

A Man in the Open

by Roger Roock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young



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SYNOPSIS.

PART ONE.

CHAPTER I—The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, his early life in Labrador and of the death of his father.

CHAPTER II—Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel.

CHAPTER III—Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas.

CHAPTER IV—He marries Polly, a singer of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide.

CHAPTER V—Jesse becomes a rancher and moves to British Columbia.

PART TWO.

CHAPTER I—Kate Trevor takes up the narrative. Unhappily married she contemplates suicide, but changes her mind after meeting Jesse.

CHAPTER II—Jesse rescues Kate from her drink-maddened husband who attempts to kill her. Trevor loses his life in the rapids.

CHAPTER III—Kate rejects offer of grand opera managers to return to the stage and marries Jesse.

CHAPTER IV.

The Landlord.

Kate's Narrative.

Of his life before he reached this province Jesse will so far tell me nothing, yet his speech betrays him, for under the vivid dialect of the stock range, there is a streak of sailor, and beneath that I detect traces of brogue which may be native perhaps to Labrador. Out of a chaos of books he has pecked words which pleased him, pronounced, of course, to suit himself, and used in some sense which would shock any dictionary.

His manners and customs, too, are a field for research. Of course one expects him to be professional with rope, gun, and ax, but how did he learn the rest? I wanted a lantern—he made one; my boot was torn—he made one; my water-proof coat was ruined—he made one; and if I asked for a sewing-machine, he would refuse to move camp until he had one finished. If his name were not Smith I could prove him directly descended from the Swiss family Robinson. As a project sounds risky, I have to assume that it is something unusually safe, as the only way to keep him out of danger. If I should ever wish to be a widow, I have only to doubt his power to fly without wings.

Guided by his uncanny woodcraft, I began to meet the parishioners, mountain sheep and goats, the elk and caribou, eagles, bears, wolverines, and certainly I shared something of Jesse's untiring delight in all wild creatures. Even when we needed meat in camp, and some plump goose or mallard was at the mercy of his gun, Jesse would sometimes beg the victim off, and catch more trout. "So long as they don't hunt us," he would say, "I'd rather tote your camera than my gun. But that's that dog-gone beaver down the creek, he tried to bite me yesterday again. If he don't tame himself, I'll slap his face. Think he's editor."

Were there no clouds, would we 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, which 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 finish."

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 uncork 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 a silver-tip, fat as butter. Down in the low country, what feed is mean, and Britishers around, the b'ars 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 b'ars 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 sarvis berries failed. So when the salmon and

berries went back 'ol' time, he sorta 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 lawns 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, well, I warned her not to tempt poor Eph too much."

"Sarah?"

"Jesse's foal. Being a fool runs in her family. Well, 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



Each Night He Would Set Up a Little Tent for Me.

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 discouraged. 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 squirrels and chipmunks. Now that I was firm. Every striped varmint of 'em may rob my oat sacks, every squirrel 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 squirrels would get too joyful. Eagles acks as a sort of religion to squirrels, 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."

"The'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 b'ars 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-butt 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. 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.

(Continued in Tuesday's Issue.)

FASHION HINT

By JUDIC CHOLLET

No frock is prettier for young girls than this one, made in lingerie style. This model is in all white voile, but so much color is being used that a charming effect could be obtained by band-



GIRL'S LINGERIE DRESS.

ing rose color or blue with the white. The skirt is straight, tucked over the hips and joined to a simple blouse with set-in sleeves. The trimming is all arranged on indicated lines.

For the twelve year size the dress will require three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, with twenty yards of insertion and five yards of lace edging.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for girls from ten to fourteen years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 7888, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage. When ordering use coupon.

No..... Size.....
Name.....
Address.....

What English Means.

Mrs. Smith—What are you reading, John? Mr. Smith—I am reading Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology." Mrs. Smith—Why—what—what's that, John? Mr. Smith—Herbert Spencer's "Biology." Let me read you an extract—his definition of life. Listen: "It consists of the definite combinations of heterogeneous changes, but simultaneous and successive, in combination with external coexistences and sequences."

"Why, John, what in the world is the man talking about?"

"I am astonished at you, Jane. Why, this is the work of the great English scientist."

"Yes, I know, but what is he writing about?"

"He is defining life, I told you. What did you suppose he was writing about?"

