

Temagami

By Archibald Lampman

Far in the grim northwest beyond the lines
That turn the rivers eastward to the sea,
Set with a thousand islands, crowned with pines,
Lies the deep water, wild Temagami;
Wild for the hunter's roving, and the use
Of trappers in its dark and trackless vales,
Wild with the tramping of the giant moose,
And the weird magic of old Indian tales.
All day with steady paddles toward the west
Our heavy-laden long canoe we pressed;
All day we saw the thunder-traveled sky
Purpled with storm in many a trailing stress,
And saw at eve the broken sunset die
In crimson on the silent wilderness.

:: HARD LINES ::

By ARMIGER BARCLAY

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Scene: A stockbroker's office in
Wainford court. Time: Settling day.
Rimmer and Bent, the principals, are
seated at a table in their private room
struggling with the last line of a "Lim-
erick." In the outer office, the clerks
are all similarly engaged.

Rimmer (quoting)—"There once was
a cannibal queen—"

Bent (fractiously)—For downright
common or garden money you take
the biscuit, Rimmer! Do, for good-

ness sake, read to yourself. You put
me clean out. (To himself—Bent—
seen—dean—mean—green—

Rimmer (glaring)—That's right!
Recite the whole bally dictionary
through. Don't mind me. (Puts his
fingers in his ears and continues the
struggle for a rhyme.) "Who grew
most exceedingly lean. Said she, 'It is
plain I need feeding again.'"

Bent (fatuously)—Got it!

Rimmer (looking up)—Got what?

Bent (unobtrusively)—"Where the
deuce is my largest tureen?"

Rimmer (savagely)—How the devil
should I know? If you can't find a
sensible last line you might let an-
other chap have a go for the £50.

Crawley (to himself)—"I'm simply
not fit to be seen." "I'm simply not
fit—"

Bent (gloriously)—Who said you
were? (Returns doubtfully to his
tureen.)

Crawley (taken aback)—What I
meant was, I think I'll close my
Brighton As. They're just come up on
the tape 7-16-9-16.

Rimmer (dramily)—"Why are
white men so frightfully lean?" (Looks
up.) What's that?

Crawley (rather mixed)—Brighton
As are not fit to be seen. I mean—

Bent (vacantly)—"I'm on in this
feeding from scene." "Jolly good, I
call that! Looks up." What?

Crawley (nettled)—I say, you might
pay attention. About my Brighton
As? If I can close at—

Rimmer and Bent (together)—Oh,
go away. We're busy! (They ignore
Crawley.)

Crawley (aside)—Blest if I don't
take my business to Anderson's.
Sound people! One of their chaps
won a Limerick prize last week! (Exit,
muttering three-syllable rhymes to
"seen.")

Milom (the senior clerk, in the out-
er office)—I say, Lang, know any-
thing about protein?

Lang (absently)—What market are
they in?

Milom—Silly ass! Protein!
Rhymes with queen! Something to
do with meat?

(Enter a boy with a checking book.)
Boy (to himself)—"Give me bones
and I'll pick 'em all clean." (Aloud.)
Foote & Adams sells you one and a
half Can. Paces at 8%. (Receiving no
answer, he ticks the bargain and exit
abstractedly.)

Milom (to the office boy)—Waters,
just run round to Hardy Brothers and
ask them to lend me their Encyclopedia
Britannica. (To himself)—"What I
want is a dose of protein." (Reconsid-
ering)—"What I want is—"

Waters (aside)—What you want is
a motor van, and a dose of brains, I
don't think! (Sits tight, pretending
he has not heard.)

(Enter a clerk with a slip and a
handful of checks.)

Clerk—Forty-five, 12 six for Marzet-
ti—Under his breath—"My ap-
petite terribly keen." Finding that no-
body pays any attention to him, he
reaches for the check book, tears out
the first check he comes across, and
exit, leaving the door open.)

Collins (glaring over his shoulder)—
How can anyone think in a draught
like this? Waters, shut the door.

Waters—Shut it yourself. (Exulta-
ntly)—"What price this? What ho,
slaves! My sausage machine!"

(Milom, Collins and Lang sit up
with a start and regard Waters jealously.)

Milom—You young thief! That's
mine! You've been—

Lang—I've had sausage machine
down ever since—

PEDDLER WITH POETIC TASTE.

Blind Man a Devoted Worshiper of
Shakespeare's Writings.

