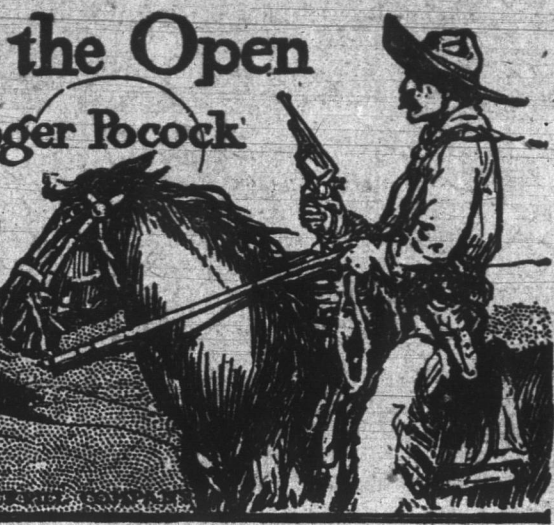


A Man in the Open

by Roger Pocock

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Yes, when I looks back on them ruddy nights entertainments along with Bull Durham, I see now what a success they was in learning me to ride. "What you need," says he, "is confidence. Got to forget mere matters of habeas corpus, and how your toes point, and whether you're looking pretty. Just trust you horse to pull through, so that you ain't caught in the flower of youthful innocence, and hung on the nearest telegraph pole."

Once I been to a theater, and seen a play. That's act one, with fifteen minutes hoping for act two. That's act after act till you just has to fill up the times between with injun war-whoops, until act five, when all the ladies and gents is shot or married. It just can't go on. So the audience says, "Let's go'n have a drink," and the band goes off for a drink, and the lady with the programs tells you to get to hell out of that.

It's all over. The millionaire Lord Bishop of Durham is only Bull's father-in-law. Bull's not exactly a cow-boy yet—but assists his mother, Mrs. Brooke, who is chief at a ranch. Bull won't be quite popular with his mother for having gorgeous celebrations with the hundred dollars she'd give him to pay off a little debt. I'd better not come to the ranch after leading mummy's boy astray from the paths of virtue.

There's the dust of Bull's horses way off along the road, and me settin' down by the wayside. A dog sets down in his skin, tall handy for wagging, all his possessions around him. I ain't even got no tail.

CHAPTER IV.

The Ordeal by Torture.

The Labrador was good to me, the sea was better, the stock range—wall, I'd four years punching cows, and I'm most surely grateful.

The world in them days was peopled with only two species, puncher and tenderfoot, the last bein' made by mistake. Moreover, we cow-boys belonged to two sects, our outfit, and others of no account. And in our outfit, this Jesse person which is me, laid claims on being best man, having a pair of gold mounted spurs won at cyards from Pleaface, our old foreman. I'd a rolled cattle, double-ridge Cheyenne of carved leather, and silver horn—a dandy saddle that, first prize for "rope and tie down" again all comers.

Gun, belt, quirt, bridle, hat, gloves, everything, my whole kit was silver mounted and everything in it a trophy of trading, poker, or fighting. Besides my string of ponies I'd Tiger, an entire black colt I'd broke—though I own he was far from convinced. Add a good pay-day in my own hind pocket, and d'ye think I'd own up to them twelve apostles for uncles? D'ye know what glory is? Wall, I suppose it mostly consists of being young.

Time I speak of, our outfit had turned over three thousand head of long-horns to the Circle S and rode right into Abilene. That we was to take the train for our home ranch



Yelled "Injuns!" and Stampeded.

down south, and I hoped to get back to my dog pup Rockyfeller. And yet I'd never before been on a railroad, and dreaded the boys would find out how scared I was of trains.

I lit in Abilene with a bluish, and just stood rooted while a guy selling gold watches reads my name graved on the saddle, and then addresses me as Mister Smith. Old Pleaface, scared for my morals, did kick this person sudden and severe, but all the same that Mister went to my head.

The smell of indoors made my stomach flop right over while we ranged up brave at the bar for a first drink. The raw rye felt like flames, though the preserved cherry sash in it tasted familiar, like soap. At the same time the sight of a gambling lay-out made my pocket twitch, and I'd an inward

conviction telling me this place ain't good for kids. It's the foreman sent me off with a message.

