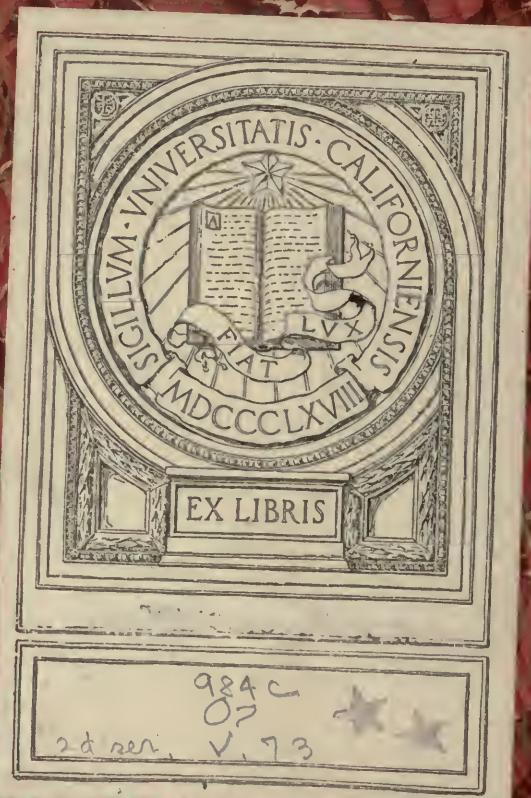
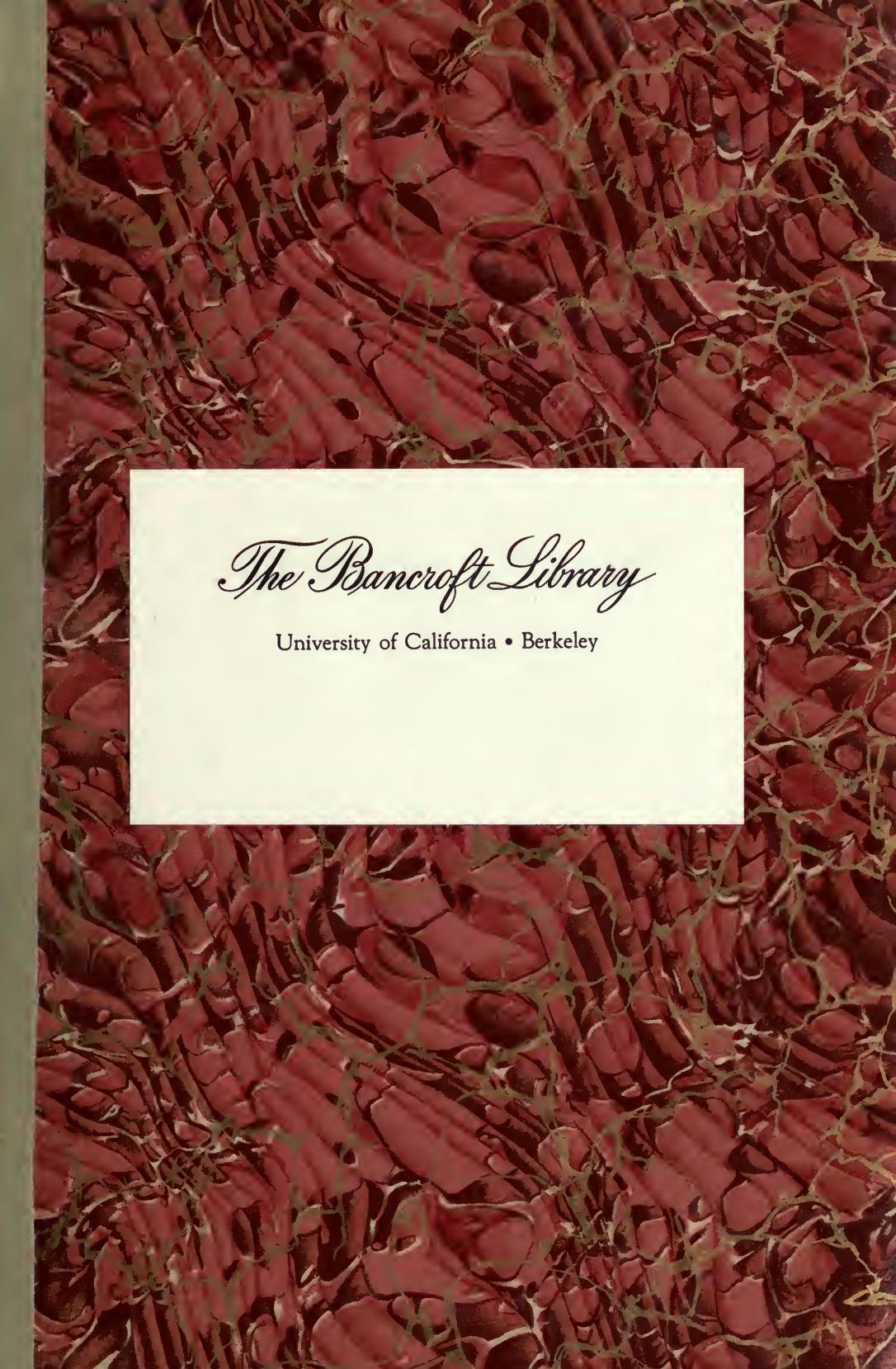


[Lillian Scott Troy. (Jan. 01, 1919). THROUGH THE DEATH TRAP, short story, Vol. LXXII, No. 1, pp. 13-23. Native Sons of the Golden West monthly periodical, Overland Monthly. Source: <https://archive.org/details/overlandmonthly273sanfrich/page/12/mode/2up?q=%22lillian+scott+troy%22>]

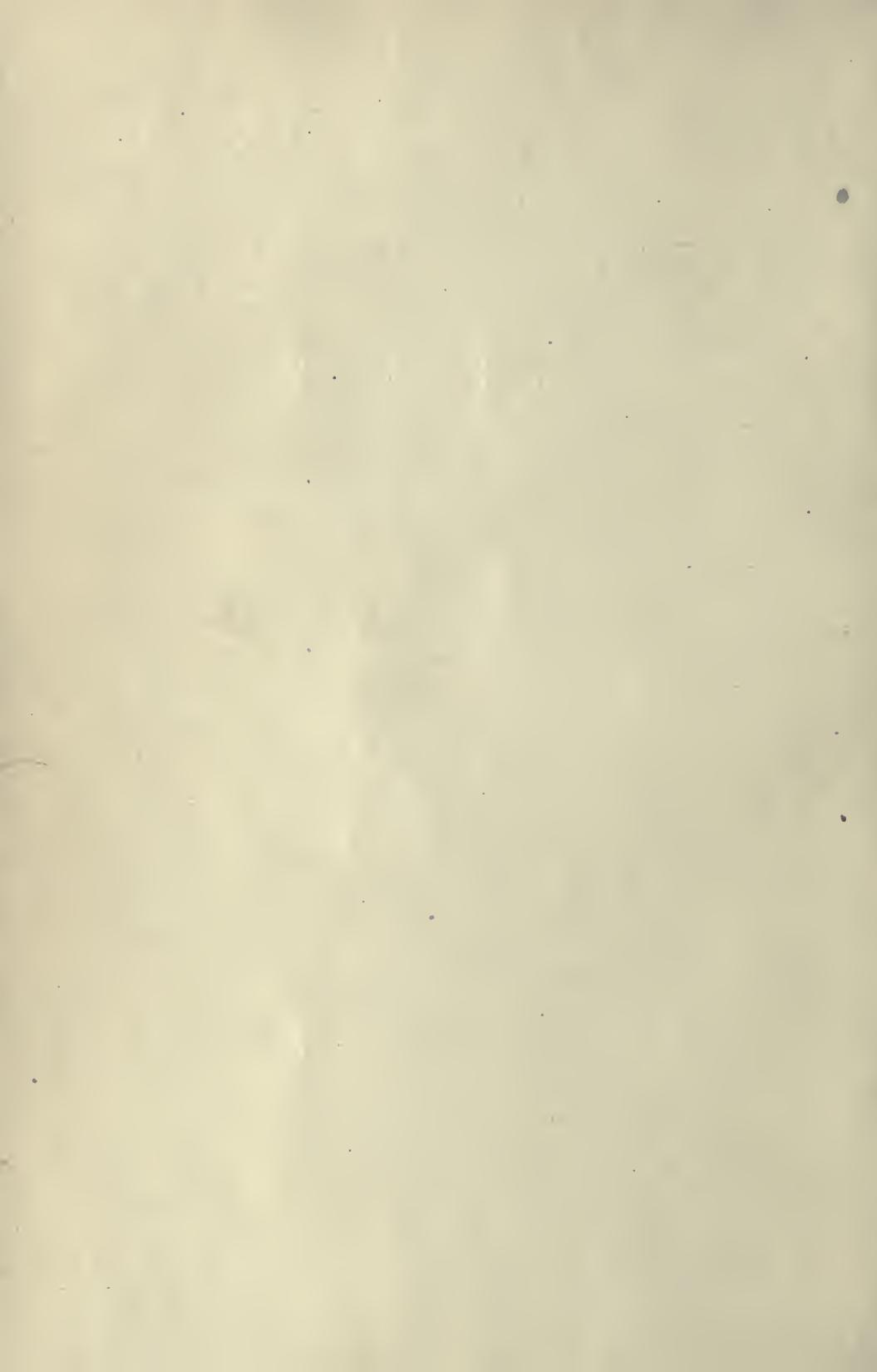
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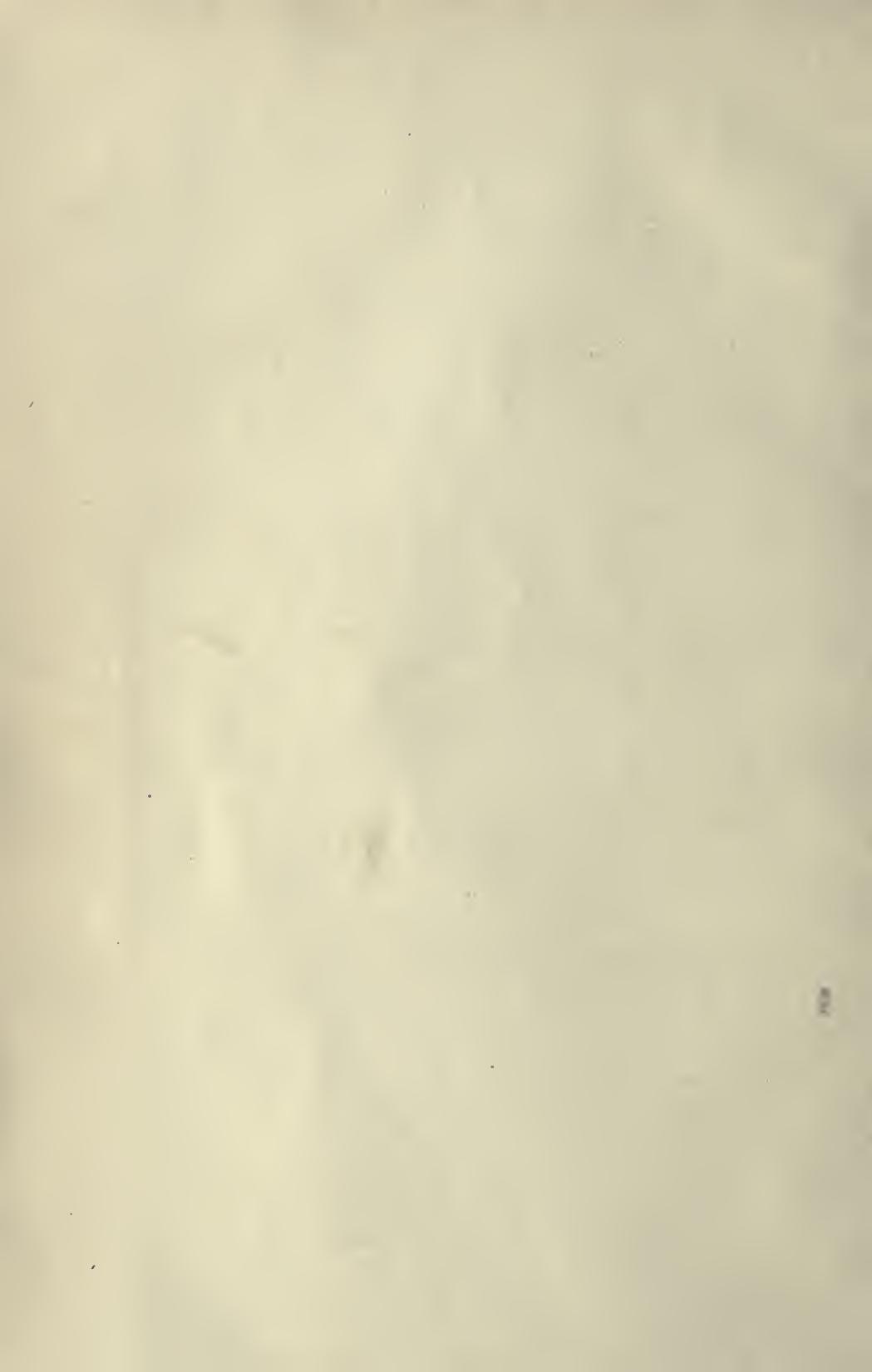




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Issued Monthly. \$1.20 per year in advance. Ten cents per copy. Back numbers not over three months old, 25 cents per copy. Over three months old, 50 cts. each. Postage: To Canada, 3 cts.; Foreign, 5 cts.

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BRET HARTE

VOL. LXXIII

San Francisco, January 1919

No. 1



Blackfeet Indians, Glacier Park

Glacier National Park

By Everett Edgar King

OUT in the mountains of the charming West are a number of America's choicest playgrounds.

Each one of these is widely known for some characteristic points of interest. Mt. Rainier has its snow-capped mountain, Yosemite has its wa-

terfalls, Yellowstone has its geysers, and Glacier has its lakes.

Fifteen thousand tourists were in Glacier Park last summer, a substantial increase over the record in any previous year. This wonderful playground, one of the newest, is being

visited in greater numbers as its beauties become known to those who travel.

The park lies in the northwestern corner of the State of Montana. On the north lie the mountains of the Dominion of Canada, on the east spread the plains of the Blackfeet Indians, on the south runs the line of the Great Northern Railway, and on the west flows a branch of the Flathead river. As its borders enclose an area of about 1400 square miles, it is just a little larger than the State of Rhode Island. The park was properly named, for clinging to its peaks are eighty glaciers, the largest of which is the Blackfeet, with its five square miles of frozen snow. For a distance of forty miles within its borders runs the crest of the American Rockies. Nestling midst its rugged peaks are three hundred beautiful mountain lakes. These lie in basins moulded by the grinding of the early glaciers, so many of which remain there today.

There are two entrances to the park, one on the southeast, at Glacier Park Station, and the other on the southwest, at Belton Station, both of which points are on the Great Northern Railway. The most popular entrance seems to be at the Glacier Park Station. Upon arriving there the tourist immediately goes to the Glacier Park Hotel, a large rustic structure a few rods away, the "Great Log Lodge" as the Blackfeet call it. As he goes he takes his place in a long procession led by Chief Three Bears of the Indian tribe. Here he arranges the details of his trip through the park.

There are three ways of travelling the park—over the trails afoot or on horseback, or over the roads in automobiles. Each way some of the tourists take their camps with them, stopping wherever they may see fit to do so. They follow the roads or trails by day and "pitch their tents under the stars at night." They do not carry a heavy stock of provisions, for they know the streams abound with trout. But most of the tourists stop at the permanent camps. Located at the most important places of interest are

ten of these camps, built for the accommodation of the tourists. Seven are on the eastern side of the divide and three are on the western. Some of these are hotels and some are chalets, to which in a few cases have been added the tepees.

While the automobile way may be the easiest, it has its limitations, for the roads barely enter the mountains. They skirt the foothills on the east and on the west, but do not cross the Great Divide. These roads, however, do touch two of the largest lakes across which boat companies operate motor boats, which afford an easy way of travel. To see the real points of interest one must go by trail, either afoot or on horseback. Horses can be hired at any camp and with them the services of a licensed guide. These guides are required for all horseback tours. The hiker, however, can go alone. He can go where he chooses and stop where he chooses. The camps are all located within easy walking distance of each other, and the trails for the most part are very good. These trails are so well defined that there is no danger of getting lost. They wind among the trees in the valleys, zigzag back and forth up the sides of the mountain, pass the timber line, and finally scale the summits.

Whichever way of travelling the park one takes, the first stop on the trip is at Two Medicine Lake. The tourist will notice as he goes that many of the glaciers, mountains and lakes bear names that were given by the Blackfeet Indians. Around these salient features are woven some of the finest legends of this primitive race. Many more of them bore names of the Indians, but they have been changed, changed in many cases to honor white men. A few of them deserve it, many of them do not. With these changes has perished just that much of the history of the Blackfeet tribe, and with them has come just that much loss to Glacier National Park.

Two Medicine Valley furnishes the setting for one of the most interesting legends of the Blackfeet Indians. Two



A Mountain Reflected in McDermott Lake, Glacier Park

Medicine Lake lies in Two Medicine Valley, which, according to their story, originated in this wise: "Many years ago there was a famine in the land of the Blackfeet Indians. So intense was this famine that there was no green spot in all that region except in this, which was afterwards called the Two Medicine Valley. The old men of the tribe withdrew up the valley and built two medicine lodges, and prayed to the Great Spirit to save their lives. The Great Spirit finally heard their prayer and saved their lives, and ever afterwards in memory of the two medicine lodges that were erected to the Great Spirit in time of famine, this valley has been called the Valley of the Two Medicine." Guarding the water of the beautiful lake stands Mt. Rockwell on the west, Rising Wolf on the north, and Appistoki on the south.

The most interesting route to Cut Bank Camp, the next on the tour, is by trail. The traveller takes his lunch, for it is an all-day trip, eighteen miles by actual count. The trail lies for the

most of the way on the floors of the wooded valleys. It weaves back and forth among the slender trunks of the pine, the fir, and the balsam. At the halfway point, however, it rises by switch-back above the timberline when it crosses the summit of Cut Bank Pass. Glacier Pass is no exception to the rule that there is no excellence without labor, for the most beautiful views are from the highest points. They usually call for some strenuous effort, but they are all worth the while. Standing on the summit of Cut Bank Pass, one gets a splendid view of peaks and glaciers, of streams and lakes, of cataracts and waterfalls.

Cut Bank Camp stands on Cut Bank river, so named by the Blackfeet Indians because out in the reservation it has cut very deeply into a white clay-bank. As the streams in the park are formed by melting ice and snow, their waters are all very cold. This makes a splendid home for the mountain trout and furnishes a paradise for the angler. Practically all of the streams

are stocked with trout, but the eager nimrod is allowed to catch them only with a hook and line.

An interesting one-day trip from Cut Bank Camp is to the summit of Triple Divide Mountain, nine miles away. The name, Triple Divide, was appropriately given because the waters from one side flow to the Hudson Bay, from another side to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the third side to the Pacific Ocean.

The next point of interest is St. Mary's Camp, on the lower end of Upper St. Mary's Lake. Here the tourist takes the launch for Going-to-the-Sun Camp. Outside of the trails this is one of the most interesting trips in the park. The waters lie low at the base of the highest peaks, whose shadows fall in beautiful lines and whose reflections sink deep in the peaceful lake. On the shore stands Red Eagle Mountain, named for Chief Red Eagle of the Blackfeet tribe.

At the foot of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain is the camp which bears its name. As the peak rises 10,000 feet above the sea, it is one of the famous landmarks of the park. It is an Indian name, which according to their legends was given to honor a benevolent messenger, Sour Spirit, who dwelt in the Lodge of the Sun. Early in their history he came down from the Lodge to show them how to build tepees, how to trap and to shoot, and how to do other things necessary for their primitive life. When his teaching was done he went back to the Lodge of the Sun. To prove their story the Indians point out on the side of the mountain the dim outline of a great stone face. This, they say, is the face of Sour Spirit, left there by him that any who might question the truth of the legend could easily be convinced. The scenes at Going-to-the-Sun Camp are thought by many to be the most interesting in the park.

The next camp is Many Glacier, on Lake McDermott, which lies deep in the mountains and forests fifty miles away from the railroad. Standing on the banks of the beautiful lake and in

the shadows of the lofty peaks are the hotel, chalets and tepee camps. Rustically built as they are, they lend their charm to the picturesque setting. These chalets, like all in the park, are patterned after those of the Alps. The roofs are wide and overhang. Poles and stones are placed on top to keep the shingles from being blown away during the severe storms in the winter. On many a day in the morning hours the lake is as smooth as a sea of glass and reflects almost perfectly the mountains that rise high above it.

As Many Glacier Camp is at the end of the automobile highway, those who want to go farther must go by trail, either afoot or on horse-back. There are more interesting trips to be taken from Many Glacier than from any other camp in the park. An easy one day's trip is to Iceberg Lake, seven miles away. The trail built by engineers or by rangers, as all trails are built, winds its way through the timber and rises high on the mountain side. It is good and wide and the grade is easy, and at the end of it lies the glacial lake. Lying at an elevation of 6000 feet above the sea, this emerald gem nestles at the foot of a rugged wall which rises 3000 feet above it. The lake is appropriately named, for icebergs float in it all through the summer. Above one side of it is a small glacier, which, while its ice is melting, gradually slides down to the water. From it great chunks break off and drift away. When the wind sweeps across the surface of the lake it often drives them into each other, producing strange sounds that reverberate down the valley. When the Indians hear these sounds they believe them to be the wails of lost souls and troubled spirits.

Glacier Park, like all the parks, is a game preserve for wild animals. Hunters are not allowed in the park. Its lines are not marked by fences, yet they form the bounds of a natural zoo. Within its borders come and go at will the mountain sheep and the mountain goat, the deer, the elk, the black bear and the grizzly. The wild regions

around Iceberg Lake are a favorite grazing ground for the mountain sheep and the mountain goat. These animals are more often seen than any others in the park. The bears keep out of sight during the tourist season and are as difficult to find as the elk. Perhaps the most common kind is the silver tip grizzly, which visits the park in the fall when the huckleberries are ripe.

Other interesting trips from Many Glacier are to Cracker Lake, to Ptarmagan Lake, and over Swift Current Pass to Granite Park Chalets on the western slope of the Great Divide. The trail leading southward from Many Glacier to Going-to-the-Sun Camp is full of interest every inch of the way. First there is Josephine Lake, then Grinnell Glacier between the peaks of Gould and Grinnell Mountains. From Grinnell's ice-field falls the cataracts that fill the banks of Grinnell Lake. While these glaciers are small when compared to those on Mt. Rainier or in the Canadian Rockies, their settings are so beautiful that one is often inspired to strenuous climbing in order to see them closely. As one reaches the highest points and observes the rugged country, one realizes that these ice-fields are the remnants of mighty agents that in the dim vistas of the past fashioned the hills and valleys and formed the beds of the beautiful lakes.

This trail follows along the floor of the valley to the west of which stands the Garden Wall. The ground is literally hidden with wild flowers of the most exquisite color and assortment. It is not necessary that one be trained in the science of botany in order to appreciate the flora of this wonderful place. It is enough that one should be trained to observe the things that fall beneath one's gaze.

The journey continues past Morning Eagle Falls and over the summit at Piegan Pass. Piegan is the old name for one of the Indian tribes, all of which are now called Blackfeet. Altogether there are between five and six thousand of these Indians, many of

whom have their summer homes in Glacier Park and most of whom have their permanent homes on the Reservation on the east. They were among the last tribes to come in contact with the white men, and they still observe many of their old-fashioned customs and methods of living. One story is told that when these Indians were first seen by the white men they were wearing leggings which had been blackened by the ashes on the burnt prairies. For this reason they were called the Blackfeet.

The trail leads on to Gun Sight Lake, which lies at the base of Jackson Mountains. Gun Sight Camp, the stopping place, stands on the rim of the beautiful lake from which it gets its name. If the traveller looking from this camp, has not already lost his sense of importance, he will do so now. At his feet spread the waters of the emerald lake; towering above him stands the noble Jackson on the south and Gunsight on the north; around the valley to the east is arrayed a host of mighty peaks, among which are Citadel, Fusillade and Going-to-the-Sun. But there is more to see. He continues his journey up the side of Mt. Jackson and finally crosses Gun Sight Pass, another notch in the Great Divide. He barely reaches the summit when there spreads before him another jewel, Lake Ellen Wilson, formerly known as Lake Louise. Lying high among the stately mountains, this little gem of the American Rockies bids the tourist climb to dizzy heights in order to witness its exquisite setting. The waters from Gun Sight flow to the Hudson Bay; those from Lake Ellen Wilson, scarcely a quarter of a mile away, to the Pacific Ocean.

A little farther on is Sperry Camp, a granite chalet high on the western slope of the Great Divide. Just above it is Sperry Glacier, a three-hour climb, the last stretch of which is up an iron ladder anchored to the face of the mountain wall.

The trail ends at Lewis' Hotel on the upper side of Lake McDonald, the largest in the park. As the tourist

boards the launch for the last lap of the journey, he looks around for just one more picture that he may cherish in his memory of Glacier Park. No more fitting scene could be staged for him than he finds on the shores of Lake McDonald. His boat glides serenely along; not a breath of air is stirring. It is crisp and bracing. The tips of the snow-capped peaks glow in the light of the setting sun. The mountains cast their shadows across the face of the placid lake. Their images are mirrored perfectly in the depths of the emerald gem. There is not a sound; silence is golden. He is bound by the spell of the beautiful

setting. He would linger here. Reluctantly he turns his face towards the outside world. He takes the three-mile auto ride to Belton, where he boards the train for his home. But he is changed. The memories of the interests in Glacier Park have cast their shadows across the face of his life. Their lessons have sunk deep in his heart. He cannot forget them. He bows to the Blackfeet Indians for having chosen such a land as their summer home. He is thankful that he has had the privilege of visiting them. A new day dawns. He sees new beauties in the flowers and trees and in all that reflects the Infinite.

CIRCE MUSES

Ulysses seeks his native hearth again—
Penelope has faithful been and true;
So he will call her tender names and fold
Her to his breast as he was wont to do

In years agone (for Ithaca and home
Were ever his far dilatory goal).
... There bees will hum; soft breezes drowse at noon;
Contentment close the portals of his soul.

But when the velvet mantle of the Night,
Star-hung and jeweled, veils the azure skies,
Ah, then—in dreams—immortal lips he'll press,
And revel in the light of Circe's eyes!

JO. HARTMAN.





A Family Group of Monos

Indians In the Forest

By Charles Howard Shinn

THREE has always been a not-unnatural prejudice in our California mountains against the people of mixed Indian and Caucasian blood. An old pioneer was fond of saying: "They have all the vices and none of the virtues of both sides." But there is quite another aspect to all this, and it would be worse

than stupid to ignore the courage, good sense and ability shown by many men and women of mixed heritage. They have been climbing a hard old trail, but have staid with it, and are becoming, through toil, sacrifice and education, the natural interpreters of Indians to whites and of whites to Indians. Such people as Dr. Charles A. East-



Mono Women on the Way to Pick Elderberries

man (Ohiyesa) who married Elaine Goodale; Arthus C. Parker (Ga-wa-so-wa-neh), the President of the Society of American Indians; Mrs. Angel De-Cora Dietz, who teaches Indian Art at Carlisle, and Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, a famous social worker among the Indians, are but a few among a rising host of thoughtful leaders.

In nearly all of the California forests, men and women of mixed blood have been a very great help in bringing about clearer understandings between Indians and whites. Up in the Sierra, the late Mrs. Frank Hallock, whose mother was an Indian woman and whose father was an English pioneer named Ross, and who in her time was one of the most influential persons among the Indians of several counties, realized the importance of the Forest work from the very first. So did a youth, the late Taylor Teaford, who grew up in the forest, became an influential citizen, married a white wife, and was killed not long ago by an accident under especially sad circumstances.

In some cases, as was natural, youths of mixed blood desired to enter the Government service; a few did so after passing the required examinations, and made good. Their knowledge of the mountains was admirable, and so was their obedience to orders. The time will come when more of them will have technical educations as woodsmen.

But after all it is the full-blooded Indians and their picturesque customs which form one of the most interesting features of any of the National Forests. Since the Monos of the Sierra are the best known to the writer of this article, it is that tribe's mode of life that we will more fully describe.

Only a few of the Mono Indians plant orchards or gardens even on the best soil they can find. And such improvements they have were generally begun by the white men—settlers of thirty years ago or more—who cleared a little space, built cabins of logs or rough boards, planted small orchards, invested a lot of work and some money, only to find in the end that the

land was too poor or too far from market or that the growing children must be nearer a school. Then the white settlers moved out, and the Indians moved in from some wickiup in the rocks. There are places now occupied by Indians where three white families one after another failed to make a living.

As in all primitive life, the first great fact which impresses itself upon the observer is that the women are the "steady workers" and the sustainers of the social order. These busy, cheerful home-makers are to be seen at almost all times of the year taking care of the children, gathering acorns, roots and berries in their season, collecting grasses, roots and pliant-stemmed plants for the basket making, or going here and there to wash clothes for the white women. They go with the men clear down to the vineyards of the San Joaquin Valley and gather grapes every autumn. They often camp with other women and children in all sorts of places where fish and other food supplies may be had. Sometimes they go—with or without their men—clear across the Sierras and make exchanges with the Indians of Inyo—acorns for pinon nuts, in the main. The essential goodness and the all-important usefulness of these mothers is something that grows on one's thoughts, year after year. No one who really knows their lives can fail to respect them thoroughly. They climb steep mountain trails to old deserted saw-mill sites, now overgrown with elderberry bushes carrying by straps across their foreheads the great conical burden baskets in which to take home the berries which they dry for winter use. In all their labors one finds them modest, self-respecting, cheerful and blest—especially the older ones—with an abundant humor of the dry, simple mountain kind.

Often when an Indian woman comes to wash she brings the baby, and sometimes several small children. If they like you, and especially if you are liberal with apples, photographs can be secured of the younger generation



"One-Eye" of the Sierras

—occasionally of the elder ones, though as one old woman said: "Mebbe so you tek pitsher; mebbe so he me die pretty soon."

"No, Hotone," the would-be photographer replied, "pictures won't hurt you—they don't hurt white folks. One man did take your picture once, and you're not dead."

"Mebbe so—dat bad, all same. I no see dat man w'en he take dat pitsher—no can he'p dat." Then she brought out the idea that if her enemy had her picture she might die in consequence, and would most probably be witch-handled. But there is not merely a chance for witchcraft about it, as they think; the thing goes much deeper. A picture is supposed to carry with it wherever it goes more or less of the personality, the very life-force of the individual. As we know, this dread is a superstition as old as art itself. It was all right for the cave-man to draw mammoths, but the first one that drew one of his tribe-fellows had a fight on his hands.

The life of the really old Indian woman who can no longer work seems exceedingly hard from our standpoint,

but more respect than we realize is shown to the old for their wisdom, and often they have truly gained for themselves a sweet, noble and ripened philosophy, which wears wonderfully well. This you cannot doubt as you look into their strong, humorous faces and note their content and their interest in life.

Old Hotone, who brought up her deserted daughter's half-breed children, came at last to wear a look as of one who had won through into a larger place and had no doubt of the eternal verities. Old Julie Billardeau, whose "man" a French prospector, died years ago, leaving her a cabin on the side of Goat Mountain, went around visiting friends all over Sierra Forest, and she seemed to possess the entire region as much as the wild creatures of the forest possess it. Once when rain fell in sheets Julie came to a ranger's cabin and calmly stated with courteous dignity, "I stay here tonight." The ranger's wife got her some supper, and a bed was fixed for her, while her cañuse was put into the barn. The next morning she untied a knot in her bandanna and offered some silver. This refused, "because we are neighbors, Julie," she responded, "Dat's so!" and went off without another word.

But the next summer that ranger found his Indian friend was on hand at every fire within reach, fighting like a major, and waving her lean brown arm to every Forest man. "We made her sit right down with us and have dinner. She was a dandy fire-fighter" was the way he told it afterwards.

The most ancient Indian woman on the Sierra Forest preferred to live in her own little hut. She was said to be more than a hundred years old and was greatly respected by the rest, who saw that she did not lack for anything. She had a striking dignity of

expression as she sat gazing into her fire—recalling events of the past, no doubt, for her mind was perfectly clear, and she "knew the talk of the dead peoples."

The best and most hopeful things about these poor, ignorant, hard-working Indians, men no less than women, are that they keep their word, pay their bills (as all the local merchants will tell you), and are invariably polite. If one asks an Indian to come and see him about a piece of work on a certain date, the Indian may avoid a direct promise in the most amusing manner, but if he says "All right," he will surely be on hand.

One of our Indian friends once told a ranger, "Not good lie; not good cheat; not good get mad." Then he reflected awhile, and added, "Not good get drunk." Suddenly he rounded upon the Ranger in a flash, "What for white man do all dem tings?"

"Some bad Indian; some bad white man," he was answered. "No good be lazy,—that's another one, Roan."

"Lazy not much matter," he responded. "Plenty time; lots go round see things."

Then it occurred to this ranger that old Roan knew the topography of about eighteen hundred square miles of mountains much better than he did, although he had been riding over it most of the time for ten years; it looked as if something might be said for the Indian point of view.

As the years pass, more and more Indians are being used in the mountain forests as trail workers, road builders, fire fighters, etc. They cut down the beetle-infested pines, they chop firewood for the rangers, and their wood-craft is utilized in all sorts of ways. The forest suits them amazingly, and they fit into the forest-work.



Through the Death Trap

By Lillian Scott Troy

SHOW him in," the Chief of Police said to the clerk, who handed him a card bearing the inscription, "James Bell Graham, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law."

A middle-sized man, well set-up, stepped briskly into the room, greeting the Chief with a breezy laugh and warm handclasp.

"Well, Burke, old man, suppose you think I have nerve coming in here at midnight and keeping you from your beauty sleep?"

"Don't mention it," answered the Chief, indicating a chair near his desk with a wave of his hand. "What can I do for you?"

Graham drew his chair close to the Chief's and leaned forward, his steely gray eyes fixed on the other's face, as he said sharply, slightly protruding his chin, "I want to know the particulars about that murder mystery, the Pete Nelson case."

"Pshaw!" the Chief of Police answered in surprise, "there's no mystery about that case. The girl murdered Nelson as sure as you're alive."

"I'm not betting, thanks," Graham answered coolly, "but I would like to hear upon what evidence you base your positiveness, if you don't object."

"What interests you in this case?" Burke asked slyly.

"I'm going to defend the girl, and I want to know what I'm up against."

"The deuce you are!" the Chief exclaimed, punctuating his remark with a shrill whistle.

"Exactly," the attorney replied pleasantly.

The Chief eyed his companion a moment in silence.

"See here, Graham, we've got the goods on this girl, nothing can save

her from the gallows, and why the greatest criminal lawyer in the State wants to butt into a sure-thing loser like this, I'm blessed if I know."

"Don't waste your time speculating. Just let me have a squint at your evidence," Graham answered.

"What? Show our hand to the defense?" The Chief laughed sarcastically. "You can't be accused of lacking nerve, anyway, Graham."

"Now see here, Chief," the younger man said persuasively, "if you have such a dead sure case against the girl, nothing can upset it. On the other hand, if there are any doubts, you are just as much interested in being sure you are prosecuting the wrong person as I am in proving her innocent. Is it not so?"

"Of course, of course," the Chief conceded with a confident smile. "It's not customary for this department to advertise evidence, but as this is a plain clear case of wilful murder, motive and all complete, I can't see any particular reason for secrecy, so I'll tell you what we have. But," he said curiously, as if on second thought, "when did she retain you? We've kept everybody away from her since the arrest last night?"

"She hasn't retained me," the lawyer answered indifferently.

"Who has, then?"

"Nobody."

The Chief's brows contracted over his deep set eyes as he surveyed Graham sharply.

"You needn't look at me as though I had lost my senses," Graham laughed, tipping his chair back carelessly. "Truth of the matter is, I've been reading the papers, and they have one and all got this girl tried and

convicted already, and wholly upon circumstantial evidence. I've known the press and the police department to make mistakes before," he said significantly, as the Chief colored slightly, "and I'm willing to confess to a curiosity so overpowering that it has led me to come here at this unearthly hour, to see if you have any card up your sleeve of more convincing nature than the jumble of circumstantial rot that was published in all the papers this evening."

"Nonsense!" the Chief said, toying with a paper-cutter nervously. "I'll admit you put it all over us in the Drake case and a few others; in fact, that's how you made your reputation both as a criminal lawyer and an amateur detective. But if you want sincere and good advice, don't risk taking a case like this. Besides, the girl refuses to have an attorney. She's got a little sense, anyway; she knows her goose is too darn well cooked to have any dreams of its laying more golden eggs."

"Don't trouble yourself about her not having a defense. Now, please tell me the case as you know it," Graham said tersely.

"Certainly," Burke replied, obligingly, handing Graham a cigar.

When the two weeds were glowing brightly, the Chief leaned back in his chair and began.

"Last night at about nine o'clock, two pistol shots were heard in Pete Nelson's offices in the Bliss Building. The janitor was on that floor at the time, and with two assistants rushed to Nelson's office. The door was unlocked. They found Nelson sitting in his chair facing the door, dying, or dead from two pistol shots through the back of his head. Just behind his chair, with the smoking revolver in her hand, stood this girl, Marion Lee. So much for the actual murder. Now for the motive. On Nelson's desk the coroner's deputy found a note. It read, "Will be at your office at 8:45 this evening, but wish you to understand that I have listened to your last evading excuse." It was signed with the

girl's name, and she admits that she sent it to Nelson by a messenger early in the afternoon. Did you mark that "last evading excuse?" A partly finished letter was found on Nelson's desk, which read, "Dear friend, What am I going to do about that Marion Lee affair? The girl is raising the deuce with me, and I am afraid——" You see by this that Lee plainly feared the girl for some reason. The theory is, he may have had some sort of an affair with her, and when she read of his engagement in the newspapers to Miss Margaret Wells, she may have become crazy with jealousy, and decided to kill Nelson. Among other developments which make it positive that Nelson had been her lover, were a number of canceled checks made out to Marion Lee, which were found in Nelson's safe. These checks covered a period of a little over a year. The first checks he gave her were for large amounts, such as four and five hundred dollars, but the latter ones dwindled perceptibly during the past six months. Last month she had one check for ten dollars. In her room there was not a vestige of a letter, showing plainly that she had destroyed every scrap of paper that could be used against her."

"What does the girl say?" Graham questioned.

"Not a darn word," the Chief answered.

Graham pulled leisurely at his cigar, the foot hanging over the side of his chair swinging carelessly.

"Go on," he said indifferently, as the Chief paused.

"Go on!" Burke exclaimed. "Isn't that enough for you?"

"It may be for the police department," the attorney answered, stretching his arms languidly above his head, as he rose from his chair.

"See here," the Chief expostulated, plainly nettled by the Attorney's indifferent attitude, "a blind man could see that it's a clear case of wilful, pre-meditated murder."

"Maybe, to the police department," Graham smiled, adding, as he slipped

into his ulster, "I'll see the girl in the morning."

II.

As Graham stepped into the narrow dark cell, he looked about alertly, expecting to find a hysterical woman with dishevelled hair moaning on the little prison cot. When his sight penetrated the semi-darkness, he involuntarily started. Standing before him, calmly combing the long strands of her red hair, was a tall, slender girl, scarcely more than a school-girl she appeared, with the long strands falling on either side of an extremely pale face. Her small mouth was tightly closed, and two violet eyes, almost too large for the small face, regarded Graham with anything but favor. He wondered if her nose was tilted for his especial benefit, or if it was only a perfect retrousse of which one reads so often but seldom sees. A dignified disdain emanated from her whole attitude, and the young lawyer, so accustomed to grill a witness on the stand and to indifferently take his medicine from opposing counsel, was for a moment somewhat embarrassed.

"Miss Lee," he began politely.

She regarded him witheringly, still continuing to comb her tresses.

"Yes, Miss Lee," she snapped, "and just let me inform you, Mr. Third Degree Detective, that Miss Lee has no more to say this morning than she had yesterday, which is nothing."

"But Miss Lee, you don't understand," Graham hastened to explain. "Here is my card. I am an attorney, and want to defend you against this charge."

The sweetness and gentleness of her apology completely won the Attorney, and he felt, as he sat on the cot beside her and listened to her tale, that she was a charming and lovely victim of circumstances, and while he realized the blackness of the case against her, he felt confidence in his power to free her.

"Why did you not tell all this to the Chief of Police?" he asked, marvelling at the repression of the girl.

"I wouldn't explain one thing to them," she answered trembling with indignation, "because when they arrested me, the police accused me of murder before they even asked one question."

Graham understood the wounded pride which caused the silence of the girl, but he wished she had spoken at the time of her arrest. He quickly realized that plausible explanation following the visit of her attorney, would be regarded suspiciously both by the police and the press. Graham, who was a clever and astute student of human nature, analyzed the character of the girl to be exceedingly proud and sensitive, but kind and tender to a fault. He concluded that while having many gentle and noble traits of character, she was greatly handicapped by an overwhelming pride, and not utterly devoid of a trace of temper.

When he left the cell, Graham walked down the long corridors so wrapped in his own thoughts about the case of Marion Lee that he failed to see or respond to the greeting of the Chief of Police.

III.

Despite the heroic efforts of Graham, the coroner's jury brought in the verdict that Peter Nelson died of gunshot wounds inflicted by Marion Lee. The clever insinuation on the part of the Deputy District Attorney that the plausible story told by Miss Lee under the careful questioning of her Attorney, might easily have originated in a brain other than her own, impressed the twelve jurors forcibly; also the girl's statement that she had not told this story at the time of her arrest, for the reason that both the Chief of Police and his detective had brutally accused her of the murder without any preliminary questioning, and thereby arousing her indignation to such an exaggerated degree that she refused to answer any questions put to her, had but little effect upon the jurors, who were for the most part men who never diverged from the beaten line of

thought and knew not of such a thing as psychological modification. Tommy Jones stole a pig ten years ago, thus all pigs stolen since were stolen by Tommy Jones. The Deputy District Attorney commenced his short address by paying broad compliments to the "learned and logical jury here present," and wound up by defying any there present to insinuate that the twelve gentlemen would let any consideration sway them from their duty to bring in a verdict of guilty.

Graham was disappointed at the verdict, and was keenly alive to the damage done to the girl's case by her silence at the time of her arrest; nevertheless, he felt confident of her acquittal before a fair and impartial jury when the trial came up in the Superior Court. He resolved in his examination of the venire men to avoid gullible narrow jurors quite as religiously as the professional ones, who were kept continually employed by their ability to propitiate the police and the District Attorney's office by displaying a willingness to bring in verdicts for conviction.

Miss Lee's story told in her own defense at the trial did not differ from the one told at the inquest. The court room was crowded with the morbidly curious, as well as many lawyers who were eager to see how Graham would handle a case which they considered already lost. Marion Lee seemed to take little interest in the proceedings until she was called upon to take the stand in her own defense. Many of the attorneys among the spectators argued that it was a bad move to put the defendant on the stand, all seeming to agree that the jury might be inclined to acquit her if her Attorney cleverly presented to them that she had been the victim of Pete Nelson, instead of trying to uphold her virtue and letting her tell a tale which would militate against her, inasmuch as the jury would flatly consider that she was not speaking the truth.

In answering the questions of the prosecuting attorney and those of Graham, the girl kept her eyes steadily

fixed upon her own attorney. The soft mass of red hair was brushed back from her white forehead, but a few rebellious curls nestled against her neck and cheeks. She was gowned simply, but neatly, and the large ribbon bow on her sailor hat added a touch of child-like simplicity to her whole appearance. The curves of her mouth were softly sympathetic, but the eyes which were cold and steady and flashed scornfully when answering the questions of the opposing counsel, detracted much from the youthfulness of her expression. Even her attorney realized that the impression created by her overwhelming *hauteur* was prejudicing the minds of the court and jury against her.

In substance her story was as follows:

She was an American artist twenty-two years of age and an orphan, and without any living relatives so far as she knew. She had been in Florence, Italy, for three years, studying art, and only returned to America a year previous in order to make an attempt to save her fortune of twenty thousand dollars, which she had placed in the hands of Peter Nelson for investment, upon the death of her father two years prior. Nelson had at first lived up to his promises of lucrative dividends on her investment in some company of which she did not then know the name; but, as these dividends dwindled at a surprising rate, she became suspicious, and resolved to return to America and endeavor to investigate for herself. When she demanded to know the name and place of business of the company in which her money was invested, Nelson claimed that her money had been put into a Western gold mine called the "Shooting Star," and, for reasons of labor troubles the mine had been shut down some months, but would soon be in operation again, when she would receive large dividends. The girl stated that she was not satisfied with this explanation, but that, as on the first of the month she received a letter from Nelson with a check enclosed for five

hundred dollars, all her doubts vanished, and she was encouraged to learn from the letter that the "Shooting Star" was working once more. For six months, dividends were regularly and generously paid; then they fell off completely.

"What was the total sum received by you during the last two years on this capital of twenty thousand dollars?" asked the prosecuting attorney softly.

"About five thousand dollars," the girl answered naively before her attorney could object to the question.

"Five thousand dollars?" the prosecuting attorney said slowly, smiling knowingly at the jury.

"And, Miss Lee, you say that from this wonderful "Shooting Star" Gold Mine, you received monthly dividends, which in two years practically paid you 25 per cent on your investment?"

It was plain to Graham that the jury received the explanation of the frequent and immense dividends as far fetched invention of the girl and her attorney, and regarded them both as being anything but plausible lies.

"I received nothing the first year," she answered, and the twelve good men and true, felt that a young woman who was as quick to get herself out of a tight situation as into one, as this one, was an extremely dangerous and clever person.

"When you entered Graham's office, kindly tell the Court and the jury, what took place?" the confident deputy district attorney asked.

"Just as I touched the knob of the door to enter, I heard two shots in rapid succession, and heard something fall on the floor immediately after."

"And," asked the deputy district attorney, who was trying this case solely because the district attorney had not confidence enough in him to let him try anything but a case which was as good as won already, "and will you kindly tell the Court and the jury what happened after this."

"I can hardly remember, but I think I rushed into the office and I saw Mr.

Nelson sitting back in his chair breathing very loudly; on the floor near his chair a revolver lay, and I must have picked it up in my excitement, because the janitor who came in directly after, took the weapon from my hand."

"And—?" the jubilant little prosecutor insinuated, with a dry smile.

"The police came, and arrested me. They said I killed him," she snapped, plainly annoyed by the over confidence of the smirking little man.

"Did you shoot Nelson?" the prosecutor suddenly dropped his smiling air, and thundered the question at her.

Her attorney was on his feet immediately with an objection. The objection was sustained, but, when order reigned once more, the clear, sarcastic tones of Marion Lee rang out, and were heard in every part of the court room.

"No, I did not shoot Mr. Nelson. I think he killed himself."

The prosecutor called the coroner.

"Will you explain, doctor, to the Court and jury the nature of the gun shot wounds which caused Peter Nelson's death."

The first words of the coroner quieted any doubts the jury might have on the theory of suicide. "The gun shot wounds from which the deceased died could not by any chance have been self-inflicted." Then he went on to explain in technical terms that the nature of the wounds showed plainly that the pistol was not discharged within at least four feet of the deceased's head. There were no powder marks, and the course of the bullets was slightly downward, showing that the person who fired the shots must have been standing behind the chair in which the victim sat.

The janitor and his two assistants testified to having heard the shots and hastening to Nelson's office, where the prisoner was found standing a little to one side and back of Nelson's chair, with the revolver, which they identified as the same weapon, offered as exhibit in evidence, in her right hand.

They also testified that Nelson was dead when they reached the room.

"Could any person or persons have left the office of Mr. Nelson without having been seen by you or your assistants?" the prosecutor asked the janitor.

"No, sir; the office is at the end of the hall, and only has one entrance. We were working in an office just two removed from Mr. Nelson's, and I opened the door to get my broom in the hall just as the shots were fired. No one could come out of that office without being seen by me, sir."

"Thank you. One moment;" the prosecutor wanted to have each link well forged.

"Could any person have been hidden in Mr. Nelson's office?"

"No, sir; there was no place to hide—no cupboard—only an old desk, a typewriter and a chair, and a few books in the brackets on the wall, sir."

"And the windows?"

"They were closed, sir, excepting one that was a little down from the top, as it always was, sir, Mr. Nelson being particular about air, sir."

"That will do."

The coroner doctor was called to the witness stand again.

"Could by any possibility a person have fired from across the light well, and struck Mr. Nelson without having broken the windows on a level with his head?"

The question seemed so absurd that even the judge allowed a faint smile to spread over his features.

"Impossible," the coroner answered, smiling broadly.

Try as he would in the cross-examination, Graham could not divert or shake the testimony of any of the witnesses. He was convinced, from the nature of the wounds, that the man had not shot himself in the back of his head, and he was infinitely positive that Marion Lee had not killed him.

The assistant deputy district attorney rested his case, without argument. The jury did not leave their seats. The foreman announced to the Court that

they had arrived at a verdict.

Under the direction of the Court the verdict was read:

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree."

IV.

Sentence had been passed and Marion Lee was taken to the condemned cell at the State prison.

She sat on the tiny cot, wondering why Graham had not come for two days. He was the only one in the world, perhaps, who didn't think she was guilty of the murder, and his strong presence would have been welcome now of all times. She could hear the carpenters at work upon the gallows in the old loft above. The State was generous, and gave each one condemned to die, a new gallows.

The warden, who was a kind man, asked if she desired any invitations to the hanging, to be sent to friends.

"Only my attorney," she answered dully.

Real estate men had been speculating why James Bell Graham had suddenly, after frantic efforts, sold four million dollars worth of property and bonds for half their value.

His banks heard of the immense sum of cash Graham had received, and wondered why, instead of depositing with them, he drew out his whole balance. The papers got hold of it, and glaring articles appeared, which said that the young attorney was tenderly interested in the beautiful, but cruel murderer, Marion Lee, and that after her execution he would leave the city where he had met and loved her, and try to forget his sorrow in another country.

Late in the afternoon of the day before the execution he was ushered into the little cell. The two guards of the death watch moved away, leaving the young attorney and the condemned girl alone.

Graham held the cold little hand in his to warm it, and sat beside her on the cot.

"You have not been here for two days?" she questioned reproachfully.

"The governor refused to interfere. I heard the guards say?"

