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## *Protests Against Militarism.*

**T**HE struggle against militarism is the history of the contest between barbarism and civilization, between the primal savage instinct and the influence of religion, education and moderation. There are times when war will force itself on men of peace, a great principle being at stake, but at all times, in all countries, there are contentious men who would roll back the gates of the temple of Janus for mere love of the sound of bugles and the flash of swords.

In the Parliament of Canada there was heard this week an echo of this endless struggle. Mr. Bourassa wanted to limit the number of the militia to 50,000 so that if the government wanted to increase the number it must come to parliament. The present strength of the militia is 46,000. Mr. Bourassa thought it absurd that we should organize this country on a war footing to anticipate an attack from the United States. As Mr. Bourassa's views were twisted before his face in the House they will be completely warped on the stump, so we quote his view as to our volunteers, as follows:—

What I think perfectly legitimate and proper is to keep up in our population a proper spirit as to their duties in regard to the defence of the country, and to endeavor to induce a greater number of our young men, without drawing them from their peaceful avocations, to take up rifle practice. I think that is the foundation principle of our defence.

We will quote here an excellent extract from a leading article in the TorontoGlobe of the 11th inst. as follows:—

To be sure the militarists will ring the changes on Lord Dundonald's words about Canadians living in "a fool's paradise." That is irrational and futile talk. No intelligent Canadian lives in a fool's paradise with regard to our frontier defences. Everybody knows that from ocean to ocean along our four thousand miles of international boundary there is neither a fort nor a gun, except the relics of a bygone age. We proclaim that defenceless state to all the world. We glory in it. The defences of these sister nations one against the other are not in the make-believes of barbarism, but in the growing intelligence of both people; their common kinship and heritage, the intertwining of their commercial, industrial and social interests, the instincts of humanity that dominate their private life, and the Christian ideals that inspire their civilization. If abiding faith in such

defences is, for these nations, a fool's paradise, then the best things in life are a lie.

Another echo of militarism comes from Chicago where Mr. Roosevelt was presented to a nominating convention as a man of granite and iron in a speech which was an eulogium of war. At the St. Louis convention Mr. Bryan declared that this "is a declaration that the time hoped for, prayed for, of perpetual peace will never come, thus eulogizing the doctrine of brute force and giving denial to the hopes of the race. And this President, a candidate for re-election, is presented as the embodiment of that ideal, the granite and iron to repre-

sent the new idea of militarism. Do you say you want to defeat the military idea? Friends of the south, are you trying to defeat the military idea. Let me tell you that not one of you, north, east or south, more fears the triumph of that idea than I do. If this is the doctrine that our nation is to stand for it is retrogression, not progression, it is the lowering of the ideals of the nation, it is the turning backward to the age of force. More than that, it is a challenge to the Christian civilization of the world and nothing less."

Here are two great forces in conflict. It is for each man to determine which side he will countenance.

Everyone should read Sir William Muck's notable contribution to this subject uttered at the Fielding banquet July 11.

## *The Liberties of Parliament.*

**I**N its issue of Monday, May 31, the Montreal Star asks:—

Can anyone imagine the Mother of Parliaments permitting documents of great public importance being withheld from it by the Government except for grave reasons of public interest.

The insinuation here is that the Dominion government is acting on a contrary rule, which is a thing not supported by the evidence. But we particularly desire to point out that the British parliament is no longer a model to copy. Aside from the fact that the prime minister and leader of the House of Commons was howled down the other night, there is the following description of the "mother of parliaments" in the columns of the London Speaker:—

Mr. Balfour's government has stolen one after another of the liberties of the House of Commons, but even in the House itself it is only a small minority of members that cares very zealously for its rights. When a motion for the guillotine comes on people in the country think it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, and that discussion is all recrimination. But Mr. Balfour's latest proposal is so ex-

treme as to exasperate even the most patient and casual observers. The Licensing Bill has been discussed for thirty-four hours. Mr. Balfour now proposes to give four more days to the Committee stage, two days for report, and one for third reading. The Westminster Gazette calculates that the whole time the discussion is to occupy in committee will be fifty-eight hours. Now, the Crimes Act, as the Daily Chronicle points out, had been in Committee fifteen days, the Home Rule Bill twenty-eight days, the Education Bill thirty-eight days before the closure was applied. The government papers justify this violent proposal by pleading the obstruction of the Opposition, but Mr. Ellis shows in the Times that of five amendments discussed Wednesday two came from the Government side of the House. It is not the fault of the Opposition that the session began too late, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot go on with his Budget, that Mr. Arnold-Foster is not allowed to reform the Army, and that Mr. Balfour pays no attention to the business of the House. If the Government choose to spend the dregs of an ignoble existence in forcing this bill through Parliament without discussion, it must not expect to find its legislation treated with any respect at all by the next government.

