

A PLEA FOR LAZINESS!

By O. O. McINTYRE

It strikes me this pep propaganda is being slightly overdone. There is no room any more for the sluggard. Laziness has become a lost art. The most likable fellow I ever met was the husband of a woman who ran a boarding house.

He got up at 10 o'clock in the morning, after having breakfast in bed, and in the summer time reclined in a porch hammock until bedtime. In the winter he sat in front of the grate fire in a big comfortable chair. They had to pull him away from a hot open fire.

He complained to me once that his wife was growing cold toward him. She would not clean his pipe. He had a great fund of stories, and we called him "Doc." He lived to the age of 81 and when he died he was generally mourned.

Every Day Is Holiday.

He was as lazy as Ludlam's dog, that leaned his head against the wall to bark. Every day of his life was a holiday.

There is an old German proverb that says laziness has no advocate, but many friends. That is the trouble. Most of us have a speaking admiration for laziness, but we will not speak out for it. It will not get you anywhere—but "ain't we got fun?"

All my life I have made laziness my hobby, but I have been hesitant in advocating it publicly. Nearly every office I visit greets me with a motto reading "Do it now!" Every hand is against me.

Great organizations are hiring efficiency sharks to speed things up when what we really need is a slowing down. Work, I suppose, is all right, but, like anything else, can be overdone.

We hear daily of people being killed by work but I have never read of anyone dying from laziness. Feature that!

We are constantly admonished not to put off until tomorrow what we can do today. If there are going to be so many tomorrows, why do we have to pick on today? Instead, let's climb into the hay and snooze.

Laziness and Genius.

One of the best short stories I ever read was written by a writer who was continually fixing excuses



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to dodge the typewriter. There was a story he had contracted to do before sailing for Europe.

He waited until the night before sailing and finished it in the cabin of his liner just before the boat pulled out. It was his best story. Those who say it was the exception may be gently reminded of the other bromide which says the exception proves the rule.

The industrious prod us lazy folk too much. They offer us a sop by saying "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." Well, my name is not Jack and, anyway, why play? Why not stick

to your hobby and just be lazy and dull. There are too many bright people anyway. They think up things to do.

Then there is that ringing platitude: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." If somebody will find me the ant, I'll go to it. I have never seen an ant yet that inspired me to touch my hands to the floor 200 times before breakfast or saw a cord of wood. There may be some of these inspirational ants around but I'll take my chances. I can be just as stubborn with ants as I can with humans. No ant can dictate to me.

There is a lot to be said for the lazy man. He doesn't march in parades. He doesn't run after street cars. He lets the other fellow alone and he makes a good husband. Any number of them will in a pinch deliver the wash for their wives. Also collect the money.

Take Your Time.

These fellows who are always busy and never waste a single minute get my goat. They are the boys who tell you everything has been attended to when what they really mean is nothing has been done. They are just about as smooth as sandpaper. Let's do one thing a day—and let's not make it too snappy.

I suppose efficiency has its place but I have a system of my own. My desk, any hour of the day or night, looks as though it had been suddenly struck by a cyclone. Anybody who comes near it is in danger. I don't even want it dusted. Papers are piled about in a riotous confusion. There are letters that have been there for more than a year. Yet, whenever I want anything, I can take a high dive into the midst of them and come up with it.

Don't ask me how I do it. It's a gift. I suppose the ambitious energetic fellows have a better time in their way. They make the crew at college but if they see any fun in that they are welcome to it. Anyway, I don't like to ride backwards.

Recently a fellow came to me to interest me in more production. He represented some institute of something that could make one man do three men's work by reading their books and taking some sort of course. He had a piece of hot house sable on his upper lip and emphasized his points by shooting his cuffs. Sweet geranium!

He was a human dynamo. While he talked and gesticulated I lounged on a divan and smoked a cigaret. He went out with a wilted collar. He wasted more energy in a single hour than I ever had stored away in my system.

Two weeks later I met him. He had a new job. This time he was selling ideas for cutting down expenses. He bubbled with enthus-

iasm. He seemed to feel it was a crying shame all the brains in the world were given to one man and I had the feeling when he left it was too bad to be so dumb that one abused the privilege.

Yet I managed to get along and have had about the same job all my life. And right at this moment I'm not dodging more than three tailors at the outside.

I presume it is a form of heresy to advocate laziness. Still if you feel that way all the time what are you going to do? Maybe it's a hookworm that is causing it all. If it is, the worm has been mighty faithful to me.

If I had my way I'd have a big sign put over my desk reading: "Don't do it today. Wait—perhaps some boob will do it for you."

The Results of Industry.

The best thing about London is the easy way they do things. When a newspaper reporter goes out to interview a man, he remains for tea, perhaps goes out to a cricket game with the man he is sent to interview and writes his story three days later.

