

A Man in the Open

by Roger Pocock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young



PART ONE

CHAPTER I.

On the Labrador.

Dictated by Mr. Jesse Smith.
Don't you write anything down yet, 'cause I ain't ready.

If I wrote this yarn myself, I'd make it good and red from tip to tip, claws out, teeth bare, fur crawling with emotions. It wouldn't be dull, no, or evidence.

But then it's to please you, and that's what I'm for.
So I proceeds to stroke the fur smooth, lay the paws down soft, fold up the smile, and purr. A sort of truthfulness steals over me. Goin' to be dull, too.

No, I dunno how to begin. If this yarn was a rope, I'd coil it down before I began to pay out. You lays the end, so, and femish down, ring by ring until the bight's coiled, smooth, ready to flake off as it runs. I delayed a lynching once to do just that, and relieve the patient's mind. It all went off so well!

When we kids were good, mother she used to own we came of pedigree stock; but when we're bad, seems we took after father. You see mother's folk was the elect, sort of born saved. They allowed there'd be room in Heaven for one hundred and forty-four thousand just persons, mostly from Nova Scotia, but when they took to sorting the neighbors, they'd get exclusive.

Anyway, mother's folk as a tribe, is millionaires in grace and pretty well fixed in Nova Scotia. Then she's found out, secretly married among the gcaits. Her name's scratched out of the family Bible, with a strong hint to the Lord to scratch her entry from the Book of Life. She's married a sailor-man, before the mast, a Livelyer from the Labrador, a man without a dollar, suspected of being Episcopalian.

In them days the Labrador ain't laid out exactly to suit mother. She's used to luxury—coal in the lean-to, tattie in the cellar, cows in the barn, barter store round the corner, malle, church, school, and a jail right handy, so she can enjoy the ungodly getting of their just deserts. But in our time the Labrador was just God's country, all rocks, ice, and sea, to put the fear into proud hearts—no need of "eachers. It kills off the weaklings—no need of doctors. A school to raise men—no need of preachers. The law was "work or starve"—no place for lawyers. It's police, and court, and hangman all complete, fire and hail, snow and vapors, wind and storm fulfilling His word.

Father's home was an overturned schooner, turfed in, and he was surely proud of having a bigger place than any other Livelyer on the coast. There was the hold overhead for stowing winter fish, and room down-stairs for the family, the team of seven husky dogs, and even a cord or two of firewood. We kids used to play at New-Falanders up in the hold, when the winter storms were tearing the tops off the hills, and the Eskimo devil howled blue shrieks outside. The huskies makes wolf songs all about the fewness of fish, and we'd hear mother give father a piece of her mind. That's about the first I remember, but all what mother thought about poor father took years and years to say.

I used to be kind of sorry for father. You see he worked the bones through his hide, furring all winter and fishing summers, and what he earned he'd get in truck from the company. All us Livelyers owed to the Hudson Bay, but father worked hardest and he owed most, hundreds and hundreds of skins. The company trusted him. There wasn't a man on the coast more trusted than he was, with mother to feed, and six kids, besides seven huskies, and father's aunt, Thessalonika, a widow with four children and a tumor, living down to Last Hope beyond the Rocks.

There was acraels about father, and if mother ever found out! You see, he looked like a white man, curly yaller hair same as me, and he was fearful strong. But in his inside—don't ever tell!—he was partly small boy same's me, and the other half of him—don't ever let on!—was mountaineer injun. I seen his three brothers, the finest fellows you ever—yes, Scotch half-breeds—and mother never knew.

That's me on father's knee, with my nose in his buckskin shirt, and even to this day the wood smoke in

camp brings back the wuff, whereas summers his boots smelt fishy. What happened first or afterwards is all mixed up, but there's the smoke smell and sister Maggie lying in the bunk, all white and froze.

There's fish smell, and Polly who used to wallop me with a slipper, lying white and froze. And yet I knew she couldn't get froze in summer.