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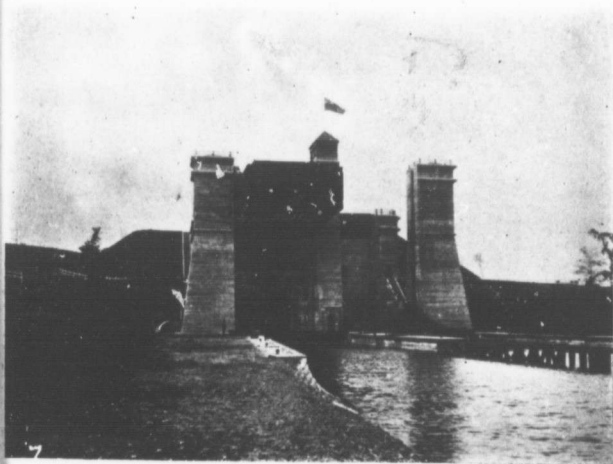
## *A Great Lift Lock.*

**T**HE new lift lock on the Trent Valley Canal, was opened on Saturday by the Minister of Railways and Canals.

It has been six years in building, and is the largest lift lock in the world. It lifts

by which a boat is lowered at the same moment as the other boat is raised.

The lock is picturesquely situated on the outskirts of the pretty and progressive town of Peterboro, now boasting nearly



**THE PETERBORO LIFT LOCK.**

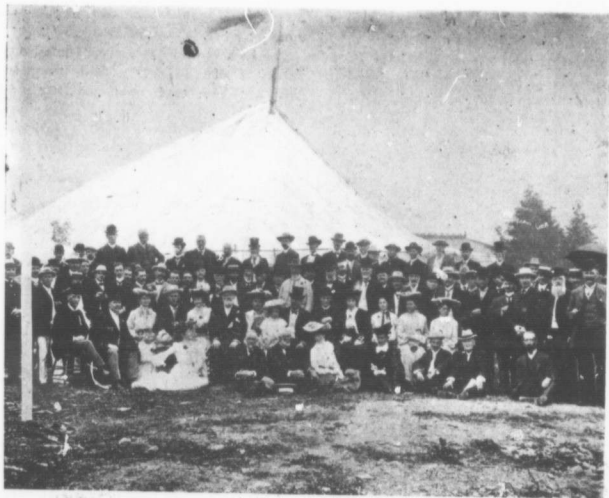
The largest in the world and the only one in America.

a boat from one level on the canal sixty-five feet to the upper level, and, as shown in the picture, consists of a double section

14,000 of a population. It is constructed durably of massive masonry and concrete, and is equipped with the smoothest and

strongest machinery. The power is hydraulic and the boat is lifted or lowered with the ease of a passenger elevator, although the weight lifted is said to equal that of thirteen railway locomotives.

The work cost about \$700,000 and reflects great credit on Canadian skill, and the enterprise of the Administration that gave such skill a chance to show what it could accomplish.



A group photographed by Pittaway at the opening of the Lift lock. Hon. H. B. Emerson sits in the centre with Hon A. G. Blair and Senator Watson to his right and Mr. Collingwood Schreiber on his left. Sir William Mullock is standing in the centre of the second row having to his right Messrs. Kendry, M.P. and Campbell M.P. and to his left Gourley M.P. Senator Cox, McKinnon M.P., DrMills, Bickett M.P., Senator Gibson Hon. Wm. Ross Sam Hughes M.P. Senator McHugh is sitting in the middle foreground.

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## *The American Family.*

**T**HAT the large family of the early days of this country has disappeared everyone is aware. Benjamin Franklin was one of fourteen children a number far from uncommon at that time, but scarcely to be met twice in a lifetime now. Franklin stated that eight was the American average family two centuries ago, and figuring on that basis foresaw for this country a population of 100,000,000 by 1900.

Instead we have 76,000,000, of whom 11,000,000 are foreign-born and 13,000,000 the children of foreign-born parents. Only 53,000,000, a trifle over half the number Franklin predicted, have therefore descended from the early American stock. So far from eight being the average family, that number is considered astonishingly large.

In a woman's club in New York President Roosevelt's opinions on "race suicide" were discussed and his attitude generally condemned. Of thirty-four present only two agreed with Mr. Roosevelt. The remaining thirty-two indorsed the statement of one of the members: "There are thousands born that have no business to be born."

A review of the evidence gathered points to these conclusions.

1. That the size of the American family has diminished.

2. That the decline is greatest among the rich and educated, but also exists to a marked extent, among the middle class and the intelligent poor.

3. That only the most ignorant and irresponsible make no effort to limit the number of their children.

4. That not only has the large family disappeared, but it is no longer desired.

5. That the prevailing American ideal among rich and poor, educated and uneducated, women and men is two children.

6. That childlessness is no longer considered a disgrace or a misfortune; but is frequently desired and voluntarily sought.

7. That opposition to large families is so strong an American tendency that our immigrants are speedily influenced by it; even Jews, famous for ages for their love of family, exhibiting its effects.

8. That the large family is not only individually, but socially, disapproved; the parents of numerous children meeting public censure.—Lydia Kingsmill Commander in The Independent.



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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

VOL. 6. JULY 16, 1904. No. 3

**M**R. CHAMBERLAIN has split the select Unionist organization of England by forcing through a motion in favor of preferential tariff. Sixty members, one-third of the total, have seceded, under the leadership of Lord James, Rt. Hon. Arthur Elliot, and Professor Dicey. These Unionist opponents of Mr. Chamberlain include the most influential section of the Liberal Union Club whose members went over to the Conservative party on the question of Home Rule only. The new issue bids fair to subordinate the old, reunite the Liberal party and overthrow the government.

