

Sport of the Desert

BY CARL R. RASWAN

Before sunrise all of us were ready for the chase, which was to be in the neighborhood of Khabra Mirfiya, the only rain-pool in this region which contained any water. The mares with their riders stood in a large semicircle around the great Shaalan tent. The thin greyhounds were leaping about the horses. They would follow us on the leash, but, once we were past all danger from their enemies the ferocious shepherd dogs of the camp, they would be freed. They knew it was their day. Joyous were the falcons, also, perched before the tents, cooing to their trainers and masters.

At a word from Fuaz, who slave mounted on his war-horse, a slave wearing a leather gauntlet on his hand released one of the falcons, and, when Fuaz called her with the falconer's shout, "Idi-idi!" she alighted upon his raised left fist.

After he had hooded the falcon again, he rode over to me and with his free arm clasped me to his heart. "We are going to hunt through the endless space of the air," he said. "The chase is a sister to the battle, because the prey, when brought to our feet, is a defeated hero."

Our party made a brilliant scene as it rode away. Fuaz had thirty negro slaves with him, each one carrying a hunting falcon and also, after the dogs were released, taking care of two greyhounds. Eight of the prince's relatives and friends, astride their celebrated mares, also carried falcons on their gloves, and more than two hundred riders followed us or rode several miles ahead.

Suddenly his trained eyes discovered a heron mounting higher and higher into the air. Shouting some joyous words, "Yi aini, ya yihidd, hanak el-talak!"—"Oh, my eye, O Hawk, there is thy prey!" he tried with eager hands to unfasten the hood and the foot-thongs of his falcon while his mare was still going at full gallop. Excitedly he went on: "Oh, thine eyes are quicksilver and thy chest is gold-brocaded silk! Oh thou art the lightning and the thunder, the sword of heaven!"

Now that he had loosed the lash, he cried to her: "Iftah, iftah, iftah el-yafarri!"—"Open, open, open thy wings!" and, lifting her up and down and swinging her sidewise in his hand, released her.

The cruel but noble bird soared into the air with fluttering wings and cries that rang unnaturally shrill upon the desert emptiness. Then downward she darted like an arrow, falling with bowed wings in order to seize the heron, who, at the very last moment, fung himself away. Thereupon, falling again in a terrible "stoop," she used the increasing speed for a sudden upward curve, in the epath of the wind, which carried her windward of the quarry and gave her a new position, higher and of greater advantage for her attack.

Fauz cried out in delight, "Praise be to the Lord, my falcon is swooping down!" and from the old Arabic poem he recited: "She catches the prey in her talons as in a net!"

With her feet held close to her body, she rushed down, straight and steady, and then with a quick, nearly unnoticeable spread of her wings, swooped again—stopped and swooped once more—on to of the prey. Rolling and falling, once stopping for a moment, because the big heron was fighting for his life in the blue ocean of the air, came the ball of scuffling birds. Feathers, torn loose, fluttered to the ground. Then I saw that the falcon had been able to separate herself, not without dealing the final deadly blow. Thereafter she sailed away in the wind and, as the quarry bounced to the desert ground, gave herself a satisfied swing and with a swoop brought herself close to us.

Two of the jirwa, or female greyhounds, were now sent after the prize, which they dragged in. A rider met them half-way and cut off the head of the big bird.

Finally we sighted a herd of gazelles. New life came into the whole party. We spread out over a long line of attack, more or less in a half-circle. We came very close to some of the gazelles, but they managed to break suddenly to the side.

The sport lasted for at least an hour. Some of our mares became exhausted and were kept back. Swiftly the rest of us kept on moving, assisted by the greyhounds. I slowed my mare down when I noticed that four Bedouins, including the prince, with twitching hands were again loosing the leather hoods and foot-leashes and straps of their hunting-birds.

Buzzing and crying, the birds sailed away the moment they were set free and in an almost incredibly short time were gliding down, close to the ground, on the poor, unlucky gazelles, which, with dashes and side jumps, with newly increased speed and with despairing strength, tried to shake off the gruesome murderers from their bleeding necks and heads. The ob-

ject of the falcons was to blind the animals.

Five gazelles had been killed, but there was one young buck that had led us a merry chase. He had shaken off two birds already, one of them lamed. The Bedouins were not going to give us up; they knew that he was nearing the end of his strength. You could see him distinctly a few miles ahead of us, watching. Slowly our left and right wing of riders closed in on him. My hope was that he might escape, but the hope seemed vain.

