

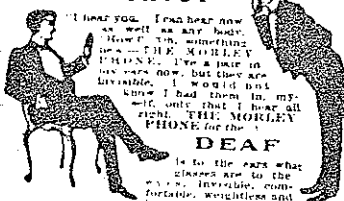
BE A LAWYER

A Bachelor of Laws—An LL. B.
ONLY LAW SCHOOL OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA

ONLY recognized resident law school in the United States conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B. ONLY law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail, ONLY law school giving over 400 practical room lectures to its extension students. ONLY law school giving a full 3-Year, University Law Course, by mail, having an actual faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers, (3 of whom are Asst. United States Attorneys) in active practice. ONLY law school in U. S. conferring LL. M. Degree in Oration and Public Speaking, in conjunction with its law course.

Special From Lecture Room to Student
 is the way we teach law. Only school in existence employing this method. We guarantee to prepare our students to pass our examinations. Highly endorsed and recommended by Gov. Officials, Business Men, Leading Lawyers and Students. Special course for Law Illustrated Prospectus. Special course for Business Law. MAHARISHI COLLEGE OF LAW, 252 (South) St., Chicago, Ill.

"DON'T SHOUT"



Price, \$5 Complete
 THE MOIRLEY CO., DEPT. 767, Ferry Bldg., Phila.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL
 without a cent down, prepaid the freight and allow 10 DAYS REFUNDAL.
FACTORY PRICES
RIDER AGENTS
 SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO., 210 Battery Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Make 30 to 60 Weekly
WE LOAN YOU SAMPLE
 SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO., 210 Battery Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DO NOT VISIT
THE PANAMA CANAL
Or the West Indies
RED CROSS LINE
 BOWRING & CO., 17 Battery Place, N. Y.

WALLENBERG'S
 See Them BEFORE Copying
 White Valley Gam Co., 211 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

WURLIIZER FREE
Musical Instruments
 THE WURLIIZER CO., 126 E. 4th St., Chicago

Walzenberg's

A New Year's Carnival in the Wilderness

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

FOR days they had been coming in from forest, swamp and wind-swept barren to join in the New Year carnival. There were French, Indians and half-breeds; there were Chippeways from the east, Crees from the south and west, and from the Barrens that swept far northward to the Arctic sea and eastward to Hudson Bay there had come down a dozen little dark men with their fierce little dogs—the Eskimo. They had come by dog-sledge and snowshoe, but chiefly by sledge, bringing with them their mid-winter catch of furs, which had already been sorted and gone down in the "accounts" of the Company's post. There were probably a hundred souls, including a dozen women and a few children; and there were two hundred dogs. There were the big, soft-footed Mackenzie hounds, whose forebears were reared in the country of the Athabasca, and still farther west; soft-footed, soft-throated, poor fighters—but with the slow strength of oxen in their big bodies; and with these there were the fiercer Malemutes, and the still fiercer Huskies with their wild-strain of wolf—red-eyed, white-fanged; snarling for fight, their only equals in battle the little Eskimo terrors from the north. From the south—always from the south—there had come a pathetic jumble of mongrels, the blood that had found its way up from the edge of civilization; a mixture of Collie, Mastiff, Great Dane, "hound" and "just dog"—probable victims of the first fight with real wolf blood, no matter what their size or strength.

It was the "big night" of the mid-winter carnival. To-morrow, or the next day, men and dogs would begin trailing back to their homes and trapping snags deep in the forests and swamps, to spend another lonely three months along their trap-lines. It was their one "big time" of the year, and the Hudson Bay Company's factor and his men had prepared for it. Huge piles of dry fuel had been dragged into the clearing, and as the first gloom of the early night settled upon the wilderness these piles were lighted. Half an hour after the torch had been applied I went to the cap of a bare ridge a quarter of a mile away to look down upon the scene. From there, I had been told, I would see something that would remain with me for all time.

It was a weird and awesome picture; perhaps, more of an impression than a picture, for all detail was lost. The wilderness was black. It reached black to the Arctic sea; it was black through a thousand miles of lifelessness and desolation to the coast of Labrador; it was sullen and black to the edge of civilization. It was an almost immeasurable canvas of darkness, and silence,

and infinite mystery, on which was painted that little flash of life below. Because of that vastness of the canvas itself, because of the littleness of the living picture which it swallowed as night engulfs a spark, it could never be forgotten. The flames from the great piles of logs and smaller fuel were mounting skyward, and as the conflagration grew brighter, lighting up the tops of the forest trees, the sounds of the carnival broke forth; first in the howling of dogs, then in the shouts and cries of men, until at last there came a wild burst of savage voice, the firing of guns, a still greater tumult from the dogs, and I knew that the "caribou fire" had been lighted.

Even the silent-tongued Eskimo were joining in the noisy festivity when I returned to the clearing about the post. The opening was a blaze of light from a dozen great fires, and the night was robbed of its cold by that circle of flame. In the center were two fires close together about which were gathered most of the revellers. Over one of these fires hung a huge copper kettle from out of which there already rose the fumes of that one great treat of the New Year—coffee. Close by there were two or three big boxes heaped high with real bread, and with this bread there was to be distributed a wonderful tub of real butter that had come all the way over from London for the purpose. About this treasure of rare food and drink men and dogs had gathered, sniffing the air and waiting.

