

is an evil that accompanies this condition.

The people do not or cannot move to other neighborhoods owing to the nature of their work. Many of them are janitors, dock workers, or office cleaners, who must live in close contact with their jobs. Numbers of the women are engaged in several jobs which must be attended to during evenings, holidays, and other odd times. Old tenements, overcrowding, and many foreigners thus constitute the problems of this section.

Several years ago the Bowling Green Neighborhood Association was organized to aid in solving some of the more pressing of the problems created by these conditions, and this was our final destination. Our car at last reached a plain four-story brick building on West Street, the headquarters of the work. Across the street stretched a series of dirty-looking railway wharves that were given over entirely to the handling of freight.

Here was a combination of conditions that made a quick appeal to an observer of Roosevelt's broad interests. After he

had entered the building it did not take him long to grasp the more important features of the undertaking. He had always been interested in the assimilation of foreigners, and this first attracted his attention. The efforts toward Americanization made an instant appeal to him. This was being accomplished by neighborhood meetings in which the advantages of citizenship were portrayed. Naturalization was explained and encouraged, and the English language taught.

As the best way of reaching the parent is through the child, much of the work of the Association was being directed to the early years. The building was full of children, with whom Roosevelt talked pleasantly and freely as well as with teachers and attendants. It happened that the children were very young—in the pre-school age—as a special effort was being made on behalf of this neglected class. Crowds of these little ones huddled around Roosevelt, but they were not old enough to appreciate with whom they were in such close contact.

We went hurriedly through the rest of the house, looked down upon the vacant lots that served as temporary playgrounds, and then closed our visit. The few passers in the street did not recognize Roosevelt, and so we left without the enthusiastic demonstration to which we had become accustomed.

As the car traveled uptown, slowly threading its way through the crowded streets, I had a chance to hear him talk on many points of interest, and especially those linked up with the children. He took a kind interest in the Speedwell plan of child saving that I had been working on for many years, and his encouragement and understanding will long remain a stimulus to future efforts. I thus had a short experience of the magnetism and exuberant virility that made him so universally popular. Our little journey ended, too soon for me, at the doors of the Century Club. There at luncheon we rehearsed the events of the day.

As we parted, I little thought that this strong personality and vibrant life would so soon leave us.

Lost in the Woods

By JIM SMILEY

You can't find your way back to a camp in the Adirondacks simply by "following your nose." Jim Smiley, an experienced hunter and trapper, tells in this article why woodsmen never get lost

ONE autumn evening in the late '80's, while I was camped on Jock's Lake outlet, in one of Ward's log job shanties, just after I had eaten my fried trout supper, a guide came hot-footing down the trail to ask me to go to Swanson's stillwater with him. He was looking for a man who had been lost in the woods above Indian River since the morning of the previous day, and Bill was on his way to Wilmurt for searchers.

I packed my basket, hid out my fishing tackle, and, carrying only my 38-55 rifle, some grub, and a blanket, headed up the trail to what was in those days "way back country." The lost man was one of a party who had gone in there deer hunting and trout fishing, the two seasons in those days overlapping. The leaves on the trees were just beginning to turn.

In an hour I was drinking coffee in the bark lean-to camp at the stillwater with two friends of the lost man, who were good woodsmen, but dead tired. I could hear shots out on the mountains, fired by two guides who were searching.

The woods, though the stars were now shining, were black under the heavy foliage, but from the shots I knew the

guides were working up Indian River Valley, eastward, so one of the sportsmen and I went up the West Canada lakes trail, at right angles to their course.

An hour later, three miles up, I fired two shots and listened. A mile farther on I fired another shot, and still no answer. Eight miles above the stillwater I fired two shots, and away yonder, trembling on the night air, I heard a single shot, followed by four or five others in repeater succession.

"What kind of a rifle is his?" I asked.

"A '40-60," my companion replied, eagerly.

