

Hounds and the Quarry

By ALEX. S. BRISCOE

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From the bend of the creek came the bay of a hound—a long, deep note that held a certain quality of menace, of lust for the kill. It rolled back from the bluffs beyond where the sluggish Wakenda writhed across the timbered bottoms.

"Spade" Garvey, blundering along the winding shore of the stream, paused and listened.

Again came the mellow voice of the hound, and it was echoed by the quicker, keener yapping of another dog.

A shrill yell of encouragement was heard in the edge of the woods, and Garvey stiffened.

Now he understood! They were after him with bloodhounds.

He crashed through the underbrush, falling over logs and banging into trees as he fled. He knew nothing of the woods either by day or night, and realized he must follow the creek or lose his way.

Garvey had been given the title of the "Spade Burglar" by Shea, chief of the Bertillon department at St. Louis, because of his use of that article, in various burglaries charged to him in that city.

The thin edge can be pushed under a window-sash and the leverage provided by the long handle makes it easy to break a window-catch.

Besides, one usually can be found about the stable or yard of a residence, and this makes it unnecessary to carry a jimmy—an article which is hard to explain when found in one's possession.

In a big city Garvey was at home and could hide himself with ease when hunted; but in the country he was out of his element.

Unusual activity on the part of the police and a shortage of funds had driven him to seek new fields of endeavor a few days before, and a country post office had provided an opportunity for the exercise of his talents.

But he had been unfortunate. The safe had been opened with the facility with which the top is stripped from a tin of sardines, and the proceeds had been gratifyingly large. It was the town marshal who had caused the trouble.

This official now lay with a bullet in his shoulder, and Garvey was trying to make his way on foot to safety.

For two hours he had stumbled along, following the sinuous course of Wakenda creek; then had come the baying of dogs. Of bloodhounds he knew nothing, except that they tracked men. The distant shout had confirmed his fears. They were on his trail!

Somewhere he had heard that walking in water threw hounds off the track. He stepped into the icy creek, cursing the fact he could not swim.

Finally he could stand the chilling water no longer, and he staggered up the slippery bank.

He did not notice the creek was curving, and he virtually was running in a circle, approaching ever closer to where three men waited, straining their ears to catch each note of the dogs.

At the rail fence where the cornfields met the heavy timber little Kelsoe wriggled impatiently as the hounds worked their way slowly along the edge of the creek.

Burkett, one of his companions—a tall, raw-boned man in overalls and jumper of a farmer—leaned motionless against the fence.

The third member of the party, an undersized negro youth with long and extremely powerful arms, rolled his eyes toward Burkett and ventured an opinion.

"Good track," he said. "Old Bull talks long thataway when it smells strong."

Kelsoe said nothing. His ignorance of the ways of dogs checked his city-readiness to talk.

As Spade Garvey struggled through the woods he caught the flicker of Kelsoe's lantern between the trees. He paused abruptly. He was trapped, and his eyes roved about wildly, seeking a chance to escape. The moon peeped a moment through a rift in the clouds, revealing a dark mass of timbers jammed in the creek channel.

Garvey heard a crackling of dried leaves as the hounds, now close behind him, circled about for the trail.

He almost fell down the steep bank, and was half-way across the creek when from the edge of the water came a deep-toned bay. Garvey heard the snuffling of the dog and a rustling of leaves and dry grass.

The moon had disappeared, and Garvey strove to pierce the dark with his eyes.

Paws pattered on the logs, and an inquisitive nose sniffed at his heels. His hand fumbled for his pistol, and he kicked out wildly.

The pitiful yelp of a hound that had been hurt arose, and little Ella, the running mate of Old Bull, shrank whimpering away from the man.

The neck hair of the old fighting hound on the shore bristled, and he bounded out on the jam.

Garvey had picked up a club and swung hard as the dog sprang toward him. Old Bull was hurled into the water, and Garvey scrambled up the bank on the opposite side of the stream.

The complaining voice of Ella had reached the ears of the three beside the fence.

Limber's eyes showed an unusual amount of white in the lantern's glow as he spoke.

