

Hawks and Hawks

Being the Reminiscences of a Nature Fakir

By John Keadrick Bangs

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"I kind o' think," Si Witherspoon was saying as I joined the company at the post office the other night, "that all birds is highway robbers whether they be the human kind that we call jall birds or jest plain crows like that feller Jim, the Captain was tellin' us about a little while back. They'll all steal if ye give 'em a chance."

"That all depends on the way ye look at it, Si," said the Captain. "The way I measure a thief is whether he steals jest for the fun o' deprivin' somebody else o' what he's got, or does it because he needs what he takes in his business."

"Well, now, s'pose ye take 'em pigeons o' Joe's," said Si. "I sowed my back lot with oats three weeks ago, an' I hadn't more'n got 'em on the ground when them derned critters come floppin' acrost th' road, an' sot down there, an' eat up every blamed oat I'd put out. D'ye call that stealin' or jest natural enterprise?"

"It's enterprise," said the Captain. "Nature has provided them pigeons

information in regard to hawks is comin' to ye now."

"Go ahead," said Joe. "I'm willin' to learn. I hev a thirst for information."

"Anybody could tell that by the way ye read all the postal cards that passes through this here post office," retorted the Captain. "I callate there ain't none o' 'em escapes that eagle eye o' yours. I've had two different experiences with hawks in my day, an' they've taught me the truth o' what I says, that they's honest hawks an' dishonest hawks. The first one was a feller who used to ply his trade o' swipin' poultry up back o' Portland when I lived up there. Me an' mother was young then, an' we spent most of our time raisin' chickens. It was a profitable business in them days. The boardin' house keepers along the Maine coast hadn't discovered then that ye can make chicken salad out o' 'em, an' that chicken soup good enough for a summer boarder to eat can be got by lettin' a hen set between the sun an' a pot o' bilin' water, so's her shadder will flavor the ensouin' soup. Folks bought chickens enough to make it wuth while to raise 'em, an' mother 'n me made a pretty fair livin' out o' 'em. Well, of course, like everybody else, we suffered some from hawks, an' one big feller p'tic'larly got away with a number o' nice juicy spring pullets I set a lot o' store on. He'd come along jest before night, once a week, most generally on Thursday afternoon, as I remember it, swoop down on the hen yard, seize the fattest-lookin' feller he could find an' go soarin' off in the air with him. As I says I got pretty mad about it, an' hein' young I swore some, an' finally I made up my mind Mr. Hawk 'd have to die. So I got out my shotgun an' filled her good an' full with powder an' nails—I didn't happen to have no shot handy—an' set down an' waited. I waited a hull week an' then he come along, but, I gorry, jest 's I was drawin' a line on him, he drops a five-pound codfish right atop o' me, so that when I pulled the trigger my

really we was seven cents ahead of the game."

"Which of course ye held in trust for him agin another year," said the Postmaster.

"Not accordin' t' due process o' the law," replied the Captain. "I never drew up a reglar morgidge on my place in his favor for that amount, but I tell ye right now, if he ever comes back an' asks for that seven cents, I gorry, I'll give it to him. But that ain't the p'int. The p'int is that they is, or has been, one honest hawk in the world, an' I guess maybe that if they's one like that they's a lot more if ye only have the luck to find 'em."

"I never knew a chicken-hawk to go near the water before," said Si Witherspoon.

"Me neither," agreed the Captain. "I guess maybe this feller was a cross-breed o' chicken an' fish-hawk. While he paid his bills reglar, an' always in advance, I never got close enough to him to ask him about his father and mother."

"It's a pity," said the Postmaster. "If ye could only get an afterday showin' that his father an' mother was o' different families the story 'd have a better chance when the president hears about it."

"That experience got me interested in hawks," said the Captain, "an' explains how I come to find the crookedest hawk in the business the next summer. Of course, after meetin' with the first feller I kind o' welcomed 'em when they come the year after. I didn't want to shoot 'em for fear o' killin' a good customer, so for a little while I gave them a free hand on my place, an' set around makin' notes o' their habits. Well one mornin' in June the followin' year up comes a tremendous big feller, an' begins to take the usual birdseye view o' the chicken yard, and then, I gorry, he swoops down an' grabs a settin' hen right off her nest, and flies away with her. I follered the cuss, an' discovered where he lived, up on a big rock back o' Pete Nichols' woods. I was so

HIS CORONATION DAY

One of the Twelve Stories of Solomon.

BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

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Scripture Authority:—1 Kings 1: 32-53.

SERMONETTE.

Adonijah's cause was strong. David was old and greatly enfeebled. Certainly he did not court another rebellion. How was it, then, that he could act with such precision, such positiveness, such boldness? It was faith. Nothing in the world could have pulled David together and revived his waning faculties but the sense of the obligation which he owed God and the consciousness that God's will was to be wrought out in the face of the plottings of man.

What a grand thing it is to see an old man whose strength and inspiration is the Lord. What have we after all to lean on but God? As earth is slipping out from under our feet how blessed it is to feel and know that the eternal purposes of God are still to be wrought out in the world.

In this incident of Adonijah's grasping for the kingdom and the final triumphant coronation of the young man Solomon, we have a prefiguration of the ultimate triumph and coronation of Christ the King of kings and Lord of lords. The world would put self upon the throne, but God has other plans and in the fullness of time "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run."

Nothing can thwart the promises that were made to the Son when in the beginning he offered himself as the world's Redeemer, and nothing can interfere with the glorious fulfillment of the Divine will.

As the youth of Solomon in many ways prefigured the youth of the Christ, so in his triumphant coming to the kingdom and his glorious reign we find a hint or suggestion of the coming glorious reign of the Christ.

And he (Adonijah) came and bowed himself to King Solomon." This outward act of reverence and submission to the newly-crowned king reminds us of the Scripture which saith: "Every knee shall bow to me and every tongue shall confess to God." However rebellious and wicked the heart may be, there is coming the time when every knee must bow and every tongue confess to God. Christ has not yet come into his own, but the day is coming when as King he shall take possession of the kingdoms of the world, and then many a knee which has refused to bow to his rule will be forced to recognize his power and authority and be brought low before him.

THE STORY.

"SOLOMON! Solomon!" Breathlessly the woman listened, and getting no response, she raised her voice and cried:

"Solomon! Solomon!" Bathsheba had returned from the presence of King David in great haste, and as she rushed into the palace David had built for her and her son Solomon, she laid aside all her reserve and dignity and called frantically for the young man. The sound of her voice awoke the echoes, and the scurrying feet of the servants could be heard as they hastened to her presence.

"Where can he be?" impatiently cried Bathsheba when no Solomon appeared. For an instant she contemplated the wondering servants as they gathered before her, and then commanded them sharply:

"Go find him. Lose not a moment. The king's business requires haste." A scurrying of feet and again the woman was left alone.

"The king has promised," she exclaimed as she paced nervously to and fro. "Solomon shall sit upon the throne of his father! Adonijah must be thwarted." And the flashing eyes of the woman, the stern lines on the face and the tightly-clenched hands indicated the spirit which completely controlled her. "He may have his feast at Enrogel," she continued to herself. "Even now, I suppose, he is planning with his followers what he shall do when he is come into the kingdom, but the king has promised and God is good. He will bring these plans to naught. But Solomon, where is he? He must be ready against the coming of the king's servants."

And with this last thought in mind she hurried off to the apartments occupied by the boy and was soon busy selecting the garments which she intended he should wear when he was anointed king.

And while the mother was thus busy and while the servants of Bathsheba were going hither and thither in search of Solomon, there was much excitement and stir among the servants of King David.

Had there ever been such transformation before? But a few hours before there had been sadness and dejection in the palace, for it was thought that the king was dying, and then had come the visit of Bathsheba, and of Nathan the prophet, and suddenly the king seemed to shake off the stupor which had crept in upon him. The eye had kindled with some of the old-time fire, the form which had seemed shrunken and weak thrilled with new life and sat erect, and the voice which only had spoken for days past in feeble expression of some trifling want, was now speaking forth words of command. The news of all this spread like wild fire throughout all the city of Jerusalem

and was soon upon the lips of everybody, and ere long the streets were thronged with people who, with an air of expectation, waited the coming of something they knew not what.

