MOUNTAINS GOING TO WASTE, BEING NEGLECTED BY THE CLIMBERS

Having climbed mountains from Saas-Fee and with the memory of the great face of the Matterhorn as it is seen from Zermatt, they went across the plains to the Canadian Rockies looking for new Swiss Alps on this continent of North America. They found the mountains, hundreds of them, scarred peaks, crags, buttresses; there were snow fields, glaciers, swift mountain rivers, pleasant valleys hidden among the ranges, lakes; they heard the thunder of avalanches and the hiss of spurting waterfalls away in the distance. Taking things generally and not being too particular as to details, they agreed that the mountains were very like the Alps. But there were so very few climbers.

This was surprising. They remembered how it was at Saas-Fee. There you were considered scarcely polite if you did not climb. It was the fashion to climb. They remembered the blackboard in the hall at the inn, where you chalked up the hour at which you wished to be called in the morning and what you wanted for breakfast. It was easy to tell what peak a climber was intent upon ascending by the simple expedient of observing what hour he wished to be called at. And in the evening or late at night, when the climbers came in from the day's journey, there was excitement around the public rooms, for the mountaineers told of the slips they had almost had and the bergschrunds into which they had almost plunged.

At Banff and Laggan and Field it was not so. An ice axe is uncommon. Travellers stepping off the transcontinental trains of the Canadian Pacific in case they see one wonder if it is a queer kind of pick axe. And yet there are chances for the mountain climber in those same Canadian Rockies which excel almost anything on earth. There are still many peaks which have never been climbed and there are relatively few which have recognized and usual courses of ascent, even those nearest the railroad.

Thus it is clear that there is plenty of attraction for the climber. He need not be told when he comes down from a mountain that So-and-so shinned through the third chimney after the first ledge in thirty seconds less than schedule time. Climbing is still a novel enough sport and a man needn't be bound down, so to speak, by scientific management. It is like fishing in strange waters. You can go where you think you will have the best luck.

It is true that there are few peaks within a day's journey of Field or Glacier or Laggan or Banff which have not been climbed. If a mountaineer is ambitious for first ascents he must go further north. But the point is, as most practised climbers who go into the country will tell you, that the mountains have not become highways and the charm of remoteness is still there.

Visitors to the Canadian Rockies are unappreciative of this delight. The vast majority of them pause for a night and a day and take a drive to one of the permanent camps over roads which the ingenuity of the Canadian Pacific engineers has provided for sightseeing tourists. They see high mountains and perhaps are sprayed upon by great cataracts. They see glaciers. Next summer you can ride in a carriage from Field to the edge of a glacier, and when you get back home you can boast of having set foot on a real ice field. And there will be no trouble at all.

There are others of course whom the region clutches on first acquaintance. They are apt to try it out in a slightly more adventuresome way. From Field, for instance, you can take the seven mile drive to Emerald Lake over a road as finely ballasted as any in the Berkshires, and then set out on a real mountain trail over Burgess Pass and back to Field. It is a fine journey, a great loop from which one sees some of the best mountain pictures in the whole region. It is done usually on horseback, and there is just enough adventure to it to make you want to go on and try something better.

There is one point on this trail which usually catches the untried traveller and gives him or her, for women take these mountain rides too, a twinge of nerves. It is where the trail curves under the shoulder of Mount Wapta.

There is a great overhanging precipice rising hundreds of feet above the trail, itself scarcely three feet wide, a slender ledge cut in the slope of the mountain side. The projecting wall of rock rising above the traveller's head looks as though it were on the point of falling away. The rock composing it is so broken along the lines of cleavage that it has the appearance of unmortared bricks. You hold your breath in passing underneath for fear the jar will be the last straw to set the mountain wall slipping.

But somehow it stays up and you wonder why there is such a heap of talus at the bottom of the cliff, for it isn't often that you see rocks falling. Yet travellers tell of the cup in the side of Mount Lefroy above Lake O'Hara where you have to be careful in choosing the day of passing over, for the rocks are always falling when the conditions are not right. Mountaineers say that getting knowledge of this sort is part of the fun of mountain climbing. It is the same kind of fun that a canoeman has when he is in a patch of ticklish water, and yet is sure that his wits will carry him through.

THE PRESIDENT RANGE, FROM BURGESS PASS ABOVE FIELD, B.C.

