

thoughtfully. 'They'll grumble for a year or two and then maybe die out. What can you do with them? But the new people will come and everything will move along. They'll come, I tell you.'

The second young fellow said, pointing to the one in city clothes: —

'And his father is chasing him out of the house. "If you are for the Communist," he says to him, "go where you came from. We don't want anybody like you here."

'That's true,' said the workman. 'Father is chasing me out of the house, and mother is crying all the time. "You've sold your soul to the devil," she says, "and now you don't believe in God."'

'And don't you believe at all?' asked Mitriy.

'No, not at all.'

'You don't say?' asked Mitriy quickly. 'How can it be without God? Where did all this come from?'

'That's what science is for. It ex-

plains everything to the last dot. It all came without any god,' said the workman.

Mitriy whistled. 'Without God? That's a miracle for you.'

'Let's read the paper,' suggested Matvey.

We began to read. My audience listened with utmost attention, occasionally interrupting me with exclamations like this: —

'That's a brainy minister for you, that Lloyd George!'

'That Lloyd George knows how to hold the workmen in his fist.'

'Bad business with that famine. You can't feed a crowd like that all at once.'

We were not nearly through reading the paper, when Matvey's father returned, blew out the lamp without a word, and then shouted: —

'Get out of here, all of you! Burning up all of my oil! Get out, I am telling you. I own this place. I won't let you read here, the cholera take you all!'

CHAMOIS-HUNTING IN THE PYRENEES

BY JOVÉ

From *L'Illustration*, September 17

(PARIS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY)

IN spite of the clearest of August sunlight, in spite of the weariness of four hours' traveling in high mountain country, men and beasts have scarcely thrown off their loads when the order is given to pitch our tents, a useful precaution in these regions, where swift changes of temperature are frequent. Late in the evening a heavy mass of clouds comes sweeping up the gorge through which the lake pours out its

waters. An unequalled combat follows between that unstable mass and a slight wind in the opposite direction. After a little time, the menacing, cloudy mass bursts through the barrier, to come sweeping along over the lake, pouring down water with the speed of a galloping horse. This curious phenomenon occurs again and again. We hasten to get our fishing lines out into the lake before we are completely

drenched by this little storm. Caught between two contrary tempests, these clouds whirl in a fantastic saraband. There is no waiting for the hurricane. The cloth of our tents flaps with a dull sound. Enormous drops of water fall almost everywhere. This strange rain is preceded by a cold drizzle, the prelude to a short and violent flurry of a loose, heavy snow.

The equipment of our chamois-hunters is reduced to its simplest terms. If Tartarin de Tarascon had seen us departing for the chase, he would have had the most profound contempt for these intrepid mountaineers. Some cartridges and a crust of bread constitute their munitions for the journey. A carbine of six-millimètre calibre and powerful field-glasses complete their equipment. No picks, no ropes, no guides. Stout shoes thickly studded with iron are enough to allow the hunter to cling to the cracks in the granite and he can go wherever he needs. These men know the country thoroughly, and there are no habits of the chamois which they do not know. One of them, who is directing the chase and assigning posts to the hunter, seems to entertain a low opinion of me. My ignorance might lead to mistakes which would spoil everything, both my own share and the hunt itself. He keeps me with himself. I shall be close to him. I am delighted with the arrangement.

Success in chamois-hunting is a matter of seeing the animal before it sees the hunter—to see it in the country where it lives at 100 or 1000 metres. Now, to see an animal of the build of a goat against reddish herbage, which is moving slowly among tufts of grass of the same color, amid the rocks and stones in which blocks of reddish tint abound—to find our prey in such deceptive surroundings is an achievement in itself. How many times I have brought the twelve-fold enlarging

glasses to bear on a stone, and suddenly seen a chamois in motion! So there is no reason to be astonished because tourists who have traveled a hundred times in the Pyrenees assure you that the chamois is a myth in those regions. When you find a chamois, he is too far away to be shot, and you try either to approach him, or else to start him toward a place which is watched by a companion in the hunt. A few rifle-shots coming from the right direction against rocks will often make the animal think that the attack is coming from a point opposite where the hunter really is. In any case, the alarm is given. It is a time when the unexpected rules.

Very often the endurance of the hunter is given a hard test. Dressed in clothing of neutral tint, a man must make his body blend with the rock. Under a fiery sun, or caught in an icy brook, he must remain motionless for several hours. With infinite precaution, the hunter scans the country before him with his field-glasses. If the chamois comes down the mountain by one of the almost perpendicular slopes, the stones which his passing sets rolling into the depths below will reveal his presence. It is by climbing up, one glued fast against another, that we reach our post, from which we can look out over all the approaches by which the chamois can appear. We are in the midst of a great amphitheatre. While I am getting my apparatus ready, my companion builds a little wall of stone around us. There is nothing now to be seen except my photographic apparatus and my head. All the rest is covered by a tent of coarse cloth with a large mesh. Even at a short distance, I seem like nothing but a rock—a rock with a heart which beats rather loudly.

