

fastenings tore loose, boards sprang apart, and under the impulse of an eight-mile-an-hour current the second raft, like the first, was torn and shattered.

But before that happened, at the instant of contact, Dwight's crew, their captain at their head, had sprung aboard their rival with heavy clubs in hand. Maloney's men were ready for them, and as the rafts struck the rocks and splintered the two crews mixed in a horrible mêlée.

It did not last long. In three minutes half the crews were floundering in the water, and the rest were drifting apart on small sections of timber. Good fellows all, they turned their attention to the rescue promptly, and hauled in most of their mates; but Billy Dwight and Jack Maloney no man hauled in. They had gone down locked together, in a last mad fight, and not till the high water had begun to go down that summer were the bodies that might have been their recovered.

Many thousands of feet of good lumber was lost in that encounter, and many thousands more in other wrecks and collisions. When the railways began to come in, their bridges were the causes of many disasters, none of more than the old bridge at Rock Island, which did so much damage that the Government finally ordered it removed. Sometimes these bridges led to hot encounters, as at Hudson, Wisconsin, when a railway seeking a route to St. Paul endeavored to bridge over St. Croix Lake, leaving a narrow draw in the middle. The raftsmen got a court injunction against them; but the railway men refused to obey it.

On the morning of July 7, 1871, the steamboat and logmen awoke to find the railway people driving piles across the lake and leaving a draw only ninety-eight feet wide in the middle. Forthwith a fleet of six steamers with two hundred men was assembled at the head of the lake and advanced to the attack. The railway men were ready for them.

While three of the steamers, however, stood off the pile-drivers, the other three, the Louisville, Whitmore, and Brother Jonathan, lashed together, bore down on the piling at the draw opening. A big hawser was uncoiled and made fast to a pile. The three steamers backed up mightily; the pile came up. Back went the steamers for the next one, and while the railway men looked on impotent to prevent they hauled up eighty piles and set them adrift. And while the railway men were at supper they overpowered the small guard left aboard the pile-driver, captured that offending scow, and

carried it away in triumph to the head of the lake. That ended bridge building there for a week, and then, after a lot of haggling and numerous meetings, the railway came to terms and left a draw one hundred and thirty-six feet wide for rafts.

The old day of rafting is gone now, and what few floats are on the river are handled by steamboats. Yet, even so, adventure is not lacking from the life of the raftsmen. The old freebooters of the river have turned "shanty-boaters," and, lodged in every eddy from Cairo to Memphis, await the coming of stray logs, which they bind together and float or tow to Wolf River.

A lot of them lay moored in the Memphis eddy as the river rose one November not long ago. Brothel Wood's was there, a well-known wrecker who had successfully logged the last rise below Pecan Point and had brought on one hundred dollars' worth of logs. Clarence Clark was there, and Billy Martin, Espanto, and the Fullers, Blake, and many another famous riverman. Their boats lay in a row along the willows on the back of the flooded bar above the city levee.

The Memphis eddy is a deceptive "critter." In such a flood, with the river, as it then was, twenty-six feet above low water, the revolving area covered a region nearly a mile long and half a mile wide, which turned slowly or swiftly according to the wind and current, and which, when the wind was from the

opposite shore, was full of drifting logs and snags. They were all busy catching these, till there came a day so stormy that not one of them cared to venture out. But in that day of days the captain of the Vernie Mac came down around the Hen and Chickens with a big raft of gum logs ahead and essayed to back them into Wolf River to the mills. The captain's scheme, a common one, was to begin backing and flanking opposite the Hen, and divert his tow into the eddy, thus checking its momentum. Then, swinging round, he would back his steamer into the slack water of Wolf River and pull the raft in after him.

He entered the eddy easily; but it was working too strong for him. It caught his tow, and swept logs and steamer down upon the levee, crossed them over to the willows, and brought them back up to Wolf River again. The captain was watching his opportunity, and gave full-speed astern; but he could not hold the logs. Again they started down the eddy.

By this time Shanty-boat Town was awake to the opportunity. Every man Jack of them had got out his coils of line, piled them in his skiff, and was waiting, oars in hand. Clark and his partner waited the steamer's signal of defeat.

It came soon enough. With a sudden grumble and churning, the eddy swerved, hesitated, and split in two, directly under the raft. Half revolved one way, half the other, and in the maelstrom between the logs of the Vernie Mac stood on end, tumbled over each other and scattered in all directions. The captain was glad enough to get his vessel out whole.

Clark and his partner were out at the first sign. In a moment along came a big section of raft, more than twenty gum logs, held together by binders, and surrounded by a tangle of stumps and wreckage. His partner threw Clark an end of his coil and shot for the willows, with the rest paying out behind him, and quickly made the rope fast to a tree, while Clark took a turn on the binder with his end. Before Shanty-boat Town had cleared the eddy they had a good part of the raft moored to their first section, where they sold it next day to the unfortunate captain of the Vernie Mac.

