THE MAN BEHIND THE BOAT-HOOK--THE BREAKING OF THE SOUTHWEST BOOM IN 1881

Along the banks as break of day,
The dismal echoes woke,
With cries that thrilled the country round,
"The Sou' West Boom is broke."
And pent up millions, freshet raged,
Impatient to be free,
Were bursting bonds of bloom and block,
And charging for the sea.

Then loosened from their human curb,
With avalanche's pride,
A surging moss of spruce and pine
Came rushing down the tide
And people thronged with siddened hearts,
The direful scene to view,
Their bread is in the waters now,
And all their butter, too.

One hope remained, one desperate chance
The wild stampede to check,
The railroad bridge that stood below
Might stay the country's wreck.
So loud command of Robinson,
Along the River ran.
To Jack McCarthy, "Pick a crew,
And meet them at the span."

But on they swept in millioned might,
A dark, rebellious train;
And scorning power of puny man
"As tempest scorns the chain."
In brigades, squadrons and platoons,
And long extended flank,
With battle line thrown out afar,
And charging rank on rank.

To rip a watery furrow through,
That angry, seething rush,
To plug it with some lengths of boom.
And stop the maddened crush—
This is the work of men of might,
Of sturdy will to do;
Of muscled arm and nimbled foot,
And lion heart and true.

The sabre's flash, the bayonet's gleam,
Have been ambition's fad,
And made the page of history look
Like lobster factory ad.
But patriot peal ne'er tenser feels
Mid cannon's boom and smoke,
Than when it thrills the brawny arm
That backs a peevie's stroke.

So doff your hat, Horatius bold,
Of Roman bridge renown;
And your Leonidas, brave Greek,
Go way back and sit down.
A new Thermopylae is here,
With heroe's wreaths to burn;
The man behind the boathook now,
Is going to have his turn.

For these are men of strenuous mood,
Of broad and sinewed back;
Whose fathers spat upon their hands
And pushed the forests back.
Though death lurks even in the flood,
It cannot turn such pluck
As broke the jam in '69,
When Fairley's drive was struck.

And on they come, a wildful mob,
From Muzzrall's Brook set loose;
From fair Dungarvon, noble Cains,
And some from old Renous,
That classic stream whose poet's dreams,
Have lit with Sapphic flame,
And weaved a wreath of epic worth
Around its slyvan fame.

With Snowball's legions leading on,
Outspread in proud array;
And Richard's swarthy hosts in trim
For frolic or for fray.
While Lynch's shaggy millions press
To hustle things along,
With Hutchison's and Ritchie's hordes,
A wild, tumultous throng.

"Up guards, and at them!" Poised to charge,
A hundred boathooks gleam,
And flash a challenge in the sun
Across the swollen stream,
Olympian dust upon their brows,
Their braces dangling low,
Unjumpered all, a patriot band
Is rushing on the foe.

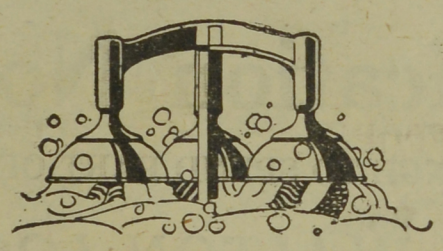
And now the battle's raging fast;
They're struggling for the span,
Although the odds are pressing hard,
A million to a man.
With whoop and jump and boathook thrust
A gap is opened wide,
And foot by foot a way is won
Across the raging tide.

