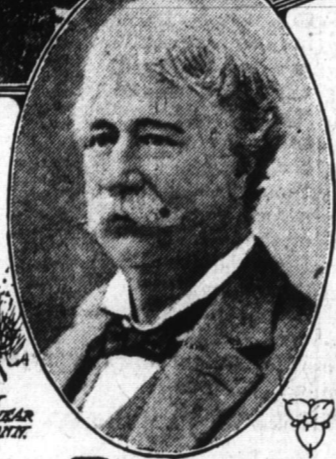
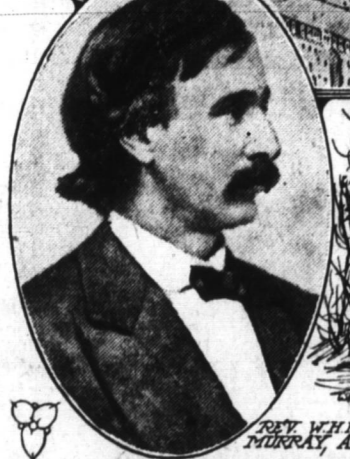


"ADIRONDACK" MURRAY



FATHER OF THE OUTDOOR RECREATION MOVEMENT

THE EAST has but one national park and that a small one—Lafayette, on the island of Mount Desert off the coast of Maine. But it has the Adirondacks. Of its kind there is no better in all the world. Many thousands of city-worried Americans have motored through the "Great North Woods" this summer; other thousands are on their way at this moment. Many thousands have had a joyous summer in its public and private camps and in resorts; other thousands are there still. Last winter thousands of the red-blooded—who scorn to follow the summer and believe that it takes Jack Frost to put the finishing touch to the mental, moral and physical make-up of the efficient—played in its snow and on its ice; thousands will be there again next winter.

Repubes may or may not be ungrateful. They certainly are often forgetful. Read now the story of Rev. William Henry Harrison Murray and the Adirondacks.

The Adirondacks lie in the northeast corner of New York in the great triangle formed by the St. Lawrence and the Canadian line. Lakes Champlain and George, the Mohawk river and Lake Ontario. History began early all around the Adirondacks. Champlain—so far as history records—was the first white man to get sight of its mountains—in 1609, when he discovered Lake Champlain.

Yet the Adirondacks long remained an "Undiscovered Country." On Governor Parnall's map of the British colonies of 1776 this tract is inscribed: "This vast tract of Land, which is the Antient Couchsachage, one of the four Beaver Hunting Counties of the Six Nations, is not yet Surveyed."

After the Revolution most of the Indians of Six Nations fled to Canada. Those who remained were made harmless. The guard over the Adirondacks was broken. Civilization grew rapidly all around the "Indian Beaver Hunting Country." Yet for generation after generation it lay unexplored.

The sportsmen were the first to penetrate the wilderness of the "Great North Woods." For them it was a "land flowing with milk and honey." Among them was Rev. W. H. H. Murray of Boston, who first went there in 1804. The sportsman is the gentleman of outdoors. And the Boston minister was all that and more, explorer, nature-lover, naturalist, woodsman, rifleman, canoeist, hunter, angler, orator, author.

Mr. Murray was a farmer's boy and

was born April 20, 1840, at Gullford, Conn. A sketch shows the Murray homestead. It still stands. It has been occupied by ten generations of the Murrys. He worked his way through Yale (1862) and a theological seminary. After filling several New England pulpits, his talents carried him in 1868 to the Park Street Congregational church in Boston, then one of the most prominent in the country.

Mr. Murray achieved nation-wide fame in his Boston pulpit. His sermons were printed all over the country. His popularity was equal to that of Henry Ward Beecher. As an orator he ranked with Wendell Phillips and Sumner and Gough.

In the spring of 1869 Ticknor & Fields published his first book, "Adventures in the Wilderness; or, Camp Life in the Adirondacks." It created a situation that attracted nation-wide attention. Editors called the book "a monstrous hoax." Cartoonists handled the young author without gloves. Noted divines declared that "he had disgraced his high station by thus practicing upon the people, especially the weakly and the sick, a cruel joke." Those who believed and started for the Adirondacks were ridiculed as "Murray's Fools."

The "Murray Rush" of "Murray's Fools" for the Adirondacks began in the early summer. Thousands swamped every possible accommodation of the wilderness; thousands had to turn back. Those who got in returned to report the book as telling only half the truth. The rush continued season after season. It was the beginning of the enormous attendance of today.

If success like Murray's can be reckoned in dollars, here are the figures: He was receiving a salary and perquisites of almost \$20,000. He was earning an additional \$10,000 on the lecture platform. His royalties on "Adventures in the Wilderness" up to the time of his death (1904) amounted to \$58,000.

