

A Man in the Open

by Roger Roock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young



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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas. He marries Polly, a singer of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide. Jesse becomes a rancher and moves to British Columbia. Kate Trevor takes up the narrative. Unhappily married she contemplates suicide, but changes her mind after meeting Jesse. Jesse rescues Kate from her drink-maddened husband who attempts to kill her. Trevor loses his life in the rapids. Kate rejects offers of grand opera managers to return to the stage and marries Jesse.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Were there no clouds, would you realize that the sky is blue? If no little misunderstandings had risen above our horizon, would Jesse and I have realized our wedded happiness? How should I know when I read his pocket diary, what was meant by "one night out. Took Matilda," or "Matilda and Fussy tonight," or "marched with Harem!" Matilda and Fussy if you please, are blankets, and the Harem is his winter camp equipment. What would you think if you found this in a book?

He says it means, "Eating-house woman chasing—Jesse galloping—home dead fish."

And some of it is worse! I dare not accuse my dear man of being narrow-minded. I have no doubt that he is quite satisfied in his intense antipathy to niggers, dagos and chinks—indeed, he will not allow my Chinese servant on the ranch. But if I wished to unhook a choice vintage of stories, I alluded to his prejudice against the word "grizzly" as applied to his pet bear!

"Now that's what you're dead wrong." He threw a log of cedar upon our camp altar, making fresh incense to the wild gods. "The landlord's silver-tip, fat as butter. Down in the low country, whar feed is mean, and Britshers around, the bars is poor, and called grizzlies. I'd be ashamed to have a grizzly on my ranch."

"Why is the landlord called Eph?" "Christian name. Most bars is Ephraim, but he's Ephrata which means 'be open.' I tried to get him to be open with me instead of stealing chickens. That's when the bad year come."

"Were you in difficulties?" "Eph was. Them canneries down to salt water, had fished the Fraser out, and the hatchery didn't get to its work until the fourth year, when the new spawn come back to their home river. Yes, and the salmon berries failed. So when the sarvis and berries went back on him, he sort of petered out. He come to the cabin and said, plain as talk, he was nigh quitting business."

"But, Jesse! A starving gr—I mean b'ar. Weren't you afraid even then?" "Why for? My pardner attends to his business, and don't interfere with my hawas ranch. He owns the grubs, berries, salmon, wild honey and fixings. I owns the grass, stock, chickens, and garden sass. When we disagreed about them cabbages, I shot holes in his ears until he allowed they was mine. His ears is still sort of untidy. As to his eating Sarah, wall, I warned her not to tempt poor Eph too much."

"Sarah?" "Jones' foal. Being a fool runs in her family. Wall, Sarah died, and cabbages was gettin' seldom, and Eph was losing confidence in my aim, although I told him I'm tough as sea beef."

"He did attack you then?" "Not exactly. His acts might have been misunderstood, though. Seemed to me it was time to survey the pasture, and see how much in the way of grub could be spared to a poor widower. These people eats meat, but they like it butchered for 'em, and ripened. Down at the south end, I spared Eph a family of wolverines, one at a time, to make the rations hold out. He began to get encouraged. Then this place was just humming with rattlesnakes, so Eph and me just went around together so long as the hunting was worth the trouble. I doubt if there's any left."

At that I breathed a sigh of relief. "Then Eph gets sassy, wanting squirts and chipmunks. Now that I was firm. Every striped varmint of 'em may rob my oat sacks, every squirt may set up and cuss all day."

but they won't get hurt. Though they has enemies—foxes, mink, skunk, weasel, I fed that lot to Eph, saving the foxes. Tell you, Kate, the landlord began to get so proud he wouldn't know me."

"Your great eagles, Jesse; they kill squirrels, too."

"That's a fact. If I shot the eagles, them squirts would get too joyful. Eagles acks as a sort of religion to squirts, or they'd forget their prayers. The next proposition was cougars."

"Oh, I'm glad you killed them. At the old ranch I was so terrified I'd lie awake all night."

"I'm sort of sorry. Many's the time, camped on your bench land, which I own is a good place for cougars, I'd set up half the night to listen. They sang love songs, big war songs, and all kinds of music. Fancy you bein' scared!"

"Kill them? They're hard to see as ghosts, and every time you fire they just get absent. That ain't the reason though, for if the landlord wanted cat's meat, I'd like to see the fight."