WHERE CLIMBERS HAVE TO BE ROPED UP, MT. BURGESS.

ROPED UP READY FOR A DESCENT

BREWING TEA BEFORE STARTING UP THE CRAGS.

ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Most of the Americans who go into the Canadian Rockies and are desirous of doing something more than follow the common round of the sightseer take pack horse trips off into the mountains. It will be possible next season to go by pack horse up the Bow River valley and on to the new line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which parallels the Canadian Pacific far in the north. It is to be doubted that there is any pack horse trip in the world at once so accessible and so alluring. Those who have been over the route already say that the mountain country which the trail traverses is almost without a peer.

A trip of this sort has much of the nomadic charm of a trip by canoe in the Canadian lake country further east. You go on day after day and pause wherever evening and convenience coincide. For the most part such a trip must be in the valleys. The trails climb over mountain passes, to be sure, and follow the lower ridges, but unless you take a day off and go up a mountain with ice axe and rope you are not apt to get the intoxicating sense of conquest which is one of the big rewards of the climber.

The novice in the mountains is apt to be oppressed when first he finds himself in a valley flanked with towering peaks. He gets a certain pleasure, to be sure, in watching the shadows creep up the mountainsides and in seeing the evening sun touch with fire the snow fields on the summits, but with it all is an undercurrent dread. He finds himself confronted with something bigger than he has ever seen, and the magnitude oppresses him.

Later he undertakes a walk up into the higher ridges, and as he rises he finds himself making friends with the great peaks. The next day, it may be, he takes a longer walk and finds himself all of a sudden well above the tree line, and there are places near at hand where a misstep would send him shooting a thousand feet into space. The idea is not terrifying. It is merely exhilarating, and he determines upon something a stage beyond what he has done before.

That next stage he had better not undertake alone or with any one but a practised mountain climber. The Canadian Pacific has brought over from Switzerland some expert guides. These are attached to the hotels in the district and can be employed to take travellers to the summits of the mountains. Many of the peaks they have never climbed, but to practised mountaineers this is no objection. The traveller has the fun of seeing them pick a way where walls of rock appear to show impassable barriers.

You scarcely know until you have tried it what sort of mountain climber you will make. Generally speaking, most good walkers will make good mountain climbers and will enjoy it. But a tendency to mountain fever is hard to anticipate. It has been shown that for some strange reason those who have climbed in the Alps may not be immune from mountain fever in the Canadian Rockies, and the reverse may also be true. A person in the best of condition and with no discoverable heart trouble may be a victim to this unpleasant malady, and if it gets hold of him it is best to start back east right away.

The Swiss insist that Americans are apt to climb too fast. A young man in the briskness of a mountain morning may start off at a pace which would be easy enough in low mountains, and for shorter distances, but when he has gone a few miles he will wonder at his weariness and all along he will be astonished at his shortness of breath. The next day too he will be lame from head to foot, so lame indeed that he will find it easiest to walk downstairs backward, which shows of course that the holdback muscles are the ones which get the harshest and most unusual treatment in a long day on the mountains.

A Swiss takes short steps and he goes slowly. But he does not stop. He goes on and on, further and further into the mountains, and at the end of the day he will have made a greater distance and his weariness will not be half that of the novice who goes on by successive bursts of speed, and he will have no lameness at all.

The conquest of a first mountain is something that is not easily forgotten. It is something greater even than a first trip through rapids or the first experience of a squall; more gradual, perhaps, and therefore more completely understood.

There is a little mountain rising above Field, B. C., which is not impossible for a first climb, but nevertheless is a creditable performance. It is Mount Burgess, just short of 9,000 feet. The valley has an altitude of less than half that, so that the climber at the summit is about three-quarters of a mile higher in the air than he was when he started.

The trip for the first two hours is along the pack horse trail, over Burgess Pass, and as you rise above the Kicking Horse Valley you see through the spruces and Douglas firs the great belted bulk of Mount Stephen in the far side of the valley. Mount Stephen is 10,500 feet high and was one of the first mountains in the district to be climbed. The first ascent was made in 1887.

The Burgess Pass trail zigzags up the side of the ridge connecting Mount Burgess with Mount Field. When at last you reach the highest point of the trail you peer over the edge and are face to face with the great sweep of the President Range, snowcapped and with glaciers leading down from the summits. On a quiet day you can hear the tumbling waters dropping down the face of the mountains at the foot of the glaciers, five miles away.