A peddler by day and a student of
Shakespeare by night is the strange
and seemingly incongruous combina-
tion of vocation and avocation dis-
covered in one of the members of the
library for blind readers. Blind peo-
ple have a fondness for Shakespeare's
writings. No other author is so uni-
versally "out." One young man re-
cently declared his determination to
read no other books but he had read
everything of Shakespeare's.

The most devoted worshiper at the
shrine of Avon's bard, however, is a
blind man who earns his daily bread
selling notions on the street. The
blind man has no family and no place
to call "home." At the close of a
long and not very remunerative day of
patient endeavor he returns to his hall
bedroom to spend the evening in noble
company. When winter comes he
ceases to draw books from the library.
His hall bedroom is unheated, and
half-a-dozen fingerprints cannot interpret

Collins—The first thing I thought of!
(Grabs at Water's slip.)

Waters (dodging)—No, you don't!
(The three make a rush at him. In
the scum that ensues Milom slips
up, bringing Lang and Collins down
with him. Waters jumps the counter
and eludes them. The window com-
municating with the private room is
jerked open, and Rimmer's head ap-
pears.)

Rimmer—Damn it! What do you
mean by all this row?

Milom (picking himself out of the
fireplace)—Sorry, sir. Young Waters
upset the secotine and—

Rimmer (with sudden inspiration—
Secotine! (Aside) "Said she, 'It is
plain I want feeding again. I think
I'll try secotine.'" (Shuts the win-
dow and fills in another coupon.)

(Enter Ashwin, a client, in a hurry.)
Ashwin (going to the tape)—I want
to buy 20 Crown Deeps at a half.

Where Rimmer?

Milom (gazing into space)—What
was that last line of Water's? Hanged
if I haven't clean forgotten it! "Mince
a slave in a red hot machine!" No,
that wasn't it.

(Enter Philpotts, another client, in
a hurry.)

Philpotts—They're dealing in Mys-
ore Cold in the street at 13-15. I'll
let mine go at seven-eighths.

Ashwin—urry up, Milom, I can't
wait.

Philpotts (feverishly)—Isn't any-
body in?

Milom (pensively)—"It's an age
since a shipwreck I've seen." "I could
do with a tender marine."

Ashwin to Philpotts, wearily—
That's how he's been going on for a
week! They're all dotty in this of-
fice! What are we to do?

Philpotts (with decision)—I know
what I'm going to do. I'm off to an
impetuous firm where they attend to
business." (Hurries out, followed by
Ashwin.)

(Enter Rimmer and Bent from pri-
vate room carrying unsealed en-
velopes.)

Rimmer (to Bent, complacently)—
Jolly good, that secotine one of mine.
A corker, I call it!

Bent (grudgingly)—Not had for you
yet. (Enthusiastically)—Now, her men
was not fit to be seen! It's worth a
dozen of any yours! It's a stone-bled
cert! Let's go round to the London
Wall office and get postal orders.

(The exeunt jubilantly.)

Lang (with a dazed look)—Thought
I heard somebody talking. My mis-
take, I suppose. (Subsides into deep
thought.)

(Enter an official from the Capital
and Counties bank.)

Official (excitedly)—I say, do you
know you're three thousand over-
drawn?

Collins (looking at him abstractedly)—
Sardine—glycerine—vaseline—
obscene—

Official (shouting)—Don't you hear?
You're overdrawn! Nothing's been
paid in to your account to-day. Haven't
you collected your differences?

Milom (inattentively)—Go away.
Don't you know it's settling day?

Official (apocryphally)—Do I
know—(Controlling himself) What
are you going to do? It's past four!

(Waters bursts in, flushed with ex-
citement.)

Waters (fortissimo)—I say, you
chaps, we've been hammered!

Official (aghast)—What?

Waters—Straight! Heard it in
Shorter's court. Rimmer & Bent have
gone bust!

(Official dashes off with the news to
Threadneedle street.)

Collins, Lang, Milom (together)—
Sixteen—demean—mloocene—caneen

French bean—rural dean—Peak
French—ich diene—benzene—sulpholine

grebene—kerosene—seltzogene—
ble bean—

Waters—Go it, ye cripples! (Stealth-
ily empties the petty cash drawer and
exit to invest the proceeds in 6d postal
orders.)