Here in New York especially, a reporter rushes about at breakneck speed, covers six or seven assignments a day, gallops back to the office and almost tears a typewriter to bits beating out his article. Then a rough old copy ready whittles it down to a half stick. What's the use?

Of course, we lazy folks don't make much money. We haven't our little shooting lodge in Canada, a glorified villa at Newport or a town house in the East Something-Or-Other, but we have a lot of leisure to think of things and dream our big dreams.

It doesn't seem to me a man ought to be required to work more than an hour a day—or perhaps more than a half hour. All those in favor of 15 minutes stand up. I know a lot who don't work at all and they are some of the best Kelly pool players in town.

With such short working time, think how many fish one could catch!

Gosh, I'm getting tired.

I don't believe I'll even finish this.

Such is the power of suggestion.

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BIG GAME HUNT IN ALASKA

By Adam Breede

Hunting big game in Alaska can rightly be listed among the hardest kind of work to be undertaken for sport or pleasure. To do it successfully one should possess a strong constitution, reckless courage, fortitude, endurance and determination.

Frequently he toils hour after hour, and day after day, without being rewarded, but the lure of the hunt urges him on and on—with the hope of finding the game just over the next hill.

Because of the many streams, falls, icebergs, glaciers and snow an Alaskan hunter must encounter, there is no lack of thrills and adventure.

The rivers and streams are glorious, but treacherous. At times they are as calm and peaceful as a mill pond. Then again they become roaring, seething, twisting, jumping, tumbling bodies of wildly rushing water. They are warmed by sun and chilled by the snow and mountains of icebergs sloughed from the world's greatest glaciers.

With an Indian guide I had crossed the Taku river at Twin Glacier camp, about 25 miles from Juneau. It was 3 in the morning, but, being in July, it was light as day.

"Uh, moose," grunted Tom Williams, the Indian guide, as we landed, and he pointed to tracks in the sand.

Yes, there they were, large and fresh—tracks of a cow moose and calf, but they did not interest me much, because there is no sport in shooting such animals.

Caching the boat we made our way up a small slough where moose tracks became more plentiful, but evidently there were not many bull moose in the vicinity. After several hours of close trailing we came upon a cow and calf in some willows and could easily have shot both of them, as they were not more than 40 yards distant.

Several good-sized bear tracks were found, and there was every indication that there were several bears in that vicinity.

It was hot and still and the perspiration rolled from our badly burned faces, which were covered with netting to protect ourselves from the mosquitoes and gnats. While the netting gave some protection it was not an absolute preventive from mosquito bites or the annoyances of the infernal gnats which crawled in armies through the small network and would fly into one's mouth and

lodge in the throat every time a word or sentence was spoken.

Bear Are the Prizes

Many eagles and other birds were seen and could have easily been shot but the object was to land one of those big bear that had been prowling around that morning.

It was late in the afternoon when we ran on to more fresh signs of old bruin. The tracks showed that the bear was going in the direction of the glacier. We had followed the tracks scarcely 200 yards when, looking up, I saw a large bear slowly making its way across the foot about a half mile wide, which was a mile distant.

Running through brush and timber I made my way so as to head it off shortly after it left the ice. After a long and hard run I was almost exhausted when I came to the spot where I thought the bear could be seen, but the willows were too high to permit a clear view.

Making my way through the brush I came into the open just in time to see a large grizzly bear rise on its haunches and sniff the air. As I took the rifle to my shoulder the bear was in the act of lowering himself, so the first shot wounded him in the breast. Turning like a flash, he made a straight getaway.

It was fully 125 yards before he came into the open so I could get the second shot, which made a bad wound close to the right hip.

Again running under cover the bear was protected for 100 yards, but I managed to get the third shot in just as he came out of some willows. The last shot planted a bullet right through the center of the heart.

But even this did not stop the grizzly, for he ran a half mile farther on into the swamp before he fell and uprooted trees and underbrush in his death struggle.

Previous experience had taught me not to rush upon my game after I knew it was down. After examining grass and trees where the bear had departed and finding plenty of bloodstains I was satisfied that he had made his last stand.

At 2 o'clock the next morning the Indian and I crossed the river in the dory and rowed the little boat through the marsh until we succeeded in getting it within a mile of where the bear had fallen.

Found Body by Log.

Taking large, heavy ropes, we made our way across the glacier

through the timber and into the willows where we found old Bruin by the side of a huge log.

In his death struggle he had torn up many small trees and pawed up the ground.

He was a large silver tip grizzly that weighed between 700 and 800 pounds.

In putting the rope around the bear's neck I disturbed a hornets' nest, and the Indian and I were stung in a half dozen places before we succeeded in dragging him a foot.

