

See

for the Adelalde Art Gallery, London. This gallery recently expended £10,000 in the purchase of modern paintings, the money being part of a bequest of £25,000 from the late Sir Thomas Elder.

The November number of the International Studio contains several fine reproductions after the great master Pierre de Chevannes.

The Magazine of Art publishes in its November number an interesting account of art throughout the ages as illustrated in the recent Van Dyck celebration at Antwerp, illustrated with photographs of the four float representing Egypt, Greece, Rome and the Romanesque.

THE WELL DIGGERS

And the Stories They Tell of Their Perilous Craft.

DEEP down in the bowels of the earth 3,650 feet! Through sand and clay, silt and rock, the great drill is slowly hammering its way.

"When completed it will be the deepest well in Michigan," said Driller Andrew Smith. "We will go 3,000 feet."

Such will be the great depth of the artesian well on the university campus at Ann Arbor. There is a peculiar fascination in listening to the deep, impressive rumbling that comes from deep down in the earth each time the ton of suspended iron strikes bottom, and in watching the "dipper" when it is slowly wound to the surface, bringing with it that which has remained below for thousands upon thousands of years.

"We scared 'em yesterday, didn't we, Ginger?" said Driller Smith to his assistant, Dominicy Holz. "You see, sir, they ain't used to our tricks here. Now t'other day we jammed on to a tough boulder some 100 feet 'neath ground, an' as there wasn't no other way we lit into it with a charge o' dynamite hitched to an electric wire. Scared? Why, there were earthquakes in the evening papers that night, an' people thought Ann Arbor must o' had a shock! It's easy here, but we've had rough lives. We well-diggers. We've drilled in the hemlock forests of Pennsylvania in the dead o' winter, an' starved in the frozen snows of Canada when the air was that biting cold the birds could hardly live. But it's easy, dead easy here, eh Ginger?"

"Ginger" nodded. He is a remarkable man in his way, speaking fluently six different languages—German, Hebrew, Polish, French, Russian and English, and the manner in which he came by the eccentric appellation commonly given him is peculiar. It happened away back when Dominicy first came to this country, and couldn't talk English. He was sent to the drug store one day after a bottle of gin, and apprehensive lest he should forget the name kept repeating it to himself. The result was that Dominicy brought back a bottle of ginger.

"Clean through the quicksand" shouted Assistant F. H. Mason, peering down into the black, rumbling hole of the shaft. "Regular down-east blue clay!"

Ginger held up a bruised thumb and looked at it inquiringly. "Tell 'em about Guffey over in the woods, Andy. That's mild, ain't it?"

Mr. Smith was gauging the great drill. He has done the same thing for 26 years, and it is wonderful how precisely he measures the distance and times the blows.

"Guffey was up in the mountains of Pennsylvania," he said, nodding at Dominicy. "An' so was Ginger. Somebody from Can had gone up prospecting in the summer an' wanted to find oil. They offered us pretty inducements an' we left when the snow was like ice, dragged our stuff into the mountains an' set up the derrick in the heart of a hemlock forest that surrounded us for miles 'n' was brittle with cold an' frozen stiff."

"Them was inducements," emphasized Dominicy Holz. "But they didn't

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"Guffey was up in the mountains of Pennsylvania," he said, nodding at Dominey. "An' so was Ginger. Somebody from Cain had gone up prospecting in the summer an' wanted to find oil. They offered us pretty inducements an' we left when the snow was like ice, dragged our stuff into the mountains an' set up the derrick in the heart of a hemlock forest that surrounded us for miles an' was brittle with cold an' frozen steel."

"Them was inducements," emphasized Dominey Holz. "But they didn't dig poor Gus out o' the snows, an' there was only four of us."

"Gus was coming on behind with the grub," said Mr. Smith. "His full name was Gus Martin, an' we left 'im buried up in the mountains. You see we three had just fairly got there an' set our shanty up, when one night, when the wind was howling through the hemlock tops like ten thousand furies, poor Gus dragged 'imself in, mad as a raving hare! Couldn't

get nothing out o' 'im, sir, only that he had run astray an' that the horses were buried under the snow along with the grub somewhere back in the woods.

"We doctored 'im up with whisky an' hot porridge, but the poor fellow was dead gone. He just sat in front of the fire from morning until night, an' whimpered an' grieved like a heart-broken baby. Sometimes he would go an' look out o' the little window at the blizzard, an' he kind o' seemed to know we was aching for the grub, didn't 'e, Ginger? Three days an' three nights it happened like this, an' then one morning we all woke up to find the storm had cleared away, the sun shining like fire over the ghostly derrick, an' Martin gone!"

