The Wild Horses of Sable Island

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

(Written especially for the Humane Pleader)

It may interest my readers to hear about the sixteen-mile-long, half-mile wide strip of sand called Sable Island. The mighty tides that rush in and out of the Bay of Fundy, between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, carry off the broken rocks in the form of sand and have built, in the course of centuries, "The Banks", the fishing banks, millions of acres in extent, which lie in ten fathoms to two hundred fathoms, some one to two hundred miles out in the Atlantic off Halifax. The only bit of all these "banks" that appears above water is Sable Island. All the rest are submerged, and on them summer and winter our neighbors ply their dangerous calling, fishing for the cod and haddock, halibut and cusk that feed upon the great schools of small fish that live upon "The Banks".—As I write this on January the 5th a great fleet of bankers are tugging at their steel cables and a thousand fishermen are out in their dories hauling trawls laden with codfish. They, one and all, pray that they may keep clear of that dread Sable Island, for its bars extend off each end under water as far as the Island appears above water. On it live some fifty lighthouse tenders nd life-boat men, and the few wireless men and some seven or eight hundred wild horses.

Accounts of how these Sable Island Ponies (they are bigger than ponies, small horses) originated run thus: The frigate La Africaine, wrecked off this fatal shore in 1700, had a number of officers' horses aboard from old France, and some of these were swept off as she sank, and made the sandy shore. Other accounts say that one, Le Mercier, of Boston—which was then an English colony—got a grant of the island and was given the right by the then Governor of Nova Scotia to land a few horses there, and they have bred and flourished until in the best years there are almost eight hundred there. They live on the bayonet grass and wild grasses, and on the brackish water plants that live in lagoons. The big lagoon is now closed in by the shore-drift sands, and the wrecks of two fishing schooners that sailed in there the night before the great storm are plainly visible.

When the snow lies deep these poor beasts have scant pickings, they can paw up a living in all the months save March, but when the "glitter" is on the surface of the snow many perish of starvation.

Every year the Dominion Government send out a steamer and the "round up" occurs. Picture to yourself many herds of horses, each led by a stallion, all wild as hawks. The ten men chosen from among the French-Canadians who man the lights and boats leave early in the morning, each mounted on a fairly well broken Sable Island Pony. As they gallop along towards the Northwest Bar these herds drift off ahead. Soon back they come—a very avalanche of plunging, rearing, kicking beasts. Past the men they dart and along the beaches they pour—a black shadow racing over the yellow sands. Into the shallows they spatter, over the dunes they climb, along the rude trail they plunge until they have done about ten miles. Now other mounted men and men on foot appear and edge the whinnying mass over towards the rude small stockade or pen, with its long outstretching wings. Now into the narrow pass dart the leaders—right across the inclosed circle and "crash"! they plunge into the fence. Back they come. Once more they turn and the leaders sail over that man-high fence as if it were but low, waving grass. The ones that fail in the wild leap turn and charge full pelt right into the pawning, struggling mass of horses that are pouring into the opening. Down they go and leaping, plunging mass rear over them, leap over them, roll over them. On goes the barrier gate and the milling mass of about a uhndred horses is penned in; the other scared herds, each with its big dark stallion leading, dash back to freedom over the sands.

Now the tired riders throw their noosed ropes into the mass, and horse after horse is dragged up to the barrier and fore and hind feet are speedily and firmly roped. Out it is dragged, on to a barrow it is laid and off it goes carried between the men down to the lifeboat and dumped in. As soon as each boat has its load, off they are towed to the steamer and a winch and a cable slip them up over the rail and dump them in the holds. Once on the way out a frantic mare tore it foot lashings loose and there was nothing could be done but let it roll out of the boat and perish in the sea. Hard, careful, kind but strenuous work these life-guardsmen do.

