

SCOUTS AT WORK.

STORIES FROM THE FRONT LINE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A Night Adventure of Some American Scouts—The Macabebe Scouts, Who Are Bitter Enemies to the Filipinos—Lawton's Chief Scout.

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SCOUTING in the Philippines is as necessary and as exciting as it used to be on the plains when the Indian tribes were constantly on the warpath. If the Filipinos are not at all times in hostile array, they cannot be counted upon to let the soldiers alone whenever they have the advantage. The secret attack is their favorite mode of warfare, and a friendly handshake with a soldier may be only a cover for his assassination.

Native scouts are now employed in large numbers because they know the ways of the people best and can tell what a Filipino is up to better than an American. One of the army scouting parties in General Kobb's expedition against Lubkan last winter met with an exciting night experience which well illustrates the uncertainty of things in the Philippines. Lieutenant Gordon Johnston, son of the noted Georgia Confederate, led his party of scouts out on an entirely unknown trail. The night was pitch dark, and the trail, besides being narrow, crooked and slippery, had been obstructed by the enemy. Much of the time the scouts went on all fours. Finally they came within the radius of the searchlight of the American warship Nashville and were naturally anxious that the gunners should not mistake them for Filipinos and treat them to a shelling. The light rested on them for some time, but the Nashville did not fire. A huge Tennesseean named Ebbert led Johnston's scouts. As they reached the top of a hill where the country was open the leader made out a small shack under a tree. Ebbert whispered to Johnston that he saw a man's hat in front of him. He then reached out to see what was under the hat. The figure in front was sitting on the ground with his back to a sapling and to the scouts as well.

Ebbert's reconnaissance with his hand ended in choking the Filipino sentinel into silence, but in his effort to blind and secure him the scout made an alarm which startled the rest of the Filipino outpost. Several shadowy forms sprang from hiding and rushed into the shack. Through the windows they opened fire recklessly. Johnston wanted to take the whole bunch alive and ordered his men not to shoot.

A fire was built to give light for the coming struggle, and then Ebbert, with one comrade, rushed into the shack. They found half a dozen Filipinos with rifles or bolos. Some dashed through the windows and tried to escape into the brush, but the American rifles were too sudden for them. Two bolomen attacked Ebbert and his comrade. The scouts clubbed their guns, but even then were no match for the bolomen. They backed out of the shack, a boloman following Ebbert at his heels. When they came out, a soldier with a clubbed rifle stretched Ebbert's pursuer on the ground, and the other boloman was clubbed and taken. Two dead and three captive Filipinos were the fruits of this night scout. No other natives could be found, although some had escaped from the shack, and at daylight the party returned to the lines.

General Lawton believed in scouting and originated many bands of clever scouts, American and native. One band consisted of 33 natives of the Tagalog race who had been soldiers and were friendly to the Americans. It was easy to disguise them as Aguinaldo's men, and, with a westerner who talks Spanish to lead them, they made their way in advance of the army and easily picked up the news of the districts traveled over. The largest body of native scouts is composed of Macabebes, a tribe which an American can barely distinguish from the Tagalogs, but which, nevertheless, is at open war with Aguinaldo's main supporters. The Macabebes have been friendly from the start, for they have always opposed the Tagalog plans for independence and even preferred Spain's rule to that of the Tagalog party. So bitter is the feud between these rival tribes that they do not intermarry.

The Macabebes are very small and very black. Lawton saw the possibilities of using this tribe and sent Lieutenant Matthew A. Batson of the Fourth cavalry into the Macabebe districts to enlist 100 scouts. Macabebe is on the Rio Grande, eight miles below Calumpit. When Lieutenant Batson announced his errand, the alcalde called his young men together, and the required number from the ranks of former Spanish soldiers were ready to join. After the army had left the region Lieutenant Batson made frequent visits to Macabebe to recruit, and his scouts were always able to guide him past the Filipino outposts without discovery, although they were often challenged. The first work of Lieutenant Batson's Macabebes was with General Young around Ayarar. One of the Macabebes had held the rank of captain in the Spanish army. He acted as Batson's interpreter and in a light would walk boldly up and down the line repeating orders. One man who was a private in the scout company was seen to mount a stump or rock or any elevation where he could fire into the Filipino trenches.