"Never mind the governor," Graham said, caressing the little hand gently, "I want to talk about ourselves."

"Yes?" she said coloring.

"I haven't told you before, Marion, but I think you suspect you are very dear to me?" he said abruptly.

She turned away her head a little but Graham took her face between his hands and drew her nearer to him.

"I love you with every beat of my pulse, and I want you to tell me, dear, whether you care a little for me."

His hands slowly left her face, and his arms held her tenderly.

The cord of reserve had snapped, and the weary head lay against his shoulder.

"Now, dear, you must be very brave," he said after a few moments. "I have the license here, and the minister is waiting to be summoned."

"Oh! no, no," she cried, "That would be cruel—I cannot do it. You must not give your honored name to one who must take it to the gallows with her."

"Marion," he said sternly, and as the girl looked up at him she saw deep lines of anxiety and worry on his face.

"Marion, you say you love me. If you do, you will trust me, and not question anything I do."

Marveling at the wealth of this man's love, she stood beside him in the little cell, while the minister pronounced the solemn words which made them man and wife.

V.

The following morning, which the law had ordained should be Marion Lee's last, dawned at last. The execution was set for ten o'clock. It was a quarter before the hour and Graham had not appeared.

The warden would soon come to read the death warrant, and then—Why didn't her husband come? As the minutes slowly ticked away, the girl could no longer restrain herself, and burst into hysterical weeping.

The guards, whose eyes were wet, were relieved to see Graham rushing down the corridor. He stepped into the cell for the last time, and the sympathetic guards, seeing the mute agony on his haggard face, obligingly moved out of earshot.

It was not pleasant work watching by the cell of this girl who seemed but little more than a child; this girl who never asked for favors, never seemed to want anything, and who smiled so sweetly for the slightest little courtesy.

Graham hardly waited to kiss his bride. His hands trembled as with ague, as he drew a long white garment from under his overcoat. Marion looked at him in surprise, wondering if the strain of the last bitter weeks had turned his brain.

"Put this on," he said huskily.

"Why—" she commenced in wonder.

"Marion, do you remember the word 'obey' in yesterday's ceremony?" and, without hesitating a moment, he buttoned the long loose white robe around the girl's shoulders.

"It's like an old-fashioned pina-ford" she said smiling, but wondering what it all meant. Graham read the puzzled question in her eyes, and said laconically:

"It's white—you're innocent."

Steps were heard coming slowly down the corridor, and they both knew the last moments had come. It was the warden and the minister.

For a moment the first real terrifying fear came over the girl and she clung frantically to Graham. He cast her aside, almost roughly. Drawing a white paper from his vest pocket, he opened it, displaying the tiny crystals of a white powder.

"Swallow this," he said, holding the open paper near her lips. She recoiled in horror.

"Suicide!" she whispered. "No, James; no; I am not afraid to die."

Her lips were closed tightly, and her attitude bespoke infinite defiance.

Beads of perspiration ran down the young attorney's face; the steps of the

warden with the death warrant sounded nearer and nearer. Graham drew a revolver from his pocket; holding it to his own head, he said:

"Swallow this before I count three, or I shall fire."

Marion swallowed the white powder on the first count, just as the warden approached the iron door.

When the brief warrant was read, the march to the scaffold commenced. Graham walked directly behind his wife, one hand resting firmly on her shoulder.

As they mounted the little steps of the scaffold, he whispered into her ear.

"Let down your hair immediately."

Reporters, doctors and spectators wondered as they saw the pale-faced girl hastily taking down the long strands of red hair. They wondered too at the odd gown she had elected to wear.

"Get on the trap quick!" Graham commanded, and with a step that was weaker each second, she stepped on to the center of the square trap.

No, she had nothing to say.

The cub reporter, who stood near the scaffold, mentally made a note for future use, that she looked like an angel in the white flowing robe and the red gold hair. The single window in the room was thrown open, and a ray of bright sunlight shone on the gallows. The sweet freshness of the morning air was polluted by the whisky-laden breaths of the spectators. For even the veteran reporter was glad to pull at the flask the guard had handed to him before he entered the gates of the prison. To see a man die was one thing, but to witness the death struggle of a young girl, even though she be a murderer, was quite different.

As the hangman adjusted the noose, Graham stood directly in front of her, one hand in the pocket of his over-coat, looking into her eyes, as the spectators thought. He was wondering why the powder worked so slowly.

Suddenly he saw the fair head fall slightly forward, and the last look he

caught in her eyes was one of astonishment and love. Quickly the black cap was drawn over her features; but Graham had seen the blue eyes close. "Ready," he called peremptorily to the warden, and the four men hidden in the little boxes on the gallows, cut the ropes, and Marion Graham fell through the trap.

It was quickly over. The two doctors which the State says must be present at an execution, stood by the gently swaying body, counting the pulse beats. In two minutes it was over, and Graham's arms bore the inert body to the casket which lay near the scaffold.

The cub reporter turned away sick at heart, and surprised the tears in the eyes of the veteran. Graham stood by while the undertaker screwed the lid on the casket, and walked beside it as the paid assistants carried it to the hearse, waiting in the prison yard. His face was as white as his wife's death robe, and his lips firmly shut; his eyes seemed burning with a consuming fire. He sat on the box beside the solemn-visaged undertaker as the hearse passed through the prison gates. The law had been appeased. The husband might do with the body as he would.

That evening the headlines on the first pages of the papers were devoted exclusively to the execution of Marion Graham. They told minutely of the two minutes of wildly beating heart and choking lungs of the swaying body. Some paragraphs were devoted to the premature springing of the death trap by the word "ready" addressed by Graham to the warden, and which the four men in the boxes had in their excitement taken for the command of the warden. However, it was all right, as everything was on readiness. It generally took from ten to twenty minutes to strangle a man to death after his neck was broken, but this young woman succumbed in the unusually short space of two minutes.

The public was disappointed that no touching scene of farewell had

taken place between the young attorney and his bride of a day; and in a week's time it was forgotten in the hustle and bustle and struggle for existence in a great city.

The funeral had been held the day after the execution. The Chief of Police who had made the arrest had sent a little note to his friend the attorney, in which he stated that he had only done his duty as he saw it, and asked to be allowed to remain in the category of Graham's friends.

"Poor old chap," Graham said as he answered it in like spirit.

To him alone the attorney told his intention of leaving almost immediately for a new mining town in the West.

Thus did James Bell Graham, lawyer, millionaire and popular clubman drop from the scene of his early struggles and later successes in the busy metropolis.

VI.

One year and a day to the night Graham had called on his friend, the Chief of Police, the same police clerk entered his superior's office to say that a fellow who appeared to be an Italian, and who acted like one demented, was raising a row in the outer office, and demanded to see the chief immediately.

"Bring him in," the Chief ordered, closing his desk preparatory to leaving for the night.

A wretchedly-dressed and half-starved little man entered the room. In his shaking arms he carried a tangle of ropes. The clerk lingered, but the Chief motioned him to go, but remain within call.

"What can I do for you, my man?" the Chief said, rising and regarding his strange visitor curiously.

For answer, the Italian approached stealthily and unwound about eight feet of rope ladder. The ends he held in his hands, and the Chief saw that small curved iron spikes were attached to them. To the Chief it plainly appeared to be a housebreaker's ladder.

"Where did you get this?" he said, taking it from the man's hands.

The Italian laughed.

"You come; I show you," he answered.

Unable to make him speak further, the Chief decided there could be no harm in accompanying the fellow, and pushed a button under his desk.

"Have Haley and Dodge report to me immediately, and have my machine out front," he said to the clerk who answered the ring.

The Italian mumbled to himself, as the motor car containing the Chief and two plain-clothes men sped over the paved streets. Dodge fancied he heard him pronounce the name "Leonora" several times. They drew up at a corner in the business district. The Italian led the way into a building, and the Chief bit his moustache as he remembered that just one year ago the night before, Pete Nelson had been shot by a girl in this very building. It was late, and the elevators had ceased running. As the Chief and his men mounted the stairs to the fourth floor, he saw the janitor coming down. It was the same man who had testified against the girl.

The Italian led the way to the office which had been Pete Nelson's. He switched on the electric light and moved a chair in the place where Nelson's had always been.

"You stay here," he said to one of the men, and proceeded to leave the office with the Chief and the other detective. Unable to understand it all, the Chief was determined to investigate to the end. Motioning to the detective to wait, he followed the Italian.

They mounted to the floor above and the Italian ushered them into the office directly over the one occupied by Nelson the year previous.

Throwing open the window, he proceeded to attach the rope-ladder to the sill. Before the Chief or his detective could interfere, the man had clambered out of the window and was climbing nimbly down the rungs.

The chief leaned out, and uttered an exclamation as he saw that the last

rung was on a level with the top of the open window below.

The detective, sitting where Pete Nelson had sat, heard a slight noise behind him. Looking up, he saw the emaciated face of the Italian peering in at him from the top of the open window. In his hand was a pistol which pointed down at the detective.

"You see how easy to kill," he sneered from his monkey-like position.

Then he scampered up the ladder, and all the Chief of Police wanted to know was the motive.

"Bay Goda," the Italian said, shaking with rage, "dama the Nelson! He breaka th' heart my little Leonora! Bay Christa I killa him."

Before the Chief could interfere, a bullet had ended the life of the Italian.

And so after all, Graham was right; the girl with the red hair was innocent.

That night the Chief wrote a long letter to a little mining town in the West.

VII.

"It's mighty white of you, Graham, to invite me out here after——"

"Don't mention it, Burke," his companion answered, as he put on the brakes as they turned down the incline. "Thats my place down there where you see that little patch of green; over this way nearer to the mountain side is the mine."

"Got your own place?" the Chief inquired, as he breathed deeply of the early evening air of the mountain and silent desert, stretching out before them.

"Yes and a wife and a—a baby," Graham answered, avoiding the eyes of the sick Chief.

"A wife—a baby!" Burke remembered Graham's mad infatuation for Marion Lee, and he marvelled that he should so soon have consoled himself with another. No wonder Graham was so magnanimous. Burke knew that his own worry and grief over the unjust hanging of this very girl had

preyed upon him, until his health had broken, and he had been obliged to ask for this long vacation. And here was Graham, looking fit and younger and happier than he had ever looked. The Chief sighed; Graham turned aside to hide his smile.

When dinner was announced, the Chief stiffened his back, wondering what the woman would be like who was mistress of Graham's heart and of his ideal little vine-covered cottage nestling in peace and solitude on the edge of the desert against the mountain side.

He stood speechless as Graham entered, one arm about his wife, while in the other he carried a red-headed little baby, who made futile attempts to relieve his smiling father of handfuls of hair.

Even when Marion smilingly extended a little hand in greeting, the Chief still stared like one struck dumb.

"She's not a ghost," Graham laughed.

The Chief rubbed his eyes, and extended his hand. The warm pressure of Marion's soft fingers brought him quickly to his senses.

"Thank God!" he said feelingly.

After dinner the Chief sat in a comfortable arm chair, holding Marion's little son, while Graham explained.

"You see, to begin with, I knew from the start that she was innocent—and" he added, smiling tenderly at the lovely vision of his wife, whom marriage had developed into the tenderest and sweetest of women. "I was head over heels in love with her from the very beginning. I tried the governor, and every possible way to save her. Everything failed until a few days before the date of execution. Then I had an idea. I had a light but strong steel brace made with a circular band to fit her waist, another to catch her just under the shoulders. These two bands were connected with a light bar which protruded up about to her neck; in the end of this bar was a hole large enough to permit a rope passing through. Marion knew nothing

of this at all. Her hair was down, and that, together with the long loose robe she wore, helped to conceal the brace as the hangman adjusted it on the scaffold. The rope which was tied about her neck was immediately cut by a razor, and the end hanging from above was fastened under her hair to the hole in the brace. Consequently, when the trap was sprung her weight bore on her waist and shoulders and not on her neck which was perfectly free but for the loose piece of rope which encircled it.

"I had one of the guards give the reporters and the rest of them a flask of whisky each, into which a mild but slightly stupefying drug had been dropped in order that they might not be too observing.

"Not knowing the extent of Marion's courage, and nearly crazy with anxiety myself, I forced her to swallow a powder which would make her lose consciousness, because I feared the jar of falling might force a scream from her lips. Just as I saw her eyelids closing and saw the hangman's furtive signal that all was prepared, I shouted "Ready."

"But the doctors?" the amazed Chief asked.

"It cost me," said Graham with slow deliberation, eyeing the Chief reflectively, "just two million dollars, cold

cash in hand paid, to convince the two doctors, the hangman and the undertaker. I stood in front of her as the hangman, upon whom all depended, adjusted the brace, with my finger on the trigger of the revolver in my pocket. He knew that one slip meant his death, and he acted accordingly.

The doctors pronounced her dead in two minutes, and fifteen minutes later they were working over her in the rear of the undertaker's shop. She came through all right, but she didn't really seem to pick up much until the real murderer had confessed."

"And you went flat broke to save her," the Chief said admiringly.

"Yes," Graham laughed, "we only had enough to get out here and buy this little place, but Marion stumbled on pay dirt one day while she was pottering about the garden and now we're on the road to prosperity again."

The baby gurgled and crowed in glee, having discovered the Chief's watch chain.

"Well, I'll be blessed," he said.

"And, Chief," Graham said, slyly watching for the blushes he knew were bound to come to his wife's face, "Isn't it singular that the word 'obey' in the marriage ceremony is really the wisest word in the whole thing?"

HER DAY

November 11th, 1918

Many the tears when the Flag went by;
Loud were the cheers and hats flung high;
A tumult of joy, a din without cease,
Proclaiming triumphantly, ne'er ending Peace.

And there on the curb, her eyes all aflood,
With crape on her bonnet, the proud mother stood.
The day, it was hers—she shared it with you—
She had given her flesh to make it come true.

T. M. CORNELL.

The American River Canyon

The Romantic Route of the Southern Pacific Across the Sierras

By Aubrey Drury

ALMOST a hundred years ago, in 1822, when California was yet a foreign country, a hardy band of American trappers scaled the Sierras, wandered down into that bright land then so little known, and set up their camp upon the forested banks of a swift-flowing mountain river. The Spaniards called this stream "El Rio de los Americanos," and so it has remained to this day, though its musical title has been translated—the American river.

For a century the deep-cleft canyon of the American river has held its place as the great central gateway into California, for it is the natural approach to the fertile lowlands that lie west of the mountain barrier. Certainly there is no other pass through the lofty Sierras which can match this in scenic grandeur and romantic interest. It is indeed an historic highway over which the present-day traveller is carried in swift transcontinental passage on the lines of the Southern Pacific Ogden Route—the old Overland Trail, along which swept that mighty tide of emigration to the Golden State sixty years ago.

From San Francisco and Oakland the Ogden Route extends northward to Sacramento and thence turns toward the east. Beyond Roseville the ascent of the mountains begins. At Auburn and Colfax, now flourishing towns in the fruit-growing sections of the lower Sierra slopes, were "roaring camps" in the days of the famous gold rush. It is with a thrill that the tourist recalls that all this country which he traverses was once the scene of the great-

est mining excitement the world has known, and there still remain many striking features to remind him of that olden, golden time, the age of the Argonauts, who stand forth like true epic heroes in the tales of Bret Harte. There treasure-seekers have left their mark on the mountainsides. At Dutch Flat and at Gold Run the traveller looks out over vast gravel pits, a wilderness of upturned rocks and fantastically-carved mounds, where the gold-bearing sands were washed out with powerful hydraulic "monitors." The railroad gradually approaches the canyon of the American river, and near Cape Horn there is a famous view, fifteen hundred feet down into the gorge. About Alta and Towle there are summer camps and hotels, much frequented by anglers, who find the forks of the American river notable for something besides scenery.

For miles now our route traverses the ridge above the river, sometimes at the very brink of the chasm, and everywhere affording vistas of magnificent sweep across a hundred miles of mountains, range beyond range reaching off into the purple distance. As the train nears Gorge station the scenery takes on a still wilder aspect, and at the Giant Gap a view of grandeur indescribable bursts upon the vision, for here the river battles its way through the narrows of the gorge, far below the track. The scenic climax of the entire trip comes just beyond, near Midas, where of a sudden the train passes out upon a rocky ledge and the traveller, with awe and wonder in his heart, looks down for two

thousand feet into the mighty canyon of the American river.

Famous mountain views there are in every land, and some of the finest within the boundaries of our own country, but surely there are few to equal the glimpse into this tremendous gulf—a scene soul-inspiring in its beauty. Into the abyss the rugged mountain-sides slope downward at terrific angles, dropping in almost sheer descent; the Sierras rise like a wall ahead and to westward looms the dark pine-clad promontory of Giant Gap, pushing its bulky form far out into the canyon and blocking the way of the stream, which swirls in swift water around its base. The river twists and turns, now showing dark and sombre in the shadowy woods, now shining like a stream of pure silver as it makes its way out into the bright sunlight and through the grassy meadowlands. Great boulders far below seem no more than stepping stones in a brook, yet against these rock-fragments in winter and in spring, when its waters are at flood, the rough passionate river shatters itself in white anger, coursing through the gorge, receiving the tribute of a thousand turbulent torrents that cascade down from the side-canyons—a river of rapids, whose hoarse voice comes up like the voice of sea-surf upon some distant coast. Always there lingers in the canyon a blue haze that gathers in the tree-tops and floats like faint smoke-cloud against the farther ridge, and through this mountain-mist the wild splendors of the landscape are revealed not with photographic sharpness, but with outlines softened and with colors mellowed, as in impressionistic painting.

The train climbs steadily into the High Sierra, along the dark wooded slopes of Blue Canyon and past historic Emigrant Gap. In their steep ravines below foam the headwaters of the Yuba and the Bear rivers. The traveller is carried across mighty mountain ranges, over ridges held once in the grip of giant glaciers that have left the gray granite naked and torn; through a magnificent conifer-

ous forest which stretches away for hundreds of miles to north and south, crest and canyon densely clothed with yellow pine and sugar pine, Douglas fir, incense cedar and tamarack.

The summit, 7,018 feet above sea level, is the highest point on the Southern Pacific Ogden Route. The descent is through Donner Pass, with lofty pinnacles and domes towering three thousand feet above. It is difficult for the modern tourist, sitting back in ease and borne speedily along, fully to realize the hardships which beset the early pioneers who toiled up Donner Pass so slowly and so wearily. Yet there is one eloquent reminder of their perils—a white cross standing alone in a meadow, far below the track. This is a monument to the Donner Party, emigrants who were snow-bound here in the severe winter of 1846, many of their number perishing from privation.

At Lake View is presented a magnificent vista across the shimmering waters of Donner Lake, acclaimed by many travellers the most beautiful alpine lake in all America, and the beholder finds this not hard to believe as he gazes from the heights upon its placid surface, intensely blue and shining in the sunlight like new steel. Lying in a hollow which once harbored a glacier, Donner is a true lake of the woods, the tall pines sweeping downward from the peaks to the very margin of its mirror-clear waters, which reflect the mountain landscapes with redoubled grandeur. Though the lake is only three miles long it remains in sight for many minutes as the railroad circles in and out along the flank of the Sierras.

Beyond Donner Lake is Truckee, a place widely known among tourists, since this is the point of departure for Lake Tahoe, which lies glittering within its great bowl of mountain peaks fifteen miles to the south. Resuming the overland journey from Truckee, the train glides down the picturesque canyon of the Truckee river to Reno, reaches across the great basins of Nevada at the foot of mighty

mountain ranges, along the Humboldt river, crosses the Great Salt Lake cut-off to Ogden, and continues thence to the East.

Such is the journey through California's great central gateway. It is a part of the Ogden Route truly unique in Western railroad travel, since it affords opportunity not only to see one of the grandest of highland gorges, but also to view the upper reaches of the Sierras as well. The line of the

Southern Pacific passes not "through" the American River Canyon, but "above" the canyon. Instead of running for miles between narrow granite walls, with limited outlook, the railroad traverses a great elevated ridge, with long and entrancing perspectives opening in every direction over this our mightiest mountain-chain, which John Muir as he gazed out across a thousand gleaming peaks, once called "The Range of Light."

HOME TO CALIFORNIA

On the old Rhine road to Bingen,
Just away from dear Paree,
There's a gallant legion swingin'
'Long the highway from the sea.

And a Red Cross girl is easing
Back a Yankee on his bed,
While the Pershing guns are teasing
Out her song, in whistling lead.

"Oh my home, my California!
Where we loved that happy day.
Can't you see the poppies flamin'
By the winding long highway?
Can't you smell the sagebrush bloomin'
And the piles of newmown hay?"

On the old Rhine road to Bingen,
With their guns and gas masks free,
There's a Yankee legion swingin'
And the Hun has turned to flee.

Oh, a sound there is that's nearing,
As of Frenchmen going mad,
Brother Allies, Britains, cheering,
And the Red Cross girl is glad.

On the old Rhine road to Bingen—
"Yankee man I cannot see!
Are you dead? You're lafin', singin'?
Oh, my love has blinded me!
Come away to California,
For we've conquered and we're free!"

The Red Cross Here and Abroad

By Florence Howard

THE tremendous proportions of the "job" tackled by the American Red Cross in the present war can hardly be imagined unless by one who has visited the headquarters of that organization in one of the large cities—or in Washington, where the general office is located. The buildings are humming with the noise of sewing machines in New York and other large cities, but in Washington it is the clicking of the typewriters which greets the ear of the visitor the moment he enters the main building, which was erected in memory of the heroic women of the Civil War. This large, stately building, of white marble, was intended to furnish the needed office space for the Red Cross work, as well as an assembly room where lectures might be given, or meetings in the interest of Red Cross work held.

Immediately after the entrance of the United States into the war this building was crowded to the utmost, even the basement rooms being filled with typewriters and the corridors, balconies and storage rooms. Then offices were subdivided, so that departmental work might be carried on with less confusion, but still the work grew. On the big square, where the marble building was erected, stands an old church. This was used as a store room, but was cleared out to make room for offices, then a large portable building was erected, and called Annex No. 2. This was connected with the main building and the old church (now Annex No. 1) by a rough covered passage-way. Soon another annex was needed and before that had been finished a fourth was absolutely necessary. The buildings last erected are

of the permanent type, and were planned with care, though built with amazing rapidity. More than twelve hundred persons are working daily at the desks in these five buildings, and this does not touch the work of the Potomac Division, nor any of the knitting or sewing work at all. It is simply the office departments, clerical work, etc. The building has its own post office and telegraph station, and will soon have in operation a cafeteria for the workers, where meals will be served at cost, thus making better living conditions for the many who are from towns outside of Washington. The office buildings and the work carried on there may seem to be over-estimated in value by one not versed in the real situation, but it was found to be absolutely necessary to handle everything in the most efficient manner, and by combining the purchasing of supplies all over the country, the money has a far greater purchasing power, for prices are lower in the enormous quantities than if each chapter or section purchased its own supplies.

Walking through the corridor of Annex No. "2," one sees "Prisoners Relief," and here the work of caring for the Americans taken prisoners by the enemy is carried on by the American Red Cross. Here the cables are sent from France or Switzerland, and from this little office goes the cable which means food and clothing for the man who has been taken prisoner. Each man going overseas has been instructed "if you should happen to be taken prisoner, send your first prison post card to the American Red Cross at Berne"—and when that card is sent it immediately puts in motion the ma-

chinery which goes to his relief.

The "Bureau of Communications" has a department all to itself. Here the work of comforting hearts is so wonderfully handled. The War Department notifies the nearest relative, of course, of any casualties in the lists of American boys. The Red Cross also receives the same notification. The Bureau of Communications starts at once upon the work of easing the mind of the relatives in this country, ascertaining that the wound is not so serious as first reported, securing the assurance that he has every care, etc., if possible getting a message which will be cheering. If it so happens that the man is killed, then the searchers try to learn who was beside him at the time, who spent the last recreation period with him, what messages he sent, or what kindly memories may come from those last few days. A photograph of the grave is secured, too, and sent to the family, together with a message from the person who has adopted the grave to care for, for one of the beautiful acts of the French women is adopting of the graves of American soldiers to care for.

There is the Bureau of Foreign Relief, the Bureau of Civilian Relief, Bureau of Supplies, Bureau of Military Relief, Bureau of Medical Service, Bureau of Insurance, Bureau of Base Hospitals and Hospital Units, Medical Service and Ambulance Units, Bureau of Camp Service, Canteen Service, Motor Corps Service, Home Service, Field Service, Red Cross Nurses, Field Nursing Service, Public Health Nursing, Dietitian Service, and so on, each department busy every minute of the day, filled with volunteers and paid workers. More than six hundred typewriters are used in the buildings of the National Headquarters alone, and more than a thousand desks, every

one of which is occupied daily, and many of them away into the evening hours.

The work of the Red Cross on the battlefields is well known, the work for the prisoners, for the wounded, for the sick is also published abroad, but little is known of the wonderful work accomplished by the Home Service Section, which works under the Bureau of Civilian Relief. This Home Service renders the sort of help that has to be of a confidential nature, taking care of the families of the men who are gone—not charity work, but loving assistance, a helping hand, a kindly word of advice, financial help where it is necessary. Assisting the women to write about their allotments when there is any question or difficulty, seeing that the children are receiving proper care, and all in the friendly spirit—usually the work being done by women whose men are in the service, so they share that one thing in common—and then the Home Service worker is able to give advice and help without the fear of giving offense at the same time, for there is the bond between the two.

Of the work being done abroad, nothing is more interesting than the help that is being given the refugees—old folks, helpless women and little children, driven from their homes. These people are met at the stations by the Red Cross, given food and clothing, cheered and sent on their way to shelters also provided by the same auspices. The repatries, too, are helped to gain a foothold in their old homes again, to rebuild their houses, to care for their children. Men made unfit for their former occupations by injuries are taught useful trades which will enable them to earn their livelihood—and so the good work goes on and on.



The Return to the Uzun Yaila

By H. A. Noureddin Addis

SHIR MUHAMMAD BEY reined in his horse at the summit of Kara-kush Derbendi, and, waving his ragged, battle-scarred companions forward, waited motionless, eagerly scanning the trail over which they had just passed as it wound back in and out through labyrinth-like foothill defiles, finally losing itself from view in the direction of the Uzun Yaila.

"Allah!" he cried, lifting his hand toward the sky,—and the reverent tone harmonized but illly with the unconcealed impatience of his gesture. "Say the secret belongeth to Allah," he quoted, "therefore wait till its time, and I will also wait with you." Then, again dropping his hand to the horn of his saddle, the young Bey looked down the steep declivity at the dejected figures of his slow-riding companions, and beyond them at the women and children who led the retreat in their creaking ox-carts, driving the scant remnants of their once mighty herds before them. "Yes," he scowled, and his muscular finger-tips flattened themselves against the unyielding leather of the saddle as he gripped it in his swift accession of passion, "till its time"—'its time' Allah,—"Thou counsellest me to wait,—and wait I shall!"

As he spoke Shir Muhammad looked back again. He had not dreamed that their Circassian pursuers were so close upon their heels, but as he turned there they were issuing from a narrow defile not three hundred paces distant. Shemseddin Bey, their leader, rode first—and pressing close by his side, old Fazlu'llah, father-in-law of Shemseddin, and second in command of the wandering Circassians. The latter it

was, as Shir Muhammad Bey knew, that had curbed Shemheddin and his blood-thirsty lieutenants in their design to turn the field of victory into a shambles. And when he reflected that it was to the white-bearded old horseman alone that they were indebted for the lives of the Avshahr women and children no less than his own and those of his few remaining warriors, the young leader felt that perhaps all Circassians were not so murderously ferocious.

Shir Muhammad Bey bent low in his saddle, as at a whispered word of command the well-trained horse leapt forward. But his inward rage was too violent; he could not go without hurling one last defiance. Suddenly wheeling his horse, he turned back toward the summit of the trail, and at the very point where he had stood a moment before saw outlined against the sky the figures of Shemseddin Bey and his leaders.

"By the Lord!" he cried, unsheathing his sword and shaking it impotently at the proud figure of the Circassian leader as it stood forth with microscopic clearness against the sky, "Though I go now, I swear that I shall return! And till that day,—Oh, slayer of old men,—murderer of little children,—farewell. And may Allah preserve thee safe for my vengeance!"

* * * * *

Again the Avshahr leader set his face toward his retreating comrades, urging his wearied mount into a gallop. As he did so the Circassian chief seized the rifle which hung at his saddle-bow, and with uninterrupted motion brought it to his shoulder.

"Allah!" he exclaimed, "the dog!"
Another instant must have been the

Avshahr leader's last, for Shemseddin Bey was justly renowned for his prowess with the rifle, and Shir Muhammad presented the full width of his broad back,—an exceptionally good target,—as he galloped slowly away at a distance of three or four hundred paces,—but before that instant elapsed a hand fell upon the Circassian's rifle-barrel, dragging it downward, to the end that the immature explosion threw up a jet of earth at only a short distance from his horse's head.

"You—Fazlu'llah," raged the Bey, looking down into his father-in-law's placid countenance, "You—you dare—interfere? Allah!"

"Yes," replied the old man. Despite his years the soft brown eyes flashed fire, and the words veritably hissed between his tightly compressed lips. "I dare interfere, Shemseddin Bey—I dare withhold your ready hand from another murder—another vile assassination."

Shemseddin raised his clenched fist. For a moment he waited thus, the anger oozing from him as he watched the old man's calm, impassive face. "By Allah,—old man!" he exclaimed, as he lowered his arm, "once again thy white beard has saved thee."

Then, turning again toward the still fleeing Avshahr chief, he continued: "I doubt if I can hit the target now. To do so will want a steady nerve and unerring eye." And once more he brought the rifle to his shoulder.

A second time the old man seized the rifle-barrel. "Come!" he urged, "Have done with shedding blood. The Uzun Yaila is ours now. Let us think of our starving women and children, our gaunt and foot-sore cattle. At last we are in possession of a glorious pasture-land, ten times as much as we require; let us turn our attention to the enjoyment of it, even though 'twas gained at the expense of much needless sacrifice and butchery."

The Bey gave him a glance eloquent with scorn. "And since your long-counselled peace at last exists, what shall we do?"

"First let us return to the plains,

send for our women and children, put our starving herds to the pasture, then go among the remaining Avshahrs and tell them that as long as they wish to live among us in peace they are free to do so without fear of molestation. Otherwise stealthy murder and secret assassination will be ever near us,—we shall live in constant fear and suspicion of our neighbors until either we Circassians, or they, are driven out or exterminated."

"Extermination is the better method when dealing with the Avshahr," volunteered one of Shemseddin's lieutenants,—a man who stood high in the tribe's councils.

"True, Suleyman," agreed the chief. "No other method is so certain. Besides, the Avshahrs are a cruel, avaricious race."

Old Fazlu'llah gave a scornful laugh. "Yet but a week ago," he said, "old Hadji Rafid Bey offered us the length and breadth of the Uzun Yaila for our cattle,—offered us the best of his tents for our women and children, and agreed to lend us food in abundance until such time as we could raise enough for ourselves and pay them back. Those are not the qualities that I have been taught to regard as cruelty and avarice."

"I know well what the chief said," retorted the Bey with a scornful smile. "But, Allah! One can well be generous with that which is not his."

"The word of the Wali of Angora,—was it not?"

Shemseddin nodded.

"And he, poor man, was like to promise anything,—agree to anything,—since two-thirds the Turkish and Armenian farmers of his province lived in a state of constant terror inasmuch as they knew that a large band of Circassians, driven by the war from their homes in the Caucasus, was wandering up and down the province of Angora,—today living upon the proceeds of their dwindling herds, tomorrow likely to fall to looting and pillaging should their herds give out. For months past the Wali has been in daily audience with the wealthier farmers, has been

deluged with petitions from the poorer,—and the burden of their prayers has been: 'Relieve us of this plague of Circassians!'

"Yet he told me that the land of the Uzun Yaila belonged not to the Avshahrs, belonged to no one, in fact. He said that the lands were free for us to occupy if we chose. And, in the name of Allah," he suddenly raised his head and looked old Fazlu'llah fair in the eyes, "is it just,—is it reasonable that one should beg and importune a ragged, rascally Avshahr chief for that with which the Wali of Angora has already presented him."

"There was no necessity to beg and importune. The old Avshahr chief, Hadji Rafiq Bey, offered it freely and of his own will, the instant that we told him of our plight."

"Yes,—but as a sultan might throw a coin to a beggar," argued Shemseddin, "and when one has seen his fat and well-fed cattle becoming leaner and leaner, and so footsore that his heart must ache for them,—and when he is forced to sell them one by one to rascally Turks and Armenians for less than half their value in order to find the wherewithal to live,—when he has seen this, I say, and when the Wali of Angora has offered him free use of rich pasture-lands, then to have a cowardly old Avshahr stand up as though he were a man and offer him the lands that are already his own,—it is more than the temper of man can endure."

"And for this it was that you ran old Hadji Rafiq Bey through with your sword? Allah forbid!"

The Bey nodded. "What would you have?" he cried. "The old chief but made the offer in order that he might have us near to murder and pillage at his leisure. Fortunate it was for us that I saw through his scheme."

This speech of the Circassian chieftain called forth a chorus of assents from his lieutenants and counsellors. "Allah is great! Knowledge is with Allah alone!" and sundry other exclamations of similar import testified to their belief in the Bey's acumen.

The old man looked long at the chief,—then slowly shook his head. "I pray that Allah's mercy may rest upon you, Shemseddin Bey, and you others whose way has been the way of blood; for without His mercy good cannot come of this."

A quick flush mounted to the cheek of Shemseddin Bey, and his hand sought his sword-hilt with involuntary ease, as with a sudden twist of the reins he brought his horse nearer the side of old Fazlu'llah. "Have done old malcontent,—or by the blessing of Allah if thou wert not an old man, and of my own family, I—I—"

"Yes,—go on! Say that thou wouldest treat me as thou didst old Hadji Rafiq Bey, the Avshahr chief. Perhaps even now thy arm aches, thy fingers itch to feel the blade as it bites into the yielding flesh. If so, forget my age, forget my gray beard, forget that my blood mingleth with thine in the veins of thy young son. . . . Why dost thou hesitate, Shemseddin Bey?"

"Come!" exclaimed the man who had been addressed as Suleyman, suddenly wheeling his horse, and urging it between those of the chief and Fazlu'llah. "The Avshahrs were long since hidden from view by yonder mountain-spur,—and now the sun is sinking in the west. Is this a time for childish quarreling when there is work to be done on the Uzun Yaila? Come, forget your differences. The past is past; let it lie."

So counselled by Suleyman the others spoke to their horses, and the little body of ragged conquerors set out at a quick gallop in the direction whence they had come.

* * * * *

It was the evening of the third day when the little band of surviving Avshahrs felt that they had put sufficient distance between themselves and their despoilers to dare make a permanent camp. Their weary horses and footsore cattle travelled but slowly. Besides, the terror which the Circassians had inspired in the women prevailed over more reasoned arguments to such a degree that even when they stopped

on the evening of the third day many of the women were still of the opinion that they should press further into the mountains.

The location of their camp was in a grassy valley of medium altitude. Their choice fell upon this place no less on account of the surrounding hills which they thought would protect them from the severe rigors of winter, then the many clear, cold mountain streams which betokened an ample water-supply for themselves and their animals.

For some days everything was bustling,—everyone, man, woman and child, busily engaged in making their camp permanent.—watching the herds lest they stray from the unaccustomed pastures,—and exploring the surroundings of their new home. The survivors did not often give way to outward evidences of whatever grief they might feel at the loss of their dear ones—husbands, brothers, and fathers. Tribal life was too primitive, to uncertain at the best for this almost cataclysmic catastrophe to appear greatly out of the ordinary. It was simply a turn of fortune,—one of the inevitable vicissitudes of life. They took it quietly,—more in the light of a divinely decreed punishment than otherwise, and, while the dull glow of resentment still burned, no one doubted that it would soon pass, and the tribe would feel no more rancor in fighting the Circassians than any other of the numerous hostile tribes in the mountains of Asia Minor.

But such was not the case with Shir Muhammad Bey, their leader. Automatically succeeding to the Beylik at the moment when the sword of Shem-seddin Bey passed through the body of his father, Hadji Rafiq Bey, the thirst for revenge sprang into being within his breast at sight of the Circassian's brutal, cowardly action,—and he resolved to use every ounce of his newly acquired authority to bring about the early consummation of that vengeance.

Thus it was that even though he knew that the scantly armed and widely scattered Avshahrs could scarcely hope to successfully withstand the concerted onslaught of the

Circassians, he determined from the first that war should be the issue. This he resolved in spite of the fact that he realized the potential friendliness of the newcomers aside from their belligerent chief, Shemsheddin, and a few of his flattering advisers who were thoroughly under his domination and knew that peace could be had on easy terms. Once again, as he waved the Circassians a farewell challenge on the slopes of Kara-kush Derbendi, and still again, as he saw his people settled in their new pasture-lands, did he renew that resolve.

But the disheartened Avshahrs shook their heads. They recognized their defeat, and no amount of argument from their young Bey was able to alter their views. To renew the war with the Circassians,—to carry the strife back to the Uzun Yaila would be but to court fresh disaster,—perhaps utter annihilation. Shir Muhammad Bey varied his argument with pleading—pleading with threats—still his tribesmen remained obdurate.

* * * * *

One morning a body of horsemen appeared at the foot of the Yeni Chayr—the name which they had given to their new pasture-lands. The women and children gathered the herds together with all the haste they could muster, while the men saddled and bridled their horses and looked to their arms.

“Cherkez.” The name resounded everywhere on bated, terror-stricken breath as the women called in whispers from one to another. “The Circassians have found us out! The Circassians are coming again!”

On and on they came,—and as they came still other horsemen were coming into view at the foot of the Yeni Chayr, until by the time the last man had come into view the whole lower end of the pasture-land was dotted with moving horsemen. A vast army it seemed to the Avshahrs as they watched, frightened no longer now—but with apathetic, deadened nerves.

Then a stilled whisper passed from mouth to mouth among the Avshahrs.

"They are not Circassians." From this time the certainty of impending disaster passed from their minds, and the torture of uncertainty began again.

"Who are you?" cried Shir Muhammad Bey, as soon as the leader of the approaching horsemen was within hearing.

"Turkmans," he replied. "We are Turkmans."

"Turkmans," whispered the Avshahrs—and their faces went gray now. For while ordinarily the best natured of races, and in decided contrast to the Circassians, little inclined to belligerency, the Turkman when once aroused is the most terribly ruthless of enemies—often showing neither pity nor quarter to his adversaries, and sparing neither young nor old.

But the next words from the Turkman leader served to quiet the fears of the Avshahrs. "A band of Kurds has stolen a herd of our cattle," he said, "and we are following them to get the cattle back."

The chief, who introduced himself as Husseyn Bey, reined in his horse at Shir Muhammad's side. "And who are you?" he asked, unable to keep back the smile that overspread his broad face as his eyes wandered over Shir Muhammad's ragged following.

"We are Avshahrs," replied the latter. Then, as he noted with a feeling of resentment the smile on the face of the Turkman chief, he added, half apologetically, "Our home is on the Uzun Yaila, but a large band of wandering Circassians came down from the direction of the Kizil Irmaq—their chief assassinated my father, and we gave them battle. We were vastly outnumbered, and they forced us back through the Kara-kush pass, and we came until by the grace of Allah we found these pastures which we have named the Yeni Chayr."

"You were indeed in Allah's favor to have escaped from the Cherkez," returned Husseyn Bey, his widely set blue eyes still narrowed in an amused smile. "For to speak plainly, as is ever the Turkman's wont, your tattered band of horsemen falls somewhat

short of making a warlike impression."

For an instant a surging wave of red flamed in the Avshahr Bey's swarthy cheeks—then, as his better judgment regained control, he realized that his men did cut a rather ridiculous figure, and that it would but illy serve his newly conceived purpose to take offense at the Turkman's good-natured ridicule.

"Listen, Husseyn Bey," he began, wilfully ignoring the latter's comments, "I am but a plainsman as yourself, having been born and reared on the Uzun Yaila,—yet for generations uncounted my ancestors have been mountain-folk, even as your enemies, the Kurds, are mountain-folk. So it happens that I was reared in the traditions of the mountains; the tales that delighted my childish ears were tales of my mountain-dwelling forefathers; and in my veins has ever stirred the fierce, wild longing for the mountain life."

"Yes,—doubtless you are right. But,—Allah!—time passes. We Turkmans must be on our way. So cut your tale short if you please, Shir Muhammad Bey." And Husseyn Bey glanced anxiously in the direction of the morning sun.

Again Shir Muhammad flushed, but now it was more in shame than anger, that he reflected upon the fallen glories of his tribe of which the history could no longer hold the attention of the Turkman.

"I thought, perhaps, we might be of service to you, Husseyn Bey," ventured Shir Muhammad lamely after a moment's pause, his dreams of eloquent appeal suddenly put to flight by the Turkman's rude admonition. "We Avshahrs have the reputation of warriors,—and—and we would gladly assist you to recover your animals in case you would help us later on against the Cherkez."

"Thanks for your offer," replied Husseyn Bey, and the young Avshahr chief imagined he could still detect a twinkle in the other's eyes, "but I think we shall be sufficient for the Kurds. At any rate your dependants and your

herds are more in need of your services than are we. And," here the Turkman chief looked significantly about him, "you have a good location here,—the protection of the mountains, rich and well-watered pastures. You are but few,—there is ample room for double your number. I should think twice before trying to get back the Uzun Yaila."

Without awaiting his reply, Husseyn Bey rode from Shir Muhammad's side, taking his place at the head of his horsemen, who at a signal from his hand urged their horses forward.

* * * * *

But Shir Muhammad Bey was not one to submit readily to adversity. The blood that flowed in his veins was of the sort that animates heroes and martyrs. No sooner was the last of the Husseyn's followers hidden in the cavern-like defile into which the Turkmans rode, than he ordered his men to prepare supplies for several days' march and get everything in readiness to follow the Turkmans at once.

For two days they followed the trail of Husseyn Bey's party, judging by the evidences of the Turkmans' nightly encampment, at an interval of from three to four hours. This was about what Shir Muhammad Bey desired, and he neither attempted to lessen or increase the distance that separated his from the other body of horsemen.

Shortly after noon on the third day they heard shots,—first scattered and desultory, then more regular and business-like, until finally it settled down into a steady roar of battle.

A little further along they crossed a pass high in the mountains from which they were able to get a clear view of the battling tribes in the distance. The Turkmans were scattered up and down a narrow valley about the base of a rugged mountainside, up which wound a narrow, serpentine trail. Further up this trail, about midway between the valley and the mountain summit, upon a narrow ledge which seemed to run several hundred yards along the side of the mountain, were grouped the

Kurds. Although greatly inferior to their enemies in numbers, their advantage in altitude as well as the naturally fortified position they occupied more than equalized that deficiency. And as the Avshahrs watched, they saw one after another, no less than a dozen Turkman horsemen force their mounts upon the tortuous trail which led to the enemy's position, only to have their horses shot from under them, or, as occurred in two or three cases, to be shot from their horses' backs.

It was marvellous,—or seemed so to the on-lookers, that the Kurds should show such superiority both in equipment and marksmanship. Usually they were but indifferent rifle shots, and armed with antiquated weapons that would not have carried half-way to the position occupied by the Turkmans in the valley.

There was something, too, in the sound of the explosions. A sharp clear, high-pitched quality that told yet more plainly of the unusualness of the Kurdish armament. It was a sound that vaguely reminded Shir Muhammad Bey of something; for the moment he was unable to remember what. Then suddenly he remembered; it was of a day at Kaisarieh when he had seen a number of Turkish soldiers engaged in rifle practice. Thus he understood why the Kurdish fire was so effective,—they had visited an arsenal somewhere—it might be either Turkish, Russian or Persian—and by stealth, bribery,—or possibly, intimidation, had secured rifles and ammunition. This, then, was the secret of their superiority over the Turkmans. And Shir Muhammad saw from where he sat that it would be impossible for the Turkmans ever to dislodge the Kurds by direct attack.

As he sat there watching with the fixity of hypnosis the battle which was being fought before his eyes, a plan was slowly taking shape in the Avshahr chief's mind. Suddenly he saw through the plan to the end,—saw the final act whereby the Kurds should be defeated, the strategy that was to

clinch his victory,—and as he did so he urged his horse forward.

Rapidly, yet without overtaxing the strength of their tired animals, the Avshahrs pressed forward toward the scene of battle. As they approached Shir Muhammad kept a strict watch on the side of the trail nearest the mountain and across a spur from the point at which the Kurds had taken refuge, and when they were within about a mile of the nearest of the Turkmans his scrutiny was rewarded by the discovery of a rough, narrow pathway,—or at least what looked as though it might be a pathway,—leading off the trail.

"Come Moustafa!" called the chief to one of the more aged of his followers, who had spent much of his life in the mountains and was well versed in their craft, "see if that trail is one whereby we can reach the summit to the rear of the Kurds."

During the time that old Moustafa made his investigations Shir Muhammad rode forward a short distance toward the Turkmans' position, until he arrived at a point where the trail crossed a small mountain brook, which rippled and sank down the mountain-side, soon to lose itself in the larger stream which flowed parallel with the trail.

Pausing beside the small stream the chief smiled, and shaking his head, murmured to himself: "I was right,—Allah kerim!" Then wheeling his horse he galloped slowly back to where his followers waited.

"How did you find the trail?" he demanded eagerly of old Moustafa, whom he met returning to the main trail. "Can we make the ascent by it?"

"Al-ilmu inda'llah (Knowledge is with God)" replied the old man, shaking his head sagely. "I do not believe it to be impossible."

"Can the horses —?"

In anticipation of his chief's question, the old man threw up both hands palms forward, and interrupted: "A goat could climb it undoubtedly," he replied. "I think a man can,—possi-

bly a donkey might,—but not a horse. We must leave them behind."

This information caused some delay as well as no small amount of discussion among the Avshahrs. So little confidence had they in the Turkmans that many of the horsemen objected vigorously to leaving their mounts behind unprotected. They compromised their differences, however, by leaving three of their number to look after the horses, the remainder taking the trail under old Moustafa's leadership.

The ascent was painfully slow. At times they came to wide chasms across which the less agile tribesmen had to be assisted at great loss of time, while at other points for considerable distances the trail would disappear altogether, and they would be forced to continue their way by leaping from rock to rock. Long before the summit was reached it was clear to the most unobserving of the Avshahrs that the trail was not the work of man. It was simply a goat path. And the agility of the mountain-goat would easily have been taxed to its utmost to negotiate the ascent.

Only one mishap occurred during the climb, and that passed harmlessly, although a double fatality was but narrowly averted by the quickness and presence of mind of old Moustafa and his chief. Once, where the trail doubled back on itself at the steepest point, a large boulder turned under the foot of the man following next after the aged leader,—and, but for the fact that the latter, wheeling suddenly, caught him just as he started down the mountain-side on a slide that would have terminated in the valley below, the man would certainly have perished. And at the same time the little body of men toiling painfully up the trail directly below narrowly escaped death under the avalanche of rocks, which, loosened by his slide, rolled down the precipitous incline leaping from point to point, always breaking off fresh pieces which went to swell the mass. But Shir Muhammad Bey, seeing the man slip on the trail above, and observing the beginnings of the ava-

lanche of rocks, called to his companions to lay close against the rock wall which bordered the trail on the upper side. They did so with the result that the rocks, some hurtling high in the air, others nearer to their heads, all passed over them. Only one man was touched, and that not by one of the flying boulders, but by a small piece which fell broken from the edge of the rock under which he cowered.

Darkness had already fallen over the valley below when they reached the summit,—and, as the light there was still intense, Shir Muhammad ordered his men to observe strictest caution in moving about, lest they might be visible to the Kurds from their stronghold on the mountain-side. Had he but known it, this caution was entirely unnecessary, since the high, rock-faced cliff which lay behind the enemy's position, cutting them off from further ascending the mountain, effectually screened from their view everything which lay between them and the mountain-top.

For some time they lay about talking in subdued tones while recuperating from their arduous climb. Then, complaining of thirst, Shir Muhammad Bey began a cautious descent in the direction of the Kurdish camp. The others followed in a more or less desultory fashion, and more than one speculative remark passed between the men, upon seeing that their leader went with unerring accuracy directly to a small mountain stream that leapt from a rock about half a mile from the summit. It was impossible, some said, that a man who had never been in these mountains before should go straight to the spring with such accurate judgment. Others pointed with pride to the marvelous acumen of their young Bey. While the more devout, or rather those who were more inclined to mingle superstition with their devotion, hailed the occurrence as bearing witness to the fact that they were under the especial guidance of a higher power.

Two pronounced gullies bore off down the mountain-side from the rock in which they found the spring—both

growing deeper and rapidly diverging as they went. Down one of these poured all the strong vein of water as it issued from the rock.

“Masha'llah!” exclaimed Shir Muhammad Bey, as he looked closely,—first at the spring, then at the two natural valleys that proceeded in such widely different directions, “Of a certainty we have found favor in the eyes of Allah!”

But the task was greater than he imagined. To make a dam sufficient to turn the water from the course in which it had run for unknown ages and send it gurgling and bubbling down the other ravine was no light task with no implements other than knives to aid the work of their hands in that rocky soil. However, at length they had the satisfaction of seeing the old water-course drying up, while the stream flowed down the other gully. After this they slept.

Next morning Shir Muhammad Bey, accompanied only by old Moustafa, descended the mountain, and mounting their horses, rode directly toward the camp of the Turkmans. In crossing the water-course where he had halted the preceding day the Young Bey smiled as he noted that it was dry. Not a drop of water was flowing. Even the stones that lined the water's path were beginning to dry. So far the plan was working.

* * * * *

For two reasons the welcome accorded the Avshahr chief by Husseyn Bey fell somewhat short of that degree of cordiality usually shown one tribal chieftain by another.

In the first place Husseyn Bey, although guiltless of any feeling of ill-will toward the Avshahrs, deemed this intimacy with a ragged Avshahr scarcely in keeping with his hereditary dignity. Besides, he remembered the ease with which he had assured Shir Muhammad Bey of their ability to deal unassisted with the Kurds, and regretted that the latter should now witness their discomfiture at the hands of that warlike people.

“And how are you progressing

against the Kurds, Husseyen Bey?" inquired Shir Muhammad when salutations were over, and he had accepted a pipe from the grudging hands of his host.

"Allah biyouk!" replied the Turkman. "God is great! We have made but little progress,—however,—"

"However, you expect to do better today? Insha'llah!"