But it was about the larger fire that the chief interest was centered. On each of three sides of that fire there rose two six inch stakes for fifteen feet into the air, with crochets at the top; and from "crochets" there ran a stout birch sapling, stripped clean of bark, on which was spitted the whole carcass of a caribou. There were three caribou roasting, and as the flames from the dry wood leaped higher and higher, almost licking the juice-dripping flesh, shrill voices rose in meaningless cries above the crackling of the fire. Caribou whips snapped fiercely. Chippeways, Crees, Eskimos, and breeds crowded in the red glare. The factor's men shouted and sang like mad, for this was the Company's annual "good time"—the show that would lure many of these same men back again at the end of another trapping season. Outside of that cordon of men—men dressed in all the wild and savage habiliments of the wilderness, some in furs, some in buckskin, some in the heavy Company coats and caps; men with fox and fisher and lynx and sealskin caps on their heads, and moccasins, "pucks," and high Company boots on their feet—beyond this crowding circle of humanity, watchful and wolfish, waited the horde of dogs. The

richness of the odors that were already drifting in the air had drawn them close up behind their masters, their lips dripping, their fangs snapping in an eagerness that was not for the flesh of battle.

Under the dripping roasts stood men with long hooked poles, and now and then they turned the carcasses a little on their spits, and propped them with their sticks so that fresh surfaces were presented to the hottest points of the fire. As the cooking proceeded the tumult of sound and movement grew less and less, and when at last the third turn of the carcasses was made on their spits the circle of men edged still closer, and their hands dropped to the hilts of knives in their belts. Then, of a sudden, burst forth the first words of that song that is known from Athabasca to the Bay.

"Oh, ze caribou-oo-oo, ze caribou-oo-oo,
 He roas' on high,
 Jes' under ze sky,
 Ze beeg white caribou-oo-oo!"

Numbers gave these silent men of the forests the courage of voice, and they joined in, following the shouting lead of the factor's men, while the dogs sat back on their haunches and howled up to the billion stars that gleamed in the sky. At the beginning of that song the men with the hooked poles caught the long spits at each end, and above all other sound there rose the fierce shout of the factor's chief man—
 "Now! Now—ze caribou-oo-oo"—and in savage enthusiasm the last verse of the wilderness song burst forth.

"Oh, ze caribou-oo-oo, ze caribou-oo-oo,
 He brow'n 'n' juce 'n' sweet,
 Ze caribou-oo-oo, be yer' polite—
 He roas' on high,
 Jes' under ze sky,
 He ready now to come 'n' eat!"

With yells that rose above the last words of the song the men with the poles tugged at the huge roasts and the sizzling carcasses plunged down upon the melting snow. Scarcely had they fallen when the feasters were upon them, crowding and jostling good-naturedly in their efforts to be among the first to plunge their knives into the juicy flesh. With big chunks of meat in their hands they turned then and hurried to the other fire, where men were waiting to supply them with huge chunks of bread, lumps of butter, and cups of steaming hot coffee.

Not until the last man had helped himself to his portion of the roast did the dogs move. Then, in one wild, wolfish horde they rushed in from all sides to finish what remained of that night's feast in the wilderness.

Let Buyers Beware—Need of a One-price System

(Continued from page 12.)

which one man was unwilling to trade unless he enjoyed an advantage that he supposed was denied his neighbor. One-price-to-all was heralded as a great moral business advance. It was an appeal to the instinct for fair play and time has proved its soundness economically. To-day the dealer is rare who dares to run counter to the universal sentiment for this open and above-board policy. We know its public worth, we understand its benefits and who would go back to the trickster's day that prevailed before it? And may it not be that we are about ready for the next step—not only the same price to all in each store, but also the same price for the same thing in all stores?

Whether would this lead? Just a little further along the path that the consumer

and the user. All others are agents or middlemen. They are not concerned in the making of any particular article or interested in its future. Neither do they use it. They simply sell it for profit. If the country were not so big, the user would go direct to the maker. As it is, when we go into a store and ask for so-and-so's soap we are buying on our knowledge of the reputation, integrity and ability of the maker. If we go to Smith's store we don't ask for Smith's goods. We know he is a vendor, not a producer. We are dealing essentially with the maker of the thing we buy and we know that it is exactly the same whether we buy it at Smith's or Brown's. This is true of all goods of reputation and standing which it is so much to the interest of the country to foster.

There is no question involved here as to

set the retail price as low as possible in order to promote the largest sale. He dare not set it high because that would only provide an opening for other makers to undersell him and take away his market. Not a single case can be cited where manufacturers have allowed an unreasonable profit to dealers under the patent law. The public is safe and the whole industrial fabric is strengthened by such a system. It insures, for many other reasons which space will not permit to be detailed here, the lowest average possible cost to the consumer. Suffice it to point out that uniform prices mean uniform consumption. Uniform consumption permits uniform production and uniform quality, which in turn mean stable conditions and economical operation and low costs. General prosperity is promoted by an open and above-board policy.