Socially Mr. Murray was lionized. Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Hawthorne, Halleck, Agassiz, Prescott, Beecher, Phillips and Fields were his personal friends and inti-

mate. Phillips said of his book: "It has kindled a thousand campfires and taught a thousand pens how to write of nature." At a public dinner given in his honor Emerson challenged him to write a truly great book, which should not contain a female character. Murray's answer to the challenge was "Adirondack Tales"—including "The Story the Keg Told Me" and "The Man Who Didn't Know Much."

At thirty-four Murray retired from the pulpit (1874) and for seven years traveled all over the world. He then resumed lecturing and reading from his published works. He was tremendously popular. He read, "How John Norton the Trapper Kept Christmas" before more than 500 audiences. Murray spent his last twelve years on the Gullford homestead, cultivating his farm lands, privately educating his four daughters, writing and revising his many published works. March 3, 1904, he died in the very room in which he had been born 64 years before. Much of the old homestead has been kept just as he left it—open fireplace, books, writing table, guns over the open fireplace. Under a giant buttonball tree close by the house rest the remains of "Adirondack" Murray, "Father of the Out-of-Doors Idea in the United States."

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The "Empire State" awakened in time to the importance of the Adirondacks. In 1892 it established Adirondack park, which includes all of Hamilton county and adjacent parts of Essex, Franklin, St. Lawrence, Warren and Herkimer counties. It contains about 3,315,000 acres, of which the state owns about 1,412,000 acres. Then there is the Adirondack Preserve. This is the general title of lands owned by the state for the purpose of conserving the forests and water supply.

The Adirondacks contain virgin hardwood forests, more than 1,000 lakes, kept well stocked with game fish, and a network of streams. The mountainous section culminates in Essex county. Mt. Marcy's (5,344 feet) is the highest elevation in the state. In this mountain region are Lake Placid, the Upper and Lower Saranac lakes and other popular resorts. To the south and west is a plateau of from 1,500 to 1,800 feet, dotted with many lakes.

It does not seem possible that this man could have been forgotten. Yet so it is. Only the few know of him either as preacher, lecturer or sportsman. Even his books—though first editions of several are said to be worth their weight in gold—are out of print. Ask for yourself and see how many know the character "John Norton, the Trapper" whom he created. Yet there are people who think that in comparison Cooper's "Natty Bumppo" is a clothing-store dummy. It is apparently only in the Adirondacks that the memory of Rev. W. H. H. Murray lives in his feats of woodcraft and sportsmanship.

Carlisle, an English author who operates a ranch near Calgary. Miss Carlisle plans to bring out to her ranch a small number of English women of education each year. Among the party that will come are a well-known woman surgeon from London, three English school teachers and three business women. These women will receive a thorough agricultural education. After they are sufficiently trained they will take up establishments of their own near Miss Carlisle's ranch.

Rural Juvenile Courts

This year, in which the memorial has been planned to "Huckleberry Finn," prince of boy-vagabonds, marks also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first juvenile court in America, which served as model for other countries. In a paper read at the recent Chicago celebration of this event, Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the children's bureau at Washington, predicted that the next step in child welfare would

be the extension of the juvenile-court idea into the rural regions. More than half of the children of the United States live in the country or in small communities; yet, out of 300 courts approved by the federal bureau, only 40 serve their needs. This new development has just begun.

To Teach Women to Farm
Establishment of a farming colony of well-to-do English women in southern Alberta, Canada, may soon be undertaken, according to Miss Patricia

The BLACK GANG

By CYRIL MCNEILE SAPPER

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GINGER MARTIN

SYNOPSIS.—To a gathering of anarchists in Barking, London suburb, Zaboloff, foreign agitator, tells of the operations of a body of men who have become a menace to their activities. He says they are masked and wear long black cloaks and are acting without the law. He is interrupted by the men he is describing (the Black Gang), who break up the meeting, sentencing some of the participants to condign punishment and carrying away others. A memorandum found on Zaboloff gives an address in Hoxton, which the leader of the attacking party considers of importance. Sir Bryan Johnstone, director of criminal investigation, hears from Inspector McIver, sent to arrest Zaboloff the night before, of his discomfort. He had been seized and chloroformed and his raid frustrated. Hugh Drummond, man of leisure, tells Johnstone of seeing the kidnapers and their victims. He becomes an unpaid agent of the police, under McIver. William Atkinson, ostensibly pawnbroker and money lender, really Count Zadowa, director of anarchy in England, does business in another London suburb, in mysterious stranger invades the premises. Drummond attempts to burglarize the premises to get evidence.