I rolled my tail, and curved off with Tiger to take in the sights of the town. He shied heaps, and it's curious to think why he objected to sign-boards, awnings, lamp-posts, even to a harmless person lying drunk. Then a railroad engine snorted in our face, so Tiger and me was plumb stampeded up a little side street. It's that that he bucks for all he's worth, because of a kneeling man with a straw hat and a punctured soul, praying abundant. Of course this penitent turned round to enjoy the bucking match—and sure reveals the face of my old friend, Bull Durham. We hadn't met for years, so as soon as Tiger was tired, Bull owned to finding the Lord, and being stony busted, ask if I was saved. I seen he'd got 'em bad, and shared my wad of money level with him. So we had cigars, a pound of chocolate creams, an oyster stew, and he bought a bottle of patent medicine for his liver. We shared that, and went on, he walking by my stirrup to the revival meetings.

This revival was happening at a barn, so I rode in. Tiger, you see, needed religion bad, and when people tried to turn him out, he kicked them. You should just have heard what the preacher told the Lord about me, and all the congregation groaned at me being so young and fair, with silver harness, and the hottest prospects—just as Pleaface always said when I was late for breakfast.

They had a great big wooden cross upon the dais, and somehow, I dunno why, that made me feel ashamed. A girl in a white dress was singing "Rock of Ages"—oh, most beautiful, her arms thrown round the cross, the sun-bright hair about her like a glory. The sight of girl went to my head like liquor, and this one was surely good with her sun-bright hair, her cheeks flushed 'cause I stared, her sulky lips rebuking when I throwed a kiss, her yellow-brown eyes—

Oh, had I really washed behind my ears? Suppose I'd got high-water marks! Was my hands—I whipped off my gloves to inquire. That's what's the matter, sure. Got to make good before bein' introduced. Got to get a move on Tiger. I swung, spurred with one spring through the doors, yelled "Injuns!" and stampeded, scatterin' gravel and panic through Abilene. I just went like one man for our cook wagon down by the railroad corral.

Now, for all the shaving-glass could see, I was nice and clean, but then that mirror has small views, and I'm not taking risks, but stripped and scrubbed all over. The place was so durned public I blushed from nose to heels till I was dressed again, shining my hair and boots. Then I procured an extra special, cherry-red, silk scarf out of the wrangler's kit.

Some of our boys made friendly signs as I passed on my way back, and fired a few shots after me for luck, but I'd no time to play. I joined the revival meeting just as the hat came round, so penitent sinners making for the door, came back to stay and pay because of Tiger. I gave Bull ten dollars to hand to the hat, only he passed it into his own pocket. He seemed annoyed, too, saying, "Waste not, want not." Then he explained how the fire-escape only paid Miss Ellis fifty dollars a day, whereas he was making hundreds.

Just then she passed, and I got introduced. "Say, Polly," says Bull, "here's Sailor Jesse wants to get acquainted."

She stopped, sort of impatient for supper, and velvet-soft her voice, full of contempt.

"Another damned supplant?" she asked, and Bull was holding a light for her cigarette. "Is it saved?" she added.

I couldn't speak. I wanted to tell her how I despised all the religion I'd seen, the bigots it made, an' the cowards. I'd rather burn with the goats than bleat among the sheep even now.

"Oh, that's all right, then," she said as though she answered me, and frank as a man she gave her hand to shake. "Good stunt of mine, eh?" Although I own I'd like to have that cross stage-managed."

She passed the weather, admired Tiger, talked Browns and Jones with Bull, turning her back on me, asked him to supper, walked off with him. An' that's all. Egg-shells throw'd in the ash-heap may feel like I did then.

Nobody loved me, 'cept our pony herd, inquirin' piteous for food an' water. Our boys, of course, was drunk by then, just sleepin' what they'd felt, so I was desolate as a moonlit dog-howl, ridin' herd with my night horse whar Polly's little home-grown lights across the prairie. I seen Bull and the preacher leave there toward midnight, walkin' sort of extravagant into town. The lights went out. Then times I'd take some sleep, or times ride herd guardin' her little house, till the cold came, till the dawn broke, till the sun came up.

It was half past breakfast when I seen Bull again, on his knees like yes-

terday, a-puttin' up loud prayers, which made me sick. "Rehearsin'," says he, "'cause Polly's struck, and I'm to be chief mourner."

He was my only chance of meetin' Miss Polly, when a guy comes butting into our conversation. He'd puffed sleeves to his pants, and was all dressed saucy, standing straddle, aiming to impress. "Oh, whar's my gun?" says Bull.

This person owned to being a gentleman, with a strong English accent. He'd 'undreds of 'orses at 'ome in 'Ammersmith, but wanted to own an 'ack 'ere, don'tcherknow.