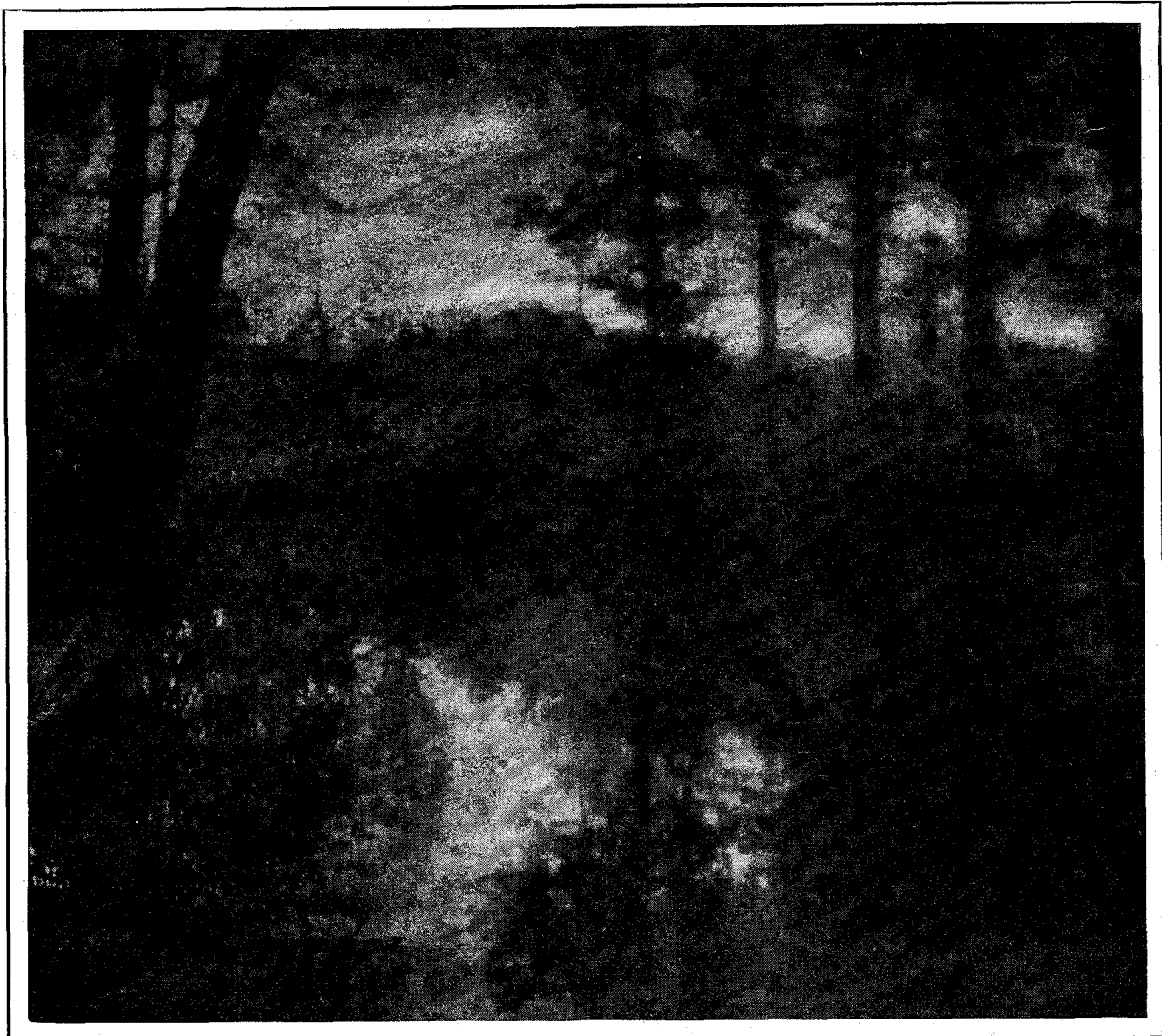
Leaving my company by the creek, to remain till daybreak, I went on. I shot at intervals from ridge-tops, the answering shots sounding sometimes faint and far, sometimes loud and clear. I was chasing the shooter, who was like a will-o'-the-wisp, but in two hours I caught him.

Had the lost man, finding himself baffled, climbed a ridge and begun to shoot as soon as the quiet of night fell, he would have been reached before ten o'clock. As it was, he endured two fearful nights and one long, terrible day. He was a plucky greenhorn. I gave him

some of my lunch, and when he had rested a little from about thirty hours of almost constant wandering we cut across to the creek trail and sauntered slowly to where his friend waited. We arrived at the Swanson stillwater after daybreak, and ten minutes before twelve woodsmen came in from Wilmurt with Bill.