**P**ORT ARTHUR will not be taken at a rush, it will be taken by a siege. If it was to have been taken at a rush it would have been attacked before now, for to get hold of it is vital to all the Japanese plans. It is clearly evident that the Japanese political basis for their strategical actions is an appeal to the Powers after the occupation of Southern Manchuria. Such an appeal would have no meaning until the de jure occupation of the end of the Liao-Tung Peninsula by Russia had de facto come to an end. All the massing of troops a month ago was proceeding against Port Arthur. Kuropatkin stopped it by sending down south Stackelberg's little column. Whether by this action he diverted the Japanese plan of campaign we cannot tell. He certainly changed all its outward indications and movements, which had for their object nothing but the watching of Kuropatkin's left flank, while the mass of the Japanese forces were poured into the Peninsula have gone through a transformation. Kuroki, whose army had done nothing for two months, except very tentatively to advance further towards the north-east, suddenly withdrew the bulk of

his force to the south-west, joined his with the second army in the peninsula and in company with a much smaller force, commonly called the third army, advanced directly upon the bulk of the Russian troops in the Manchurian plain. A severe battle fought on July 8th and 9th resulted in another victory for the Japanese and their occupation of Kai Ching, which brings them within striking distance of New Chwang.

**A** MAN named Gassaway Davis has been nominated for the position of vice-president of the United States. A peculiar name, perhaps appropriate to a politician, but then the office is a peculiar one; it has been vacant for two or three years and no harm done.

**T**HERE has been a great deal of discussion over the new Militia Bill and it was publicly urged that the bill should be "carefully watched". Now, a bill can be watched in committee of the whole House. On Monday night the Militia Bill was in committee and by actual count ten members were watching it. The membership of the House is 214 so that one member in every twenty-one shares any interest in the details of the measure.

**W**HAT hypocrisies do we find in the life of Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P.? An illustration of this in the House on Monday night. Mr. Bourassa had moved an amendment to the Militia Bill limiting the establishment to 50,000 as a maximum unless parliament authorized a larger number. This amendment was aimed at limiting the power of government by exercising the restraining authority of parliament. Mr. Osler, who knew well that Mr. Bourassa was aiming, not at the defence of the country, but at the danger of military expenditure, got up and talked of the effect of the amendment being to abandon the defence of the country and relegate Canada to the position of brewers of wood and carriers of water. This was nonsense and Mr. Osler very well knew, but he thought it would be popular in his own town. He rebuked Mr. Bourassa and he therefore attracted not the slightest attention to the

the motion or the argument. If Mr. Osler could say as Mr. Bourassa can, that his grandfather and great grandfather served in the militia of Canada he would be a better Canadian.

**T**HE Democratic National Convention has nominated the Hon. Alton Brooks Parker for the Presidency. The choice was practically unanimous and on the first ballot. He was not a national figure, but Senator Hill and Grover Cleveland were

telegram to the convention declining the great honor except on the condition that if elected, he would, as President, stand firmly by a gold standard. The platform was silent on this point but Parker would not be silent. The convention accepted the condition and Parker will oppose Roosevelt with a very excellent chance of winning.

**"S**O far as the control of the army in England is concerned the King has no authority, direct or indirect."—Col. Sam Hughes, M.P. in House of Commons, July 11, 1904. Why not say once for all that the King has no authority in any matters of State. Queen Victoria found when she came to the throne that her authority was so little that it did not extend to the appointing of her own bedchamber women. It is said that she cried a bit over the discovery but it served to start her on the constitutional road from which she never afterwards swerved.

**M**R. MAHLON K. COWAN, whose portrait is this week presented on the cover, is one of the strong members of the younger element in the federal Liberal party. He sits in the House of Commons for South Essex where he was first returned in 1896. He was born in the county 41 years ago. He is chairman of one of the standing committees of the House and is regarded by his fellow Liberals as one of the best speakers on their side. In the country Mr Cowan is undoubtedly one of the best and most popular platform orators in Ontario and his services are constantly in demand. Personally the member for South Essex has followed such a course as to gain him the respect and liking of all who meet him at Ottawa.



Judge Parker.

both for him and pulled him through. The next day Judge Parker did something of his own that stamped him as a man of energy and courage and that made him instantly a truly national figure. He sent a

## The Romance of Secret Inventions.

**B**EFORE the days of patents the only way to make sure that an invention would remain the property of its original owner was to keep it secret, where this could be done without forcing it to remain in disuse. Even at the present day many processes and formulæ are kept from public knowledge in this way, the inventor preferring not to apply for a patent. If the history of secret processes could be written, writes a contributor to *The Technical World*, it would form a romantic and fascinating book, and one of the most interesting sections would be that which dealt with the many attempts to steal the secrets from their jealous owners. He goes on to say:

"The scene of one of these stories is laid in the wild moorland country around Sheffield, England, where a watchmaker named Huntsman had built a factory for making steel by a process of his own invention. The secret was a very valuable one, for it was the only process by which steel could be made of uniform quality throughout; but Huntsman had little fear that any of his rivals would discover it, for he employed only picked and sworn workmen, and the portals of his factory were almost as strictly guarded against strangers as the doors of a bullion vault.