"He'd never dare to fight that giant bear!"

"I dunno. Eph ain't lost no cougars. He treats them as total strangers. "But the real reason I fed no mountain-lions to Eph is mostly connected with sheep. Cougars does a right smart business in sheep, specially Surly Brown's. Sheep is meaner'n snakes, sheepmen is meaner'n sheep, and if the herders disagrees with the cougars' give me the cougars. Sheepmen is dirt."

There spoke the unregenerate cowboy! "But, Jesse dear, are you sure that Eph won't expect me to be 'spared' next time he's hungry?"

"Why, no. He was raised respectable, and there's a proper etiquette for 'bars on meeting a lady. It's sort of first dance-movements:—general slide, pass the cloak-room, and whar's my little home?"

Jesse's Note. N. B.—Kate and me agrees that the next chapter has to be cut out, being dull. It's all about the barn-raising after we got home to the ranch. The neighbors put us up a fine big cabin connecting to the old one by a covered porch of cedar shakes. That's where the fire-wood lives, the water-butt, the grindstone, which Kate says is exactly like my singing voice, likewise the ax and saw.

Of course our house-raising was a celebration, with a dance, camp-fire water-but full of punch, and head-aches. I bet five dollars I was the only semaphore signaler in our district, and lost it to Iron Dale, who learned signaling five years ago during the Riel rebellion. Cap Taylor put up a signal system for our use, of fires by night or big smokes by day.



I Twisted Him by the Ear Into My Cabin.

One means a celebration, two means help, and three means war. After the celebration we settled for the winter, and I put all the ponies except Jones and the sleigh team down in the canyon pasture. That made the ranch sort of lonesome, but we're short of hay on account of the wedding-trip. We're broke.

CHAPTER V.

The Illustrious Salvator.

Jesse's Letter. Mother, I'm married. I thought I'd got bliss by the horns, but seems I've not roped what I throwed for, and

what I've caught is trouble. I wish you weren't in Heaven, which feels kind of cold and distant when a fellow's lonesome. Nobody loves me, and the mosquitoes has mistook me for a greenhorn.

I can't smoke in the lady's home, and when it's forty below zero outside, a pipe clogs with ice from your breath. Chewing is worse, because she cried. She don't need my guns, saddles, and me, or any sort of litter whar she beds down, and my table manners belongs under the table. Men, she says, feeds sitting down, so they won't be mistook for animals, which stand up.

I jest moved back into the old cabin with Mick,—he's wagging himself by the tail between my legs to say as this writing habit is a vice. If I'd only a bottle of whiskey now I'd be good, but as it's eighty miles to refreshments, he's got to put up with vice.

Mrs. Trevor's husband was an opera singer which mislaid his vocal cords, so settled here to be on his romantic lonesome, and spite his wife. He went loco, and mistook her for a bear; she broke her ankle stampeding, and I took an interest, he shooting me up considerable until he met with an accident. Then his widow married me, and I'm plumb disheartened.

I. I was cooking slapjacks, which gives quick satisfaction for the time invested, when Iron Dale rolled in on his way home. Says my high-grade slapjacks is such stuff as dreams are made of. With him quoting Scripture like that, I got suspicious about his coming around by this ranch, instead of hitting straight for Sky-line. On that he owns up to something dam curious and disturbing to my fur. That's a stranger at Hundred Mile House, claiming he's come from London, England, to find my wife.

On the stage sleigh from Ashcroft this person got froze, which mostly happens to a tenderfoot, who'd rather freeze like a man than run behind like a dog. So of course he comes in handy for poor Doc McGee. He's got a sort of puppy piano along, which grieves me to think our settlers must be getting out of date with such latest improvements, and other settlements liable to throw dirt in our face. Seems it's called harpscord, and this person plays it night and day, so that the ranch hands is quitting, and Cap Taylor charges him double money for board. I wonder what he wants with my wife, anyhow. The missus wants me to take the sleigh and collect him. I dunno but seems to my dim intellects that would robbing the doctor and Capt. Taylor who done me no harm.