He was losing ground rapidly, and the two strongest falcons of one falconer, and two more, belonging to Fuaz, had the burka removed. These terrible birds soon had the poor buck in their talons and were trying to reach the glistening eyes with their beaks. Eagerly the Bedouins called to them their respective names: "Ya khattaf!"—"Oh my snatcher!" "Ya saffaji!"—"O my striker!"

The young gazelle buck was wiser than they thought him. Suddenly he stopped and leaped into the air with three falcons sticking to his head and neck—and then down he went, burrowing his dagger-like little horns with a quick side thrust of his head into the ground. It was the work of an instant, but there was only one falcon on his head when he dashed away. After a while we saw that not even this one bird was torturing him any more. The hero of the day disappeared into the sanctuary of the desert.

Our return was not so glorious as our departure from the tented plains had been. The mares looked the best of all; they carried not only their tired masters but the delicate greyhounds, which had sore feet from the fine gravelly ground and the hot pebbles on some rock-strewn stretches of the desert, and also the tropics of the chase thrown over their croups or withers—good cheer for the hunter's pot and for hunger-bitten souls.

I had my fill of hunting with falcons and greyhounds that day, and in the future found it more enjoyable just to run after a fleeing hare or gazelle on my swift mare, though I never succeeded in outdistancing either one of them.—From the June Asia.

Holidays

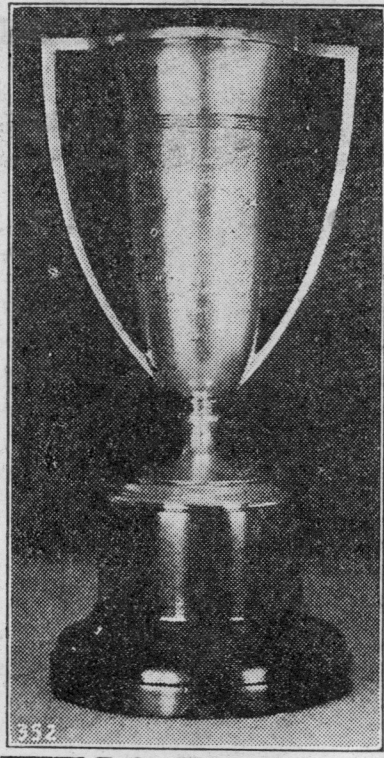
Phoebe Fenwick Gaye in the London Morning Post: Change should be the key-note of our leisure days, and what we need is not only change of air, but change of mind. We cannot expect to recapture the careless bliss of childhood if we take away with us, along with our bag and baggage, a disgruntled and weary point of view. There are people so weary that they take perpetual holidays, and suffer great liners to carry round the world those bodies whose brains are too blase to do active work themselves. The Seven Wonders cannot awe such people. They pause, murmur "How pretty" yawn a little, and pass on.

COMPANIONS

I cannot be certain not to meet with evil company, but I will be careful not to keep with evil company. I would willingly sort myself fifth such as should either teach or learn goodness; and if my companion cannot make me better, no. I him good, I will rather leave him ill than he shall make me worse.

If one does not take chances he must take what's left by those who do.

Highly Prized Trophy



This is the Beatty Trophy, presented by the chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, for inter-regimental competition among pipers of Canadian Highland Regiments, to be played for at the Highland Gathering and Scottish Music Festival scheduled to be held at Banff August 30 September 2. The gathering brings together pipers from one end of Canada to the other, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, and is the great event of the year in Scottish-Canadian circles.

Drought

Within hushed cathedral of the trees
A whisper moves upon the heavy air.

As though one heard the all-but-silenced prayer
Of earth, athirst for some God-given ease

To its tormenting; the great argosies
Of laden clouds for ever oaward fare,

Full-freighted with the comfort that they bear
Yet may not bring to port. So He decrees.

Plenty will surely come to death's despite;
Yet though green vistas to my view unroll

I have felt horror in the hopeless night,
For me—the dust of drought it on my soul;

I may not ever quite forget again
His hand withheld the solace of the rain.

—Hasen in the Sydney Bulletin, Victoria.

TROUBLES

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they may have now, and all they expect to have.—E. E. Hale.