"However, one bitter, cold wintry night, when the wind was shrieking over the neighboring moor, driving the snow in wild eddies before it, a tattered, shivering tramp presented himself at the door of the works and pitifully craved permission to warm his frozen bones at the furnace fires. For a long time he pleaded in vain; the doorkeeper was obdurate; but finally importunity and the pathetic aspect of the man won the day, and the tramp was

admitted to the warmth, only to fling himself on the floor in utter exhaustion and to fall asleep.

"The rascal, however, was sleeping with one eye open, and with that eye he was craftily watching the men at their work, with the result that when an hour later he left the place with words of gratitude, he took Huntsman's secret with him.

"Another interesting story takes us to the neighborhood of Temple Bar, in London, and to the shop of a chemist who was the only man in England who knew the secret of the manufacture of citric acid. So jealous was he of his invention that he would share it with no one, but worked alone in the laboratory over his shop in Fleet Street.

"One evening, however, when his processes were well advanced, he locked up his laboratory and left the premises for a time, assured that no one could gain admittance during his absence. But he bargained without a certain uninvited guest who worked his way down the chimney into the laboratory and made such good use of his time that when he emerged from the chimney he had the manufacture of citric acid at his fingers' ends.

"It was in a similar way that the manufacture of tin-plate became possible in England—the secret being one which no person had been able to wrest from its owners in Holland for half a century. But there was a bold and crafty Cornishman, one James Sherman, who made up his mind to discover it at any cost. Going over to Holland, he found his way into the factory at great personal risk and brought the secret back safely.

"These are but a few of the little romances of successful secret-stealing, and



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who shall tell the number of attempts that have failed, or even how many lives have been lost in the attempting? Men will risk much to fathom such a secret as that of the monks of the Grande Chartreuse who made the well-known liqueur of that name, for which a sum of \$10,000,000 has been refused point blank; but the secret has defied all discovery.

"Among scores of secret processes just as successfully guarded is that which has given to the world the exquisitely beautiful Dresden china. It is said that not even a king may enter the guarded walls of the factory at Meissen, where the porcelain is made, with the solitary exception of the King of Saxony himself; and every workman is under a solemn oath, to which the

severest penalties are attached, never to breathe a word of what goes on within the factory.

"Then there is the romance of inventions that have been absolutely lost to the world, of which one example must suffice. An American inventor named Ford, after long years of unremitting labor, had discovered a method of treating ore without smelting, and at a very small cost. So valuable was the discovery considered that fabulous offers were made to Ford for the secret; but as ill-luck would have it, on the very day on which he had arranged to part with it in exchange, it is said, for an annuity of \$100,000, he was struck down by apoplexy and his secret died with him."

## *The Cambridge Modern History.*

**T**HE Cambridge Modern History, volume 2 of which has just been issued, is conceived in the only spirit which makes history worth writing—the honest desire to extract the maximum of truth from the evidence. To have carried out Lord Acton's ideal would indeed have demanded a measure of intellectual and emotional consent against which the intractable idiosyncrasies of man rise in conscious or unconscious revolt. Nevertheless it is encouraging to discover in a composite work dealing with a controversial period a substantial agreement as to fundamental estimates. There is one Luther, one Zwingli, one Calvin. In an eloquent and masterly chapter on the Genevan Reformer Dr. Fairbairn has expounded the points of contrast:

"But Luther did not exhaust the tendencies that worked for reform. They were impersonated also in Zwingli. As the one was by disposition and discipline a schoolman who loved the Saints and the Sacraments of the Church the other was a humanist who appreciated the thinkers of an-

tiquity and the reason in whose name they spoke. Luther never escaped from the feelings of the monk and the associations of the cloister; but Zwingli studied his New Testament with a fine sense of the sanity of its thought, the combined purity and practicability of its ideals and the majesty of its spirit; and his ambition was to realize a religion after its model, free from the traditions and superstitions of men. It was this that made him so tolerant of Luther and Luther so tolerant of him. The difference of opinion might have been transcended but the differences of character were insuperable . . . Luther a schoolman, while a Reformer created out of his learning and experience a faith suited to his personal needs; but Zwingli a Reformer came to religion through the literature which embodied the mind of Christ and the Church of the Apostles."

Of Calvin he writes as follows:

"Few men have changed less; but few also have developed more. Every crisis in his career brought him something and so enhanced his capacity. His studies of sto-

icism showed him the value of morals; and he learnt how to emphasize the sterner ethical qualities as well as the humaner and the more clement by the side of the higher public virtues. His early humanism made him a scholar and an exegete, a master of elegant Latinity of lucid and incisive speech, of graphic pen and historical imagination. His juristic studies gave him an idea of law, through which he interpreted the more abstract notions of theology and a love of order, which compelled him to organize his Church. His imagination playing upon the primitive Christian literature, helped him to see the religion Jesus instituted as Jesus himself saw it. . . . Calvin was greater as a legislator than a theologian. . . . His policy is a more perfect expression of the man than his theology. . . . Though Calvin's theology occasioned the hottest and bitterest controversies known to Christian history, yet it is here that his mind is least original and his ideas are most clearly observative. Without Augustine we should never have had Calvinism."