CHAPTER IV

In Which a Bomb Bursts with Unpleasantly Close Quarters

It was perhaps because the thought of failure never entered Hugh Drummond's head that such a considerable measure of success had been possible up to date—that, and the absolute, unquestioning obedience which he demanded of his pals, members of the Black-Gang, and which they accorded him willingly. As they knew, he laid no claims to brilliance; but as they also knew, he hid a very shrewd common sense beneath his frivolous manner. And having once accepted the sound military truism that one indifferent general is better than two good ones, they accepted his leadership with unswerving loyalty. What was going to be the end of their self-imposed fight against the pests of society did not worry them greatly; all that mattered was that there should be a certain amount of sport in the collection of the specimens. Granted the promise of that, they willingly sacrificed any engagements and carried out Hugh's orders to the letter. Up to date, however, the campaign, though far from being dull, had not produced any really big results. A number of sprats and a few moderate-sized fish had duly been caught in the landing-net, and been sent to the private pool to meditate at leisure. But nothing really large had come their way. Zaboloff was a good haul. But the Black Gang, which aimed merely at the repression of terrorism by terrorism, had found it too easy. The nauseating cowardice of the majority of their opponents was becoming monotonous, their strong aversion to soap and water, insanitary. They wanted big game—not the rats that emerged from the sewers.

Even Drummond had begun to feel that patriotism might be carried too far, until the moment when the address in Hoxton had fallen into their hands. Then, with the optimism that lives eternal in the hunter's breast, fresh hope had arisen in his mind. He had determined on a bigger game. If it failed—if they drew blank—he had almost decided to chuck the thing up altogether. Phyllis, he knew, would be overjoyed if he did.

"Just this one final coup, old girl," he said, as they sat waiting in the Carlton for the awe-inspiring relatives. "I've got it cut and dried, and it comes off tonight. If it's a dud, we'll dissolve ourselves—at any rate, for the present. If only—"

He sighed, and his wife looked at him reproachfully. "I know you want another fight with Petersen, you old goat," she remarked. "But you'll never see him again, or that horrible girl."

"Don't you think I shall, Phyl?" He stared dependently at his shoes. "I can't help feeling myself that somewhere or other behind all this that cheery bird is lurking. My dear, it would be too ghastly if I never saw him again."

"The next time you see him, Hugh," she answered quietly, "he won't take any chances with you."

"But, my angel child," he boomed cheerfully, "I don't want him to. Not on your life! Nor shall I. Good Lord! Here they are. Uncle Timothy looks more like a mangel-worm than ever."

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best sitting-room was the rendezvous of this Black Gang, it is doubtful if she would have been so complacent. But she didn't know, and continued her weekly dusting of the sketches with characteristic zeal.

"Ted should be here soon," said Drummond, glancing at his watch. "I hope he's got the bird all right."

"You didn't get into the inner room, did you, Hugh?" said Peter Darrell.

"No. But I saw enough to know that it's beyond our form, old lad. We've got to have a skilled cracksmen to deal with one of the doors—and almost certainly anything important will be in a safe inside."

"Just run over the orders again," Toby Sinclair came back from drawing the blinds even more closely together.

"Perfectly simple," said Hugh. "Ted and I and Ginger Martin—if he's got him—will go straight into the house through the front door. I know the geography of the place all right, and I've already laid out the caretaker clerk fellow once. Then we must trust to luck. There shouldn't be anybody there except the little blighter of a clerk. The rest of you will hang about outside in case of any trouble. Don't bunch together, keep on the move; but keep the doors in sight. When you see us come out again, make your own way home. Can't give you any more detailed instructions because I don't know what may turn up. I shall rig myself out here, after Ted



"Bilme!" Muttered the Man, Shrink-ing Back as He Saw the Huge Figure in Black Confronting Him. "What's the Game, Guv'nor?"

arrives. "You had better go to your own rooms and do it, but wait first to make sure that he's roped in Ginger Martin."

He glanced up as the door opened and Jerry Seymour—sometime of the R. F. G.—put his head into the room.

"Ted's here, and he's got the bird all right. Unpleasant-looking bloke with a flattened face."

"Right." Drummond rose, and crossed to a cupboard. "Clear off, you fellows. Zero—twelve midnight."

From the cupboard he pulled a long black cloak and mask, which he proceeded to put on, while the others disappeared with the exception of Jerry Seymour, who came into the room. He was dressed in livery like a chauffeur, and he had, in fact, been driving the car in which Ted had brought Ginger Martin.

"Any trouble?" asked Drummond. "No. Once he was certain Ted had nothing to do with the police he came like a bird," said Jerry. "The fifty quid did it." Then he grinned. "You know Ted's a marvel. I'll defy anybody to recognize him."