"Some one's hurt that dog," he said. Burkett melted into the shadow of the trees.

Kelsoe marveled at the speed and silence of the big man's movements as he raced after him, carrying the lantern.

Ella was whimpering on the shore beside Old Bull, who was shaking the water from his back when Burkett reached the spot. Blood dripped from the older hound's nose, and the man's quiet eyes flamed.

There are persons whose dogs it is not safe to kick around.

"Get 'em, boy!" he commanded. "Go after him!"

The hound snarled—a rumbling sound of anger that came from deep within his broad chest. Quickly he snuffed his way across the log-jamb and bounded to the top of the bank.

Then he gave tongue.

It was the fierce, joyous bay of a dog running with the scent hot in his nostrils. Burkett followed him with the negro at his heels.

They were out of sight when Kelsoe toiled across the creek with the lantern.

For a quarter of a mile the chase led through the timber, the hound occasionally giving tongue. The animal was but a short distance behind Garvey; but with the wisdom of an old hound he was keeping out of reach of the man who had struck him.

It was in a bend of the creek that Garvey was cornered. Crouching behind a tree, revolver held ready, he awaited the coming of his pursuers.

Old Bull scented the man and stopped.

Throwing up his head, he gave the tree bark—the short, choppy notes that tell the hunter the quarry has been treed or run to earth.

Infuriated, Garvey threw up the pistol and fired.

There was a series of sharp yelps as Old Bull, a shoulder seared by a bullet, scurried back toward Burkett and Limber. The gentle Ella pattered out of the darkness and whined in sympathy as the old dog licked the wound.

Garvey heard the rustle of leaves, saw two figures dodging forward between the trees. One now was only a few yards away.

A tall man hurled himself forward as fire spurted from the weapon, and Garvey jumped aside to avoid the rush, again pulling the trigger of the revolver.

Ten paces away the negro whirled up the light ax and threw. The head struck Garvey in the neck and he went down, half across the still form of Burkett.

Kelsoe reached the scene as the negro recovered the ax and swung it above the unconscious burglar.

"Don't!" he called.

Limber hesitated, the weapon still poised.

"But he's done killed Massa Burkett," he argued.

"Don't!" commanded Kelsoe, grasping the handle.

For a moment they stood tense, then the taller of the two figures on the ground stirred and groaned.

The negro let go of the ax and dropped to his knees.

There were joy and relief and many other things in his cry as he lifted Burkett's head.

Limber started a fire while Kelsoe, with the ax and pistol, stood over Garvey.

Burkett, who had recovered quickly, the bullet merely having creased his skull, leaned back against a tree and knotted a handkerchief about his head.

Kelsoe took command.

"That fellow had a good reason to dodge folks or he wouldn't have used that gun," he reasoned as he fastened his belt about Garvey's arms after an examination had convinced him the man was only stunned.

While buckling the belt he noted a heavy packet in the man's breast-pocket and drew it out.

There were several sheets of stamps and a bundle of registered letters.

Further investigation brought to light a handful of silver coins and pennies and a thick roll of bills. It then required no great powers of reasoning to estimate correctly the status of the prisoner.

Half an hour later a silent procession led by Burkett, his head bandaged, filed out into a road that led to town.

Behind Burkett came Garvey, bound and sullen, with Kelsoe at his heels.

In the rear walked Limber, the ax held by the middle of the handle, swinging at his side.

Old Bull and Ella, ignorant of the significance of events in the woods, trotted in front. There came to their noses an odor they recognized, and they gave tongue.

Old Bull leaped the fence and the younger hound squeezed through. A hundred yards away the hounds stopped beneath a small tree, barking in a frenzy.

Limber's racial instincts asserted themselves, and he scrambled over the barrier.

Ten minutes later he returned, carrying a creature that drew back its lips in a many-toothed grin as it strove to feign death—a possum.

In Garvey's thick skull a thought stirred to life. For the first time since his capture he spoke.

"Will those bloodhounds chase them things, too?" he asked.