III. This morning, after rigging a life-line to the stable because of this continuing blizzard, I went to the lady's home. She showed me a letter Dale brought, in eytalian, which says the swine proposes to kiss her feet, and wallow in divine song, etc. His name is Salvator, so he's a dago. She being white, can't have any truck with such, so that's all right. Seems the puppy piano is for her from her beloved maestro, another swine from the same litter. She's singing now, and it goes through my bones. Her voice is deep as a man's, strong as Fraser Rapids, and I own that puppy piano appeals to my best instincts. As for me, my name's mud, and she treads it.

IV. The wind went chasing after the sun, leaving peace and clear stars, so this morning it must be sixty below zero by the way the logs are splitting. At noon Tearful George transpires, dumping the puppy piano, and the swine with his nose in a muff. Tearful had capsized the sleigh over stumps to make his passenger run instead of arriving here like frozen meat, but appears it hadn't done the harpscord no good. He said he'd roll his tail before any more music broke out, so didn't stay dinner.

Kate's pleased all to pieces. Seems this gent in the paper collar has wrote an opera, and there's a party goes by the name of Impress Ario, song and dance artist, putting it on the stage at London, England. The leading woman sings base, and that's why Kate is wanted. To the only woman on earth who sings base enough, they sends this dingus and the organ-grinder. She says it's a business proposition with money in it, and wants me to come

IN THIS DAY OF UNCERTAINTY

Sophisticated Girl Refused to Accept Dueling Scars on Face as Proof of German Blue Blood.

"Oh, he's a sure thing German count," said the first summer girl. "Look at the dueling scars on his face. They mean that at Heidelberg or some such university he was one of them swell corps students that hack each other up in duels just for the fun of it."

Very Rapid Descent.

At the exhibition of post-impressionist paintings in New York two Boston men were standing in front of the much-talked-of canvas alleged to represent a figure descending the stairs. "This is the worst yet," cried one. "Look at it! It is simply a tangled mass of streaks and splashes." "I think," said the other, after gazing at it a moment, "that the fault lies in the title, which is not sufficiently explanatory. It should tell us that it is a figure descending the stairs after the careless scrub woman had left a cake of soap on the top step."

along to the Old Country. She'd have me in a collar and chain with a pink bow at my off ear, promenading in Strand Street.

She's been having a rough time here, mostly living on wild meat, without money or servants. I'd like well to see her happier; I know her music belongs to the whole world, and I've no right to hold her to any selfishness. If it's up to her to go, it's agin me to look pleased, and she shall go the day I believe in her call.

V. I made the dago bed down in here, but he flopped over to breakfast and they've been at it hammer and tongs ever since. "Tinkie tankie ping ping pee-chee-ree-ho-O! Oh! Oho! me-cata-laou-ow-yow." Cougars is kittens to it, but I'm durned ignorant, and I noticed that the signor looked on while she washed up.

I didn't sorrow with Kate persuading me to drive them as far as Hundred Mile. The sound of her voice stampedes me every time, but when the dago tries to stroke my ears, he was too numerous, so I held his head in the bucket until he began to subside. I don't take to him a whole lot. From when I'd finished the horses, till nigh on sundown, the music rattled off, and I got more and more ruffled. At last I walked right in.

She'd a black dress, indecent round the shoulders, and a bright star on her brow. She stood with the swine's



She Swings the Widow Through the Window.

arms around her, until at the sight of me he shrank off, guilty as hell. There was nary a flicker of shame or fear to her, but she just stood there looking so grand and beautiful that my breath caught in my throat. "Why, Jesse," she said, her voice all soft with joy, "I'm so glad you've come to see. It's the great scene, the renunciation. Come, Salvator, from Thy people shall be..."

I twisted him by the ear into my cabin, he talking along like a gramophone. I set him down on the stool, myself on the bunk, inspecting him while I cut bacy, and had a pipe. If I let him fight me with guns, she'd make a hero of him. If I hoofed him into the cold or otherwise watted him to the dago paradise, she'd make a villain of me.

"You wrote an opery," says I. He explains with his tongue, his eyes, and both paws waving around for the time it takes to boil eggs. I'm not an egg.

"You give the leading woman a base voice?" He boiled over some more. "So you got an excuse for coming." He spread out over the landscape. "Thinkin'," sez I, "that she'd rothin' more than Trevor to guard her honor." More talk. "But you found her married with a man."

He wanted to go alone to civilization.

"You stay here," I says, "and Salvator, you're going to earn your board."