"Insha'llah!" Husseyen Bey glanced quickly at his caller. His eyes were almost closed, and he seemed to be trying to fathom Shir Muhammad without revealing his own thoughts.

"The Kurds fight well?" queried the Avshahr, trying another tack.

"Vallahi!"

"Better than your men?"

Husseyen Bey extended his hands palms upward, at the same time turning his eyes heavenward, which pantomime might mean anything from the implication that God alone could answer Shir Muhammad's question to a regretful admission that the answer was in the affirmative.

"Perhaps your men will fight better today."

"Masha'llah!"

Shir Muhammad Bey pricked up his ears at this. For in the exclamation "Masha'llah" he noted a change of tone. Husseyen Bey's imperturbability was but a pose, and beneath that the younger man was able to detect the Turkman's disappointment. Loss of heart, hopelessness,—despair, almost, was the impression the Turkman's tone conveyed to Shir Muhammad.

Suddenly the Avshahr leaned forward on his rug, and, looking the elder man hard in the eyes, "All is not well with you, Husseyen Bey!" he cried,—and the words rang from his tense throat as though his was the voice of an accusing magistrate.

Again the gesture of extended hands and eyes cast upwards. But now dejection was heavily written in every line of Husseyen Bey's broad, fair-complexioned face,—in the slump of his shoulders, and the listless droop of his hands.

"Is the Kurdish position too well

guarded for your men?" asked Shir Muhammad casually. It would not do to exhibit sympathy at this time he knew. Husseyen Bey would have resented anything of the sort.

The Turkman nodded.

"And you are about to give up the attack?"

Again a brief nod was the only answer.

"And leave the Kurds in possession of your cattle?"

"It is the will of Allah!"

With a sudden movement Shir Muhammad threw aside the pipe he had been smoking, and turning so that he was brought face to face with his host, cried: "No, Husseyen Bey! No, by Allah! It is not His will! Do as I say, and we will defeat the Kurds. I have a plan!"

"And what is your plan, Avshahr?" asked Husseyen Bey, still a trifle contemptuously, Shir Muhammad thought. But he chose to ignore the other's attitude.

The younger man held up his hands in gesture of secrecy. "Wait!" he cautioned. "Do as I say, and your curiosity shall soon be gratified. Give me twenty of your men; and let them be young and strong men, well armed. Furnish each with a rifle and ammunition,—and select your best rifles."

"Very well," agreed the Turkman chief, "Allah knows I have but little faith in your wild projects,—yet I am willing to leave no path untrdden. You shall have the men armed as you wish. What next?"

"Nothing. You shall remain here with the remainder of your men, so that the Kurds may see you. But let the men keep well out of range of the enemy's rifles. Nothing can be gained by needlessly sacrificing lives."

The Turkmans, being chosen for their youth and agility, negotiated the ascent of the mountain by way of the goat-trail the Avshahrs had found, doing it rather better than had the others on the previous afternoon. They found but little change in conditions there, although some of the Avshahrs, through curiosity, had gone down to

the brow of the rock that overhung the Kurds' position, and investigated their camp from that point. But as a result of their observations they had learned little except to note the character of the stronghold. It was, for the most part, a rock-floored bench-like indentation in the mountain-side, being cut off from the rest of the slope by a high rocky ledge, which for the greater part of the distance presented the unbroken formation of a solid wall of rock. And during the hotter part of the day they noticed a peculiar restlessness among the Kurds. They appeared uneasy, the Avshahrs said, like caged animals.

* * * * *

That night Shir Muhammad was unable to sleep. As he sat smoking cigarette after cigarette among his sleeping followers, a sound as of some prowling beast reached his ears. He strained his ears, and now and then the sound came, very slight at first, and at considerable intervals, but it seemed to the young Bey that they were constantly coming nearer.

At length he detected a movement. It impressed him as the movement of a human form. He threw himself on his face and wormed his way noiselessly out of the circle of sleeping men, and by a circuitous route, in the direction of the nocturnal prowler. He crawled slowly but steadily until he found a large rock blocking his path. This was, he thought, about where the mysterious visitor would be at this time. The rock towered about a man's height above him. With infinite care not to make a sound, he rose to his feet. He attempted to look across the rock, and there, his face within six inches of that of Shir Muhammad, his eyes staring fixedly into those of the Avshahr chief, lay the figure of a man prone upon the rock, his straggling black beard bristling with terror.

For the moment Shir Muhammad's surprise almost equalled the terror of the other, but the Avshahr was first to regain his self-possession.

"Who, in Allah's name,—who are you?" he stammered.

"I am Ahmed Abd-ul-Haq, a poor Arab merchant," whined the other. "And if it please your Highness, I have no money,—none at all,—not one beshlik,—no, not even a metalliq."

"You must take me for a robber then."

"But,—but, are you not a Kurd?"

Shir Muhammad Bey smiled. "Then you classify all Kurds as robbers?"

"Vallahi, among them I have lost both my goods and my money. All my wealth,—everything that I possessed in the world,—Allah!

"Now I want but a drink of water, —only a drink of water in Allah's name, efendim,—then I will be your willing prisoner. I will work, fight,—anything you will, so long as I have water."

Shir Muhammad led the Arab to the spring near which they were encamped and smiled as he observed the avid, burning thirst with which the stranger drank.

"Is there a scarcity, then, of water where you come from?"

"Allah,—yes," replied the other, "and one day on that burning rock without water is equal to three in the desert. I am desert-bred and know whereof I speak."

"You have been here—on the mountain, for some time?" queried Shir Muhammad, feigning want of interest in the Arab's thirst.

"God's mercy,—yes. I have been kept a prisoner among those Kurds on the rock below. Those who have stolen the Turkman's cattle, and now defend themselves against the owners. For weeks I have been their prisoner, —since long before they stole the cattle. They have hopes that my family may be willing to pay a ransom for my release. But this night there is suffering on the rock below, efendim,—much suffering. And while the Kurds talked and cursed among themselves, I found a rope, and by its aid escaped over the rocky wall above our prison."

"Have they some plan of action, these Kurds?—some arrangement for making their escape of which you know?"

"I—efendim,—I did overhear something of their talk. But who are you? I do not know you, Excellency."

Shir Muhamad laughed aloud. "Still you think me one of your Kurdish persecutors. In Allah's name, my brother, is there no difference? Granted that my face is like that of a Kurd, can you not see the difference in my speech? Is my tongue a Kurdish tongue?—and are these Kurdish warriors?" They had now returned to the Avshahr camp, and the chief pointed to the armed Turkmans that lay there sleeping, their rifles by their sides.

Ahmed Abd-ul-Haq bent low examining the men, and changed his position frequently in order to take advantage of the faint light as he looked from one to the other. Suddenly he looked into the chief's face, "Turkmans," he exclaimed, "by the blessing of Allah, they are Turkmans, enemies of the murderous Kurds,—and you—you are their chief? But no,—you are no Turkman."

"No," replied Shir Muhammad, "I am no Turkman, but an Avshahr. However, I am fighting with the Turkmans against the Kurds. You can trust me."

"Then we must hurry," urged the Arab, "some minutes have already passed since the first tint of gray in the east heralded the break of day, and there has been little enough sleep among the Kurds this night. Listen; this is their plan:" the Arab leaned close to Shir Muhammad's side, "they will go out this morning at break of day. First a body of horsemen,—then the cattle,—then the remaining horsemen in the rear. They will go out and make a fight for it, relying upon their superior arms to counterbalance the greater numbers of the Turkmans."

"That is all?"

"I heard no more, efendim."

Quickly Shir Muhammad aroused his sleeping followers and ordered them to follow him. Fortunately he was able to rely on his investigations already made, going directly to the point where the rock overlooked the

trail that led down the mountain from the Kurd's camp, for they were no sooner there than the exodus commenced. The chief had warned his men that since there was no grievance of life and death import against the Kurds, perhaps it would be as well to wound, rather than kill them,—but the Turkmans, thinking most likely of their comrades who had fallen in the first day's battle, either deliberately ignored their leader's instructions or were not exceptionally good marksmen, for several of the Kurds fell at the first volley.

For a time they pressed on, looking about them for their enemies, but the positions of the others above and behind the rock was so secure as to defy detection. Then, as the fire became so galling that they could endure it no longer, the Kurds turned and fled precipitately back to their protecting shelter.

The remainder of the day passed quietly. By ones and twos unarmed Kurds stole cautiously out of their stronghold and dragged the wounded back to safety, but in obedience to Shir Muhammad Bey's orders, not a shot was fired on them. The Turkmans were displeased at this order,—yet they obeyed sullenly.

* * * * *

The following night, as before, Shir Muhammad Bey was unable to sleep. And, in consequence, he relieved his followers from guard duty. The Kurds had been restless all day, but contrary to the Arab's prediction that the second day without water would see death a visitor among them, there was no evidence of casualties even among the wounded. Still, into the night the turmoil continued, and the distressed moaning of the cattle bore witness to the fact that there were sufferers among them other than human.

Midnight had passed, and Shir Muhammad Bey lay prostrate upon the ledge overlooking the Kurdish camp, listening to the sound of voices,—some in pain, others soothing, while oftenest of all they were raised in angry argument. Finally there came a long sil-

ence and Shir Muhammad thought the camp had at last settled to rest,—when suddenly he saw a movement further down the trail where the wan moonlight struck squarely across. There they were, silent and on foot,—the entire Kurdish band. Shir Muhammad's first impulse was to awake his followers and give battle to the fleeing robbers. Then there came over him a feeling of pity, and he resolved to let them escape and say nothing.

Next morning the entire party went down the mountain to the Turkmans' camp. There they found everyone in complete ignorance of the nocturnal movements of the enemy. In fact it required no little argument to convince Husseyn Bey that the Kurds were gone, and that they might at any time go up and take possession of their cattle. At first he took Shir Muhammad's statement as a ruse, and looked suspiciously at his informer at the suggestion.

Nor was he quite ready to believe his eyes when they found, not only their own cattle, but the horses and many of the arms of the Kurds as well. But when the Turkman chief did at last realize the magnitude of the service Shir Muhammad Bey had rendered them, he was carried away by gratitude and humility.

"Perhaps now you will help us in our war against the Circassians?" suggested Shir Muhammad Bey, as he neared the new Avshahr pasture-lands riding at the side of the Turkman chief.

"If it be the will of Allah,—yes," replied Husseyn Bey.

And when the Turkmans rode on down the Reni Chayr, leaving the Avshahr warriors eagerly greeting their expectant families, Shir Muhammad rode a little further at the side of the Turkman.

"Insha'llah,—we shall expect you soon," exclaimed the young Bey as he halted and turned back.

"Yes," answered Husseyn Bey, turning his eyes toward the heaven, "if it please Allah you shall not wait long."

Days ran into weeks, and Shir Muhammad Bey grew impatient. And always as he went about his daily duties his eyes involuntarily turned to the foot of the Yeni Chayr,—the place where he first saw the Turkman horsemen as they passed on their way to do battle with the Kurds.

At length there came a morning when he called his fighting men together. "Prepare yourselves for a long march," he ordered. "See that your horses and weapons are in good condition, for this day we ride toward the pastures of the Turkmans in search of Husseyn Bey and his men."

Four days they rode, and on the fifth they came upon the camp of the Turkmans. "Husseyn Bey," queried Shir Muhammad of an old man who watched the grazing herds, as he sat his hands running idly over a chaplet with beads of sandal-wood. "Is Husseyn Bey here, father?"

The old man looked up at his interrogator, but continued to finger his chaplet to the end before speaking. "He is not," he at last replied.

"Where is he?"

"Allah knows."

"Do you not know?"

The old man shook his head.

"Are the young men with him?"

By this time the old man had again bestowed his attention upon his chaplet. His only reply was to nod absent-mindedly.

Shir Muhammad turned back. To go further was useless. Disappointment showed clearly in his face, yet he tried to encourage his men by the suggestion that they might have better luck another time.

"Let's go back by way of the Uzun Yaila," he suggested, as they arrived at a fork in the trail on the morning of the second day. "It will take only a little more time, and we may learn something of the Circassians that will be of use to us later."

The men agreed, so long as their leader promised to take no action that would reveal them to their enemies, and the following day they found themselves upon the steep ascent that

leads from the valley of the Kizil Ir-maq to the heights of the Uzun Yaila. Just as they reached the level of the plain, near the very spot where Shemseddin Bey had met and killed old Hadji Rafiq Bey, Shir Muhammad's father, they met an old, white-bearded man mounted upon an active white horse of Arab breed.

"Old Fazlu'llah, by the mercy of Allah!" exclaimed Shir Muhammad Bey as he drew up near the old man.

"Yes," replied the old man slowly, "and thou are Shir Muhammad Bey,—and this," pointing to a heap of smoking ruins, which the Avshahr noticed for the first time, "is thy vengeance for the murder of thy father." And bending forward in the saddle the aged man continued in a reverent tone: "Allah is just!"

"Vengeance!" cried Shir Muhammad, "Mine!" In the name of Allah, what is the meaning of this, old man?"

"The meaning of this? Can it be that thou are ignorant of the rout of the Circassians, and the death of Shemseddin Bey, my son-in-law, and his war-like advisers? If thou hast not done this, then is it indeed the work of Allah,—and without Him

there is nothing!"

"What?" cried Shir Muhammad, urging his horse nearer the old man, "I do not understand. Is this a trap, Fazlu'llah Efendi? Has Allah then, deprived me of my vengeance? Is this—?"

The old man looked hard at his questioner, and, for the first time a suspicion of a smile relieved the sadness of his face. "Look,—Shir Muhammad Bey," he exclaimed, pointing dramatically across the plain. Then with a hand pressed to heart and forehead in salutation, the old Circassian passed slowly down the trail away from the Uzun Yaila.

Shir Muhammad looked, and he could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. For there, approaching them from across the plain was a long train of ox-carts driven by women and children. And before them rode Turkman horsemen, and behind, driving herds that looked strangely familiar, were still other Turkman horsemen.

"Allah!" cried Shir Muhammad Bey in the fulness of his emotions, "Great is Allah!"

The Avshahrs had returned to the Uzun Yaila.

TO THE STARS

Over the desert to westward
The passion of sunset dies,
And the crimson clouds like embers
Melt from the glowing skies.

The mountains purple and barren
Fade in the moon's broad light,
And the golden brim of the evening dims
To the opulence of night.

Night, oh blessed comforter!
Rest for the toils of men,
When the weary heart, lured upward,
Looks to the stars again.

ROBERT EARL BROWNLEE.

Chinatown, My Land of Dreams

By The Stevensons

THE tea houses and the tucked-in-the-corner fruit stands fascinated me. Swinging beads that shut out the quaint bazaars from the noise and bustle of the multi-colored crowds drew me to see the wares they so coyly hid. Curly tailed dragons and hideous gnome-like figures of carved wood and ivory and jade, gorgeous embroideries and gay-hued slippers and the engaging little trousered suits of the women of the Orient, all attracted me day after day into the acrid-scented streets of Chinatown.

I learned to know and like the food offered in the little lantern-lighted balconies of Hang Far Low's and in the cellar room of Lung How. The smooth-haired girls of the Chang Foo dining room came to know me by name and favored us in the matter of special teas and fresh almond cakes.

Bob laughed indulgently at my "whim for whiffs," as he called it, for the scents of the Chinese quarter annoyed him. But as is the way of young and untried husbands, he trailed behind me when I insisted on night excursions down the "avenues of swinging lanterns."

One Sunday afternoon Bob woke from his afternoon nap with damp forehead and eyes large with anxiety. He lay staring at me for one dazed moment, then with more than even his usual ardor he bounded across the room, caught me out of my comfortable chair and hugged me in an agony of relief.

"Good heavens!" he explained, "I dreamed you were carried off down in Chinatown and I was out with a gun hunting high and low for you and had every policeman in town on your trail.

Promise me you won't ever go down into that damnable place again, dear. Not alone, anyway."

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the kind," I replied, rather ruffled by the suddenness and seeming folly of the demand. "It's all your silly notion, and I'm not going to give up the most interesting pastime I've found in this poky old town just because you had a dream. Dreams mean nothing at all. Nobody has paid any attention to them for a century or so, and I'm surprised that a man of your hard business sense—"

"Aw, now Baby, I didn't mean anything by it, only, Great Scott, but that dream was vivid. Seemed like you went down to one of those slipper houses and a yellow fiend trapped you and it took me a week to find you, and then—" Bob bent his curly head to kiss me again. "I wish you wouldn't go, Kittiwinks. Not unless I'm with you."

"What nonsense! Forget your stupid dream and take me to Chang Foo's for dinner."

Little Tsien Chu, fresh and subtly-scented as an Oriental blossom in her white jacket and trousers, greeted us with a smile and we forgot the disagreeable incident in our epicurean delight over some new honeyed ginger and Chow Ming that she brought for our approval.

* * * * *

"If Mr. Robbins comes home to dinner before I do," I said to the maid, "tell him I have gone to Chinatown for some new slippers." I smiled rather maliciously to myself and went gayly out the door. How slowly and how sadly would I have gone had I known then what I know now. Serene in the consciousness of a becoming

new blue hat and veil, and with no faintest premonition of evil, I threaded my way through the fast-darkening streets of little shops and teahouses. Quaint tipped-up gables and peaked roofs silhouetted themselves against the glow of the west. A weird discordance of Eastern music came from a temple-like building across the narrow way. I strolled along reciting softly to myself a much-loved verse that seemed to belong to the picture before me:

"On the evil twilight, rose and star and silver
Steals a song that long ago, in Singapore they sang
Fragrant of spices, of incense and opium
Cinnamon and aconite, the betel and the bhang."

I paused here to chat to a sleepily carolling canary and there to examine a bit of colorful work or a curiously-strung rope of beads. Suddenly a flash of wonderful blue, the iridescent blue of a peacock's breast, caught my eye. It was the toe of a slipper from Tai Ping. Tai Ping,

"—so glamorous and gay
Where night is of blue
And of silver the day."

Some sloe-eyed girl had worked into this dainty footwear all the mystery and beauty of her land. I must have those slippers. The very thing for my new blue kimona.

The jovial face of old Lung Sing peered out the door and beamed at my approach. He had reason to beam. Many of Bob's hard-earned dollars had gone into his fat hands. "Four dollar hop," he grinned affably to my inquiry concerning the slippers.

"Only four and a half? Give them to me." Old Lung Sing exploded in metallic Chinese to the shiny-faced clerk who grinned at me in what I amazedly noticed was a most familiar manner. "Oily Oriental," I thought disgustedly, and turned to speak to Lung Sing. The affable grin had changed to a leer. He approached me with a conciliating smirk. "You come

me?" he asked. "Come my place. I give much slipper. Much beads—"

"You old beast," I retorted indignant. "I come nowhere. I'm going home. Give me my slippers." I stretched an impatient hand across the counter, but the oily clerk, at a glance from Lung Sing, had glided to the rear of the shop and now stood with his hand on the tassled cord of a gong which hung from the ceiling. "You come," chortled Lung Sing, and suddenly pinioned my arms at my sides, his devilish assistant pulled the gong cord and in horror-struck silence I felt the floor beneath me move and I slid into absolute darkness.

How long I had slept I shall never know. My head was heavy and dull and my mouth seemed full of black velvet. Through leaden-weighted eyelids I surveyed the tiny room in which I lay. Its walls were beautiful with soft-hued draperies. The couch was equally gorgeous in a black and orange cover stiff with gold embroidery, as was the blue Chinese suit I wore. Two exquisitely carved teakwood stands occupied opposite corners. On one stood a curiously wrought candle holder in which two low-burning yellow candles glowed; on the other a cone of incense was smouldering in the hands of a hideous little bronze figure that made me shudder at its dreadful likeness to the rotund form of old Lung Sing.

Think of the devil and he always comes. The curtain at the end of the room was softly raised and the yellow face of Lung Sing appeared, wreathed in a sardonic grin.

"You no like my place? No want come, come anyhow!" he exulted.

"You fiend," I sputtered angrily as he came nearer. "You yellow pup!" He paused to chuckle at this. "No. No pup. Ol' yellow dog. White man say, 'ev'ly dog has a day'. This my day."

He hesitated as I rose to my knees, teeth clenched and every nail bared for action should he come within reach. "Ho," he grunted. "I send you something make you feel more lik." He

shuffled out between the curtains and I heard the click of the bolt on the outside of the door the hangings concealed.

I sank back exhausted. How long had I been in this gruesome hole and how should I escape? Common sense told me that a hand to hand struggle with old Lung Sing would be worse than useless, for in spite of his superfluous flesh and flabby cheeks, he was far stronger than I, and I should only incur his anger and there was no way of knowing what new horror that might mean. And Bob? What of his misery and the agonizing hours through which he must be living. If I had only obeyed him! Thank heaven I had told the maid where I was going so he would at least have the search narrowed down to Chinatown without loss of time. But these Orientals with their cunning ways and their secret passages were more than a match for any policeman. Where was my prison located and how had I reached it? But I could remember nothing from the moment the blackness of the cellar below Lung Sing's shop had enfolded me.

The bolt clicked, and with apprehensive eyes I watched the curtain. A copper tray with a sam shu cup and a black bowl came first, then there peeped in above it the shining almond eyes of Tsien Chu, immaculate as ever in her crisp white jacket and trousers.

I leaped from the couch with a gasp of relief. Here was help sooner than could have been dreamed. Catching Tsien Chu by one slender arm I breathlessly attempted to tell her everything in one wild outburst. She nodded and smiled in her pretty way, but seemed entirely unimpressed. "Oh, Tsien Chu," I pleaded, "get me out of here. I'll do anything you wish. I'll educate you. I'll pay you—" She brightened visibly. "You pay me? How much?"

"Whatever you ask," I promised rashly. "Anything. Only lead me out of this awful place before that beast comes back!"

"I wait on his ladies midnight to morning. He send you nice medicine,"

chanted Tsien Chu, indicating the tray. "Make sleepy."

"Ugh," I shuddered. "Tsien Chu, if you only—"

"No worry," she reassured me, "I get you out. See! He think you push me out of way!" and with one swoop she scattered the tray and its burden over the floor, overturned the teak-wood stand with its sickening incense still burning, and knocked one candle out of its socket. With another dexterous movement she pulled the cover of the couch awry and jerked a hanging from the wall.

"Now," she breathed, "go down hall to big door. Then through dark alley to street. Then you are in lights again. But you pay me?"

"Indeed I'll pay you well," I promised.

"Go quick. He come soon." And little Tsien Chu fell back on the couch in so realistic an attitude of unconsciousness from choking or other foul play that for a moment I was frightened for her. Then, realizing that she was merely preparing the stage for old Lung Sing, I slipped under the curtain and sped softly down the hall. The "big door" was too big for my feeble weight, and I had almost despaired of my liberty when I felt it swung open from the outside and the burly form of a policeman loomed before me in the half-light of the alley.

"What the devil's goin' on here?" queried a gruff Irish voice.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," I panted. "Take me home, won't you?"

"Sufferin' snakes! It's a white woman!" gasped my rescuer. Then he added sternly, "And who are you and what do you be doin' down here in Chinktown in the dead of night? Answer me that."

An inkling of the suspicion in his mind came to me, and across my brain the dreadful newspaper headlines, the vision of harassing reporters, and the mess that would be made of the matter should it ever come to public notice. Spurred to new strength I turned and fled along the dark alley. I could hear the heavy feet of the policeman pound-

ing along behind me, gaining at every step. An automobile stood at the end of the alley. From its outline I knew it to be a Buick. I could drive a Buick. Heaven help me to reach it before—. At that instant the ponderous hand of the Irishman fell on my shoulder, I gave one wild shriek—

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"What the devil?" But it was Bob's voice, not the policeman's. "I'll stand for a lot, but this is too much," he said half crossly. "You've been bouncing around here and moaning and groaning like a kid with the toothache for ten minutes, but I knew it was that Chow Ming you ate last night. You drank too much tea, too, and I told you at the time you wouldn't sleep. But when you begin to yell, 'Help,

Help!' at three o'clock in the morning and in a respectable apartment house, it is the limit. You'll have the place raided by the police if you don't learn to eat sensible suppers. Now turn over and go to sleep."

"But Bob, I was just dreaming—"

"Tell me in the morning," he said sleepily.

* * * * *

It was a week before I ventured into Lung Sing's shop for the much needed slippers for my blue kimona. I found his genial grin as good-natured as ever and his courteous clerk guiltless of any sinister expression. As for Tsien Chu, her Oriental calm almost deserted her at the sight of the tip I left beside my plate after our next dinner at Chang Foo's. You see, she did not understand that I had cause for gratitude.

HOLD FAST

Hold fast, for our cause is just,
We must not lose in the fight,
But give to the world full freedom from lust,
Replace deepest wrong with right.

Hold fast, for the foe is near,
The battle is not yet won,
With never a thought of danger or fear,
Complete the good work begun.

Hold fast, give aid, give cheer
To these peoples in darkness thrown,
On the altar their all is laid,
Help them to retrieve their own.

Hold fast, we have set our hands
To the task, we'll the task achieve,
And the sordid souls of these savage bands
Will their full reward receive.

Hold fast, for our cause is just,
Greed and might to oblivion hurl,
With thanks to God in whose name we trust,
The banner of peace unfurl.

ANNA M. BAKER.

Jan.-3

At Kapu---An Hawaiian Story

By Roger Sprague

A REPORT of trouble on the Kapu plantation had been received at Howard Palma's office in Toorak that morning, about the time the doors were opened. "They're taking our men. We can't handle the crop," came the telephone message. Phil Palma had been deputed to "go out and straighten up the tangle."

Cederborg, master of the schooner "Aloha," who was in the office at the time, had offered Palma the use of his power-boat as the quickest means of getting there. He also volunteered to pilot the boat himself, remarking that he thought he'd "like to take a run out to the plantation." The two men walked together to Borneo pier, where the "Aloha" lay loading sugar for San Francisco.

As they entered the pier-shed it was rumbling with noise—the tramping of horses, the cries of the stevedores, and the rolling of four-horse drays coming from the warehouses. From an inter-island steamer which grappled the schooner's side, sacks of sugar were being hoisted to the rattling and creaking of cargo-booms and steam winches, to be swung across the rail and lowered into the "Aloha's" hold, half a score at a time; while at the hatchways stood alert, quick-eyed tally-clerks, in white duck and deep sun-helmets, tally-cards in hand, checking each sling-load. Cederborg, paying no attention to anything but the matter in hand, led the way straight across the schooner's deck to where a side-ladder hung; they climbed down to the launch and were away in a minute. Although the distance to the plantation was sixty miles, the sea was so smooth that they made the run in two hours.

The Kapu plantation lay in the extreme northeastern corner of the island, where a long, low plain, a mile wide, edged the land. The day before a heavy draft of laborers had been taken from Kapu, to work on the fortifications at the Naval Station; and when the boat reached the landing the sun was glaring down on a succession of fields where the cane stood ten feet high, ripe and ready for the harvest, with not a man at work. At the wharf a few men were loading a launch for Toorak. When Palma asked for the overseer, referring to him by the native term, "head luna," they pointed up the road to the office.

As he walked up the road, Cederborg looked around him curiously, for, although he owned stock in the company, this was his first visit to the plantation. He saw that the office was a low, frame structure, very plainly built, with a shallow verandah. A row of shade trees grew before it. Within the verandah stood Hendricks, the overseer of Kapu.

Dressed in a suit of white duck and wearing a broad-brimmed Panama hat, he had just risen from a long rattan chair. Men on horseback were dashing up to make reports, and dashing off again. The overseer's face had a worried look, but it cleared as he saw Palma.

"Have you brought us any more men?" was almost the first thing he said.

"Not a man—so far," Palma answered.

For a minute while they talked, conferring in low tones, Cederborg was neglected. He eyed the overseer as he stood there, framed in the dark square of the office door—a short,

stout, smooth-shaven, sun-burned man, his broad-brimmed hat shading a round, heavily-lined face. His white linen suit was immaculate—nowhere stained with the green of sugar-cane; his high laced shoes, of tan leather, seemed never to have been spattered with the red mud of the irrigation ditches. In Cederborg's mind rose the question whether such an overseer wasn't more ornamental than useful.

A Portuguese servant had been placing a light bamboo table on the veranda, and arranging three rattan chairs around it. Now he was bringing iced drinks. With a cordial smile Hendricks invited Palma and Cederborg to "sit down and cool off," stretching his own feet luxuriously as he took a chair. It was decidedly pleasant, resting there, sipping iced drinks and stirring the languid air with light Chinese fans. The green sweep of the cane-fields stretched before them; the blue Pacific Ocean lay in the offing; the tang of the trade-wind was in their nostrils. There came to their ears the echoing rumble of machinery along with the grinding crunch of the rollers through which the cane was being fed, for directly across the road rose the high white sides and tall black stacks of the mill.

"How many men did you lose?" was Palma's next question.

"A hundred—all Japs."

"But you still have the Chinese and Koreans."

"Yes, such as they are. But they're not much use as cane-cutters. You know the Japanese attend to all that."

"Well, what have you done?"

"Taken Chinese and Koreans off the irrigation work, all I could spare, and put them to cutting cane. But they're making a poor job of it."

"I expect they are. Confound the luck. A hundred of our best men gone."

"Why can't the naval people pick on someone else?"

"Hang the naval commander! If these islands had a Government of their own, we'd not be having our men stolen."

"Take care, Mr. Palma. What sort of talk do you call that?"

"Well, what is it?"

"Well, sounds like sedition."

"Sedition! Oh, Lord." Obviously his words had been no more than the hasty utterance of a boy—sore, disgruntled, put out by the turn affairs had taken.

By this time the glasses were empty. "Here, boy," called Hendricks, "Fill these."

"Never mind," Palma interrupted. "Let's go to the fields and size things up."

Already he was walking down the steps. But Hendricks made no movement. "What's your hurry, Mr. Palma?" he inquired. "We have all day."

"All day! I want to get back to Toorak!"

"Oh, the carnival's calling you, is it? We mutts who live on the plantation have to get our carnival out of a bottle—or go without." He rose lazily and came down the steps.

Hendricks was used to having a free hand. Most sugar plantations have a resident manager, but Howard Palma's idea had been to manage the Kapu plantation himself, through the overseer, "and so save the expense of a \$10,000 man."

The three men started up the road. As they marched side by side, they made an even graduation in size:—Cederborg, a blond Norse giant; Palma, six feet and athletic; Hendricks, short and soft. The two visitors walked slowly, to keep time with the overseer's steps.

As they moved along, Palma was closely observing the way in which the plantation had been handled. He compared each field with a blue-print which showed its acreage and distance from the mill. When he looked the ground over, he saw that Hendricks had been keeping everything in perfect order. In fact, neatness and order were Hendricks' strong points. Whether he was planning a new irrigation ditch, installing a pumping plant, or hoisting a new set of stacks into place above the furnaces of

the mill, the work must be done with meticulous precision. In the mill he permitted no cane to go through the rollers unstripped of its leaves. As each field was harvested, his cutting-gangs carefully stripped the cane before loading it on the cars. Nothing was wasted, if Hendricks could help it. If anything was lost on the plantation, it must be found. If any work failed to pass inspection, it must be repeated. But men claimed that his methods required so much time and labor that they wasted more money than the slap-dash methods of a carelessly managed plantation.

They were walking past a field when Palma stopped.

"See here, Mr. Hendricks," he began, "is this your only way of harvesting sugar-cane?" They had come in plain view of a gang of Koreans, who, herded by a native gang-boss, were cutting and hand-stripping the cane in the way Hendricks prescribed. A line of cane-cars stood close by, on a portable track which had been laid into the field. The stripped canes were being piled in alternate cars. The other cars were being filled with leaves, which would go to feed the furnaces in the mill.

Hendricks answered boastfully, "That's my only way—and isn't it a daisy? No bug-juice goes through our mill. It's all pure sugar-juice coming from our rollers. And nothing is wasted."

"Yes—but just at present, isn't there a scarcity of time? The season's half over."

"I know it."

"And there's a scarcity of men."

"There sure is."

"And there's a lot of cane waiting to be cut."

"Yes."

"Then why not use a quicker method—for the time being?"

"Because I always aim to do a good job, if I do it at all; that's how I get results," Hendricks replied with spirit. "I know it takes a few more men," and he gestured to where the sweating Koreans slashed and carried in the blis-

tering sun, "and a little more time—but the company gets the benefit. There are no shutdowns in our mill—nothing gets clogged—never any spoiled juice. Where will you find another plantation where the work's so well done? You've been away at college too long, Mr. Palma," squeezing the young man's arm. "Ask any sugar chemist in the islands which mill runs the cleanest juice and turns out the purest sugar. Isn't that a record to be proud of?"

"In a way, it is. But it seems to me that you are managing this plantation for the benefit of the refineries. All of the sugar goes to San Francisco to be refined, anyhow. So what's the use?"

"What's the use? Is there no use in avoiding shut-downs? Is there no use in saving the juice, instead of spoiling it and throwing it away by the ton?"

"That's all very fine. But conditions aren't so fierce at the other mills, in spite of their slap-dash methods. And here are a hundred men doing the work of twenty! And these are war-times, when labor is scarce! We've never made a very heavy profit, using your methods. Your efficiency is too expensive. Mr. Hendricks—too expensive!"

"Hang the expense!"

"That seems to be your motto."

"Suppose we have trouble in the boiling—the mill shuts down—no sugar comes out—how much money would you make then?"

"But in the mills where they run the cane through the rollers, with leaves, trash and all, they don't have many shut-downs."

"And what are they producing? What are they furnishing the consumer? Bug-juice—not sugar!"

"We've covered that ground already. The refinery takes care of that end."

"Then my methods are not satisfactory."

"Your methods are too rigid, Mr. Hendricks. They're all right in some ways—but you must learn to adapt them."

"Adapt them be blanked! Perhaps you'd like to take charge of the plantation yourself!"

"That's what I'm here for. And I'll commence by getting rid of all this hand-stripping. And I'll take the leaves off the cane, too."

"How?"

"By burning them off. I'll begin at once. Hendricks, call your men off that field."

The overseer grinned.

"Papa sends his little boy out to play with the plantation, does he? And the little boy thinks he'll begin by burning it up!" He lifted his hand and continued in a harsher tone, "No, Mr. Palma, I won't do it. I guess you and I will have to come to an understanding, right now. I'm in charge of this plantation, and I don't intend to take orders from you."

"Then take that."

Palma's right hand cracked against Hendricks' face, as his left hand caught him by the collar. "We'll see who's the little boy," and he whirled Hendricks through a half-circle, almost lifting him from his feet. "Now, will you call in those men?"

For a minute the three men posed there on the road—the overseer, pale and confused; Palma, angry and insulted, all his hot native blood aroused, Cederborg grinning as he watched the tableau. Then Hendricks lifted a whistle to his lips. The native gang-boss caught the signal and shouted to his men. As they dropped their work, he led them toward the road. Each man carried his cane-knife.

The cane-knife of the Ladrones, like the "bolo" of the Philippines and the "machete" of Cuba, is a formidable weapon—half as long as a man's arm, enormously heavy, and sharp as a razor.

As they approached, Hendricks suddenly shouted, "Help! help!"

Unacquainted with Palma and seeing their overseer in the grip of a stranger, the men believed him to be the victim of an assault, and broke into a run, lifting their knives as they came on.

"Now you have them," Hendricks snarled. "And they have you."

"Not by a damned sight!" exclaimed Cederborg, and he dragged out his "gat" as he called it,—a forty-four caliber automatic. "Stop those men—or I'll drop you."

Hendricks lifted his hand.

"It's all right," he said. "I was only joking."

Then he called to the native boss "Hold your men." He swallowed, hesitated—and decided to accept the situation. "This is the owner's son, Mr. Palma. You'll take orders from him, so long as he's here."

The native seemed puzzled, but he turned and shouted an order in their own language to his men. They lowered their knives and stopped by the side of the road, a confused, jabbering group of swarthy men, clothed in blue cotton and high, laced shoes, their heads covered with cheap cotton handkerchiefs.

Palma spoke in a low tone to the overseer, "I'll have to hold you for a hostage, Hendricks."

"All right. I surrender. I know when I'm beat."

Palma turned to the native boss. Speaking in Ladronian, he asked, "Have you ever burned off a field?"

"No, sir."

"Never mind. I know the method. Have your men bring straw from the stables."

The order was passed.

Within five minutes Palma had the situation in hand. Leaving Hendricks in the grip of Cederborg, he was running wherever he was needed—to the windward side of the field, to supervise the laying of the straw; to the leeward side, to station a gang of Chinese who would beat out any sparks which might lodge among the young cane; then back to the mill, to order more cane-cars. In an hour he was ready to begin burning.

A swath of straw had been laid all along the windward edge of the field. Now, when the Koreans touched matches to it at twenty points at once, it instantly began to smoke and flicker.

Presently jets of flame began to run up the canes, consuming the leaves. The blaze spread; the field was on fire; and the fire was driving with the wind, crackling, snapping, roaring, apparently consuming everything before it. But it only took the leaves. The thick sugar-cane, heavy with juice, was barely singed. With a gang of Chinese beating out the sparks which fell in the next field, Palma looked approvingly on, from where he stood on a cane-car.

Hendricks saw that Palma was master of the situation. Cederborg saw it too, and he released the overseer, who walked back to the office. When he reached the verandah, he called the Portuguese servant who had served the iced drinks.

"Joe," he said, "that fellow Palma's no good."

"No good, sir!"

"You heard us talking, while we were sitting here, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You heard Palma damning the Government for taking men from the plantation."

"Yes, sir. Made my blood boil."

"And you could testify to what he said."

"Yes, sir. I'd like to see him go behind the bars; get it good and plenty."

"Here's a dollar for you, Joe. Come to Toorak with me next week, and we'll interview the secret service. But don't say anything now."

He subsided into a long rattan chair which stood on the verandah. He knew that he was not needed in the fields, so long as Palma was on the plantation. From where he was resting he saw that a fresh field had been fired. The sound came crackling through the sultry air.

The field was burning furiously. White clouds of smoke rolled slowly away before the wind. Below the smoke rose the crimson glare of flames leaping and glowing, an intense rosy red, even under the full light of the tropical day.

The first field lay a blackened waste. Gangs of Chinese laborers were being rushed down the road, to harvest it, for all the cane must go through the mill within two days—or be lost.

Hendricks realized perfectly that he had been beaten—at least for that day. But there were other days coming. He was thinking of them when he muttered, "He's been talking sedition—I'll get him for that."

WHEN FANCY WEAVES DREAMS

When Fancy weaves her wond'rous dreams,
And casts o'er me her mystic spells,
She lures me far from fretful schemes
To blissful bournes where Lost Youth dwells.

The winding trails again I tread,
While cross the sun-browned hills I fare;
Unclouded is the sky o'erhead,
Once more my heart is free from care.

I gaze on fields of golden grain,
Enraptured by the reapers' songs;
I loiter 'long the wood-lined lane
And grieve no more o'er suffered wrongs.

A Native of the Western Sea

By Belle Willey Gue

THREE is a kind of game that tests the prowess and endurance of the hunter—a kind of game that is neither “flesh, fish nor fowl”—that neither walks nor runs upon the ground, nor swims within the waters, nor flies through the air.

The edible portions of this strange creature, when properly cooked, are as dainty and delicious as it is possible for meat to be.

A novice, wandering along the rocky coast where this game thrives, might easily mistake the strong shell, covered with mosses and seaweeds and incrusted with barnacles that make their homes, each within its own tiny apartment, upon its surface, for a portion of the rugged shore itself; indeed, even one who has become accustomed to the appearance of the abalone shell often attempts to dislodge a portion of the rock where it clings and which it so closely resembles. This resemblance no doubt is a part of its protection against those who would make it their prey. Like the changing coat of the chameleon, the outside of the abalone shell, in the rough, seems to accord with the colors nearest to it; the sensitive, fringe-like feelers of the abalone which extend all around the outer margin of the shell look exactly like the sea-lichens that cover the rock around it.

No matter how much an inquisitive stranger may poke at this queer, puckered edge or pull off or pry loose the sea-mosses on the back of the shell, the abalone will not try to run away.

It is certain that it can move very quickly, turning to the right and then to the left, or vice versa, springing over the rocks by the suction of its feelers, but it never seems to save its

life in this way, depending entirely upon its staying power. And well may it do so, for, so firmly does it cling to the rock that human beings have been known to lose their lives while attempting to dislodge it from its resting place with a bare hand. The strength it is capable of is wonderful, and, having placed a hand beneath the abalone shell, one may be held there until the rising tide engulfs him, unless one is brave and strong and thoughtful enough to employ some sort of rude surgery in dismembering the hand that has been caught.

For this reason abalone hunters are armed with some sturdy instrument of steel or iron. A screw-driver from an automobile tool-case will answer the purpose, but about the best thing to use is a leaf from an old wagon or buggy spring; the bend of it and the spring of it seem to help in the work. Of course, a stout stick, vigorously applied, may, in time, push the mollusk off the rock if one happens to see it where the water is not too deep.

But the real abalone hunter goes into deep water—he wades out to a rock that looks hopeful—usually covered by the long grass that grows at the bottom of the sea. He is protected as to hands and arms, but often not impeded by nether garments. He watches the breakers, feels under the rock until he finds the rough, rounded surface that he is in search of, then, with tool in one hand and the other one free to grab the game, he ducks and dives, buffeted by the waves and feeling his way carefully over the unseen and slippery rocks; often only the hair of his head and, perhaps, the tip of one ear, are visible, and, sometimes, these, too, go under the water.

It is the dash and battle with nature, the acquiring of a glorious appetite, that attract him, even more than the stubborn resistance of the game or the food that it affords.

According to the laws of California, the abalone, whether red, green or pink, must not be taken from the water and carried away unless it measures from sixteen to eighteen inches in circumference.

Prying the shell from the rock seldom injures the creature within it, and so the hunter, if he is in doubt as to the legality, measures the shell, and in case he finds it too small, he puts the game back into its native element to grow up to the regulation size.

Only ten abalones are allowed to each hunter each day, and it is not legal to sell them at any time, but one can give away the meat and keep the shell or give the shell and all if he prefers to do so.

The closed season for abalones is very short, but they are amply protected by the tides of the sea in which they live. It is only at low tide that the most daring hunter ventures out to the abalone rocks. Minus tides only come a few times during the year and last but a short time when they do come. The ocean claims its own along the shore and human beings are driven before its advancing waters.

But men and women are not the only enemies of the abalone. Barnacles infest its outer surface and it is attacked by various animalculae, some of which cause its shell to have what is known as abalone blisters; sometimes these grow to the size of an inch or more in height and two or three inches in length and width on the inside of the shell, penetrating the flesh of the inhabitant and causing the meat to turn dark. Within these blisters and also in the stomach or alimentary canal are sometimes found abalone pearls which when polished are very iridescent and beautiful.

The abalone is a species of molusca, apparently without intelligence, and without any of the five senses except that of touch. It varies in size

from less than an inch to six inches in diameter. It does not thrive in cold, exposed water, but seems especially to delight in the deep places along the Pacific Coast. It cannot live in fresh water, as has been shown when flood waters of rivers have ran into the sea; thousands of abalones have been killed in this manner at times of heavy rains along the shore.

The edible portion of the abalone is from two to four inches wide, from three to five inches long, and from two to four inches in thickness. This is a solid piece of white meat resembling the hard part of the oyster, sometimes called its ear. There has never been anything more tough and uninviting than this meat if improperly prepared. If one should attempt to boil it to a state of tenderness the result would surely be disastrous and disappearing. The longer it would be cooked the tougher it would become. Those who have tried to eat it after it has been improperly cooked will be apt to disagree with me when I say that there is no meat more delicate in flavor when prepared in some such way as I am about to describe.

As soon as the abalone has been taken from the shell the stomach and alimentary canal should be removed and the remaining portion should be placed on something solid and struck a quick heavy blow. This kills the creature and relaxes the muscles. Then it should be dropped into boiling water and allowed to remain there for one minute—never longer. This treatment makes the abalone tender and it may then be prepared for the table in various ways. Abalone loaf is made by grinding the meat until it is minced into very small portions, when it is mixed with cracker crumbs and egg, seasoned with salt and pepper and beaten until it becomes a light, spongy mass; this is spread out in a large baking pan which has been previously placed in a hot oven and into which a goodly portion of olive oil has been poured. The baking must be done very quickly; it will not take more than ten

minutes, and the loaf should be taken out of the oven as soon as the bottom of it has become a rich, golden brown. This mass, prepared as above, instead of being baked, may be made into patty-cakes and fried quickly. Also, tomatoes may be added to the mixture before baking, giving the loaf a peculiar and pleasing taste.

Abalone chowder may be made from the minced bits of meat, using them in place of minced clams, with browned, minced bacon, potatoes, onion and cream with the proper seasoning.

Abalone steak is made by vigorously pounding thick slices of the meat—one abalone may be cut into two or three slices; these will be a little longer than wide; these slices may be dipped into strong vinegar or into beaten egg, then they should be rolled in flour, meal or cracker crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper, according to taste, and fried. The oil or grease in which the meat is to be fried should be very hot when it is put into the pan, and the heat must be strong and steady. As soon as the outer surface of the steak has become a golden brown the abalone should be taken up, as the one important part is that the meat must not be over the fire long.

The abalone shell is shaped like an ear, as if listening, continually, to the song of the sea. It has many perforations or breathing holes a short distance from its longer margin. These openings are various in number and size; they are like closed windows, tightly shuttered, sometimes; just why and when these blinds are taken down is a mystery, as the very smallest shell may have as many as sixteen perforations, whereas a large one may have but four or five of them.

Empty abalone shells of various sizes have been discovered lying on the sand where the breakers have cast them up out of the sea. Some measuring as much as twenty-five inches in circumference have been found.

The outer surfaces of these shells, whether inhabited or deserted, are rough and stained and dark, but they may be made into things of marvelous beauty by polishing. They are very hard, and yet very delicate, so that great care as well as strength is necessary to the work. This may be done with an emery-wheel and sand-paper or a file may take the place of the emery-wheel, but much more time is required when the former instrument is used. No two shells are exactly alike. The black abalones lack some of the varieties of color possessed by the red, pink and green varieties, but all are capable of being highly polished.

Many articles, both useful and ornamental, have been made from these shells, and the shells, themselves, polished and cleaned, have been used in place of dishes. Salads and some kinds of fruit can be successfully served in them, and they are very dainty and pretty used as receptacles for pop-corn and for nut dishes.

Both the inner and outer surfaces of the abalone shell are hidden away from the eyes of mankind by nature, but when the creature has been taken from the inside and the rough surface has been rubbed away from the outside, its beauty is revealed. There are delicately-shaded tracings as if designed by fairy fingers with pencils dipped in the sunsets and bathed by the morning dews. There are tiny, castellated pictures and drawings of butterflies and heads of animals as well as of feathered creatures with wings outspread as if flying through a rarefied ether. There are perfect imitations of different kinds of leaves and dainty mosaics done as exquisitely as if a feather from a sea-bird's wing had been wielded by an artist who had at command all the colors of the rainbow and all the sheen of the ocean with the dancing lights and shadows of all the sunny days and all the moonlit nights.

Doctor, Hand Me the Broth

By Fiswoode Tarleton

MME. HARDINOT, a singer, is giving a dinner party for a few friends and celebrities.

Men and women noted for one thing or another. Toasts are offered touching men and the war. Repartee flashes. Everybody is having their fling.

At last someone says, "Sugrue, tell us a story."

"A story, a story," they all cry.

Sugrue is a nuerologist attached to an overseas regiment but has recently been invalided home because of a German shell that brought death and new agonies to a field hospital before Ypres.

"A story!" he says. "Well, then, listen."

* * * * *

One day my friend Cother, an artillery Captain with a command several miles down the battle line dropped in at our hospital for a chat. We talked and smoked.

"This hellish business of war is getting the best of me," he finally said. "I must get away for a while, or else go mad. It is not my body but my wits that are shot to pieces. Why not obtain leave for tomorrow and join me in a motor trip. Anywhere you please so it is away from this incessant roar of guns. I will get the Commandant's car. I will arrange everything, only say that you will come."

I had not seen much of Cother of late, who was like a brother, true to the death. Besides, I too, needed a change, so I agreed at once.

It was cold, I can tell you, that December morning we started from the hospital. The wind rushed past our faces like so many knives. Frost settled on the lids of our eyes until the

tears streamed down our cheeks. We could scarcely see.

The sun was coming up, a red ball through the smoke curtains hanging over the enemy's first line. Already our army planes were heading this way and that or had ascended so high they looked like fixed specks in the sky. On we sped, faster and faster until the motor purred and the rear end of the car swung to first one side of the road then to the other, while stray shells from Fritz tore out great craters in the snow fields ahead and behind.

But you want to hear the story.

After a while we entered a valley. We forded a frozen stream and ascended a winding hillside road. At last we came to a village. In front of a house made of rough stones and with a thatched roof, a crowd of people had gathered, stamping their feet in the snow, blowing on their fingers and talking so fast the steam poured from their mouths.

"Is somebody dead, or what?" Cother remarked.

"There is something the matter, or why do they stand there and freeze," I replied.

"Anyhow it wouldn't hurt to find out," he said.

Stopping the car in front of the house, Cother called to an old woman, "Grandmother, what is the fuss?"

The old woman tilted her head, closed one eye like this, and clicked her gums. Then she told us the trouble.

It seemed that a young woman of the village, whose man was killed in action at Verdun, was determined because of her great grief to take her own life. Twice the neighbors had pulled her out of the icy river, and

once they had cut a rope from her neck.

"Now she won't eat," the old woman went on, "so it is all over with her, sure thing."

"How long since the poor girl has taken food?" I asked.

"Three days. No, it is four, now," she replied.

"Well, let me have a look at her," I said.

The old woman shrugged her shoulders and motioned for us to follow. She pushed aside the crowd with her elbows, puffed her way up four wooden steps and opened the door. Then we entered a room littered with riff raff. Everything was scattered about or upside down. A shoe here, a stocking there, and bits of girl's finery everywhere.

The girl lay in bed as still and as pale as death. She was about seventeen, I should say, and must have been something of a beauty when herself, but now her hair was disheveled, her cheeks sunken, and her eyes two burnt holes in a plank.

The old woman stepped to a stove that glowed red hot in the corner, poured some steaming broth into a bowl and carried it over to the girl.

"Here is some broth for you," she said. "I made it myself."

The girl raised the lids of her eyes, glanced feebly at Cother and at me. Then she shook her head.

The old woman weeped and prayed until the bowl tipped in her hands. The broth streamed away over the blanket, the ticking, and the girl's red dress until it was all soaked up. When she had her cry, the old woman pleaded again.