A day's steaming takes them to Halifax, and all the school children gather on the wharf to see them unload, for no circus gives them better thrills. Up comes a whirling, struggling, kicking, squealing horse at the end of a sling, and the moment its feet are loosened it tries to dart up the wharf or plunge into the sea. Within a few hours the three dozen still uninjured wild horses are safely stabled, and then the auction occurs. Talk about buying "a pig in a poke"! That is nothing to it. The prices run from twenty to thirty-five dollars each, and the owner is handed the end of the line and his troubles at the same time. It is a common thing to see an advertisement later in the Halifax Herald, "For Sale, a partly-broken Sable Island Pony." Yet a friend of mine had one which she harnessed and drove herself, and it seemed to be a fully-broken, obedient horse.

Sable Island to-day, as of yore, takes its regular toll of the fleet, usually fishing schooners, if all were laid bow to stern the wrecks of all the years would girdle its sands. Only one old iron steamer is to be seen; those fatal beaches engulf all their prey. Still to-day on its yellow sands the wild horses race and scamper.

Spring Has Come To Greece

Saloniki, the capital of Macedonia, Saint Paul's Thessalonica—how magnificent is her setting! Encircled in mountains over which famed Olympus towers in majesty and beauty, mirrored in the rich blue of her bay, this city whose history is one of continual conflict, is now growing in size and importance, at strides which make one gape in wonder.

From the wide French window of a modern apartment house, one has an unobstructed view across the low roofs of the neighboring houses, across the gleaming bay to snow-capped Olympus. As the outlook is broad and lovely beyond words, one's thoughts become lofty; one waxes poetical at thinking of the dark past, the vigorous present and the hopeful future of Macedonia and all Greece. For the moment there could be no finer symbol of Greece than a pine tree in the early spring when, still dark and somber with the garment of winter, her branches are tipped with the fresh, fair green of her new garb. So is Greece, in that stage of changing her raiment, and putting on the garment of progress; there is still about her the lingering charm of the old regime which she is fast shedding as her sails fill with the keen wind of freedom and hope.

Far below in the cobbled street a peasant woman passes on her way to the city market. Her costume is heavy and colorful, as is that of her husband who leads his patient, heavily burdened donkey bedecked in a collar of blue beads. They pass the gate of the general's house where an Evzone (Greek soldier who wears a strange costume of Albanian origin) leans sleepily on his baeyont, the breeze stirring his short, full kilt and the long tassel on his little skull cap.

A barefoot fisherman, with his tray of wares upon his head, moves swiftly and easily through the crowded streets passing a vendor of arrowroot cream whose big, round, folding table makes a spacious tray for his little bowls of pudding. A hamal, head down, bent double under his incredible load, has right of way on a narrow pavement. A Jewish matron, arms folded under her narrow apron, wears a long open coat lined and trimmed with rabbit's fur and a most amazing headdress. This costume and the others are fast disappearing as the Near East sheds her old manners for the standardized garments of the West.

The old citadel of the city lies sun-drenched behind the remnants of the old city wall, unchanged and unchangingly aloof above the teeming modern city of trams and buses, shops and hotels. How soon will the springtime of progress creep up those narrow streets of the old Turkish town, turning the darknes sof antiquity into the freshness of modernity?

And the man who, like the rising sap of the pine tree, makes growth and progress possible—is he too changing with the external things about him? Antiquated business methods, ancient superstitions old enmities must all give way before the purifying elements of education and enlightenment; till this land shall stand, like the pine tree on the hillside, clothed in fresh raiment. For spring has come to Greece, after the long winter of oppression and ignorance.

Pick Up Yo' Feet

Pick up yo' feet; don't shuffle along!
Raise up yo' haid; start humming a song!
Look wif a smile at folks what you meet;
Lif' up yo' haid, chile; pick up yo' feet-

Raise up yo' thoughts; look up at the sky!
Lif' up yo' voice; sing: "Hebben is nigh!"
Send all de glooms back whar dey belong;
Lif' up yo' feet, an' raise up yo' song!

Stick out yo' chest, an' th'ow out yo' voice!
Put back yo' shoulders; praise an' rejoice!
Join dat joy chorus; make it complete.
Lif' up yo' heart, an' pick up yo' feet!

—Douglas Hurn.

A Smile

The way to get cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when your own is 'most bu'stin', to keep on believein' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut.—Mrs. Rice. (Lovey Mary.)

Lady—Oh, I do like our new minister. It seems he's always bringing home to you something you never saw before.