On a march the Macabebes were

sent ahead of the cavalry, and they always struck the enemy first. Once they fell into an ambush, and the Macabebe lieutenant placed his men in a ditch, but stood up himself in plain view of the Filipinos. Finally a charge was made, and the Macabebes came on without their lieutenant, for he had been shot down in his tracks at the ditch.

When closing up on a party of Aguinaldo's soldiers, the Macabebes make a sweep to corral the foe, and they know not fear in cases of the kind. They go barefoot and move silently, like Indians. Their hatred for Tagalogs is great, and when the Macabebe lieutenant fell his comrades swore to kill 50 enemies to pay for it. Soon after that the enemy was found behind a stream fringed with bamboo. Batson rode boldly across and saw a Mauser looking at him from the bamboo bush. Dropping the man behind the Mauser with his revolver, he climbed the bank and came upon a Macabebe lying down wounded and plying his Krag industriously for his share of the vengeance.

The first real determined fight of the Macabebes was at Libertad last November. They were with Young's column, and it had been planned to have them advance along one route while the Twenty-second infantry and some Tagalog scouts took another road. Somehow the Macabebes missed their proper trail, or pretended to. They had expected to get in the rear of Libertad, but instead found themselves at daylight close to the Filipino trenches in front of the town. Lieutenant Batson ordered the column of little blacks into line of battle and then advanced boldly upon Libertad.

The scouts went forward slowly and stealthily, as usual. It was a question at first whether they meant to skirmish or reconnoiter or fight. But it did not take long to determine. The Filipinos were ready and poured a volley into the thin line of scouts. The Macabebes answered the fire and kept on advancing. They were going in. Batson was anxious, for he didn't know his men as yet. But it was too late to retreat, so he gave the signal to charge. With a yell the Macabebes rushed for the trenches, and the Filipinos didn't wait to test the fighting powers of their old foe. They fled, or tried to, but the little blacks were at their heels. One Macabebe had fallen in the first rush. The Tagalogs knew that his comrades would exact a heavy price for that one life.

There were 200 Filipinos in the Libertad trenches that morning, and just as General Young was ready to send out a strong detachment to follow up the scouts and attack the place he was told by a Macabebe courier that Batson was already in Libertad. He had taken 68 prisoners, killed 4 Filipinos and wounded 8 so seriously that their fellows could not take them from the field. Among those who escaped were 35 wounded.

Stories of Lawton and his scouts will pass into American traditions. A prince of scouts himself, he knew a master



MAJOR M. A. BATSON, Leader of the Macabebe scouts.

when he met one and treated him well. Chief Scout Young, who organized the first separate band of American scouts in the Philippines, had the freedom of the general's quarters like an equal and often rode with him on the march. Among the stories told of Young is how he fed the troops when they were isolated in the mountains back of San Fernando and without food. There was a quiet conference one day between Lawton and Young, and the scout soon disappeared. After some hours he returned with three wild natives of an unknown tribe. Taking along a detachment of armed soldiers, Young again disappeared and at night returned with a small drove of the wild natives, each bearing a load of carabao meat. At another time there was a water famine, and Young saw some soldiers struggling over a pool of fetid swamp water which was no better than poison for drinking purposes. He rushed among them and said, "There's plenty of good water a mile ahead." They found that he told the truth, but he had not been to the front.

Like all great scouts, Young was as silent and grim as an Indian. Only once in all the campaigning in Luzon did he show signs of human feeling. That was when he shot a Filipino and a baby girl crawled out of the bush from beside the dead man. The scout picked up the child and for two days didn't let her leave his arms. Then he was needed at the front and gave the baby in charge of a soldier. He was mortally wounded in a short time, and his last words to Lawton were, "Look out for yourself, general—and the kid." The troops missed Young as a companion figure to their leader on the march. Lawton sighed for his scout when the trail was poor, for he would have found a better one.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

MALCOM KIRK.