So Bull lifts up his eyes to Heaven, praying, "Oh, don't deliver us from temptation yet!" Whereas I confided with this person about Bull being far gone in religious mania. I owned Bull right though, about my bein' a sailor, timid with 'orses; and he seen for hisself the way I was riding my Sam 'orse somethin' dreadful. Told me I'd ought to 'old my 'ed 'igh instead of 'umpin'. It's in toes, down 'eels, young feller, an' don't be 'ard on the bally hanimal. He'd gimme lessons only I was frightened, but out away from town the ground was softer for fallin', an' I gained courage. Happens Miss Polly's house was opposite. I scrambled down ungainly, shoved a pebble in along Sam's withers, and let this gent explain just how to set an



It Slung Him Around as He Dropped.

'ard-mouthed 'unter. You 'olds 'is 'ed, placin' the 'and on the 'orn of the saddle, so. Then hup! That pebble done the rest.

Now, it's partly due to this 'ere entertainment, and the diamond ring I gave her, that Miss Polly began to perceive me with the naked eye, and said I might come to supper.

And that evening was most surely wonderful, in a parlor all antiques and rocker chairs with pink bows. There was champagne wine, the little cigarettes with dreams inside, and a bottle no bigger'n my thumb smellin' so fierce it well-nigh blew my head off. Oh, it was all so elegant and high-toned that I got proud of being allowed indoors.

Her people was real society, her poppa an army general, ruined by the war, her mother prime Virginian. But then she'd gone on the stage, so there was mean suspicions.

I hold suspicion to be a form of meanness when it touches women. My mother would have shied at naked ladies, and dad was powerful again cigarettes. As for the smell, so fierce it had to be bottled, I'll own up I was shocked. But then you see mother and dad, an' me being working people, was not supposed to feel the high-toned senses which belongs with wealth. It's not for grade stock like me to set up as judge on thoroughbreds, or call a lady immoral for usin' a spoon whar I should need a shovel.

So it happened that in them days, while I rode guard upon Miss Polly, no man in Abilene could speak to her, or mention her name to me until I give him leave. She got to be known as Sailor Jesse's girl, and any person touching on my kill was apt to require a funeral.

It was the seventh day she married me. I know, because Bull, acting as best man, claimed a kiss, which she gave him. "Bull," says she, "didn't I bet you I'd marry Sailor Jesse within a week. You owe me twenty dollars." I saw the joke was on me.

I came to marriage pure as any bear, or wolf, or fox, expecting to find my mate the same as me, getter and giver of life, true to the earth, and fearless in doin' right.

Folks said I was young to marry at nineteen, but full nine years I'd earned my living, fought my way, and done my share of making happiness. I'd been served with a mouth full wide enough for laughin', a face which made folks smile when I was sad, eyes to see fun, the heart to take a joke if any offered, and when things hurt, I wasn't first to squeal. No: as long as the joke was on me I done my best to take it like a man.

But suppose—Well, I'd best explain that the English tenderfoot was at our wedding breakfast, and gettin' encouraged, he put up his best prize joke. He was all hoo, hoo, hoo at first, so funny he couldn't speak, the fellows

waitin' each with his grin gettin' stale, and Polly laughin' just to encourage him on. Then words got out which made the boys uneasy. Jake Haffering, the Bar T foreman, told the hog to shut up, while others moved to get clear. I was sort of stupid, wanting the point explained, couldn't believe it possible the joke was on my wife, although I'd rose by then, with gun hand free. Then I saw, but the room seemed dark, and the tenderfoot all indistinct, backing away, and reaching slovenly for weapons, while my bullet smashed in his shoulder. It stued him around as he dropped.

It was old Jake of the Bar T who spoke out then, and spoke straight.

"My boy," says he, "put up your gun. That's right. This here tenderfoot is bleedin' by spurts, arterial. Bull, see if Doc Stuart is sober." Bull ran for the doctor. "Only a tenderfoot," says Jake, "insults a cow-boy's wife—which is death from natural causes. Ma'am," he wagged his finger at Polly, "'tain't long since you come among us. 'Tain't more'n a day since you told me and others present that you was marryin' for fun. You laughed at warnings, and this here Jesse would have shot the man who warned him. You are a lady, and this boy you married for fun, is goin' to see you treated as a lady. I own he got rattled first shot, missin' this tenderfoot's heart, which ain't up to average practice; but it's time you began to see the point of the joke."

They took the tenderfoot away, and we were alone, me watching the pool of red blood turning brown. Polly sat drumming tunes on the table, her face turned white, staring out through the window at the moon heat of the plains. I remember I took a bottle of champagne wine, filled a big goblet, and drank it off. It made me laugh to think she'd taught me drinking, so I had another. "I see," says Polly, "I understand now." At that she began to scream.