A few years ago the time-keeper of a log camp on a Moose River job started from Fulton Chain for the chopping cabins. He followed a road a few miles, then cut into a trail, or footpath, where his tracks disappeared. He was a good fellow, and, though not strong, every one liked him. The day after he left the settlement the boss heard that Bookie had started, but he had not arrived.

A few men went out the second afternoon, and the following morning all hands were told off to hunt the missing time-keeper. Then began one of the most thorough man hunts ever organized in the Adirondacks. One line of men, seventy-five strong, tramping several rods apart, swung for miles back and forth between Moose River and the railway. As they came down over the mountains they roared in unison, and their shout, a summons of encouragement, echoed for miles across the wilderness. Then they lis-



Gum Print by Henry Hoyt Moore

"When night folds down in darkening, starless gloom"

tened, these keen-eared wilderness men, but heard only the hoots of astonished owls, the faint chirrup of alarmed, timid birds, and the crackling and crashing of deer driven hither and yon.

For days the men gave their time, while the jobber stopped his work, hunting for the \$40-a-month time-keeper. They ransacked the big woods, up and down and crossways. The day came, after a week of effort by more than a hundred searchers, when all hands knew the hunt to be futile. The sawyers, swamper, fellers, teamsters, and lobby dogs returned to their accustomed tasks.

Eleven days after the man disappeared two sportsmen paddling down Moose River in the Natural Dam stillwater heard a faint voice in the Pine Plains ferns beside the stream.

"Gentlemen," the voice said, "I am lost!"

The lost man was lying on his back five or six steps from the stream, and to the best of his memory he had been there

a night and parts of two days. He had heard the voices of the two and the splash of the paddles, and had managed to muster strength enough to make his statement to them.

I have slept out in the woods overnight a good many times. Usually, it was because it was harder to reach camp than to build a fire or dig down in the loose snow to wait for day. Of course a woodsman like myself, a trapper, learns to recognize his country by night and day. Any one, sportsman or woodsman, familiar with green-timber mountains couldn't be wholly lost in a patch of woods like the 3,000,000 acres of the Adirondacks, the way the log camp time-keeper was lost.

The Adirondacks, cleared on all sides, and hardly a hundred miles across, has not been "big country" since the days of the Johnsons, Butlers, and Joseph Brant—in 1780. Nevertheless every year dozens lose their way, and for a long time I had the skull of a man I found in the

Jones Lake outlet country in one of my camps. Being lost is a right serious thing, something to be guarded against.

Generally, when camped on a large stream, like Moose River or West Canada Creek, guides tell the newcomers to "follow the brooks down" to find their way out of the woods.

On a lowering, cloudy, dusky day it is difficult to keep going in a straight line. Even if a man looks at his compass every minute, going around a fallen tree-top, finding a way past a ledge of rocks, or even crossing open hardwood may turn him at right angles or more from the true course. One time a lost private-preserve club man is said to have found the camp of a poaching woodsman. The native, with fear of a fine for trespass, and perhaps with lust of revenge in his heart, told the lost man to head northwest.

"But I haven't my compass. I forgot it," the man declared.

"Well, that's the way," the woodsman pointed, adding, "And, say, keep three

trees in a line ahead of you, and you'll go straight."

Selecting three trees in line, like telephone poles, the club-man, as soon as he passed one of these, noted another beyond the other two. He kept going. After days of weary plodding, hungry, and carried forward by sheer will power, he struck the Speculator-Jesup's River trail, forty miles from his own camp. The woodsman had taken advantage of the "survey line" method of keeping straight in the woods, and so insured himself against his victim "circling" and returning into the valley the hunter was raiding.

Landmarks are easily noted in hill or mountain country. We woodsmen use pilot knobs, as they call them out West. My camp on Otter Brook was against the foot of Horn Lake Mountain, a long, three-peak ridge. No other elevation thereabouts presented the same silhouette against the sky. Across from this mountain was the high, broken land of Canachagala Lake. No matter how dull the stormy autumnal day, a glimpse of the sky-line revealed my bearings.