A Tale of Moral Heroism in Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days."

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Illustrations by Herman Hoyer.

CHAPTER XIII.

Nearly 20 years had gone by since that night of the election, when Dorothy had knelt in front of Valmer's saloon, in the main street of Conrad, when one evening a well dressed, distinguished looking gentleman stepped out of the west bound express upon the platform.

"Does Mr. Kirk live where he used to?" he asked of one of the loungers at the station.

"Yes; he lives up by the church," was the answer. The stranger went on down the main street, looking about him curiously, and finally stopped in front of a comfortable looking house close by a good sized church building.

He went up the short board walk and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a girl about 19 years of age, a girl with a great profusion of heavy brown hair and a face that people had to look at twice before they knew whether she was what is generally called "pretty" or not.

"Is your father at home?" asked the gentleman, smiling.

"I don't know. Will you come in? That is, unless you have something to sell. And then I am sure father is out." She said it without the least appearance of being pert or rude.

"I haven't anything to sell," replied the stranger, laughing. "I am George Wilson, one of your father's old classmates in Hermon, and he—"

"Come right in," said the girl. "Any one from Hermon is welcome. I've heard father speak of you often."

"This is Faith, is it?" he asked as he entered a pleasant sitting room.

"Yes, sir," she answered shyly. "Excuse me, I'll call father."

She went out of the room, and the Rev. George Wilson of the famous Institutional church of Boston looked around him, and his look was full of the most absorbing interest.

What he felt and thought can perhaps best be told in a letter which he wrote home two days afterward while sitting in the guest chamber of the parsonage. The letter threw much light on the events of the past 20 years and is of value as coming from one who saw Malcom Kirk and his family at this time, both as a friend and also as an intensely interested spectator of a very remarkable life.

"I am sitting in Malcom Kirk's house," the letter began, "and it is difficult for me to realize all that that fact means. There is no question in my mind that Kirk is in some ways one of the most remarkable ministers in this country, and yet he and his talented wife have remained in this comparatively obscure place for over 20 years, working quietly and without ostentation, with some most astonishing results until lately unheard of by the churches in the east.

"Since I was in Conrad about 20 years ago great changes have occurred in the state. Perhaps the greatest change of all has been the prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Every one knows that the election on the legislature's act to submit the amendment resulted in an affirmative vote. Every one also knows that the people have never reversed that decision, and it seems probable that they never will.

"You will also remember what an excitement was caused by one event in Conrad at the close of that famous election day. I listened to the story from Kirk's own lips, and it was as exciting as any novel I ever read.

"He had been called out of town on the afternoon of that day to see a young man who died of the effects of a drunken debauch, and as he came back to Conrad in the evening his wife was kneeling in the center of a group of other women, holding a prayer meeting in front of one of the most notorious saloons then in Conrad.

"He had only just come to the place when a great disturbance broke out in the saloon behind him. Some one broke through the crowd and attempted to throw a bottle of vitriol at Mrs. Kirk. It was afterward shown that the man was crazy with drink and awfully excited by the events of the day. He was only partly successful in his horrible attempt. Mrs. Kirk's face was burned on one side, but a man of the name of Carver, who had been drinking, but was sober enough to realize what was going on, grappled with the other and took away the bottle, receiving dreadful burns in doing so. This man is now the sexton in Mr. Kirk's church, a devout, sincere Christian and a good example, so Kirk says, of hundreds of men who will remain sober if the saloon is taken away and the constant temptation to drink is absent. And so far as I can observe he is decidedly right in his belief.

"Well, Mrs. Kirk has recovered from those injuries, and her beauty of face, which is still remarkable, is marred only by a scar which gives her, to all who know her history, an added interest. The affair created an intense feeling here for a long time. Nothing so terrible had been known since that attempt to disgrace Mrs. Coleman of Marville, Canada, while marching with other women in a temperance procession. The event opened many people's eyes to the satanic power of the drink evil. It was only one out of countless events where the whisky element has

stood for the greatest crimes and for which it must answer heavily at the judgment bar of a long suffering God.