"That was the morning I shot the mountain cat, Andy," interposed Ginger. "It kept us from starving, an' that was what we set out to hunt up poor crazy Gus with--the cat meat half-boiled an' frozen."

"You see we didn't have time to cook it down," said the other, "for we was anxious an' frightened because we knew this was going back to hunt up the grub. He must ha' started early, for the tracks was half filled with snow, but after a while he had begun to flounder in the soft stuff, an' the trailing was right easy."

"But it was cold--so cold our fingers froze!" said Ginger, snapping his wounded thumb.

"An' poor Martin died out," continued Mr. Smith. "We found his vest caught on a hemlock branch four feet above the trail, an' saw where this wood when he shot into it to kindle a fire. But he must ha' fallen, for he tramped on in a different direction an' left the vest behind."

"An' that evening we found 'im," said Ginger, "pitched up aside o' the wagon an' grub an' frozen horses, dead as a floor nail!"

Mr. Smith arose and again set the great drill in motion. Then he lifted the rumbling sound from the bottom, and turned.

"We're a tough looking ranz--not bad--but weather-beaten an' scarred, an' do you wonder?" he laughed. "It's easy 'ere, dead easy, eh Ginger?"

J. O. C.



"POOR GUS DRAGGED HIMSELF IN, MAD AS A RAVING HARE."

SEEMED LIKE MAGIC.

"Speaking of old pictures," said a New Orleans artist. "It is very interesting to see a really high-class European expert making an examination. The extent and diversity of the information of such men are something astonishing. Some years ago I spent a couple of days with a gentleman who is recognized as one of the greatest..."

time Dolores turned with him and faced the direction from which they had come. A low growl rose in Wapi's throat, a snarl of menace with a note of warning in it.

"What is it, Wapi?" whispered Dolores. She heard his long fangs click, and under her hand she felt his body grow tense. "What is it?" she repeated.

A thrill, a suspicion, shot into her heart as they went on. A fourth time Wapi faced the shore and growled before they reached the ship. Like shadows they went up over the ice bridge. Dolores did not enter the cabin but drew Wapi behind it so they could not be seen. She waited, peering out into the gray gloom. Ten minutes, fifteen, and suddenly she caught her breath and fell down on her knees beside Wapi, putting her arms about his gaunt shoulders. "Be quiet," she whispered. "Be quiet."

Up out of the night came a dark and grotesque shadow. It paused below the bridge, then it came on silently and passed almost without sound toward the captain's quarters. It was Blake. Dolores' heart was choking her. Her arms clutched Wapi, whispering for him to be quiet, to be quiet. Blake disappeared, and she rose to her feet. She had come of fighting stock. Peter was proud of that. "You slim little wonderful little thing!" he had said to her more than once. "You've a heart in that pretty body of yours like the general's!" The general was her father, and a fighter. She thought of Peter's words now, and the fighting blood leaped through her veins. It was for Peter more than herself that she was going to fight now.

She made Wapi understand that he must remain where he was. Then she followed after Blake, followed until her ears were close to the door behind which she could already hear Blake and Rydal talking.

Ten minutes later she returned to Wapi. Under her hood her face was as white as the whitest star in the sky. She stood for many minutes close to the dog, gathering her courage, marshaling her strength, preparing herself to face Peter. He must not suspect until the last moment. She thanked God that Wapi had caught the taint of Blake in the air, and she was conscious of offering a prayer that God might help her and Peter.

(To be concluded)

Helping Out in France

(Continued from page 23)

she said, and laid her hand on his. He wouldn't have been an American if he had been slow to respond to that!

Yes, there's no doubt about it. American men do like French girls. But when you find how glad men back from the Front or from camps in small French villages are to meet a girl from America, it makes you feel that it would be a great mistake for the girls at home to waste time worrying about the charms of their French sisters.

Another picture has what the Art Editor always demands, action. "Solde Actuellement"—Absolute Clearance—the advertisement said. Marga, a half French, half Italian girl whom I met on the boat and who now lives near me, and I were on our way to the department store advertising these bargains. We wanted washcloths. I had lined my trunk with sugar, chocolate, tea, soap, whatnot, and forgotten washcloths. Three francs—more than fifty cents—you pay for washcloths here, and they aren't the kind you want. Being a normal feminine person, I have been to bargain sales before, but I give you my word I have never seen anything like the rocking, pushing cue in which we were caught and carried along the aisles here. By the use of physical force we reached the washcloth counter and, making hurried thrusts with our arms in the direction of the coveted cloths, finally emerged with the requisite number. They were wrapped by the salesgirl, who beckoned us to follow her as best we might to a desk in the middle of the store. A crowd of women surrounded this desk, waiting while a girl opened each package



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