Then there's smoke smell, and big Tommy, bigger nor father, throwing up blood. I said he'd catch it from mother for messing the floor, but mother just hugged me, telling me to shut up. I aaxed him if Tommy was going to get froze, too. Then father told me that Tommy was going away to where the milk came out of a cow.

You just shove the can opener into the cow so—and the milk pours out, whole candy pails of milk. And there's vegi tables, which is green things to eat. First time you swell up and pretty high bust, but you soon get used to greens. Tommy is going to Civil Zation. It's months and months off, and when you get there, the people is so awful mean they'd let a stranger starve to death without so much as "Come in." The men wear pants right down to their heels, and as to the women—

Mother comes in and looks at father, so he forgets to say about the women at Civil Zation, but other times he'd tell, oh, lots of stories. He said it was worse for the likes of us than New Jerusalem.

I reckon Tommy died, and Joan, too, and mother would get gaunt and dry, rocking herself. "The Lord gave," she'd say, "and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

There was only Pete and me left, and father wagging his pipe across the stove at mother. "They'll die, ma'am," I heard him say, and she just sniffed. "If I hadn't taken 'em out doors they'd be dead now, ma'am."

She called him an injun. She called him—I dunno what she didn't call him. I'd been asleep, and when I woke up she was cooking breakfast while she called him a lot more things she must have forgot to say. But he carried me in his arms out through the little low door, and it was stabbing cold with a blaze of northern lights.

He tucked me up warm on the komatik, he hitched up the huskies, and mushed, way up the tuckle, and through the soft bush snow, and at sunup we made his winter tilt on Torrask Creek. We put in the winter there, furring, and every time he came home from the round of traps, he'd sell me all the pelts. I was surely proud when he took me hunting fur and partridges. I was with him to the fishing, in the fall we'd hunt, all winter we'd trap till it was time for the sealing, and only two or three times in a year we'd be back to mother.

Then I'd see Pete, too, who'd got plink, with a spitting cough. He wanted to play with me, but I wouldn't. I just couldn't. I hated to be anywheres near him.

"Didn't I tell ye?" father would point at Pete coughing. "Didn't I warn ye?"

But mother set her mouth in a thin line.

"Pete," said she, "is saved."

Next time we come mother was all alone.

"The Lord gave," she says "and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," but it's getting kind of monotonous.

She hadn't much to say then, she didn't seem to care, but was just numb. He wrapped her up warm on the komatik, with just a sack of clothes, her Bible, and the album of photos from Nova Scotia, yes, and the china dogs she carried in her arms. Father broke the trail ahead, I took the gee pole, and when day came, we made the winter tilt. There mother kep' house just as she would at home, so clean we was almost scared to step indoors.

It was along in March or maybe April that father was away in coarse weather, making the round of his traps. He didn't come back. There'd been a blizzard, a wolfhowling hurricane, blowing out a lane of bare ground round the back of the cabin while the big drift piled higher and packed harder, until the comb of it grew out above our roof like a sea breaker, froze so you could walk on the overhang. And just between dark and duckish father's husky team came back without him.

It was March, too, the moon of famine. Of course I threw my ax and missed. His hungry smile's still thar behind a bush, and me wondering whether his business is with me or father. That's why I stepped on the snow-shoes, and went right past where he was, not daring to get my ax. Yes, it was me he wanted to see—first, but of course I wasn't going to encourage any animal into thinking he'd scared a man. Why, he'd scarce have let father even see his tracks for

I don't reckon I was more'n ten or eleven years old, but you see, this Labrador is kind of serious with us, and makes even kids act responsible. Go easy, and there's famine, freezing, blackleg, all sorts of reds against laziness. It sort of educates.

Mother was worse than silent. There was something about her that scared me more than anything outdoors. In the morning her eye kep' following me as if to say, "Go find your father." Surely it was up to me, and if I wasn't big enough to drive the huskies or pack father's gun, I thought I could manage afoot to tote his four-pound ax. She beckoned me to her and kissed me—just once in ten years, and I was quick through the door, out of reach, lest she should see me mighty near cryin'.