The first envelope ever made is kept
in the British museum.

the intellectual treasures concealed in
rows of dots on embossed paper,
creeping into his cold bed in the dark-
ness of night, of friendlessness and
blindness, the reader becomes a
dreamer. He rehearses in his lonely
episodes which have delighted him,
awaiting with the characteristic pa-
tience of the blind the coming of
spring which shall once more warm
his heart and his hands and open up
to him again his treasure house.

Knew Its Habits.

Explorer—Yes, I have decided to
make my dash in an automobile.

Reporter—And you think your
chances of locating the pole are good?

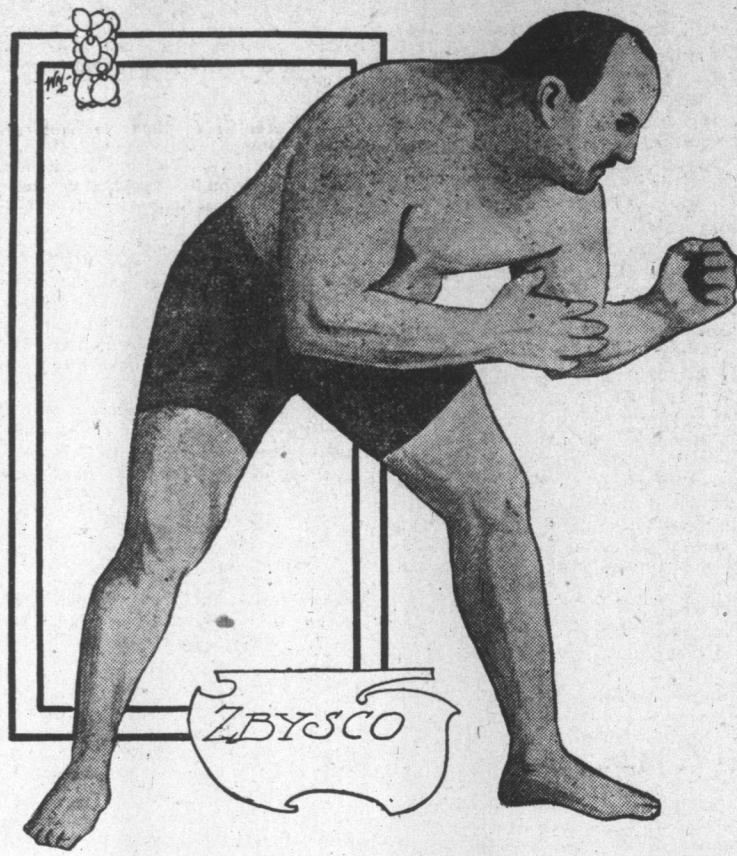
Explorer—Sure! If I get within a
thousand miles of it, this machine of
mine will run into it—Puck.

But Not to Pay Back.

Dinks—I see Rouge has bought an
automobile. I didn't think he had
sufficient means to do that.

Winks—Oh, he has all sorts of
means of borrowing money, and just
as many means of spending it.—Judge.

SEEKS LAURELS OF HACKENSCHMIDT



The wrestling craze is at its height on the other side of the Atlantic. The field of giant competitors has practically narrowed down to two, George Hackenschmidt, the Russian lion, and Zbyso, the Galician. By defeating Ivan Padoubny, the Russian, in a recent match, Zbyso won the right to meet Hackenschmidt for the championship of the world at a later date. Like Hackenschmidt, Zbyso has beaten Madral. The Galician is 26 years old and is a giant in build, weighing around the 250 mark. He stands five feet nine inches tall. His chief measurements are: Chest, 55 inches; neck, 22 inches; thigh, 30½ inches; calf, 18 inches; biceps, 18½ inches.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION STILL HAS SOME PITCHERS

Major Leagues Overlooked Some of the "Live" Ones and Also Got Some "Dead" Ones.

In spite of the fact that the major leagues went over the pitching staffs of an American association with a fine tooth comb, there are capable men left in the organization.

In nearly every case the best men in each club were snatched, but in some instances live ones were overlooked and dead ones grabbed.

Toledo lost Czech and Lattimore, although it is very probable that the team will be returned after the Naps return from the south. West, Suit-

hoff, Gillen and Eels were left, and they frame up into a likable bunch. They form a good nucleus.

While Upp has gone from Columbus, Clymer has a fair brace of fingers left. Hall, Robertalle, Geyer, Wick-

er and Townsend look better on paper than they do in actual conflict, but, at the same time, most of them did good work at diverse times this summer. When Robertalle had his "splitter" working he was one of the hardest men in the league to beat.