These are not the words of an unpledged intellect, but Dr. Lindsay, who writes so well of the early career of Luther, and Mr. Whitney, who describes the Helvetic Reformation with a valuable fulness of detail, amplify rather than correct the picture. Shades of difference, indeed, there are. Dr. Lindsay loves Luther, while Dr. Fairbairn plainly dislikes him and his "vulgar scholasticism"—but the total mass of impressions made on the reader is comprehensive and homogeneous. Two things only we regret. The first is that Mr. Whitney has not found more space for his inner development of Zwingli's mind; the second paragraph in Dr. Fairbairn's Calvin, which may have the effect of leading the unwary reader to surmise that Servetus was a member of the Geneva State. This of course, was not the case. He was a Spanish theologian once, having fallen into a bitter controversy with Calvin, had the misfortune to visit Geneva on his way to Italy. Calvin seized him and caused him to be burnt.

We are impressed by the amount of excellent learning in the volume. Professor

Pollard has four chapters on German history and one on Edward VI., which could not well be improved upon for clear, vigorous, epigrammatic statement. The dreary struggle between Hapsburg and Valois falls to the capable hands of Mr. Leathe, while the Bishop of Gibraltar exhibits a surprising range of information both as to the currents of theological movement in Spain and Italy and as to the Reformation in the Scandinavian Kingdoms. If we may venture to criticize so learned a performance, we should say that Dr. Collins has been over-lavish of detail and that the inner significance of the religious movement is rather lost sight of in historical minutiae. We could have well spared a few minor Italians for an extra page on Juan de Valdes.

Perhaps the most remarkable contribution to the volume is made by Professor Maitland, who has brought his fine legal mind to bear upon the Anglican settlement, and the Scottish Reformation. That has been the happy hunting ground for partisan and obscurantist writers. There are Catholic fables and Anglican fables and Presbyterian fables. No one will dare now to repeat them. Professor Maitland's chapter, so vivid and learned, so nicely balanced and original, has dispelled many fictions, and enabled us to see the Reformation settlement as it gradually shaped itself out of many conflicting and various forces. For sheer insight and vigorous elimination of unrealized fact from the immediate field of vision this treatise would be hard to surpass.

The late Professor Krauss, of Munich, contributes a chapter on Medicean Rome from which the reader is to conclude that the real patron of Italian art and letters was Julius II. and not Leo X. It is possible that Julius is put a little too high and Leo a little too low. The Council of Trent should have been done by Lord Arden, and it is needless to say that his loss cannot be replaced. Mr. Lawrence, however, makes a brave attempt to fill a very difficult gap. Dr. Gairdner seems to be weary of his old friend Henry VIII., and Mr. Mullinger, in treating of Queen Mary, is somewhat unstable in the matter of

geanologies. He makes Charles V. the uncle of the English Queen in 1553 and he describes the Archduke Ferdinand as Charles's nephew. These are slips easily remedied.

What a wonderful epoch it was., soiled by the most heinous crimes, illumined by the highest virtue, racked by of every description of religious malaria 'and 'political unease! And how various and far-reaching were the effects of the Reformation! In England and Denmark it builds up mon-

archy, in Norway it creates a nation, in Germany it breaks up the Empire and fortifies the Princes; France is riven in twain by it; in Switzerland it is intertwined with Republicanism; Bohemia expels it with a struggle. Only in Italy and Spain is the victory of the old order undoubted from the first, and in these countries the advocates of reform, few in number, but eminent in gifts, have left nothing behind them but a fragrant memory.

## *The Difficulty With Windy Walker.*

A Short Story by Morley Roberts.

THE sun was hot upon the land, and Double Mountain danced in the haze, while Double Mountain Fork, which emptied itself into the Brazos miles to the northward, steamed between its banks. The sheep lay in their camps about the scanty mesquite and the cut banks of the creek and under a couple of cottonwoods rooting in the slow waters. It was the time of the day to do nothing, to say nothing, and to take lying down all the hammering that the sun and wind could give. Jeff said so, and he lay down under his cottonwood, near which the sheep panted, while he played lazily upon a rickety old mouth-organ. And he knew just about as much of his tunes as the old man of Arkansaw did. Like him, Jeff broke off in the middle. And unlike him, no stranger rode by to eke out the tail end of the music. His father came along instead, for the old man roused himself from his bed in the old shack by the creek and stared into the radiance of the day with one shaking hand over his eyes.

"Jeff!"

"Yep, paw," said Jeff as he scrambled to his feet.

He was a long, lean and lank son of the prairie, sandy, freckled, hard, and fifteen years of age.

"Get up the pinto," said old Jefferson Dexter "I'm aimin' to go into the city."

Young Jeff was respectful because he had been so all his life. It never occurred to him to be anything else, for the old man had a heavy hand, a fierce eye, and the temper which gives his cutting edge to an American. But now he "reared" a little, and according to his own notion there was reason for jibbing. He scratched his shock head and put his mouth-organ away inside his shirt before he spoke. When he did speak he uttered a fact without the least sense of reproach behind it.

"You was full las' night when you come home, paw," he said.

"I was," said his father.

"And mebber you don't recklec' what you told me."

Dexter shook his head.

"My son, I don't recklec' one word. Did I speak? I'd a sort of kinkle I was speechless."

Young Jeff shook his head in turn.

"Far from it, paw, for you sat on the table a good while, and you yanked me outer bed to hear."

"What did I discourse of?" asked his father. "I do hope I said nothing unbecomin' your father, Jeff. But since your poor mother pass'd away into the eternal beyond I've had less sense than I should have. Did I blaspheme any?"

Jeff nodded.