Realizing that it was almost impossible for the two of us to get the bear down to the boat we hit upon the idea of making a harness out of rope. The rope was fastened around our waists and over our shoulders and then attached to the bear. By this means we were able to drag the animal along from a foot to three yards at a time.

It was slow, tedious, hard work, and at times the mosquitoes were so numerous and so ferocious that we were compelled to roll in the grass and bury our faces in the dirt in order to free ourselves from

the pests. In truth, it was not long before the lumps were so large and closely associated on our bodies that we resembled nutmeg graters. To add to the mosquito bites our flesh was filled with thorns from the forest of devil clubs through which we had to drag the bear.

One can realize what work there is connected with a bear hunt when I say that it took nearly six hours to drag that grizzly one mile down the side of the mountain into the boat.

Hunting Eagles With a ".22."

Hunting eagles with a .22 rifle is real sport, as one experiences little trouble in getting a decided "kick" out of it.

It is doubtful if there is any place in Uncle Sam's domain where bald eagles are so numerous as in Alaska. In truth, they have become so plentiful up there that a bounty is now being paid on eagles' talons presented to the territorial treasurer.

This was deemed necessary because the bird that stands as an

emblem on the great American escutcheon is destructive of wild life. Besides destroying other birds' nests, it kills and carries away small deer, sheep, goats and other species of game.

The talons of 30,000 eagles were presented for bounty last year in southeastern and southwestern Alaska. At that time a bounty of only 50 cents for each bird was paid, but this year the price has been raised to \$1.

Regardless of the war that is being waged on eagles, these birds of prey are quite plentiful throughout the northland.

Big game hunters and Indians alike expressed surprise at one hunting eagles with a .22 rifle. They said that the caliber was entirely too small to prove effective and they had their doubts about its penetrating qualities being sufficient to kill one of those tough old birds, and I was also a little skeptical.

First Shot Not Effective.

The first eagle I fired at with a .22 rifle was roosting on top of a large branch on a large pine tree about 110 yards distant. At the report of the rifle the old bird perked up a bit, twisted its head, looked wise, and sat still. A second shot brought about the same result.

It was evident that the bird was out of range of the small-bore gun. Quietly advancing about 30 yards I fired again. This time I heard the bullet strike "spat" against the feathers. The big bird took wing and sailed away.

Determined to get the eagle if possible, I followed it up, and finally succeeded getting within 100 yards of it. From this distance I knocked it down the first shot, but it flew about a quarter of a mile before it fell. When found I discovered that one bullet had lodged in its breast, and the last shot, which proved effective, had penetrated its back.

I tried several wing shots after that, and while the small bullets could be plainly heard "spatting" against the big birds, many cartridges were fired before I succeeded in bringing down two eagles as they soared gracefully overhead.

That day I succeeded in killing six eagles with a .22 rifle, but my advice to eagle hunters would be to use a .25 or .30-30, high-power rifle, using steel-jacket bullets for this purpose.

Sailors' Pets

London, Sept. 1.—Wild animal dealers are bemoaning the disappearance of sailors' pets. Not many years ago every homebound vessel from Brazil and the east had its population of kidnaped jungle folk. Bought for a song, the queer beasts enlivened the home voyage and fetched a welcome pound or two when Jack came ashore for a hard-earned holiday.

Monkeys were the favorite pets. There were few moments of boredom in a brig with 20 or 30 monkeys aboard. On one ship a monkey snatched off the captain's cap, ran up the rigging with it, minutely inspected it for vermin, to the immense delight of the crew, and, finding none, disappointedly tossed it overboard.

In another ship was a big, gloomy baboon. When a man spoke to it it seized his hand and shook it, with deep melancholy. But if he laughed it fell into a towering rage and flew at him. That beast was a lesson in discipline. Every one learned to keep a straight face when responding to its friendly gesture.

More than half the unfortunate

monkeys who were brought home from the east died of bronchitis between the Bay of Biscay and London.

Every homing vessel used to carry a number of parrots. Even units of the navy used to bring them home. A captain once told me of a very well-behaved parrot that was kept in a cruiser wardroom. At a certain port a colonel bishop came aboard one Sunday and officiated at a service in the wardroom. At the height of the prelate's eloquent sermon on temperance stark horror seized the congregation. For the parrot woke up and began to make realistic imitations of the sound of pulling corks.

That was the parrot's last cruise. A retired admiral bought it!

Two great airplane carriers, said to be the longest naval vessels in the world, are being constructed for the United States navy. They will be 850 feet long, 105 feet wide and will carry a 180,000 horsepower electric power plant, sufficient to serve a city of 700,000 people, which will drive the 33,000 ships at a speed of 40 miles an hour.