Hall looks good. Geyer is developing, and should show stronger the next time out. Wicker and Townsend were disappointments, because they were not consistent.

In spite of the fact that Louisville did not have a pitcher who was en-

titled to major consideration, Jimmy Durham was promoted. While one man has gone, the general strength of the pitching staff is not greatly lessened.

Puttman, Louis Durham and Walter Frantz are left, and all three are good enough for this com-

pany. If Puttman had greater am-

bition he would not remain long, as he has sufficient stuff to hold down a situation up above.

The loss of Summers to Detroit and Briggs will hurt Indianapolis. These two men were Watty's best performers. The addition of John Eubanks and the new men Watkins may secure will probably plug the holes. Slagel and Chenault are about the only men left, as Win Kelium is to be sold or traded. Slagel is all right. Chenault has a lot to learn.

Minneapolis' twirling outfit needs much strengthening. Oscar Graham comes back, and will have Kilroy, Manske, Thomas and Jim Freeman to help him out. Kilroy, Freeman and Graham are there with bells on, but Thomas has gone back and Manske lacks courage.

Kansas City doesn't lose anybody, but the staff is not heavy enough to keep a club up around the top. Te-

bean has Crutcher, Swann, Egan and Brandon, but the little southpaw and Egan are the only ones who have any class. The Kaws need four good men to keep them in the fight.

The loss of Farris and Criss is a blow to St. Paul. They were the best of the lot, although Minahas, Essick and Leroy are not the worst heavers in the circuit. With a good team be-

hind them this trio would get along fairly well.

Dougherty, Schnelberg, Goodwin, Curtis and Wilson are good men, and Milwaukee will not have to do much filling in to get together a high-class staff.

The result of the row among ath-

letes over the appointment of Mat-

thew P. Halpin as manager of the American team, which will take part in the Olympic games at London, may result in the selection of a large num-

ber of college athletes for the team. Several of last year's Athens team an-

ounce that they will not go to Lon-

don with Halpin as manager, and the committee declines to remove him.

The recent suspension of Ralph Rose of San Francisco, the great weight

thrower, on charges of professional-

ism, leads those interested in ath-

letes to believe that the Amateur Athletic union is going to be stricter

than ever before in enforcing the rules against professionalism, and several other well-known athletes are believed to be slated for suspension. It is said that the colleges are prepared to raise sufficient money to send their athletes abroad, and the men naturally having more time at their disposal than athletes engaged in business it is the general opinion that fully two-thirds of the members of the team will be college men.

SPEED OF HORSES IS NEAR THE LIMIT MARK

Harness Racers and Running Crackers Smashed Few Records the Past Season.

It looks as though the horse had pretty nearly reached his limit of speed, for each year it becomes harder and harder to lower world's records. There were ten new harness records and only two new running records made last year, and the majority of these were either age or half-mile track records.

The best performances of the year were made by the trotters General Watts and Trampfast and the runners Charles Edward. The General Watts and Trampfast performances were age records. Charles Edward broke a long-

standing record on the turf, running one mile and an eighth in 1:50 3-5.

Two long-distance records were cut down considerably, and this is the only end of the world's records where there is much chance for improvement. Ed Bryan trotted five miles to wagon in 13:03, while Los Angeles ran four miles in 7:16 1-5.

The pacers, except in one almost forgotten branch of the sport, failed to touch any of the former records. The only new pacing record for the year is Kruger's mile under saddle in 2:12.

The new trotting records included the following: Three-year-olds, in race, General Watts, 2:06½; two-year-olds, in race, Trampfast, 2:12½; against time, half-mile track, George G, 2:06½; half-mile track, for mares, Sweet Marie, 2:07; half-mile track to wagon, Sweet Marie, 2:08½; half-mile track to wagon, driven by amateur, Sweet Marie, 2:09½; two-year-old fil-

lies, racing, Helen Hale, 2:13½; three-year-old stallions, two heats, General Watts, two races, 2:06½ and 2:09½; for record, three-year-olds, on half-mile track, Ruth Dillon, 2:15½; five miles to wagon, Ed Bryan, 13:03.