With the sun shining, and a guess at the hour of the day, all compass points are available. Noting the direction on leaving camp, surely the hunter should be able to turn around and head back if he hunts in a straight line. When snow falls or rain pours, and wreaths of mist hide all but the nearest three rods, or when night folds down in darkening, starless gloom, one finds how dependent he is on distant views, sky-lines—how strange even familiar ground becomes under foot.

An old friend of mine, a guide, used high-pressure powder in an old shotgun less than a mile back from the Line Runway on Moose River. The charge blew out the breech, cut his face, and his eyes were closed, temporarily blinded. He had ranged this territory for years, night and day. Raising one eyelid with his fingers, he caught a glimpse of his surroundings, and saw the lay of the land, the ridge slope, the sun's location, and thus saw his course. With these bearings in mind, he started down grade into the river valley. Feeling his way with his moccasined feet, he kept going, until presently he struck the Stillwater Plains trail, about fifteen inches wide, but packed hard by the passing of generations of hunters and fishermen. He recognized it instantly. He recognized certain stones, tree roots, slopes up and down along the way, so that he knew how far he had come and how far he had to go. He arrived in camp at a swift walk, for literally his feet knew the way—had often followed the trail through pouring

rain in dark of night. The practiced woodsman will feel old trails, deer runways, snowshoe tracks covered by new-fallen snow, by the texture underfoot, even when his eyes miss the signs.

One late autumn I struck the track of a bear which was circling and meandering all over Little Black Creek Mountain. The snow was more than a foot deep, and bruin was looking for a den to hole up in for the winter. I grinned, hunter wise, starting after him. I circled too, cut across, and went around. That night I was near the head of Seaberry, where I shivered under a low, thick balsam from dark to dawn. The bear was "just ahead of me," still looking for a den. I trailed him all the following day, until toward night it began to snow. I don't know where I spent that night.

I left the track to go down into a deep gully, or ravine, out of the wind. I was hungry, having eaten all day only a single stick of jerk venison. I missed my black tea, too. The next day I still-hunted, with my rifle ready—expecting every minute to see that bear. He was just ahead, just out of sight. Twice I caught glimpses of him as he withdrew among the snow-draped trunks and branches. I was five days on his trail, two without eating.

Then I frightened him. He saw or smelled me, and away he went, bobbing along like a black sheep—short jumps but quick. Scared, he was as apt to run fifty miles as five. I looked around, wondering where I was. I didn't recognize the country. A brook over to the right was flowing eastward, which was "right," to my way of thinking. I climbed a ridge, looking at the adjacent mountains. Snow was falling, and I couldn't see half a mile in any direction. I didn't have my compass.

I shot a porcupine in a hemlock tree, skinned out its legs and broiled them, salting them with smoke. I had never been in quite such a predicament of doubts and strange country. Finally I started south.

Tired, hungry, and cold, without snowshoes in nearly twenty inches of snow, in a steady downfall, I told myself that walking down bears looking for winter dens wasn't what it was cracked up to be. I knew south by the white light of the sun through the clouds and the shadow cast on my thumb nail when I stood the point of my knife on it in an open space in the woods.

For five hours I plodded, wallowing on. Then, without warning, I was in my own country. I recognized a clump of spruces in which I had killed a deer one time. Just beyond I saw a blaze on a tree, an old trap line I had run fifteen

years before away back, east of the West Canada Lakes. In two hours I was in one of my trap-line cabins with a fire going and something to eat cooking—and black tea just coming to a simmer in a pail! Every woods camp ought to have a tin can full of grub in it for lost or wandering humans. Mine always have.

I was obliged to improvise snowshoes the following morning, using hemlock branches and strips of canvas from an old tent for bows and webbing. In due course I worked my way back to the camp which I had left one morning during the previous week "for a little look around." To this day I don't know where that bear left me!

But that is how a woodsman, familiar with green timber, loses his way and is baffled by the forest and mountains. He knows he can find his way out somewhere. Keeping to a straight line, and in motion, he is sure to come out into a road, clearing, or settlement. That is all there is to woods sense if one cannot find camp or home.

