give them the bayonet!"

The batteries hurled their grape-shot point blank upon us. It was then, for the first time, I saw the English close at hand. They had fair skins and were clean shaven like respectable citizens. They can fight well, too—but we are as good as they. Every shot of the English told; and this forced us to break our ranks, for men are not mere palisades.

And almost at the same moment we saw a mass of red dragons, on gray horses, sweeping along like the wind and sabring our stragglers without mercy. It was one of the most terrible moments of my life as we were driven back.

What a fearful thing is a battle!

Then out came Marshal Ney waving his sword in the air. Older, thinner and more bony than when I saw him last but still the same brave soldier with the clear eyes that seemed to take us all in.

"Forward," he cried, "I shall lead you myself!" And we rushed ahead, one after the other like a pack of wolves, until we gained the principal outpost of the British.

But suddenly the rumor spread that the Prussians were coming. I felt myself grow pale.

At that moment cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from thousands of throats behind us, and looking back I saw all our cavalry of the right wing advancing to attack the solid squares of the English. It was an awesome sight. With waving sabres they rushed pell-mell again and again upon the red-coats. Twenty such charges they made, until the horses of our cuirassiers, exhausted, could no longer even walk—and there still firmly stood the great red lines, steadfast as walls.

Now all that remained for attack was the Old Guard—those wonderful veterans who had fought in Germany, in Egypt, in Spain and in Russia, of whom the Emperor took special care and who no longer knew parents or relations. They only knew the emperor who was their god. When it was said in the ranks "The Guard is going to charge," it was the same as saying, "The battle is won!"

And Ney commanded them! Upon the Guard fell the concentrated hail of bullets. In twenty minutes every officer had been dismounted and the Guard, reduced from three thousand men to twelve hundred, slowly gave way.

Now the entire English army fell upon us. And, as the remnant of the Old Guard fell backward, across the field fled hussars, cuirassiers, artillery and infantry like an army of savages.

What can I tell you more? It was utter rout. And in the valley old Blucher, with forty thousand Prussians, was looming up.

The end had come—and I wept like a child.

Back we scurried, borne down with fatigue, hunger and despair.

"Keep on," cried Buche, "the Prussians take no prisoners. Look! they are cutting down everyone."

So back, back, even to Paris we fled, and there we learned that hostilities were to be suspended, that the emperor had gone, and that the king was returning to the throne. Desertions began.

I hurried on from village to village and at last reached Phalsbourg—and my home.

Up the stairs I sprang; Catherine was in my arms. I fell to sobbing so violently that one would have thought misfortune had come upon me.

The first words of Catherine were, "Joseph, I knew that you would come back. I had put my trust in God."

Thus happiness finally reached us. Now I have lived to see the return of the flag of liberty and to see the nation increase in wealth, in education and in happiness. People begin to understand their rights. They know that war only brings increase of taxation and suffering; and when the people, as masters, shall say, "Instead of sending our sons to perish by thousands beneath the sword and the cannon, we will have them taught and made men!" who will dare gainsay them?

In this hope I bid you farewell, my friends, and I embrace you with all my heart.

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