Only two running records were broken during the season of 1907. Los Angeles set a new mark for four miles at Oakland last spring, run-

ning the distance in 7:16 1-5. The other record-breaker was Charles Ed-

ward, who ran one mile and an eighth in 1:50 3-5. Another good performance of the year was made by the plater Charlie Eastman at New Orleans last January, when he equaled the record of 1:05 1-5 for five and a half furlongs.

valid and distinct species of the genus horse, without relationship to the ass, though it has some features that re-

mind one of the Asiatic ass; but even in these features, as the tail, for ex-

ample, the resemblance is closer to the horse than to the ass.

The results of the investigation have been prepared for publication by Dr. W. Salensky, director of the Zoolog-

ical museum of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg. The book has just been translated into English and published in London under the title "Prjevalsky's Horse."

It contains a number of pictures of the captives, one of which is reproduced here. The frontispiece shows a three-year-old stallion and a two-year-old mare which are the prop-

erty of the czar.

The animals were mere colts when they arrived in Europe and were not prepossessing, for they did not take kindly to the novel conditions, were out of condition and had ragged coats and awkward gaits. They have now reached maturity, have been well

cared for and are good looking animals.

Many naturalists have held the opinion that the domestic horse of to-day was mainly derived from three wild species, which have been named the steppe, forest and plateau varie-

eties. The Prjevalsky horse is a representative of the steppe variety.

The Mongolians have made many attempts to tame the wild horse, but in vain.

All efforts to tame the animals that have been brought to Europe have also failed.

Thus far the horse will not submit to man, is afraid of him, and cannot be rendered serviceable. Though now accustomed to the sight of human beings, the captives are very badly frightened if a person ap-

proaches nearer than within two or three rods of them.

Still some facts are known which indicate that there is hope that these horses may eventually be tamed. The explorer Koslov about 40 years ago saw a colt of six months belonging to a chief in the Gobi that had been so far tamed as to walk peacefully in a bridle. It would permit itself to be led up a stairway to the floor above and even allowed the seven-year-old son of the chief to sit on its back. It is practically impossible to cap-

ture adult animals on their native plains. The Russians followed the comparatively simple Mongolian meth-

od of getting possession of some of the horses.

From time to time they could see from afar that young colts had been added to the herd within a day or two. They therefore pursued the herd of horses until the colts became ex-

hausted that they could travel no further and then it was easy to capture them.

Not Much Under Cultivation.

Of the total area of Korea, about 52,477,000 acres, only 8.5 per cent., or 4,411,000 acres, are yet under cultiva-

tion. The soil is fertile and much of the unused land is arable.

GENUINE WILD HORSES

BOOK ABOUT BEASTS DISCOVERED BY PRJEVALSKY.

Captives from the Gobi Desert in Asia Studied Carefully by the Russians Proved to Be a Distinct Species.

New York.—There was little prospect 30 years ago of the discovery of a genuine wild horse. There are, to be sure, the so-called wild horses of the Americas, but they are the descendants of horses that the Span-

ards brought to the western world some centuries ago. While evidence existed that wild horses were probably as abundant in prehistoric times in the south of Europe as zebras are today in British East Africa, most naturalists believed that true wild horses with an unbroken line of wild ancestry were extinct.

Then, in 1879, the Russian explorer Prjevalsky reported that he had discovered a new and quite distinct horse in the Gobi desert to the west of Mongolia. Two years later Pollakof published a description of the horse to which he gave the name Equus prjevalskii. Then the brothers Grum-Grimallo saw the horses in the desert and learned many new facts about them.

The Russians were greatly interest-

ed, and it was decided to capture a number of the animals and bring them to Europe. These efforts were suc-

cessful, and five years ago a herd of about 30 of the Prjevalsky horses, after no end of trouble, were landed in Europe. Most of them are still in Russia, but a few were taken to England, where they are kept on the estate of the duke of Bedford.

The English naturalists did not make a scientific study of the animals in that country because the Russians have had a most thorough investigation in progress, with the advantage that nearly all the captive horses and a number of skeletons are in their hands. Very few of the English naturalists believed that they were true wild horses, but looked upon them either as a kiang, hybrid, the kiang being a species of the ass, or as the offspring of escaped Mongol ponies.

The Russians, however, have settled the question. They have proved by the methods of comparative anatomy and in other ways that the Prjevalsky horse has no relationship with Mongol ponies or the kiang but is a

valid and distinct species of the genus horse, without relationship to the ass, though it has some features that re-

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