

each one of whom sits with keen ears right where the black carton is swinging, each one hearing not only the spoken words of the formal address, or the sweet harmonies of voice and instrument, but hearing as well the rustle of the papers in the speaker's hand, the taking of breath between the singer's trilling strains, every sound made or uttered while the switch is turned on. The making of phonograph records is somewhat similar but differs greatly in one respect, the lack of immediate contact with the audience. A poor record can be retaken until the desired perfection in recorded sound is obtained, to be sent out later on to thousands of hearers. But for the radiophone speaker there is no such thing as a "re-take." The audience is there, expectantly waiting though unseen, and what is said or done must be delivered then and there, even as over the footlights to a crowded house. It is a new variety of "blind man's buff" with the added ban of silence placed on all the players, save the one in the centre upon whom attention is concentrated. Who can blame this one for showing signs of intense nervous strain in the one-sided game? But speakers and entertainers will soon overcome this "broadcast buckague" as the novelty

wears off and we take this wonder of to-day into the daily life of to-morrow.

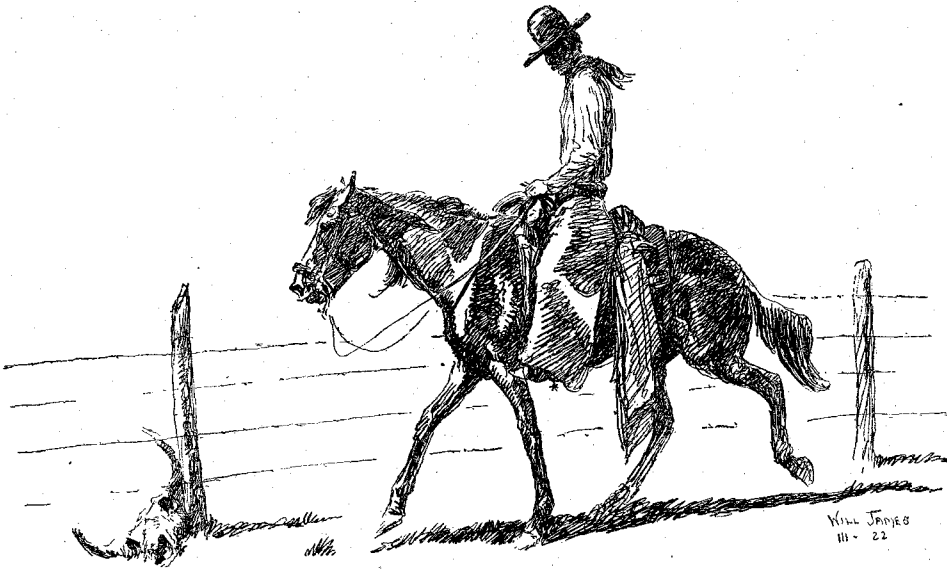
For anything that is worth the telling or worth the hearing, this new-found handmaiden of civilization brings a way to tell it with the greatest ease to the greatest audience, and to hear it with the least effort or disturbance to our daily round. Until recently the motion-picture held the field as the latest development in the effective spreading of information to the greatest number. It is a triumph of optics, mechanics, and chemistry in the amusement and instruction of the world through the avenue of sight. Now comes radiotelephony, calling in unmistakable tones to art, science, education, amusement, and religion, to make use of this far-reaching but direct-acting approach to the people through the medium of sound. The call is being heard by artists, teachers, preachers, leaders of thought in every line of human activity, who are addressing the great invisible audience of those who sit at home yet gather to listen, who applaud not with the clapping of hands, but nevertheless are responsive in high degree, an audience even now compelling attention for its overwhelming size, and growing fast into "a great multitude which no man could number."

## When I Am Gone

BY W. ELLERY SEDGWICK

If you would think of me when I am gone  
Then think me not on some unearthly shore,  
Prouder of heart in some more ample dawn  
Seeking a larger love I missed before.  
But think of me turned weary of the quest—  
No more for daring, eager for the strife,  
But near to you, a not unworldly guest  
Asking alone the little crumbs of life.

O think of me as just so late returned  
From woods and uplands I have loved to roam,  
And know that in my heart old fires burned  
When once again I crossed the fields for home;  
Then know me well in my remembered place,  
Watching you still—the firelight on your face.



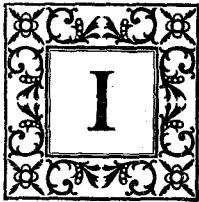
Jim couldn't follow the old trails much more.—Page 419.

## A Cowpuncher Speaks

BY WILL JAMES

Author of "Bucking Horses and Bucking-Horse Riders"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



I'm up on a knoll. The river-bottom stretches out below me, and far as I can see is a checkered country of little pastures, fields, and alfalfa patches, fences a-cutting up the land and a-stretching 'way up over the ridges. It all looks so peaceful and I wonder if it's as it looks. I wonder if that man out there working in his field, worrying about his crop or mortgage, appreciates or sees what's about him. There's so many gates, ditches, and bridges, it seems like they're down a hole and sort of trying to get out of the entanglements.

How many of 'em would like to see the country as it was; how many have rode across the river-flats when the neighbor was some fifteen miles or so away? When the only fence was a little "wrango" horse pasture and the big pole corrals?

The hills were black with cattle then, more cattle than this country will ever see again; there was a lot of freedom, no mortgages, and you were glad when your neighbor rode in and sat at your table remarking "how good" *his own beef* tasted for a change.

There's old Jim Austin who's got the real-estate office up above the bank—at one time he was paying taxes on fifteen thousand head of cattle (which means he was running closer onto twenty-five thousand of the critters), had a couple thousand horses and twenty thousand acres of land—some of it government land he'd bought for as low as two bits an acre, the rest he got from the homesteaders who'd leave the country and trade their "three hundred and twenty" for a ticket back home. It's the same land I'm looking at now, but you wouldn't know it.

Jim, he'd come up trail into Montana at the "point" of Texas' first herds; the