"Why should I live?" the girl asked

softly. "Have I a father, a mother? Have I a husband? Do you know what it is to love, you? Jesus, Mary, leave me in peace."

"So you are set on kicking the bucket," the old woman said. "You will not listen to these old bones, eh. As if your man was the first to turn up his toes for France. He won't be the last, either, before the German hell is filled. This is a nice fix for an old woman like me to be in. But take the broth."

This time the girl paid no heed, only gazing at the bare wall.

"How she must have loved him," Cother remarked.

"You had better leave for a while," I said. "Take the old woman out with you. I want to talk to the poor child."

When I was alone with the girl I pulled a chair close to the bed. Then I took her hand and told her I was a doctor doing my bit for France, and we talked for a long time.

At last I leaned over and whispered something in her ear.

For a minute she looked at me in a puzzled way. Suddenly she raised up in bed.

"Are you sure? Are you sure?" she asked.

"Don't I know!" I said.

Her breast began to heave. Her eyes flashed. Blood flew to her cheeks.

"Doctor, hand me the broth," she said.

* * * * *

Sugrue sips his wine.

Five men at the dinner party wrinkle their brows or else scratch their heads.

"Idiots," six women say.



Millions From the Busy Bee

The Largest Honey Farm in the World A Sight in Themselves in the West.

By Felix J. Koch

THREE is a valley just south of the center of California where a million stilettos are in daily use.

The railway, in fact, seems to have feared to erect a station at this point, lest the agent be stung to death, so there is only a platform and a long brown sign-board, inscribed "Strathearn." Here and there among nearby canyons a man may betimes be seen, proceeding slowly, as if by stealth, guarded by grim vizors against the murderous bands. Robbers they are, one and all, these stiletto bearers, taking from the valley all it holds sweetest. Unlike most assassins of history, however, these brigands of the Simi Valley are not cowards. Death with their victim is the law of the clan and revenge is prized so much more highly than life that they die willingly in its infliction.

Who these thieves, and why their thirty-year toleration at the heart of California? The answer lies in the money which the armed marauders bring, ten thousand dollars in a single township, year after year, in California.

"Not one man in a hundred has any real idea of how the bees conduct their hives and collect the honey," an apiarist told us there in California, "though a more interesting story can scarcely be found.

"On starting a bee-ranch, the owner purchases a complete colony of bees. The process of multiplying is peculiar. On starting such a hive, a 'queen' egg—and a good one, must also be obtained, for without a good queen the hive will die. These eggs range from

$\frac{1}{8}$ to 1-16 inch in length, and are of such fine diameter as to be next to invisible. Three days after their laying, the eggs hatch into larvae of about the size as the eggs themselves. Except for being rather whiter, the change, to the naked eye appears as if a complete transformation of the entire egg.

The queen bee, the mother of the hive, is unique in that she can lay male or female eggs at will, placing these in cells of sizes varying with sex, that of the worker bee being a cell hexagonal in form and often as much as 1-5 inch across, while the drone cell, on the other hand, though of the same shape, is decidedly smaller.

In the ordinary honey season, when the bees are storing the honey, the queen bee will lay about 300 eggs a day, or two or three times her own weight. Within 48 hours these eggs hatch. The larvae remain insignificant for four to five days, when they begin to take on rapid strides towards maturity, attaining their fullest growth in 21 days.

Survival of the fittest then gets in its work, and the struggle for existence among the bees wipes out the greater number of them. In fact while in the winter season bees live four months, and there are instances of bees having lived two years, or even three, the average life of a bee in the working season is set at 21 days. Accidents and the strain of the labor are responsible for the fatality. Numbers, however, are constantly increasing in the hive during the working season, otherwise the colony would die out. As it is, were the bees to live but 30 days the

birth-rate would still keep the hive going.

In the spring the hive contains comparatively few worker bees, 2000 to 2500 at best, and no drones at all, the lazy-bones failing to survive over the winter.

Just about mid-winter, in California, when the flowers begin to come, the bees take up their work. Flowers are profuse in February, and there is a large amount of surplus honey. This, for a long time in the spring, is used up as rapidly as gathered, being supplemented with the honey which has been kept through the winter for feeding the young drones, for the queen is busy laying now.

If the season promises to be good, the queen begins her laying with drone eggs. The amount of honey being brought into the hive seems to govern her in these functions. Then the workers begin to put in their appearance, and 27 or 28 days after the hatching, or about after reaching maturity, they begin their first work in the fields, gathering not only the honey, but pollen as well. Pollen is employed to mix with the honey, as well as to feed the young.

The drones will hatch and mature in about 16 days, and very shortly after they begin their first flight. This flight of the drones is merely for the purpose of mating with some chance queen, out on her wedding flight.

The queen bee is fertilized but once in her life, and that is on this memorable occasion known as her wedding flight. To understand the interesting ceremonies attendant on this honeymoon journey one must go back to the older hive:

When the queen has filled her hive with her brood and the bees have been hatched in such numbers as to crowd and over-heat the hive, her majesty comes to feel that it is time to send out a swarm. If the honey season is good the queen then proceeds to head such a sesession—leaving the young queen reared for the purpose, to depart on her own wedding journey, and then

returning, rule the hive.

That the queen bee is fertilized but once in her life is proven by the fact that if then mated with an Italian or other rare species, queens of which bring from two to three dollars apiece, all the successive progeny will show traces of such parentage. All this mating is done high in the air, no attempts at mating in confinement having succeeded so far.

As the eggs for queen bees are at all stages when the old queen swarms, the young queen, coming to her own, will go through the hive, stinging through the cells of the rival queens, often on the point of hatching. Bloody Mary, with her stiletto in this wise makes way with all possible pretenders. If, however, the new-crowned queen feels that the season promises exceptionally well and that there will be a second swarming from the hive, requiring that another queen be left behind, she will permit two or perhaps three queen eggs to hatch. Then, as soon as the workers have appeared, the swarm occurs, for the queen can brook no rivals.

New swarms may settle anywhere from low bushes or the earth itself, to the branches of oaks, 30 feet from the ground, and these the apiarist shakes into hives to start still one more colony with. The members that desert the hive in a swarm will be from one-half to one-third the entire population, and as after-swarms or second-swarms, are frequent, the productivity of the queen bee is obviously tremendous. Now and then a queen will desert the hive without having done more than about laid the egg in the queen cell, but this is exceedingly rare.

The cell that is to produce a queen in the hive is about the size and form of a peanut. On hatching, the young princess is fed on a special food, royal jelly it is called, which is milky white, and, while pleasant to the taste, is exceedingly pungent. This food seems to be put into the cell all at one time and that just before the transformation from the egg occurs. Worker bees are fed on the coarse food and are

reared in smaller cells. Both workers and queens are from female eggs, and under proper treatment will produce females. The sex is determined by the will of the mother-bee. The queen bee, however, it must be acknowledged does not rule the hive, as is commonly supposed. It is the spirit of the hive that governs.

Nor are the bees as wise as is commonly supposed. A wild swarm, for example, will settle in a hole newly washed by a freshet, where the very next rain-storm must wipe them out.

On the other hand, they will show a great deal of ingenuity, if not actual wisdom, on occasions. One apiarist recounts the time when a twelve-inch lizard managed to crawl into the hive. Of course a million stilettos at once put him to death, but that did not suffice. Drag out that carcass the bees could not. To leave the body inside would ruin the hive. So bit by bit the bees removed all decomposing matter, until the skeleton only remained. This, then was polished over with wax, completely, so that any possible harm to the honey might be obviated.

Here in the narrow Simi Valley the bees are at work on the three sorts of sage principally, making honey, and incidentally, money, for their owner. F. E. Bagnall, an authority on the section, assures us that at no time are there less than 1800 colonies of bees in the valley. Over 1500 cases of honey will be a fair shipment from the one valley, and the region will net a round ten thousand dollars a year from these, or an average of 200 to 300 pounds clear to a colony. Now and then, of course, as a few years ago when the drought killed off 40 per cent of the bees, the yield will not be quite so great, but even then one man managed to obtain eleven tons from his sixty hives, the honey bringing 4½ cents the pound that year.

Today practically all the California

honey is extracted before sale. The wax of the comb has been proven absolutely tasteless, indigestible and beyond the action of acid. Furthermore, aside from the halt given by the pure food laws, it is not as easy to dilute honey as it might be supposed. One concern, at Medina, O., is understood to have a standing offer of \$1000 for a single pound of artificial honey.

That the bee is an expert in his line, judged from the mere mechanics of the work, is indisputable. Even the sealing of each individual cell is deferred until the honey therein has reached the proper degree of concentration. The thirty years of bee culture in the Simi Valley have witnessed little or no changes in hive construction, the old \$3.50 hives with their 40,000 bees still retaining favor. The demand for the extracted honey, however, has given rise to numerous ingenious appliances, all of them employing centrifugal force, to obtain the honey from the comb. The process is hardly to be classed as a sight for coming to see. In fact a large apiary, aside from the regularity of the rows in which the hives are placed, affords a region rather to be avoided by the unprotected traveller.

Set among the hives will be the extracting house, a crude little shanty equipped with a wheel, into which the honey-combs are placed, set on frames of 8x16 inches. Each comb is arranged to revolve on its axis, so that when the great wheel is turned there is a double centrifugal motion by means of which the honey will be ejected. First, however, a knife is drawn across the top and base of each frame, removing the tops of the cells. From the tank in which the wheel revolves the honey, be it white, light amber or amber, passes through screens in the floor, into a tank of three-ton capacity, and thence into cases of 120 pounds each, for sale.

Three True Tales

By E. Clement d'Art

(To H. H., the noblest lady this side of Paradise.)

1.—*The Burial of Billiou.*

AT TIMES I recall a tiny little boy, some four or five years of age, with rosy cheeks and merry smiles, with hair of chestnut brown and eyes of a slightly darker hue—eyes that ceaselessly sparkled with the fires of innocent joy.

And as in my mind a vision clears of the happiness that was, I greatly wonder. For, in times almost blotted out of my memory, this small boy was myself and it seems preposterous that the child should have grown into a man from whom days of gladness have, it seems, forever flown—a man so big and tall in comparison, whose hair is now quite dark, with here and there a slight, very slight, tinge of grey, a man who looks, and, alas, thinks so differently.

In these days of my childhood, Billiou was my fondest friend, my constant companion. Billiou never left my side. A more faithful disciple I have never met. Billiou and I were invariably of the same mind.

If I said: "Billiou, come and play with me in the garden," Billiou came. If I asked Billiou to sit at the table beside me and watch me eat, Billiou would sit at my side, and, adoringly, watch me eat. Billiou shared in all my games, in all my childlike pranks.

With bright red pants and a bright blue coat, proud and erect of bearing, Billiou was a soldier of France. That Billiou was a deaf mute and could not even utter the unintelligible sounds common to ordinary deaf mutes was

the only draw-back—but I talked to him a good deal, and, in his impassible way, he seemed to respond.

Billiou came from Paris, the big city, where I had spent a few months—less enjoyable moments than here in the country where we lived, the sweetest of grandmothers, Billiou and I. Around the mansion there was a big garden, a vast estate, a world in itself—my world.

Where are the snows of yester-years? I have once more seen this garden—not so very long ago—and the house we lived in; and both, the house and the garden, seemed to have grown absurdly small.

But, in those days of my childhood what countless wonders this house, and specially the garden, held for the little boy, who, then, was I. How we did run in and out and up and down the big alleys, the "grass alleys," Billiou and I.

And, wonder of wonders, in a corner, piled against the garden wall, there was a heap of stones, partly covered with green and brown twigs. There we spent many happy hours together, my soldier and I, dreaming and scheming, never thinking of the past or of the future, glad to live, lost in our one-sided conversation.

That Billiou might feel more at home—he who came from the big city—I built him houses of the stones that were heaped in the corner against the garden wall—houses very much like those I had seen in Paris. Now, of course, I am not so certain that they were very faithful copies, but in those days imagination raised palaces out

of almost nothing. And I was quite an architect—and a forest builder too—for, out of the green and brown twigs that covered the stones. I planted vast dominions around my dream castles, huge domains with broad alleys, that Billiou might walk through them.

We both were happy then. Ah! respect the gladness of children's hearts, unmitigated as it is by the sorrows of life—there is so little of it, later, when they have become men and women.

And yet, Billiou was happy, and Billiou was a man, a soldier, brave at heart, and I am sure bold in action. It happens that men are happy.

Grim days came. My whole life changed in a few hours. I lost the dear old lady who had ever striven to preserve me from even a shade of sorrow. I then lived among strangers. They broke and burned my toys. They destroyed my dreams and crushed my happiness. And since then life has never had the same aspect.

Overlooked by those who had marred the serene joy of my earliest childhood, Billiou remained my constant, faithful companion. But I often grieved at the insecurity of Billiou's existence. They might suddenly realize that I loved him, and, perhaps, do away with him as they had done away with my playthings and with the illusions that were mine.

Thus, one day I pondered, while leaning over the parapet of a bridge thrown over the crystal depths of a little river that, as it grew broader and less rapid, lost itself in the meadows beyond.

Impulsively, sorrowfully, with slow gestures of regret, with tears in eyes that stared, I dropped Billiou, my ten-inch tall soldier, my pasteboard comrade, the last and dearest of my toys, into the waters below. This was indeed a burial worthy of Billiou—in the clear, swift waters of the little French river.

Sadly I watched him swim away in all the glory of his painted uniform, face upwards and bravely smiling at the heavens above, rapidly carried off by the current, stopping a moment

near a protruding rock, then seeming to fly around it, apparently ending his career among weeds, then, swifter than ever, resuming his journey towards green meadows, fertile fields and unknown villages.

And perhaps Billiou would be resurrected, rescued from his watery grave by some thoughtful father, and then perhaps he would again become the constant, happy companion of some happy little boy whom I would never know.

Billiou was never meant to share my sorrows. His face was too bright and good natured to come in rude contact with evil. With his cheeks of vermillion and his starry eyes, his everlasting smile and his gaudy uniform, he no longer responded to my moods. Billiou was a living ray of sunshine, made to associate with similar splendor.

I often wonder, even in these, my grown-up days, what has become of Billiou.

REST IN PEACE, dear Billiou.

2—War.

Some six months had elapsed since the United States had thrown the weight of her armed minions in the scales of war, when a young lady whom I know very well told me this little story:

One of her friends called on some acquaintances. They had, unfortunately, been born in Germany, and she was loath to speak of the Great War. But in the course of their conversation the subject came up—as it would in those troubled days. So she stated that they had better speak of other things, since they were Germans while she was an American—and they might disagree. A tall youth rose, however, and asked:

"Why not discuss it—the war?"

Then he added: "We here are all loyal to the United States and ready to fight her fight. And there is nothing I would not do to hurt the German government.

"I am glad—most glad—to hear you speak as you do," returned the Ameri-

can lady, "but these words from your lips seem strange—since you were born—one of them."

"When the war began over in Europe," sternly spoke up the German, "I and many others of my race over here sympathized with our people. We wanted to help and could not—and our hearts ached. But then, you know, a man might have got over if he had tried hard enough. So I wrote to my father in Germany, and asked, 'Shall I come?'

"A month or so later I received a reply. And this was the answer."

From a pocket near his heart the tall German pulled out a letter and handed it to the American lady. It had been written in the English language, so she read:

"My Beloved Son:

"I am an old man and alone and poor, working hard on my little farm that others may eat. I had four sons here, your four brothers, my boy, and they all gave their lives for the Fatherland. You are the only one left, and I should like to have you in my old age to comfort me when the war is over. You have a family in America and children, and I would like to see you all ere I die. I have done enough for the Fatherland. Out of five sons I had, four are dead, and all the money I possessed has gone to help the cause of the Kaiser. So you had better remain where you are."

This letter had been opened by the German censor. In German, a short postscript had been added. Having read the letter, the American lady looked up.

"I think I understand," she said, hesitatingly, "but what are these words hastily added in your own language by some stranger?"

With trembling hands the German took back the letter, and, his voice unsteady, he translated the sentence which in red ink the censor had written.

"Dear sir:

"Because he wrote this letter and advised you not to come, your father has been shot this morning for disloyalty to the Fatherland.—The Censor."

3—*A Song of Three Kisses.*

Last night, while taking a walk in the cool of the evening, I was kissed by three girls.

The scene of the assault was Hollywood Boulevard—you know, perhaps, that Hollywood Boulevard is the Broadway of Hollywood. And it was right near the Hollywood Hotel, too—a most select neighborhood. A very unprecedented affair!

The first came up to me and said: "Shake hands!" I did. Then she said: "Give me a kiss!" I hesitated a second. The demand was so very unusual, you see. Then, smilingly, I kissed the rosy lips. Then she said, "Good-bye" and went her way.

The second came up to me and said: "Shake hands!" I did. Then she said: "Give me a kiss!" Hesitating no longer, smilingly I kissed the damsel. Then she said, "Good-bye" and went her way.

The third came up and said: "Shake hands!" I did. Then she said: "Give me a kiss!" I promptly did—quite used to it by then—and smiled. Then she said, "Good-bye" and went her way.

I turned to watch these three misses who had so wantonly kissed me. They were all very nice and pleasant, prim and pretty, and I am sure well brought up and well behaved, all of about the same age—six years old, I believe—or thereabout.

And this little tale is true, as true as can be, and it all happened on Hollywood Boulevard, the Broadway of Hollywood, in the glorious dusk of a California evening.

The fragrance of those three innocent kisses is in the flower that reposes softly on the bosom of my lady's gown—the flower that I did wear on the lapel of my coat last night.

The Hermits of Arizona---My First Contract Wife

By John Hosking

AFTER the close of the war in 1865 I enlisted in the California Rocky Mountain service, and was allotted to Company C, under Captain Dean, First Lieutenant Vail and Second Lieutenant Winters. I remember our journey to California from New Orleans, and the dreams we had of untold wealth if we could only reach the golden country—the Mecca of our ambitions. We journeyed to the Isthmus of Panama from New Orleans in the little transport McClellan; then we sailed in the fast mail steamer through the Golden Gate and anchored off the Presidio and I looked with great curiosity on the wonderful city, then known as "the toughest hole on earth."

My first memory of San Francisco is a trifle hazy, but two things were impressed upon me—first the loveliest city without, and second, the wickedest city within. The dregs of humanity seemed to have gathered from the four corners of the earth and settled in one of nature's favored spots. We were not allowed to see much of the city. After a short stay at Presidio we were sent to Wilmington, a small port in the southern part of California, now incorporated in the large city of Los Angeles.

Our destination was in the Territory of Arizona. There was no railroad, so we had to draw our horses for the long trek across the desert to our future home. I remember San Jose, although a fair city at that time, was an outfitting point for parties of travelers, prospectors, cattlemen and the like, and a station, or terminus, for

various stage lines. Here we met a great many able bodied men, ready to brave the dangers of the trail through the fertile San Joaquin, up to the Feather river, into the diggings about Virginia City, instead of taking the easier and safer Sacramento river route for the high Sierras on the border of the desert to seek gold in the awful Mojave and Nevada deserts.

Our march to Arizona was both difficult and dangerous. Water was scarce and wells few; in fact there were some stretches of sixty miles with no water, as for instance between what are now known as the Imperial Mountains and the Yuma. The well at Dos Palmas was not dug then.

I will always remember our stay at Fort Yuma, not because it was the place where the infamous "Doc" Glanton and his gang operated, but because I got there my first contract wife. We were allowed to marry for five or ten years, and I think my first contract wife was the best I ever had. I also remember Yuma because it was there I first met what were known at that time as the "Hermits,"

Yuma was one of the earliest settled points in the territory, for the route of the major portion of the "Forty-niners" took them across the Colorado river where Fort Yuma was situated on the California side. The famous Californian Column ferried itself across the Colorado at Yuma, and afterwards the Overland Mail went through the settlement. It was on the banks of the famous river, long before the townsite of Colorado City was laid out in 1854, that these two white people first set-

ted and made their home. They seemed to have had a charmed life. Nobody molested them, not even the Indians or the squatters. They were known by the name of Smith, but more often designated "Adam and Eve." I ascertained that they were of Dutch descent. They were married in Amsterdam. The husband was a sailor, and was shipwrecked and wandered away from the coast to the country up the Colorado river. Soon after he left Holland, his wife, who was then a young bride, determined to follow him. The ship officers refused her a berth, so she disguised her sex and worked as a common sailor, and was shipwrecked somewhere near the same place as her husband. She wandered up the Colorado river, as if by instinct, in the trail of her husband. One day he was asleep in the shade of a large spreading tree, when she appeared upon the scene, and they were again united. They determined to live "near to nature's heart," the simple life of Adam and Eve in the Biblical story. They lived to themselves and worked out their destiny in their own way.

I interviewed them in their own "quarters," and must confess that they impressed me as a crazy couple at first, but I soon discovered they were not so mad as they seemed. I was never more surprised in all my life—and I have had quite a few surprises in my time.

I saw a home-like hut away back about a mile from the river at the foot of the mountain. The garden was well laid out and some cattle were feeding leisurely in the fields round. The man was reported to be over 100 years old and his wife about the same age. They were both sitting and watching the cattle. As I approached them they both stood to give me a welcome, and expressed their pleasure at my visit. They wore garments that were made out of tree fibres and woven in dexterous fashion with fantastic skill by deft hands.

I will give their story as related by the woman, who did most of the talking. She said: "I have the impression

that we are not going to stay very much longer in this world. The evening shadows are gathering round us. The sun is setting behind the hills, and the after-glow is bathing the distant landscape with a strange, fantastic, soft and pleasant light. I am glad to tell you some of the events of our strange life.

"There are many white women now in this locality, but I was the first, and will always be known as the first white wife, woman and mother in this territory. My husband often tells me that my name "Eva," is very appropriate to my position. It means the first mother. Mother," she paused and said pensively. "Mother: what a grand and lovely word. My youthful days were full of music and love. My husband often speaks of that wonderful morning when, awaking from sleep he saw me standing at his side. He wondered where I came from, and pinched himself to make sure he was wide awake. His words to me were so soft and sweet that the memory of them is, to this very day, as the most charming and harmonious music. No one can really understand what happiness a man and woman can have in this world in each other's lives of love but those who truly love.

"What happy hours we had together. He spoke of the blissful union of loving hearts as he embraced me with the most sacred and intense affection he was capable of, calling me by the sweetest, happiest and most endearing names. He told me that I was the fulfilment of his dreams. His mind and heart were as pure as the mountain morning dew.

"The years flew swiftly, but our love intensified as they passed. How sacred and solemn, and yet how happy everything was during those first years of our united bliss. The birds hovered 'round us, alighting on our hands, heads and shoulders, pouring forth their charming notes and chirps in a chorus of praise. Animals gathered round us and we caressed them as our veritable friends. For a while we were alone with birds and other living

creatures; the green sod our carpet, flowers and trees our ornaments; fruits and corn our food, and the refreshing water from the river for our drink. There was nothing to annoy, disturb, or trouble us. We knew no sorrows; felt no pain; heard of no deaths; had no cares, anxieties, or troubles to vex us. We lived in the highest rapture some years of innocent life. Side by side we worshiped the Creator, and each day we had the symbol of his presence.

"The springtime of life in this garden, amid perfect health, peace and love, will be remembered by us through all eternity. We had perfect rectitude in the will; serene sanctity in the affections; sublime righteousness in the life; and a solemn and serene sense of satisfaction in the soul.

"Time did not hang heavily upon us then. Days, weeks and months followed each other with any perceptible changes. Side by side, hand in hand, and heart to heart, the only two white beings in this lovely garden, amid flowers of perfect foliage, birds chanting and warbling notes of charming music, we lived, moved, and had our being. Everything was perfect because everything was good.

"Winters came, but with no frost or snow of any severity. We required no heavy garments in the depth of winter; the blood was always warm in our veins, giving a healthy glow to our cheeks. We laughed, sang and prayed, because we loved. All our actions were holy and innocent. The flowers did not all die in winter, but it was interesting all the same to see nature wrapped in calmness and quietude waiting for the springtime when the trees blossomed and budded afresh amid outbursts of rapturous songs of birds. Autumn brought its luscious fruits and ripening grain, which we gathered and stored with gratitude and care.

"We were a monarchy within a republic. My husband was king; I was queen. He commanded, and I obeyed, because we both loved. I knew his mind and heart clearly, and could

seem to see the pure stream of strong affection welling up in his very soul. He could see me right to the very centre of my spirit. We knew each other without a cloud between.

"I regret to say that those happy days have long since passed away. So complete is the change now from those years that we seem to be living in another world. I can honestly say we never shed any tears in the days I speak of. No sighs heaved our bosoms; no groans escaped our lips; no fears alarmed or dangers threatened. Two human lives and hearts were wedded in solemn and sacred sanctity of love. Innocence and peace 'above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience.'

"He was so manly, symmetrical and strong. You should see how he used to play with the mountain lions, panthers, bears and deers, as if they regarded him as companions on an equality with them. Now you notice how gray our hair is. Look at the spots, scratches, scars and wrinkles upon us. There is not much elasticity in our limbs, or dexterity in our movements. We feel the insects bite, and the birds peck; there is a shortness of breath, and a dimness of eye.

"Yes, sir, you are quite right in saying, we 'are getting old.' We are old. You ask to know how and when the change came. Well, I will tell you. One night I was sleeping under a wide spreading tree that has long since disappeared. At sunrise I was aroused by the sound and song of birds that had gathered in the branches. My feathered companions often gave me a hearty chorus of morning-praise, but on the occasion I refer to there seemed to be something special about the music. I shouted 'Sing on, sweet songsters of heaven; may your music never die away; let your hearts be glad as your wings spread in the sunlight.' I was in perfect peace as the morning rays flooded the garden to woo out the beauty and fragrance of flower and fruit. It was the Anniversary of our wedding.

"Today, I said to my beloved 'let

us go to the mountain and offer our morning tribute of prayer and praise.' We went to the pure stream and bathed in the clear calm water, then marched in solemn grandeur to the mountain to inhale the inspiring breath of morn and watch the sun's rays filling and flooding the whole landscape with soft, lambent and refreshing light.

"As we marched up the hillside, my husband said to me: 'My love my companion, my soul-mate and wife, we are happy; holy; divine.' He stood by my side, the image and symbol of the majesty of a man in holy innocence, strength and rapture. The whole scene was one of light, love and liberty. The heavens and the earth seemed wondrously blended and resonant with music and awe. The dew-drops glistened as heavenly gems scattered among the treasures of earth. The sweet sounds of rustling leaf and chirping bird joined in wondrous harmony. Standing at the summit of that hill yonder, when our devotions were ended, he said 'My love, you are more beautiful today than I have ever seen you before. Amid all the delights of life there is nothing more charming than you, my queen, my companion, my wife. You are the light of my life, the friend and companion of my bosom. My love for you is stronger today than it ever was.' His mind was clear as his heart was pure. He spoke words of deepest reverence and meaning. Everything that came under his eye was a lesson-book to teach some wise truth.

"The day afterwards I gathered some fruit and prepared some corn for our mid-day meal. It was the autumn season, the time of ripening of fruit and grain. I made a basket and filled it with fragrant and delicious fruit of perfect shape and size, and we ate our meal together in perfect peace and love. That night there were two children born. He stood and looked at his children—my children—for a while; wonder and awe filled our hearts. I had the clearest idea of the meaning of motherhood and he

had the sense-perception of being a father. We reasoned and conferred about our offspring. There came a clear message of responsibility, obedience and hope to us. New factors entered into our calculations; other lives were now to share our thought and affection. Children were born to us, making us richer, happier and wiser. Up to this we were all and in all to each other. We were centered in one another. Now we were conscious of a new meaning to character and destiny. It is a wonderful experience.

"You say, you don't understand it, as you have only just married, and your wife is married to you only for five years. I don't understand an arrangement like that. It seems almost like sacrilege. However, I am not giving your experience, but mine.

"The years passed, and our children grew up in our ways. They occupied our attention and we tried to train them in the lessons we had learned in the school of life and love. Leaving the children out of the question for the present, let me remind you that my husband marked off one tree in our garden that he wanted to be left severely alone. We were not to touch it, or taste its fruit. He called it the 'Tree of Wisdom and Pain.'

"One day as I was walking past the tree a sudden fancy seized me as I looked at the golden fruit weighing down the branches. I went forward on a sudden impulse to pluck some fruit, it looked so perfectly delicious. I suddenly stopped, turned and went to my husband. As we sat together and conversed I felt a longing for some of that fruit of golden hue and delicious fragrance.

"'Husband,' I said. 'Why is it that God told us—'

"He forestalling me, replied—

"'My love, my queen. What is in your mind? You look puzzled and anxious. Is there anything you would like to know?'

"'Yes, love,' I said. 'I would like to know why we are not to eat of the fruit of that tree?'

"'The very day,' he replied, 'that

we eat of the fruit of that tree we shall suffer.'

"But why, my love," I asked.

"My dear heart," he said solemnly, as he stood to his full height, pointing heavenwards with his right hand, and turning his eyes towards the sun: "Do not ask me why." It is sufficient for us that God wills and commands it. His will is our law.'

"But why?"

"My love. I cannot answer."

"Never shall I forget the look he gave when he said: 'The ways of God are far above our ways. His thoughts are above our thoughts, as the heavens are high above the earth. There are secrets in the Divine counsels: He has revealed sufficient for our guidance. There is a limit to our knowledge. Let us not perplex ourselves over the hidden things; but attend to what is revealed. Then it will continue to be well with us.'

"I was exceedingly perplexed. It seemed to me to be strange that one tree should be singled out for special prohibition. If I had yielded to my husband all would have been well. Oh! if I had listened and obeyed his injunctions, when he explained that the tree was not a trap to catch, but only a necessity of the case! He said that it showed the limit of our authority, that we could go so far and no further in all our experience.

"The longing increased daily to withdraw the screen that was trembling around that particular tree.

"My husband drew very close to me when he perceived my perplexity. Whether he had a kind of a premonition of my purpose, I could not say; but he took my hand gently in his and spoke soothing and wise words to me.

"Is it not a small thing that our Heavenly Father requires of us? That we should leave that tree alone is very easy. Shall we not obey Him because we love Him? If we love truly, will we not implicitly obey?"

"I could say no more. I always admired his superior intelligence. I looked far away over a green hill that seemed near the horizon. A small

patch of cloud arose in the distant sky. Gradually that cloud became larger until the whole firmament was overcast and a shade covered the garden. There was unusual stillness and repose in the air. The birds were not whistling, chirping, or throstling gaily and sweetly, as was their wont. Suddenly I heard a kind of an unusual roar of an animal, and what appeared to be a snarl from a tiger. The animals made a disquieting noise, as if alarmed. We sat under the branches of a large tree and conversed together. Our children were playing with some large animals not far away and now and then we heard a shout as if of victory, and a happy gleeful cheer as a child conquered an animal in a short race.

"You love me," said my husband, raising his head as if in deep thought. "I believe we love each other as perfectly as it is possible for two human beings to love."

"I am certain of it." I replied, as I arose, and, putting my arms around his neck and kissing him with all the fervour and strength of affection that I was capable of. "I cannot conceive of love stronger than we have for each other. You remember our marriage, my love. Think of that morning when you awoke from your sleep and I stood by your side and we again met. Think of that embrace, that depth and strength of love with which we were both seized. You remember we were lost in each other and locked in one another's arms. Our caresses were entralling and magnetic as you read the voice of God that sounded from the old Book. 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be as one body and one soul.'

"Yes, my darling, I remember as distinctly as if it were only yesterday," he replied.

"Think of that day," I continued "and try to realize over again the joyous rapture with which those hours were attended, and I can solemnly and lovingly say that I have precisely the same heart, desire and love as I had on that eventful occasion when we

were as one and our lives interlocked and intertwined. I am still your dear wife, and you are still my loving husband, the father of our children over there gamboling on the green sward.'

"He looked at me with that keen searching eye, and, oh, the expression on that manly face! Will I ever forget it? as he said, 'My love, my companion, my wife; May we never yield to temptation, if we do, we shall utterly fall.'

"'Amen,' I said. 'I love you. I love God. I love my children. I long however, for some of the fruit of that tree.'

"But he said,—

"Think of the God whom we both love and whose laws are our delight. Let us not question Him. He has given us everything pleasant to the eye and taste. Think of this garden-home of ours, the fruits, the birds, and all ours. Besides, has he not given us to each other? Has he not given us our lovely children? We ought to be content. We have enough and to spare. We have no anxiety, care, or distress. Lift up your eyes on high and behold the charming hosts of Heaven! Think of all the galaxies of glorious orbs that are scattered so profusely in the depths of space! Think of our minds, hearts, wills, ourselves, made in the image and likeness of the Creator; raised above the beasts, birds, sun, moon and stars! However stupendous those Heavenly bodies are, we are greater, because we bear the image of God. Remember that God loves us. He walks with us; and talks with us. His messages are always hopeful and cheering. His word is always loving, even if weighted with the authority of Creator and Governor. Think of these things and let not desire or passion override your judgment, conscience and heart. We are made to love God. We know how necessary love is. What would the world be without love? Think of me before you came here! I was alone. Although I had innumerable hosts of creatures around me, all ministering to my comfort, yet I was alone—a solitary man.

It is true I loved God. My heart turned to Him as the flower turns its petals to the sunlight. I basked in His presence, and bathed my soul in the effulgence of His glory. I walked with Him in shining white light, and His love came down the shining way right into my soul as refreshing as the dewdrops on the grass. But I had no human companion. When I saw you my bliss was complete. My joy was full. My heart rejoiced in you, and when we again met I could not describe the thrill of rapture that swayed the depths of my soul. God made us to Love. Let us therefore obey His command and not give disobedience a second thought.'

"He then moved from me a little distance and raised his face to the Heavens. I looked around. The sky was becoming enveloped in a thick cloud. There was a great stillness as though all beasts and birds had retired to rest. Animals huddled together in groups, as if waiting for someone or something. A faint wind stirred the tops of the tallest trees for a moment, then died away. A mysterious stillness again rested on the scene.

"His words pierced my very heart and soul. Still I was not satisfied, I was perplexed. I doubted and was troubled. I was conscious of a struggle in the soul, the first sign of a trouble, a conflict, a kind of combat between distrust, desire, and doubt on the one hand; and the counsel of God, the wise words of my husband, and my own heart on the other. God said: 'You must not.' I said: 'Why not?' Then to myself, 'No, I will not. I will just go and look at the tree laden with golden fruit. I will not touch, only look.'

"So I strolled leisurely along as the dimness of eventide was shrouding the garden. I thought the gathering darkness meant the approach of night. I stood under the tree. Although it was getting dark I could see the glistening clusters of lovely fruit. A waft of wonderful perfume greeted my nostrils. A sudden fear and trembling seized me. Some mysterious voice

constrained me. I was filled with an intense longing to taste the fruit. Just then I seemed to hear in the midst of the tree, 'Has God told you to eat of the fruit of every tree in this beautiful garden?'

"We must not eat of the fruit of this particular tree," I replied nervously; "As sure and as soon as we eat of it we will suffer."

"What nonsense," said the voice. "It is pure imaginings. You will not suffer. You will know both good and evil. You will be like God. Do not be mistaken."

"Yes, but God said"—

"Do not be so foolish!"

"Besides my husband is wise and he told me not to disobey."

"I never felt such heart throbs before. It was quite new—a strange experience. In a moment the delusion flashed in my mind. 'A lie.' Yes. I was opening my mind to a lie. The earth seemed to reel as if quivering and throbbing in unison with my perturbed and disturbed nature.

"My husband and I often noticed the apparent sympathy of nature with our hearts. But never did I realize the sadness and mournfulness of nature so keenly as at that moment. There seemed such a conflict of bewildering noises, voices, and impulses; I had never experienced the like. I was reeling with pent up emotions, and getting desperately venturesome. I felt that I was to be like God, to know both good and evil. Feeling that only the plucking and eating of this fruit stood in the way of increasing knowledge and experience, I stretched forth a trembling hand, plucked one fruit, looked at it a moment, then put it to my mouth, in a nervous, mechanical way, and ate it.

"Suddenly a hand seized me, I turned. The Heavens were now black with dense clouds, there was a death-like stillness reigning, broke only by the sobbing words of my husband. How his eyes flashed! He trembled as a sere leaf quivers in the autumn zephyrs! His voice, usually so musical and enchanting, was now a dirge.

"'Oh my wife—my love—my life, what have you done?' he asked in astonishment and alarm. When he touched me I felt his body quivering as if with fright.

"I have eaten of the fruit. Come, loved one, taste it. How delicious it is! Eat and fear not. We will not die. It is only a mistake and a delusion. We will both know good and evil. Let us seize our rightful heritage and be equal with God."

"I held the fruit to his lips and used all the bewitching charms that I was capable of. I knew he loved me; I loved him, and wanted him to share with me a new joy. I held the fruit to his lips and he ate. As I did so I saw the light fade from his eyes as his countenance became clouded and bewildered. All his manliness and majesty seemed to depart suddenly from him and he held his face in his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break. I had never seen him weep so bitterly before. I embraced him and tried to comfort him, but the tears fell fast down his face and I mingled my tears with his, and we both crouched together in dread and alarm.

"I thought I heard mocking voices, as of foolish laughter, from the midst of the tree. The sounds were strange and tantalizing. Suddenly a flash of lightning rived a dense mass of clouds and played around us. The whole scene was lit with graphic grandeur. Peals of thunder reverberated amongst the distant hills, and a terrific storm burst upon us, lashing the whole garden with driving rain. There seemed the laughing mockeries of ten thousand fiends mingling with the sobs and cries of hosts of angels.

"Our children ran toward us, clung tenaciously to us, trembling in every nerve. Their cries added to our fears and great dread. My husband eagerly held one of the boys up in his arms and wailed as if his heart would break.

"'My child,' he cried, 'your life is blasted with a violent storm. Darkness and blackness will now prevail, and reign supreme. The light of our life has been suddenly extinguished

and you will suffer in darkness, doubt and distrust.'

"Thus, unforeseen, as a bolt falls from the blue sky, this great evil came upon us. We were vanquished, banished, and abandoned. We had to learn the hard art of suffering.

"It seemed a beautiful gate I opened, but it led to ruin and disaster of the worst possible kind. A strange form in solemn whiteness appeared to us when the storm abated, in the cool of the day. We ran and hid ourselves among the trees. Strange how we loved the darkness now. We always turned towards God in prayer before this. We loved to be in His presence and listen to His counsels. Now we shrank in awful dread. We were afraid of our Father, Friend and Creator. Instead of praying to Him and crying mightily in our distress and pain, we slunk away as if to hide our shame from His all-piercing eye. We stood behind a tree hoping the visitor would not see us. How foolish we were! How guilty we were!

"'Where are you?' asked a strange voice.

"'I was afraid and hid myself,' replied my husband.

"'What have you done? Have you eaten of the fruit of the tree?'

"The woman gave me the fruit and I did eat.'

"Then the form turned to me. 'Why did you do it?' I was asked.

"The voice deceived me,' I replied.

"Then came the curse upon the three of us. A hideous snake stood by my side. Turning to it the voice said: 'Because you have done this you shall be more accursed than all the beasts of the field; you shall crawl and eat dust all the days of your life. I will cause an antagonism between you and the woman, between your progeny and her's. He shall wound your head, and you shall wound his heel.'

"Whilst the progeny of the snake will hurt the progeny of the man, that of the man will conquer in the end. So we were comforted by the prediction that in the long run there will be a final victory of the race of man, I

thought, as the snake slunk away in the grass. Turning to me the voice said: 'I will increase your sorrows mightily, and especially in giving birth to children. Hitherto this has been your pleasure, from now onward it will give you agony. Your desire will be for your husband all the same. You will long for him. You will submit yourself to him, and he will rule over you.'

"Then the voice said: 'Because you have yielded to the solicitations of evil and disobeyed my command, work on the soil will now be a labour instead of a pleasure. You will find it irksome and labourious to till the ground. It will grow thorns and briars for you, but you will have the fruits of the field for food. In the sweat of your brow you will eat bread, until you return to the ground from which you were taken. For dust you are, and to the dust you shall return. The inevitable certainty of death will increase your sadness. Your sins have given to death a sting and a pang that it would not have otherwise. You will find it painful to die. You are now acquainted with both good and evil. It may be that you will stretch out your hand once again to take also of the Tree of Lives, eat of it, and live on, but in sorrow, distress and pain.'

"So we were immediately expelled from our lovely home and at the east end there seemed to be stationed flaming swords to guard the way to the 'Tree of Lives.' These mystic voices of conscience and God—evoked the utmost terror in us. As we listened to them in the stillness of that awful night my flesh crept, my bones trembled, and my hair seemed lifted from my head with horror. There was a time when our consciences beamed with gladness that enchanted our hearts; their sentiments were exquisite in gladness; they seemed to travel on wings streaked with celestial lustre. Now they are as a thunder-storm with its swift clouds, and a flaming sword or a lightning's flash that make us quake and tremble.

"As I think of that night of wander-

ing in the darkness. I feel terror-stricken, although many years have now passed.

"My husband was like a demented—bereft of his senses. He could not talk. He said he must think and weep. He sat in sadness through the night under the shadow of a great rock outside the boundary of the garden.

"God cursed him, he cursed me, I cursed myself.

"The whole face of nature was changed. Our outlook on life was very different, as the morning dawned. The sun rose just as brightly as ever. The earth was again bathed in a flood of light, but we were now among barren sand and huge rocks. There are patches of green grass here and there! A few trees are bearing fruit. There are a few small springs and tiny rivulets left to quench our thirst.

"The days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, and our great sin stood out in all its naked boldness. After all these years I may say, it has not lost its hugeness and awfulness. The memory keeps the event green; wherever we turn we are reminded of what has been. A blush of shame sweep over our faces, and we seem somewhat estranged from each other, and yet we never really lost our love. This is the one great redeeming feature of our life, that my husband loves me, and I reciprocate his love and respond to his wishes. We have had a certain happiness in each other's lives, but not as we once knew and experienced."

When she finished her story I returned to camp, or rather to her whom I had married for five years only a few days before. Contract marriages were common enough in the West at that time. Sometimes they turned out well, but very often they were far from satisfactory. I had serious misgivings on the question. But I thought that what others did I might, and I hate to be eccentric. I don't like to be ridiculed, or laughed at. I felt that a five years' marriage was a serious contract. I made a bargain and felt that I ought to keep it. My conscience troubled me

all the same. I was between the devil and the deep sea. If I left her and broke my promise to live with her I would be the butt of ridicule and scorn among the "boys"; and if I kept my promise, I felt the stings of an accusing conscience, especially after hearing the Hermit's story of touching and tasting forbidden fruit. I cursed myself for going near the Smiths. I wished them far enough. They upset me not a bit. I felt ashamed of myself, my weakness and fears, and there were not many friends near to advise me; even if there were, I almost knew what they would say. So I settled the argument to my own satisfaction by saying to the woman, whose name I don't feel at liberty to mention: "This wife-business is a bit queer to me; I am not sure about the rightness and wrongness of it. I got some ideas from the Smiths over on the banks of the river and they have set me thinking."

"Repenting of your bargain mighty quick old chap. What's the trouble?"

"I guess that marriages ought to be love-matches, and not bargains to live by."

"You mean that you want to get out of your contract. Is that it?"

"Well no, not that exactly. But you see it is like this. A man and a woman ought to marry for life, I'm thinking."

"You go to kingdom come with your life-business. We contracted for five years, and I am prepared to abide by my part of the business, and I think you ought to do the same. I have sold myself to you, and I am yours so long as the contract remains."

"You mean I've bought you, body and soul, and that you have forfeited your liberty and given yourself to me for a time. I can't get the hang of it nohow."

"You should have thought of that before. There were three other soldiers who wanted me, and I chose you for my master in preference to the others. You see the position you put me into."

"But what about love? Marriage and love ought to sail together."

"There's no love in the business. Ours is not a love-marriage, you idiot. Why its a convenience, a contract, a bargain, or whatever you want to call it."

"Then you really don't love me?"

"Why man, did I ever say I loved you? No, sir, love is not in it."

"Well, is there anybody you love? Maybe you have a lover somewhere?"

"That's no business of yours, if I have. I never sold my love, did I?"

"Well, no, that is, I suppose it is alright in one way, but what I am thinking of is this, that if we marry, well we marry, and there's an end to it."

"Take a bit of good advice, my friend, and leave the blessed Hermits alone. They only upset your stomach."

"But think of forbidden fruit, eating of trees you ought not, and all that."

"Why you fool, who's talking about eating trees?"

"Well, fruit, then."

"Yes and fruit. What is fruit for? Answer me that?"

"Well some fruit is to eat, and some is poison. There's a line to be drawn. We mustn't eat everything we see in a day's march. Surely you understand what I mean. You are just playing with me."

"No, sir, I'm doing nothing of the sort. I don't marry men to play with them."

"What did you marry me for?"

"For one thing you wanted me to, and for another I wanted somebody to find me a home, clothes to wear, food to eat and make me a bit comfortable."

"I am prepared to do all that."

"Then what is there to argue about?"

"Nothing."

"Then hold your jaw and stick to your guns like a decent American soldier."

TO SAN FRANCISCO'S PUBLIC LIBRARY

As one within the portals of a church,
 I enter through the softly swinging doors
 Into a quiet place where sunlight pours
 Like Knowledge lifting up her golden torch,
 And gentle steps lead from the gracious porch
 In shallow slow gradations, as a sage
 Leads children's minds from page to harder page,
 Luring them upward in their lifelong search.
 Here tired eyes find rest in perfect lines,
 Slim columns, shell-roofed niches, lights that glow
 Like silver censers swinging soft and slow,—
 A fitting temple for the books it shrines!
 Who built this house the readers may forget;
 But in remembering stone his name is set.

ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS.



When Somebody Cares

By William De Ryee

BUT Aunt Martha said—

"Shut up!" The old man shot out the words cannon-like, himself shooting out of his chair to glare at the youth balefully. "Yer've gotta stop talkin' about Aunt Martha," he boomed. "I ain't Aunt Martha. I'm Bill Hawkins, I am, an' yer've got me to deal with now. My wife's gone—'kicked th' bucket.' She ain't here to stick up fer yer no more—an' don't yer fergit that."

Had he been playing the part on a theatrical stage, "Ole Bill," as his familiars dubbed him, would no doubt have elicited a subdued murmur and sundry hisses from his audience, which would have been complimentary to his "fine acting." But "Ole Bill" wasn't acting. He was in dead earnest. For more than eighteen years this "consarned maverick," Roy Philibert, had been the one thorn in his side. But now that Martha had been laid to rest in the daisy-strewn plot of her forefathers, the husband found his way clear to abuse the adopted lad—to "put him through th' mill." Roy was not of his blood, and he would have none of him.

"Ole Bill" glowered down at the boy for some seconds as if defying him to even so much as open his mouth; then he relaxed, and, puffing at his pipe; resumed a semi-sitting posture on the extreme edge of an upturned dry-goods box. He smoked in silence for a while, his eyes mere slits beneath shaggy brows, his long face as stony and impassive as an Indian's.

From his corner behind the stove, Roy Philibert, seated on a three-legged milk-stool, waited for the old ranchman to resume the conversation. Instinctively the boy felt what was

coming. Since Martha Hawkin's departure, two weeks before, he had been made to feel the difference; had been subjected to daily insinuations and rebuffs by the two men who had ever been unfriendly toward him—"Ole Bill," and his son, Charlie. He had come to realize more and more that it had been the warm heart of "Aunt Martha" that had served to shield him from the harsh treatment he would otherwise have received at their hands. But now that warm heart was stilled forever—and with the passing of her noble spirit had passed his "all in all." Once he had thought there was another who might some day be even more to him than "Aunt Martha"—Rose Wiley, pretty, vivacious—daughter of Randolph Wiley, the wealthiest cattleman in Frio county. And now that, too, was a lost hope. "Marry you?" she had laughed mockingly one day. "Why, Roy, you don't own enough ground to support a mesquit—you don't even know who your parents are." That had cut deep. It cut deep now, as he recalled it. His throat felt strangely dry; his heart hurt—but he blotted out the memory and forced back the tears. If only—if only "Uncle Bill," as he had been taught to call the ranchman, would carry out the promise "Aunt Martha" had made him when he had graduated from the Pearsall High School, the month before—a promise to let him enter the State Agriculture and Mechanical College, at Bryan, in order to pursue a horticulture course—if "Uncle Bill" would do that, then all would be fair sailing. But if "Uncle Bill" refused—well—he would go away somewhere—anywhere—away out of Texas—where no one knew

him. Yes—he might even join a circus. Strange, that liking of his for acrobatic work—especially the trapeze. Could his father have been a circusman? If not, from whom had he inherited his love for all things pertaining to gymnastics? Well, it was in him, anyway—and—yes, he would go away and join a circus—he would do daring things—“stunts” even more dangerous than the “double fly-away.” He would become a “star”—receive an enormous sum for each performance. He might get killed—of course, that would be an ever present possibility. But what if he did? There was nobody to care what became of him—nobody—nobody. But if he didn’t get killed why, then, some day—he would come back to Pearsall—*rich*—buy up all the land in sight—and then go to Rose Wiley—and say: “Now don’t you wish you had married me?”

And then “Ole Bill’s” harsh voice shivered his dreams.

“Thar’s somethin’ I been aimin’ to tell yer ever since Martha went,” the stockman rasped. “I guess now’s as good a time to let yer know about it as any. Jist to show yer my heart’s in th’ right place, instead of tellin’ yer to git out an’ stay out, like most anybody else would do, I’m goin’ to give yer a chanst. Yessir—an’ here ’tis: I’ll give yer forty cents a cord fer choppin’ mesquit, or I’ll give yer twenty-five dollars a month fer punchin’ cattle. Now yer can take me up on either one of them propositions—whichever one tickles yer likein’ th’ most. I don’t mind admittin’ that I’d lose money on that last job. Yer wouldn’t be wuth twenty cents a year to me as a puncher. But, as I said, I want to give yer a boost. I likes yer—in a way. An’ I’ll stick to my part of th’ bargin’ if yer’re man enough to stick to yourn. Wall, what do yer say? Which job do yer want, Mister Philibert?”

“I thought——” began Roy.