Sometimes when I am interested in a deer or pekan track, or when I am running around in half-circles on a dull, lowering day, I'll forget my bearings, which way I am heading. I don't know within a mile or two of where I am, but when I stop to think I know I'm on Township 5, or above the West Canada forks, or somewhere between Northrup and Moose River, or above Spruce Lake Mountain east of Belvin Flae. This knowledge is definite, and I can strike in one or another direction, until I find some stream, trail, or locality on the short cut to camp. This may mean an extra five or ten or fifteen miles finding my way through, and it often has meant a night out in the cold, wet, or white woods.

Personally, I don't care if the boys laugh at me because I had to "sleep out." Many a time I have done it, and hungry as a pekan, too. This was better than stumbling over something and breaking a leg, or falling off a ledge and breaking my neck, when I ought to be curled up beside a pine stump or fallen birch log fire. Of course, if I had to, and the distance wasn't too great, I could cut down the unknown in the dark until I arrived where I knew the lay of the land, and thence make my way into camp before midnight.

The only question is whether to find my way back after dark, or wait till the following day; and when I was in the Rockies and Western deserts the question expanded according to the vastness of things—and I had to make up my mind whether to find my way back this week, or next.

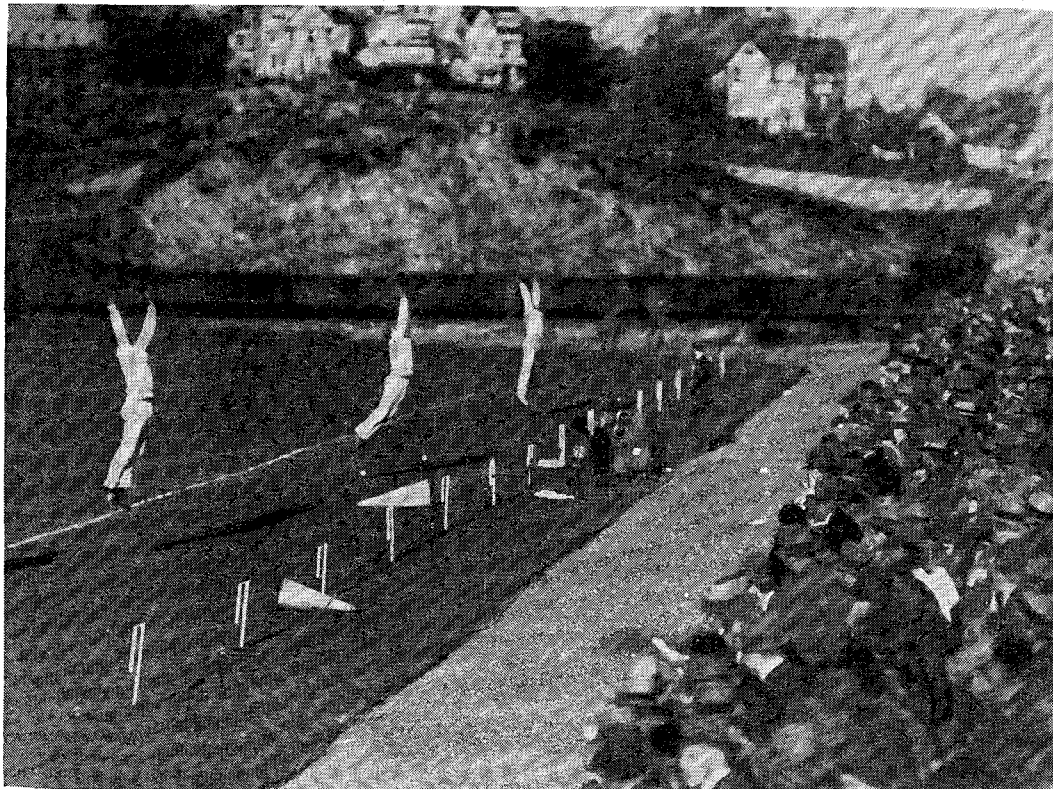
Cheer Leaders

Baseball

The President
and
Mrs. Coolidge
cheering the
triumphant
"Senators" in
the final game
of the
World Series



P. & A. Photos



Wide World Photos

Football

Columbia
University
cheer leaders
in action in the
game with
Wesleyan,
which Columbia
won—35 to 0