"O my, paw! you said awful things—most awful!"

Can you repeat any of 'em, Jeff?" asked his father anxiously.

"A lot I can," replied Jeff promptly. But old Dexter raised his hand.

"My curiosity is sinful," he said, "and I'll curb it. I'll offer up a general repentance scheme when the stiffness goes out of my knee. And you forget what I said mighty quick, or I'll flay you some, I will. Get up the pinto, Jeff."

Jeff showed reluctance to move.

"Paw, you mostly cussed one pusson."

Dexter, who had turned to go back into the shanty, faced his son again swiftly.

"I done so?"

"You did, paw. And as far as I could gather up the tale in the confusion of your shoutin' you appeared to hev hed some difficulty again with Mr. Wakler."

Dexter's face was as black as a thundercloud when he heard what Jeff said. He nodded and stared at the boy from under his heavy eyebrows, which drooped like bent thatch over his burning eyes.

"I do reckon," he said at last. Him and me had some words I know, —and words—and I've a notion the boys pulled me down and held me. I know Jeff, I had business in town, and I couldn't prop'ly locate in my mind what it was, having done it before, sayin' I'd brand mavericks as soon as eat pie. And he went on to throw out hints as to brand-burning. Jeff, my son, a maverick ain't nothing; there's no reason a man shouldn't brand any beast as his owner ain't ke'ful to put a mark on. But brand-burning is a boss of another colour, and the insult bit into me. I feel in my bones he up and said things. Get up the pinto, Jeff."

There was visible distress in the boy's eyes, and he followed the old man into the house.

"Paw, don't you reckon it would be wiser to wait a day? After your jamboree your hand will shake some, and they do say that Mr. Walker shoots like death. There's many he killed, and you don't use your gun once a year."

"Get up the pinto, boy," said Dexter. "I can't wait a day to learn what he

said to me in the American House last night."

When Jeff opened his mouth again the old man bent his brows on him till his eyes were almost invisible.

"Get up the pinto, Jefferson," he said, and poor Jeff ran out of the shack into the burning sun as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"There's no one but me, and Sis, she's in old Virginny, and Mr. Walker will kill him for sure if they tell the trewth of him. But now paw's mad; he's mad, and mebbe his hand won't shake."

He brought up the pinto and hitched the skewbald into the rattling old Studebaker wagon which was the carry-all for everything on Double Mountain Fork. And when it was ready old Dexter was ready too.

"I'll be back by midnight," said Dexter. "Git up, thar!" and he struck the horse over the flank with the double lines, and so far as Jeff could see the old man never turned his head after the pinto once got started. But the boy stared across the prairie down the track which Texans call a road till he could see nothing but the brown grasses of summer and the dancing haze of noonday heat.

"Like enough," said Jeff "I'll never see the old man no more. He's stiff and rheumaticky, and he can't get out no gun fast enough for Walker. I dew wish that Walker would run up agin someone like Ben Thompson. Ben Thompson would have made him look like a Mexican's blanket, more holes than wool. But Walker don't take no chances that way. He's no more than a poor fool-killer, and paw's a fool."

Jeff wiped away a tear and made himself some coffee by beating up the remains of his dad's breakfast. It was a hard life that he led, and he never knew it. The world was big, so he had heard, but West Virginia was the end of it towards the east. A remote California was in the far west. The round and broken prairie was his world, and the slow creek his river. He wondered how much bigger the Mississippi was; for his mother, now in the cemetery of the "City" towards which the old pinto was going, had come from Memphis.

"I'd like to go to Sis in Old Virginny,"

said Jeff, as he took his mouth-organ out of his shirt and went to look at his sheep. "I reckon they don't care much for bore-gas in Virginny. I dew wonder some why paw hankers after sheep when he has cattle. A sheep is sheer muck to a steer."

He sat by the bank of the "crick" and played his poor bits of tunes, and presently, as the sun westered, and the thin shadows of the mesquites stretched two hours journey on the grass, the sheep rose from

into the old man, I'll—I'll blew a hole-threw him a rat ked crawl threw."

Now, though he piped no more, the whole world danced through his tears.

"I'm darned sorry for the old man" whimpered his son; he ain't had no circus of a life. Things was tough back east, so maw used to let on, and here they was tough and then she died. He ain't bin the same sence, but more fierce and contrary, and he gets tull three to one to what he



"Walker threw up his hands and gasped horribly."

their camp and started browsing. Jeff whistled for his dog, a lean mongrel with a big head and wistful eyes and started to loaf the way the herd of sheep went. He played as he walked. Once more young Pan piped, and the haze at least danced. But his heart was heavy.

"I cayn't play worth a darn," said Jeff. "I'm mighty anxious about paw."

He put away his instrument and played no more. He spoke to his dog.

"Bob, old son, if that Walker puts lead

done when maw was alive, I dew wish hed the savvy to go in with him. But he'd never ha' let me."

At sundown he corralled the sheep and their lambs in a straggling mesquite corral against the raid of coyotes, and went back to the shanty. He cooked a mess of flour and a bit of bacon, and ate his supper, washing it down with a drink from the creek. Then he sat outside on an upturned keg that had once held nails, and played a little more as the night came on. The stars

broke out in the east and then they shone over him, and the west was blue at last as the moon rose in the east. The solace of the time was upon him, and for a little time his heart was easier.