“*Yer thought!*” “Ole Bill” spat contemptuously. “I know what yer *thought*. Martha put it into yer head to go to that agricultur school at Bryan. Wall,

lessen yer walk, an’ lessen yer pay yer way atter yer git that—lessen yer do that, I don’t reckon yer’ll go. Yer’ve got too much larnin’ in yer head now—that’s what’s eatin’ on yer. Yer’re too durned stuck up—guess yer think yer’re too good to go to work like an ordinarie man. Wall, I thought it’d be that a-way. Martha spoiled yer. Martha allers wuz too tinder-hearted. Years ago, when she adapted yer, I told her she wuz makin’ a big mistake. But nothin’ would do but she must adapt yer—an’ durned if I don’t believe she thought more of yer than she did of Charlie, her own son. But Martha ain’t here now. An’ I ain’t near as tinder-hearted as she wuz. Yer ain’t got none of my blood in yer veins an’ I don’t see my way to doin’ more fer yer than I’m doin’ fer my own Charlie. Charlie’s th’ best buster in these parts. Thar ain’t no outlawed cayuse from San ‘Tone to the Rio Grande Charlie can’t worry down. But *yer!* Why, yer’re plum wuthless. Yer ain’t any sort of a man. Lord knows whar yer come from an’ who yer daddy and mammy wuz. I found yer at that railroad-crossin’ that near Tuna when yer warn’t much bigger than a skunk. I wanted to take yer to th’ sheriff right off, but Martha wouldn’t hear to it. So Martha had her way, an’ brought yer up same as if yer’d been her own flesh an’ blood. Even after Charlie come she wouldn’t give yer up. We never had any trouble keepin’ yer. I told th’ neighbors I’d got yer in San ‘Tone. Wall, maybe some folks think Martha done a good turn—but I don’t. Durned if I can figger out what yer’re good fer. You don’t do nothin’ but piddle ‘round in that garden of yourn an’ do fool stunts on that trapeze. Guess yer wuz meant to be a farmer or a circus-man, one or t’other, eh?”

Roy readily accepted the other’s invitation to speak.

“I don’t understand it myself, Uncle Bill,” he said. “Maybe my father was a circus-man—maybe he was a farmer. I know there is a little of both in me. Whenever I see a horizontal bar or a

trapeze, my blood fairly tingles and I want to show anybody who happens to be around what I can do on them. You know, Professor Larkin turned the gymnasium class over to me. I learned every stunt in the 'gym book' by myself and then taught it to the others. I like to do the 'double fly-away'—and it's the most dangerous of them all. But, of course, I would never think of using my acrobatic talent professionally—I mean I'd never do it for a living—if—if I could take a course in horticulture. That's the other side of me. I love to see things grow. Aunt Martha said—"

"Shut up!" It came like a combined earthquake and volcanic eruption this time. "Ole Bill," his face purple with rage, sprang to his feet, kicked the dry-goods box into smithereens, and then stormed about the room. "So yer're darin' me!—darin' me not to do it—yer—yer—snivelin' little coyote!" he bellowed. "Wall, I'll show yer! I'll show yer!"

The man acted as though he had suddenly lost his reason. Roy was on his feet, edging toward the door. Then he saw what he had hither-to failed to notice. He knew the ranchman to be subject to periodical sprees, but he had never seen him like this before. With the rapidity of a flash, something he had once overheard—a cowboy's remark—came back to him now: "Thet ole savage, Bill Hawkins, can carry more booze, an' not show it, than any man in Texas; but if yer want to see a hell-fired demon, just be around sometime when he's good an' mad."

Standing in the center of the room, from which place he had pitched the kitchen table violently against the wall, Hawkins, his face up-turned, his neck showing yellow and rugged in the uncertain light of the dying day, was gulping down the contents of a half-pint bottle of *mescal* which he held to his lips with his left hand. In his right he grasped a Colt's revolver, the muzzle of which "covered" the boy as effectively as if the gun had not been aimed below the man's belt and had been sighted accurately by eye and

not by instinct. But even though he dared not move another inch in the direction of the door, Roy was not sure whether the six-shooter had been pointed at him intentionally or by inadvertence.

The next moment he knew.

Having drained the bottle, "Ole Bill" sent it crashing through the window; then, with an oath, he strode to the door and flung it open.

"Git out!" he bawled, and balanced the revolver suggestively. "Git out an' stay out, yer white-livered little skunk. An' if I ever kitch yer prowlin' 'round these here premises from now on—wall, just watch yer 'Uncle Bill' pump lead fer yer to scoot by."

Roy Philibert was no coward, but he was conscious of a deep sense of peace and thankfulness when the door banged shut behind him and he found himself out in the dusky open with the first "peepers" over his head, and his friends, the mesquits, rustling as though they were bidding him a whispered welcome. He did not pause a moment to consider what was best to do. His mind was made up—once and for all. With the steady, mechanical, swinging stride of the experienced walker, he set out toward the east. He followed neither trail nor road, but, guided by an instinct as true as that of a homing pigeon, he kept to an easterly course, now threading his way through batches of prickly-pear, now worming through dense tangles of huisache, chaparral and "Spanish dagger," now striding, straight as the crow flies, across an open space or over the top of some bald hill.

A twenty-mile, cross-country "hike" in Frio county will tax the endurance of the most sturdy "bushwhacker," and it was a muscle-wearied, foot-sore youth who finally flung himself down on the dark platform of the freight depot in Pearsall sometime between three and four o'clock the next morning.

Hardly had Roy stretched his aching body out on the hard boards and pillow'd his head in the crook of an arm, when out of the corner of one

eye he saw a long beam of light cut the darkness. Then, from the south, came the dismal wail of a locomotive:

Who-e-e-e-e-oo-oo! Who-e-e-e-e-oo-oo! Who-e! Who-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-oo-oo-oo-oo!

Roy's heart beat a little faster and he sat up, watching the beam of light grow broader and brighter, and listening, semi-consciously, to the steadily increasing rumble of the approaching train. He could hardly realize that he was actually leaving this place—this town that had meant home to him all his life. Assuredly, it would not be his first trip to San Antonio. Twice he had gone alone; once with "Aunt Martha"—to see the "Battle of Flowers"—and once he had even gone through to St. Louis on a cattle-train with Lumb Hortan. But those trips had been care-free, happy ones. The circumstances had been different. Then, he had had a home, and one person, at least, to love and care for him. Now, he was friendless—a pauper. Just as it had been hard for him to accept as reality the passing of Martha Hawkins out of his life, it was hard for him, now, not to believe that he would soon wake up and find it all an ugly dream. What would "Aunt Martha" think if she could see him sitting here—waiting to "beat his way" on a train—like any "hobo"? Did she know? Did she know how tired he was—both in body and in soul? Somehow, he felt that she did. And yet, he longed for her in the flesh. He wanted to lay his aching head against her shoulder, to feel her strong arms folded about him once more, and pour out all the agony of his grief—the same as he had done so many times as a little child.

He gulped down the dry sobs that were hurting his throat and slid to the ground just as the locomotive thundered past, scarcely an arm's length from where he stood. He ran after it, ran far down the track, until the engine, with screeching brakes and panting breath, gradually came to a standstill; then, slipping behind the coal-

tender, he scrambled up the iron rods to the "blind baggage" where he took up his quarters for the coming journey. White hands shrewdly concealed, hat drawn down to hide his face, and huddled into the smallest space possible, he waited—a very sad but very determined young adventurer.

Perhaps he would not have been quite so sad had he known that, composing the majority of the very train on which he was to ride, were nine long coaches, each painted a flaming red and each bearing, along the top of either side and in large gilt letters, the words: "The World's Greatest Circus."

II.

"So you think you can pull off the 'Death Fling,' eh?"

And Packard, the dandified, peppery-tongued ring-master, favored the slim youth before him with a half-tolerant, half-cynical smile, his teeth gleaming pearly white beneath the inky blackness of his small mustache.

The boy shifted his position slightly, lifting his eyes from the ground, studied in turn the two other occupants seated in the small tent—one, a heavy-set, flabby-faced man, with a huge, glittering diamond in his shirt-front and a massive gold chain spanning his vari-colored waistcoat—evidently the owner-on-the-grounds of this vast entertainment organization; the other, a slight, wistful-eyed, butterfly-like creature in the abbreviated skirt and pink tights of the professional circus rider. The newcomer's gaze lingered on the sweetly-sad little face until its owner looked up; then, for some inexplicable reason, both the boy's and the girl's eyes again sought the ground.

"I—I don't think anything about it," stammered the youth, at last. "I—I'll just do it—that's all."

The ring-master draped himself theatrically over one edge of the small table that stood before the "Big Boss," and eyed the youthful applicant through narrowed lids, the while he mentally "sized up" the proposition. He was still smiling; but, now, his

smile held just a hint of satisfaction.

Since early dawn, when, in three sections, "The World's Greatest Circus" had arrived in San Antonio, Michael O'Brien, who, like his name, had sprung from the heart of "Old Erin," but who, under the pseudonym of "Senor Vallintino," had done, together with "Mademoiselle Lois," the "Death Fling" for a consideration of five hundred dollars a performance, had got himself kicked in the ribs by one of the ostriches and now lay in a precarious condition in a rear tent. And that same ostrich had not only crippled "Mike"—it had, as one of the circus-hands expressed it, "kiboshed the whole shebang." Advance agents for the big show had never failed to boost the "Death Fling" as "the crowning act of the evening's program"—"a thrilling, hair-raising spectacle of mad daredeviltry. They rhapsodized at length upon "Senor Vallintino, the great Spanish trapeze artist," and "Mademoiselle Lois, the acrobatic flower of France," generally ending with some such eulogy as "the most marvelous twain-star exhibition ever before attempted in the realms of circusdom." Nor was all this extravagant in the slightest degree. The "Death Fling" was in reality a "hair-raising" act; in truth a most extraordinarily dangerous performance. But in view of Mike's unfortunate experience with that ostrich, the very "drawing power" that existed in the laudatory tone of these adjective-burdened press reports only served to draw tighter the net of embarrassment about the managerial units of the immense concern. The outlook was anything but encouraging. The crowds would come, paying their money and expecting to see this much-heralded feat. They would go away grumbling and dissatisfied. The future reputation and patronage of the big show was at stake. Without this act the press would condemn. Wellington, "Big Boss," when he had learned of the accident, had fumed and fretted. Packard's threats and curses had availed him nothing. Not one of the

five hundred and eighty-six men on Wellington's pay-roll had the ring-master been able to cajole, bully or bribe into taking Mike's place as "Senor Vallintino." The purse had been doubled—to no purpose. Even a thousand-dollar check—which, to some of them, at least, must have meant a munificent fortune—had failed to lure a single one of their number into what they frankly condemned as a "lunatic's job."

But now, here was a voluntary applicant for the perilous act—hardly more than a "kid," to be sure, but, at that, in dead earnest. And Packard hadn't acquired his responsible position as right-hand-man to the "Big Boss" through any traits of a moral nature, or from any reputation for kind-heartedness. As a matter of fact, sharp wits and a habitual resistance to the dictates of his dwarfed conscience had won for him his employer's favor. He was aware that Wellington blamed him for not having hired an "understudy" to be kept on hand for just such an emergency as this. As he had failed to do so, it was now up to him to produce a substitute. The "Big Boss" had hinted as much. But there was the stern arm of the law to avoid. Packard didn't want to "rob the cradle." This "kid" would have to swear he was twenty-one years of age—or the thing was off. And, too, he wondered if the boy knew what he was "going up against."

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Twenty-one," came the prompt reply.

"How did you know we needed a man for this stunt?"

Just the suspicion of a smile tugged at the youth's finely-moulded lips.

"I heard one of the stake-drivers telling about Mike—and the ostrich."

But appreciation of the purely humorous in life was not one of the ring-master's attributes. His rare smiles were never free from skepticism; his rarer laughs hard, mocking sounds.

"What's your name?" he snapped.

Again the applicant shifted his posi-

tion. He seemed to hesitate a moment; then, raising his eyes:

"Roy Philibert."

"Don't commit perjury, son," his questioner warned him. "You'll have to sign a sworn statement, you know."

A vivid red overspread the boy's handsome features, and, for the first time since entering the tent, his eyes met those of his interrogator in an unwavering gaze, as though he wished to verify his sense of hearing. When he spoke it was in calm and distinct tone; but, somehow, Packard was made to feel as if the atmosphere of the tent had suddenly become charged with dangerous currents of electricity.

"I never lie."

He said it slowly, but without ostentation.

A strained silence fell upon the group.

Packard, who had never before "stood for" a reproof or challenge from any one except the "Big Boss," wondered why he did so now. He didn't know that he was to wonder at many things in his future dealings with this odd youth. He did know, however, that the boy's laconic statement had dumbfounded him; left him, for once, without his ever-ready retort. It was his turn to appear embarrassed. He wanted to mock; to laugh sardonically; but he couldn't. Those strange, dark eyes seemed to be boring through him; reading his very thoughts. His own gaze faltered and sought the ground.

Wellington coughed behind a puffy hand; then continued to stare at the slim figure, his fat face a study in mingled cynicism and amazement. The girl, too, was staring, her large gray eyes round with wonderment; her delicately-curved lips slightly parted.

Then Packard's quirk struck his glistening boot-tops. He shrugged and flung out another question:

"Ever had any experience with trapeze work?"

Instantly the boy's countenance lit up.

"Quite a bit," he responded eagerly.

"It's been a hobby with me all my life. I've always loved it—ever since I can remember. That's *one* reason why I applied for the job. I've never worked professionally, you understand; but I can do most of the professional stunts—'double fly-away,' 'dead drop,' 'teeth swing,' 'back flip'—and some others of my own invention. I'm not afraid to try anything on the trapeze."

Packard frowned and chewed his lower lip meditatively for a moment.

"I want you to know exactly what you are bargaining for," he said at length. "This is no babe's play. The job pulls down five hundred each performance. But it's risky. You take your life in your hands every time you do the stunt. You—"

"I'm not afraid," the applicant interrupted calmly. "I'm not a minor, and if I want to stake my life against five hundred dollars—well, I guess that's *my* business."

"Nobody to care much what becomes of you, I take it," And Packard's smile was strangely devoid of his eternal skepticism.

"You guessed it," the youth rejoined. "The stakes can't get too high when nobody—nobody cares."

The ring-master eyed him curiously for a space. Then he leaned backward and whispered something in Wellington's ear. The "Big Boss" made known his assent by a slight inclination of the head.

"All right." Packard spoke decisively. "Lois,"—he motioned to the girl—"take him out and show him the 'props'—explain it all thoroughly, Lois." He turned again and faced the boy. "After you understand what you will be expected to do, then if you still think 'nobody cares,' young man, come back here and we'll sign up."

III.

With quickening pulses, Roy Philibert followed the girl, "Lois," from the presence of Packard and the "Big Boss" out into an open space where swarms of men were busily engaged in duties as varied as was the collec-

tion of dumb brutes present—dogs, monkeys, goats, reindeer, Shetland ponies, horses, camels, zebras, elephants, giraffes, dromedaries, and other less tractable beasts in cages. The big circus vans were being lined up and everything was hurly-burly, preparatory to the morning parade. Roy was conscious that not a few of the men paused in their work to stare curiously at him as he passed; and, somehow, he took pride in the thought that from now on he would be associated with this beautiful girl. The moment he had first laid eyes on her he had marveled at her beauty. Now, as he walked behind her, he was not blind to the straight, almost boyish lines of her figure, the graceful swaying of her abbreviated, tinsel skirt, the shimmering gold of her hair and the exquisite whiteness of her neck, shoulders and arms, left bare by the decollete design of her gaudy frock. There came to his mind the face of another girl; one who had once mocked him—and Rose Wiley suffered from the comparison. Somehow, Rose seemed very ordinary and very far removed from his interest just now. He had never before met with such ethereal, fairy-like beauty as Lois'. To him, there was something about the girl's sweet face and round, wondering eyes that seemed to contradict the cheap showiness of her dress. And because of this impression, her first speech, a moment later, gave him a considerable jolt. They had just passed through a rear entrance into the main tent. Roy was conscious of an added thrill lent by that strangely fascinating circus odor—a mingled scent of moist earth, grass and sawdust—and the realization that they were alone in this vast canvas-covered amphi-theater; but, in spite of this, he felt his eyes drawn irresistibly toward those of the girl. She had turned and was facing him, gazing earnestly up into his face.

"Where'd yuh blow in frum, Roy?" she asked naively.

The suddenness of her action and speech almost nonplussed him. He

had never been a ladies' man.

"I—I—" he stammered. "Oh, I came from Pearsall—a small town about half-way between here and La-redo."

"Run away frum home?"

"Well—er—yes."

"Didn't yuh mother love yuh?"

"I never saw my mother."

"Dad? Ain't yuh got no dad?"

"Never saw him either."

"Poor kid." Lois sighed dismally.

"That's hell, ain't it?"

Then suddenly, to his further astonishment, she took one of his hands in her own and led him forward.

"Well, we're gonna be great pals, ain't we, Roy?"

"I—I hope so." Roy couldn't have explained why a sudden feeling of happiness surged through him; he didn't try.

"I like yuh," Lois averred frankly. "I like yuh because yuh're different. Yuh remind me of Pack—when he first come.

"Who is 'Pack'?" he asked.

"Packard—the ring-master."

"O-oh!"

"Pack's got a fine edication. He ain't common like the rest of us circus folk. When he first come he was awfully kind-hearted and polite; but he ain't no more. It don't seem like anybody can stay good 'round a circus long. Mike used to be good, but he's a regular devil now. He was tortmintin' that ostrich—that's why it thumped him in the ribs. Served him right."

Roy laughed heartily—for the first time in weeks. She laughed too and squeezed his hand a little. It was as though she were a child who had been denied companionship and was now boundlessly happy because she was to have a playmate of her own age.

They came to the foremost of the six great poles that supported the huge tent. Here Lois paused, and, letting go of his hand, pointed upward. Then, for the first time, Roy saw the numerous acrobatic "props" that were strung aloft—mute reminders of the vast crowds that would

come, and the hair-raising acts to be pulled off that afternoon and night. Lois explained the act to him thoroughly. Not once did she even so much as hint at a possibility of his backing out. And though such a thought was far removed from his mind, even had he entertained it, her taking it for granted that henceforth he was to be her partner in this dangerous performance would have made him prefer death to playing the part of a coward.

She showed him the rope by which he was to climb up, hand over hand. Following the direction of her babyish index finger, he saw a small platform to the left of the pole and, he judged, about seventy-five feet from the ground. Just above this platform he noticed a trapeze had been tied up, its long ropes swinging from the very topmost part of the tent. Lois pointed out a similar platform at the other end of the tent; the heavy net that stretched high above their heads from one end to the other, and the great wheel-like apparatus in the center of all.

Roy found it hard to keep his mind on what she was saying; his thoughts were wont to dwell upon the charm of her voice rather than the sense of the words; he couldn't overcome a feeling of awe at her loveliness, the dreamy beauty of her large gray eyes, the sweet expression of purity in her face, her wistful little lips, her slender bare arms, her easy grace of motion—in short, her very presence had so intoxicated him that he felt an occasional desire to kick himself in an effort to bring back his truant wits.

"There are two platforms," she was saying. "Mine's at the other end. This one's yours. We both go up at the same time. Everything else stops for our act. As soon as we are on our platforms the audience will begin cheering. Yuh must acknowledge the applause by a bow or throw a kiss to 'em with your finger-tips. Then yuh take out your handkerchief—yuh've gotta have a dab of wet cornmeal in it to rub on your hands. Then yuh ac-

knowledge the audience again—that's "horse play"—it impresses 'em, yuh know. Then yuh unloosen your trap, but keep one eye on me, because we must both let go at once. Pack will be watchin' frum the center ring with his pistol. Yuh get my signal first; then yuh signal him. I'll hold out my right arm when I'm ready. Yuh do the same. When Pack fires his gun we both drop. Don't spring, just drop—gravity will throw yuh clear to the 'Death Fling.' Yuh won't miss your trap, but even if yuh did the net would save yuh. Now come down here."

"This is a cinch," Lois declared when they stood before the immense wheel-like machine that occupied the center of the largest ring in the great tent. "Of course, the audience thinks it's wonderful," she added a little scornfully. "But they don't know nothin'. Yuh see those rungs all around the wheel and on the trap ropes?"

Roy nodded.

"Well, when it's goin' lickety-split yuh do the regular stunts same as on a regular trap—'teeth swing,' 'heel and toe dead drop,' 'arm balance,'—yuh know 'em. Then when yuh hear Pack's jistol again, yuh begin climbin' the rungs hand over hand. I do the same. So we change traps while the wheel's goin'. But there ain't no danger—all yuh've gotta do is hold on. We do some more stunts 'till Pack fires his gun again; then we climb to those two red rungs there—see 'em? Now comes the real risk. When we're both together, hangin' by our heels and toes, yuh take my right hand in your left—because if one missed the trap and the other got it, we'd both be O. K.—the wheel increases in speed 'till it's goin' about a mile a minute. Pack fires his fourth shot and presses a 'lectricty button; the toe rung flies off and we shoot like a couple of skyrockets clear over yonder to that wide trap near the main entrance. If we missed it, the net wouldn't save us—Lord knows where we'd land. Believe me, that 'gets' the audience. Some of 'em faint. Everybody yells. Yuh see, at first, they

think it's an accident. Well, it might as well be—it's fierce. Why, one night I scraped the canvas, lost my balance and pulled Mike off, but he caught the trap-rope with two fingers and held on. The rubes hollered themselves hoarse; they didn't know—thought it was regular. They don't know a bungle when they see one. Even the police don't know—if they did, maybe they'd stop it. This stunt pays so big because its ten to one yuh'll cash in sooner or later, and because there ain't one in every million that'd do it for no amount. Anyway yuh take it, I guess it's some game—and some stakes."

When they walked back to the exit a moment later, it was something deeper than mere curiosity that prompted Roy to ask Lois one question. And it was he who turned and faced her now to look steadily, searchingly down into her wonderful gray eyes. Nor was he conscious of the added pressure of his fingers about her tiny hand.

"Why do you risk your life like this, Lois?"

She colored slightly under his level gaze; then she laughed—an odd, catching little laugh.

"I—I guess—I'm like yuh. I ain't never had no mother—nor no dad. The 'Big Boss' found me one night in the main tent after the show. He kept me just to make money out of me. I used to beg him to let me go to school, but he wouldn't consent. Pack taught me what little I know. I can read—some. But Pack didn't have no time. He did the best he could. I guess he kinda felt sorry for me. Pack's good—in some ways. Wellington's my leegale guardian. Yuh see, I'm just sixteen; so I don't get the money I make. Well says he's keepin' it 'till I'm of age. I do this work because—because I don't know how to do anything else—and—and I'm in the same boat with you—there ain't nobody to care—nobody." Her words ended in a stifled sob.

An irresistible impulse seized him to take this strange, beautiful little creature in his arms and hold her close.

He wanted her now. She had suddenly become everything to him. Unconsciously his arms went about her; he felt her sway toward him, cling to him; felt her soft lips tremble against his own—then—then a gutteral oath came from behind him; some one gripped his arm, wrenched him from the girl and sent him whirling backwards.

IV.

A less agile youth than Roy Philibert would have fallen under the impetus of such a fling as he had received; but Roy, schooled as he was in the art of maintaining his equilibrium, kept his balance, somehow, and almost instantly faced the intruder—a squat, thick-necked Italian in weather-worn trousers and a dirty flannel shirt which, flapping open at the neck, exposed to view his brown, hairy chest. His face was all but covered by a stubby growth of beard and tobacco-stained mustache, while from under a soiled cap his blood-shot eyes glared at Roy menancingly.

There are moments when a person who is innately reserved and slow to anger will "go off" like a hair-trigger gun. Circumstances had but lately cast Roy into the depths of a black despair. Now that he had again found cause for happiness he didn't intend that his cup of joy should be denied him by this vulgar nonentity—whatever he might be. So, acting upon an impulse swifter almost than thought itself, he drew back his arm for a vicious blow, when a cry from Lois stopped him.

"Roy!—don't!" She had sprung between them and faced the Italian. "Guido, what do yuh mean? I told yuh once never to butt in again."

"I saw him," snarled the man. "He was gettin' fresha wid yuh. I don't standa fer nothin' lik-a dat."

"Won't standa fer it?" mimicked the girl contemptuously. Then Roy saw the anger suddenly leave her eyes. "Listen, Guido," she said, in her customary soft voice. "Yuh mustn't act like this again. This guy's gonna take

Mike's place. He wouldn't harm me. He ain't no freshy. Can't yuh tell a good man when yuh see one?" She pointed to the exit. "Now go, Guido—please go."

The man hesitated a moment; then, with bowed head, he slouched from the tent.

"I didn't want yuh to fight him," explained Lois. "It don't do no good to fight toughs like him; if they whip yuh, they'll never stop crowin', and if yuh whip 'em they'll 'git yuh' sometime when yuh ain't watchin'. Guido's batty as a bug when it comes to me. He's known me ever since I was a baby and thinks he's got a special right to perfect me frum 'freshies.'"

But Roy felt instinctively that if he had won the love of Lois that day, he had also incurred the deep enmity of Guido, the Italian.

Though that afternoon and night were but the forerunners of many others in which Roy Philibert went through moments of nerve-racking peril, those two initiating performances ever remained as vivid, fearsome, bitter-sweet memories in his mind. Roy's acrobatic abilities were taxed to the utmost. But a grim determination saw him safely through. And if he was intoxicated by the vast multitude that cheered vociferously, then grew ominously silent by turns; by the knowledge that thousands of pairs of eyes were trained upon him, and by the stirring music of the circus band—he was even more affected by the dazzling beauty of his partner, Lois Valleryes. Even in the trifling fact that they were dressed alike—in purple tights, with gold fringes at neck and arms, and gold bands about the waist—he took a childish pride; for Lois appeared to him a purple and gold dreamland-goddess—a creature almost too wonderfully beautiful to be real. And when, that afternoon, his breath was all but sent from him by the break-neck force of the "Death Fling"; when, semi-consciously, he was aware that that great audience had been stricken spell-bound; that even the music had ceased—all save

the kettledrum—in that moment when, his hand clinging to Lois', they shot through space with almost arrow-like swiftness—then the blood of some death-defying ancestor asserted itself and his soul rejoiced within him. It was he who caught the "trap"—he who pulled the beautiful girl up to safety amid a deafening thunder of applause and a triumphant blare from the band. And even Packard smiled approvingly as they raced past toward the dressing-tents.

From constant practice any pursuit, whether of pleasure or of business, will lose a little of that "glamour" which it at first may seem to hold for us. In the weeks that passed, Roy never again felt the pain-like suspense, or the momentary sense of triumph, he had experienced during those two first performances. Still, his interest was not waning; he never completely lost all consciousness of "thrill"—the act was too perilous to admit of that. Nor did he find himself tiring of his circus girl. His love for Lois grew stronger and stronger as the weeks passed. His interest in the "Death Fling" remained intact. He was piling up a snug little fortune—and, as he still told himself, "nobody cared." But the day came when his interest snapped. It happened in St. Louis, just eight weeks after that memorial morning when he had joined the circus in San Antonio. He didn't know the cause of it all—not until afterwards. If he had had but an inkling of the foul deed that was afoot, he could have guessed the truth by the strange demeanor of Lois Valleryes as they waited for their act near the performers' entrance. The girl was not her usual self tonight. Heretofore, she had always been attentive, gay, light-hearted. Now, her answers to his occasional attempts at conversation were monosyllabic; she seemed fidgety and ill at ease. Upon her saying it was "nothing but a terrible headache," he reluctantly subsided. Nevertheless, her manner annoyed him—annoyed him even the more because the previous night she had allowed him to

take her in his arms and kiss her—for the first time since that scene with Guido, the Italian. Since then, Lois had held herself aloof so—Roy thought. She had been the same care-free, laughing, confiding, hand-squeezing, little creature—but Roy had felt a difference, somehow. So that first love-making had been the last—until the night before, when she had gone to him of her own accord and nestled in his arms like a tired little child. That was a sweet memory—sweeter because he was ignorant of the fact that Guido had seen them, and, later, had given vent to his wrath in an interview with Lois—sweeter because he didn't know that the girl, fearing for his life, had promised the Italian that she would never repeat the scene.

But, in spite of this, Roy was far from being happy tonight. He had no heart for his work. Even the musical blast that followed Packard's announcement of the "Star Performance" failed to affect him as it usually did. Even when he stood on the tiny platform, a moment later, high above that dense circle of enthusiastic, expectant humanity—that circle of waving hands, hats and handkerchiefs; of strained voices, pitched to unaccustomed cheering—his pulses did not quicken. There was an ache at his heart. Something was wrong somewhere. What could have come over Lois? A strange premonition seized him. Why did people pay to see other people risk their lives? Why did the law allow it?—a relic of barbarism!—an echo from the arenas of ancient Rome!

Mechanically, he unloosened his "trap," then waited, his eyes upon Lois at the other end of the tent. Presently she signaled. He held out his right arm and saw Packard raise his hand in acknowledgment. The ringmaster looked a mere pygmy far down in the center ring. The audience was quiet now—watching intently. Only the band playing noisily on.

Then came the final signal to go. Roy saw a puff of smoke shoot from Packard's right hand; almost simul-

taneously there came a sharp crack—hardly louder than the snap of a whip. Without a moment's hesitation, he grasped his "trap" and dropped. Shooting downward, he described an arc some fifty feet deep—up—then down again to another "trap" on the "Death Fling." Instantly the big wheel started revolving. Faster and faster it went. Still mechanically, and with but little quickening of his pulses, he obeyed Packard's second and third signals.

They were on the red rungs now. The wheel was increasing its speed—faster and yet faster it whirled. Gripping Lois' hand, he braced himself for the "Fling." Above the roaring air in his ears, he could hear the thundering acclamation of the audience, mingled with the double-quick music of the band, growing faster and faster—like the wheel.

Near the main entrance of the great tent, Wellington, the "Big Boss," saw Packard walk to the "button post" and then raise his arm for the last shot. And in that same moment, the owner-on-the-grounds of "The World's Greatest Circus" saw something that made his blood turn to water and his knees tremble beneath his portly body. When he fully realized what had been done, he sprang toward the man; but Guido was too quick for him. The Italian spat out a curse, and, eluding his grasp, darted from the tent. With a gasp of horror, Wellington plunged toward the guy-rope. An instant's inspection was sufficient. *Three strands had been severed!*

Cold beads of sweat started on the man's forehead. He glanced about him wildly. Instinctively he looked up at the wide "trap," hung one hundred feet above the ground. Then, in a frantic impulse to warn his ringmaster, he ran forward shouting at the top of his voice. A few yards from the rope he stopped short, a dismal groan on his lips as he realized the futility of his efforts. Nothing less than a battery of cannon could have attracted Packard's attention amid that pandemonium of applause. Even

as he looked, he saw the fatal puff of smoke from the ring-master's pistol. Panting in his excitement, he dashed back to the rope, grasped it with both hands and clung on, letting it support his dead-weight.

Much as a wet blanket smothers the life out of fire, the "Death Fling" hushed the raving audience. The very second in which Roy and Lois shot from the wheel and, like twain meteors, sped up and toward the wide "trap" near the entrance of the tent, as one man, the multitude became instantly silent, intent, breathless. The band faltered and stopped. More than five thousand pairs of eyes were strained toward the two purple and gold performers. No one saw Wellington clinging to the rope.

Packard, watching from the center ring, saw the couple when, this time, as one, they caught the wide "trap." The next instant the ring-master's arms shot out and with gritted teeth and nails cutting into the flesh of his palms, he stood statue-like, spell-stricken by the horrible spectacle.

Lois' scream was followed by a hundred shrieks from women spectators.

Packard saw the "trap" give, then fall; saw Roy catch Lois about the waist; saw them both plunge downward. Some forty feet from the ground he saw the boy snatch frantically at a rope only to hear it snap and an instant later a dull thud.

With a sickening sensation he had felt but once before in his life—when an acrobat had fallen sixty feet and dashed his brains out on an iron-bound stake—Packard rushed madly toward the front entrance.

Wailing children, hysterically sobbing women, swearing men, and men shouting threats against the management of the circus—jostling, pushing, running, the vast audience poured from the benches toward the scene of the accident.

When Packard reached the spot, Roy was supporting the girl's head against one knee while two physicians were in attendance.

The boy lifted a white face.

"Keep the crowd back, Packard," he said.

The ring-master turned, brandishing his pistol threateningly.

"Keep back, you! Clear out! You'll smother her to death. Get back, I tell you!"

"Find anything serious, doctor?" Roy asked anxiously.

"Outside of a few flesh bruises, she's only fainted," replied the surgeon addressed. "She'll be herself again presently. But she has undergone a terrible shock and needs to rest quietly. Is there any way of getting her out of this mob?"

Roy glanced about him. Seeing one of the circus clowns standing near, he called to the man. "Hey, Pete! Go raise the canvas behind the benches over there." Then turning to the physicians: "Thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness. I'll take her to the dressing-tent now."

He lifted the girl in his arms and followed the clown.

Ten minutes later, Packard entered the dressing-tent where Roy sat alone, beside a cot upon which Lois lay pale and motionless.

The ring-master came forward, his arm outstretched. "God! Son, I thought you were both gone." And his eyes held a suspicion of moisture.

Roy rose and clasped the proffered hand. "That rope was all that saved us," he averred. "It was a narrow escape—the narrowest I ever had before—or ever want again."

"You know who did it?" said the other.

"Guido?"

"Right. He's been bothering Lois for some time. That's the cause of her acting so queerly now and then; you may have noticed it. He was insanely jealous of you. But Wellington's put the cops on his trail, and, if they get him, he'll go in for a long term."

"Well, anyway, nobody else will get the chance to play that particular trick on us again. I quit tonight—and so does Lois."

Packard smiled—a wise smile, yet

there was in it a hint of wistfulness.

"I thought you said 'nobody cared'?" he bantered.

"I did say that—when I first came to you in Texas. Nobody cared *then*. But now—now it's different. It makes a big difference, Packard, when—when *somebody cares*." A flush tinged the boy's handsome countenance as he spoke. "Wellington—" he went on hurriedly, "I wonder if he would object? I want to marry Lois, you understand, and take her away from this. She cares for me. I know she cares because, besides telling me so, she has shown it in many little ways. Of course, she's not of age—and Wellington is her legal guardian, I believe. But you must know that this is no life for her. You are—"

"I know it." Packard spoke in that tone of finality which he often assumed when he had once decided upon a certain course. "I'll fix it up with Wellington. And I'm not surprised. I've been expecting this all along. I've got subs ready to take your places—Mike and Thais. Where do you expect to locate?"

"Somewhere on the Pacific coast."

"Good. Now I'll get Wellington's consent—on one condition. The condition is that you two must be married now—before we leave. It isn't because I don't trust you. I'll admit that I've watched you pretty closely for the past month. You are true blue. But I'll feel better when I go tonight knowing that the knot's tied."

"I say that you are the best man I ever knew." And Roy held out his hand. Had the other struck him a blow in the face, he would have been less astonished than he was now at sight of tears streaming down the cheeks of this strong man—this "hard customer," as the circus-men called him. Then, as Roy felt the hand that clasped his own tremble, he realized that for all his brusqueness, for all his jeering chuckles, snapping commands and skeptical retorts, Packard, after all, had a woman's heart.

"She had a close call tonight, son," said the ring-master. "God! I'd never

have forgiven myself if—if she had gone. But there are some things worse than death. Lois has the pure soul of a child. That's why I want to know she's safe before I leave her. I want this because—because I love her—like a little sister. Many times I may have seemed callous to her—and to you. It's a role I've had to adopt—in this conscience-withering business. I've played the part so long and so determinedly that I've almost grown into it. But there's another side—and a better one. Why, son, if I had somebody to care for me like I know she cares for you—why, I'd quit—quit tonight. Because it's just as you say, it makes a lot of difference when—" he sobbed out the words—"when . . . somebody . . . cares."

Before Roy could form a reply he was gone. There were tears in his own eyes now. He brushed them away and turned to look at the little face lying so white and still against his purple velvet coat, which he had substituted for a pillow. And, as he looked, he thought he saw just the suggestion of color creep into her pale cheeks; her lips move ever so slightly.

He hurried to her side and bent over her, listening.

She was whispering softly.

"Roy . . . I want Roy."

"Here I am, Lois," he answered. "This is Roy—don't you know him, dear?"

She opened her eyes then, and a joyous smile of recognition spread over her beautiful face.

"Was I dreamin'," she said, "or did I hear yuh say yuh wanted to marry me?"

"That's just what I said. Will you let me?"

"Let yuh? Why, sometimes, I thought yuh didn't want me because I ain't much refined. I ain't got no education . . . but, Roy, *I'd go to hell for yuh!*"

He laughed then—a boyish laugh of pure happiness.

"Not that," he said, as he kissed her smiling lips, "because people oughtn't to go to hell—when somebody cares."

How Jakie Squared the Note

By Will Burt

HERE the Lincoln Highway emerges from the hills onto the open plain, Pony creek tinkles under a modern concrete bridge and meanders off through rich grass lands, constantly augmenting its flow from numberless springs at the base of the bluff.

To get the better approach to this bridge the county has commandeered from the adjoining pasture several additional rods of width, so that at this point in the public highway, but untouched by the trail itself, there lies between the hill and the creek bank a roomy, well grassed and shaded nook, which calls aloud to the dusty wayfarer on a summer's day to come and rest.

Here, late one August afternoon, a covered wagon stopped. A stalwart, gray-bearded old man thrust his head from the open front and gazed keenly about.

"It's changed 'Leanor,'" he said, "it's changed some in forty years, but it's still a good place to camp. I mind it wa'n't fenced then, and the bridge was straight ahead and pretty skimpy, made out o' poles. You can see where the old one was. But over there's the same spring shootin' out the bank into a sandy basin and sloppin' over into the grass. Seems if the Lord went and left a few places like this along the trail o' purpose fer movers."

The wagon was drawn to the wayside. While being unhitched, the two fat mules, impatient of delivery from bondage, forged forward repeatedly toward the water which splashed into the brimming pool.

"Now Jinny, now Jack," soothed the master; "just a minute, just a minute, Jack," as he deftly slipped the harness

from Jack's moving rump and grabbed the mare's bridle in time to hold her till he could perform a like office for her. There was a quick accuracy in the man's movements which belied his white beard and aged eye.

Bending one trembling knee 'till his reaching lips touched the rippling water, Jack drank his fill, then, whirling, landed a hearty kick upon his mate's ribs and trotted off into the rank grass.

But he had a purpose in mind. Coming to a spot which pleased him, he dropped and rapturously rolled and tumbled, groaning lugubriously with the joy of relaxation. Two yellow-haired urchins ceased pattering their feet in the pool to watch.

"One hundred, two hundred," counted the smaller.

"Three hundred," added the other, "three hundred and fifty. He's worth three hundred and fifty dollars."

"I'll bet old Jinny's worth mor'n him," said the first.

"I'll bet she ain't."

"What'll yuh bet?"

"I bet my big pop-gun with the hickory ramrod agen yer jew's-harp."

"Huh! Yuh can make a pop-gun any time; jew's-harps costs money."

Jinny, however, made it a tie. Then the two mules, their toilet made, simultaneously proceeded to the feed box attached to the rear of the wagon, and commenced a heavy supper of ear corn; while the old man sat slumped in a spring seat, now on the ground, ripping the husks from green corn for his own meal and watching 'Leanor stir up batter for corn bread.

"Corn and bacon," muttered he, thus apostrophizing those two staples of the Republic, "give me corn and bacon

and I'll breed men. Take away the fripperies, if you will; corn and bacon guard the liberties of the nation."

'Leanor's preparations for supper were unhurried and unmethodical. The idea of doing her work with economy of time or movement perhaps never in all her life had occurred to her. The old man, having prepared the corn for the oven, sat whittling a pine stick and watching with patiently repressed eagerness the wisp of steam from a coffee pot which Eleanor had pushed to the back of the tin camp stove.

"I mind," he said with a little chortle of pleasure at the recollection, "I mind when we even used parched corn fer coffee. 'Twa'n't bad. And I mind, when Pap came back from the army, he fetched some real coffee and sent me over the ridge to the Widow Martin's house with a quart measure full and a mess o' spare ribs. Me and Sally Martin'd been kind o' eyeing each other fer a year; and that cup o' coffee jest naturally did the business fer us.

"'Oh Armiel,' she says, with a flush like the inside of a pink morning-glory (your ma always could blush the prettiest of any woman in the world, 'Leanor), 'oh Armiel,' says she, 'you ain't goin' back 'fore supper, be you?'

"'Course I let on like I had to get right home, jest so's to be coaxed. But none o' Pap's whoppers about the army would 'a' kep' me away from Sally when she looked like that. We went out together to hunt for the cow; and when Sally would stop on a knoll and purse her pretty lips into a, 'coo-ee, coo-ee, coo-ee,' her breast all aquiver under her calico dress, why I jest naturally couldn't contain myself no longer and, though I was the bashfulest boob in Polk County, I managed to cover one o' them coo-ees with my mouth. After that it was easy; whenever I saw a coo-ee coming I stopped it. We hunted till dark for the cow; and when we finally came back, there she stood behind the stable, waiting. Mrs. Martin said the cow had been there all the time.

"I kep' the mosquitoes away while Sally milked. And I asked her if she wouldn't like me to always keep the mosquitoes away; and she said she wouldn't mind."

The old man paused and gazed absoberly at the sunset glow in the western sky, the whittled stick falling unheeded between his knees.

"Them blushes of your ma's 'Leanor —,' he went on softly, tenderly reminiscent of his dominant memory, "the Lord's been tryin' for forty years to make sunsets like 'em, and ain't succeeded yet."

Not the sunset, only, was visible between the trunks of lofty cottonwoods, but also could be seen as well, some hundred and fifty yards beyond the creek, the ornate entrance to the country estate of young John Jacob Allen, III, by grace of lard and the death of a parent, millionaire.

And it was John Jacob Allen himself, on his way out from town, who brought a heavy car to a quick stop at the base of the long hill and twisted a fat neck to turn little choleric eyes upon the scene by the roadside.

"Old man," said he in an intolerant, affronting voice, "you'll have to move on; you can't camp here."

The rapt gaze of the aged man slowly lifted from the sunset and, as it lifted, subtly changed. Softness and warmth were gone; the hard coolness of steel met and bested the little, hot pig-eyes of John Jacob Allen III.

"Why, son?" asked Armiel Dawn calmly, reaching for his whittling stick.

"I don't want you here, you can't camp here," returned the other in tones louder with increasing hostility.

"And who may you be, Son?" softly inquired the old man.

"You'll find out who I am," snorted the young millionaire. "I own all this land on both sides. That's my place over there that you see through the trees. And I'm not going to have campers messing up this corner here. You're not allowed here at all, you'll have to move on."

"Oh, you own all this land 'round about, heh?" asked the old man interestingly. "How much you own?"

"Four thousand acres," returned the other, slightly mollified.

"Good high fence about it, too, eh? Don't aim to let no stray rabbits jump in and eat your grass, I see. Now look here, Son! if you've got four thousand acres of your own inside that nice high fence, I don't reckon you will need to use this quarter of an acre out here in the public highway. But I do need to use it tonight to camp on. I camped here forty years ago, long before your daddy perpetrated you. I've camped here again tonight, and I am goin' to stay here 'till tomorrow morning. Won't you set down and have a cup o' coffee with us?"

Disregarding the proffered hospitality, young Allen turned furiously to his car and, slamming in the clutch, called back to the old man from the moving motor:

"I'll have the constable here in an hour to move you."

"But Jakie," piped a little thin old man, standing up in the car and leaning over the broad porcine back in order to be heard, "I don't see what harm they're doing. They've got to stay somewhere, and that's a likely place. They're settled, too, for the night. Better let them be."

"No camping allowed around here, Uncle Isom. If we allowed one, there'd soon be dozens; and I don't want to be bothered. They come inside and steal. And they'd soon have everything littered up."

"Hm! I see you keep the big gate locked at night anyway. Not much chance for 'em to steal. And besides, Jakie, just supposing maybe there might be some of 'em that wouldn't steal. I've known some poor men that wouldn't; and I've known some rich men—ahem—some rich men that would."

"No, Uncle Isom," returned the young man with patient stubbornness, "I don't want 'em around. He's got to move on. I'll phone the constable."

And the constable came—no for-

midable looking constable to be sure, only a young farm hand, indeed, but imbued with a respect for his office and a confidence in the huge plated badge which he had walked a mile to fetch, after receiving his summons, that made him a mean man to fool with.

Armiel Dawn, did not, however, fool with him. After receiving the official order to move on, Armiel quietly announced his intention of staying where he was 'till morning, and invited the constable to supper. Whereupon the constable informed Armiel Dawn that he was under arrest.

"Well, well, you don't say," chuckled the old man, "ain't it turrible?"

Being unwisely impelled to lay a forceful hand upon the old gentleman's person, the constable suddenly discovered himself prone in the wet sand by the spring, while his hat gracefully rode the ripples in the pool.

"Friend," said Armiel Dawn, "never touch a man 'thouten you want trouble. It ain't polite. Go in peace; but, if you come back, come back strong."

And come back, he did, with a friend, hurriedly deputized, both armed to the teeth and wavering in alternate chill and ardor. Night had fallen, but a quartering moon cast a pale light down through the high scattering cottonwoods upon the little camp.

The two men trod softly down the hill to the very bottom, their gaze intent upon the glimmering wagon-top by the creek, straining to make out and identify the dark objects grouped about it.

"Sh! Al, hadn't we better wait 'till daylight?" suggested the deputy.

"This is givin' him all the advantage, if he does show fight," conceded Al. "It's dark as hell under them trees—and we coming right in from the open. He's old, but some of them old guys can shoot the buttons offen your shirt and never touch you. He's from Tennessee, too, I guess, or Kentucky."

"Huh! Tennessee? Al I'm agoin' back right now. I ain't a helpin' to

move on no Tennessee vagrants—not tonight."

"Don't turn around," said a cool, soft voice behind them, "don't turn around. Don't forget and turn around. Jest drop two rifles and two revolvers in the road and then keep marchin' on—keep marchin' on."

After the weapons had thumped dully one by one in the dust of the roadway, the old man called kindly toward the vanishing figures:

"You'll find these tools under the bridge tomorrow, boys. Good-night."

The constable, having now the camp between him and his home and not much relishing the idea of passing the wagon again in the darkness lest his motives be misconstrued, turned in at the gate of the Allen estate, bent upon securing solace and perhaps a night's entertainment, from this gentleman whose complaint had brought him so much discomfiture.

John Jacob Allen III was filling a chair and himself at a well stocked dinner table. Young Allen liked to see what he had to eat all before him at once—no fetching it in piecemeal from the kitchen for him.

He raised ungracious eyes from his plate when the two men were ushered into his presence. He had thought it was all over and done with and he relieved of all further annoyance when he had telephoned to the constable.

"Hell," muttered he, "might as well 'ave let the old man stay as have these hayseeds pestering me."

Under his baleful discouragement, their story was hard to tell. Indeed, it was not told with strict accuracy. But who could blame a lover of his own dignity for coloring slightly the details of such an account? For, instance, the constable's first defeat at the hands of the malefactor, was due to a sudden, totally unexpected assault with a stick of fire-wood; his second, to being tripped in the darkness by a line which the outlaw had cunningly strung across the roadway for their undoing.

As Al's imagination unfolded itself, the deputy's respect and friendship

grew, and honest pride in such a leader revealed itself in his face. It did not, however, impell him to second the constable's dramatic appeal for more arms, that their attack upon the desperado's stronghold might be renewed.

"Don't you go along, Jakie," broke in Uncle Isom at this point. "He might have it in 'specially for you."

The fat young man cast a doubtful glance upon his relative as if suspicious of this innocent little speech.

"I am not thinking of going," responded John Jacob with cold dignity.

"Better send for the militia," cackled the little old man, "and notify the Red Cross to be in readiness."

John Jacob Allen III poured a third cup of coffee (he never drank liquors), diluted it heavily with golden cream, stirred into it some six or seven lumps of sugar, and crisply advised the officers to give the matter up for the night, to go home, and to re-assemble on the morrow in sufficient numbers to enforce the mandates of the law; adding that he, himself, would appear at Justice Clark's against the impudent old beggar when the capture should be effected.

Hence, it was that two undaunted guardians of the public, in order to evade the camp by the bridge, were obliged to take to the fields, splash through the shallow creek and scale the high fence to emerge upon the road again.

From the slope of the hill they looked back upon the faintly glimmering wagon-top and noted fire-light still flashing from the tin camp stove.

"I've a good mind to go down and ask the old gentleman for a cup of coffee," remarked Al disgustedly.

It was a well armed and mounted posse of six that closed in next day, three from either side, on the bunch of cottonwoods by the bridge. But the enveloping movement was unavailing. Von Kluck got away. So had Armel Dawn. Which is not surprising, when you know that the carefully planned strategy was not put into execution

till well on toward noon. Indeed, Armiel Dawn sat at his midday meal of corn and bacon, and the mules were munching corn at the feed box, when the armed forces of the county hove in sight at a thrilling gallop. As I said, there were six in the pursuing posse; and five of them had been busy the preceding hour, each secretly picturing himself as General John Morgan, riding in advance, "with eyes like live coals as he gave me a sideways glance." The sixth man, being a Socialist and hazy in his history, rejected John Morgan as unworthy of admiring emulation.

But Armiel Dawn very, very quickly had a rifle in his hands; and, unbending to a quite surprising height, with upraised hand he checked the oncoming horsemen.

"What do you want?" asked Armiel Dawn.

"We want you," replied Constable Al, still the leader. "And we're a going to get you," he added truculently.

"What do you want me for?"

"Fer refusin' to move on when ordered and fer resistin' an officer in the performance of his duty, fer carryin' arms, and fer disturbin' the peace and dignity of the state."

"Got your warrant?"

"Yep."

"Le's see it. Read it aloud."

"Not knowin' yer name," prefaced Al, apologetically, "we was obliged to call you John Doe, which is a sort of general title that fits anybody that ain't got no name, or has forgot his name, or fer any reason his name is unbeknownst."

Slowly, impressively Al read the document, ending with the signature of Robert Clark, Justice of the Peace.

Armiel Dawn threw back his head with a quick, proud gesture and spoke as slowly, as softly, as if he were telling them it was a beautiful day.

"I camped last night, boys, where I camped forty years ago, and where I had need to camp and a right to camp. I rejected a fat rich man's insulting order to move on. I refused to comply with the command of an of-

ficer when he unlawfully sought to use his authority in curtailing my inalienable right under the constitution to a full measure of personal liberty in the peaceful pursuit of my business. I forcibly resisted that same officer, when, without warrant of law, he sought to invade my home and deprive me of my personal freedom. An officer, boys," went on the old man, dropping back into easier language, "when he ain't acting within his just powers, looks to me exactly like any other man. Them kind of stars," pointing to Al's badge, "ain't made in Heaven.