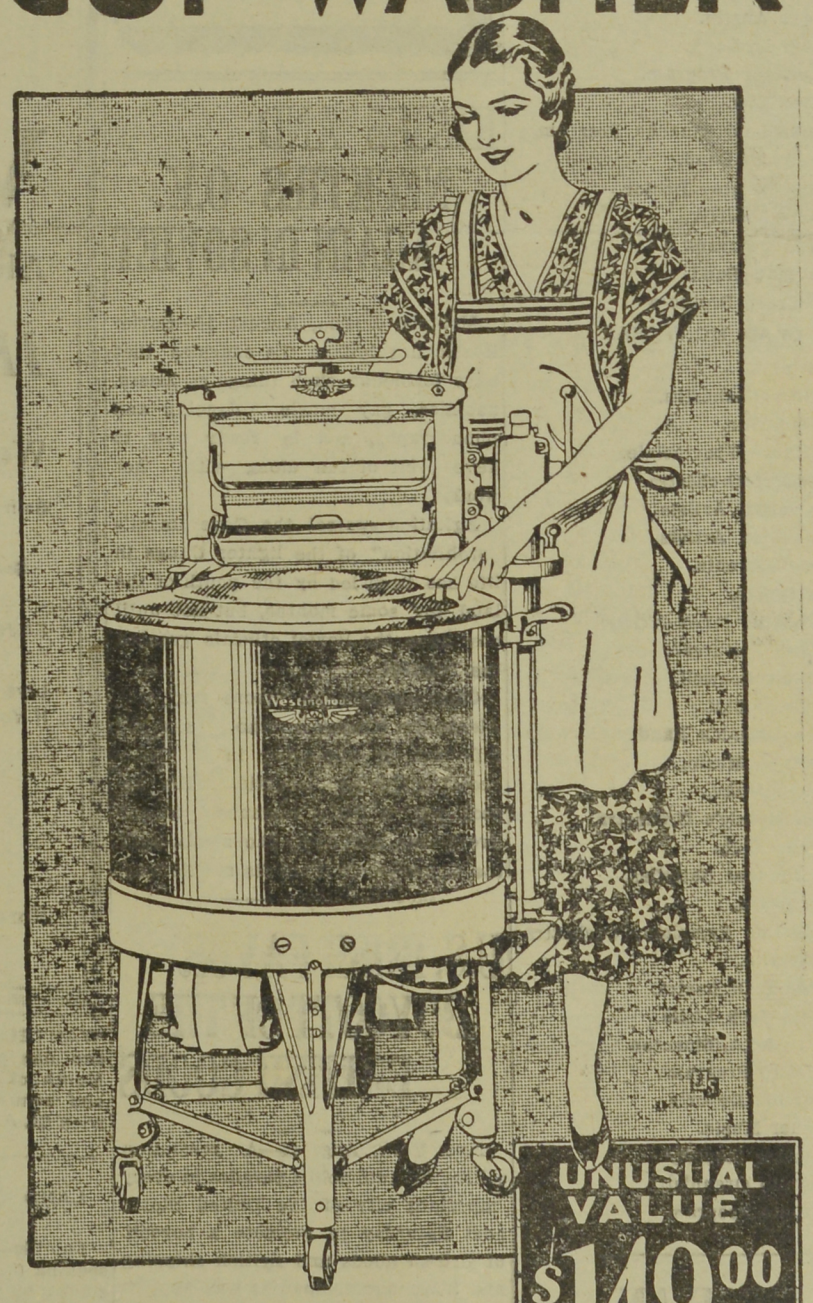
They leap from rushing log to log,
Nor heed the currents roar;
They dash and splash, and lunge and plunge
The angry waters o'er.
Sunburn and brawn, in combat joined
Against a forest's might—
This kind of stuff, in khaki clothes
No mule stampede could fright.

A homespun phalanx thrown across
To thwart their country's doom;
While high above the strife is heard
The war cry of the boom.
Like the slogan of Macdonald,
Like the pibroch of Lochiel,
Rose the wild hoop of McCarty,
As he fiercely plunged his steel.

And flung with reckless strength about

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34-2

BAHAMAS BASK IN LIGHT OF NAUSSA, THEIR CAPITAL

Washington, D.C., Aug. 13—Finding a new lake on Andros island, indicates that the Bahamas, although discovered by Columbus and sighted by Ponce de Leon on his historic search for the "Fountain of Youth," still are fertile grounds for explorers.

"Strung out for about 700 miles in the Atlantic ocean off Palm Beach, Florida, the Bahamas consist of some 2500 islands, rocks and keys, many of which are less known than the more isolated islands of the South Seas," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C. headquarters of the National Georgraphic Society.

Shallow Soil Deters Agriculture

"The aggregate area of the Bahamas is slightly greater than the state of Connecticut, but only a small area supports vegetation. In recent years agriculture has showed improvement.

"While several of the islands have thick forests, most Bahaman soil is so shallow that the modern plows are useless. In some places farmers rely on soil that fills honeycombed coral rocks. Yet before Florida tomatoes are ripe, Bahama tomatoes are on the markets of the United States and Canada. Potatoes and yams and tropical fruits thrive on the islands where they can get sufficient roothold.

"Most of the Bahamas look to the sea and winter vacationists for a living. Of the islands' 55,000 inhabitants about three-fourths are descendants of African slaves. They are expert fishermen and guides for sportsmen bent on matching their skill with game fish that abound in Bahama waters. They are also expert sea turtle hunters but most of them are employed in the sponge industry.

"The waters about some of the islands swarms with dark-skinned sponge divers; Negro women folk sit among piles of sponges in the warehouses, expertly cutting, cleaning and sorting sponges; in the towns one frequently comes upon a doorway adorned with a string of sponges, the trade mark of a sponge broker; and many cargo boats that leave the islands are laden with bales of sponges destined for American and European ports.

