

Our Saturday Short Story

THE PENDULUM

BY O. HENRY.

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK.
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"Eighty-first street—let 'em out, please," yelled the shepherd in blue. A flock of citizen sheep scrambled out and another flock scrambled above. Ding-dong! The cattle cars of the Manhattan elevated rattled away, and John Perkins drifted down the stairway of the station with the released flock.

John walked slowly towards his flat. Slowly, because in the lexicon of his daily life there was no such word as "perhaps." There are no surprises awaiting a man who has been married two years and lives in a flat. As he walked John Perkins prophesied to himself with gloomy cynicism the foregone conclusions of the monotonous day.

Katy would meet him at the door with a kiss flavored with cold cream and butter-scotch. He would remove his coat, and read the evening paper. For dinner there would be pot roast, stewed rhubarb, and the bottle of strawberry marmalade blushing at the certificate of chemical purity on its label. After dinner Katy would show him the new patch in her crazy quilt that the iceman had cut for her off the end of his four-in-hand. At half-past seven they would spread newspapers over the furniture to catch the pieces of plastering that fell when the flat man in the flat overhead began to take his physical culture exercises. Then the gent at the window with the air shaft would get on his flute; the lady with the champagne shoes and the Skye terrier would trip down stairs and paste her Thursday name over her bell and letter box—and the evening routine of the Frogmore flats would be under way.

John Perkins knew these things would happen. And he knew that at a quarter past eight he would summon his nerve and reach for his hat, and that his wife would deliver this speech in a querulous tone:

"Now, where are you going, I'd like to know, John Perkins?"

"Thought I'd drop up to McCloskey's," he would answer, "and play a game of pool with the fellows."

Of late such had been John Perkins' habit. At ten or eleven he would return. Sometimes Katy would be asleep; sometimes waiting up, ready to melt in the crucible of her ire a little more gold plating from the wrought steel chains of matrimony.

Tonight John Perkins encountered a tremendous upheaval of the commonplace when he reached his door. No Katy was there with her affectionate, confectionary kiss. All about the hall things in confusion. Slips of paper, half-dressed women, the maid, her kimono, powder box, jumbled together on dresser and chairs—this was not Katy's way. Some unusual hurry and perturbation must have possessed her.

Hanging conspicuously to the gas jet by a string was a folded paper. John seized it. It was a note from his wife running thus:

"Dear John—I just had a telegram saying mother is very sick. I am going to take the 4:30 train. Brother Sam is going to meet me at the depot there. There is cold mutton in the ice box. I hope it isn't for quinsy again. Pay the milkman 60 cents. She had it bad last spring. Don't forget to write to the company about the gas meter, and your good socks are in the top drawer. I will write tomorrow. Hastily,—Katy."

Never before during their two years of matrimony had he and Katy been separated for a night. John read the note over and over in a dazed way. Here was a break in a routine that had never varied, and it left him dazed.

There on the back of a chair hung, pathetically empty and formless, the red wrapper with black dots that she always wore while getting their meals. Her weekday clothes had been tossed here and there in her haste. A little paper bag of her favorite butter-scotch lay with its string yet unwound. Everything in the room spoke of a loss of an essence gone, of its soul and life departed. John Perkins stood among the dead remains with a queer feeling of desolation in his heart.

He began to set the rooms tidy as well as he could. When he touched his clothes a thrill of something like terror went through him. He had never thought what existence would be without Katy. She had become so shaft of thought, and into his life that she was like the air he breathed—necessary, but scarcely noticed. Now, without warning, she was gone, vanished, as completely absent as if she had never existed.

He did not care to smoke. Outside, the city roared to him to come join in its dance of folly and pleasure. The night was his. He might go forth unquestioned and thrum the strings of joy as freely as any gay bachelor there. He might carouse and wander and have his fling until dawn if he liked, and there would be no wrathful Katy waiting for him, bearing the chalice that held the dread of his joy. He might play pool at McCloskey's with his roistering friends until Aurora dimmed the electric bulbs if he chose. The hymeneal strings that had curbed his ways when the Frogmore flats had pulled him were loosened. Katy was gone!

John Perkins was not accustomed to analyzing his emotions. But as he sat in his Katy-bereft 10x12 parlor he hit his unerringly upon the keynote of his happiness. His feeling for her, lulled into unconsciousness by the dull round of domesticity, had been sharply stirred by the loss of her presence. His happiness dimmed into us by proverbial sermon and fable that we never prize the music till the sweet-voiced bird has flown—or in other no less florid and true utterance—"Hanging by a string was a folded paper," mused John Perkins, "the way I've been treating Katy. Off every night playing pool and



"Now, where are you going, I'd like to know, John Perkins?" asked Katy in a querulous tone.

bumming with the boys instead of staying home with her. The poor girl here all alone with nothing to amuse her, and me acting that way! I'm going to make it up for the little girl. I'll take her out and let her see some amusement. And I'll cut out the McCloskey gang right from this minute." Near the right hand of John Perkins stood a chair. On the back of it stood Katy's blue shirtwaist. It still retained something of the contour. Midway of the sleeves were fine, indi-

vidual wrinkles made by the movements of her arm in working for his comfort and pleasure. A delicate but impelling odor of bluebells came from it. John took it and looked long and soberly at the unresponsive. Katy had never been unresponsive. Tears came into John Perkins' eyes. When she came back things would be different. He would make up for all his neglect. What was life without her?