Bodies of soldiers were moving to and fro and forming into companies and divisions. About the palace of the king the excitement and commotion centralized, and when the people saw the king's magnificent white mule, richly caparisoned, brought forth, what a shout went up!

It had been a long time since the splendid creature had been seen abroad in the streets, for none but the king might ride upon him, and now the query went forth from mouth to mouth:

"Is the king to ride to-day?" "Yea, the king is to ride to-day," exclaimed Nathan to himself, as he overheard the question while hurrying on towards the home of Bathsheba.

At the door he met the returning servants who had been searching for the young man.

"Solomon cannot be found?" exclaimed Nathan, repeating the words of the servants. "Have you searched everywhere?"

"Everywhere."

"Have you been to the Temple?" "We have not been there, but we think some of the other servants went thither."

But Nathan was off in the direction of the place without hearing the last sentence. He knew better than any man took in visiting the place and sitting in meditation there. Ever since his return from Egypt he had often sought the quiet and seclusion of the Temple. In Egypt the great temples were the centers of learning and why should not the Temple of the God of Israel be the place where one should learn wisdom and see and understand with a clear mind? Reasoning thus the desire to go thither had grown upon him, and it was therefore towards the Tabernacle that Nathan hurried.

"My son," he exclaimed, when he had found him: "Knowest thou not that the heart of all the people is turning to thee, and that the king has given commandment that thou shalt be anointed king at Gihon this day and that thou shalt sit with him upon his throne?" "It is as God desires," replied the young man, rising, and calmly replacing his mantle about his sturdy young form.

Nathan looked at him wonderingly. "But art thou not surprised?" "Nay, rather am I certain," that that which God hath spoken is about to come to pass.

"Then let us hasten," exclaimed Nathan, pressing his arm about the form of the young man and gently hastening his footsteps. "For I fear even now the king's mule awaits thee at thy door."

"What gives the young man such self-control, such poise?" Nathan asked himself over and over again during that short walk back to the palace of Bathsheba. And he watched with wondering eyes as Solomon quietly donned his robes, gravely received the loving salutation of his mother, and then went forth with true kingly dignity and grace to Gihon, the place appointed by the king for the coronation.

"Who had thought that Solomon was a youth of such rare grace and beauty?" exclaimed the people as they followed the royal procession.

"God save King Solomon!" The words of the high priest Zadok sounded out clear and distinct, the trumpet blew and the people took up the shout of "God save King Solomon!"

Where Real Problem Lies.

A missionary in China writes: "The real crux of the foreign missionary problem lies not in the foreign but in the home field. There is nothing here to handicap or hold us back. Our opportunity is limited only by the physical strength of the workers. We are held back and handicapped by the indifference of the churches at home which fail to provide the men and means to enable our work to continue its normal growth."

Need of Workers.

Miss Carrie Barge, who has been over portions of the west, writes: "In Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Northern California are those who have grown to be of age, and yet never had a chance to hear a sermon or to cross the threshold of a Sunday school. Some have never heard of Jesus or Heaven, or seen a Bible. I learned of these conditions from Christian school teachers who had been in these remote places."

The Lay Preacher in England.

One comparison drawn by Robert Perle, the British Wesleyan, who lately visited in this country, shows how much more use England is making of the lay preacher than is America. Of 27,000 sermons preached every Sunday in England by Wesleyan Methodists, 20,000 are preached by laymen.

Nearly Half Million Enrolled.

A gain of 28,000 members was reported by the Young Men's Christian association last year, making the present total nearly half a million. The property value of the existing Y. M. C. A. enterprise in North America is \$39,000,000.

Indians Need Gospel.

The need of more aggressive home mission work is emphasized by the statement that there are 50,000 Indians in New Mexico and Arizona as poor, ignorant and superstitious as can be found in any foreign land.

National Cult of China.

For over 20 centuries Confucianism has been the national cult of China. Upon its doctrines the principles of the government are based.

Over Million Enrolled.

In Presbyterian Sabbath schools the officers, teachers and scholars number 1,207,626.

Precept and Practice.

The Bible should be read a good deal on Sunday and practiced a good deal during the week.

Plan New Building for Winona.

An \$80,000 building, to be erected at Methodist headquarters at Winona, Ind., is being contemplated.