VI. I ain't claiming that this Salvator actually earned his grub this month. He can clean stables now without being kicked into a curry hash; he can chop water holes through ice, and has only parted with one big toe up to date; he can buck fire-wood if I tend him with spurs and quirt; but his dish-washing needs more rehearsals, and he ain't word perfect yet at scrubbing floors. He's less fractious and slothful since he was up-ended and spanked in presence of a lady, but on the other hand, there's a lack of joy, cheerfulness, and application.

I sent a cable message by Tearful George to the song and dance artist who's running the swine's opery, just inquiring if he'd remitted Salvator to collect my wife. The reply is indignant to say that the swine is a liar. Likewise there's a paragraph in the Vancouver papers about the illustrious young composer, Salvator Milani, who's disappeared, it seems, into the wilds. His wife is desolated, his kids is frantic, the Salvatori, a musical society, is offering rewards, which may come in useful, and the rest of mankind throws fits. This paper owns up that the departed is careless and absent-minded, and I just pause to observe that he hasn't made my bed. He'll have some quirt for supper.

As to my wife, she'd never believe that the swine wasn't sent to fetch her, or that he's deserted his wife and family. She thinks he's a little cock angel, and me a cock devil. She'll have to find him out for herself.

VII. My wife has run away with him.

VIII. I could pick stars like apples. Here's me with my pipe and dog in my home, and my dear wife content. The Dook of London has no more, except frills. I hardly know whar to begin, 'cept whar I left off without mentioning how they run away. The illustrious didn't have the nerve, so it was my lady who stole over to stable in the dead of night, and harnessed the team so silent I never woke. She drove off with her trunks, the puppy piano, and her swine, on a bitter night with eighty mile ahead before she'd get any help if things went wrong. She has the pure grit, my great thoroughbred lady, and it makes me feel real good to think of the way she followed her conscience along that unholy trail through the black pines.

By dawn she put up for breakfast at O'Flynn's. The widow had broke her leg reproaching a cow, and sent off her son to the carpenter at Hundred and Fifty Mile House to get the same repaired. Her bed was beside the stove, with cord-wood, water, and grub all within reach. It was real awkward though that the stove had petered out, and the water bucket froze solid while she slept, so she was expecting to be watted before her son got home, when Kate arrived in time to save her from Heaven. The signor volunteers to make fire and cook grub while Kate fed and watered the team, so my wife has the pleasure of chopping out a five-foot well at Bent Creek, while this unselfish cavalierio stayed in the house and got warm. Naturally he didn't know enough to light the stove, until the widow threw things, and he got the coal-ol. Then he disremembered how to soak the kindlings before he struck a match, so he lit the fuel first, then stood over pouring oil from the five-gallon can. When the fire leep' up into the can, of course he had to let go, and when he seen the cabin all in flames, he galloped off to the woods, leaving the Widow O'Flynn to burn comfy all by herself.

By the time Kate reaches the cabin, the open door is all flames; but, having the ice ax, she runs to the gable end, and hacks in through the window. The bed's burning quite brisk by then, but the widow has quit out, climbed to the window and gone to sleep with the smoke, so that Kate climbs in and alights on top of her sudden. The fire catches hold of my wife, but she swings the widow through the window, climbs out, lights on top of her again, then takes a roll in the snow.

When the illustrious comes out of the woods to explain, d'ye think she'd listen? I can just see him explaining with dago English, paws, shoulders, and eyes. She leaves him explaining in front of the burning cabin. My wife humped this widow to the barn, and got warm clothes from her trunks for both of them. She fired out her baggage and the puppy piano, bedded down the widow in clean hay, hitched up the team, and hit the trail for home.

She hadn't a mile to go before she met me, and what with the smoke from O'Flynn's, the widow in the rig, and the complete absence of the swine, I'd added up before she reined her team. She would want to cry in my arms.

So she's in bed here, her burns dressed with oil from a bear who held me up once on the Sky-line trail. It's good oil. The widow's asleep in my cabin, and I'm right to home with this letter wrote to you, Mother. I guess you know, Mummy, why me and my pipe and my dog are welcome now, which you've lived in your time and loved.

So hoping you're in Heaven, as this leaves me at present.

Yr. affect. son, JESSE. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wireless to Aid Police.