Neighbor—Yes, I know, our laundry man is like that.

Would You Like to Join

CUT, PARRY AND LUNGE

The fencing class of the United States Army Camp at Fort McKinley, Me., learns to use a sabre.

Canada, The Heiress: A British View

That man is rightly suspect who spends a couple of months in Canada and returns home with the complete truth about the great Dominion in his handbag. But our impressionist need not seek to put upon canvas the complete truth of the subject before him, but only the truth of his experience of that subject; and this article, and the one that shall follow it, pretend to be no more than one man's experience of Canada. My only reason for supposing that it may possess some value are that I journeyed from New Brunswick to Vancouver favorable for touching the political, educational, and artistic life of the country, and that sometimes a practicing novelist is a fairly good instrument, by reason of his curious mental working, for using every particular incident as a symptom and looking through it to larger truths behind.

First, then, let me state boldly that my final picture of Canada, now that I am back in a comparatively quiet old country, and all the multiplied sensations have had a spare moment or two in which to settle into some sort of pattern, is the picture of—and it will still persist in this form—a great hearty, magnificent girl, a daughter in all the glory of her debutante years, a dazzling young heiress just came into her own, a restless creature, at once proud of her vigorous youth and selfconsciously diffident about it, noisy and yet wistful, self-assured and yet sensitive, confident about many things and humble about some strangely unsophisticated and strangly puritan. Such a portrait is not, I think, flippant nor facile: every colorful adjective has been carefully tested before being picked up on the brush; and if it presents something wholly lovable and admirable, it presents my view. It might, of course, be the portrait of almost any young person of 21, and, indeed, I was amazed to find when I tried to formulate my impressions of Canada, that the adjectives which precisely described a "Modern Girl" could also precisely describe a nation.

Her Pride And Her Humility

To call Canada England's debutante heiress is assuredly to say the right thing. Which of her sister Dominions can compare with her in prosperity or promise? Everywhere you go in her you get the same impressent trade position and a boundless hope for her future. The talk everywhere is of booming minerals, oil, wheat, wood-pulp, and hydro-electricity. One Canadian dramatist that I met had made an exceedingly amusing comedy out of his ability to escape the talk of mineral and oil shares. Everywhere you go you find the assurance that the American continent already is, or soon will be, the peographical centre of the world; which assurance, it seems to me, is fully justified. The fact is that Canada has caught, and rightly, a manner of splendid confidence from her cousin, friend, and bedfellow, the United States.

And this mention of her pride brings us to her wistfulness and her humility. Under all her self-assurance you feel that she is not wholly at case about the road she is travelling so speedily and so prospjerously. She fears she may be leaving something of value or missing much of beauty by the way. If you go about Canada with all your tentacles out for the apprehending of her spiritual atmosphere you must very quickly become conscious of a strange and deeply interesting conflict in her thought. Your first impression, if you are European, will be that she is almost completely Americanized. Her language, trading methods, journalism, radio, are all American. You will be hurt; but not by her good American things, such as her soaring architecture and her rich sociability, but by the thought that Canada has succumbed to that least admirable characteristic of American civilization, its predominatngly quantitative valuation of life, with its inevitable result, the standardisation of all things from motor-cars to human characters.

Her Inherent Patriotism

This for the first or so. But as you go on across the continent, meeting Canadians of every type, you will be astonished at your growing awarenes sthat there is a divergence between the surface of Canadian life and its roots. Its surface is American, but its roots are hungrily British. That sounds supercilious; as though one should say that Britain is the antithesis of America in the matter of the quantitative measurement of life, which would be profoundly unture; al lthat I mean is that Europe, old and leisured, is a better soil than the new world for qualificative values to flourish in, and that Canada is holding hundrily to the best of her British traditions, not simply for sentimental reasons, but because she is a little afraid of a tendency in her own nature and believes them necessary to her salvation.