THE AMERICAN HOME

W. A. RADFORD EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 194 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It is better to live in four rooms free of encumbrance than to occupy a big house with a big blot on it. Young fellows do not always appreciate this fact, and it may be better for the general public that it is so, because men who habitually live within their means are not always the best ones to keep the nimble six-pence rolling back and forth. It takes an occasional hard-headed, close-fisted individual in a community of spend-thrifts to show how a man may climb over the heads of everybody else just simply by making a dollar and saving 90 cents of it, then doing the trick over again. At any rate, that is the reputation a young fellow gets in a reckless community when he undertakes to save a little money.

I think I feel a little different about those things, because I have seen more of life than some of the young chaps who start in with a more expensive property than they need. And that is one reason why I design so many houses that are small and that may be cheaply constructed if necessity requires it. What I advocate first, last and all the time is that a young man should own the house he lives in, whether it contains four rooms or 40. I do not advocate that a young man should own his house free and clear from the start, few of us would ever own a house if we did

money every month for rent he has paid for a house of his own and has a property to take an interest in.

NOT ON HIS LIFE. Chiffoniering an Auto Was Not a Job He Cared For.

When the big brass buttoned policeman went through the hall everybody at the cafe thought the place was about to be raided on account of the ten-cent cocktails, for it is well known to the general public that no self-respecting licensed cocktail will allow itself to be sold for ten cents. But it wasn't that at all.

"There is an automobile out here on the curb," they heard the policeman say to the proprietor, "that has been there since three o'clock, and we can't find the owner or the chauffeur."

"Have you looked in all the bar-rooms in the neighborhood?" they heard the proprietor ask solicitously.

"In every one of them," answered the big policeman. "Can't find a soul who has ever heard of it before, much less owned it."

"Is there no society where they can take foundling automobiles left on curbs and care for them till their mothers are found?" asked the woman who was dining with the artist with the astrakhan hair.

"I suppose not," said he, "though as a matter of fact it seems to be a l. f. w."

When they finished their dinner and went out there stood the lost automobile. The woman looked at the number and then at the artist.

"Why, said she, 'this is my auto-

mobile. No. 78954 Madison. What is it doing out here? Come, get in and let us go home. Are you a good chiffonier?"

The artist with the astrakhan hair ran long, white, slim fingers through it.

"Alas, no," said he, "or I would have claimed it upon the appearance of the cop."

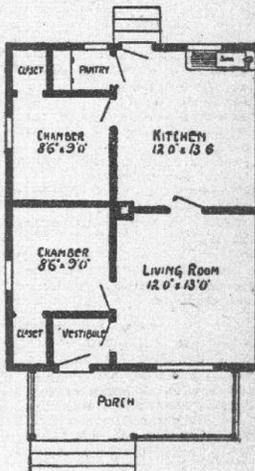
"Would you be afraid to try chiffoniering it?" she asked, looking earnestly at as much of his face as she could see for the astrakhan hair.

"It would be as much as our lives are worth," said he decidedly, whereupon they walked slowly and thoughtfully on toward home.



that, however in my experience I find it turns out much better when a young couple starts in modestly with an ambition to branch out later.

But there are some essentials in a small house that must not be overlooked. I don't care how small a house is, you must have comfort with it or it will prove disappointing. Where you have no dining room the kitchen must be large enough for both. Twelve by thirteen and a half feet is not a large kitchen for a large house, but it is large in proportion to this house and it is supplied with a good sink and a good light, airy, commodious pantry where food may



FLOOR PLAN

NOT AN IMPOSING FIGURE.

Black Tights of Hamlet Accentuated Actor's Thinness.

"Richard Mansfield," said a theatrical manager, "took the greatest pains to keep his figure perfect. And indeed he succeeded well in this. Such shapely legs and arms, such a slim, supple waist, such a broad back and deep chest never graced the American stage before."

"Mr. Mansfield insisted on good figures. He would not permit his players to get too fat or too thin. Some he made die, some he made exercise. And, to show the figure's importance, he used to tell them a story about Henry Irving—a story told by Irving himself."