"Good gracious! I thought he was trying to get a patent on a clothes-horse."—London Tit-Bits.

Birds Shot With Water.

Shooting a humming bird with the smallest bird shot made is out of the question, for the tiniest seeds of lead would destroy his coat. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot him with a drop of water from a blowgun or a fine jet from a small syringe. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a silken net and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Humming birds vary in size from specimens perhaps half as large as a sparrow to those scarcely bigger than a bee.

Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

OUR CONSUMPTION OF LIQUOR

Compares Favorably With That of Other Countries, Thanks to Activity of Temperance People.

Our per capita consumption of liquor compares favorably with that of other countries, thanks to the temperance agitators.

When temperance people are desirably told that the report of the commissioner of internal revenue shows an increase in the output of the brewers and the distillers, we must consider the increasing number of immigrants who come to our country with their own ideas of liquor drinking. The quantity of beer consumed per capita in the United States is not as great as in Belgium, the United Kingdom, Germany or Denmark; and our per capita consumption of distilled liquor is less than that of Denmark, Hungary, Austria, France, the Netherlands and Sweden. The quantity of wine consumed in the United States is less per capita than in Portugal, Spain, Italy, France, Switzerland, Austria and Hungary. We should consider how much worse conditions would be in the United States were it not for the activity of the temperance people of our country. We understand there is in the liquor warehouses an immense amount of liquor which has not yet been distributed, but which is reckoned in the internal revenue report.

SALOONS CAUSE OF TROUBLE

Convictions in Police Court of Brisbane Increase Greatly When Dram Shops Are Opened.

The citizens of Brisbane, Australia, were recently given a striking illustration of the fact that arrests for misdemeanors multiply with the opening of saloon doors and decrease when they swing shut. A big strike was on in the city and many workmen were idle. As an experimental measure the saloons were closed for one week. Convictions in the police courts promptly dropped from eighty-six to twenty-six, and arrests for drunkenness from fifty to five. After one week of prohibition the saloons were permitted to do business from three to six in the afternoon. Convictions jumped to thirty-five, and arrests for drunkenness to fourteen. Next, the saloons were allowed to run twelve hours each day. Convictions jumped to eighty-eight, and arrests for drunkenness to forty. The following week all restrictions were withdrawn, and the convictions numbered 109, the arrests for drunkenness sixty-seven.

NOT A PRODUCER OF REVENUE

Intoxicating Liquor is Not Necessary Nor Luxury—Fountain of Vice Should Be Suppressed.

(By ATTORNEY GENERAL DAWSON of Kansas.)

Our ideas of equity acquiesce readily in the doctrine that luxuries should bear a heavier rate of taxation than necessities. But intoxicating liquor is neither a luxury nor a necessity. It is a vice and the fountain of vice, and we have no moral right to depend upon vice as a source of revenue. Luxuries are to be taxed; vice is to be suppressed. Furthermore, it can be shown from a myriad of proofs that the license system is not a revenue producer; it is not even what it pretends to be. In cities where the prohibitory law has been enforced and the revenue licenses or license fines shut off, the incidents of the liquor business—court costs, paupers, dependent and neglected children, and kindred public expenses, shrink also, so that the loss of the license revenue does not affect the ordinary taxpayer.

What He Made.

A prosperous liquor dealer was boasting to a group of men standing near his saloon of the amount of money he had made.

"I have made \$1,000 in the last three months," he said.

"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?" was the quick response.

"You have made my two sons drunkards. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. You have made much more than I reckon, but you'll get the full account some day!"

Had Been Tried.

The police court magistrate of a southern town was talking to his friend, a distiller. "Judge," he asked, "have you ever tried my number one brand of old Markham?" "No, John," admitted the magistrate, "but I tried three men in court today who had tried it."

God's Great Levers.

There are the same difficulties in enforcing the restrictions of license as those of prohibition. We have also learned that if prohibition does not always prohibit, neither does civilization always civilize, nor education educate, nor Christianity Christianize. But they are God's great levers by which we can lift; his blessed tools with which we can work; his heaven in the lump of humanity obedient to the slow, sure law of growth.—Frances E. Willard.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania by Duncan T. Campbell, J. G. Osterhout and Max F. Henkelman on the 1st day of October A. D. 1913, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved Apr. 29, 1894, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Browntown Electric Company, the character and object of which is to supply light, heat and power, or any of them, by electricity, to the public in the Township of Clinton, in the County of Wayne and State of Pennsylvania, and to such persons, partnerships and corporations residing therein, or adjacent thereto, as may desire the same, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

WARREN, KNAPP & O'MALLEY, Solicitors.