Nassau is Only City

"Although New Providence is one of the smaller islands it is one of the most important because it is in the site of Nassau. Even in the minds of many seasoned travellers, Nassau is not only is synonymous with New Providence but also with the far-flung archipeligo, it is the capital, only city and metropolis of the archipelago.

"Normally Nassau has a population of about 12,000 but when frigid winds sweep over northern United States and Canada its equitable climate adds thousands to that figure. Old Nasau with its low buildings borders the harbor. Here and there the upper stories of the recently built structures thrust a modern touch in the century-old panorama, but most of the new hotels and buildings are further inland where they sit amid acres of beautiful landscaped grounds. White walls inclose many of the city's beauty spots but often these are covered with tropical vines. Flowering trees and graceful palms often reveal themselves above the barriers.

"Columbus found the Bahamas inhabited by peaceful Carib Indians. Spaniards sent many Indians to Haiti to work in mines and on plantations. For a century Spai made no attempt to colonie the islands. Meanwhile pirates who preyed upon Spanish shipping made New Providence their headquarters and the remains of their caves are now among the sights of the island.

"The first British colony arose on New Providence when the Britishers fro mBermuda arrived in 1666. Then Spaniards became interested in their all-but-forgotten-islands. and destroyed the British settlement. The French also attacked the British and in 1776 the infant American navy captured Nassau but released it when it was found to be useless to the revolting coolness. Since 1781 when the Spaniards made their last attack in the Bahamas, British control of the archipelago has not been questioned."

RIN TIN TIN DOG ACTOR HAS PASSED AWAY

Hollywood, California, August 13—Rin Tin Tin, greatest of animal motion picture actors, pursued a ghostly villain in a canine happy hunting grounds today if there is any such animal heaven.

Rin Tin Tin died Monday.

The big 14-year-old German shepherd dog lay down in front of his master, Lee Duncan, with whom he had been romping.

His brown eyes looked up for a moment, questioningly, then closed. Duncan found he was paralyzed.

Before a veterinary arrived, Rin Tin Tin had died. The veterinary said it was from natural causes.

Duncan told no one. Words could not assuage his grief. But today Rinty was to have started production on a new picture, the first of four "all-star" films scheduled for him this year.

So Duncan told the Mascot Studios which held his contract, last night Word went over Hollywood as if a great human star had been stricken.

Earned Mililo^ns

Rin Tin Tin's earnings for his master were estimated in the millions of dollars. He had worked in pictures for 13 years, showing a remarkable intelligence before the camera, ferocious one moment and gentle the next. ??

Three months ago during a popular contest he was adjusted one of the most popular actors in the films.

Studio offials and Duncan announced that Rin Tin Tin's son, Riny Jr., would carry on in his father's footsteps. Screen tests have shown the younger dog to have much of his elder's abiilty.

Rinty, Jr., now two years old, bears a remarkable resemblance to his famous father, and a great career for him was predicted. His first film will show him as the hero of "The Pride of the Legion."

Crooked Career Ends

Chicago, Aug. 12—The career of Gerald Bodine, 32 year old, as a nail eater has ended. Arrested on the complaint of an insurance concern, Bodine confesed, police said, to obtaining $600 from restaurants by swallowing nails and then complaining they had been eaten with his meals.

The logs that barred his way,
As children toss with careless hand
Their playthings in their way.
While round about the torrent foamed,
And hissed its whitened spray,
Like glistening teeth of battled wolves
When eager for their prey.

Come now, ye noble of the dead,
Of Fame's heroic crop,
From Grecian plains to Switzer hills,
On down to Spion Kop.
Who swiped the power from ruler's hands,
Which tyrants feared to give,
And pressed the bounds of freedom back
That struggling man might live.

Come from your misty, vastly depths
Of lands beyond our ken;
Come gather on this railroad bridge
And watch those Sou' West men.
'Twill brighten up your dismal urns
Whene'er your spirits droop,
To see Jack Bryenton ride a log,
and hear McCarty whoop.

The boom is swung, a joyous shout
Runs up the river side,
As sunset saw the conquered foe
Lie fretting in the tide.
The country saved, the hopes returned
That once seemed so remote;
Our wives can do their shopping now,
And man can meet his note.

When we gathered round at supper time the table amply spread,
And heard the laugh of little ones so eager to be fed;
And felt how close a call they had of losing all their glee,
Their plum preserves and johnny cake, and sweet-'nin' in their tea.
Ere we helped ourselves to pancakes, or we passed around the bread,
And we raised our hearts to Heaven and the word of thanks was said,
We all mentioned Jack McCarty, and the Sparton crew he led.