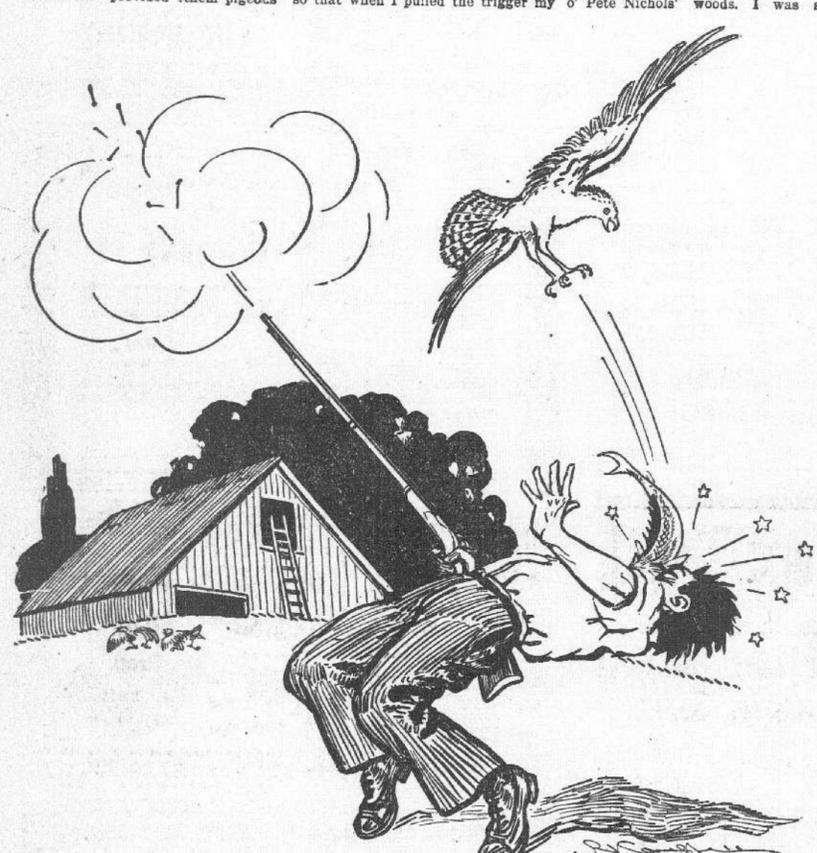
"Irving, when he was young, was a very skeleton. He once had a chance in the provinces to play Hamlet. The salary was good—for the provinces—I think Mr. Mansfield said it was \$3 a week—and if the actor got on well the first night his fortune was made."

"But, when Irving made his first night's appearance in the black tights of the Danish prince, one gallery god shouted across to another:

"Is that him, Bill?"

"No," Bill roared back. "Them's only the young feller's clothes. They'll shove him out later on."

Objected to American's Taste. An American millionaire, who had settled at Heidelberg, has been permanently expelled from the Grand Duchy of Baden. He has on several occasions caused scandals in the old university town by the peculiar uses to which he put his wealth, but his last exploit was too much for the authorities. It consisted of an entertainment in the market place, at which two laborers, who had been paid what were their large sums of money, publicly ate dirt from the streets. The discoverer of this new and peculiarly refined form of amusement was charged with causing a public scandal, and was sentenced to five days' imprisonment, in addition to expulsion from the duchy.



"He Drops a Five Pounder."

with a taste for oats, an' when they see you sort o' settin' the table for 'em to come over an' have a snack o' lunch, they come an' they take what's set before 'em without grumblin', an' with no more idee in their minds that they ain't doin' what you expected."

"I see," said Si, "but I think he owes me a peck of oats jest th' same, an' I gorry, if them pigeons shows their pesky bills on my lot ag'in I'll—"

"You'll receipt 'em, eh?" laughed the Captain.

"I'll blow their derned heads off," said Si, with considerable heat.

"That'll be jest right," observed the Postmaster, quietly. "I've told them pigeons to keep off your place, an' if they don't do as I tell 'em to, shoot 'em Si. I'll sell ye the gunpowder to do it with."

And thus was a truce declared.