TRUTH

I have seldom known any one who deserted Truth in trifles, that could be trusted in matters of importance.—Paley.

Who is a Doctor?

In your hands we place our social and individual health. You, and you alone may use the hallowed title, "Doctor of Medicine", and by virtue of that title, heal the sick and preserve the well.

Perhaps the best answer to that question, is this. Imagine, if you can, the condition that would exist if the medical profession were not so recognized. Suppose that any man who had the laudable ambition to heal his fellow-men of their ills—could without any supervision call himself "Doctor" and begin cutting people up and dosing them with potions of his own concoction. What an epidemic of horrible deaths there would be. How quickly the public's present profound respect for the title "Doctor," would be changed to the deepest distrust!

To become a medical student, one must first pass his honor matriculation. That takes five years. After that, he must spend another six years at a recognized medical school.

It is hard to adequately suggest, in a sketchy article of this nature, the vast scope of a modern medical curriculum. The neophyte must learn physics, chemistry, biology, physiology, pharmacology, anatomy, histology (involving a understanding of the microscopic structure of the body.)

From these basic studies, all of which, where they touch the human being, deal merely with the normal, the student then proceeds to pathology, the study of sickness, in its different aspects, pathological chemistry, bacteriology and immunology, medicine and surgery in all their branches, preventative medicine hygiene.

It is still harder for the reader to appreciate the vast historical background, the great wealth and richness of meaning of all of those terms; of the tremendous accumulation of knowledge that a would-be doctor must painstakingly acquire. And when he has spent six long years acquiring it, it is then customary for him to spend one or more often two years as an interne in a hospital. So that a youth of nineteen who finishes his honor matric and starts to "go through for a doctor" knows that he will be about 28 before he starts earning anything. And even then, it will take him another five years before he begins to earn more than enough for the ordinary necessities of life.

Which means that a doctor doesn't begin to earn anything to speak of, as a rule, till he is thirty-three—

In the meantime, he has spent from six to eight years learning his profession, he has had to master all the old, as well as all the new branches of medicine, he has passed a number of stiff examinations—made extra stiff in order to keep an already crowded profession from becoming over-crowded. (And from this extraordinary severity of examination, the general public is obviously the greatest gainer, since only the more intelligent, reliable students succeed in passing.)

He has spent an absolute minimum of \$1,000 a year for six years, including \$150 for tuition, \$100 for books and equipment, which leaves very little for room, board, clothing and in-



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FOR DEB AND SUB-DEB.

A sprigged dimity for the slim debutante and little sub-deb who follows the styles of her older sister closely. The diagonal line of hip yoke is what makes it so utterly smart and graceful. The attached full gathered skirt swings beautifully at each move of wearer. Its sole trimming is bow of soft faille ribbon at left hip. Flowered organdie, Nile green handkerchief linen, printed voile in gingham check in blue and white, dotted baste in pale pink, lilac shade in washable crepe de chine, printed crepe silk, flowered chiffon and pastel georgette crepe will add chic to summer wardrobe, at a small expenditure. Design 534 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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cidental, to say nothing of amusements.

But in passing through those years of test and trial and hard work, he has become legitimate heir to all the tested medical knowledge that mankind has ever acquired and saved. The wisdom of long-dead leeches has been poured into him, and he has become greater than any of them—greater by virtue of his greater knowledge, a scientist, able to work by degrees from the known to the unknown.

And for the privileges that society accords the physician it expects, and is almost invariably accorded, a ten-fold return. There is no other division of mankind, with the possible exception of clergymen, that gives away, gratis, more of its time, energy and knowledge than do the doctors.

A doctor does an enormous amount of work for which he is not paid. Common humanity demands that he answer any serious call made upon him, at any hour of the day or night, even if he knows that the patient cannot pay. In a way this is unjust. No one expects the keeper of a grocery store to give away his goods, even though there may be people starving for lack of them. Yet a doctor is expected to do just that—and in most cases he does.