The great horn of Burgess rises to the left. There is a sheer cliff on the western side and at its foot is the vivid expanse of Emerald Lake. This face of the mountain in places has a distinct overhang so that ascent from that side up the 1,500 feet to the summit is clearly impossible. The side toward the pass is easier, but to the untutored climber it seems almost equally unassailable, for there are places where the mountain drops away abruptly to a base of broken rocks.

But as matter of fact such a bit of rock work is only a momentary problem to a capable guide. For the first 500 or 600 feet he leads you over broken stones, in the language of the climber, scree. The slope is not enough at first to pay for roping up. The guide merely picks his way over the tumbled rocks and you are expected to follow. If you lean toward the mountain, steadying yourself with your hand against the stones so that in case you slip you will have something to cling to, he shouts at you and denounces you as a craven.

"Ho, there, what do you do by that?" he says. "No hands, feet alone. Are you giddy? Stand up!"

When you reason out what he said you see that he is perfectly right. It is clear that the straighter you stand the greater the angle with the mountain side and therefore the less is your tendency to slip. But it is a hard trick to learn, for the stones have a way of sliding from under your feet, and away they go bounding into infinity.

You zigzag until you find yourself on a narrow ledge with what appears to be sheer precipice overhead. The guide pauses and looks around to see where is the best way out and up. He tries one route and fails. He comes back and tries another.

"We will now go on," he says, "over there," and you wonder how he is going to do it without wings.

If it is your first climb you have a titillation of the nerves when he unwinds the rope which he has been carrying in long loops from shoulder to waist. He fastens an end around your waist with a sliding noose and you wonder if in case you fall the noose wouldn't cut you completely in two, leaving legs and shoulders to slide independently to the utmost bottom of the mountain. The other member of your party is noosed up on the same rope about twenty-five feet away, and the guide takes the other end and off you go.

Going up a mountain the guide goes first, partly in order to pick the way, partly because he isn't so apt to drop stones on the heads of the rest of the party and partly because he is supposed to be the strongest to hold back in case one of the climbers slips and has to be hauled back to safety at the end of the rope.

You remember the suspicion that attached to one of the guides when the late Edward Whymper made his famous first ascent of the Matterhorn. On the return to the valley two of the amateurs on a rope with a guide stumbled and pitched over a precipice. The rope parted and the two were dashed to death on the rocks. The guide was saved. For years this unfortunate Swiss was believed either to have cut the rope or to have employed a weak line in the expectation that it would part in case of a fall and so preserve the guide's own life.

There is some pleasant rock work on the side of Mount Burgess, just enough to put a novice on his mettle. A fall? A chance of it of course, just the same as there is danger of a wreck in the subway or on Fifth avenue. But the delightful thing about tight work on a mountain is that your own sureness of foot and keenness of eye will save you from a tumble, and in the last resort you have your own muscles and the rope.

Just before you come out on the long, easy slope of scree which leads directly to the summit you pass through a little chimney with a patch of snow at the bottom. The guide cuts steps in the packed snow with his ice axe and you zigzag to the foot of the chimney, a narrow cleft through which you scramble to the edge of the ridge. You have to be careful of your hand holds it is perfectly ethical to use your hands here and your feet holds too, because the peaks in the Canadian Rockies are disintegrating swiftly and sometimes the rocks will fall at a touch.

It is perhaps 300 yards over the scree before you come to the actual summit. On the way you go along the very edge of the great cliff which you saw from the pass. You wonder how far below you the rock hollows underneath and you are a bit touchy for fear your weight may be just enough to make the great crag slough off its old skin. And you have an idea that you wouldn't stop going down until you had travelled a full 3,000 feet.

From the top you look down upon all the world except for the summits of three or four neighboring mountains, and these are not near enough to bother. Away in the distance to the west and south are the jagged pyramids of the Selkirks, an ocean of snow mountains. Nearer are the Ottertails, with Mount Vaux and its triangle of snow, the red Van Hornes, which always look as though the sun were shining, the broad spruce grown valley which leads from them to the first of the President range, and then the tangle of snow peaks burdened with glaciers which carries one far into the Yoho Valley, and nearer at hand again Wapta, Mount Field and Stephen.

You sit there until you are driven down and most of the time you spend in wondering how long it would take to jump into Emerald Lake.