"The boys won't let Walker shoot him up any," he said, hopefully. "They're a fine lot of boys in the City, and I reckon some day they'll make Walker like a sieve." But when he went into the house he took down his father's old shot gun and looked at it.

"I'll be the only one left," said Jeff, as he put it back in its place; "the only one but Sis."

But nevertheless he slept soundly when he was under the blankets, and he never woke till it was past midnight and the high moon made the prairie almost as light as day.

When he woke he sat up suddenly.

"Paw," he called; "paw, is that you?"

But there was no answer, and he came to himself.

"I thot I heard the old man," he said. And even as he spoke he heard the sound of a horse coming across the prairie at a lope. He sprang out of the bed and ran to the door.

"That ain't paw, unless he's left the wagon in the City," he said. "There's times he will, when he ain't sober and ain't rightly full." Yet he knew how unlikely it was that the old man should do so now. There was seldom a time that poor old Dexter wasn't "rightly full" when he came back home. And the sound came nearer, nearer yet. In another minute the horseman pulled up outside the shack.

"Ez that you, Jeff?" he asked.

"Why, certainly, Bili Davies," said Jeff, with a sinking heart. "What's brot you this way? Hev you come from the City, and hev you seen my dad?"

Bill Davies got off his pony and leaving it with the bridle reins on the ground, came up to Jeff. He was a cowboy from Ennis Creek, and was not often that way.

"I've rode out to tell you about him," said Bill quietly.

"O," said Jeff. "I know. He's dead, Bill."

"He's gone, Jeff."

"And Walker shot him?"

"He's the third Windy Walker has shot and killed in two years," said Davies. "And 'twill be self-defence. Jeff. Your old man started to pull no him and was as slow getting out his gun as a mud turtle on dry land. And Walker pulled down on him and shot him threw three times before he reached the ground. The poor old man is dead, Jeff. Don't greive, Jeff."

But Jeff swallowed his tears.

"I ain't grievin' now, Bill Davies. I'll find time when Walkr's dead," he said in a choking voice.

Bill Davies shook his head. "'Twas self-defence, Jeff; it was sure. For las' night they had a sort of difficulty, and we held your old man down, and he said he'd shoot Walker on sight. And Walker laffed. And we got your dad out o' town fightin' somethin' awful. And he pulled his gun first. There's four to take the stand and say so. There won't be no trouble for Walker. He says he'll do the thing handsome and bury the old man in style."

Jeff threw up his head.

"You ain't defendin' Walker, now, are you Bill Davies?"

The cowboy shrugged his shoulders.

"Me defend him, Jeff. He's the meanest sort of a murderer. He don't take chances with any but old men and the tenderfeet. He ain't the man to kill wren it ain't self-defence. He looks for self-defence, and is greedy for it. I'd like to see him laid out cold, and before I buried him in style I'd see the dogs eat him."

"I'll kill him," said Jeff. "Will you sleep here, Bill and lend me your pony, so's I can go in to town and see paw. I'll send the pony back early."

"You kin ride," said Bill. "I'll stay here. Do you mean what you say, Jeff?" "Sure" death," said Jeff; "ain't he killed paw? Who else is there?"

Bill Davies shook him by the hand. "You're a man, Jeff, and I'll be proud of you. But reklec" he's quick on the trigger. Don't take no chance. He won't give none."

"I'll give him none," said Jeff.

"You're a boy after ail," mused the

cowboy, "and if you kill him, there'll be those that'll sympathize with you. But perhaps you'd better go back to Virginia to your sister.

To say so was to ease his mind of a hard duty. Bill Davies felt much easier after it.

"I'm going back soon," said Jeff.

And he rode through the moonlight to the town. He sent the pony back as soon as he found his father's body, which lay in the back store of the man they usually dealt with. And the funeral was next day. Walker did not pay for it, for Jeff sent him a message. "He looked tolerably wicked," said the man who took it to the slayer.

"Did he", sneered Walker. "You can tell him to keep out of my way. See?"

Walker felt an injured man.

"Good God!" said Walker; "shall I have to kill a boy?"

But Jeff went back to his place on Double Mountain Creek, and the memories of men in the West being short, the death of old Jefferson Dexter was a thing forgotten in a week. But the young one didn't forget. And perhaps Walker did not, for the pride of a man who kills and is not tried, or who is tried and acquitted, is something strange to see. He glories in his strength and in his quickness, and takes up attitudes in the little world in which he shines. And quiet men said to themselves that Windy Walker would not die in bed. But the trouble is that quiet men do not kill unless they are obliged to, and some men who looked Walker in the eyes with a savage challenge found him loth to take offence.

"I put up with a mighty lot now," said Walker; "a man with my record should. I want peace."

He still held his own at the American House, where the trouble with old Dexter had begun, and he lost a few dollars regularly to the gamblers who ran the faro and keno tables. They sneered at him, but found him, a paying streak in bad times. If he gassed a little they let him gas. And the citizens of the city endured him. There were some (quiet men who did not talk) who wondered when his end would come. For Bill Davies said a thing or two to friends of his.