It was all very well showing off brave before mother, but when I got outside, any excuse would have been enough for going back. I wished I'd left the matches behind, but I hadn't. I wished the snow would be too soft, but it was hard as sand. I wished I wasn't a coward, and the bush didn't look so woolly, and what if I met up with the Eskimo devil! Oh, I was surely the scarestest lil' boy, and dead certain I'd get lost. Then I went on because I was going, and there was father's trail blazed on past Bake-apple Marsh. The way was as plain as streets, and the sun shining warm as he looked over into the valley.

Then I saw a man's mitt, an old buckskin mitt sticking up out of the snow. Father had dropped his mitt, and without that his hand would be froze. When I found him, how glad he'd be to get it!

But when I tried to pick it up, it was heavy. Then it came away, and there was father's hand sticking up. It was dead.

Of course I know I'd ought to have dug down through the snow, but I didn't. I ran for all I was worth. Then I got out of breath and come back shamed.

It wasn't for love of father. No. I hated to touch that hand, and when I did I was sick. Still that was better than being scared to touch. It's not so bad when you dare.

I dug, with a snow-shoe for a shovel. There was the buckskin shirt smelling good, and the long fringes I'd used to tickle his nose with—then I found his face. I just couldn't bear that, but turned my back and dug until I came to the great, big, number-four trap he used for wolf and beaver. He must



There Was Father's Hand Sticking Up.

have stepped without seeing it under the snow, and it broke his leg. Then he'd tried to drag himself back home.

It was when I stood up to get breath and cool off that I first seen the wolf, setting peaceful, waggin' his tail. First I thought he was one of our own huskies, but when he didn't know his name I saw for sure he must be the wolf who lived up Two Mile Crick. He'd got poor inspecting father's business instead of minding his own. That's why he was called the Inspector. It was March, too, the moon of famine. Of course I threw my ax and missed. His hungry smile's still thar behind a bush, and me wondering whether his business is with me or father. That's why I stepped on the snow-shoes, and went right past where he was, not daring to get my ax. Yes, it was me he wanted to see—first, but of course I wasn't going to encourage any animal into thinking he'd scared a man. Why, he'd scarce have let father even see his tracks for

CHAPTER II.

The Happy Ship.

Cap'n Mose of the Zedekiah W. Baggs 'e was a Sunday Christian. All up along 'e'd wear a silk hat, the only one on the Labrador. Yes, Sundays 'e'd be ashore talkin' 'e predestination an' grace out of a book 'e kep' in 'e berth, but never a word about fish or the state of the ice. Mother'd been raised to a belief in Christians, so when Mose dropped in at her shack, admirin' how she cooked, she'd be pleased all up the sack, and have him

right in to dinner. He'd kiss me, talkin' soft about little children. Yes, That's how 'e got me away to sea as boy on a sealin' voyage, without payin' me any wages.

Mother never knew what Cap'n Mose was like on week-days, and Sunday didn't happen aboard of the Zedekiah. I remember hidin' away at the back of Ole Olegson's bunk, axing God please to turn me into an animal. Any sort would do, because I seen men kind to animals. You know an animal mostly consists of a pure heart, and four legs, which is a great advantage. Queer world though, if all our prayers was granted.

Relay thar. A man sets out to tell adventures, and if his victims don't find some excuse for getting absent, he owes them all the happiness he's got. It's mean to hand out sorrow to persons bearing their full share already. So we proceeds to the night when I ran from the Zedekiah, and joined the Happy Ship.

We lay in the big ice pack off Cape Broton. The Zedekiah was old, just paint an' punk, and she did surely groan to the thrust of the pack. I was too scared to sleep, so I went up or deck.

I'd allus watched for a chance to run away, and thar was Jim, the anchor-watch, squatting on the little dead asleep. He used to be that way when nobody chased him.

I seen the lights of the three-masted schooner a couple of miles to windward. I grabbed a sealing gaff and slid down on the ice.