"It is difficult for me to write of Malcom Kirk without seeming to exaggerate and overemphasize his work. I want to speak of his beautiful family, which is a part of the best part of this western town.

"Mrs. Kirk has developed into a woman of rare power in all the church and social life of the place. Years ago the women here recognized her ability as a leader by making her president of the Christian Temperance union. It was largely through her efforts that the township polled a very heavy vote for the amendment. She has thrown all her rare talents as a gifted musician also into the redemption of the town, with the result that no woman has such an influence as she has on all the young, thoughtless life that has crowded in here during the town's rapid growth in the years of eighty-six and seven.

"There are three children, two boys, named Gilbert and Hermon, and a girl, the oldest child, named Faith. The boys are bright, handsome fellows and take after the mother. Gilbert is 17 and Hermon 15. Faith, who is nearly 19, is like her father. I have not yet been able to tell whether she is what you women would call 'pretty' or not, but she is one of the most interesting individual girls I ever met. She is fond of trying experiments and resembles her father in that respect. She wants to know and feel things for herself and is passionately fond of doing for other people. I begin to get the impression that she is thoroughly unselfish and that she has the making of a remarkably useful woman. But I predict for her some trying experiences. She is one of those girls who would make her father and mother

"BY JINGO, BUT THAT'S A STRONG PINT!" a day. It is education that makes a nation. The less education the more vice and wickedness.

"That's jest the way I look at it," says the squar. "I say education before everything else, but we've got men in this town who differ with me. You wouldn't think that leadin men of a town would be ag'in schoolhouses, would you?"

"They must be queer sort of men. Don't they want their children to know who discovered America?"

"That's a mighty strong pint, mighty strong!" says Deacon Spooner, as he tucks his cane on the floor and looks at Abner Jones.

"I reckon you're hittin at me," replies Abner after whittlin away for a moment, "and I've got a few words to say. I'd like to ask this stranger here if he knows who discovered America."

"Why, certainly, sir," said the man.

"Has it ever done you any good? Has it ever made any difference to you whether it was Smith, Green or Brown?"

"But it is knowledge."

"Yes, it's knowledge, and that's a strong pint," whispers the deacon.

"Yes, it's schoolhouse knowledge," says Abner, "but let me ask you sunthin. What month in the year d'you plant pumpkin seeds?"

"Pumpkin seeds! Why, what have pumpkin seeds got to do with education?"

"Quite a little bit, I reckon. This county ships 'nuff pumpkins every year to make 3,000,000 10 cent pies. I don't believe ten farmers kin tell you when America was discovered, but they know when to plant pumpkins. Which is the best fur 'em? I reckon you kin tell what year George Washington died in, which I can't, but d'you know what to fasten a rope when you want to drive a hog to market?"

"By jingo, but that's a strong pint, and Abner's got him!" shouts the deacon as he jumps up and down.

The stranger appeared to be sort of confused and taken down, but tried to get out of it by sayin they were triffin with the subject.

"I'm one as isn't opposed to schools and education," says Moses Plumber, "but I don't want too many of 'em. I'm sayin that everybody orter know how to read, write and cipher, but nowadays they want to stuff children with a heap that's no good to anybody."

"But what man kin know too much?" asks the stranger. "But fur higher knowledge how would we know that the earth revolved on its axis?"

"But s'pose we didn't know? S'pose we figured that the earth stood still? Wouldn't we have licked the British at Yorktown jest the same, and wouldn't the price of wheat be the same as today? I was talkin with young Jim Benson t'other day. He could tell the distance to the sun within a mile, but he couldn't tell how many rails to a rod of fence. He could give the names of all the stars, but he didn't know that cuttin a hog's tail off would make him root the harder, probably hopin to find a new one. He could tell when every state come into the Union, but he didn't know that a cow kicked sideways instead of straight behind."

"By jingo, Moses, but that's oratory and a strong pint besides!" exclaims the deacon. "In the face of them facts I can't see how we are to git another schoolhouse."

"You have been ill at some time or other in your life?" queries the stranger of Moses.

