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STORY OF THE DUNGARVON WHOOPER
A LEGEND OF THE S. W. MIRAMICHI

(Polough Pogue in Vancouver Province.)

Old man Angus and I were alone in the bunk car; the rest of the men who bunked in the car had gone to the river on a speeder.

The night was fine and we sat on the car steps contemplating the myriad stars. The big camp was very silent; the only sounds were the hiss of steam from a locomotive and the heavy humming of the electric light plant.

These noises were some distance away and did not seem to disturb the silence. But suddenly an unaccountable cry came from the black timber behind the siding on which our car was. It was like the wail, very much amplified, of forest boughs in a strong wind. But there was then no wind blowing. The mournful sound was repeated, louder, with a note of foreboding to it. To me it was mysterious, but old man Angus readily exclaimed:

"The Dungarvon Whooper, by the Holy Mackinaw!" With a strange look on his rugged face he answered my immediate inquiry.

"The Dungarvon Whooper, by the whoop on the Miramichi but I ain't heard the old whooper for forty years. The old logger was silent then for a time, while he listened for another whoop but heard no more.

"When I was loggin' on the Miramichi we used to hear the old whooper often. The Indians had been hearing her for a long time, before white men came into these woods, and those Indians decided she was a spirit.

"Some of the loggers thought so too, an' wouldn't work in the country where the whooper whooped. Some of the shantymen thought she was a sign of a storm, or a spell of bad weather. Some said that the whooper was al-

ways heard just before the death of somebody who heard her. Some told you she was some kind of animal that always stayed in the thick brush and had never been seen."

"You're not a superstitious man. How do you explain the whooper?" I asked.

"I can't explain it. It might be some kind of bird."

"It couldn't be that."

As if to verify what I had said, the cry came again from the black firs, like a long and much amplified moan. I felt a touch of superstitious dread.

"Holy Logger," swore old man Angus. "What the Royal American Judas is the old whooper doin' up in this country!"

For some time we sat listening and looking toward the blackness of firs from which the cries had come. But we heard the uncanny sound no more.

The night grew damp and cold and presently we went inside and started a fire in the stove. Old man Angus sat moodily smoking, memories of the Miramichi wilderness probably passing through his mind.

An hour passed, and still the men did not return, and old man Angus prepared for bed.

"Many a time," he told me, "I have heard the Whooper in the woods on the Miramichi." He arranged his blankets around him, and filled his Scotty pipe for a last smoke before going to sleep. "I wonder, I wonder now what she's doing up here. Maybe I think, maybe, she's callin' me." He lit his pipe and said no more.

To me the Dungarvon Whooper was only another of the strange and inexplicable sounds heard in the great Coast forest after dark. The primitive mind easily accounts for these by attributing them to ghosts and spirits. To the civilized mind they must remain mysteries of the forest darkness.

LAST OF AMERICAN OLD TIME
CLIPPER SHIPS IS HONORABLY
RELEGATED TO THE JUNK HEAP

New York, Oct. 26—The headlines, town criers of a time that is too noisy to trust the news to the human voice, whispered in a lesser type the other day the seemingly unimportant story of the last of the clipper ships.

The Benjamin F. Packard folded up her canvas and silently stole away. There were a few sailors there to sing as they heaved on the capstan bars and a few who had been sailors in the day when the seas were white with sails but who are now riding only dream waves at that port of missing men, Sailors Snug Harbor.

Forty-three years the Packard rode with the wind. Even at that she missed the heyday of her sort, for a full half century ago the tramp steamer had begun to usurp the ocean's lanes. The era of clippers which had begun in the early forties with the growing demand for tea from China had really come to an end.

Even South street had begun to change, and today it metamorphosis is so complete that the sight of sails is something of a treat. There are plenty of men still alive, some of whom so young they would be affronted if you offered them your seat in the subway, who can recall the time when masts rose along that riverfront as straight and fine—and thick—as trees in the Adirondacks.

Odor of Tar

There is only an evanescent odor of tar along that thoroughfare now, and the scent of spices from the East is scarcely to be noticed at all. Nor do you hear the creaking of windlasses. The throaty curses of seafaring men still break through, of course, but even they seem less than usual.

Long before the clipper ship claimed most of the wharfage along this water-fronted street there had been packets plying the ocean. Back in 1816 the Black Ball Line with such famous old vessels as the Amity, the Courier, the Canada and the Albion, had been sending ships over in twenty-three days on regular schedules. The Canada even had made the trip in fifteen days and eighteen hours.

Mr. Fulton—or was it Mr. Fitch?—had by this time invented the steamboat, to be sure, but for the longer trips no such fickle thing as machinery was trusted where canvas was to be had. And Fulton, along with Livingston, had obtained a coastwise monopoly which kept them too busy to essay ocean widths. It was not until much later that stacks replaced sails to any great extent on the Atlantic.