First, as the pans rocked under me, I was scary, next I warmed, gettin' venturesome, until I came near sliding into the wet, and after that I'd look before I lep'.

You know how the grinding piles an edge around each pan, of broken splinters? That edge shone white agin the black of the water, all the guide I had. But times the squalls of wind was like scythes edged with sleet, so I was blinded, waiting, freezing until a full came, and I'd get on it was broad day, and I reckon each step weighed a ton before I made that schooner.

A gray man, fat, with a chin whisker, lifted me in overside. "Come far?" says he, and I turned round to show him the Zedekiah. She wasn't there. She was gone—foundered.

So that's how I came aboard of the Happy Ship, just like a lil' lost dog with no room in my skin for more'n bones and famine. Captain Smith used to say he'd signed me on as fam'ly ghost; but he paid me honest wages, fed me honest grub, while as to clothes and bed, I was snug as a little rabbit. He taught me reading and writing, and punctuation with his belt, sums, hand, reef, and steer, catechism, knots and splices, sewing, squeegee, rule of the road, soojie moolie, psalms of David, constitution of the United States, and playing the trombone, with three pills and a good lickin' regular Saturday nights. Mother's little boy began to set up and take notice.

The five years in the Pawtucket all along, from Montreal to Colon, from banjos plunkin' in them portales of Vera Cruz, to bugles crying reveilly in Quebec, and the oyster boats asleep by Old Point Comfort, and the Gloucester fleet storming home past Saule, and dagoes basking on Havana quays. Suck oranges in the dinghy under the moonlight, waiting to help the old man aboard when he's drunk. If ever he went ashore without me, I'd be like a lost dog, and he drunk before the sun was over the yard-arm. But away together it wasn't master and boy, but just father and son. He'd even named me after himself, and that's why my name's (SMITH BE CONTINUED.)

Jekyll and Hyde Both Out.
One day Mr. Jenkins, senior partner in the firm, came out of his private office and handed Jimmy, the public boy, a slip of paper and said: "Here, Jimmy, go over to the public library and get me 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' I have written it on a piece of paper for you so that you will not forget."

Jimmy lost the slip of paper on the way. When he discovered his loss he returned to the office without going to the library and was seated at his little desk innocently shooting flies with a rubber band when Mr. Jenkins said to him: "Well, Jimmy, where's 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'?"

"Please, Mr. Jenkins," responded Jimmy with well feigned candor, "the lady at the library said they both just went to the ball game and to call for them in the morning."

Interesting Memory Test.
Ask anyone to draw a representation of a watch face with Roman numbers and you will have plenty of evidence of the unreliability of incidental memory.

Of two hundred persons examined by Myers only eight omitted the VI from their drawing of the watch face, and only twenty-one put III instead of the more familiar notation, IV. From this it would appear that impeachment of a witness because of his inability to report some incidental feature of an event or scene is not psychologically justified.—Case and Comment.

ACCORDED A HIGH POSITION
Women of Serbia, Well Educated and Able, Are Companions of Their Husbands and Brothers.

There is no country in the world where women occupy a more dignified position in the home than Serbia. The Serbian idea is quite different from that of the Turk, who keeps his women behind shut doors or the German, whose ideal woman is a hausfrau. In Serbia the woman is the companion of the man.

A man is responsible for his unmarried sisters, and throughout the Balkan states it is considered rather a breach of etiquette for him to marry before his older sister.

No Serbian girl would feel she could hold up her head in society unless she could speak four languages. There is hardly a Serbian woman who cannot play some musical instrument. Embroidery, painting, drawing, and sculpture are all studied. Politics is a popular feature among women.

Serbian women are very domesticated and the highest ladies pay personal attention to trivial matters of house-keeping.

There are two women doctors practicing in Belgrade, and several women teachers. But public opinion, on the whole, is rather against women entering the labor arena.

Great Financier Poor Writer.
Illegible handwriting may prove an aid to prosperity. The late Lord Goschen said of his father: "He has told me, half in joke and half in earnest, that when he came to London he was obliged to found a firm because he wrote such a bad hand that no one would take him for a clerk."