This is country which Americans will learn to climb in as soon as they understand that mountain climbing is worth the trouble. Edward Whymper himself made some first ascents in this region, and others who climbed here were James Outram, J. N. Collie, C. E. Fay and Prof. Herschel Parker of Columbia, who is trying to capture Mount McKinley. Thus far Englishmen and Canadians have done most of the climbing in this region.

HE WOULDN'T TAKE HIS WINNINGS

Rather than Cripple a Comrade, Russel Quit the Poker Game.

"A good many people object to the game of draw poker on what I am inclined to consider legitimate grounds," said the gray haired young looking man in the club smoking room, "but a good many others raise objections that seem to me ill founded and far fetched. As I look at it there is a certain analogy between playing poker and using alcoholic drinks, and it is idle to expect anybody who considers them wholly evil to listen to anything that may be said in defence of either of them.

"One objection that is frequently urged against the game, perhaps the most frequently of any, is that it makes a man cruel and takes away his consideration for others; makes him hard hearted, in short. But I maintain that it doesn't. It may seem to in some cases, but the game isn't the real cause of such a disposition in any man, though it may develop cruel instincts in a man who has them already.

"There was an incident in a game in which I was one of the players a number of years ago which seemed to me to be evidence enough of that truth, though of course nothing would prove it to a man who has an opposite conviction.

"Half a dozen of us used to play together regularly once a week for something over a year. It was a stiff game too, for we played the real old fashioned game with no limit and took one another's checks without question in settlement at the finish of each sitting, but though we won and lost, sometimes quite heavily, there was never an instance in the whole year in which any player called for a show for his pile. There was always either a call or a surrender at the end of every played hand, even if the bet amounted, as it did once in a while, to several thousand dollars.

"That sounds pretty big, and it really was a big game, the biggest in fact that I ever played regularly, but it wasn't any such ruinous proposition as it may seem to be. In the first place we were all very prosperous at the time. Money was easy that year and we were all of us in business for ourselves and doing remarkably well. The game, stiff as it was, was not likely to cripple any of us, or at least we thought so at the time.

"Then it happened, as it often does among friends who play together regularly, that the luck ran rather evenly. If a man got hit hard, and it did happen more than once that some one would lose two or three thousand at a sitting, he would make it up again, if not the next week, in the course of a month or so. I'm not saying that we had a right to expect anything of that sort as matter of course; I'm just saying it happened so.

"Moreover I honestly believe there wasn't a man in the party that played for the money there was in the game. Of course everybody preferred winning to losing, but we made our money in business and we all had more than we had any pressing need for, and we played for good fellowship and the excitement of the game. There are such poker parties, even if they are not common.

"And we all knew and liked and respected one another, and that condition of affairs continued up to the close of the year. Then something happened. Probably it was not in the nature of things that such a condition should remain unchanged indefinitely.

"The first sign of trouble was one that I did not notice for some time, though as I learned afterward some of the others did notice it. That was that Appleton began to have hard luck. It wasn't hard enough to be alarming even to him, so far as any of us knew, for he carried a big balance in the bank and was a daring operator in his line who had the name of being more than ordinarily successful. But he certainly was not successful at the poker table for a series of games and after a time we began to comment on the fact that he had to draw a check every time we played. It was friendly comment and he never showed the slightest uneasiness about it, but his losses for the winter mounted up to a respectable sum and he never made a winning once in the season. As for the rest of us, of course we were benefited to the same extent, but no one caught an undue share, for we fluctuated about as before.

"Toward spring Russel and I began to be a little dissatisfied with the prospects of business. We were partners and had done exceedingly well together, but the business was uncertain at best and there began to be indications that it would not last. It did not trouble us to the extent of making us cut down expenses, but it was enough to make us a little thoughtful, and I knew it would be worse for Russel than it would be for me if we had to close up, for he was carrying more of a load than I was at home; but we hadn't even discussed it between ourselves, though we both understood the situation. And we knew that the same conditions that affected us or were likely to affect us would very probably put some of the others of the party out of business.

"Then came what proved to be the last sitting of that particular game. Clayton was late that night, but Hammond and Burroughs came at the usual time, and we began, as we sometimes did, with a five handed game. Russel was banker that night and he gave us each $100 in chips, as the custom was, jotting down the amount opposite each man's name; for, as I said, we settled at the close of the evening. White chips were $1, reds were $5 and blues were $20. We never used the yellows till the betting got heavy, and then each of them represented $100.