"But I ain't resisting no justice's warrant. I'm not running away from no court. I want to see this here Court that thinks it can bust up the Constitution of the United States and run down Armiel Dawn with guns because he won't submit to bein' bossed about and trod on by folks that happens to feel bossy.

"Now I'm a goin' in to see this here judge right now, on my mule Jack. If you boys want to go along, all right; but you'll ride in front of me, and I'll keep this gun in my hands.

"If you don't like that arrangement and want to start a little fight to make it different, right now's your time. I'm willin'." He fingered his rifle lovingly.

After a brief confab among the officers it was thus agreed. The posse of six, relieved of dread they had been scarcely aware of, but feeling much less like General John Morgan, trotted gayly back over the road toward Robert Clark's big brick house; while Armiel Dawn, with a revolver on either hip and the rifle in the curve of his arm, jogged along behind on his fat mule.

Robert Clark, seated at ease upon his wide porch, with kindly, quizzical eyes watched the little cavalcade approach.

"Well, Judge, they brung me in," announced Armiel gravely.

"I see," nodded the Judge. "They're brave men."

"Oh, yeah; you know there're some

men 'a been afraid to ride in front that way."

There on the wide porch the hearing was held. John Jacob Allen III was summoned by 'phone and arrived in the big car with Uncle Isom. The fat young millionaire told his wrongs with peevish spleen, enlarging upon the old mover's impudent defiance of his orders. Al and his deputy of the night before spun out their tale with great vividness of detail. Armiel Dawn sat slumped in a rocker with the rifle across his knees, and eyed them with quiet amusement.

Then Robert Clark asked a few questions:

"Mr. Allen, you found this gentleman camped with his family by Pony creek, off the trail but within the public right of way?"

"Yes."

"You ordered him to move on?"

"Yes."

"He refused to go?"

"He did refuse, and impudently."

"Thank you, Mr. Allen; that is all."

Then addressing his constable:

"Al, you were 'phoned by Mr. Allen and told to dislodge a mover camped on Pony creek?"

"Yes, sir."

"You went clear to your own house after your badge and then proceeded to obey Mr. Allen's command?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure that your badge was visible when you accosted the camper and told him to move on?"

"Yes, sir; I showed it to him."

"And he refused to move on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whereupon you arrested him and told him to come with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he refused to come?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whereupon you seized his arm?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whereupon he knocked you down with his fist?"

"Yes, sir."

Justice Robert Clark smiled. Too late Al saw the little trap and reddened uncomfortably. That stick of

stove-wood had been such a clever idea and such a salve to his vanity.

"It might have been his fist, sir, but I thought it was a stick of stove-wood," amended Al.

"Oh, it felt like a stick of wood, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whereupon you went home and deputized your friend to aid you in carrying out Mr. Allen's order?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then returned to Pony creek, both of you armed, to take Mr. Dawn, dead or alive?"

"Well—er—you see—" hesitated Al, wary at last of Mr. Clark's questions.

"And why didn't you do it?" persisted the Justice.

"Why—er—he wouldn't let us!" exclaimed the constable.

"Case is dismissed," said Justice Clark with a sudden twist of the lips.

John Jacob Allen III bobbed suddenly to his feet. "But your Honor, there's an ordinance against camping by the roadside."

"If there is, there shouldn't be," returned Clark. "Case is dismissed."

"Armiel Dawn," he continued, stepping to the old man's side. "I want to shake hands with an old-fashioned American who knows his rights, and isn't afraid to maintain them with his trigger finger."

"And I," shouted little Uncle Isom, "I want to shake hands with a boyhood friend, Armiel Dawn from Buck creek, Polk County, North Carolina? Ha! I knew no two men were ever named Armiel Dawn. Your father was Menoral Dawn?"

Armiel nodded wonderingly and scanned Uncle Isom's weazened countenance in an earnest effort at recollection.

"I've got a story to tell," said Uncle Isom, "and I want all you men to hear it."

"The year before the war John Jacob Allen I, his son, Jake, who afterward became the father of Jakie here, and I, a distant orphaned relative, left in Mr. Allen's care, were

traveling through the South in a covered wagon. Jake and I were both about twelve years old and were having the time of our lives. I don't accurately remember what purpose took John Jacob Allen through the South in this manner. I know he was poor. Probably he was looking for a suitable location for a home or for a business enterprise.

"One summer evening we camped by a little bridge on Buck creek in Polk County. We had no more than got our fire started when a tall, freckled lad of about our own age came running down the path from a cabin which perched upon the higher bank.

"'Pap says,' panted the boy, 'Pap says fer you-all to come up to the house and make to home.'

"John Jacob Allen was never averse to accepting these invitations. We had had plenty of them while roaming about the hill lands of the South. In this instance the house was only one room, but the Dawns were cheery, friendly folk, who fed well, and gave unstintingly to the stranger within their gates.

"For a week we stayed with them, entirely without reckoning, while John Jacob Allen roamed about the valleys, pounding rock, sampling soil, or talking with the inhabitants. We three boys became great friends.

"Then one night the creek suddenly rose to an unprecedent height and swept our wagon down the valley. One mule broke away and was recovered. But the drowned carcass of the other was found still tied to the wagon where it had lodged against a group of trees.

"Menoral Dawn repaired our wagon, provisioned us, sold us a mule for a hundred dollars and bade us a hearty farewell. We gradually worked north, and finally settled. Mr. Allen prospered. Jake amassed a fortune. Jake and I grew up together. He married my sister. Up to twenty years ago we lived in intimate contact; then I went to Africa. They both died two years ago. This summer I'm visiting

in the States, stopping now with Jake's boy here.

"But what I want you to remember particularly," continued Uncle Isom, with a pleasant little smile toward his fat nephew as if Jakie were about to receive something good, "is this——, the mule deal with Menoral Dawn was not a cash transaction. For the mule, John Jacob Allen, I, gave his note of hand, and even it was conditioned upon the non-return of the mule."

Uncle Isom paused a second, then turning to the gray-bearded old giant, still sitting slumped, with the gun across his knees, asked:

"Armiel Dawn, have you got the note?"

"I have," said Armiel.

There was a stir among the men. Uncle Isom chuckled.

"Le's see," murmured Uncle Isom, busily tapping the arm of his chair with a pencil. "Le's see; one hundred dollars at eight per cent, compounded semi-annually, for fifty, fifty-five, for fifty-seven years——"

John Jacob Allen III shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Ain't you got a compound interest table about somewhere, Judge?" asked Uncle Isom, cheerily. "It's going to be quite a job to figure, in such big numbers."

"Let's see the note," grunted John Jacob.

Armiel took from the inside pocket of his red shirt a leather wallet, from within the wallet a slim tin box, which opened, disclosing a marriage certificate, two or three faded tintypes, a deed, and a folded sheet of note-paper which he handed to Robert Clark.

Read it aloud, Judge," said he.

The Judge read:

"Columbus, Polk Co.,
North Carolina,
Aug. 11, 1860.

In compensation for and in consideration of one gray three-year-old mule, possession of which is hereby acknowledged and receipted for, I promise to pay to Menoral Dawn, his heirs or assigns, the sum of one hun-

dred dollars (\$100) with interest at eight per cent (8 per cent) per annum, payable semi-annually, interest upon all unpaid interest to be computed from every interest paying date as upon the principal; PROVIDED that if and in case I cause said mule to be returned to said Menoral Dawn, his heirs or assigns, and possession thereof delivered to him or them, then by such act I shall be absolved from obligation and the above note cancelled and made null and void.

JOHN JACOB ALLEN.

Witnessed.

Almyra Parkins Dawn.
Joel Wilcox Shote."

"Sounds good," chuckled Uncle Isom. "John Jacob Allen, I, wrote it all out himself. He was a great scribe and pretty good at that lawyer-talk.

Fixed it nice and sound; didn't he, Jakie?"

"Huh! No time set," sneered John Jacob.

"I reckon most any court would consider fifty-seven years time enough," said Justice Clark.

John Jacob made no answer, but, leaving Uncle Isom busy figuring from the interest table, provided by the Judge, strode heavily to the 'phone and called up his head farmer.

"Where's Shiloh?" he asked. "In the alfalfa lot? Bring him over to Justice Clark's house at once. If he's lying down, have some of the men on the haystack help you get him up."

"It comes to \$8745.81," cried Uncle Isom, looking up from his figuring. "What you going to do about it, Jakie?"

"Me? I'm going to return the mule," said John Jacob Allen III.

MY LADDIE

His dear, true eyes looked deep in mine,
When we said good-bye that day;
Oh, little did I dream it then—
That we should part alway.

He seemed so pulsating with life—
So fair and debonair,
I felt that even War's dread hand
Would my bonnie lover spare.

But he is gone—and yet—and yet
How gloriously he died!
And though my heart is very sad,
Yet my eyes, they shine with pride.

For Humanity and Liberty
My noble lover died;
And greater love there cannot be
In all the world so wide.

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THE Armenian National Union of America has sent out an appeal to editors throughout the country to lend their aid and influence in creating a powerful public opinion in favor of the liberation of this martyred nation. The fate of Armenia is in the hands of the coming Peace Congress.

In view of the above facts, "The Tragedy of Armenia" written by Bertha S. Papazian and published by the Pilgrim Press of Boston and Chicago, will prove timely and interesting to all those who can feel for the small and oppressed nations of Europe. A very good and brief summary of the subject is put forth in the following introduction to this book, by James L. Barton—Armenian crucifixion at the hand of the Turkish Government and with the approval if not direct co-operation of Germany, has touched the heart of humanity. The world has witnessed one of the most ancient and notable of all the races of history subject to protracted attacks, atrocious beyond the power of words to describe, with no conceivable reason except to exterminate an entire people whose chief offence was industry, and whose unforgivable crime, the profession and practice of Christianity. . .

It is one of the marvels of history that the Armenian nation, swept with almost perpetual war, persecution and massacre for many long dark centuries, has retained its beautiful language, its religion and its national soul, and now in these days of race redemption, is ready to come into its own as a people worthy and capable of self-determination. The Armenians, by their loyalty and devotion to the cause of the Allies in Russia, Persia and Palestine, as well as in the armies of England, France and the United

States, cannot, without most flagrant display of ingratitude, be ignored when the status of the lesser nations is decided." . . . "Armenia has been in virtual bondage for a thousand years, during which period she has kept her home fires burning, her hopes undimmed and her soul, un-intimidated. . . . If this war ends and the final peace treaties are written, and the Peace Congress dissolves without Armenia's obtaining her independence from Moslem rule with every opportunity for self-direction and self-expression in quietness and safety, then this war will in so far have been fought in vain. . . .

This little book reveals the spirit and soul of Armenia, the depths of the longing of that ancient, yet present living people, the height of their hopes and the earnestness of their purpose. . . . America, which has for nearly a century, labored and suffered for Armenians more than any other Western nation, should be the first to champion their cause and pledge them its unchanging allegiance and support."

This volume gives a most comprehensive history of the Armenians, beginning with the little group of Aryan people, independent and original of spirit, as they marched eastward from Thessaly towards the great pinnacle of Ararat, which was to become a "memorial shaft" to millions of their martyred descendants, all through their centuries of suffering, up to the present day. The Pilgrim Press—Boston and Chicago, \$1.50.

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You laugh again at Mark Twain's "Coyote," and thrill anew at Edwin Markham's "Man with the Hoe." Several poems from old-time issues of "Overland Monthly" greet you,— "On the Presidio Hills," by Martha T. Tyler, being especially pleasing; Lucius Harwood Foote's "Don Juan has ever the Grand Old Air," has a most appropriate swing to it, like some old Spanish dance. "Coming Home," by Daniel S. Richardson, selected from the book "Trail Dust," has a typical Western breeziness to it. The wise little couplets from the pen of Lorenzo Sosso, brighten up the pages like twinkling eyes; and there are many selections from the scholarly pen of Edward Robeson Taylor, whose forte is purely the sonnet; "The Call of the Golden Port," by Ethel Talbot is one of the finest poems on San Francisco, which we have read for many a day, and of course no book of Western letters would be complete without Ina Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Ella Sexton, Bailey Millard, Herbert Bashford, Gertrude Atherton, Frank Norris, and the rest of the brilliant galaxy of Californian writers who could *write*. Thank God! "verse libre" does not blot the fair pages of this most interesting volume!

It took a great deal of temerity to write a story commencing and ending in Civil War days, while the present world was in the throes of a cataclysm, the echoes of which are still heard in the falling walls of ruined villages of Europe, but the "Dream Maker," by Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, comes serenely through the embattlements of world war novels and brings to the reader nothing more or less than it is—a charming tale of by-gone days when the girlhood of the South grew a sheltered flower amid the constant care of dusky "Mammies." A relief from the shell and shock and front line trenches, is this tale of a girl's home life, diversified with a touch of old-time politics. Cornhill Company, Boston, \$1.50.

"The Woman Citizen," by Horace A. Hollister, Ph. D. (Professor of Education in the University of Illinois and State High School Visitor), is an estimate of woman's place in life. It meets an evergrowing need for a clearer comprehension of the requirements of citizenship in the present era from the woman's standpoint. The author treats of women as citizens of the new Democracy which is to spring from the World War and tells how they may prepare themselves for the great work that will be theirs in the days to come. In order to arrive at a full understanding of future duties of women as citizens in the highest sense, a survey is made of woman's status and achievement in the various fields of service, and in the light of such a survey, seeks any needed readjustments of woman's place in society. From this viewpoint is discussed the meaning of citizenship, the woman suffrage movement, the social, economic and religious life of women and war, motherhood, and all timely questions. It is a book which any woman, no matter what her status, will find not alone intensely interesting but helpful and inspiring. D. Appleton & Co. Price—\$1.75.

"Mexico, from Cortez to Carranza," by Louise S. Hasbrouck, is a popular history of Mexico, our stormy southern neighbor, beginning with the invasion of the country by Cortez and that great adventurer's conquest of the Aztecs in a thrilling series of battles and sieges. It gives the story of Mexico's part in the great Spanish colonial empire through the empire's fall and degradation, Mexico's declaration of its independence, the early days of the Republic, the beginning and end of Maximilian's reign, the new Republic, the country's recent unsettled state, American intervention, and finally Mexico's present condition under Carranza. It is the history of a most unusual and picturesque country, where ancient Indian civilization, Spanish culture, and a well-developed national Mexican sentiment working

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plan on which America first began naval operations abroad, and then describes fully the different branches of the service—destroyers, converted yachts, mine-sweepers, queer boats, hydroplanes, blimps, etc. There is also valuable information as to the shipbuilding programme all over the world, and reasoned conclusions as to the success with which the fight against the submarine has been waged.

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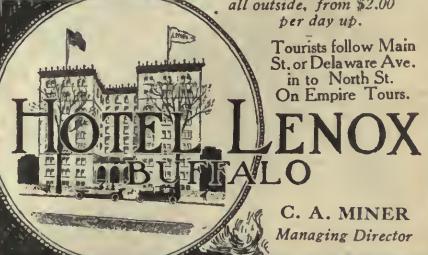
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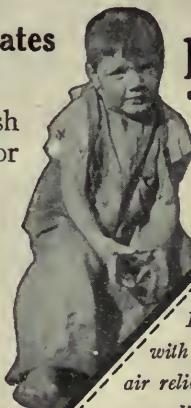
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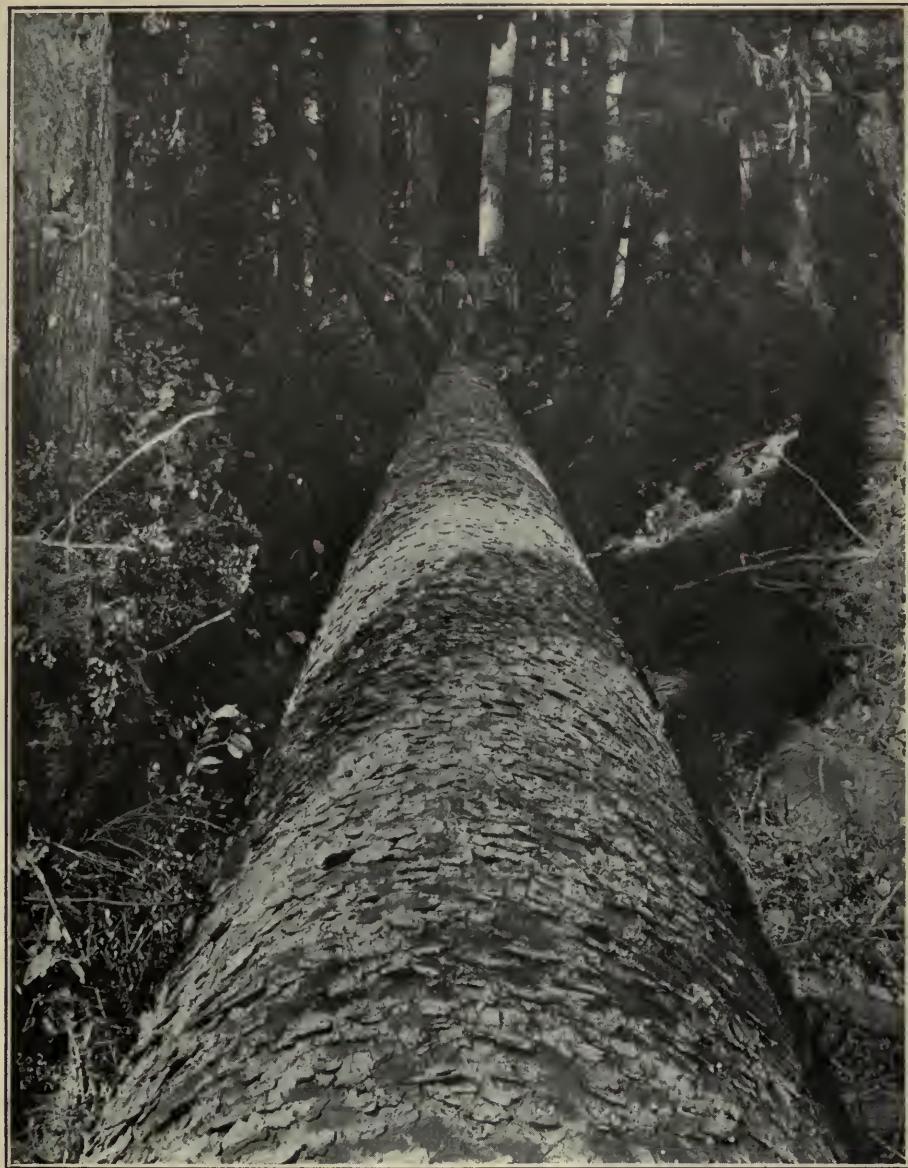
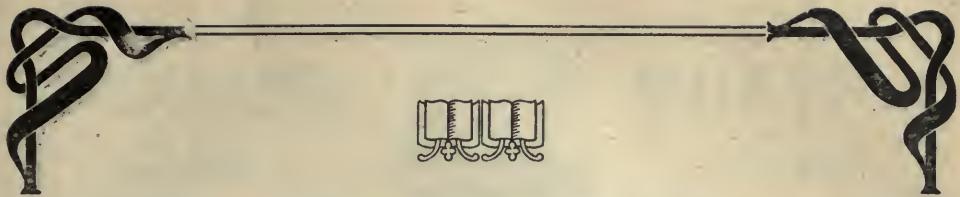


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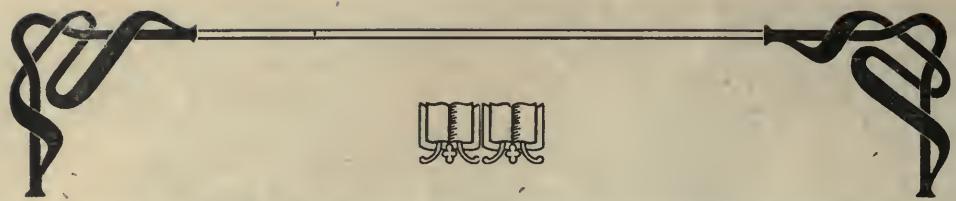
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BRET HARTE

VOL. LXXIII

San Francisco, February, 1919

No. 2

Spruce and Its Future

By Lawrence K. Hodges

(Photos by A. M. Prentiss)

DEVELOPMENT of the airplane industry in the United States has been hastened beyond measure by the impetus which the necessities of war have given to production of Sitka spruce lumber—the best airplane wood in the world, according to the testimony of airmen of all the allied nations. Before the United States entered the war, the allies bought all they could obtain, but the quantity of perfect stock which reached them was far below their needs; the lumber industry was not organized or equipped to produce more, and only perfect stock could be used in so perilous an adventure as flying. When the United States declared war, all the resources of the Government in money, organizing ability and authority were applied to increase production and to procure the largest possible proportion of perfect stock from each log. The result is that, when the war ended and attention was turned to production of airplanes for the purposes of peace, the United States was equipped to supply immense quantities of spruce and the foundation had been laid for manufacture of airplanes on the North Pacific Coast.

Sitka spruce grows in frequent large clumps and scattered trees through the great forests of fir and cedar which cover the entire belt of country from the summit of the Cascade Mountains to the Pacific Ocean and from the southern boundary of Oregon through that state, Washington, British Columbia and Southeastern Alaska. There are about eleven billion feet in Oregon and Washington, 4,375,000,000 in the former and 6,575,000,000 in the latter state, of which about four billion feet in the two states is accessible at reasonable cost. Alaska has from fifteen to eighteen billion feet, but only about one billion is suitable for airplane stock and little of this billion is accessible. British Columbia has more than Alaska, and it is of slightly better quality. The red spruce of the Eastern States is small and knotty, and therefore not suitable for airplanes.

The experience of the allies proved the superiority of the Sitka spruce for airplanes. It is light, strong and resilient, and does not shatter when struck by a bullet, for such a missile simply bores a hole through it. It follows that an airplane with spruce wing-beams and struts can fly higher



A Mill Pond for Spruce. The Logs in This Pond were Worth Over \$100,000

and carry more weight than any other, and it can remain aloft after its beams have been punctured by several bullets which would have sent any other plane crashing to the ground with broken wings. These merits led the British and French to buy large quantities of spruce at exorbitant prices, but a high degree of perfection is required and only ten per cent of the material shipped was fit to enter into construction of planes. This was the case chiefly because the wood must have absolutely straight grain, and because the mills were not equipped to cut with the grain, and had not a strict system of inspection. Loggers, too, made a practice of only cutting spruce as it came incidentally to the logging of fir and cedar.

Hence it was that when representatives of the British, French and Italian armies came to the Pacific Coast in the summer of 1917, with passionate appeals to increase production of

spruce, they found the good will but not the ability. Other serious obstacles stood in the way. The lumber industry had just emerged from a prolonged period of depression into comparative prosperity when the treasonable, seditious Industrial Workers of the World invaded the forests, won control over the workmen by cajolery or intimidation and declared a strike for the eight-hour day, which was accompanied by many acts of destruction and violence.

This was the situation when Colonel, now Brigadier-General, Brice P. Disque came to the Pacific Coast in November, 1917, with plenary authority from the War Department to take whatever steps he deemed necessary to bring about maximum output of airplane stock.

The manner in which he restored harmony between employers and workmen is a story in itself, of which it is possible to give only a brief out-



"Rived" Spruce Logs. Note the Straight Grain. The Logs Shown are
Splendid Examples of Riving

line here. He sent his officers into the woods to unite the workmen in a new organization pledged to support the efforts of the Government to increase lumber production in opposition to the I. W. W. They were backed by 10,000 volunteers from the army, who were sent to the logging camps and mills. Thus the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen came into existence, put the I. W. W. to rout, and now includes practically every timber-worker in the Pacific Northwest. The employers welcomes its advent, and both parties soon entrusted decision of all questions in regard to their relations to Colonel Disque. He made an adjustment satisfactory to both parties and faithful work and maximum production were the result. The new organization was extended to the white pine belt of the inter-mountain country. It now has nearly 120,000 members and includes practically all the timber-workers between the Canadian boundary and the Oregon-

California line and between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

The officers and soldiers who had been assigned to production of spruce were organized into the Spruce Production Division and, as all of the stand of spruce in Oregon, and all of that in Southwestern Washington, comprising more than half of that in the state, is tributary to Portland, headquarters were established in that city. Contracts were made by the Government for purchase of tracts of spruce in the forests, and with logging companies to cut and transport it to rail or water. The Government undertook construction of railroads into virgin bodies of timber, and, under priority orders, supplied rolling stock and logging equipment. As operations began in November, 1917, at the worst season of the year for railroad and logging construction, and as it was necessary to increase production immediately, contracts were made with small groups of men to cut trees

and rive them into cants after the fashion of the pioneer settlers, but this was only a temporary expedient. When modern logging outfits went to work, these methods were abandoned, except at isolated places.

Throughout the North Pacific timber belt, new roads were built into hitherto inaccessible areas, new camps were established, and mills were employed in cutting logs, many of which are eight to eleven feet in diameter, into square cants and flitches, ready to be cut into wing-beams.

The Government has built 166 miles of main line railroad and 103 miles of spur track into the forests bordering on the Pacific Ocean, all except 16 miles of this track being in the country tributary to Portland. The work has employed 18,000 soldiers, from engineers who earn \$7500 a year, in civil life, down to laborers. Describing the difficulties which were encountered, the Bulletin of the Loyal Legion says:

"Other miles have been built, on log cribbing along the sides of treacherous soapstone hills. Long stretches have been laid on huge tree trunks, 50 to 100 feet long, dragged into parallel lines to form two rows of sills, with the cross ties notched into them like a gigantic ladder. And there are miles laid upon piling driven into the oozy swamps, high and dry above the morass that the winter rains will develop. Many bridges have been built, some of them 90 feet high, across the streams and gulches."

In addition, the Spruce Division has built 25 miles of gravelled road, five miles of plank and eight miles of corduroy road for hauling by truck and team. These roads enter hitherto untouched bodies of fir timber in Clallam, Grays Harbor and Pacific counties, Washington and Clatsop and Lincoln counties, Oregon, and will prove of great value for future logging of the predominant Douglas fir, as spruce is often as low as 5 per cent and is rarely as high as 40 per cent

of the total stand in a large body of timber.

It soon developed that prevailing methods of sawing were not adapted to the economical cutting of airplane stock. Commercial mills were not equipped to cut straight grain stock, and consequently shipped much material which was rejected at the airplane factory through having cross or twisted grain or knots, or other defects. This waste could be stopped and the proportion of good stock materially increased by building a mill specially for the purpose of cutting with the grain and of cutting wing-beams, rejecting all defective material and shipping only perfect stock.

With this object in mind, Colonel Disque, on December 2, 1917, commanded the service of H. S. Mitchell, who had many years' experience, to design, build and operate the desired mill and, though Mr. Mitchell was operating a large plant at Wauna on the Columbia river, he loyally responded to the call. Four days later he went to work, and after three more days the material and machinery were ordered. A site in the Vancouver military reservation, on the north bank of the Columbia river, ten miles from Portland, was selected. Extension of a spur from the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railroad was needed, and, though President L. C. Gilman, of that road, had not a foot of loose rail, he tore up yard track in Portland and a week after the call was made, he ran the first trainload of material over the new track. Construction was pushed throughout the winter and was completed on February 7, 1918, forty-five working days after it began.

The mill is one of the largest on the Pacific Coast, original in design and perfect in arrangement for quick and economical cutting and shipment of lumber. Track cranes lift the cants from car to hand cars, which are pushed to the saws. The cant is hoisted to the table where the sawyer inspects the grain and then adjusts movable knees to place it so that the saw



Motor Truck and Trailers Played an Important Role in Getting "Cants" and Logs to the Railroad or Dumping Ponds

will cut a straight grained flitch. This is pushed on rollers to another table where the same adjustment is made to cut it into wing-beam timbers, which are then trimmed and sent to the dry kilns or direct to the cars. After each operation the stock is inspected and all defective pieces are rejected. The mill employs about 3000 men, all of whom are soldiers with the exception of a few highly skilled civilians. Kilns with a capacity of 200,000 feet dray the lumber in fourteen days as against the four months which would be required for air-drying and effect a saving of twenty per cent in freight charges.

Since August 15th, the mill has cut over 1,100,000 feet every day and on some days, the cut has run as high as 1,400,000 feet, of which 56 per cent is airplane stock. Of this total about half is spruce, forty per cent fir and ten per cent Port Orford cedar, spruce alone being used in the master planes

driven by the Liberty motor, and Port Orford cedar is second only to spruce in quality, but the supply is limited to about half a billion feet on privately owned land in Coos and Curry counties, Oregon, and a quarter of a billion feet in the Siskiyou National Forest astride the Oregon-California line.

From the Vancouver mill trained men were drafted to introduce improved methods of sawing and to supervise operation in private mills, a few of which were equipped with table edgers to saw aircraft lumber. Many more were transferred to new Government mills at Toledo, Oregon and on Puget Sound. As operations in the forests and mills have been extended, the force of the Spruce Production Division has been increased until it finally numbered 30,000 soldiers, 1300 officers, and 5000 civilians.

Some conception of what has been achieved in increasing production is

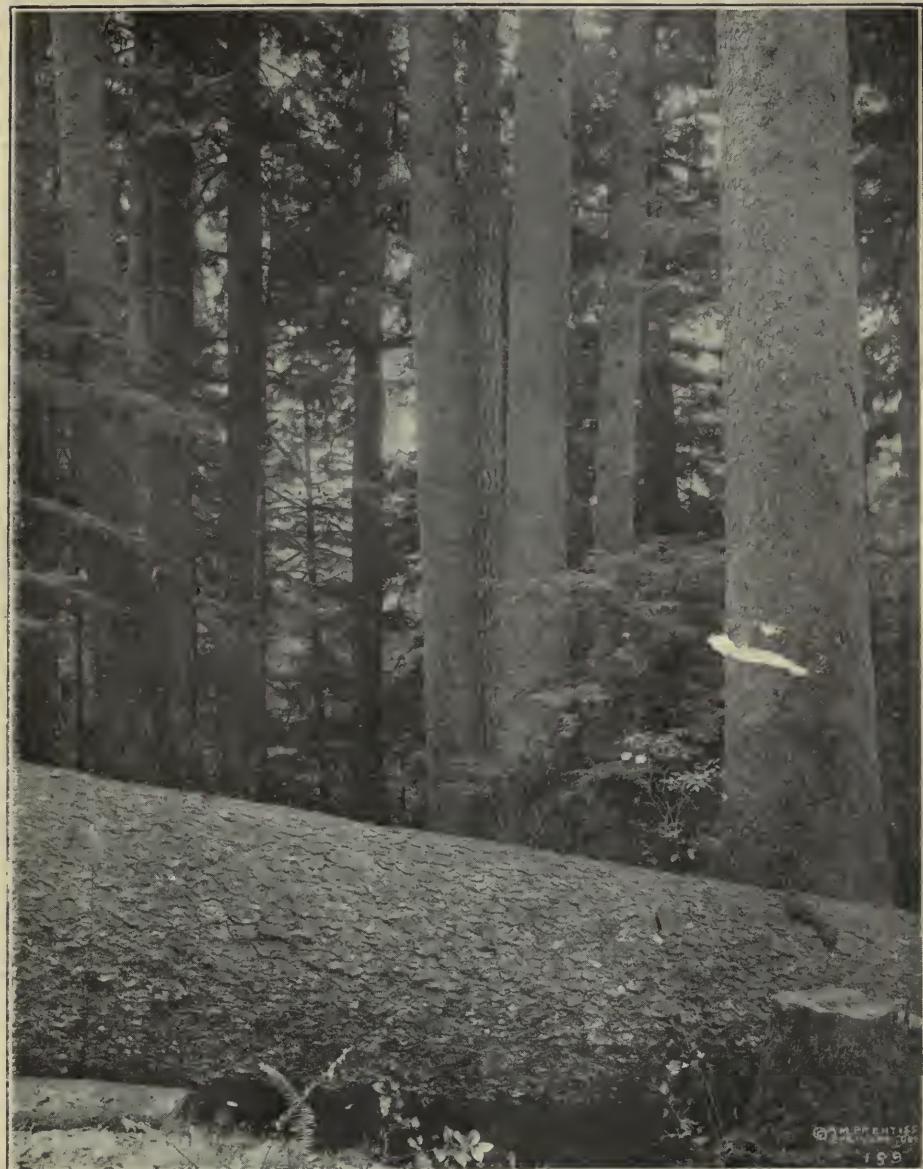
conveyed by the statement that in August, 1917, only 202,264 feet of airplane spruce was shipped. In the following month the total was 2,683,329 feet. Shipment of fir did not begin until October, when the total of both woods was 3,443,667 feet. There was a steady increase from month to month, until in October, 1918, the total was nearly 2,000,000 feet, about equally divided between spruce and fir. The economy in transportation which has been effected is indicated by the fact that only one car is now used where formerly ten were required.

A beginning has been made at carrying still farther the work of finishing aircraft lumber on the Pacific Coast. Three units in Oregon are now employed in doing all the work necessary to make finished parts to a tolerance of one thirty-second of an inch, ready for fitting and assembling in the airplane factory, and ample facilities and skilled woodworkers exist on the North Pacific Coast to finish all the airplane stock produced for the United States. As the stock sent from the cut-up mill is further trimmed and as 30 to 40 per cent of it is rejected in the finishing plant on account of defects revealed in the process, a reduction of 75 per cent in the tonnage shipped is effected. The Oregon factories can assemble some parts and have proved their ability to make better than the Eastern plants, which do this work in conjunction with the building of planes. Second economy dictates that these facilities be utilized.

In fact all of the manufacturing facilities exist in Portland and neighboring cities to do not only the wood-work, but the metal work and to make all of the finished plane except the motors, and these too might be turned out in the machine shops. Development of the industry here, at the source of supply for the principal material would be as natural as that of the automobile industry in the Eastern cities, near the steel and other metal centers.

Economy of material and the need of the greatest attainable strength in planes may dictate that the practice of making laminated wing-beams be adopted in this country. When each wing-beam is required to be a single piece of wood without apparent defect, the proportion of rejected pieces is enormous, for a small knot is sufficient cause to condemn an 18-foot beam. By cutting the sticks into thin boards and then building up beams by lamination, not only could all the good parts of such a stick be saved, but other defects would be revealed which would remain hidden in the single, solid, stick. A beam built up in this manner of thin boards, every one of which is absolutely known to be flawless would be much stronger than a solid stick, which, though superficially perfect, might contain some hidden weakness. Lamination would also make serviceable for airplanes a large proportion of the stock which is now rejected. This last is no small consideration when it is remembered that the present accessible stand of spruce is estimated to yield at the most 700,000,000 feet of airplane stock, if selected by present methods.

Although restoration of peace renders the demand for spruce for military airplanes less urgent, all civilized nations will continue to draw on the American forests for this purpose. As aircraft have taken their place as one of the most important arms of every military organization, each nation will maintain a large air force and will consume a large quantity of spruce each year. But the principal demand in future will be for peaceful communication and transportation. Only a beginning has been made at establishment of air mail routes in the United States. The system will doubtless be extended all over the country, and all over the world. Fast passenger planes will surely run on regular schedule over the whole land surface of the globe, and before long may cross the oceans. Light, highly valuable freight of small bulk will be carried by air. We are at the opening of an



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This Oregon Forest was Well Along in Years when Columbus Set Foot
on the American Continent. Some of These Trees are well
Over 500 Years Old



From One Camp in Clatsop County, Sometimes Twice Daily, Train Loads of Spruce Logs were Shipped, "With Our Compliments to the Kaiser"

era of air travel and transportation which will stimulate growth of a new industry destined to equal that of railroad equipment or that of automobiles.

Lumber being one of the most essential materials and spruce having proved superior to any other wood, that variety may be expected to hold the preference. Its lightness, strength and resiliency will commend it for peace as well as war uses. Next in order of merit will come Port Orford cedar, but the limited quantity will cause manufacturers to turn to the more abundant Douglas fir, which stands third.

The great impetus given to spruce production by the demand for aircraft lumber has enormously increased the output which is suited only for general commercial purposes. Even after careful selection of logs which yield the highest proportion of airplane stock, 44 per cent of the output of the Vancouver mill is adapted only to com-

mercial use and is termed side-cut. In commercial mills 80 per cent of the cut is commercial lumber. The great increase in the output of such lumber is indicated by the fact that four years ago there were in Oregon and Washington only twenty-five so-called spruce mills, and not to exceed 25 per cent of their cut was spruce, while there are now 52 such mills, twenty-five of which cut spruce almost exclusively. Formerly no difficulty was experienced in disposing of the small proportion of spruce which was cut incidentally to fir logging. Much of it was used in building, and in fruit boxes and packing cases, but it was virtually unknown in the Eastern and Middle Western markets where the bulk of Douglas fir is sold. Eastern dealers confuse it with the red spruce of their own section, which is small and knotty and is used almost entirely for paper pulp, boxes and staging, while the Sitka spruce is large, reach-

ing a diameter of eleven feet, and yields a high percentage of clear lumber. Its generally straight grain and softness make it easy to work, and strength and light weight are also points in its favor.

As very little private building is now in progress and as the only large customer for the lumberman is the Government, they look to it to relieve them of this side lumber. Having cut it as an unavoidable incident to compliance with the call for airplane stock, they consider that they have a moral claim on the Government for aid in this respect.

There are many uses to which the Government itself could put side-cut spruce. Its requirements for boxing and crating airplane parts alone were estimated during active hostilities at 330,000,000 feet a year. It also uses great numbers of boxes for powder, ordnance and foodstuffs, but makes of other wood, though experience has proved spruce to be best for the purpose and though both sound policy and fair play to the lumberman dictate that their accumulated stock be used. Being light, strong, easily worked, with no tendency to warp or split and

holding nails better than almost any other wood, spruce is admirably adapted to the uses mentioned.

Being tasteless and odorless and, by selection, pitchless, spruce is well adapted for food containers, such as butter firkins and honeyboxes. It is adaptable for food receptacles of various kinds, farm implements, kitchen furnishings, freight cars, boats, and in some branches of furniture making and for many kinds of woodenware. Its long grain and fibre, fine texture and resonant qualities when cut thin fit it admirably for pianos, organs and stringed instruments. It works to a fine finish, and takes paint and enamel easily. While much spruce is made into boxes in Portland and other lumber centers, there is a wide field for further development of its manufacture in these directions.

When the work of reconstruction begins in the devastated countries, there will be a large field for ready-made, knockdown houses, such as are already made and exported from the United States. Spruce is well adapted to this purpose. Its even grain permits it to be split thin enough for veneer, which is much used in such structures.





They That Go Down to the Sea

By Charles S. Ross

Morning—and out in the offing
A fisherman gleans from the deep
His mite of its glistening harvest,
That only the hardy may reap.

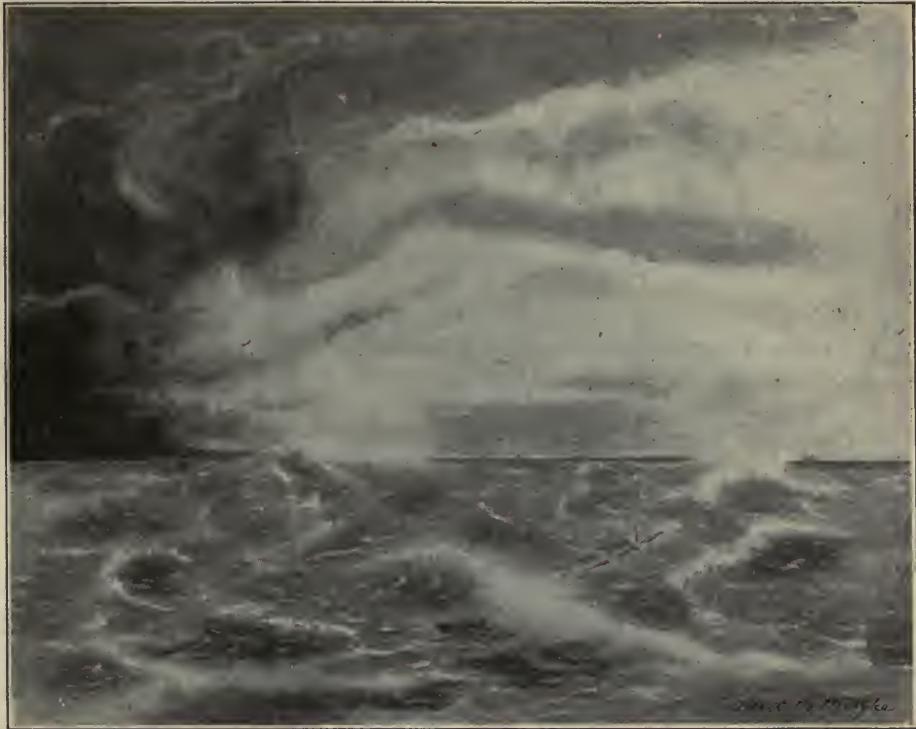
Gently the long drifting surges
That come from the blue wastes afar
Curl into floss where the kelp cloaks
The reef of the outermost bar.

Noon—with a sky graying over —
A quickening lift to the swell;
Storm-wrack that walls the horizon—
The sound of a near, warning bell.

Scattering flight of the sea gulls
To sheltering coves of the shore—
Rush of the oncoming tempest
That darkens the waters before;

Roar of the wind through the cedars
That cling to the bluff's scanty loam—
Thunder of breakers that bury
The rocks in a smother of foam.

Sunset—and far down the sea-lanes
The voice of the hurricane dies;
Gloaming—and on the dark sea-fields
The stars look with bright, peering eyes.



Grief in the white nestling cottage
For a fisher who comes nevermore
With dripping brown nets, in the ev'ning,
Up the hollyhock path to the door.

Night—o'er the low-crouching sand dunes
The wandering ocean winds sweep,
Tellings for aye of the sorrows
That hide in the heart of the deep.



The Spell of the Carmel Coast

By Mary E. Delpot

ALL the world knows Carmel. Those favored ones who have entered its portals, love it forever. The litterateur and the artist alike have proclaimed it a place apart; for the litterateur a magic fountain from which springs beautifully colored inspirations; for the artist a great laboratory where Nature mixes her colors with a master hand and a judicious eye for the beautiful, and being satisfied with the results, scatters them broadcast that man may reproduce and show to the world the produce of her handiwork.

The Carmel Coast embraces not only the little village and Bay of Carmel, but that lovely stretch of California's charming Riviera extending from

Monterey down the Pacific Coast for miles. Few there are who are not susceptible to the lure of that coast; few who will not admit that it casts a spell over those who come within its play. Just when and where the spell begins no one can tell. Perhaps a glint of its wild witchery catches your fancy as the first drift of speckled sand-dune and a stretch of blue water meeting blue sky, somewhere near Del Monte, afford you a foretaste of the vistas beyond. Or, perhaps it is one's mood that determines just when some secret chamber of your being opens to admit this briny breath of the ocean,—this quiet, peace-brooding, sacred charm that so entwines the harmony of forest and sea, sandy



A Sheltering Tree Bordering the Coast



"The Twin Sisters" on Monterey Bay

beach and rocky, fiord-like coast.

For it is not Carmel alone, stretched out on the sandy beach, with the spray of an opalescent bay splashed up to its doors, that breathes the magic spell. Like a questing spirit it winds its way sometimes through the forest, and out, leaping down along the rocky shore, up again onto a highway overlooking a glittering blue ocean that ends in a stretch of foamy surf breaking on a cream-white beach as far as eye can see.

Here along this bit of California's famous coastline, when our Sierran country is snow-bound, Nature has fitted for us a marvelous playground. Here is to be found the most agreeable climate in the world,—but two degrees difference between January and July. Can we wonder why, with all its scenic endowments, it has gathered together one of the most unique communities on the continent, for Carmel claims as its own a colony which comprises the best of America's literary and artistic genius. You may spend weeks in this region and never

tire, for here you will become acquainted with Nature in her variable moods; here your love for her will grow and you will come back again and again to free your soul from its fetters and find happiness in the gentle, wooing song of the sparkling waves, in the low croon of the pines, studying the marvelous shades of sunset and twilight and wondering just how it is that Nature never repeats herself.

If on the fly, the celebrated seventeen-mile drive will offer you a living travelogue, part way through a forest and again along a lovely marina with a sea ahead as blue and glittering as the Adriatic, rimmed by a rugged coast against which the surf hammers away its ceaseless rhapsody. Sand-dunes, too, white and glistening go with you, giving out that queer, lonesome call to a world miles beyond, and you expect to hear a wolf cry or see some little beast dart out from hidden mounds of purple lupin and yellow poppy.

If fortune favors you and time is



Among the Dunes on the Glistening Beach

not at your heels, you will want to loiter here and there and do this coast afoot, gypsy fashion, following the mad music of the ocean from place to place, climbing amongst the caverns, and revelling in the variegated flora and fauna of the sunlit forest and rocky shore. You may study or play, or rest and invite your soul, for here above anywhere else in the world, the sea is a gracious master and somehow takes your will away with the tide, leaving you a happy, willing victim to all the charming entourage of the place.

Like as not you will start from Del Monte, presenting to the average tourist a lure that holds sway over the surrounding country.

Literally tearing yourself away from this Circean spell, you step down the centuries into an old world, for right here is Monterey, the quaint old Pacific Capitol, still steeped in its atmosphere of Spanish romance and chivalry. It was here, in 1602, that Viscaino landed; he it was who named Carmel, in honor of our Lady of Carmel, to whose order his accompanying friars belonged. In 1769 Portola land-

ed at Monterey on his way to San Francisco, and in 1770, Junipera Serra came and established at Carmel, the second of his famous missions, still standing to attest to the achievements of this national hero, the echoes of whose life will sound down the ages until the end of time. Before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock this bit of seacoast had seen the light of civilization. We might call to mind, as well, that in 1542, fifty years before Raleigh settled in Virginia, Cabrillo had landed at San Diego Bay. The wild and woolly West becomes a land of enchantment, opulent with romantic ideals and inspirations, when once we delve into the hidden treasures of its past. To rare old Monterey and its surroundings have been awarded the choicest remnants of that past. Its history is still an open book, the pages of which one can read on the shattered adobe relics that tell many a tale of patient padre and fearless pioneer. Scenically, too, it bespeaks another world,—a glimpse of sunny old Italy perhaps, for crowded up to its very doors are fishing craft of every variety and you may stand by on the



Where the Dunes Creep Down to Meet the Surf,

beach and watch a good haul stretched out, listening the while to the jargon of the fisher folk to whom the wondrous blue of Monterey Bay is but a bit of their life from birth,—part and parcel of their business.

Fascinating to the traveler are the streets of Monterey, usually terminating in a rose-covered arcade of adobe with a red tiled roof, moss-grown and decayed. Upon many of these streets the cornerstones of California are still standing, amongst them the old Spanish custom house, the first American Capitol building, the first California theatre, the old parish church of St. Charles Borromeo with its whalebone doorway and its precious relics of Serra's time. Over it all hovers the indubitable air of Spanish romance and hardly an hour passes before the visitor in Monterey is shown the Sherman rose and told the story of the charming senorita and her dashing lover. Subtly interwoven with the roots of the past is the spirit of the present, for just over the hill is the Presidio of Monterey, and through all the years between, the old adobe

structures peer silently at the new world of khaki just budding in their midst.

Here too, may be found the home of Stevenson, for this is the seacoast and the pineland that he loved so well. It was to this haven he came in 1879, "his frail, wracked body all to whistles," and in the midst of this enchanted world, coaxed himself back to health and strength. Whilst here, almost a hopeless invalid, he wrote "The Pavilion on the Links," part of "The Amateur Immigrant," and laid the foundation of many of his best works. To him this was the glorious California—the land to which he owed a wonderful fund of inspiration and which in his memory always remained a spot set aside and cherished forever.

Leaving Monterey you travel but a short way south to Pacific Grove, situated at the point that shuts off Monterey Bay and offers the broad ocean as a foreground. Here, too, is a stretch of charming, rugged coastline that starts your imagination back to a bit of the rocky cliffs of the Maine Coast.



The Ostrich, Running Away From the Sounding Ocean

Over the steep bluffs the cool breezes mingle the tang of the brine with the breath of lovely flowers and shrubs that grow in healthy profusion through this little town. Flowers, too, of the sea are here, and if you wish, you may ride out into a sheltered cove over a submarine garden no less beautiful than at at Avalon. A glassbottom boat glides over the smooth surface and almost as awe-stricken as a child peering through the little glass opening of a peep-show, you steal a glimpse of the wonders of the deep. The sandy shore slopes gently downward, covered like a mountain in springtime with a soft, mossy carpet of green, from which blossoms forth a variegated sea of color. Through a shaft of sunbeam a bed of dark red sea urchins becomes a garden of chrysanthemums. Here and there an anemone, like a bursting purple peony, blooms behind a silvered blue abalone. Sprinkled in between, the little shells glisten like brilliant gems in a huge pendant of precious stones. A lazy pink starfish browses on a rock in the sunlight, while a huge, opalescent jellyfish hides behind a cluster

of delicate, fern-like seaweed. Everything is quiet and dreamy in this under-sea world. The little fish dart gracefully about and the long ribbons of brown and green kelp slowly rise and fall to the undulations of the tide like so many colored festoons in a glorious pageant of color. Altogether this is a rare treat, and as you step from the little boat you wake to the fact that the little world of unreality which you have just explored has the advantage of being real.

If you love the open sea you may take the circling road that leads from Pacific Grove toward the Point Pinos lighthouse. With a brisk wind blowing you have a symphony of color, for the ocean here is glittering and "wine-dark," the surf snow white, the rocks steep and strangely corrugated by the insistent wear of the wave's tooth. Bordering the shores the pitch pines flaunt their weird outlines to the breeze. These queer contortioned growths, strangely gnarled and twisted, "might figure without change in a circle of the nether hell as Dante pictured it."