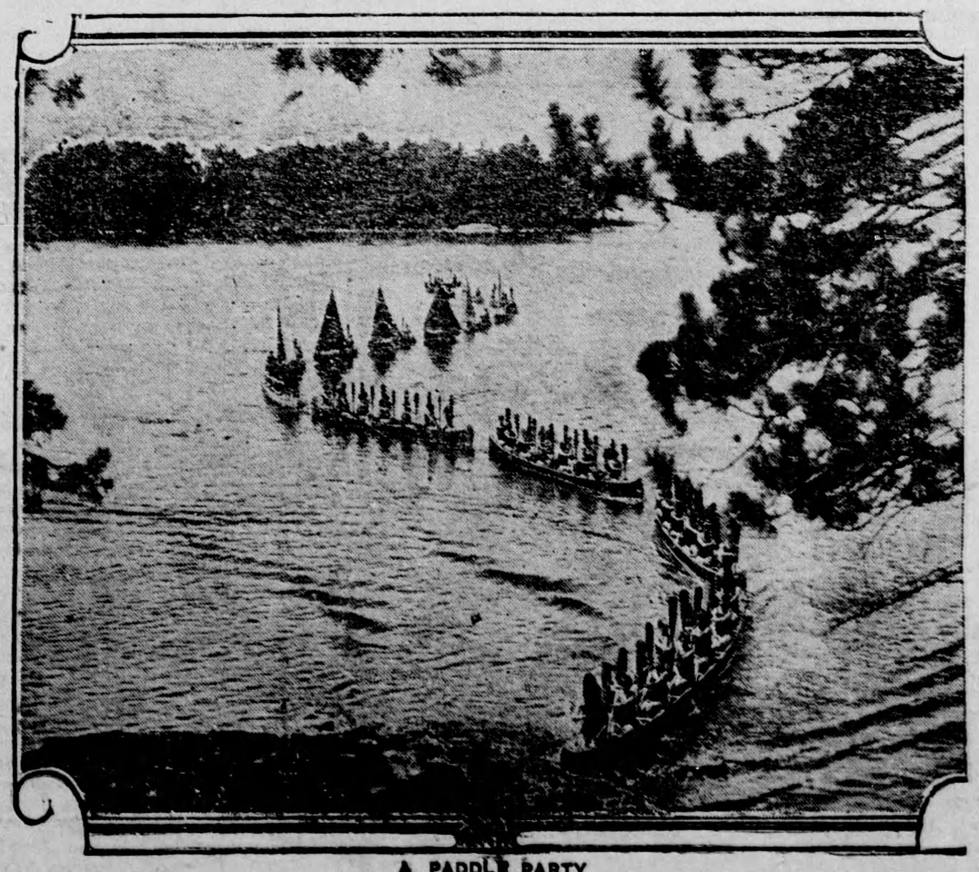
Warrants for this assertion will meet you at every turn. The most striking, perhaps to an Englishman is the unblushing quality of Canadian patriotism. Patriotism in Canada is conscious, articulate and higlhy vocal; in these islands, as we know, it is subconscious, inarticulate, and rather ashamed. In Canada patriotic societies flourish that could hardly find a membership in England—because we do not care to organize our patriotism. "Songs of England," "Daughters of Empire, "Daughters of Britain" "Royal Societies of St. George"—they blossom in every town and township. And patriotic speeches are delivered in such generous and emphatic phraseology as would draw from an English audience many a murmured "Wow-wow!" from beneath their denbing heads. If John of Gaunt were to deliver in the Albert Hall to-day his celebrated address on England, he would only, I am persuaded, plunge a modern British audience into discomfort as acute as their agreement was complete; in Winnipeg or Moose Jaw—God bless them!—he would get splendidly away with it. Songs are sung in Canada that could have no parallel in England—always excepting our one curious lapse, "Land of Hope and Glory," which we allow ourselves (so I imagine) for the sake of its uproarious tune, taking its words in our stride, unheedingly.