"As it happened the hands ran well that night almost from the first, and though we always stuck to the same ante, $1 call $2, the betting was pretty lively, so that one and another went back to the boneyard till there must have been nearly $2,000 on the table, of which Burroughs had nearly one-half in front of him.

"So when Clayton came in, perhaps an hour after we had started, he laughed and called for $500 to begin. 'Looks like I am likely to need that much 'most any time,' he said, and it certainly did look so.

"For the game had become exciting by that time. You know how the devil seems to get into the cards sometimes, bringing 'em out in combinations that upset all calculations of odds or chances and all theories of proper play. You'll open on a pat flush and have two stayers, each drawing two cards, and come out third best in the showdown, or you'll struggle along on a pair of queens before the draw, standing one raise because you think it's a bluff and another because you are in already, and then catch a third with a pair on the side.

"Well, that was the way they ran that night, not for an hour merely but almost all the time, and the way the chips slid back and forth over the table was enough to give you that sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach. And everybody was buying and buying till all the chips in the house were on the table and we were using cards with mems. on them from time to time, redeeming them and tearing them up when we got back chips enough to do it with.

"Of course the betting was big. It seemed almost absurd to start each hand with a white chip for ante when the raise was always equal to all there was in the pot until that came to be $100 or so, and after that was never less than $100. But we hadn't lost our senses, and we stuck to the dollar ante, though it happened two or three times that a single bet of $500 was called. That's proof enough that the hands were unusually high.

"When it came time for the consolation pot, which always held a red chip from each player before the deal and which couldn't be opened under aces, there wasn't a man at the table who had less than $500 in front of him nor a single one who had not bought at least $1,000 during the evening. That shows that the luck had been fairly even. But we were all flushed with the excitement of the unusual play, and it was certain if we had realized it that there would be big money to change hands at the finish if the cards ran anything like the way they had been running.

"They didn't for the first two deals. I dealt first, and no one got aces. Then Clayton took the deck and we sweetened again, making $42 in the pot before Burroughs handed them out.

"After we had done so Hammond opened it under the guns for the size of it and Russel stayed along. Then Appleton made it $100 more, and that looked so much like an effort to drive us out that it induced me to stay on two little pairs, though it was strong enough to keep me from reraising.

"Clayton looked at his cards anxiously but found nothing to justify him in putting up $142, so he threw them down with a gentle malediction, and Burroughs kissed his chips as he slid them into the pot. It looked as if he meant good-by.

"Hammond looked doubtful, but after some little study he put up his $100, and Russel promptly made it $100 more. In fact we thought he did it a little too promptly, and I for one was thinking I would see his raise until Appleton boosted him $200. It was plain enough that he had no thought of anybody staying against him excepting Russel and that he wanted to swell the pot.

"It was too strong for me and for the next two, for Burroughs and Hammond both laid down, and Russel looked at Appleton a long time before he said anything. They were both keen players, probably the best in the party, and the rivalry between them had led each of them too far more than once that night.

"But he was evidently satisfied with the result of his study, for he said gently: 'Two more,' and pushed the yellows forward.

"'And five,' said Appleton, shoving in all he had and picking a yellow chip off my pile to make up the amount. 'Pay you directly, old man,' he said to me pleasantly.

"Then Russel studied again, but finally he covered the raise and called for two cards. I thought then and still think he had overplayed his hand, though he had three aces, as it appeared soon afterward. His face did not change, though, when Appleton with a broad smile stood pat, and he threw a white chip in the pot before looking at his draw and then looked steadily at Appleton to see how much he would bet.

"'Five hundred,' said Appleton, scribbling the amount on a card and throwing it in the pot. Then Russel looked to see what he had caught, and himself smiled as he scribbled figures on his card and threw that in. It fell face up and we could all read it without touching it. It was for $1,500.

"Appleton did not hesitate. 'This hand,' he said, 'is worth more. It'll cost you $5,000 to see it.'

"'If it is as good as that,' said Russel, 'I think I'd like to look at it,' and he covered the bet.

"Then of course they showed down and Appleton's hand was a queen full on kings, but Russel had caught a little pair in the draw.