In the middle of this great amphitheatre, the silence is scarcely broken

by the low gurgling of the water flowing from the glacier. At intervals the echo of distant croakings reaches us. A flock of vultures moves ceaselessly above the amphitheatre. Paying no attention to man, a butterfly lights on my hand. A few rifle-shots fired behind the crests send some chamois in our direction. They gallop along about 600 metres from us. This little herd is led by a fine stag, a veteran who has worked out a clever way of concealing himself among the sharp points of the crest at the south of the amphitheatre. The breeze, whose direction has changed, must have betrayed us. A little bit later a single chamois comes out about 200 metres below us. 'Get ready! I am going to try to wound him for you so that you can get nearer,' my companion whispers to me.

A shot stops my skeptical smile. The animal, struck in the hind quarters, pauses a few moments and then dashes off at full speed. Another shot, and this time the chamois gives a leap and falls some metres away. I leap from my tower of stone and run toward the wounded animal, which is lying at the top of a slope of about forty-five degrees. I don't get ahead very fast—one step forward and two backward. My weight sets little avalanches of pebbles tumbling, and I roll along with them. At length, out of breath, and with my hands and skin bleeding, I reach the place about twenty metres away, where the wounded animal lies.

The moment he sees me, the chamois leaps away, passing beneath my very nose at a dizzy speed, only to fall again 300 metres farther off. Slowly, and without any noise this time, I get to within 100 metres of the animal. At this distance, I have to work, and

quickly at that, for in spite of his loss of blood, the chamois has dragged himself to his feet, ready to dash off again. The click of my camera shutter makes him dash away once more toward a deep gorge, where he falls, lifeless, with a final bullet in the breast.

This is a sufficient example of the energy and the vitality of the chamois. There are old ones that have been struck several times. These animals do not forget. Their natural vigilance is redoubled. They never go anywhere except where they have plenty of space and where it will be easy for them to get away. One can imagine the difficulty of the hunt. To overcome their instincts, the hunter must bring into play all his faculties of prudence, agility, and endurance, for the risks are grave. More than one hunter has lost his life on these desert peaks. Such was the case of M. Troc, a skillful mountaineer of Arrens, who alone, and carrying the first chamois that he had killed, still continuing the hunt, fell into a crevasse with his burden.

In four days our hunting-party has killed fifteen chamois. On some of them we find the marks of old wounds, broken bones that have healed again, and horns with notches in them, shot incrustated in the skin or scattered here and there in their bodies. The range of our hunting extends over many kilometres, to the very limit of the low and high Pyrenees, in the region of Ossau, close to the Spanish frontier. The landscape? All that I could say about the landscape would only impair its beauty. Without color and without life, my poor photographs can give only a reduced and deceptive idea of this region, where everything is grand and gloriously colored and pulsing with life.

AN INCOMPLETE PEACE

From *The Spectator*, October 1
(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

THE comfortable belief that little nations are less bellicose than great nations has been sorely shaken since the armistice. Optimists thought that the recognition as separate States of the small peoples formerly ruled by the Hapsburgs, the Tsars, and the Sultans would make for peace, and that the admission of most of them into the League of Nations would ensure us a long period of calm. It is now obvious that such optimism was ill-founded. The first impulse of a liberated nationality is, it would seem, to insist upon the very last fraction of its territorial claims and to attack the neighbors who venture to question its pretensions. The idea that the peoples which have been freed owe any sort of gratitude or even respect to the great Powers which have liberated them is scouted as an absurd sentiment. Each new State considers its own selfish interests and is inclined to resent as an impertinence the advice or the warnings of more experienced governments. It is far too soon to despair of the little nations, but we are bound to say that their conduct inspires us with grave misgiving.

The most recent and most flagrant case of nationalism run mad is that of Serbia and Albania. Whether the Serbs attacked the Albanians or the Albanians attacked the Serbs is by no means clear. But it is, at any rate, certain that these two peoples, who are both members of the League of Nations, became involved in warlike operations last week along the frontier near Scutari and that the fighting continues. Serbia and Albania are both represented in the Assembly of the League, which is still sitting at Geneva. Their

governments have solemnly agreed 'that if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council,' and, further, that they 'will in no case resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council.' This is the fundamental clause of the Covenant, but it has been violated by Serbia and Albania. Technically speaking, both countries are in fault. But we fear that the greater responsibility rests on Serbia. Albania is recognized as a State, but it is not a nation. The Roman Catholic Mirdites of the northern hills are actually fighting the Moslem Albanians who have set up a government in the centre, at Tirana, and the Orthodox Albanians of the south are absorbed in their own local troubles with the Greeks. It would be unfair to put the whole blame for the frontier fighting on this disorderly and disunited little country, which in all does not number a million and a half inhabitants. The Serbians, on the other hand, might have been expected to show patience and generosity in dealing with their troublesome neighbors. Their most ambitious dreams have been realized through the sacrifices of the Allies. The Croats, Slovenes, and Serbs have been reunited in one kingdom. Almost all their territorial claims have been admitted. Greater Serbia is more than twice as large and as populous as the Serbia of 1914. We might have thought that a nation which has gained so much by the war would scorn to covet any more territory, and that it would certainly not want to annex land