The door opened. Katy walked in.

carrying a little hand-satchel. John stared at her stupidly. "My! I'm so glad to get back," said Katy. "Ma wasn't sick to amount to anything. Sam was at the depot and said she just had a little spell, and got all right soon after they telegraphed. So I took the next train back. I'm just dying for a cup of coffee." Nobody heard the click and the rattle of the cogwheels as the third-floor front of the Frogmore flats buzzed its machinery back into the Order of

The Passing of the Canadian Cowboy

With the passing of Cochrane ranch the last corner of the historic west, the scene of the round-ups and the beef drives, has encountered the inevitable, is becoming settled, and given over to the plowshare and the reaper, says a writer in the Montreal Star. The gaudy Indian brave and the picturesque cowboy are now a part of the past. The Indian discards the blanket for the broadcloth; the cowboy drops the lariat to guide the plow. The "puncher" of romance and story is no more; a new day of progress and modernity has arrived.

Of Southern Alberta's new civilization, Whittier's lines are true: "Behind the squaw's light birch canoe, The steamer rocks and paves, And city lots are staked for sale, Above the Indian graves."

I hear the tread of pioneers, Of cities yet to be— The first low wash of waves whose soon Shall troll a human sea."

Alberta Prospected by Miners. It is believed, quite generally that Southern Alberta was first penetrated by white men who sought trade with the Indians. It is related, however, that pioneer placer miners began to enter the early days, while their state was yet a territory, prospectors left the mining camps across the boundary and travelled north, panning every stream in search of another Alder or Last Chance. Mining implements of early prospectors have been picked up

close to "Old Chief" Mountain, while sluice boxes have been found everywhere. These prospectors, returning, told of failures in their quest for gold, but relations of vast prairies, where buffalo made their hunting grounds, and where their skins could be secured from the Indians.

The country remained for half a century untenanted until traders followed by prospectors. Posts were established at Whoop-Up, Stand Off and Slide Out, each name being fairly indicative of its derivation. At Whoop-Up Indians attacked the traders in a "cache" or hiding place in the ground. By making a great noise the whites frightened the red men into believing the place was full of people, and they slunk off to hiding themselves. At Stand Off and Slide Out, similar attacks were made on the cache of the white traders. In the first instance the whites stood off the attacking party, while at Slide Out they were able to slide out of their hiding place unharmed. These traders made weekly raids on the shaggy bison, but they obtained the greater number of their pelts from the Indians, who quickly learned the advantage to be gained from exchanging a buffalo pelt for a jug of fire-water.

Buffalo Driven Out by Fire. Some time in the early eighties the buffalo disappeared. They were exterminated, ruthlessly slaughtered for their hides, and the western plains were no longer profitable to the traders. It is related that traders in the United States sent men to Southern Alberta to burn the grass so that the buffalo would not return northward. It is known that as a consequence of prairie fires, buffalo did not return to Canada during the last years of their wild state, but roamed the prairies of the Yellowstone country in Montana, where they were finally wiped out of existence, except in wide-spread areas, ancestors of those now the property of the Dominion Government in the park at Wainwright.

With the disappearance of the buffalo, cattle barons began to use the prairies of Southern Alberta as ranging grounds. Senator Cochrane, then of Montreal, one of the original syndicate of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was one of the first to bring in a "chuck wagon" was manager, and the stock ranged between what is now the city of Calgary and the town of Cochrane.

The first winter proved disastrous owing to the snow now some fifty per cent of the cattle perishing for lack of food. The remaining remnant were driven south to the rich and well-watered range lying between the Water-Over and Old Man Rivers, and extending west almost to the mountains.

The Big Cochrane Ranch. The tract comprised some sixty-seven thousand acres, one-tenth of which was allowed as lease, and a remainder purchased by Mr. Cochrane at one dollar an acre. In 1892 a fine

stone bungalow was erected on the Old Man River and used by the senator for a summer home. This was the first stone house in the south country. In 1892, William Cochrane, son of Senator Cochrane, was made manager, while Jas. Wilson, now registrar of brands at Medicine Hat, became local manager. In 1895 a company was formed and the capital increased out of revenue to \$400,000. Wm. Cochrane owned and used the first automobile in the Canadian West. It was propelled by steam, and an interesting story is told of cow-puncher attempting to rope it as it sped across the prairie.

An irrigation system supplied water for many hundred acres of the Cochrane ranches, and on this irrigation land alfalfa, timothy, and bromegrass was grown for winter feed. But farming was in no sense the business of the Cochrane Ranch Company. Cattle raising was what occupied the time and talents of the members and the ranch. The Cochrane was the largest and best stocked in the Canadian West, and with its passing cattle raising as an industry on a large scale is no more known.