Of Lord Goschen himself his biographer remarks: "In his latter years he might have spelt as he chose, for no one could have affirmed with certainty how many 'ts' he might have put in 'although.' At length his script became undecipherable even by Goschen himself. He could not when speaking in parliament make out what it was that he had put on paper, and he thus came in later years to abandon almost entirely his old practice of making notes."

Most Graceful Mounting of Plumes



GOOD ostrich feathers require the investment of more money than almost any other millinery trimming, but they last much longer. They are always in fashion and they stand cleaning and dyeing so that the life of a good feather extends over several years. A handsome pair of plumes is shown here. They are the only trimming required on a shape, and it is a mistake to use any other with them, unless it is a little band and bow of ribbon about the crown. This will serve to conceal the mounting of the feathers.

As will be seen in the picture, the plumes are mounted at the back of the hat, with one falling toward the front and the other standing almost upright. They are placed back to back.

By buying a readymade velvet shape the owner of a plume, or of two or three, may mount them herself by going about it in the right way. It is usual to first sew the wire stem of each plume to a little square or disk of buckram. This should be about the size of a half dollar. The stems must be sewed securely to the buckram with a strong linen thread. When the needle is thrust through the buckram first, leave several inches of the thread free. After many stitches are made (holding the plume securely to the buckram), this free end is used to tie with the remainder of the thread.

The piece of buckram fastened in this way to the stems of the plumes make it possible to mount them gracefully. When sewing the buckram to the shape an end of thread is left free

for tying. This is necessary because plumes sway in the wind and will pull stitches that are not tied, loose, and one is liable to lose a plume. Whenever a plume is fastened to the hat it should be tied rather than sewed, but several stitches are needed as well as the tied thread, to hold the plume securely.

Do not make the mistake of drawing the plume tightly against the hat. Let it fall naturally. Then, to keep it in position, tie the thread about the rib and then attach it (the thread), to the hat, leaving the thread sufficiently long to give the plume a little play. The whole object is to fasten the plume in place, but in such a way as to make the fastening unnoticeable.

It is a feature of this reason's millinery that a pair of plumes back to back, or one curling within the other, is mounted at the same point on the hat.

One or two plumes are seen more often than a great number. For the season demands that the lines of shape must be preserved, not lost, by too abundant trimming.

White plumes clean and dye satisfactorily. In buying black plumes, a good quality may be depended on for many seasons' wear. But one must select glossy and deep black ones, for the color of these will not grow less rich with wear. Very good plumes are not much affected by moisture. If they become damp hold them over the stove or a radiator, and shake them until thoroughly dry.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

BASKETS FOR THE HOME-MADE CANDIES EASY TO FASHION

NOW that it has become difficult to buy really good candy without paying an extravagant price, those who know how to make the delicious homemade candies can be certain of making the most palatable of gifts for friends who haven't time or ability to make them. It is too early to make up candies for the holidays, but one may prepare in advance pretty boxes or baskets in which to place them when they are made.

Secure at the ten cent store or wherever you can find them the bright little splint baskets, such as are pictured here. Cut and pull out the strand of colored shavings that have been placed in them for ornament. Run in, instead of the shavings a ribbon of the same width. A thin, inexpensive satin ribbon is just the right kind for this purpose. Tie the ribbon in a small bow at the front of the basket. Light green and light

blue, or colors corresponding with those in the basket, are prettiest. Red and green are fine, if the basket is in the natural wood or bamboo color. These little baskets may be gilded with gold paint and made very attractive. After the candy has been eaten the basket will remain a pleasant reminder to the recipient of the donor's delicious Christmas gift.