Beyond Point Pinos lies Asilomar,

"retreat-by-the-sea,"— a place of rugged beauty, where the dunes creep down to meet the surf. Flooded with sunlight, swept by the ocean breezes, rimmed by a long stretch of inviting beach, this romantic spot has become famous as a winter and summer conference grounds. Here one may play tennis or botanize, wander in the forest background and meet at twilight a friendly stag or two; spend the afternoons on the beach dreaming or gathering little bits of agate, lapis-lazuli, mother of pearl, porphyry, dainty fan shells and pebbles of every imaginable color—the whole a charming bit

little sunny coves where lovely sprays of pink seaweed sway with the swell of tide, you meet ere long, the rugged promontory of Cypress Point jutting out bolding into the sea. Here, too, you find the famed Monterey cypress, native only to these few miles of coastline. What queer, fantastic trees are these, here and there in friendly groups, again scattered like wornout giants; some stretching their scrawny necks far out over the cliffs, beholding their own images in the waters below; others slanting inland like huge, skinny, featherless fowl, running away scared from the sounding ocean to the



Scene Along the Beach at Monterey

of Nature's mozaic made brilliant by the glitter of the sun and the wash of the waves. Never to be forgotten are the beach suppers at Asilomar, around the biggest camp-fire you ever saw; the tent-houses combining outdoor sleeping facilities and indoor comfort, the cozy guest lodge, auditorium and social hall large enough to accommodate a good-sized college sorority high jinks.

After spending a night at Asilomar, you will start out early next morning before the sun has dispelled the gray fog over the horizon. Still following the circling shoreline southward, past

sheltered groves of forest beyond.

And now the trail winds inland and Carmel Bay, blue and glittering, within the arm of Point Lobos on one side and Cypress Point on the other, bids you a friendly welcome. Pebble Beach, warm and sheltered, modestly displays its allurements. Can you picture a golf course, the only one of its kind in the world, stretched green and inviting along a bit of level highland overlooking a monotone of shimmery blue? Pebble Beach has added this final tempting touch to its already well equipped environs. The road above branches off toward the forest,

but you will leave the road and take the little path over the dunes through the old-fashioned turn-stile and now you have entered the sacred precincts of Carmel-by-the-Sea. Here you will want to rest; you will feed your soul with enchanted fancies attuned to a music composed by Nature herself. Here the spell is surely at its height, for here is a combination of all in one—a haunt within easy reach of civilization but still isolated in a sense from the beaten track, from the maddening crowd, from every worldly influence not in sympathy with its quiet, restful, dreamy surroundings.

A long curve of sickle-shaped beach, framed with a lacey ruching of surf, separates Carmel from its crescent bay—a magic mirror that reflects the glory of the every mystical sky above. The Santa Lucia mountains, blue at dawn and purple at twilight, shelter the Carmel valley through which the Carmel river flows to its mouth. As a fitting background, the watchful forest shuts in the little scene, adding to its natural beauty, the charm of remoteness and solitude. A forest theatre is among its attractions, while over it all, like a silent benediction, the Mission of San Carlos de Carmelo reigns in age-old, sacred triumph. Still, on the ear of fancy, the Angelus tolls at evening, sending its peals, like the nightingale's song, down over the little valley, up over the hillside, and beyond the stretch of blue to mingle at last with the music of the forest and the surgy murmur of the sea. With no apparent pretension, the modest little cottages built on the sands, peep out from amongst the pines. Thus Carmel, a little sanctuary by the sea, lives its quiet days "outside the sorry fences of society."

Here at sunset, on the boundless screen of the western sky, to the tune of lapping waves, Nature throws her favorite pictures, each day a new color scheme, another combination of shifting cloud and darting sunbeam. Rare pictures there, from a master hand; no artist can paint them, no price com-

mand. Last night the sun went down like a huge, orange-red lantern, a thin cloud band of white across its face. Over the horizon, from Point Lobos to Cypress Point, hung a rare pastel in all the shades of pink and soft-toned greens to delicate lemon yellow and pale lavender. What a glorious harmony with a sky of baby blue and great, white, feathery clouds rolling overhead! Below the waves danced away, their tiny facets sparkling in the fiery glow. Not a sound but the ever-present music of the surf splashing on the beach. From a mound of sloping sand-dune you watch the great lantern dip, dip, dip, until its rim is just a line of gold and then no more. A day has died. Quickly the scene shifts. Great clouds of yellow and rose intermingle, basking in the golden afterglow. Slowly and mystically the long, entrancing twilight creeps from out the purple hills, lending to the scene an exquisite harmony of color and sacred quietude. You stay until the last glint of gold has faded from the horizon and then start back over the dunes, when all at once a great silver-white moon slips up into the sky over the little valley and you stay for the encore. Clear as a Grecian night, every bit of landscape is magnified in the soft light. Moonbeams play on the snowy flakes of foam; little waves send out phosphorescent sparks of fire. One by one the twinkling stars wake to their vigil, gathering around the mother moon, and finally Nature slips away leaving on the screen this nocturne of peaceful splendor to shine through the silent night.

Thus it is that you leave Carmel, enmeshed in its spell, carrying with you its subtle, alluring charm—this brilliantly colored memory to drive away with its ecstatic recollections, the ennui of later, perhaps sadder, days.

The road past the Mission and over the river-bridge follows the surf and leads to famous Point Lobos, the shaggy promontory flung into the sea like an offshoot of the hills. Here in a wild passion of beauty, Nature has



The Sherman Rosebush—A Romance of Old Monterey



Mission Carmel, Originally Built at Monterey and Later Moved to Carmel

almost outdone herself. Nothing like Point Lobos exists anywhere along this coast. Nowhere in the world will you find these gigantic cypresses clinging tenaciously to perpendicular cliffs of solid rock overhanging the surge from the open sea; remnants of a mighty race resisting through the ages the stiffest current and the stoutest gale.

"Staunch derelicts adrift on Time's wide sea
Undaunted exiles from an age pristine.
Your loneliness in tortured limb we see;
Your courage in your crown of living green;
Your strength unyielding in your grappling knee;
Your patience in the calmness of your mien.
Enrapt, you stand in mighty reverie,
While centuries come and go, unheard, unseen."

Beautifully colored shrubs, lichenous growths and strange wild flowers cover the heights, the whole scene a mad riot of color,—superlative in rugged, rocky grandeur; recalling somewhat, a study of Boecklin or Kellar.

Below the seething flood swirls and swishes far into the rocky caverns, leaving lovely pools of snow-white foam whipped into ceaseless fury by the fierce inrush of torrential breakers. Have you ever caught the thrill as a giant wave breaks against a sheer, rocky precipice; or watched the silver light dart across the emerald lining of a breaker as it poises erect in a graceful curl for just a moment before its fall?

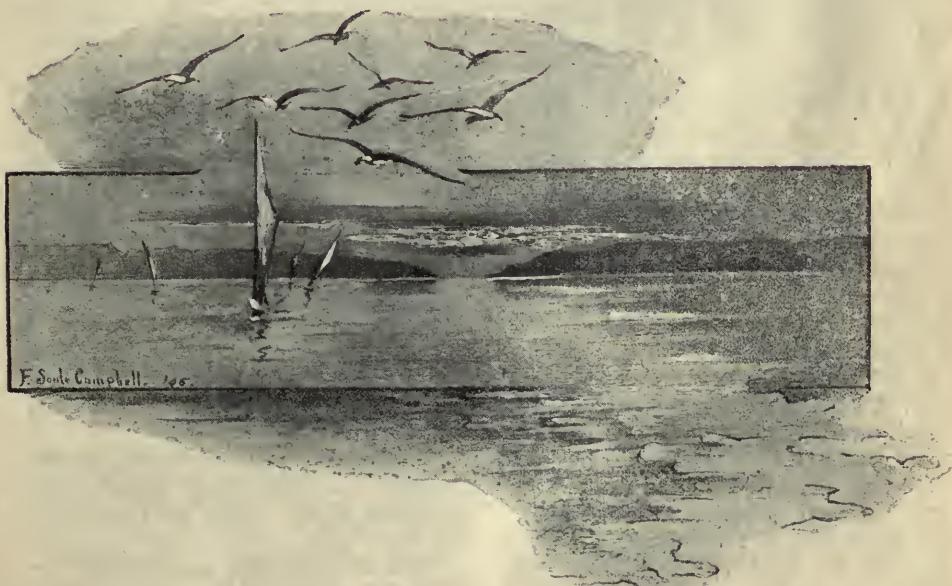
From a quiet nook on the heights of Point Lobos you can study the varied artistry which Nature has patterned at this rocky outpost wherein she has stored these forces as if to test the strength of her own handiwork.

With the spell freshly fed from this enchanted spring, and a picture in your mind from which to draw when the nostalgia for the sea gnaws at your consciousness, you start in quest of the next jewel in the chain, Carmel Highlands. This region, without doubt, ranks amongst the most picturesque in the world. Here again you find an harmonious blend of forest, mountains and sea. The Carmel Highlands Inn, just five miles from Carmel and nine miles from Monterey, is built on a height commanding a view, imposing and unparalleled, of the broad, blue ocean. Little chalets in amongst the pines, surround the Inn and inviting paths lead one inland to quiet woods covered with lovely ferns and flowers. But again the commanding note of all is the sea, with its never-ceasing call,—sometimes a low, soothing chanson to whittle down the edge of your city-bred nerves; again a thundering, threatening echo thrown against the mountain background.

Here again, night after night, Nature treats you to the feast of a glorious sunset. Tonight the western

sky is a glowing altar of fire; the sun a golden monstrance sending out its beams through diaphanous clouds delicately shaded from crimson and magenta to blood red and chrome yellow. An aisle of gold extends clear across the quiet, blue water to the rocky cliffs that rise in silent adoration along the shoreline. One by one your thoughts travel over the sparkling wave facets like little prayers, perhaps sent up to heaven on the incense of this vanishing glow.

Lost again in a vespered reverie bounded by a sea that the moon has turned to a silver sheen, under a dome of silent stars, your spell ends in a dream and you carry away, not the memory of snowcapped Sierras, nor yet the echo of mountain waterfalls dashing over dizzy heights thousands of feet above; not the peaceful, placid picture of some lovely lake living its quiet days between rocky cliffs high up toward the blue; not these, but something which fills another gap,—the enchanted message that the great ocean gives, the message of peace—peace personified.





Starting the First Indian School near Northfork

Indians in the Forest

By Charles Howard Shinn

WHEN the earliest forest officers began to work in the Sierras, about a quarter of a century ago, it happened by good fortune that some of them were mountain men, and had families, and were on friendly terms with the Indians.

Several of these pioneer forest guards and rangers were able to express themselves with much plainness to later forest-workers. One said: "Don't you ever lie to an Indian; he'll catch on ten times as quick as a white man would." Another once remarked: "It's the very old men and women and the children that count for most." Then he told this: "Was ridin' to a fire onc't. Had ter stop ter cinch. Oldest Indian woman around there sat

on a rock. 'You heap hurry.' " "Yeh, little girl," I tells her, 'Big fire up on Chowchilla.' She laughed all over: 'You go quick, little boy! Me send man help you.' How she did it, I don't know, but by George if three Indians didn't come along after me within an hour. We couldn't pay them —had no money in those days, but I bought them a sack of flour my own self. Then I hunted up old Kit and called her a 'good little girl,' and gave her some candy."

"That's all right," said another old ranger, "but you ain't tellin' what happened fifteen years later, are you, Jim?"

"Just as soon; had on my first forest uniform, was at a meeting at head-

quarters. Had a big gun—an inspector from Washington. Along comes old Kit. . . . not looking a day older; she waved her hand at me. 'Hullo!' little boy get new clothes.'"

"Pretty free an' easy with a ranger,' that inspector says to me. 'How is that?' But his eyes were twinkly in a kind of a pleasant old Virginian way, an' I wasn't afraid of him. 'Well, sir,' I says back, 'that old lady has watched a fire line all night when the boys was tired out, an' she's one of our best friends. I began it by callin' her a little girl.'"

"You score this time," the inspector laughed, an' went off."

Another old ranger once explained his way of getting out the best there was inside of an Indian. "They love their children amazin' well. Be good an' thoughtful with the kids, an' you'll get results. Tell them how to be careful about fires, an' explain the reasons for game protection an' for rules about live stock, just as you would to white children, only putting it in the simplest possible language. Shake hands with them just as you do with the elders. Ask them to come and see you and bring some wild flowers to stick in an old can somewhere. Cultivate them right along."

"That sounds fine," said the ranger whose nick-name was "Beaver-log" (because he gnawed all around a tree with his axe whenever he had to cut it down)—"That's all right—but I notice, Bill, that ye always tries ter have candy or fruit for them Indian kids."

"Sure! an' some of them's as nice ones as ever lived."

The forest officer who heard all this ranger talk about Indians went down to a shelf in his work-shop, and brought up a pile of books and pamphlets—reports of the Indian Bureau, and the Ethnology Department of the Smithsonian; Helen Hunt Jackson's, "A Century of Dishonor," Mrs. Austin's Indian stories about the Piutes, stray issues of "The Red Man," and "The Arrow." "Read these awhile, boys," he told them, "and get more if



Old Indian Woman, Sierra National Forest,
Said to be Over 100 Years Old

you like. All that you say is true. But add to it real, solid knowledge of Indian life, customs, history and traditions. Be able to tell the Monos and other California Indians about Comanches and Pawnees. Tell them of such heroes as Osceola and Tecumseh. Show them pictures all that you can. You've got just the idea about treating them like neighbors, up here in the



Mono Indian Children

forest. But study awhile on this whole Indian question, this coming winter."

Old Mariposa, who was a privileged character among forest rangers, grinned at this: "I seen 'bout a dozen Indian bucks on yer porch, Sir," he said, "an' they was lookin' hard at a pictur' of a white dog, an' talking among theirselves."

"Sure you did," the forest officer replied, "That incident has been worth more than ten helpers at many a forest fire since. You see it happened this way. I had been riding up a ridge, and came on old Frank and all his friends, about sunrise, lying in their blankets around a campfire after a 'big eat.' 'You look happy,' I said, 'Keep it up for a week.'"

"No can," old Frank replied, "Grub all gone. Go home today."

"The usual surplus of Indian dogs were all around, so I told them to finish up the feast on nice fat puppy-

dogs. It was a bad shot. 'Heap lie! Indian no eat dog!' resounded from a dozen blankets. 'I was in for it—and up to my neck.' 'Some of them do—come down to my cabin and I'll prove it.' Then I rode off and thought the thing over. You came along, Mariposa, after I had given them a Smithsonian quarto. It contained a long article about the dog feasts of some tribes, with colored plates. The fat white dogs, the chiefs in costume, scenes at the banquet, etc. Those Indians sat on the porch for an hour or two after you left. Then the leader came into my office, bringing the book; he laid it on the desk; he looked me in the eyes, and made this brave acknowledgment."

"Dat true; Indian eat dog." The pictures had saved the day. All the same, the incident gave me a needed lesson."

"I remember when the first Indian

Mission was started in this Forest region," one of the rangers remarked. "The Methodists did it. A minister came from Los Angeles, and several American settlers, as well as all the forest people, went. There was a whole afternoon given up to this, and we boys ponied up to supply the biggest kind of a kettle of pork and beans. The Indians came from all over the

region. Mrs. Hallock (she was half Indian) is gone now, but she made a really eloquent talk about sending the children to the Mission school, and then to Riverside or Carlisle. The forest officers talked about care of the forests, and homes in the forests, and the growing good will between whites and Indians. All in all, I never attended a better meeting of any sort."

The Value of the Film

By Frank D. Ormston

MANY have been the claims of benefits, to be derived, directly or indirectly, from the great war. If we accept, even at a discount, some of the prophecies; the next few years will bring wonderful advances, in most every form of human endeavor. There is hardly a requisite of war-fare whose advocates do not make some claims for their particular line.

We were at first, impressed that: "Food will win the war," then came steel, leather, ships, soap, and in fact some wag suggested, that: "The first word to be left blank, to be filled in as the occasion demanded."

Little has been said of Photography, particularly that branch, known as Cinematography, Moving Pictures and some times just plain "Movies." There are some of us that do not care to sit through a drama or romance, or for that matter, any pictured story of fiction. But it is seldom, that we find a person who will not go out of their way to see a film depicting scenes from the war zones. And here is the answer: The great run of humans are not so keen for fiction as they are for every day facts. Now I suppose I have stirred up a hornet's nest. Well

consider the matter of newspapers with the number of fiction papers sold, taking into account a weekly and monthly and you can perhaps arrive at a fair estimate.

When we read in the newspapers that the army has built a storehouse in France, and that it is three thousand feet long, and one hundred yards wide, it means little to the great mass of us, who have a hard time trying to guess what a hundred yards would look like if it were laid out in front of our house. But if we can sit down and have an animated reproduction before us, we are at once aware of its magnitude. And we may compare it with the horses, railroad trains or other life around it.

That the United States Government has a special department for the making of films, is common knowledge. Hundreds of skilled camera-men are enlisted for the purpose of taking these pictures, to say nothing of the army of photographers whose duty it is to obtain information of a purely military value. The story of the great war will have much to say of the heroism of these men, and their unflinching devotion to duty.

But the point I wish to make is this:

Moving Pictures are not in a class with baseball or tennis or golf, delightful as these games may be. Moving Pictures rank as high as any disseminator of knowledge, that human has conceived, and stands side by side with the printing art. If we have books that treat of light and frivolous things, so also have we books, on the deepest thoughts of mankind. Moving Pictures are but another form of printing presses. There is no subject that they can not present to us in a tenth of the time required by any other agent.

Let us take the case of a mountain, say in Africa, pages upon pages perhaps volumes, would be required to describe it, its barren approach or the strange trees that grew on its side, or the contour of its snow cap. Then we would have but the writer's idea of it, and now most important, for us to understand him we must know the language in which he writes. It may be Latin or Russian or Japanese. If we know not these languages, the entire effort is lost to us.

Now, had he made it into a Motion Picture, it would have been understood by all, a professor of Paleontology or a savage of the Solomons. Nature herself would have told her story as she would have us know it.

The great spread of knowledge began, with the improvement in rapid modes of travel, following closely the channels of trade in direct proportion to the amount of trade. Translations being laborious and costly, with the result that many people have

been deprived of the benefits of their more fortunate brothers.

Moving Pictures have become the last link in a chain that is to bring the world closer together. A universal tongue so that the savage, may know a ball game and the city bred will know that figs do not grow flat with sugar on them.

Right now when the nations of the world, are looking to the aggrandizement of their foreign markets, it behoves us to keep to the pace we have so well started. The United States has been dormant in the past, even to the possibilities of our own hemisphere. From every side comes the call for salesmen, men who can go among the peoples of the earth and show them what we have to offer. Mark I say, show them, not by word of mouth, not with long drawn out, reading matter, and as we can not transplant our entire storerooms, let us do the next best thing, send them films. The United States is the greatest producer of Motion Pictures in the world. Let us tell our story in the universal tongue, let us send them broadcast. To a man that is interested in farms, the picture of a binder or a reaper, in action, is the most interesting thing on the face of this globe. He wants to see it work, he don't care whether it is painted red or green, if it does the work the way he wants it done.

Shall we take advantage of our opportunity? Or shall we let the other fellow beat us to it?



Joshua Rawlinson, Nomad

By H. A. Noureddin Addis

AFTER all there's no place like home," Joshua Rawlinson would reiterate with the dogged persistence of a man who tries to make himself believe something that he cannot believe,—and he would usually add with an explosive laugh, as by way of afterthought, "if one only knows where that is."

The greater part of Mr. Rawlinson's adult life had been spent in the Orient. At first he went out frankly as a traveller and observer,—one who wishes merely to add to his stock of knowledge by first-hand experience. Later he became more obscure as to the object of his wanderings, until at length, little by little, his friends and acquaintances began to invest him with the titles of Antiquarian, Orientalist, Archaeologist, etc.,—and as he could see no harm in so doing, he began to take courage and admit that he was at any rate an amateur member of those professions.

Several times as the years passed and Joshua Rawlinson made his periodic trips to his old home in New York it became noised about that he was upon the eve of great discoveries. Perhaps he was not himself wholly free from complicity in the spread of these reports, since it was a notable fact that he did not deny them,—still, in strict justice, it must be admitted that he never affirmed them either. Yet the reports spread,—and his fame grew. He was always on the track of a buried city—a library hidden away in the subterranean chambers of some ancient ruin,—or something else no less interesting and important to science.

On the occasions of these visits to America, which became always shorter and at less frequent intervals as time

passed, the metropolitan press never failed to herald his coming with long articles dealing with what it was pleased to designate as his "life work," his "life-long devotion to science," his "researches."

These accounts had the effect of spurring Rawlinson on to make occasional guarded statements regarding his work, as well as to arouse in him for the moment clear-cut resolutions to actually engage in serious research. All this was very grateful to his family, which was one of professors and scientists. His brother,—now deceased,—had been a noted physical scientist; and his nephew, the brother's son, was now associate professor of chemistry in one of the large universities.

But Joshua Rawlinson was a born-wanderer. His naturally fine intellect had in no wise deteriorated with the years, but early in his travels he learned to prefer a game of chess with a Bedouin Sheikh or the discussion of some fine theological or phychological point with some wandering Hodja to the study of such relics of earlier civilization as the dry desert air has preserved through uncounted ages.

So his life passed easily, with little worry and less effort. Quite early he had attached himself to Arab tribes here and there, obtaining their protection from marauders, and the society,—informal though sincere—which the desert affords.

In making his regular trips to New York he noticed with the passing of the years an ever-increasing restlessness when in the avowed haunts of man. And ever more grateful to his noise- and bustle-bewildered senses appeared the bubbling narkiles, the low sweet-toned tambours, the soft strains

of the nai,—the whole atmosphere of the Bedouin camp. The early morning breaking camp, the slow, swinging stride of the camels, the wild, passionate beauty of the Bedouin song,—all insensibly wove, each its separate web about his heart, enmeshing his senses with an insidiousness that left him wondering why each succeeding visit home was cut a little shorter than the previous one.

Joshua Rawlinson would have called the man a liar who said so,—he would with all the vigor of his strong personality have resented the idea,—for in all the world there was no one more ignorant of the fact than he himself, but he had become an Arab, heart and soul. And in all Arabia there was no Arab more truly Bedouin than Joshua Rawlinson.

The weight of the years rested but lightly upon the old man's shoulders. Tall and straight, clear-eyed and white-bearded as an Arab Sheikh, in the flash of his eyes, or the firm grip of his lean, sun-browned hand there was no hint of his eighty years. But when at last, after an absence which this time had extended over several years, he returned to New York with the avowed intention of ending his days,—and when his bent and grizzled nephew, bespectacled and hallow-chested from long poring over books and microscopes in the midst of laboratory fumes, and his bald and withered grand-nephew, scarcely less ancient-looking than his father, met him as the liner docked, he suddenly found himself feeling very old indeed. Rawlinson stroked his beard in true Arab fashion, and wondered, as he remembered that he was already well advanced in middle-life when this younger of the two chemical-saturated mummies was born.

His greeting was hearty, but not over-effusive. It was a man to man greeting,—the salaam of the desert. And he followed his nephew and his nephew's son to their well-appointed uptown home, busily engaged in recounting the experiences of his homeward journey.

Days passed and lengthened into weeks,—finally months,—and Joshua Rawlinson became very tired of the city. This he refused to acknowledge, even to himself, stoutly maintaining that as an old man the time had come for him to settle down and wait for the great change.

Some time passed in calling upon his old boyhood friends,—such of them as were still living. He called on them all once,—but on very few did he call again. All were very old, it seemed to Joshua Rawlinson,—far older than he. Many had become thin with the years, and were dried up, withered by the storms of life; others had become disgracefully fat and were rendered inactive from sheer unwieldiness, while without exception rheumatism and kindred afflictions tortured all. Among these there was no place for him as they discussed their ailments and their business successes or failures.

One morning he told his nephew that he was going down town to a little Oriental cafe on Washington street to drink a cup of Turkish coffee. This he did,—and on finding the flavor to his liking, ordered a second cup and a narghile. For a long while he sat there smoking. The little cafe was dingy,—perhaps somewhat dirty, for these were not Arabs of the sort with whom his life had been passed. Any-way it seemed home-like,—much more so than the residence of his relatives which he shared uptown.

Soon across the way some one started up a screechy, wheezing phonograph. It scratched villainously, and at times cried out like a soul in pain. Still at the first strains of the wild music the old man felt his heart give a great leap. The tune was the "Djezair Hawassi," that beautiful air in which is blended the unutterable sadness of the Orient with its unquenchable spirit of self-preservation.

Then a Turkish boy of evident patriotic sentiments who was seated at a near-by table suddenly gave way to his feelings, and as the phonograph ceased grinding out its melody, began

singing in a low, plaintive voice. It was a song of the Turkish revolution,—a song which told of long centuries of oppression, of his peoples' sufferings and their desire for liberty,—and as the plaintive voice dwelt on the magic words "adalet, mussawat, uhuwet" old Joshua Rawlinson saw the narrow, dingy street suddenly swim before his eyes.

Then, greatest of all nostalgia-provoking agents, an odor assailed his nostrils. It was that of a highly seasoned Oriental dish which the cook was evidently preparing in the little kitchen to the rear of the cafe,—but to Joshua Rawlinson it brought memories of Ramazan evenings,—of wide expanses of rolling, sandy plains with perhaps a white-walled city, its low, round domes and azure-piercing minarets glittering in the last rays of the sun before it dipped beneath the distant emerald-tinted sandy wastes,—and the odors that assailed keen nostrils, and whetted fast-stimulated appetites in that hour before the break-

ing of the fast.

Still as he sat Joshua Rawlinson saw the sun glinting from the intensely white masonry of a little flat-roofed city, the burning sands about dotted with black tents,—and in the distance the sapphire shadows blended the yellow of the sands into the blue of the sky. "Yashasin millet" sang the boy across the room.

That evening when the nephew and grand-nephew of Joshua Rawlinson arrived home they saw an unlooked for sight. The old suit-cases and boxes that had accompanied the old man on his many travels littered the rooms.

"Looking over your things, uncle?" queried the nephew after a moment's hesitation.

The old man grunted. Then, after he had with some difficulty secured the lock with which he had been struggling, he looked up. "No," he replied, with a peculiarly happy smile,—the first they had seen on his face for several days. "I'm off for the East again. This is no life for a fellow like me."

T Y P H O O N

Oh, indolent blue waves
That only yesterday
Caressed the dreamy stretch of coral reef
As lightly as a maiden loves (ere Grief
Has swept her harpstrings gay),

You rise with crash and groan
From your remorseless bed—
A myriad gray panthers of the deep. . .
You tear the spume and, as you leap,
Unshiven clasp your dead!

Jo. HARTMAN.

When Greek Meets Grit

(A Tale of San Francisco)

By C. M. and A. V. Stevenson

MAMIE was a stenographer in Collins' real estate office—a very mediocre stenographer and not at all in love with her job, but one must work or starve in this present sadly bungled condition of the universe. Mamie had first opened her eyes in a little farm house on the outskirts of Great Bend, shipping center for the Middle Kansas wheat fields. When Mamie was seventeen, and half way through the Great Bend High School, her father died, and so little money was left when all accounts were settled, that it was necessary for Mamie to go to work. A married sister offered the mother a home and after six months in a business college, Mamie started in as stenographer for the feed and grain store of Great Bend. She did not like the work, but was trained for nothing else and so for five long years she labored, hating it more each day.

But the monotony of her tasks, the poky little town and the general dissatisfaction with familiar surroundings which often attacks young women of this day and generation, got the better of Mamie's caution at last, and when the Panama-Pacific Exposition opened in San Francisco, she resigned her position, drew all her savings from the bank and amid tearful farewells, sallied forth to see the Fair and hunt a "new job." Luck was with her, and within three weeks she was safely ensconced behind a Remington in the neat Collins' offices and had a pretty room in a middle class hotel.

Mamie soon found that her new

salary, while much larger than the old, did not cover the greater cost of living in a large city. She had to deny herself the new coat she had meant to buy, and after a little calculation she decided to hunt a housekeeping room and try cooking her own breakfasts. Even then she could not seem to stretch her salary to cover all the expenses. The clothes she had worn in Great Bend were simply impossible in San Francisco, and those she had purchased for her trip West were wearing out. So she moved into still cheaper quarters, this time finding a kind-hearted landlady who let her have a "lower floor back" which was large and clean. Mamie soon arranged it to make a pretty sitting-room, but the hall which led to it was dusty and soiled with bags of old clothes, dismembered furniture of various sorts and a wreck of a sofa which was Mamie's pet horror. By doing her own washing and ironing and getting all her meals at home Mamie found that she could save a few dollars a month.

A couple of blocks from her dingy home was a small grocery store where she found a kind-hearted Italian proprietor who took a great fancy to her and advised as to cheap and nutritious foods. Her little grocery was the only social diversion which Mamie allowed herself and many a pleasant hour she spent listening to tales of Italy. It was in April, just when spring hats and suits were causing Mamie agony of soul because she possessed no wherewithal to buy them and just when her office tasks seemed doubly irk-

some because of the beautiful weather just then, did Leo Diminiarka, three years out of Athens, with no assets but twenty-seven years of youth, the face of a Grecian god and five hundred dollars in the bank,—buy an interest in Mamie's grocery store.

Leo had come to America with two aims—to make five thousand dollars and to acquire an American wife. He was young and he was handsome and so he could afford to wait for the wife, knowing she would be the lesser problem of the two, but five thousand dollars worried him mightily.

When he heard that Toffanelli, the little grocery man, wanted a young partner, he investigated and finding the business good, invested his all, the five hundred dollars—and agreed to pay one hundred dollars each year for five years. That meant hard work and careful saving, but Leo was willing.

He entered blithely upon his duties Monday morning. It was not until Wednesday afternoon that Mamie visited the store and he encountered her blue-eyed gaze. Leo's fall was instantaneous. Within a week he had plucked up sufficient courage to follow Mamie when she went for a walk in the little park nearby, and engage her in friendly conversation. After several of these episodes he diffidently mentioned a "movie" but Mamie refused and went to bed to cry over her loneliness. His next offer she refused also and spent the evening with an uninteresting magazine. It was contrary to all her Middle Western social canons to "keep company" with a "foreigner" but it was spring, she was lonely and Leo was young and clean and handsome, and the third offer she accepted.

She donned her shabby little blue suit, with its white collar and cuffs, put white spats over her one pair of shoes, pushed her yellow hair up under her tight little black velvet hat and went out to meet him. Even the scent of gasoline from her freshly cleaned white gloves did not disillusion Leo. To him she was the Heaven-Born and his limited English

vocabulary was not adequate to express his joy in her presence.

Mamie found him a much more congenial companion than she had expected. He was by no means illiterate and boorish as she had vaguely supposed all foreigners not of the nobility to be. He had enjoyed the advantages of as good an education as is usual among boys of the middle class in Athens, and his years of wandering had added a certain poise to his otherwise somewhat shy manners. They spent many happy hours together during the summer and each came to know the details of the other's life.

"I like to marry American girl" confided Leo after a particularly tempting walk in the park where the shadows were deep and where he had longed to declare his love, "But first must I pay five hundred dollars to Tofanelli. And it is hard to save in this land of expense."

"Yes" sighed Mamie, understanding very well what was in his heart, "I've tried it too. I need a new coat now but it will be two more months before I'll have enough saved to buy it. And by that time I'll need a hat and my gloves are worn out and—oh dear! Isn't it heart-breaking to be poor?"

Leo was silent. He was thinking of the clothes he could buy for Mamie with the five hundred dollars he had invested in the store. He knew a man who would gladly buy his interest and the Lincoln Market, downtown, would give him work at any time. But No! In five or six years he would be independent if he stayed with Tofanelli and it was worth those few years of poverty and pinching. He must not let the first pretty American face, which attracted him, win him from his ambitions. He resolutely bade Mamie good-night and tramped away, his young heart aching, but his stubborn will firm.

Christmas came, Mamie had spent much time and no inconsiderable amount of her savings in making a smoking jacket for Leo. Smoking was his one incurable bad habit. He could not smoke during working hours, of

course, and so made up the loss by smoking every available moment of each evening.

"It is that you are too kind," he told Mamie when he opened the gift. "You make me so comfortable that how could I fail to love you?"

"I just thought it would be nice for you when you were home evenings," she said shyly.

"But never am I home evenings. Always am I here. I shall leave the beautiful coat where I smoke—so?"

He did leave it, hanging by the door and it gave the little room a cozy look as though some neglected corner had been filled which heretofore had been distressingly empty. It gave Leo a feeling of "getting home" too, to come in on a foggy night, slip into his jacket and settle into Mamie's largest chair. He smoked endless cigarettes, while Mamie's pleasant voice read aloud from the set of O. Henry stories which he had recklessly purchased for her Christmas gift. Mamie was very fond of O. Henry and Leo would have loved anything which she read to him, from Tolstoi to Elynor Glynn.

It was while they were thus engaged that the telegram came for Mamie with the dreadful news that her mother was dead. For many years the condition of her mother's heart had threatened sudden death, but an ever present fear becomes dulled and the blow to Mamie was as sharp as though she had never expected it. She and mother, though so long separated, had been the closest of chums and twice a week letters had many a day brought Mamie her only cheerful moments.

As best he could, Leo comforted her, but there is so little to be done when death comes among us, and Mamie cried herself to sleep for many, many nights. Not even the comfort of a sight of her mother's face could soothe her, for there was no money for the long trip. With an aching heart Leo watched Mamie's fresh color fade under the strain of her long hours in the office and the grief of her mother's death. She neglected her

food and grew listless and white.

"But you must not mourn," he insisted one evening when she had refused to go for a walk in the park. "Your dear mother would not so desire. Your health will be as nothing soon."

And even sooner than Leo had feared, her "health was as nothing," and Mamie was carried, fainting, from her typewriter and sent home with a doctor, who gave strict orders for absolute rest and wholesome food. The kind-hearted landlady took Mamie under her wing. She knew there was no money for a trained nurse, so she arranged for a young girl to care for Mamie, and she, herself, agreed to prepare the food for the sick girl.

But when Leo came that evening his anxiety knew no bounds.

"I am afraid," he said to the landlady. "You are kindness itself, but to me she belongs, and better care I should have taken. It is my fault. I was so selfish in my plans for a richness, that my Mamie, I neglect. May I not speak with her?"

"Indeed you can," said the warm-hearted landlady, and she skillfully drew the young girl from the room and left Mamie and Leo together. Mamie was propped up in the big chair and wrapped in all the shawls the landlady possessed. Her hair, in two short braids, gave her a "little girl" look which for a moment kept Leo silent.

"My Mamie Dear," he said gently taking her hand. "I have so very cruel to you acted. For many months now I loved you and I know you must have love for me, else why make the so beautiful coat Christmas time? Is it not so, my Mamie?"

"Yes," whispered Mamie.

"And had I not so selfish an ambition to pay Tofanelli and own half the little store, then would I have taken my money long ago and with it married you. For there is work for me at the Lincoln Market at any time. But I think I wait for you until I make the money. Now have I hurt you by my ambition. I go now to sell my part in the store. Tomorrow morning

we marry"—and Leo was gone before Mamie could remonstrate.

The next morning Leo, his soul sick over the papers he had agreed to sign at noon, which would mean the end of all his hopes of partnership in his beloved little grocery, but his conscience free, and his heart thrilling with love for Mamie, came into the little room following the white-haired minister.

He found the landlady in a flurry of excitement and Mamie with flushed cheeks and bright eyes, pouring over a letter which the postman had just brought.

"Oh the store is saved! Your store is saved!" she greeted him. "Here's a note from the lawyer at home. He has sold Mother's little property and my half is four hundred dollars. Here is the draft for it, Leo. Now you won't have to sell the store."

"I cannot take your little inheri-

tance," said Leo, with simple dignity. "We will put it in the great bank for what you call an 'egg in the nest.' But because it is there we need no longer feel afraid and we shall not sell the store, my Mamie." Then as the full significance of it all broke over him, Leo's dignity faded, and with a boyish whoop, he seized Mamie and hugged her ecstatically.

"Not give up the store!" he chanted, "I shall have you and my store also. In but a few years, my Mamie, and we shall be rich!" and for the first time he kissed her.

His face sobered. He kissed her again in an experimental sort of way. And then again, with emphasis and full on the mouth.

"But this," he said soberly, turning to the minister, "would be worth the whole damn store."

And with a nod the reverend gentleman reached for his prayer book.

SONNET

The unheard note most often holds the sweetest lure!
 Full many a singer ne'er sang to the ears of man—
 But lifted high a voice whose silver trebles ran,
 Lightly and stirringly unto the lips—as softly pure
 As mountain snow: sweet as the bird and tenderfully sure,
 Winning enrapt applause in every woodway span;
 Some songs were meant unheard—like shepherd Pan
 Would voice the breath of summertime upon the moor.
 Some poets chant their odes uncaught by human being,
 Too quickly yield their clay back to the earth;
 Yet who can say but that some bards immortal—live
 And breathe among us day for day—who sees the birth
 Of some new risen Milton or a Shakespeare freeing,
 His mortal soul on themes that lasting thrive.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

Frontier Habitations

By Frank M. Vancil

Far out upon the wild frontier,
In cheerless, isolation stands
The rustic cot of the pioneer—
Oasis in wide desert lands.

Owing to the almost total absence of timber on the Great Plains of Kansas and Nebraska, the original denizens were forced to erect their abodes from the pristine sods. While a few of these exhibited marks of attractiveness, a very great majority were rudely constructed, and presented a decided forbidding aspect.

The construction of these strange habitations was speedy and comparatively simple. A thick, heavy sod was plowed and cut in lengths from two to three feet, which were laid in the wall from three to four feet in breadth, care being taken to build vertically and to "break joints," as in the laying of brick. Occasionally cross-layers of sod were introduced by way of binders in the wall. Spaces for a limited number of doors and windows were left in the walls, into which illy-constructed door and window frames were set.

Massive, forked posts were set at each gable of the enclosure and one in the center to support the ridge pole that held up the conglomerate and weighty covering. Substantial poles were laid at near intervals, from ridge pole to the top sides of the outer walls as rafters. Upon these, a thick breadth of willow brush and grass was laid, and two or three thicknesses of sod, veneered with a coat of sand and gravel.

In localities, rugged and undulating, a favorite dwelling place was what

was known as the "dug out," a kind of shiftless combination of sod and cellar. Here, an excavation was made into the side of the hill to an extent desired, and the roof constructed much as in the case of the sod house. In both examples, the chimney consisted of one or two joints of stove pipe, extending a little about the comb of the domicil.

Few primeval sod houses or "dug outs" were accommodated with wooden floors, and the beaten, compact soil soon became as firm and impervious as cement. A native lime in the hills of many sections made a very good substitute for plaster for in-door work; and, when applied on the sod in the interior, gave quite a neat and attractive appearance.

These homely structures had many redeeming features. They were exceptionally cool in summer and warm in winter, and well adapted to withstand the severe visitations of the fierce storms so prevalent in those regions. The exceeding dryness and sunny climate of the plains render them healthful, and the non-combustible material of which they were composed reduced the fire insurance to the minimum.

But, the sod house and "dug out" of the far west, like the blanket Indians, and roaming buffalo, have faded before the irresistible advance of wire fences and cozy residences of settlements. Only here and there, in remote, isolated sections, do these frowning monuments of early days remain—footprints of a hardy, persevering race, that shared the vicissitudes and trials of pioneer life.

The Spirit of Jack Brooks

By F. H. Sidney

JACK BROOKS was a keen railroad man. The rattle of the big engines; the shifting of the freight cars; the green, and the red, and the yellow signal lights at night; the cab of the engine with the rails winding up under the wheels, all made life for him. Yet there were many days when he would shrink at the hiss of steam, and quiver with fear as the freight cars bumped together. He was born two months after his father, who was a freight conductor, had been killed in an accident at his home town of Water Valley, Miss. Jack was a handsome, athletic fellow, but he had the strangest, saddest eyes that I have ever seen on any man.

He had drifted North and was "braking the head end" of "No. 86." the fast freight, which left the division point where my tower was situated at two o'clock every other afternoon. All the boys liked Jack as he was such a pleasant, accommodating fellow, but they all guyed him a good deal about his "nervous days" as they called them. As he was ashamed of them, and I never apparently saw his fear, he picked me out as his best friend, and always dropped in to the tower for a few minutes on the way down through the yards to his train.

One day he was more nervous than I had ever seen him, and jumped at the slightest sound. He seemed to dread the thought of getting out among the switching engines and moving freight cars. At last he dragged himself from my big chair, and coming over to where I was standing, laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Ed., you're a good friend to a fellow when he needs one. Good-bye," and he passed down the stairs.

Jack's run was a hard one, out one day and back the next. About half way to the end of his division there was a tunnel four miles long. The rule was not to allow any train to follow another into the tunnel. This rule had been made because the smoke from the engines so obscured the view that there was danger of rear end collisions. That day an extra freight went through the tunnel ahead of "86." The towerman at the east end of the tunnel gave the "clear" signal and Jack's train entered the tunnel. It was full of smoke from the engine of the extra and Jack's engine, and was black as pitch. Half way through the tunnel the grade dipped sharply and the trains rolled out of there at enormous speed. Just as "86" was sliding down the hill at about fifty miles an hour they struck the rear end of the stationary extra. The impact was terrible. The conductor and flagman, 30 cars to the rear, were knocked unconscious to the floor of the caboose. The engineman, fireman and Jack, who always rode on the engine, were instantly killed. It took several days to clean up the tunnel. The crew of the extra freight said that about half way through the tunnel their engine broke down. They got off to make repairs and see if they could proceed without help. Then the crash came. The signalman at the West End Tower had notified the one at the East End Tower that the extra had cleared. Why he did so was never known, as he disappeared after the accident.

Several months after the wreck had happened enginemen and trainmen running through the tunnel claimed that the spirit of Jack had boarded their trains at the place where the

wreck happened. They said that no matter how fast the train was running the spirit would board the engine, stand in the gangway for at least two minutes, and when the train was near the end of the tunnel it would drop off and disappear. Many men left the service after witnessing the scene several times, as they claimed it made them loose their nerve. All of those who were on this run would look straight ahead, never once turning around until they were out into the daylight again.

I became tired of the telegraph office, and decided to enter the train service. My first run was number "86." I was to "brake the head end" in place of the regular man who was on vacation leave. As the train pulled out of the Division point I thought of Jack and wondered if he would really board our train in the tunnel, or if it was only imagination on the part of those who told the story. I knew I wouldn't be afraid of Jack if I saw him. He had never done me any harm when he was alive, and he surely wouldn't after he was dead.

My first night in "86" I never shall forget, I had been riding on the fireman's seat, and when we entered the tunnel I climbed down and stood in the gangway.

"Get back on the seat, kid," said the engineer, "or you'll see something that will scare you."

I refused to move from where I was, and the fireman hollered "Let the little fool alone, Jim, he'll learn some day."

The engineman and fireman faced around and looked straight ahead, while I leaned against the frame of

the cab and looked out into the darkness. Imagine my surprise when a dark form sprang up into the gangway just as we tipped over the grade, and were running at great speed. As the figure landed he straightened up, looked into my face, with his strange, sad eyes, and smiled.

"Great God!" I gasped, "It's Jack." I stood staring at him, my eyes bulging from their sockets, my hair on end. I felt suffocated by the sickening choke in my throat. I tried to cry out, but my tongue seemed paralyzed. Would this suspense never end? Why didn't he drop off? I couldn't move from where I stood, or I would have climbed back on the seat with the fireman.

Just before we reached the end of the tunnel the figure stepped out of the gangway, grasped the "side handles" of the cab, put his foot on the step, leaned back, just like a railroad man would do, and dropped off. Clinging to the side of the cab I worked myself over to the fireman's seat, but didn't have the strength to pull myself up to sit down. The fireman could see that I was badly frightened. "Poor kid," he said, "guess you saw something," and he pulled me up in front of him. I remained in the train service of that line for six months, but after that one experience I always rode on the seat, and never looked around when passing through the tunnel.

I was telling this story to some fellows once and one of them said that my subconscious mind made me see Jack in the gangway. That might be the scientific theory, but I know that I saw Jack.



Domesticity vs. Diplomacy

By Elizabeth Vore

IT was past the hour for fireside chats, and I was busy at my desk. A low knock sounded on the door.

In response to my invitation to enter, a slender figure, dainty and graceful as a girl's figure ought to be, was outlined in the doorway. I recognized the little sister of a friend of mine who lives across the way.

"My dear child," I said, "are you in trouble?" I knew that something had gone wrong. Her face was white to the lips, and her eyes were frightened and troubled.

"It—is—almost unpardonable to disturb you," she gasped, but something terrible is happening at my sister's house!"

I arose and drew her gently inside and closed the door.

"Try and tell me about it—dear—and of what help can I be, if any?"

She was trembling so violently that I put my arms about her, protectingly, as she explained, hastily.

"My sister and her husband have had serious trouble and he has gone away in terrible anger—and—oh, it is so foolish—my sister has packed her trunk and suitcase and is going home to father and mother on the night train and says I must go with her. By morning every one will know it—and—Oh! I don't know how to tell you, and would you come and talk with her and try and persuade her not to?"

"Certainly, I will come," I said—"and don't try to tell about it—I don't want to hear it, nor is it necessary that I should." I threw something over my shoulders, for the night was chilly, and sped across the street to the handsome home of my friend.

A moment later I entered her apartments where she was walking nerv-

ously back and forth. Articles of clothing were scattered on the floors, on chairs and sofa, a suitcase, strapped and ready for the journey, stood near her half-filled trunk. But bless you! I saw none of that! I was as oblivious to her preparations as I was to her excited appearance and eyes, swollen with weeping.

"My dear girl!" I exclaimed cheerfully; "How fortunate that you are in! I ran over to have a little chat with you—the fact is I want your advice. Some friends of mine are in trouble, and I just thought of you, dearest, and your fortunate, happy life. I knew how devoted you and your husband are to teach other. Everyone knows how your husband adores you—and I don't blame him for his adoration. For the sake of my friends I want you to tell me the secret of your successful married life. How you have managed to keep him your lover as well as your husband. Jim told me, only a few days ago, that your marriage was ideally happy, and that he had never known any other woman who could compare with his wife—" I paused for an instant, she had grown so white, her hands were clasped in front of her and she was trembling like a storm-shaken flower. "My friend that I am telling you about has decided to separate from her husband—and the pathetic part of it is that he simply adores her—but he is a man, and he don't always understand her—and—well, its the old foolish mistake. It would be almost amusing if it were not so foolish and sad. It will wreck her husband's life, and break two hearts, for I am sure she loves him if she understood her own heart, and—well, she is a woman, and she don't

always understand him. I thought of you, dear, and I want to ask you how I shall advise her, before it is too late. You and Jim have been so sensible and level-headed—what would you, as a happy wife, suggest as the thing to say to that absurd little woman? It is not as if her husband had been untrue to her—in that case, I should say—go and God go with you."

She came slowly toward me and sat down beside me.

"She—she mustn't leave him—not if they love each other," she said in a strangely subdued voice. With her words, a great burden of anguish seemed to roll off of her. She looked white and wan, but a light of peace shown in her clear eyes.

"Jim and I have—little tiffs—sometimes"—she said slowly, "but we have been happy—happier than I ever supposed any one could be—this side of Heaven—I—I don't deserve it—I don't deserve Jim—I don't deserve—any—anything!" The tears were rolling down her face now, and I did not try to restrain them. I felt—that>this danger was tided over and that everything could be right when Jim came home. As for Jim coming home, I had not the slightest uneasiness.

"You sympathetic little woman!" I said as I stooped to kiss the tear-wet face, "we don't any of us deserve half our blessings. Good night, and thank you for your excellent advice."

When I reached the hall, downstairs, the street door opened and Jim, himself, entered. Now, I have known Jim ever since we were children, and went to the District school together, his being a rival newspaper from ours, didn't influence my friendship a particle. I had never seen him with quite such a gloomy face as at the present moment. The semblance of a smile brightened it when he saw me.

"You here?" he said in surprise. "I thought this was the time when you were getting up your stuff?"

"It is the time when I ought to be getting up my stuff." I said severely. He reddened slowly and regarded me shamefacedly.

"You know all about it," he said, a trifle sulkily.

"Yes, I know, but your wife has not told me," I said quietly.

"Hetty!—the little wretch," he exclaimed. "Do you—think Nansie will make up—with me," he asked huskily.

"Jim—Gordon—of all the unclassified and unqualified donkeys, you take the premium!" I said wrathfully (he is one of the brightest newspaper men of the city, but for the moment I overlooked that). As I looked at him for the moment, he seemed to again be the little tow-headed boy of our school days. Just a big, grown-up boy, flushing and stammering and looking as wretched as six feet of masculinity could look. I put my exasperation aside.

"Jimmy," I said gently, "she is upstairs now, alone, couldn't you—after this, remember that you are a man, and keep your temper with a little fragile, sensitive woman—she is crying her heart out, and she wants no one on earth but her husband."

All the luminaries of the firmament seemed to be reflected in that man's face. He went past me like a meteor and I heard him going up stairs, two steps at a time. I smiled as I let myself out, and closing the door, noiselessly I went home to my "In Black and White."

* * * *

The next morning my telephone bell rang. As I took up the receiver a happy voice said gayly:

"Hold up your hands and beg for mercy!"

I should know that voice in Egypt, and I knew it now. It was Nansie. "I understand," she continued laughing, "that you have been calling my husband names! You actually dared to call my husband an unclassified, unqualified donkey!"

"Perfidious man!" I said, "he told you!"

"I will tell you what you are!" she cried. "You are an unmitigated fraud! You dreadful! dreadful! darling woman—You meant Jim and me all the time you were talking about those

other people—there wasn't any other people!"

My laughter was my only reply as I suddenly hung up the receiver, and as I again took up my pen, it was with

the sound of that happy voice in my ears, and its memory lingered in my heart, for I knew that across the way two people had learned their lesson for all time.

OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

Down through the midst of the Paris street,
 Come our boys in khaki clad,
 With hearts that are ready the foe to meet,
 With courage that never will know defeat,
 With spirits fearless and glad.

The people of France watch them passing by,
 These brave boys from over the sea,
 With their trusty guns, and their heads held high,
 Every movement saying, "We'll win or die,
 Our slogan is Victory."

As they list to the steady tramp of feet,
 These hearts cast down with fear,
 They rise the struggle again to meet,
 Their throbbing hearts with new courage beat,
 They are filled with strength and cheer.

Oh, brothers of France, aid to us you gave,
 In the midst of trouble deep.
 The memory of that soldier, brave
 Who came with his help our land to save
 In our inmost souls we keep.

We are ready now our debt to pay,
 To that memory we'll be true.
 Aid in driving the Hun from your homes away,
 And bring to your land that brighter day
 Which soon shall dawn for you.

Oh, boys in khaki, all honor thine,
 For thy courage fearless and strong.
 When you meet the foe on the battle line,
 With a heart that's pure, with a trust divine
 Strike deep at the root of wrong.

Problems of Economic Reconstruction

By Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D.