Drummond nodded, and sat down at the table facing the door. "Tell Ted to bring him in. And I don't want him to see you, Jerry, so keep out of the light."

Undoubtedly Jerry Seymour was right with regard to Jerningham's make-up. As he and Martin came into the room, it was only the sudden start and cry on the part of the crook that made Drummond certain as to which was which.

"Bilme!" muttered the man, shrinking back as he saw the huge figure in black confronting him. "Wot's the game, guv'nor?"

"There's no game, Martin," said Drummond reassuringly. "You've been told what you're wanted for, haven't you? A little professional assistance tonight, for which you will be paid fifty pounds, is all we ask of you."

But Ginger Martin still seemed far from easy in his mind. "You're one of this 'ere Black Gang," he said suddenly, glancing at the door in front of which Jerningham was standing. Should he chance it and make a dash to get away? Fifty pounds are fifty pounds, but—He gave a little shiver as his eyes came round again to the motionless figure on the other side of the table.

"Quite correct, Martin," said the same reassuring voice. "And it's only because I don't want you to recognize

me that I'm dressed up like this. We don't mean you any harm." The voice paused for a moment, and then went on again. "You understand that, Martin. We don't mean you any harm, unless—"

and once again there came a pause—"unless you try any monkey tricks. You are to do exactly as I tell you, without question and at once. If you do you will receive fifty pounds. If you don't—well, Martin, I have ways of dealing with people who don't do what I tell them."

There was silence while Ginger Martin fidgeted about, looking like a trapped animal. "What do yer want me to do, guv'nor?" he said at last.

"Open a safe amongst other things," answered Drummond. "Have you brought your tools and things?"

"Yus—I've brought the outfit," muttered the other. "Where is the safe? 'Ere?"

"No, Martin, not here. Some distance away in fact. We shall start in about an hour. Until then you will stop in this room. You can have a whisky-and-soda, and my friend here will stay with you. He has a gun, Martin, so remember what I said. No monkey tricks."

With fascinated eyes the crook watched the speaker rise and cross to an inner door. Standing he seemed more huge than ever, and Martin gave a sigh of relief as the door closed behind him.

The entrance to Number 5 Green street proved easier than Drummond had expected—so easy as to be almost suspicious. No lights shone in the windows above; the house seemed completely deserted. Moreover, the door into the street was unbolting, and without a moment's hesitation Drummond opened it and stepped inside, followed by Martin and Ted Jerningham. The long black cloak and Ted discarded; only the black mask concealed his face, as the three men stood inside the door, listening intently. Not a sound was audible, and after a moment or two Drummond felt his way cautiously through the downstairs office toward the flight of stairs that led to the rooms above.

In single file they crept up the stairs, Drummond leading. The door at the top was ajar, and for awhile they stood in the carpeted passage above listening again.

"Along this passage are the clerks' offices," he explained in a low voice to the other two. "At the far end is another door which we shall probably find locked. Beyond that is the inner office, which we want."

"Well, let's get on wiv it, guv'nor," muttered Ginger Martin hoarsely. "There's no good in 'anging about."

Drummond switched on his electric torch, and flashed it cautiously round. Doors leading off the passage were open in most cases, and all the rooms were empty; it was obvious that none of the staff were about. And yet he felt an indefinable sense of danger, which he tried in vain to shake off. Somehow or other, he felt certain that they were not alone—that there were other people in the house. But Ginger Martin had no such presentiments, and was rapidly becoming impatient.

To open the door at the end of the passage, if it should prove to be locked, was such child's play as to be absolutely contemptible. He wanted to get on with the safe, which might take time, instead of fooling round in a passage listening for mice.

Without a sound, the cracksmen set to work; his coarse features outlined in the circle of the torch, his ill-kept fingers handling his instruments as deftly as any surgeon. A little oil here and there; a steady pressure with a short pointed steel tool; a faint click.

"There you are, guv'nor," he muttered, straightening up. "Easy as kiss yer 'and. And if yer waits till I find me glove I'll open it for yer; but Ginger Martin's finger-prints are too well known to run any risks."

Still no sound came from anywhere, though the click as the lock shot back had seemed horribly loud in the silence. And then, just as Martin cautiously turned the handle and pushed open the door, Drummond stiffened suddenly and switched off his torch. He could have sworn that he heard the sound of voices close by.

Only for a second—they were instantly silenced; but just for that fraction of time as the door opened he knew he had heard men speaking.

It looks very much like a trap. What is Zadowa planning to do to Drummond?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Key to Treasure House
Just think of the vast treasures of words full of rich and rare meaning that lie locked up in our language, hidden away from common use and enjoyed only by the learned few! It is as if, possessing the mineral wealth of the world, ready for the mint, we scornfully turned aside to remain in poverty.

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