I should have told you, that after our boys of the Flying Zee quit Abilene, I pitched a little A tent on the prairie back of Polly's house. That I could see my ponies at grass, and sniff the air clear of that stinking town.

But from the time I moved into the house, that was something disturbing my nose—something uneasy—oh, I don't know what it was, back of all house smells, which gave me a sense of evil, so I could hardly bear to stay indoors.

Comin' from town one night—she'd sent me there—I seen a man's shadow cross the parlor blind. I fired, missing, a fool's act, for it warned him, and gave him time. The lamp was out before I reached the house, and Polly with some hysterics getting in my way.

It wouldn't be sense to show a match guiding the stranger's aim, or to stand against a window, or make sounds. Rather I stood right still, and after a while Polly surprised herself into a dead silence. I couldn't hear that man, or feel, or see him. I sensed him. Can't explain that—no. You just feel if a man stares hard. I fired at that. Then Polly, of course, went off into all sorts of fits.

Next morning I tracked blood sign to the hospital. Seems a young person from the bank had took to conjuring and swallowed lead.

It was still before breakfast that I told Polly to pack her dunnage, 'cause



LIGHT THAT PRODUCES SOUND

Statement Sounds Incredible, but Experiment Will Speedily Demonstrate It to Be a Fact.

It seems incredible that a beam of light could be made to produce sound, but such a thing can be done. A ray of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel containing lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or any like substance. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to "cut it up," thus causing alternate flashes of light and shadow. When one places his ear to the glass vessel he hears strange sounds so long as the flashing beam falls upon the vessel.

A still more extraordinary effect is produced when the beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, if the ear be placed to the vessel containing the silk or other material, as the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum and there will be silence in other parts.

For example, if the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be heard when the red and the blue parts of the

we was moving out from Abilene. I claimed I could earn enough to keep my wife without her needing to go out into society.

"On cow-boy pay?" she said laughing. "On forty dollars a month?" I spend more'n that on champagne. Here you Miss Jesse, who's payin' for this—you? Who keeps you, eh, Miss Prunes—and—prisms? Shamed of my bein' a lady, eh? I am a lady, too, and don't you forget it. And now, git out of my home."

I struck a match to the b-okay of paper flowers, heaped on the hand-painted pictures, the paper fans, the rocker chairs, and elung the coal-oil lamp into the flames; then while she tore my shoulder with her teeth, I carried her to my tent. "That's your home now," I said, "the home of an honest working-man," I said, "and if another tough defies my home, I'll kill you."

The house-warming gathered the neighbors, but she had no use for neighbors. Only they seen the line I drew in the dust around that tent, the dead-line. Afterward if any man came near that line, she'd scream. But she'd taught me to drink, an' I drank, day after day, night after night, while she sat frightened in the tent, moaning when I came. Only when she was cured could I get work, not while I had to watch all day, all night.

She swore she loved me, she vowed that she'd repented, and I believed until she claimed religion. I'd seen her breed of religion. I'd rather have her atheist than shamming. She would keep straight, and be my faithful wife if I'd quit drinking, if I'd only take her away. But she'd married me for a joke, and false as a cracked bell she'd chime out lines and lies, knowing as I knew that if she'd ever been the thing she claimed, I'd come into her life too late. How could she be the mother of my children; when—I drank, and sold my ponies to buy liquor, for there was no way out.

And by the time I'd only Tiger left, one night came Bull to find me just as dusk was falling. I was drunk, too, scarce knowing what he said, just telling him to shut up and have a drink. Polly's bin hurt? Well, that's all right—have rye—Polly's been shot? That's good, we'd all have drinks. Was she dead?

She was dead. And I was sober then as I am now. "Murdered?" I asked. "Jesse, she shot herself." "Is that so?"

"Through the brow—above the eyes. Come, Jesse."

Next thing I was standing in the tent door, and it was so dark inside I had to strike a match. The sulphur tip burned blue, the wood flared, and for that moment, bending down, I seen the black dark hole between the eyes, the smear of drying blood. Then the match went out, and I—that was enough.

I gave Bull what I'd left, to pay for burial. Then I was riding Tiger all alone, with my shadow drawin' slowly out ahead as the moon waned.

CHAPTER V.

The Burning Bush.

Among the Indians, before a boy gets rated warrior, he goes alone afoot, naked, starvin' thirsty, way off to the back side of the desert. That he just waits, suns, weeks, maybe a whole moon, till the Big Spirit happens to catch his eye. Then the Big Spirit shows him a stick, or a stone, or any sort of triffin' common thing, which is to be his medicine, his wampum, the charm which guards him, huntin', or in war.