"Say, man, them ain't bloodhounds." The negro's answer held scorn of such ignorance. "Them's coon dogs."

"Then you wasn't after me?" said Garvey.

His voice was husky.

"Course not. We's coon-hunting."

"Well, I'll be—" began Spade Garvey of St. Louis. But right here the English language fell down.

NECESSITY OF A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Should Eliminate War in Ninety-Nine Out of One Hundred Cases.

I wish to maintain the proposition that a League of Nations is not only desirable but an absolute necessity and for three reasons, any one of which would be sufficient to justify that phrase.

First, it is a necessity for winding up the war. We must not forget that this war has unsettled almost everything; has destroyed nations, and has created new nations on paper, such as Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia, the Ukraine, and the Balkan States and some semi-independent bodies like Armenia, the Caucasus, and Palestine. These small states will be even more at the mercy of the great states than Belgium was, if we do not guarantee in some way their independence.

Then there are the great problems of the landlocked countries, which must have an outlet to the sea, and of certain international areas, like the Bosphorus, which must be administered by a league of nations. Then there are the German Colonies, which need, for obvious reasons, to be administered internationally.

Finally, as Mr. Taft predicted, this peace treaty is as long as the moral law. It will require interpretation, and it will require enforcement, for both of which we need a league of nations.

Secondly, we need it in order to avoid a recurrence of what has constituted a veritable curse even in times of peace, competitive armaments.

International cut-throat competition in armies and navies leaves the nations in the end in substantially the same relative positions as in the beginning. Yet we must each in self-defense, keep up in this race. To Europe this will mean economic ruin; to us, high taxes.

There are business men who are fighting shy of the idea of a league of nations with the thought that it is going to unsettle trade internationally—afraid, perhaps, that the tariff will be disturbed in some way. But any possible gain that could be had by maintaining the status quo would be cancelled many times over by the loss from the taxes—enormously high—which would be required to keep up our end in this international competition-in armaments. Our own country, in spite of its wealth, would be reduced a long way toward poverty. This world would be scarcely fit to live in.

We have reached the parting of the ways as to our policy on armaments. Either we must compete with the rest of the world, or combine with the rest of the world.

The third and most important reason for a league is to prevent the recurrence of a world war.

A league should eliminate war in 99 out of 100 cases, because it affords another way than war to settle the inevitable disputes. A collective police force takes the place of national military forces. The national pride which so often leads to war will be transferred to keeping treaties.

No longer will a nation need to go to war to "save its face" rather than recede from an untenable position; for the award of the third party will preserve its self-respect.

Furthermore, whatever disarmament takes place will tend to diminish the danger of war and reduce its scale if it comes.

Many people are indifferent to or scornful of the idea of a league of nations chiefly because they lack the imagination to realize the horrible alternative.

In order, then, to wind up this war, to prevent oppressive taxes in times of peace, and to prevent future wars, we need a League of Nations.

But besides these three reasons, which are purely selfish, there is a reason which outweighs them all. Irrespective of our interests, irrespective of the fortunes of any man or party, we are in honor bound to do this thing. Our boys went abroad, to make the world "safe for democracy," and to do it forever. We owe it to them that their labors shall not have been in vain. We are talking about erecting monuments to them—memorial arches, and bridges, and buildings. Let us first erect a monument which will not only commemorate but perpetuate their work, the monument of a League of Nations.

IRVING FISHER, Professor Yale University, Dept. Political Economy,

GEORGE WASHINGTON ON ADOPTION OF CONSTITUTION

During the years 1787 and 1788, George Washington in over 50 different letters expressed his hope that the Constitution for a League of thirteen states might be ratified; many of his remarks are extraordinarily applicable in the present discussion of our ratification of the Covenant for the League of Nations. "The Constitution that is submitted, is not free from imperfection, but there are as few radical defects in it as could well be expected, considering the heterogeneous mass of which the Convention was composed and the diversity of interests that are to be attended to. As a Constitutional door is opened for future amendments and alterations, I think it would be wise in the People to accept what is offered to them."

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