A very complete wireless system is being established throughout the Canadian northwest, which will be of great value for scientific purposes and also to the northwest mounted police. A plant costing \$100,000 is about being established at LePas, Manitoba, with a 150-foot mast. This town is the southern terminus of the Hudson Bay railway. Other plants throughout the far northwest will be established at an early date.

Picture Statesmen at Work.

A moving picture concern recently obtained permission to take a series of moving pictures illustrating French parliamentary life. Legislators soon got to hear of the matter, says Les Nouvelles, some of them showing themselves particularly anxious to figure on the film. The taking of the film lasted several days, and the operator took pictures of the chamber at all times. Photographs will show the deserted benches of the morning, with a dozen or so deputies discussing laws affecting the whole of France, the solemn arrival of the president, life in the lobbies, a stormy afternoon session and the thronged refreshment bar.

"For Germany leads the world in men's beauty parlors as in lots of other things, and Germans take treat-

COMMON SENSE HINTS FOR THE HOG LOT



Right Kind of Sow for Breeding.

The hog lot has much to do about determining the lot of hogs.

Long legs in a hog ought to bar him as a breeder. Porkers, not racers, are what most of us are after.

Meat, and lots of it, in now and then a mess of boiled and mashed potatoes.

Little soft new corn at first. It's hot stuff. May give the porkers the stomach ache.

I doubt if any man ever had to fight hog cholera who kept his premises clean and fed right up to the mark.

Work off some of the shoats and stop the cost of feeding.

Get just as near to the man who eats your meat as you can when it comes to selling time.

A few sweet apples now and then are fine for an appetizer. Not much meat in them, but they help to keep the system in good order, and so are of value as an article of diet.

Hogs do not need much salt. A little goes a good ways. But be sure they have that little.

Throw now and then a charred stick of wood over in the yard for the hogs to work at. A good tonic. Keeps the stomach in good order.

If you feed sour milk, stick to sour milk, not change back and forth from sweet to sour.

Somehow it seems to most of us that it is a big waste of time to do much thinking about the food we give a hog. Anything will go. That is one reason why we never have anything

to brag of in the way of hogs. To win, we must do some thinking, some planning and some putting into effect.

There will be better hogs a few years hence than there are now. Before that day comes, there will have to be better men.

Breed to the best male you can find. It may cost a little more. You will get it all back in the better pigs you get.

Keep your hogs cool, but don't cool them in a mudhole.

Turn off some of the shoats while the price is booming, which is most likely just now. Stop the cost of production as soon as you can. That's the way to make money.

Better than a ring in the nose for the hog that loves to root is a good chance to root and have a good time. Hogs are making money for you when they are rooting good and lively.

Wheat feed, that is not too coarse, is a fine feed for hogs this time of the year.

Hog cholera rarely strikes the pen of the man who keeps his hogs clean. The disease is a filth trouble.

If your hogs are shut up so they have no chance to root, dig a load of sods for them now and then and throw them over into the yard. It helps to keep the porkers busy, and when they are busy they are looking out for your interests all right.

A poor fence is an invitation to get out. You haven't time to look after that sort of a thing. Make the fences good on the start.

DECIDEDLY POOR FARM COMBINATION

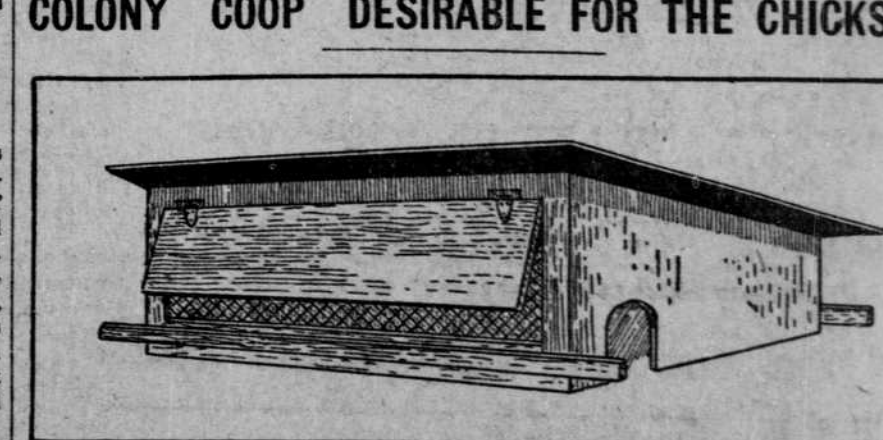
Dogs Have More Demoralizing Effect on Sheep Industry Than Cholera on Swine.