The hardwood timber is the lumberman's last resource. It will not last much longer, and then even the milder adventures of such steamboat logging will join those of the drifting rafters in the golden memories of some Huckleberry Finn.



A Rescue in Shanty-Boat Town

ETIQUETTE OF THE THEATER

By Lilian Bell

At the theater the best society countenances late arrivals. Even if you know you are going to be late, don't bother to get a box. Just crowd by people and take the places you have bought. Your purchase money gives you the right to disturb the audience and upset the actors. Besides, the management expects it to the extent that they call the opening scene of the play the "Seat-slaming scene." That is why the most capable playwrights open every play with the chamber-maid dusting. It doesn't make any difference whether you can hear her when she dusts or not.

If you have a sneezing or coughing cold so that everybody at home wants to send you to a hospital, don't let the thought of disturbing some thousand people, all of whom have paid for an evening's entertainment, keep you from going to the theater. You may cough your head off; nobody will do anything.

Remember also that in buying your seat you buy the right to make the people all around you ill by any strong perfume, scent, or odor you may choose to saturate yourself with before starting. Beefsteak and fried onions are particularly grateful to the woman in front of you, and if you are partial to musk on your handkerchief, use plenty of it. It is no harder to die two deaths than one.

Always Go Out Between Acts

BETWEEN the acts always go out and take a smoke, or worse; especially if you are sitting well in the middle of the house, and there are several women between you and the aisle. It is no bother at all for a woman to unpin her hat from the back of the seat in front, to draw back her wrap, gather her program, her opera-glasses, and handkerchief in the other hand, stand up, push up the seat of her chair, and let you crowd past. Perhaps sitting still makes her nervous and she likes the exercise. No words of apology are necessary. Simply stand with gentlemanly patience writ on your countenance, and she will feel that she has kept you standing and a prisoner an unnecessary length of time. If you look at her with the proper expression of grim forbearance on your face, perhaps she may apolo-

gize to you for having been so slow in permitting you to pass out.

If you don't care to go out between acts, it will diversify things if you will spend the interval by kicking the seat in front of you, especially if it is occupied by a woman. If you kick it often enough and hard enough, all her hair-pins will come out, and you will then be enabled to know how she does it.

Another good way to remind her of the time she took the Swedish-movement cure is to grasp the back of her chair firmly in your hand and shake it vigorously. This sometimes knocks her glasses off.

Assist the Chorus

IF there is an opera-glass or candy arrangement on the back of her chair, open it, then amuse yourself by drawing the chain back and forth over the metal rim of the box, and snapping the lid up and down. It sounds nice.

If you like the music, sing or whistle it with the people on the stage. It shows that you have been there before and are able to spend the price of a ticket twice without feeling it.

If another man is with you, guy the actors and actresses. It shows that you are familiar with the profession. Somebody might even suspect that you were a critic. Besides, the actors are only doing their best. Why respect them?

If you don't understand what is passing on the stage, ask your escort what it is and have him explain it to you. It gives your neighbors an exquisite joy. Or, if you particularly enjoy the points, repeat them aloud. It will sound like an echo to those sitting near, and they will feel as if they had been to the play twice. To be sure, they will have lost the real continuity of the play; but they won't care; they are good-natured.

If you are a woman, and don't care for the woman in front of you, a good way to let her know it is to insert the toe of your shoe into her unprotected back. This not only shakes her chair, but it cleans your shoe on the back of her gown. Don't be afraid.

She will never turn around and ask you why you don't use a door-mat. She is used to it.

If you are a man and go to see a play like "Man and Superman," and you happen to disagree with Bernard Shaw, say so aloud. This gives the people near you the benefit of your opinion. If the meaning of the lines seem to you to be double, laugh and slap your knee and dig your companion in the ribs and wink at him. This will let everybody know that you are a regular devil, and that you have been about more than anyone would suspect from the size of your mustache. You may also hiss lines which displease you, which will inform the breathless observer of your taste in morals.

If you are a free liver and a consumer of strong waters, a good place to go when you have got to the stage where you feel chatty, is to a play where people want to listen. This will enable you to continue the story which you began before you came in, to a larger and more helpless audience. In this stage you may also sprawl over the people around you.

Stand Up for Your Rights

I WITNESSED a scene of this sort when three young men were almost intoxicated. There was a rude person in front of them, who had no tact and no consideration; for he turned sharply to these three and said that if they did not stop disturbing him, he would report them at the box-office. To which they made the spirited and entirely proper reply that they had paid as much money for their seats as he had for his and they purposed to do as they jolly well wished. So the tactless person, being entirely unsupported by any other of the sufferers near-by, meekly subsided, and the entire play was spoiled for everybody near on account of the theater manners of these three young men. In Paris, London, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg, or in any spot on earth excepting the United States of America, the audience would have hissed these boys into silence or else called the ushers and have had them put out. But in America we are so free to misbehave in public if we wish to, and so sure of going unrebuked, that it puts a premium on the very sort of thing we have the courage to denounce—when we are in the security of our homes.