Meantime the clipper had come,

and for a stay of more than a quarter of a century. With it the American merchant marine rose to a place it had not held before and had not attained since. The speed of American clippers outdistanced British competition and brought hum and bustle to New York.

Their greatest import as passenger carriers came, of course with the first slight flurry regarding California back in 1849. The way lay round the Horn, and it was a bit of a trip but there were plenty of persons willing to take it and to bunk on the decks if necessary and if it could be arranged.

During that first year of the rush for gold, 775 vessels sailed from Atlantic ports for the land of fortune, good or bad. Of that number 214 cleared at New York and most of them were clippers carrying passengers. Within twelve months 91,405 persons were landed upon the shores of the Pacific coast. And in those days South street had its burden of traffic of activity.

The rush didn't spend itself in '49 by any means. For several years the California trade accounted for many clippers. They were famous ships in their day, too, and fast. There was the Flying Cloud, which made the trip to the coast in eighty-nine days under the skipper of old Joe Creamy. And the Hoqua, the Stag Hound, the Challenge, the Samuel Russell, the Sea Witch and scores of others.

Crowds always went down to see them off. They waved to relatives from South street or they gathered at the Battery, on the green lawns which had for their background a downtown New York in which Trinity's spire rose to heights that made at Governors Island to take on gunpowder that might be useful and then watched again until white sails became only specs of conjecture on a blue horizon.

Famous Skippers.

The skippers of those clippers were famous men. They were men to be pointed out in the street. There was Captain Bob Waterman of the Sea Witch, as picturesque as the dragon which was its figurehead but in a different way of course. And old "Nat" Palmer and others by the dozen.

They were hard men on a hard job but human enough otherwise. The hard job was to handle the crews that shipped aboard their craft. Motley gangs they were, with Portuguese and Spanish and Liverpool Irish and al-

ways a Scandinavian. Sometimes there was an American for good measure.

Getting them aboard sober was one thing; for South Street knew no prohibition in those days. It didn't always know conscience either, and there are echoes today of tales of shanghaied men. But once they did get aboard in such condition that they were able to stand they weren't a bad lot. They would go past the Battery singing the chants that are fast dying away on the seas, a sun-scorched, weather-beaten lot tugging away at ropes.

Gradually the steamship began to win respect even among men who crossed great seas and always swore by canvas. And the clipper ships began to disappear, slowly but surely. Year after year saw fewer and fewer—until now the last is gone.

The Benjamin F. Packard, however, has escaped the ignominious fate of some of its more famous predecessors into limbo. It is to be junked—honorably. That didn't happen to many of the old-timers. A few went to fair and square deaths—the Sea Witch wrecked off Cuba, the Hoqua down in a typhoon off China, the Stag Hound burnt to the water's edge off Brazil, the Bald Eagle never heard from after it left Hong-kong.

But others passed into strange hands. Some were made into landing stages. Others became scows. Among these was the Flying Cloud, which for all its records was towed up and down the Sound, lost in the smoke of an upstart tug.

QUINCE JAM.

Weigh twelve ounces of brown sugar to one pound of quinces. Boil the fruit in as little water as possible without burning, until it is sufficiently soft to break easily; then pour off all the water and mash fruit with a spoon until entirely broken; put in sugar and boil twenty minutes stirring it frequently.

"Do these balloon tires really take up all jar and jostle and bumping?"

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DUKE OF YORK
A FILM MAN

London, Oct. 31—The Duke of York is becoming an increasingly enthusiastic movie camera man and develops his own films. The other day he "shot" a film while he and the Duchess were staying with Lord and Lady Elphinstone. The latter is a sister of the Duchess. The film shows the royal party—with the exception of course of the Duke—coming out of church on Sunday.

QUINCE HONEY.

Put six pounds sugar and three pints water in a preserving kettle and boil ten minutes. Add six large quinces, which have been pared and grated and cook thirty minutes. Pour into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin when cool.

A 52 STORY
CATHEDRAL

Pittsburgh, Oct. 31—The University of Pittsburgh's 52-story cathedral of learning a structure of glistening limestone 680 feet above the Oakland district of Pittsburgh, will be visible to the naked eye for a distance of about 32 miles in all directions.

The cathedral will house practically all the activities of the university.

Assaulted Tax Collector.

Arword Moorecroft of Southampton was arrested and brought here by Constable A. F. Yerxa for assaulting Wilbur Brooks when he served a notice of school tax. Brooks is a man well advanced in years. He was knocked off Moorecroft's steps, kicked and cut about the face.

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