"The boy has a right to kill him," said Bill. "and the right to get the drop unseen. He's a boy." Jeff sometimes came into town, but he came in mostly by night and no one knew of his being there at all. He used to tie up the old pinto outside the town and come in quietly. He mostly lay about the empty town lots that were at the back of the American House and the Green Front, the chief saloons in Colorado Street. The gambling saloons of both houses were at the back, and the windows looked upon a waste of old boots, old kerosine cans and empty tomato cans. But the blinds were usually drawn. In such a "city" even though law and order were gradually and with great difficulty establishing themselves, there were many who had a deeply rooted objection to standing in a bright light visible to those who were in darkness. There was never any knowing who might be outside.

And very often Jeff was outside. Sometimes he heard the voices of men he knew Bill Davies was in there at least once a week. He heard Simon Keats, to whose store his father's body had been taken; for Simon, though a respectable store-keeper by day, had a passion for faro which bloomed after sundown. And sometimes he heard Walker. But the window was shut and the blind was down.

That year as it happened, September opened with a blaze of heat that the most hardened old-timer felt. They only came out at night, and then the saloons filled.

"By gosh, it's hot!" said Davies, who had been taking three days in town. "By Gosh, it's hot! Sam, don't you reckon it might be a trifle cooler if that window was open!"

The bar-tender, down whose face the moisture ran in streams, admitted that the experiment might be worth trying. "though whether it's better here or outside, or in hell I can't say," he answered.

"Who's afraid of hell in this weather?" asked Windy Walker, crossly. "Open the window, Sam and let me have a John Collins. I've a thirst on me as if a prairie fire was raging down my throat. I dunno' what foolishness brought men to Texas."

Sam went to the window and pulled up the blind. By a curious instinct, for it was hardly conscious, Walker and two or three others moved out of the direct line between it and the big lamp that lighted the room. Then Sam opened the window top and bottom and pulled the blind down again. But it had been up long enough to show someone outside that the window was open.

"That's better," said Walker; and he went to the faro table and laid down a dollar.

"I don't get between him and the window" said Davies; "not much I don't. Three times his month I've seen young Jeff riding along to town at sundown, and if he gives Walker a chance he's a fool. If I was a boy and had the same against Walker I'd say 'Look out Windy!' when he was dead."

But the room was crowded and the play went on. Davies didn't play; his nerves were on the stretch. Something seemed to tell him that Walker's time was coming; he felt as some do when thunder is brewing in a great and heavy calm. And suddenly he went curiously white.

"That blind's higher than it was," he said. But no one else saw it. They faced the tables; the talk of the faro dealer went on; a lucky man cried "Keno"; they swore and cursed and drank. And then Davies saw fingers at the blind cord—only fingers. The blind went up three inches. He drew back still farther and stood against the wall with an extinguished cigar between his teeth and his cow-hat over his eyes. He looked at Walker who was in a crowd.

"Damn my luck," said Walker, "that's five dollars."

He made a motion to get out of those who stood with him, and Bill Davies almost called out to him.

"It's not my funeral," he said grimly, as he restrained himself. And he looked again at the window. On the sill close to the corner he saw some things move a little.

"That lets me out," said Walker, cursing as he stepped back clear of his companions. And as he did so there was a deafening report. Bill saw flame leap from the muzzle of a gun, and Walker threw up his hands

and gasped horribly. Then he pitched up on the floor and lay there. A dozen men had their "guns" in their hands at the sound.

"By God" said one of them, "that was from the window."

One man quicker than the rest put up his hand, pulled the string of the lamp and the room was in darkness. Bill Davies jumped to the window and through it, and came upon Jeff Dexter with his shot gun in his hand. The boy was crying dreadfully. Before they could speak, other men followed. Davies, and some went round the house, from the front.

"It's Jeff Dexter has done it," said Bill.

There was a curious gasp of relief from those who stood by him and Jeff.

Old Simon Keats was the first to speak. "Boys, he had a right to," he said. "Walker killed his dad, and he's a boy. He had no call to speak to Windy first under the circumstances."

But Jeff still sobbed.

"What'll we do, boys?" asked Bill Davies.

"We'll save the boy trouble," said Keats. "It's allowed young Jeff ain't done no harm in killing Windy."

"That's so," said the bystanders.

"Then send him back to Virginia to his sister," said Keats. "There's the east-bound express due in less'n twenty minutes. Will you go bud?"

"Of course he'll go," said Davies. "Hev you any money, Jeff?"

Jeff had none on him. A dozen men offered him bills and silver.

"And I'll buy you out, stock and all, Jeff," said old Keats, "at a price that all here will say is fair."

"Hear, hear," said the crowd.

"And what's more, I'll go with you to Fort Worth," said Keats. "Come along, sonny, ther's no time to losa."

They walked towards the railroad depot. "One of us'll go to the City Marshal and say Windy's gone up the flume," said Sam the bar-tender. "And we'll drop a hint the boy has rode back to his ranch."

And as they walked, Jeff held Bill Davies hand and trembled violently.

"Mr. Keats, I'd like to give Bill my dog Bol and my old pinto pony," he said. "Will you take them Bill?"

"To be sure," said Bill.

"The pinto's tied to a mesquite t'other side of Wolf Crick," said Jeff. He's a mighty good pony for slow work."

"I'll not bustle him," said Bill.

And they reached the depot just as the east-bound express came in.

"Buck up," said Bill: "you done right Jeff."

"Did I?" said Jeff.

"Sure nuff," said Bill. "Windy's dead."