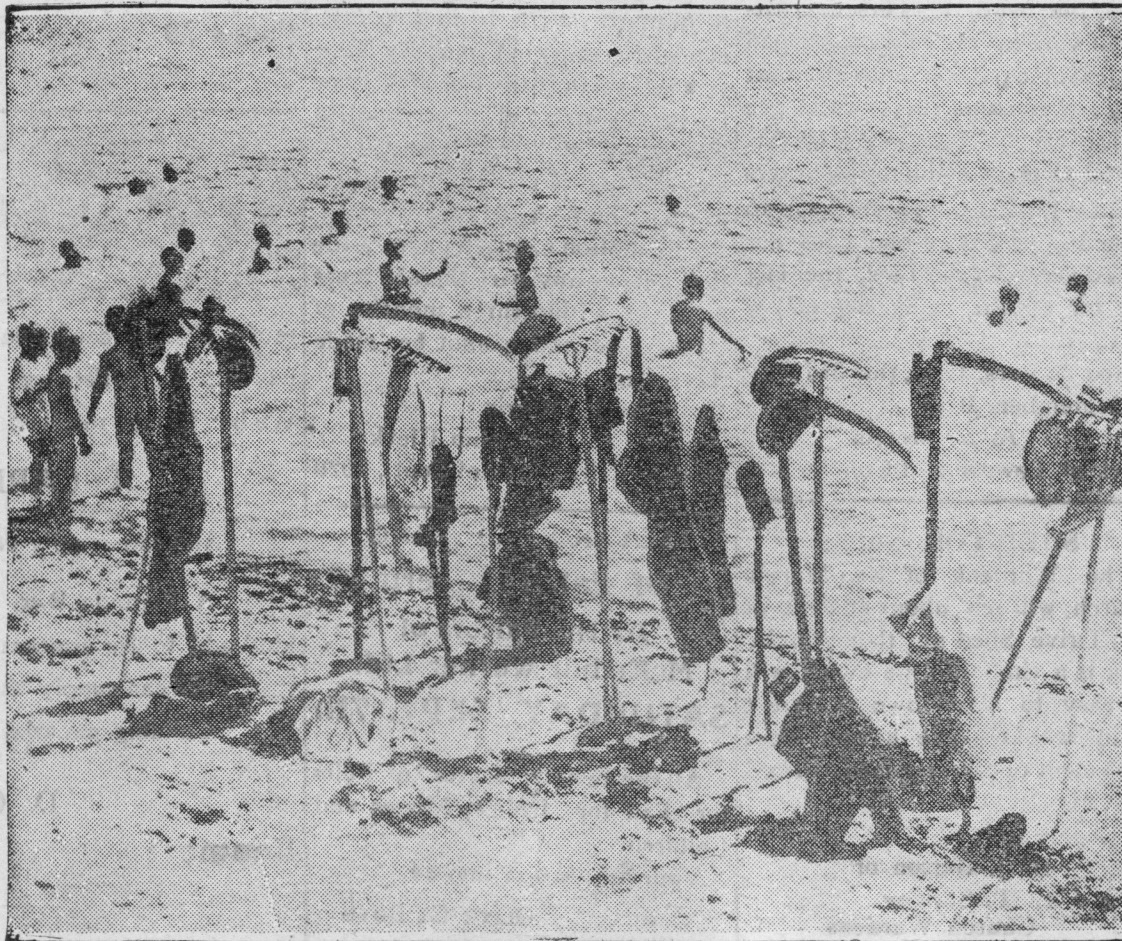
In making this concession to the race generally, the doctor becomes the greatest giver of charity in the community. "Noblesse oblige" is to him no idle elegant phrase and it is indisputable that the profession bears, collectively, a great burden of healing the indigent, which belongs rightly to the state, just as the feeding of the starving is becoming recognized as a state responsibility.

And so, within the limitations of this short article, I have endeavored to establish the following facts: that every doctor belongs to a profession whose object above all other things is to heal the sick and to prevent sickness; a profession that lies constantly improving itself, a profession that has produced men like Koch, Jenner, and Pasteur, whose discoveries have saved the lives of hundreds of thousands, and will save unnum hundreds of millions, a profession whose pride is in efficiency, and whose record is one of service that has been to a larger degree unselfish than that of any other mundane calling.

HOME

Something like home that is not home is to be desired; it is found in the house of a friend.—Sir W. Temple.

A Quaint View of the "Old Swimming 'Ole" in Russia



YOUNG RUSSIA COOLING OFF AFTER THE DAY'S LABOR IN THE FIELDS

Using rakes, scythes and pitchforks on which to hang their clothes, young Russians are here seen making the most of a refreshing plunge.