Among them Bible Indians you'll remember a feller called Moses, out at the back side of the desert, seen, the Big Spirit in a burning bush. Later his tribe set up a medicine lodge, and the hull story's mighty natural.

This Indian life explains a lot to men like me.

Many find peace in death, only a few in life, and I found peace that in the wilderness, the very medicine of torn souls, fresh from the hand of the Almighty Father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR SUNDAY EVENING

APPETIZING HOT DISHES TO SERVE AT SUPPER.

Good Thing About Them Is That Their Preparation Will Not Compel Mother to Stay in Kitchen All the Afternoon.

At this time of year a hot dish at the Sunday supper table is always welcomed, especially if it happens to be a bit unusual. There are a number of dainty, savory dishes that can be easily and quickly prepared. These are the kind that will appeal to the mother, who will certainly not wish to spend the afternoon in the kitchen, however much she may have the welfare of the family at heart.

Some of the dishes can be prepared beforehand and can be cooked or reheated in the time it takes to set the table. Take, for instance:

Baked Sausages—When preparing the potatoes for dinner cook an extra quantity. Mash smoothly and mix in a little well-beaten egg. Butter individual pans and fill with the potato, brushing over with milk or beaten egg. Buy the very small sausages and, cutting apart, boil for five minutes. Join the ends with a wooden toothpick before putting into the water. Form a ring of the potato and lay the sausage upon it, then put into the oven and bake until the top is brown. Pin a little dolly around each dish and serve on a plate garnished with a sprig of parsley.

Chicken Rolls—These can be prepared the day before if, when cold, they are wrapped in wet paper to keep them moist. Supposing there is any chicken left over, it may be augmented by a couple of slices of cooked ham bought at the delicatessen. Chop ham and chicken fine and mix together with a white sauce, a dash of red pepper and minced parsley to taste. Roll out a fairly rich pie crust very thin, cut into squares and lay a spoonful of the mixture upon each. Form into rolls, or turn over three-cornered fashion and brush with a well-beaten egg. Bake in a hot oven until nice and brown. A few minutes will suffice for reheating when wanted for the table. Serve on a folded napkin and garnish with parsley. Fresh, crisp watercress is nice with either dish suggested.

Sweetbreads With Mushrooms—Mushrooms are moderate in price just now, and combined with sweetbreads make a delicious dish. When the latter comes from the butcher soak in cold water for two hours then cook for five minutes in boiling water. Drop from this into cold again and remove the fibers. Cut into pieces and fry in butter with about equal quantities of mushrooms, or as many as desired. When nicely browned blend a little butter and flour and make into a white sauce with a cup of thin cream.

Delight Pudding.

Mix one pint of bread crumbs with half cup of softened butter. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add one cup of milk and half cup of molasses. Sift together half cup of flour, half teaspoon each of soda, salt, mace and cloves and one teaspoon cinnamon, then mix these through a cup of seeded raisins cut in halves (Sultana raisins need no cutting). Add the flour, condiments and raisins to the buttered crumbs and mix the whole to a dough with the liquid mixture. Steam in a two-quart mold (lined with paper, if plain) thoroughly buttered. Serve hot with sauce. Cream one-half cup butter. Gradually beat in one cup sugar, then the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Flavor with vanilla, mace or brandy.

English Plain Cake.

One cup of butter creamed, two cups of sugar, four eggs beaten light, one cup milk, four cups flour sifted with one-half teaspoon salt, one even teaspoon baking soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, one cup currants, one cup raisins, one cup candied orange and lemon peel sliced fine. This makes two loaves. Cook in bread tins two hours in a rather slow oven.

This keeps two months or more and should be wrapped in waxed paper and kept in a stone crock. Use any preferred flavoring.

Fruit Ginger Bread.

For this mix two pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of seeded raisins, chopped, one pound of currants, two cupfuls of molasses, one-half cupful of sour cream, half a dozen eggs, a heaping teaspoonful of cinnamon. Stir together well, putting in the fruit last, having dredged it with flour. Beat and bake in shallow pans.

Stewing Apples.

When preparing apples to stew first wash them well and wipe dry. Then cook the peelings first. When soft drain through a colander. Cook the apples in this liquid and when nearly done add the sugar. The flavor is delicious. A half-dozen cloves make it still better.

To Soften Paint Brushes.

When paint brushes become dry and hard, soften them by immersing in boiling vinegar, allowing them to simmer in the vinegar for ten minutes, afterward washing the brushes in strong soapuds.

Oilcloth Hint.

To give a soft tread to oilcloth, also to increase its length of serviceability, put a layer of sawdust on the floor before laying the oilcloth.