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NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Estate of Orrin E. Babcock, late of Hawley.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against said estate are notified to present them, duly attested, for settlement.

HENRY F. BABCOCK, Adm. 1435 Church Ave., Scranton, Pa. Or John Conklin, Hawley, Pa. 69w6

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of CORNELIUS C. JADWIN, Late of Borough of Honesdale.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested for settlement.

EDGAR JADWIN, GRACE A. JADWIN, Executors. Honesdale, Pa., Aug. 25, 1913.

The Citizen office is fully equipped to do all kinds of Job Printing.

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, on the 25th day of September, 1913, at ten o'clock a. m., under the provisions of the corporation act of 1874 and its supplements, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called the Wayne County Automobile Association, the character and object of which are the betterment of roads, erection and maintenance of sign posts conducting of a bureau for information of tourists, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said act and the supplements thereto.

JAMES O. MUMFORD, SEARLE & SALMON, Solicitors. 71w4.

That splitting Headache will get almost instant relief if you take a Neura Powder. 10 and 25 cts. Sold everywhere.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF HONESDALE FOOTWEAR COMPANY'S FACTORY AND LOT.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Wayne County, Pa., I will sell at public sale on the premises opposite the State Armory, Honesdale, Pa., on Thursday, October 2, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m. the following property, to wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land, situate in the Borough of Honesdale, Wayne county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Situate on Park street and including all the land on the south side of Park street and between Park street and the Dyberry and West Branch creeks, at a line southward, across the said plot, which is a continuation of the eastern line of the main building of the Irving Cut Glass Company; to be bounded to the water's edge above the dam erected by the Borough of Honesdale, and at low water mark on the west branch of the Lackawaxen river below the dam, and on the Dyberry creek.

RESERVING, however, to the Chief Burgess, Assistant Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Honesdale, the right of free access upon the said land at all times for the building, repair and maintenance of their dam. No building shall be erected or maintained at the northern end of the said dam, which shall obstruct or interfere in any way with such right of access.

Being the same land which E. F. Torrey, Executor by deed dated Oct. 20th, 1909, and recorded in Deed Book No. 102, page 248, granted and conveyed to Wm. H. Krantz. And being the same land which W. H. Krantz et ux. granted and conveyed to The Honesdale Footwear Company by deed dated April 26, 1911, and recorded in Deed Book No. 102, page 249.

Terms of sale: Cash. Upon the premises is the remains of a brick factory building.

W. H. KRANTZ, Trustee. E. C. Mumford, Attorney. 73-w3.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Wayne County Savings Bank HONESDALE, PA., 1871 42 YEARS OF SUCCESS 1913 THE BANK THE PEOPLE USE BECAUSE we have been transacting a SUCCESSFUL banking business CONTINUOUSLY since 1871 and are prepared and qualified to render VALUABLE SERVICE to our customers. BECAUSE of our HONORABLE RECORD for FORTY-ONE years. BECAUSE of SECURITY guaranteed by our LARGE CAPITAL and SURPLUS of \$550,000.00. BECAUSE of our TOTAL ASSETS of \$3,000,000.00. BECAUSE GOOD MANAGEMENT has made us the LEADING FINANCIAL INSTITUTION of Wayne county. BECAUSE of these reasons we confidently ask you to become a depositor. COURTEOUS treatment to all CUSTOMERS whether their account is LARGE or SMALL INTEREST allowed from the FIRST of ANY MONTH on Deposits made on or before the TENTH of the month. OFFICERS: W. B. HOLMES, PRESIDENT. H. S. SALMON, Cashier. A. T. SEARLE, Vice-President. W. J. WARD, Asst. Cashier. DIRECTORS: T. B. CLARK, H. J. CONGER, J. W. FARLEY, E. W. GAMMELL, W. B. HOLMES, F. P. KIMBLE, W. F. SUYDAM, C. J. SMITH, A. T. SEARLE, H. S. SALMON.