"Not a muscle quivered on the loser's face. He bore himself gallantly, and even smiled as he produced his check book, saying, 'I pay, as usual.' But the rest of us were very grave. It was the heaviest loss of the year and he a loser for the season of far more than we had meant to play for.

"Russel figured up, and after settling with the rest of us he said gravely to Appleton, 'You owe $7,500.'

"'And $100 here,' said Appleton, reaching over for a yellow chip and handing it to me. Then he wrote his check and said with another laugh, 'I won't stay for supper, boys. I can't eat enough to break even.' And he left the room.

"There was a little hush, for we were all genuinely sorry for him, but Russel looked more distressed than any of the others, though I knew that the check he had as velvet, for he was even with the game before the last hand was played, meant more to him probably than it would to anybody else in the room.

"He looked at it carefully for a full minute before he rolled it into a spill and taking out a match lighted one end of it. When it had burned down to a mere scrap he said:

"'Boys, I can't do it. I happen to know that it would cripple Appleton to pay that check. And if poker means that I'm through with poker. I don't think it does, though, and if any of you want to play a dollar limit after this I'm in. Otherwise not.'

"Appleton protested next day, but he was greatly relieved at that and took the money as a loan, giving his note for it. He went to smash soon afterward and the note was never paid. But I never heard Russel complain."

An Elopement Fifty Years Ago.

La Crosse correspondence St. Paul Despatch.

Married in La Crosse fifty years ago, the culmination of a pioneer day romance of the sort that is read about in fiction, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Dougherty to-day celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their home at Rodeo, N. M.

But one witness of the marriage is alive to-day, and he, James W. Young of La Crosse, to-day told the story of the wedding, which follows:

"William Dougherty was born in Vermilion county, Indiana, and so was his wife, whose maiden name was Mary Catherine Hiler. It seems that at the time of the wedding the girl's parents objected to the young man's attentions, which made it necessary for several other young fellows and myself to help the prospective bridegroom out of the difficulty.

"We got a skiff and rowed up the river to the girl's house, where we quietly got her out of the house and into the boat. We then rowed down through French Slough and up to the north side, where Mr. Dougherty was waiting for us. We soon had Justice of the Peace Winston on the scene and the necessary ceremony was performed."

THE BIGGEST SMELT.

One 15 Inches Long Caught Off Cape Cod.

From the Boston Globe.

What is perhaps the largest smelt ever landed in Massachusetts waters, in recent years at least, was caught at East Orleans yesterday and brought to Boston.

This king of smelts was a perfect specimen, with an overall measurement of exactly fifteen inches and a displacement of eight ounces net. It was a full inch and a quarter longer than a smelt caught in Boston harbor more than a dozen years ago that had held the record hereabouts up to yesterday.

Even in that part of the Cape where the lobster supply is yet often fairly plentiful, where Indian relics are unearthed in fields and garden spots without undue excitement—where in fact nothing except the genuinely unusual excites curiosity of the year round residents—the mammoth smelt aroused a great deal of interest.

This giant smelt was caught on a pole line by Harold Eldridge, an East Orleans fisherman, in Meeting House Pond, a salt water inlet at the head of Pleasant Bay. King Smelt was evidently on a Sunday pleasure outing with his whole family of veteran smelts at the time, for a goodly number of others, measuring two-thirds the size of this record breaker, were landed before the grandfather of them all was taken from the water. It was with no little skill that the big smelt was taken on a small line, for it fought like a mackerel in plenty of sea room.

Heretofore the record for catching the biggest smelt in Massachusetts waters, so far as known, has been held by a veteran employee of the *Globe* composing room who more than a dozen years ago landed a thirteen and five-eighths inch smelt in Burnhams Channel, opposite the L street baths at City Point.

No Need to Hurry.

From the San Francisco Star.

Theatrical folks love to tell of a Western manager, now prominent in the business, who made fame and fortune as proprietor of a small variety house in San Francisco.

The thrifty German had accumulated considerable money, and was about to open a new theatre. Several hours before the first performance the entrance was packed, and the manager in trying to reach the front door became hopelessly imprisoned in the crush.

"Here, here," he yelled, "peeples, peeples, it's me—it's Mr. Warner!"

As no one appeared to take any notice of him he again yelled at the top of his voice:

"Vait a minutes, peeples. Vat's de use of pooshing lige dis? Take your time—de first two acts is rotten."