Sheep and dogs make a decidedly poor combination on a farm. The farmer is inclined to be friendly to ward the farm dog, for there is a big place for him to fill, but, after all, a dog is a dog, and the whole family must be held responsible for the mischief done by a few. From one township the report comes that the dogs there killed \$118 worth of sheep during the past year, says a writer in an exchange. We doubt if all the dogs in that county are worth that much, but there seems to be little that can be done to relieve the situation.

Yet one thing is certain: So long as the dogs are allowed to roam over the country in their murderous quest there will be small chance for sheep industry to grow. This seems to have an even more demoralizing effect on sheep industry than hog cholera does on the swine industry.

Removing Large Limbs. In removing large limbs, a good plan is to saw them off about three feet from the trunk to prevent splitting. Then saw again close to the trunk, so as not to leave a projecting stub.

COLONY COOP DESIRABLE FOR THE CHICKS



The door forms a porch to exclude the hot sun.

A colony coop will save many young chicks, and it may be built of packing boxes, or any sound light lumber. The coop should be from 30 to 36 inches wide, and about 6 or 7 feet long. The front should be 3 feet to the roof, and the rear about 2 feet. The roof and walls are covered with canvas, which is first tacked in place with light tacks, then shrunk by wetting well with water, and when nearly dry, but still damp, it is painted with any good oil paint. When dry, give it a

second coat of paint. This coop will last for several seasons, and it will be wind and rain proof. The front is open, but closes with a door, and the inside is covered with 1-inch mesh wire. The door forms a porch to exclude the hot sun. For small chicks, or chicks with an old hen, the coop should set on a wooden platform to keep out the rats. For small broilers, place three light perches in the coop, and place in the wheat stubble, or the clover field.—H. F. G.

A Perpetual Radish Bed.

This plan of growing radishes gives the fresh crisp vegetable in the kitchen garden from May to September; of course they are not marketed, but grown solely for our own table. Each time a radish is pulled the soil is smoothed over with a movement of the hand, and seed dropped in the same place. By keeping the soil moderately rich so as to insure a quick growth, no difficulty is experienced in obtaining crisp vegetables, even in the hottest weather.

Subwatering.

Subwatering has been found profitable for both flowers and vegetables in the greenhouse. The first cost for arrangements is considerable, but the greater profit soon makes up the difference.

Repairing Lawn.

Dig up the bare spots on the lawn and thoroughly fix the soil, sow grass seed and later on give the ground a light covering of manure. Next spring note results.

STIRRED HEARTS OF MILLIONS

Whispers of Buddha Highly Excited Over the Finding of the Bones of Their Saint.

Of all the treasures unearthed by archaeologists' spade from the hidden recesses of the earth, no find has ever thrilled more human hearts than the recovery of the bones of Gautama Siddhartha Buddha from a mound near Peshawar, India's northwest frontier stronghold.

The effect of this discovery upon the votaries of Buddhism, who are estimated to number more than 500,000,000 and form a large percentage of the population of Japan, Formosa, Korea, China, Tartary, Siam, Annam, Cambodia, Tibet, Burma, Nepal, India and Ceylon, and who look upon Buddha as their emancipator, their god of gods, can be appreciated only when it is considered what a sensation the finding of the remains of Mohammed would make in the Mohammedan world. The unearthing of the bones of their revered saint, it can be easily imagined, has stirred the Buddhists to

the depths of their being in a way that nothing else could have done.

What adds interest to the romantic find, not only for Buddhists, but for men and women of all creeds and climes, is the fact that the exact location where these particular relics of Buddha had been interred was shrouded in mystery, hidden in an almost impenetrable mass of oriental legendary lore. No one knew definitely where the shrine had been erected, and consequently the hunt for the precious bones was no sinecure, but it had to be based to a large extent on pure guesswork.—Wide World Magazine.

Before Arnold "Arrived."

Matthew Arnold once had to protest against an income tax assessment, and did so in person. On December 4, 1870, Arnold wrote on the subject: "My interview with the income tax commissioners the other day, which had assessed my profits at £1,000 (\$5,000) a year, on the plea that I was a most distinguished literary man, my works mentioned everywhere, and must have a wide cir-