Paraffine or tissue paper should be placed in them to protect them from the candy. They will serve so many purposes later—thread boxes, handkerchief,

ribbons, laces, gloves—all these need boxes. But the prettiest use for them is as a receptacle for small flowers used in table decorations. By fitting them with a scallow tin cup or part of a can, and throwing back the lid, they make a charming decoration for the table, filled with foliage and flowers.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Dress Shields.
Instead of sewing or pinning shields in a waist, sew a narrow piece of tape or baby ribbon at each end of the shield, and sew similar pieces at the proper distance apart in the armholes of all your waists. The shields are quickly tied in place, they are easily changed in wash waists, and there are no pins to rust or prick.

Devised Ham Loaf.
Take two cupfuls of cracker or bread crumbs, one-quarter of a pound of deviled ham and two cupfuls of milk, using a portion of it to moisten the ham. Stir in two well beaten eggs, add one saltspoonful of salt, pour into a buttered bread pan and bake in a moderate oven for an hour. Serve cold cut in thin slices.

To Stone Raisins.
When stoning raisins the following method is excellent: First free them from their stems, then put in a bowl and cover them with boiling water, letting them remain in it for two minutes; finally pour off the water and open the raisins, and the seeds can be removed quickly and easily without the usual stickiness.

Marshmallow Mousse.
Beat one pint of heavy cream until stiff, fold in one-half cup of powdered sugar, and three-fourths cup of marshmallows cut into small pieces, flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla, turn into a mold, pack in salt and ice and let stand from four to six hours before serving.

Monograms.
French knots make a very handsome monogram, especially in old English. No padding is required, and the paper-mache letters cannot be used. Stamp the monogram upon the article and then simply fill it in closely and solidly with small French knots. The result will be highly satisfactory.

Plaited Maline.
Maline is more used than ever, and there is scarcely a gown without the plaited frills or ruffles of this soft material.

LEAVE OUT THE SUPERFLUOUS

Some Truth in Assertion That Present Generation Considers Too Many "Wants" as "Needs."

A woman who has been observing people and things has come to the conclusion that the expense of living today is largely due to individual indulgence. People want so much more than they formerly did, or at any rate, if they wanted it before, they often did without it, for expediency's sake; but now, she says, to want and to have no hand in hand without regard for expediency. This woman says: "My idea of the widespread complaint of the high cost of living is that people are not temperate in supplying their three principal wants, namely: food, clothing and shelter. Some people cut down on food and shelter and spend an over-abundance on clothing. Others indulge themselves in rich foods that are absolutely unnecessary. Still others like to live in fashionable quarters and neglect their food and shelter. A person to be happy must

preserve a balance in all things. One must temperate with regard to food, clothing and shelter. Live in a respectable but not ultra-fashionable neighborhood; wear standard clothes, not the latest Paris fashions; eat good, substantial food, not rich, tasty delicacies that cater only to the palate, is my parting advice."

Unconventionalities.
"It was printed in your paper, was it, mister? That's the reason I didn't see it."

"You don't seem to notice, Gerald, that it's nearly midnight, and I'm yawning to beat the band!"

"There's no need of your apologizing for these sliced tomatoes, Mrs. Naylor; I saw they were spoiled, and I haven't touched 'em."

"Yes, I notice, Mrs. Sykes, that your boy Bill takes my Mary Jane to the moving picture shows quite often. What she sees in him I can't imagine."

"Oh, well, Mrs. Gizzard, my Bill goes to see your Mary Jane because nobody else does; he kind of pities her."—Chicago Tribune.

Want Protection for Lions.

The legislative council of British East Africa is expected to adopt a proposal at present before it for the protection of lions on crown lands. Up to the present game licenses which stipulate the number and class of animals that may be killed or captured have ignored lions, which have been regarded as vermin. Now, however, it is proposed to limit each holder of a big game shooting license to four lions. The other day a game ranger who is said to be familiar with all the conditions in British East Africa expressed the opinion that the proposal would do very little, if carried into effect, to prevent the extermination of lions in certain parts of the protectorate. "They are being exterminated," he said, "by the advance of civilization. Exterminated may not be the right word, for they are really being driven away. In my opinion, however, there will be no actual disappearance of the lion for a very long time to come, although, even when he is on the game license, there will be complete freedom to hunt and shoot on private land."