A Great Tradition

And all this is as it should be, surely. Over here the roots of our British tradition are too old and strong to need worrying about; in a new land, and which the seeds of a differet tradition blowing up from the south, they must be guarded and tended. I have been to a St. George's Day dinned in England, when the Roast Beef was brought in with trumpets and banners and a congregation standing, and I knew that nine out of ten of my standing neighbors were feeling as foolish as myself and as inclined to giggle. I went to a similar St. George's Day dinner in Winnipeg, and every item in the gay program seemed right: indeed, I was so rash on that occasiaon as to deliver an address on the British Tradition myself—an address which, now that I am back in an English atmosphere, abides in my memory as somewhat syrupy; and it is typical of the strange divergence in Canada life which I am illustrating that, after my peroraton, the chairman should have announced that the speeches were being broadcast through the courtesy of an American chewing gum company.

Of course, this is not the complete portrait; it is but one prevailing expression on the bright face of Canada a wistful expression very pleasant for an Englishman to study. There are other expressions fleeting there, and with these I am to be allowed to deal in a second article.

All Set For the Fray



A PADDLE PARTY

Girls of the summer camps at Lake Sebago royale to their annual regatta in barbrically painted war canoes

Soaring High Over Yucatan Finds Old City

Santa Fe, N.M.—Civilizations which flowered in Central and North America at a time when Charlemagne's military genius was consolidating a vast empire in Europe, are surrendering the secrets of their ruins to this age, with Col Charles A. Lindbergh a prime mover in the research work.

"The glory which was Maya," exemplified by archæological discoveries of aboriginal knowledge of architecture, astronomy, sundry arts and writing, is being emphasized through the medium of the airplane. It was disclosed here that Colonel Lindbergh, aided by his bride, is taking a keen interest in archæology and has contributed to the historical scroll the discovery of an ancient Mayan "lost city" in the Yucatan jungle.

The find was made while Colonel Lindbergh was making his Pan-American "good-will" tours But the story of his interest in air photography of such ruins is one which had to be patched together and eventually verified after a lapse of almost a year, in which he exhibited his usual disinclination to talk about himself and his personal activities.

COLONEL'S INTEREST AROUSED

His interest aroused by the Yucatan discovery, Colonel Lindbergh consulted Dr. J. C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and, on invitation, advised the institution regarding the methods of making aerial surveys in the tropics.

At Dr. Merriam's suggestion he agreed to photograph in Arizona and New Mexico localities known to contain ancient Pueblo ruins as well as unexplored regions.

It was during his stay with his bride at the archæological camp at the Pecos ruins in this State, that the photography program was initiated. He and Mrs. Lindbergh took pictures in Chaco Canyon, Pajarito Plateau and in the Rio Grande, Chama and Pecos Valleys. Air surveys have been checked with ground surveys made by members of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, Phillips Academy and the Laboratory of Anthropology here Numbers of the photographs are subjects, heretofore unknown to archæologists, sighted from the air.

PHOTOGRAPHS ARE IMPORTANT

The photographs have been developed by Wesley Bradfield in the laboratory of the School of American Research here, and have been sent to the Carnegie Institution at Washington.

Perhaps no other civilization of the New World, with the exception of the Aztec Indians in Mexico, has spurred historians to greater romantic fantasies than the Mayans. The script, archæologists have reported, contain several true, phonetic characters and approaches, thereby, the syliable or alphabetic system. Yucatan and neighboring districts are strewn with monumental ruins of Mayan culture.

It was on one of these ruins that the colonel chanced, and his curiosity aroused, he circled it several times, making notes for future references. That was the genesis of his venture into archæological photography.

Here At Last

Negotiate for Production of "Baby" Auto to be Sold by Mail Order House For $200

New York, N.Y.,—(AP)—The New York Times to-day says negotiations are under way for the large scale production of a new "baby" automobile which would be sold through a mail-order house for $200. The car is the invention of James B. Martin of Garden City, N.Y.

A feature of the oar is that it has no axles in the usual sense of the word, each wheel being independently mounted i nthe reinforced body. Rubber "aviator cord" is used in the suspension of each wheel instead of a spring.

The new car has a wheelbase of 60 inches, compared with the 103½-inch wheelbase of the smallest car now being produced in the United States. Mr. Hargin said his invention will do 50 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

He declared he planned to have it shipped in a weather-proof packing case with a hinged door which may b eused as a garage.

Favor

"Friendship confers favor but so as to show that it is the party obliged, and never thinking of any recompense beyond the happiness of its object."