"I hev. Three years ago I was down with fever and everybody thought I'd die."

"But you were saved, and how? If the doctor who was called in had sim-

ply known about fence rails, hogs' tails and the way cows kick, where would you be today? He had gone beyond readin, writin and figurin. It was his higher education that saved your life."

"That's a strong pint ag'in you, Moses," says the deacon.

"Yes, but I didn't call a doctor," grins Moses. "My old woman pulled me through with herb teas and good nursin, and you all know she can't figger the value of two dozen eggs."

"Then the pint is on the stranger, and I'd like to see him dodge it."

"The stranger was stubbin his toe ag'in stones in the road and didn't look happy, but he braced up and said in answer:

SOME STRONG PINTS.

BOTH SIDES WERE ELOQUENT ON THE NEW SCHOOL QUESTION.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells How the Cause of Higher Education Was Knocked Out in the Debate at the Jericho Postoffice.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. E. Lewis.]

Lish Billings, Abner Jones and Moses Plumber hev bin holdin Jericho back for the last two years from hev'in a new schoolhouse. The matter has come up almost every evenin at the postoffice and bin hotly argued, but they couldn't be budged. The other night a mighty smart lookin stranger was stoppin in town, and it was arranged that he drop in on the crowd and take the schoolhouse side and put the three obstructors or their backs. The stranger was on hand at the hour named, and when the proper minut arrived Squar Joslyn speaks up and says:

"Stranger, if you was a resident of this town, would you be fur schoolhouses or ag'in 'em?"

"I'd be fur 'em, of course," replies the man. "I'd vote fur the cause of education if I had to live on one meal



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"Then the pint is on the stranger, and I'd like to see him dodge it."

"The stranger was stubbin his toe ag'in stones in the road and didn't look happy, but he braced up and said in answer:

"Let us take a case right here at home. Here is a store. It had to be designed by an architect before the carpenter could build it. Mr. Plumber kin read, write and figger, but kin he draw the plans fur a buildin? But fur higher education no man could do it."

"Yes; it was a smart bit of work," acknowledged Moses, "but I had considerable to say to that architect. He had never heard that thunder would turn sweet milk sour; he didn't know cows had only teeth on one jaw; he didn't know how to stop a hen from settin, a hog from rootin or a dog from killin sheep. He even poked his finger into a wasps' nest to see if the critters was at home. I'm not ag'in schools, but if they is to tell our children that the earth revolves on its axis why don't they also tell 'em that scratchin a hog's back with a corncob will help to fatten him?"

"That's a pint, Moses—it's a pint!" shouts the deacon as he raps on a barl. "Abner and Moses hev made their pints, and now we'd like to hear from Lish Billings."

"I've got mighty little to say," replies Lish as he sits with his back humped up like a camel.

"But it can't be that an intelligent man like you is opposed to education?" protests the stranger.

"That's accordin to what sort of education it is."

"I refer to general education. You look like a man of peace, but perhaps you have had trouble with a neighbor some time?"

"Yes, I had trouble with Sam Wheeler once."

"And you went to law?"

"Yes."

"To go to law you had a lawyer. If that man had only known enough to read, write and figger, he wouldn't have bin a lawyer. He had to hev a higher education to be a lawyer. Don't you see?"

"I skassly do," says Lish.

"But you had a lawyer, and so did Mr. Wheeler. There was a suit, and you got justice."

"That's a pint fur the stranger, Lish!" shouts the deacon.

"Yes, mebbe 'tis, but lemme tell him how it turned out. Sam shtet up one of my hogs with his, and I proved it, but my lawyer lost the case and charged me \$10 to boot. The hog wasn't wuth over \$3, but Sam had to pay his lawyer \$12, and he went home from the lawsuit to find the critter dead. That's general education. Sam and me lost \$22 and a hog between us and was mad at each other fur ten years, and I'm sayin I've had 'nuff of it and am ag'in more schoolhouses till death!"

The deacon jumped off the floor and said it was a pint and a strong one, and the stranger got down off the counter and said he wasn't feelin extra well and guessed he'd git to bed early.

M. QUAD.

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