"Birds has got to live," said the Captain after good-fellowship had been restored in a dipperful of root beer all around, "an' while it makes me madder 'n a hornet sometimes th' way they have of swoopin' down on a day's work, an' spillin' it, I'm blamed if I can blame 'em. The bird catches the grain, the farmer catches the birds, an' the tax assessor catches the farmer, an' the grand jury catches the tax assessors, an' so it goes."

"Then ye wouldn't shoot a hawk that come down an' took a couple o' your best spring pullets, eh?" said the Postmaster.

aim went kind o' wild an' I didn't bit nothin' but the codfish."

"Where'd he get the codfish?" demanded Si Witherspoon.

"Out o' the sea, of course," said the Captain. "He was a fish-hawk as well as a chicken-hawk. It never occurred to me at the time that the feller had any other object in droppin' that there fish on to me than to spile my aim, so next time he come along I was on the lookout agin that trick, but this time he swooped right down in front of the kitchen door an' laid a bustin' big shad on the door step, as p'lite as you please. I didn't dast fire at him there for fear o' hittin' mother. Of course she holloed an' I run up to the house as tight 's I could go an' while I was doin' that Mr. Hawk flies over to the chicken yard, an' helps himself to his dinner. That night after we'd eat the shad for supper mother remarked that it was sort o' impressin' itself upon her mind that that there bird wanted to do the square thing by us, an' was tryin' to pay for the chickens he took in fish, an' hein' as I was thinkin' very much the same thing myself I didn't see no cause to dispute it, an' we decided not to shoot him the next time he came round, but jest to let 'em an' see. Well, sir, sure enough, the next week, near sundown Thursday night, we heard a peckin' at the door an' on openin' it there on the sill we found jest about the slickest lookin' Spanish Macrel 'y ever sot your two eyes on. He was a perfect beauty an' so fresh that he was still drippin' water an' floppin' his tail, showin' that he'd only jest been caught. I'd hardly picked him up from the doorstep when a terrific squakin' down in the chicken yard showed that Mr. Hawk was goin' kearfuleerly over my poultry stock like a first-class housekeeper doin' her marketin', an' bimbeys we see him flyin' off through the air with another pullet in his claws.

"I went that way all summer long. Every time when a hawk was brought a fish, an' when the season was over, an' mother an' me come to sigger it out, it wasn't ten cents one way or th' other whether him or us had the best o' th' bargain. As I remembered it, he'd left \$27.68 wuth o' poultry an' had left us \$27.75 wuth o' fish, so that

derned interested in the species that it sort o' fascinated me to watch him. He eat up the old mother hen, and then flew off to the westward some place, an' I went back home. Next mornin' bright an' early I was waked up by an awful cacklin' goin' on down there in the chicken yard, an' I gorry, what d'ye suppose I found when I got down there?"

"A check for four dollars to pay for the hen," put in the Postmaster.

"No, sirree!" ejaculated the Captain. "There wasn't nothin' so honest about that second hawk. He was a pirate, he was. He'd come back for the eggs the old hen had been settin' on, an' by the time I'd got my clo'es on an' got down to th' yard, he'd got his claws on the nest an' was speedin' off home with 'em, an' he never spilled an egg. I follered after him agin, an' when I got up to where his nest was I climbed a tree, so's I could look down into it an' see what he was doin', an' by gum, sir, he was settin' on them eggs hisself! Yes, sir, jest like an old mother hen, an' he set there till he'd hatched them, an' he set, an' as fast as them baby chickens 'd pop out o' their shells, he'd eat 'em, an' when he got through with that bunch he went back an' tried the game all over agin, but I was too smart for him. I put a lot o' chiny eggs in the next nest, an' I tell ye I had a good late when I see him soarin' away with them."

"What become of him finally?" asked Si Witherspoon. "D'ye kill him?"

"I didn't need to," said the Captain. "The pesky old cuss died o' starvation waitin' for them chiny eggs to hatch."

At this point the mail came in and the Postmaster's business caused the adjournment of the meeting.

"Well," he said, as he unlocked the bag, "if them stories is true ye've proved your p'int. They is hawks an' hawks!"

"You bet they be," said the Captain. "An' like us human bein's they's divided up between the common people an' the frenzy finance crowd—a p'int that had ought to make my discovery a most interestin' one to the present honored lessee o' the shoes o' Washington, Jefferson an' Grover Cleveland."