Here, the cowboy was predominant. He was present with all his virtues and magnanimities; with all his follies and vices. With the passing of the western cowboy a type becomes extinct.

The Real Cowboy. He was not all that writers of fiction and romance would have him. Not always was he picturesque in hairy shaggy and wide sombrero; chivalrous in all his deeds; courteous in all his actions. He was not always a scout and a hero, ever ready to shoot a town or to stake his last cent upon the high card. He was ever ready and rough, with some of the graces of an angel, and many of the attributes of a devil. He could run a brand on a steer or steal a maverick with a clean conscience, and the next moment give his last dollar to the "sky-pilot." Owen Winstler has appended to one of Remington's cowboy pictures this couplet:

"He rides the earth with hoof of might, His is the song the eagle sings; Strong as the eagle his delight, For like his rope, his heart hath wings."

The cowboy stood in a class by himself always. Whatever may not have been his winter ways, when the snow melted from the hills and the grass got a good start, he buckled his belt to a hard six months' work. The range was systematically ridden, and the round-up began. The "chuck wagon" was loaded with a "grub-stake" and followed after the punchers as they cleaned up miles of country for branding. In Southern Alberta the spring round-up is a beef round-up as well, for the mild winters and abundant pastures make beef on the range, while the stall-feds of Eastern Canada are munching their corn and roots.

Beef driving to the railway is, however, the climax of the cowboy year. This, of course, comes in the fall, and, while interesting, is physically wearing. Herd Stampeded by a Bird. Many of the steers are wild and a whole herd herd has been stampeded by the fright of one animal surprised

by a bird flying suddenly from a bush. From six to ten miles a day is a good drive. Before dark, the cattle will have satisfied the desire for grasses and water. They are then bunched and night-herded. The men are grouped in shifts, each to spend half the night slowly riding around and around the herd.

Coralling the saddle horses each morning is an interesting part of cowboy experience on the round-up. A corral is made of ropes tied to the wagons, and into this the horses are driven. Each "buckaroo" picks out his string of four or five, one or two of which are usually bronchos fresh from the bunch-grass. The well-known Remington picture "The Chuck Wagon" illustrates what often happens when the broncho is saddled at the round-up camp.

But the cowboy's day on the Cochrane ranch is past, for the open range of Southern Alberta is no more. The eyes see no more herds of countless cattle roaming the broad prairies; it sees no round-ups; it sees no marcolling displays of horsemanship; it sees few steers roped and branded; it sees no resistance to the advance of the iron horse, and the encroachment of the settler; it sees no tearing down of the barbed wire fences of those who would despoil the range by turning the sod upside down.

When Farming Displaces Ranch. What the eye does see is smoke coming from the chimneys of innumerable farm houses; it sees flags floating from many school buildings; it sees children trudging the roads in perfect safety or racing upon their ponies on their way to their daily lessons; it sees countless thousands of prairie acres with the soil broken by the plow; it sees thousands of acres of growing wheat, disappearing into the sky-line of the horizon, ripening in the glow of the warm rays of a Southern Alberta sun; it sees old men abandoned because wire fences cross and recross; it sees the church upon the favorite site of the round-up; it sees the binder, the thrasher, the gasoline tractor, the steam plow, the leads of wheat banded to the elevator; it sees the locomotive bearing eastward to Britain and westward to the Orient train load after train load of the best and cleanest wheat known to the world; it sees mills grinding the hard berries of wheat flaked to the elevator; it sees all the world. The eyes see all this because the Cochrane ranch has now finally passed from a prairie of bunch-grass to an area of rich agricultural land producing flour second to none in the world.

Perhaps the old conditions would have remained and the vast stretches of the Cochrane ranch continued to make beef for some little time longer, though the age is all against it, had not six dollars an acre for all of the sixty-seven thousand acres looked good to the ranch company.

Bought by the Mormons. The offer was made by the Mormon Church, through its Canadian president, and was promptly accepted by the owners. A round-up of the stock was at once begun and twelve thousand head turned over to a firm in Macleod for \$250,000, this figure including saddle horses, hay, and ranch equipment. The remainder of the cattle were driven to range near Medicine Hat, and in the course of a year what was a cattle ranch, saw thousands of settlers moving in and making homes.

The Mormons began the preparations for colonization systematically, as they

are making their advance throughout that country by breaking large tracts in convenient places, and surveying towns on this improved land. It is being sold for from twelve to thirty dollars an acre, and mostly it ought carefully to be noted to Mormons from Utah. No person is allowed to purchase more than a quarter section till that amount is paid for. The result is that on nearly every quarter section a family is settled, and intensified farming is the rule.

Already two towns are well begun, having schools, Mormon meetings, houses, good residences, and many modern conveniences. Near Glenwood lives the Mormon president, who is directing the work of colonization. Hill Springs built on an old dipping and round-up site, has even a system of waterworks.

Whether a governmental system which permits of community settlement of the public lands is wise or not, time will show, but it is certainly well that attention should be directed to the disposition that has been made of the famous old pioneer cattle range of the Cochrane of Compton.

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