OF TEN, during the autumn and winter when the clouds fly across the sky like great balls of cotton, and cast large mauve shadows that move slowly across valley and ridge, we saddle the horses and call the hounds.

There is Buck, a great scar-faced fellow who stands as high as a calf, in a coat of tawny-yellow. There is Nigger, a big bewhiskered fighter whose father was a stag-hound, and Blue, a lithe greyhound bitch. These three are the mainstays of the pack. The lesser ones are Spot and Tony.

We ride over the high prairie where the expanse of rusty brown grass extends to every horizon. There is nothing but space; windswept and whispering; not a house or field in sight. As we ride along, the pastel brown of the prairie is broken occasionally by a dark line of trees defining one of the tributaries of Sand creek. Often the wind shows the gleaming white bole of a sycamore.

The hounds trot slowly behind the pinto cow pony. Often they stop to sniff at the carcass of a steer. One day they stopped at a carcass, and we held our horses and watched them. The steer had died during the winter snows and his faded hide had sunk between the ribs. There was a great hole in the belly through which the viscera had been torn out and eaten. The hounds sniffed around the carcass with their tails up and their ears erect with interest. Buck lifted his long nose and sniffed the wind, then looked around at the blue bitch who had trotted off to one side to examine something. He trotted up to her side to find that she was examining with interest the post which had been part of the support of a salt-lick. The other hounds left the carcass to come up to the post, and began to examine it, sniffing up and down the stub. We resumed our course, and the blue bitch left the post to follow. The other remained a little longer. We could not know what message they left for the coyotes.

We rode on for some minutes looking closely at the long ridges for any movement which might betray the position of our quarry. Brown, isolated stones sometimes become coyotes at a distance. Suddenly my companion turned to me and said: "See 'old Shep' sittin' on that bench over there to the right?"

"Yes."

"He's harder to see now; he was broad-sidin' when I first saw him."

"Yes."

"Bad runnin' here."

We both looked over the ravine cut valley and the ridges.

We kept on our course across the valley. We wanted the coyote to think that we had not seen him. He was sitting on a terrace in the yellow grass, watching every move that we made.

We took a course that would describe a semi-circle, the center of which would be the quarry, though the point from which we started would be the longest radius, as we intended gradually to draw in closer as we progressed. He would sit thus and watch us as long as we were in sight, and as long as he was convinced that we were not coming toward him. If we were out of sight for a fraction of a minute, he would sneak off; had we moved slowly toward him he would have run, and the distance was too far for the hounds to overtake him even if they could have been made to see him. We watched him closely; we could see his ears twitch. Once he looked back over his shoulder, as though he were nervously considering his chances of retreat. We had climbed to the terrace on which he sat before the hounds sensed that we saw something. They began to look around. Any nervousness of their part would have spoiled the run at this juncture. Albeit they remained at the heels of the pinto. Slowly we climbed and moved closer.

We had almost completed the semi-circle, and were about a hundred and fifty yards from his position, when he was suddenly hidden from us by the escarpment. We spurred our horses toward his position and came to a halt as we reached the spot to look round quickly, knowing that he had his choice of three directions: straight down the hill and across the faults; to the left along the terrace and across our up trail, or to the right along the terrace, and across the table-land behind us. Sometimes these masters of deception seem to melt into the landscape. We had begun to wonder if this was not the case, when we noticed him trotting casually across the tableland behind us, watching us over his shoulder. We turned and rode at full speed toward him, shouting at the hounds. They saw him immediately and the chase was on. We urged the horses to utmost speed, but found ourselves being gradually left behind; however we could see the chase, as the prairie here was flat, with a line of ridges in the distance. The race at first was not a close one; the coyote was running strong a good distance in front of the hounds.

Flying across the prairie we went; over ditches and limestone outcrops of flat disc-like stones which gave out a brittle, dull metallic ring as our horses' feet struck them. We ran straight on with our eyes fixed on the fleeting wolf and the racing hounds. . . . Is that old Buck leading the pack? He seems to be gaining. What hound is that just behind him? What's the blue bitch doing? She was cutting across. She believed that the wolf would turn sharply to the right when he knew that he would be out of sight of the hounds over the low ridge. As the wolf went out of sight of the hounds over the ridge he turned to the right and ran toward a timbered ravine just as the blue bitch thought he would. From our position we could see him turn, but we were afraid that the pack would not know that he had turned and would run straight on. The blue bitch was right in her reasoning but she couldn't hope to make the kill alone. She looked like a dark rabbit at that distance, running up the side of the hill. Then we came to the ridge and lost sight of both hounds and coyote. We urged the panting horses up over the loose stones. How long we were in getting to the top! Once on top the hounds came into view again, and we saw with pleasure that old Buck had not run blindly on but had turned, and he followed by the pack was in full chase. Then we saw the blue bitch, with the advantage she had gained by the cut off, turn the coyote, and saw Buck cut across. They were nearly on him, and we were racing straight away again. There was no chance for the quarry to turn now; he was hard pressed. Suddenly above the noise of the running horses I heard my companion shout: "Buck's got him . . . old Buck caught him." We were highly excited.

We came up to the scene of battle and jumped from our lathered panting horses, to watch the fight. There was no sound except the click of the coyote's teeth as he snapped at the slender legs of the hounds; he did not fight frantically or was he frightened; he fought with cool purpose.

Finally the yellow form lay still, except for spasmodic quivering. The hounds tore at the mass of flesh and hide savagely; they lifted it from the ground and tore at it as though it was an old coat. Nigger kept his throat hold, and Buck tore at the flank. The others struggled with it viciously. They were loath to leave their victim and we had to struggle with them for some time to get them away.

The coyote's mouth was open with blood dripping from it. His white fangs

(Continued on page 264)
of Greece and Egypt, to determine just what manner of people it was which erected such towering buildings, used turnstiles and adding machines, wrapped and preserved its dead in linen, dressed in flowing robes and traveled in two wheeled chariots!

ADIMRABLE OUTLAW
(Continued from page 241)

gleamed, and the death glaze over his eyes did not extinguish the burning defiance there. Even in death he seemed defiant and unbeaten. He had fought and died silently, though mangled by the pack. He lay there on the prairie with his long yellow-grey hair matted with blood and saliva, and his lips still drawn back from his fangs.

EACH time one looks upon such a scene, he feels admiration for the little wolf that fights against such odds so grimly and silently. As he is the embodiment of cunning, fleetness and courage, one feels that such a death is a disgrace, and unfair to such high courage. One attempts to forget, as he stands there, that this little wolf's long quavering howl is the very voice of the night prairie, and tries to remember only that his victim is a chicken thief and a bandit.

MIT BUSINESS UND MITOUT
(Continued from page 240)

records posterity will never know whether Arab, Inc., was a good buy or not. Perhaps posterity may never even care. Anyway the Arabs went back into the desert, commonly known as nomads' land.

FOLLOWING the Arabs (and if you haven't read the "Sheik" by this time, you wouldn't follow them anyway) came the guilds. The guilds must not be confused with the "golden age" mentioned before.

The guilds operated their business on a direct-from-manufacturer-to-consumer-basis-cutting-out-the-middleman. Their homes, apartments or shops were their factories, sales rooms and delivery departments. In these days, the speak-easies have taken up the same idea and are making a splendid profit, we understand.

The guilds did well enough in a small way and branched out into many lines. You probably have heard of the theater guild.

After the guilds came the Industrial Revolution. And how they came after the guilds. The cotton gin was invented, the steamboats roved the rivers, streams and oceans, the loom was a reality, steam engines puffed on ribbons of steel, sewing machines hummed. CAME DAWN.

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