SERIOUS dislocation of industry in all the warring nations, and indeed throughout the world, is one of the patent, far-reaching effects of the great war.

Dislocation calls for reconstruction; reconstruction, among other things, means "reparation of the ruins inflicted." It is plain that reconstruction cannot possibly mean complete restoration of *status quo ante*: the task confronting the statesman is of far greater difficulty and complexity than would be a return to the social and economic order existing before the war—supposing such a return to be at all possible.

In important respects re-organization after the war is even more difficult than has been the organization for war; for reconstruction must contemplate relative permanency of structure, whereas the war—being but temporary at the worst—called for such a scaffolding as would suffice during the stress of actual combat. This is well expressed by another: "In place of an organization which men fired with patriotism will find it possible to use, we must have one which men under an ordinary mixture of motives and incentives will not find it too easy to abuse. It is nothing less than a permanent overhauling of our economic institutions which war has thrust upon us."

No doubt valuable lessons may be learned from a careful reviewing of the history of the Reconstruction Period following the Civil War—certainly we should set ourselves the task of avoiding the errors and pitfalls of those trying, critical days. But industrial reconstruction in 1919 in the United States is vastly more intricate

than the reconstruction of 1865; for then our great stretches of land were only partly settled—the Homestead Act had been passed in 1862—farms were available to soldiers on very favorable terms: now, the frontier has long since disappeared, and the land hunger is satisfied with increasing difficulty. In those days, industry was relatively simple—anybody with average ability might enter upon non-specialized labor with good prospect of success; now the high degree of specialization proves a serious barrier to many an all-around handy man without technical training, while concentration of capital seems forbidding to the average moneyless middle-class man.

However, it is emphatically true that the more complex and ramifying the problems of reconstruction the more compelling the reasons for undertaking their correct solution by the application of the soundest statesmanship. All must agree that epochal changes are being wrought: "we cannot push the oak back into the acorn."

And the time for the exercise of industrial statesmanship is not after we are some day plunged into the concrete herculean tasks thrust upon us by cessation of all war activities and the return of our soldiers. The best time for wise planning—was yesterday; the most available time is *now*. Today is the day of salvation from future disaster.

There are indications of awaking interest in questions of reconstruction in occasional expressions of prominent banking institutions and programs of commercial bodies like the New York Chamber of Commerce; in significant platforms of labor parties

and utterances of individual representatives of organized labor; in scattering articles in the press, and in books appearing with increasing frequency with such titles as "Industrial Reconstruction," American Problems of Reconstruction," and "The Economic Basis of an Enduring Peace."

But possibly the most important indication of interest is that coming from the floor of the United States Senate. On September 27 Senator Weeks (Republican), of Massachusetts introduced a resolution authorizing the selection of a joint congressional committee to inquire into reconstruction problems and recommend legislation. Within a week Senator Overman (Democrat), of North Carolina, offered a bill authorizing the President of the United States to appoint a Federal commission on reconstruction. No discussion of the subject can hereafter be complete without some reference to these measures.

So multifarious are the issues of reconstruction that much bold prophesying ill becomes the sincere student. Nobody but a strict dogmatist or confirmed doctrinaire will venture to be more than modestly tentative at the present stage. We must humbly recognize that

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the pages prescribed—the present state."

What is vastly more to the point than prophecy is investigation along many lines, followed by a patient, fac-
ing of the facts in shaping a unified and comprehensive policy and mapping out a program. It is gratifying to know that the American Economic Association, comprising within its membership practically all the economists of standing in the United States, is addressing itself officially—though quite tardily, as many will think—to special consideration of the urgent problems of the present crisis, including those of reconstruction following the war.

It is high time for leaders of Ameri-

can thought to give earnest heed to this high call, for we have almost found ourselves "in the same condition as regards peace as we were when we declared war—unprepared."

Other belligerent nations have already been long at work on after-war problems. We now know that conferences were held three years ago by the allies at which "certain general principles were adopted in regard to trade conditions after the war, the relationship of one power to another, the relationship of the allied nations to friendly countries, neutral nations, and the enemy governments." Likewise we know that similar conferences were held by the Central Powers.

Great Britain and Germany at least have long since created separate reconstruction ministries, and elaborate systems of committees including the highest special talent have been at work for many months. The function of the British Ministry of Reconstruction is "to be acquainted with all proposals for dealing with post-war problems which are under consideration by government departments or committees or put forward by responsible bodies or persons, to study them in their bearings upon each other, to initiate proposals for dealing with matters which are not already covered, and out of all this material to build up in consultation with the other departments for submission to the Cabinet, and ultimately to Parliament, a reasoned policy of reconstruction in all its branches."

Our most immediate task of reconstruction, and certainly one of the most important is that of demobilization. The day approaches when the four million men of the army and navy are to undergo transition from war to the pursuits of peace. And double that number of workers in war industries will find their occupations gone. Materials as well as men must be taken from war uses and devoted to the ends of peace.

Our first concern is for the returning hosts of fighters—the army and the navy. It is inconceivable that

these young men should return to us as they left. Their disciplined habits, their experience in travels, their keen observations, their baptism of fire will assuredly have wrought a transformation.

They will have a stern disregard for nice academic distinctions, a just contempt for conventional non-essentials, an enhanced practical democracy born of camp and trench that will put to rout our political and social snobbery. They will have learned that it is possible for them to 'put it over,' and on provocation they will 'put it over.' The future is theirs.

To leave the reabsorption of the soldiers in industry to take care of itself would be to invite certain disaster. We must not fail to make ready for their reception with opportunities that are commensurate to the need.

Land will offer a great fundamental opportunity for a considerable increment of the returning soldiers. But where is the land that is available?

Thousands of our youth who were taken from the farms will not return to their parents' homes; but having reached the full stature of manhood they will start out in life for themselves. Other thousands who have never known country life will have developed a yearning, after the out-of-doors activity of the army, for the life of the modern farmer.

No better thing can be done for many soldiers than to make it possible for them to go upon the land. It is not now possible. Statesmanship of high order must prepare a big development program. We hail the timely efforts of Secretary Franklin K. Lane, who reports that: "We have arid lands in the West; cut-over lands in the Northwest, Lake States, and South; and also swamp lands in the Middle West and South, which can be made available through the proper development." He has informed us that more than 3,000,000 acres of arid land could be reclaimed by the completion of the upper and lower Colorado projects, that more than 15,000,000 acres of arid land may be brought "under the

ditch," and that in all, more than 300,000 square miles of land await reclamation.

The land will not be given to the soldier, as an act of charity—that would simply pauperize: on the other hand, it cannot be sold to him in its present undeveloped condition—that would result in speedy financial ruin. The land must first be made suitable for farm homes by the government, then government credit must be generously applied by means of long-time loans, at low rate of interest, permitting small installment payments. The actual work of the farm, except that of preliminary planning, will of course be done by the soldier himself.

The national value of farm life in reconstruction was long since perceived by Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M. P. "Attach the people to the country," he said, "breed a stronger race—the soil is more patriotic than the street. Give stability of tenure, a sense of ownership, and the national life will be strengthened, for the wealth of the country will be expressed in healthy men and women."

While the soldier-farmers are being thus attracted to the soil and are being shaped into substantial better-class citizens, their very avoidance of congested centers will render less difficult of solution the labor problems of the great industrial cities.

Other industrial opportunities for returning soldiers include at least the following—detailed discussion is impossible in this paper:

(1) Resumption of certain non-essential and less-essential industries suspended or curtailed during the war.

(2) Reconstruction work for Americans abroad.

(3) Domestic improvements—roads, buildings, various projects.

(4) Expansions and betterments in private business.

(5) Transportation, including shipping and the navigation of the "high air."

(6) Release of many women

from work previously done by men.

(7) Continued service in army and navy, for a considerable number of those qualified and desiring it.

(8) Education, particularly in immediately practical and technical subjects.

Sufficient data are not at hand for making a valuable estimate of the relative weights of each item; but it is safe to say that by prompt, statesmanshiplike preparations, this list of avenues is capable of absorbing, with a minimum of friction and waste, the great body of our citizen-soldiers who, in the absence of careful planning, would prove a huge extraneous mass—a menace to their own future and to the body politic.

Important aspects of reconstruction are far more than national in their significance. The growing spirit of solidarity among nations leads one writer to say: "the result of the war will determine the regime that will govern the whole world, not merely a few nations." "We cannot effect our salvation all alone, nor can we do our duty except by sharing in the common duty."

One of the most perplexing international issues is involved in the question, what about our future commercial relations with Germany? Is national outlawry by means of international boycott justifiable? Or, if justifiable, is it good policy? How far shall we commit ourselves to the Prussian doctrine of economic self-sufficiency? Commercially speaking, is the individual nation to be viewed as an economic entity?

Obviously the foreign commercial policy of the United States after the war is inextricably bound up with the final terms of peace, the whole question of the tariff, and the future of our merchant marine. In dealing with issues so momentous no considerations of secondary interest—much less of sinister design—will suffice: they demand the best thought of the nation's

soundest patriotism.

Even the problems of domestic reconstruction are so many and multifarious that their contemplation gives one a sense of bewilderment. For illustration, note merely the chief headings proposed in the Weeks Resolution, in a preliminary attempt to define the scope of Congressional inquiries:

1. Problems affecting labor, including nine sub-topics.
2. Problems affecting capital and credit, with three sub-topics.
3. Problems affecting public utilities, with two sub-topics.
4. Problems resulting from the demobilization of our industrial and military resources, with four sub-topics.
5. Problems affecting our foreign trade, with three sub-topics.
6. Problems affecting the continuance of existing industries with four sub-topics.
7. Problems relating to agriculture, with five sub-topics.
8. Problems affecting the adequate production and effective distribution of coal, gasoline and other fuels.
9. Problems relating to shipping, including shipyards and especially in regard to the sale, continuance of ownership, or leasing of both yards and ships.
10. Housing conditions and the disposition of houses constructed by the government during the war.
11. War legislation now on the statute books, with reference to its repeal, extension or amendment.
12. In general all matters necessarily arising during the change from war to peace.

Now let there be added to all this the eleven supplementary items proposed by Senator Overman, and the complexity appears overwhelming. Here they are, reduced to briefest statement:

- (1) Financing and development of the merchant marine; (2) de-

development and direction of foreign trade; (3) readjustment of industries engaged in war work to basis of normal production; (4) development of industry through technical education and industrial research; (5) redistribution of labor in agricultural and industrial pursuits and labor problems of demobilization; (6) problems concerning raw materials and foodstuffs; (7) conservation and development of natural resources; (8) inland transportation, land and water; (9) telephone, telegraph and wireless; (10) reorganization of government departments for economy and efficiency in peace; and (11) consolidation of previous relevant legislation.

In view of the comprehensiveness and vital character of these proposals—not to mention still other suggestions—is it not astounding that everybody in America has been talking about the imminence of peace, while almost nobody was actively preparing for that epochal event by a serious study of the problems involved?

The remaining space for this paper must be devoted to some phases of industrial reconstruction, or problems affecting capital and labor, for these are of grave concern to society as a whole, and great will be the confusion if any kind of *laissez-faire* is permitted here.

In a recent article Professor Irving Fisher, President of the American Economic Association, said:

"After the war we must apply science to industry, in a way to make industry more wholesome and healthy; which means not only better sanitation and ventilation, not only how to make the workman keep his bodily functions going properly, but how he may obtain mental health so that he may live a complete all-around life. And if we are to say that the world owes every man a living, we should mean not only that

it owes him wages, but also that it owes him the full expression of the fundamental instincts of a human being."

But, assuming that the several factors of production—labor, capital and credit, directing enterprises—are all made amply sufficient by the application of the best scientific method, there yet remains the further question, "Can they be kept in effective co-operation?" This question is perhaps nowhere propounded more cogently than by Professor J. A. Hobson, when he asks;

"Shall we be able to look forward to such peaceful relations between capital and labor after the war as will stimulate both employers and workers to co-operate energetically in adopting the improvements of scientific, mechanical and business organization needed for effective production?"

There is the real crux of the future relationship between capital and labor. Many will fervently wish the question could be answered with an unequivocal affirmative: the few who would be genuinely sorry if such were the case constitute perhaps a negligible quantity. The question is far from merely academic—*a priorism* cannot be depended on to make truthful reply. The testimony thus far presented is seriously divided.

Mr. W. L. Hichens, Chairman of Messrs. Cammell, Laird & Co., Ltd., writes of English conditions:

"I believe it may be answered that the war has worked that miracle; that there is now a firm determination on the part of the leaders of labor and of the employers to face and overcome the difficulties with which the problem is beset; and, what is of even more importance, it is clear that public opinion has been aroused and has decreed that matters shall not be allowed to drift."

Sir John Cockburn believes, "There is every probability that the enmity

which so often exists between capital and labor will be lessened by the war"—making clearer his position when he adds: "There is no cement like that of kindred blood poured out in common cause. The trenches and the battlefield are wonderful assimilators." One of the most significant bits of testimony coming from an American high in capitalistic ranks is from the president of the largest Guaranty Trust Company in the world. Mr. Charles H. Sabin is quoted as saying:

"One of the most important, if not the most important, economic gains of the war is the more sympathetic understanding that has come to prevail between capital and labor. It is important because upon them depends our economic life; in fact, the very existence of the world. . . . It is perhaps the first time in the history of modern industrial life that capital and labor have begun to consider themselves partners; each contributing its share to the great process of production for the common good of humanity, instead of being hostile and self-seeking."

The vitally important question is, do Mr. Sabin's words faithfully reflect the present attitude of American capital? That he himself understands the far-reaching consequences of his words, we are encouraged to believe when we see his subsequent declaration:

"The game of life will be played differently after the war, and these will be the principal results. There will be a leveling process; workers will demand and receive a larger share in the comforts and good things of life, while the rich will have to meet heavier governmental levies upon their wealth. . . . By far the greatest social effect of the war will be the leveling process it is bringing about."

If this declaration may be taken as typical of the dominant sentiment.

there is much ground for hope that a really workable partnership between capital and labor is something more than an idle dream—that Sir Robert Hadfield (for example), did not set up an impossible "if" when he said:

" . . . it seems to me that there should be no real difficulty in bringing about a happy solution of industrial labor conditions if the principle is first admitted that an employer should treat his employee, not merely from the purely economic point of view, as has often been done in the past, but as one of flesh and blood like himself, and with like aspirations and feelings."

The real test is just ahead. It will be worth observing and having a hand in. The kind of co-operation is not that kind of "junior partnership" of labor which Mr. Chesterton has described as "popular control in such small quantities that the control could be controlled"—nothing that serves merely to awaken suspicion and the resentfulness of alert labor because of disingenuousness—but the definite enthronement of the principle that industry must be so conducted as to make it render public service, positively promote the general welfare. More concretely, this must mean such accomplishments as these three, pointed out recently by the editor of *The Round Tables* (1) adequate and ever-improving conditions of life for all employees; (2) reasonable remuneration for capital, and (3) improving products at reducing prices for the consumer.

Conciliatory phrases and generous concessions to labor during the stress of war must not blind us to the fact that, during the ordeal of adjustment immediately following the war, when questions of wages, unemployment, women's work, union recognition, and compulsory arbitration will be acute and of extreme urgency, there will inevitably be much of unrest in the ranks of labor. Every party and class will have need to invoke all the social-

mindedness, all the spiritual compensations brought by our participation in the world struggle. Even the most rigid and successful insistence upon its every right by labor, the most scrupulous conformity to every statute by capital—these alone will not suffice, these can never take the place of the friendly spirit animated by the common purpose to serve.

But the government can help—it must help. The state can never justify itself in permitting uncontrolled and wasteful competition, or the accumulation of swollen fortunes at the expense of the poor, or the resumption of socially ruinous strife between capital and labor. The state clearly has positive functions to perform as well as those of negation. Its powers have hitherto been exercised largely *in restraint of trade*, to speak of one field; but we recognize that it has also an important function *in the promotion and encouragement of trade*.

Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, President of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York, has gone so far as to suggest a principle of partnership between the government and private industry, which he thinks can be made to cover "practically the whole of our major industrial operations." The successful application of this principle would result in the avoidance of inefficient governmental control, while leaving room for individual initiative and corresponding reward. To what extent Mr. Shonts' position is correct can only be revealed in the light of actual experience. The point insisted on here is that the relationship of the state to industry is of fundamental importance—the large issue lying back of many lesser problems (such as the tariff, woman's wages, the right to strike, etc.); and that, consequently, one of the greatest of our reconstruction problems must be a re-examination of the scope of government itself. A question of first magnitude is: how shall we render the government capable of achieving its rightful ends and at the same time make it quickly responsive

to the will of the people for all its acts?

Never before has the American nation dreamed of such a measure of state control as the war has brought to us; to continue this in full measure in times of peace would be to inaugurate a regime of state socialism—an ungrateful thing in the world's eye to-day—which has been characterized as a "soul-destroying machine." Where shall the line be drawn beyond which the state should not function? This question is as old as the science of government; nevertheless we must face it again.

An able English representative of capital, Mr. H. B. Rowell, in Carter's "Industrial Reconstruction," thinks that in relation to the capital and labor the post-war functions of the state will be:

"(a) To shelter those industries that have been unduly weakened by war or taxation until they recover strength.

(b) To remove 'control' and encourage capital and labor to meet for the discussion of organization, the negotiation of new treaties, and settlement of old differences.

(c) To allot responsibilities and see that they and all agreements are duly carried out.

(d) To introduce legislation which, while it leaves these two interests to manage their own affairs, will make the position of the representatives of both sides so strong and definite, and their decisions so binding, that the danger of strikes will be vastly reduced if not entirely eliminated."

While such statements are of suggestive value, no precise formulation of the role of the state in relation to the future of American industry is possible; the scenes are rapidly shifting for a battle royal—peaceful, let us trust—between the radicals and the conservatives. What may be set down as absolutely certain, however,

is that the American people is in no mood to tolerate the extreme of state socialism on the one hand, nor the extreme of *laissez-faire* on the other. One other generalization may be ventured with confidence; in our dynamic, democratic society, there can in the nature of the case be no definite, assignable limits set for what the government may do and what it may not do.

The goal we seek is, first of all, a just and permanent peace. As corollary to this, our industrial and commercial readjustments must not be such as to engender future strife that may lead to future war. We must not commit ourselves to the fallacious doctrine that the nation is a completely self-sufficing unit. But while avoiding the Scylla of sufficiency the nation must not, unattended, venture too near the Charybdis of unrestricted cosmopolitanism.

For the people, as a whole, the goal must be universal employment and wide-spread enjoyment. We must cling to the virtue of thrift as to life itself—idlers must be ostracised in high places and low.

"Let those now work who never worked before,
And those who always worked now work the more."

New emphasis must be placed on health, mental and physical. Education must be not merely popular—it must be universal; not merely of the book—it must abound in life. If capitalism wishes length of days, it must see to it that industry is based on "the willing and whole-hearted service of free men"; if labor wishes to promote the higher life, ungrudging return must be made for every widened opportunity.

There must be a quickened sense of devotion to the common weal in the midst of peace, as a moral equivalence to war-time patriotism. In the strong words of Mr. Edward Cadbury; "The leveling up of the education, physical, mental and moral, of the whole population to the basis of the best, the giving of the whole population a real

stake in the country, and the abolition of the inequalities of wealth and welfare that now exist."

Former conditions pass away, yet constant factors abide. The clarion call is for statesmanship in industry. At times indications of a narrow partisanship loom as a menace on the horizon; the true statesman will not be bound and confined by purely partisan considerations in the present hour.

Assuredly we must gather the harvest of the past for the use of the present, but politics based wholly upon the experience of the past cannot authoritatively bind the pregnant future. If hitherto certain great industries have been wholly acquisitive, they must henceforth be subjected to the acid test of social utility. If hitherto the extremes of wealth and poverty have been suffered to exist because of a so-called law of survival and a wage theory of "marginal productivity," they must henceforth be abolished by a re-valuation in terms of a social minimum of income, education, opportunity, applied to each individual and to organic well-being.

Ours is the great day of reconstruction. In contemplating its problems we must emulate the wise man of the parable, who built his house upon a rock. "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."

THESES.

The following propositions are set forth, in the form of theses, in the belief that all of them have to do, in some vital way, with the practical problem of economic reconstruction.

1. There is an inseparable relationship between economics and ethics—in the social sciences thinking in water-tight compartments is not straight thinking.

2. Governmental control of industry must not be permitted to quench private initiative or personal incentive.

3. There must be established a social minimum of income, education, opportunity, below which the individual may not be suffered to go.

4. No political shibboleth nor social panacea can take the place of a patient facing of the facts and a constructive program based thereon.

5. The conception of labor as a mere commodity must yield to that of the individual laborer as a human personality.

6. Capitalism has gained in the security of its position by reason of the war; its future depends on its willingness to come to terms

with labor on the basis of fair play and mutual serviceability.

7. In all negotiations and controversies between capital and labor the state should become a third, and predominant, partner.

8. State socialism is not compatible with true democracy, and no other kind of socialism is available for many years to come.

9. The doctrine of complete economic self-sufficiency for any nation of the modern world is fallacious.

10. The United States must wisely and energetically develop and conserve its own resources.

THE TREES OF NO MAN'S LAND

I am barred from the scene of conflict. I must sit and watch
from afar
On pictured page and flickering screen the horror and grief of
war.
The gruesome wreckage of humankind with anguish of heart
I've scanned—
But what rise like ghosts are those shattered trees—
the trees of No Man's Land!

The trees! that our Master sought for rest!
The trees! that bore Him at last to die!
With blasted trunk and wilted crest
And wild arms extended, they seem to cry,

"Must our lot be ever thus, ye men?
Through drought and storm our lives we spend
To yield ye fruit and shaded path,
Not firebrands of your greed and wrath!
Shame! for the Lord Christ looks on thee!
'Tis you who made the Accursed Tree!"

Like voices adown the ages, their unspoken messages stand,
And the prayer of my heart is the prayer of the trees—
the trees of No Man's Land!

Except For Mister Mouse

By Gerard Van Etten

THE number came to an end in a crash of syncopation and the dancers suddenly found themselves stilled and breathless upon the floor. Clapping hands demanded an encore. Unsatisfied toes itched for further figurings to the demanding strains of the orchestra.

Newton Lambert came to a pause with the others and let his partner slip from his guidance. She had been hurriedly handed over to him at the start of the dance, after an introduction which he had been unable to catch. He had not found her a wonderful dancer, by any means. She utterly lacked that rhythmic quality of body which is so necessary to the ideal dancer. Newton had found himself wishing that he held Charmian Shields in his arms instead. He had searched the room for her with his eyes, but had not found her. He had had, perchance then, to content himself as best he might with his present partner. She was pleasing enough of person and quick enough of tongue—perhaps too quick. Newton could find no actual fault to find with her upon that score. He certainly, tho, felt no regret that the dance was over. Of course, he would have to dance the inevitable encore with her, out of politeness, but he did not add his applause to that of the others in demanding it.

His partner had evidently been totally unaware of her terpsichorean inefficiencies, or Newton's coolness, for she was clapping white-gloved hands with a vigor very threatening to their material condition. She paid no heed, even, when he suddenly bent and picked up some object from the floor, which he thrust quickly and surreptitiously into his pocket.

When the jazz rhythms began again and he took her in his arms, she attributed the flush upon his face to the exertion of the dance and chided him lightly upon tiring so easily. He replied vaguely that he believed clapping for an encore was more tiring than the actual dancing. That he had not applauded did not detract at all from the truth, or apparent sincerity, of his statement. "And much harder on the gloves," she answered. "Don't you find it so?"

But Newton Lambert did not reply. His mind was absorbed in a totally different question. He was thinking that, the clapping for encores might be damaging to frail, kid gloves, energetic dancing was very apt to be distinctly damaging to certain other articles of apparel. He half expected his partner to momentarily make some excuse for not finishing the encore she had so vociferously demanded. He found his eyes creeping down her face and stealing glances at her silk stockings which showed generously above her satin slippers. But they were trim and taut upon her conventional ankles. He raised his eyes, rather thankfully, again and found that she had noticed the direction of his glances. He colored slightly. "I—I beg your pardon, I wasn't thinking."

She laughed lightly but not, to him, pleasantly. "Not thinking? Mr. Lambert, a man who looks at a woman's ankles without thinking is either a liar or a—"

"Fool?"

"I wouldn't like to say that. That doesn't sound quite nice. Shall we say, a critic? A critic in the sense of a connoisseur. Men seem to look at women's ankles as connoisseurs in fur-

niture look at the legs of chairs and tables. They seem to think all beauty stands upon legs."

"All beauty does stand upon its legs," he answered. He was sensing, in her attempts at risque speech, the puritan dallying heavily with things meant to be tossed about like bubbles.

Too evidently she did not like his turning her words into a boomerang which circled back upon herself. She colored in her turn at feeling him best her. "In furniture, perhaps," she said coldly.

"Oh, in humans, too. Legs are the universal props of mankind. What would humans do in the eternal comedy if the stage manager didn't provide the props?"

"Men would think half the value of their gift of sight was lost," she dared desperately, trying to regain her ascendancy.

Then the music stopped and he led her to her seat. Almost immediately her next partner put in an appearance and Newton surrendered her willingly. Tho he had not enjoyed her actual dancing he had, during the encore, found her rather diverting, as something curious is diverting. He would rather have liked to have continued the conversation with her, trying to drag her laggard soul still more into the open. The awkward antics of a soul essentially puritanical, as he felt hers to be, trying to shed its puritanism thru strange speech, amused him. Yes, he might have enjoyed her further, he felt, had it not been that his mind was really more engrossed with the puzzle of that little article reposing in his pocket, which he had picked up from the floor.

He thrust one hand in his pocket touching it and walked off slowly towards the entrance of the great hall. He was trying to think whose it could be. He knew for certain it was not his late partner's. They had stopped between the dance and the encore in quite a little nest of people. It could belong to at least seven girls who were in his immediate proximity at the time. Then, again, it could belong to

almost any girl upon the floor, as she might have been swung far past the place of loss before the music stopped. He wondered if he had better take the thing up to the ladies' dressing room? The owner would surely receive it then. But that idea didn't appeal to him. The maid in charge might think things. Maids, he felt, were so apt to think things. Neither did he harbor the idea of keeping it for a souvenir. The night, so far, had brought forth no adventure that he should keep a souvenir thereof.

As he stood by the palm-guarded doorway another dance started. He was booked for it but made no effort to find his partner. He could apologize later for his neglect. Just now he wanted to think. Besides, the previous dance had, physically, been a bit tiring. At that moment he looked up to see Charmian Shields passing him on her way out of the ball room.

On the instant his cogitations vanished. He imagined she had arrived late or surely he would have seen her before this. Finding her now made the ball at once worth while. He would joyfully scratch all the bookings on his program if she would grant him the dances. He put out his hand and touched her arm lightly. "You aren't going to pass me by?"

"Oh, Newton!" She paused, smiling. "Really, I didn't see you. I was thinking about something else."

"So was I but you've made me forget it. I've been looking for you in vain. I'm mighty glad I've found you."

"Thank you. I came rather late."

"I thot you were never late to dances."

"I didn't mean to be but things seemed to go all wrong tonight. I thot at first I couldn't come at all, as I didn't have any clothes." He laughed. "You may laugh, but I truly didn't. My old witch of a modiste never delivered this gown until almost nine o'clock. Then getting into it and all took such a frightful time."

"It was quite worth while getting into," he assured her, "You look charming."

"Again, thanks. But my troubles weren't over even when I had finally gotten into it. My escort telephoned that he was called away on business at the last moment. Billy Wiggins was to have brought me. Evidently he thought business much more important than poor little me. So I had to drag father from his Wall Street Journal and Corona, and insist that he bring me. You know he's so funny. Won't let my maid act as my escort. Thinks it must be a man. Well, he grumbled some but he *did* bring me. I think he's passing the interim, 'till time to call for me, at his club."

"What lucky troubles—for me. You don't know how glad I am that Billy Wiggins was called away."

"And that father was dragged from his Journal and Corona, I suppose?"

"No, I sympathize with your father. But you can telephone him at his club that he can go home when he pleases; that you have found an escort."

"But your lady? I don't want to be the wrong angle of a triangle."

"You could never be the wrong angle. Besides, my dear Charmian, I have no lady. Thank God, my lady was laid up with the mumps, I believe. Knowing an extra man is always needed at these affairs, I came along anyway."

"Then I'll accept your services, Newton. Papa will be glad he doesn't have to call for me. We'll telephone him directly."

"Weren't you going to dance this one?"

"No. It's almost over now, anyway. I—I was on my way to the dressing room. I've had one or two dances."

"Not tired so soon?" In surprise.

"Oh, no. But—," she paused and gave him a quizzical smile, "I don't think I'd better dance just now."

"That suits me to a tee. Let's sneak off to the conservatory. I'd lots rather talk than dance with—you."

"Meaning you don't like my dancing?"

"You know it isn't that. You're a perfect partner. But I want to talk. Shall we go?"

"All right." She slipped her arm thru his and added, as tho she had reached some rather important decision, "I can sit in the conservatory safely."

"Safely?" Evidently the joy of her presence had deafened him slightly as she has not accented the word "safely" when she spoke. Her accent, if accent there had been, was on the verb.

"I think—I think it's my heart that troubles me in dancing. But it has never troubled me in a conservatory." She pressed a little hand against her side as tho measuring its beats.

"Then we'll risk it, eh?" He led her towards the flower-sweet and secluded retreat. "Did you happen to see me during this last dance?"

"No." She fell into pace beside him. "I hadn't seen you at all until we met just now. Why?"

"Nothing special, except that I was tripping it—literally tripping it, you know—with some unknown girl who had been wished on me. She had no brains in her feet at all."

"That isn't the place for brains."

"Oh, you know what I mean. She had such proper feet and legs. No sense of rythmn in them—sort of, oh," he hesitated for his words, "sort of constricted by virtue. Her cerebral faculties seemed rather keen but they had such a puritanical tang to them."

"What do you mean, Newton?" They had reached the conservatory and Charmian settled herself on a cozy sofa, tucking her draperies daintily about her.

"Well, she caught me looking in the direction of her feet and gave me a glance which clearly demanded an apology. I apologized. I told her I wasn't thinking. Then she said a man who looked at a woman's ankles without thinking was either a liar or a critic—but she meant, fool."

"That sounds far from puritanical to me."

"No, it doesn't now. But as she said it, it did. Then she tried to ring in something about connoisseur in furniture legs looking at them as men look at ladies' legs. I couldn't quite

make her out. She struck me as trying to play with bubbles of risque speech, using a mental baseball bat instead of a feather. I hate those clumsy attempts at smart wickedness. I tell you, I'm glad to be rid of her. You're so much—nicer."

"Am I?"

"Infinitely."

She looked at him and saw that he meant it, absolutely. The knowledge pleased her. Newton Lambert was one of the few men for whom she really cared. Perhaps she cared for him a little more than any of the others. He was not one of those men given to double entendre with women. He was always so cleanly frank. If he did say daring things, which he often did, he always said them candidly and openly. She understood why he hadn't enjoyed the conversation with his late partner, tho he had probably, found it grotesquely amusing. His feeling was akin to hers in the dislike of smut behind a Watteau fan. "But why, Newton," she asked, "were you glancing in the direction of her feet? Simply because she danced so poorly?"

"No. To be frank, Charmian, I wasn't thinking of her feet at all at the moment, altho they were performing weird steps. I was thinking of—"

"Newton." A tone of amused shock was in her voice.

"I was wondering if her stockings were quite taut."

"And were they?" As she asked the question a little flush, scarcely noticeable, mounted her cheeks and she pulled at her dress as tho suddenly reminded of something. The gesture was quite unstudied and natural but, if Newton had noticed, he would have seen that it was made just above one of her knees. But Charmian saw with relief that he hadn't noticed.

"Yes, they were."

"And after that you didn't think any more about them?"

"Not a thot."

"Odd that you should have such thots at all, wasn't it?" She thot she would tease him a little.

"Yes, rather. I don't go in for that sort of thing." Then he swung about facing her more directly. "Oh, don't let's talk any more about her and her stockings. I didn't come out here to do that."

"You started it."

"I know. I don't know really why I did. I'm sorry. Now let's talk about you."

"Me?"

"Yes—How's your heart?"

She started. "My heart?" She laughed. "Oh, that's quite all right—out here."

"Mine isn't."

"Perhaps you'd better go back to the ball room? I don't want you ill at my expense."

"That would make it worse. If I stay out here with you perhaps—perhaps you'll cure me? Charmian—" He took her hand in his and pressed it. She did not withdraw it but let it lie in his. He felt a slight, returning pressure which made his pulses leap. He put his other arm about her shoulders and drew her towards him. Happily, she lifted her lips to his.

"Do you think that's good for our hearts, Newton," she asked, as he released her a little?

"Best tonic in the world, dear."

"Oh!"

"What—?" He drew back suddenly as Charmian uttered a terrified shriek and jumped up upon the sofa, drawing her filmy skirts tight and high about her silken limbs.

"A mouse! Kill him!"

"He's gone." He looked up at her, laughing. "The eternal, adorable woman." Then, as she still held her skirts high about her, not daring yet to drop them, he saw that which made his heart jump and then stand still; which made his hand dart towards his trousers pocket. "Come down, dear, it's quite safe. Mister Mouse has scuttled off." He gave her his hands and helped her down. She settled herself with a little, fluttery sigh of relief.

"Oh, that gave me such a start! And what were we talking about?"

"I was going to propose to you sooner or later. I was trying to work up to the point. Perhaps I'd better do it now."

"Do you think this a good time for a proposal?"

"Yes. It's the best time in the world for a proposal because I can now give you the one thing in the world that I am sure you want most at this moment.

"The one thing I want most? Newton, no man can know that. I suppose you're giving me love and could any man think that a woman could

want more than love at the moment of proposal?"

"You do. Except for Mister Mouse, I wouldn't know what that ultimate desire of yours is, but thanks to him, I do." He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and drew it forth. "Let me present to you." And he handed her a pink, silken, garter whose absence he had marked when she had jumped upon the sofa and lifted her terrified skirts. "And now I'm going to propose."

"Yes, please do. Then I can put my garter on," she said.

SHIPS

When life is dull, and for new scenes
And foreign lands I sigh,—
I hie me to a grassy bank
And watch the ships go by.

The yachts are social butterflies
That frolic o'er the main.
But oh! if storms should come along,
They'll frolic home again!

The fisher-boats chug-chug to sea,
So brave and trim and chirk;
Why, they're the little business girls
A-hurrying to work!

Here comes a "tramp," who like his kind
Needs sadly a new coat
Of paint,—but what cares he for looks,
This vagabond afloat?

The ocean liners, big and bold,
Their hulls so high and proud,
They are the ocean's plutocrats,
With voices deep and loud.

The sailing ships are stately dames,
With old-time, dainty grace,
Neptune's aristocrats are they,
The last of a great race.

The ferry boats are mothers stout,
Who fog and winds endure;
They cannot leave their destined route
Though purple in-lets lure.

And will I for strange shores embark,
And brave the deep? Not I!
I'll lie upon a grassy bank
And watch the ships go by.

Soapsuds Ferguson

A Tale of the Arizona Desert

By William Joseph Lancaster

RIO PIMA, south of Tombstone, erased from map and memory long ago, was a place that must have been the master gulch of all notoriously lawless gulches, and it was periodically ruled over by one Steve Cummings, the leader de luxe of all the liquor-drinking, pull-quick, two-gun men of cattle rustling fame. His invincible guns hung low and ready on his thighs, and his leather belt was nearly filled with cartridges verdigrised from age, the dozen empty loops indicating twelve badly frightened and therefore coldly murdered Rio Pima inhabitants.

His six worshipping henchmen rode in loose, irregular order some paces behind him whenever he favored the settlement with his destructive visits. Their dismounted formation, however, was very different in that it was a very crowded one: each appearing to seek the shelter of the others, their tanned faces peering between Steve's broad hat and broader shoulders to see who was unfortunate enough to obstruct their leader's way—and one day they saw Danville Ferguson.

Since Danville had seen them first, his back was purposely toward them and he was interested in breaking fifteen whisky bottles that he had placed in the sand, seventy-five feet away, out behind the Gold Line Hotel.

"You're making some mighty racket for a young 'un," Steve said grinning a little unwillingly.

"The sound of powder isn't new to you or the smell either, is it?" Danville asked. "Come on pop a few." There were two standing—because not shot at—and he waited for Steve to pull down on them. But Steve couldn't

hit a whisky barrel at that distance and he knew it, so he ignored the invitation.

"Men's my mark and I got other business with bottles," he said and walked away; the exhibition he had just seen made him cautious of picking a quarrel with the new arrival. His men cast queer glances at each other and followed their chief in to the Gold Line Bar.

Danville laughed outright as he, too, waded through the sand to the hotel porch and up to his room by an outside stairway. He threw his hat on the bed, and with the smile still on his face wrote this letter to his college chum in San Francisco.

"Bob, Old Scout:—

"Remember that bet about the rumored gun-man being strong on bluff but rusty on actual shooting-iron work? I got in here only two days ago and not ten minutes has passed since I called the bluff of the bluffiest bluffer in Arizona, so when I come home I'll collect that big feed at the Peacock from you.

"Getting down to tacks, Bob, you know all the practice it took before I could punch holes in that elusive little bull-eye down at the club's range, and all the coin I shelled out for gun fuel? Now listen; the only store here—for miles around, in fact—don't sell as much ammunition in a year as I used in one week's good practice, I got the figures from the store owner, and I figure it just about guarantees my claim that bluff gives, and keeps up the bad man's 'rep.' They can't shoot straight—it's no trick to stick a big gun into the ribs of a man who is paralyzed with fright,

and give a six-pound trigger a yank.

"Gee it's hot here, I would like to jump into the college tank. Darned if I wouldn't come home and do it if it wasn't for that sure-thing note Uncle left when he willed me his claim. I've got to stay and have a look at it now, of course, and if it is as good as the old man thought, I'll stay long enough to take a fortune out of it; if I find it will take years to develop, believe me Bob, I'll never tackle it.

"I want to ease your mind a bit, old scout, about that hand-painted dance hall queen you predicted I would meet and marry. Nothing doing, there's not even a squaw in the dump—just men and whisky. I'll come home a virtuous bachelor.

"DAN."

Stories of Danville's affinity for soap and water were on every tongue, and they added contempt to Steve's recently acquired hatred for the cool youngster.

"See that big iron wash tub on the back porch?" said Bill Clark, owner of the Gold Line, to the men lined up before his bar, "well that lad brought it over from the store, and if he don't fill it chock full of cold water every morning and get in it all over, I'm not owner of this bar, and what he slops over in one washing would last Steve Cummings all summer." Whereupon Steve noisily treated (at Bill's expense), and christened the absent Ferguson, Soapsuds. His sonorous voice echoed in the barren bar room and even penetrated to Danville's room on the floor above, but for all his boisterousness he still saw fifteen bottles consecutively crumble down in the sand, so with a boast that he would come back sometime and "give the Soapsuds Kid a shooting lesson," he lead his drunken party away toward the east.

The day following, Soapsuds slipped away secretly, to the west and Rio Pima was once again a sleepy settlement in the hot sand.

Just a month later the community was awakened from its siesta by an

episode that amazed even the hardened residents, and made them alert for excitement; so when Steve Cummings and Soapsuds Ferguson added to the program, by riding in as they had ridden out, one from the east, the other from the west, the nervous witnesses whispered that Satan was surely guiding their dusty horses.

Bill Clark gave the details of the rival attraction to Soapsuds while the alkali-coated man washed up in a boiler full of water on the rear porch of the Gold Line Hotel.

"She is some streak of fire—I tell you," Bill eagerly explained. "She's the daughter of some big steel king or something like that—so she told Mother Goldin—and she came elopin' in here with a big diamond-trimmed feller that signs himself as one of those Counts. And he showed money but didn't spend any, and found fault and tried to bribe Andy Globe into actin' as preacher and pulling off a fake weddin'. They was on their way to his grand villa across the line, as though we didn't know he was never further south than Salt Lake." Bill leaned over the edge of the porch and emptied the tobacco juice, that had risen to the level of his lower teeth. "Law and religion couldn't keep her from the man she loved she told her man. Andy heard her, they was quarreling like, and she showed she was getting wise to his little game 'cause she told him she wanted to be sure it was a regular all around man that she was givin' her love to."

"And did she marry him?" Soapsuds asked, without much interest.

"Marry him? Hell no—she killed him."

"What?"

"Yes, sir-ree. Shot him down those stairs onto a heap in the bar room, as slick and dead as Steve Cummings could have did it. Then the little thing up and went all to pieces and we had to send for Ma Goldin—she being the only woman here abouts—but she's all right now and is going home to her folks on the stage in the morning."

Over at the Stockman's Bar, Steve Cummings was listening to a similar story, but his informer added that Soapsuds was in town.

"Rode in this morning with a prospecting outfit on his pack horse, and his saddle bags mighty healthy looking."

"I ain't interested in no kid," Steve announced, "but I'll just go over to get a look at that little She Wild Cat you're been relating about." He struck diagonally across to the Gold Line, and stumbled over Soapsud's saddle bags just inside the door; the soft, heavy resistance they offered was like an X-ray to him. Across the room at a table sat Soapsuds, and strange enough, between him and Steve's perfectly good eyesight there sprang up a damnable row of whisky bottles that snapped in certain succession into the sand; then his vision was momentarily cleared by the appearance of the Wild Cat who came to question Bill Clark about the stage. On her way up stairs she saw Soapsuds. She smiled, hesitated, colored a bit—too much at first—then unknowingly shaded back to a pink precisely suited to her dark eyes and hair. She came to where he sat and rested her modestly jeweled fingers on the liquor-stained, age darkened pine table, an almost ghastly contrast.

"Am I wrong in thinking you, too, are a stranger here?" She asked timidly.

"A very civilized spot in Central California claims me," he answered.

"Then you will tell me if my ride on the stage in the morning will be safe?" Her puzzled face showed her mental agitation.

"You'll be safe enough, these men are rough with their own kind that's all." He was pleased at her relief, and watched her go up the stairway until she shut the door at the head of the stairs.

Steve turned back to the bar after she had gone. Something about her looks, and the looks of the saddle bags near the door kept him as docile as a lamb; but his meekness was skin deep

only, for a wolf's disposition silently plotted.

Soapsuds was shaking the dust of Arizona from his feet, as he rode north the next morning, but the girl from the Gold Line was pleasantly upon his mind, and a hint was inclined to force itself into his thoughts that she came dangerously near fulfilling the ideal of his college dreams.

About noon he crossed a loose planked bridge over a dry creek bed, and came to a cabin set back in a sharp bend of the creek. It was unoccupied, but on a porch at the rear was a battered tin bucket on a three-legged bench, and a bar of brown soap on the window sill above.

"Someone else in Arizona has used soap and water," he said as he hitched his horse to a rail. He rolled up his sleeves, hung his hat and revolver on a nail by the window and went for water. The difficulty in filling a bucket from so scant a water supply took long—so long in fact, that on his return from the creek he was confronted by six bronze-faced henchmen of the unfriendly Steve Cummings; and on the porch, with Soapsud's revolver slung over his shoulder, was that grinning wolf, himself.

The large, rusty bores of Steve's own obsolete guns gaping threateningly at Soapsuds did not unnerve him for he went straight to the bench with his bucket. Then a sharp pain of fear pinched him, beetle-like, through his muscular back, for upon a horse—the reins of which were over the saddle of his own animal—was the girl from the Gold Line. Her face was ashen with fear and fatigue, and her wrists purple and welted from the rope that bound them to the horn. Her moving lips produced no sounds, although they asked as surely for the help she knew he was powerless to give.

"I'm taking my little Wild Cat friend across the line," Steve's raking voice broke in, "and I've gone considerable out of my way to find you so's you could donate them saddle bags as a weddin' present."

The horsemen at the end of the

porch laughed. Great cords of fury stood out on Soapsud's neck; feeling the need of some form of action, he grabbed the soap and began beating up a lather in the bucket.

"Soapsuds Ferguson's going to take one of his daily baths fer the benefit of the lady," Steve said for the amusement of his companions. "But don't take too mighty long," he added, "'cause you're going to join this weddin' procession for a while, seeing's there's some Rangers ridin' restless like around here, and you might tell them that this here bride ain't just willin'."

Steve's horse, eating bunch grass, was slowly working his way around the end of the cabin, Soapsuds saw it and the slightest sign of relaxation showed in his anger-tightened face. He had worked plenty of brown soap into the water by the time the horse was out of sight, so he put the bar on the bench by the bucket. His right hand gripping the edge, tipped it slightly, while his left, leaving the soap, slid under the bottom. His action of straightening up was quick, as quick and snappy as the college-trained muscles of his broad back and shoulders could function—the bucket-full of water slapped like a board in Steve's face.

Almost before the screen of soapy water had cleared, Soapsuds was off the end of the porch with the empty bucket still in his hands, and he threw it with all his might into the heels of Steve's unsuspecting horse. The terrified animal reached the road in front of the cabin in the first jump, the loose boards of the bridge echoed under its hoofs on the second, and sent up a dense cloud of dust that hung, long and heavy, in the sultry midday heat.

The six mounted men crowded each other in their haste to get under way, and Steve blew up out of his water blanket like an exploded submarine. He followed after his men, trying to clear the stinging solution from his blinded eyes and shout commands to the riders at the same time, while they sent shots and curses through the dust

after the runaway horse and its imaginary rider.

Soapsuds left the position he held, flattened against the cabin, as soon as Steve passed. He cut the rope that bound the girl's hand and mounted his horse. The animals seemed to catch the spirit of the riders, and dropped down into the creek bottom and turned up its graveled course as soft-footed as antelopes. When they reached the first bend where a rise of land would hide them, Soapsuds guided the horses out of the creek and broke into a faster gait, still following the low land.

Steve Cummings and Rio Pima's Justice of the Peace collided in the darkened doorway of the Gold Line, to the threatened misfortune of the Justice, for Steve was overly ugly and placed his dusty boot over a gold piece that the impact had knocked from the Justice's hand.

"Wherever did a hound like you get a yellow God as big as that?" Steve sarcastically inquired.

"Honest fee for a weddin' just performed," said the cowering Justice of the Peace.

Steve left him and his money, in a vicious dash for the bar.

"Weddin' was there?" he yelled as he pounded on the bar before the trembling Bill Clark.

"Yes—you see it was kind of sudden and excitin' like," Bill told him.

Steve skuffed his boots through the sawdust and loosened his guns in their holsters.

"Well, I guess I'm looking for the kidnappin' bridegroom," he screamed.

The door at the head of the stairs opened and a shaft of light streaked down across the bar.

"Any special message for him," came the soft quiet voice of Soapsuds Ferguson.

Steve took hold of the bar for support, then cautiously rolled his bloodshot eyes up at the couple in the doorway.

"I was—was thinking of drinking the health—of the lady," Steve said huskily.

The Gate of Heaven

By E. Clement d'Art

(The Church exists—so does the Square and so does the Avenue—the rest is fiction.)

PASSERS-BY turned to watch him. With a little shudder of commiseration they noticed his haggard eye; his shuffling, wabbling step; his clothes, ragged and nondescript; his shoes, muddy, torn and held together by pieces of string; his hat, shapeless and discolored; his unkept, faded hair; his pallid cheeks; his short, wiry beard—and the lost expression; the tired, self-centered expression; the expression of nameless despair that was in his face.

Like a passing fog, he seemed to drag with him a vague atmosphere of greyness. All that was him was grey: hat, hair, beard, face, clothes, shoes. And, seen through his eye, there seemed to reign in his soul a benumbing greyness—an all pervading, penetrating, permeating greyness of ghastly hopelessness.

People looked at him, shook their heads and went their way. They glanced at him—some in pity, others in scorn—stared and walked on, some gazing more thoughtfully into space, others with a sneer. All were members of a busy tribe who had but little in common with the old derelict. He belonged to the same race—perhaps to the same creed—he lived among them, he too was a man—that was all—and what of that? Being what they were—struggling pieces of humanity—all had sorrows of their own to contend with and he, perchance, was but a little worse off than they.

So, they passed, an endless, kaleidoscopic procession of conflicting grey shadows in a grey world of strife

wherein the strong conquer and the weak perish.

True, there was gayety and the lights burned cheerfully on Broadway and the rushing, rushed crowd was bent upon amusement.

But he had long ceased to see the smiles on the happy faces that went by and their sobered expression, as he passed. He had ceased to feel. Hunger, that had gripped like an iron hand, that had caused his eyes to burn at the sight of aliments displayed in store windows; hunger that clutched and scorched as a consuming flame; vision producing hunger had at last relented.

He had walked for a very long time.

Although he, himself, could not have told you how long it was since he had last rested, it had been hours, a day perhaps—and perhaps more.

Suddenly, a giant spectre in the darkness above, a living nightmare of steel and stone, the triangular skyscraper—the Flat Iron Building—loomed before him.

On one side, Broadway continued, sad and gay, with its lights dancing its merry, hurried, pathetic crowds. On the other, the Avenue, sedate, calm, almost empty of human beings, full of strange and distant echoes, its wide sidewalks shining mildly under the glare of big, round, impressive lamps. In the distance, the triumphal arch. Behind this memorial, the Square, quiet, peaceful, and in the night, vast.

He hesitated. Tired of the crowd, tired of wanting, tired of thinking, he instinctively chose the Avenue. With long, even dragging steps, he walked down towards the Square, muttering God only knew what, overcome by a

lethargy that naught seemed able to shake.

* * * *

As if, after departing for the night, the sun had left on earth one of its rays and as if this ray went about, playfully dancing through Washington Square, a little girl, all in white, with feet of a fairy, with hair of resplendent gold, and eyes that burned merrily, crossed the path of the old man—a little too near, perhaps—for he nearly fell and, trying to steady himself, took hold of both her arms.

The sight and contact of this youthful being, happy and gay, full of hopes and fancies, seemed at last to re-awaken his senses.

He again saw, heard, felt, remembered.

Brightly burning before his eyes, sharply outlined against the dimness of a tall church tower, a cross of fire glittered in the heavens while, in a building that was part of the church, lights shone warmly and invitingly through the window's glass.

Clasping the arms of the small girl with a firmer grip, he spoke wildly!

"Child—the cross means pity—in that church, people are charitable—they will help a poor old man—will they not?"

But the infant feared and struggled and begged him to let her go. Realizing, he sorrowfully released her.

The child ran home and said that she had seen a ghost. Nor was she much mistaken for it was but a question of time and—in eternity—time is less than a pebble to all the oceans, less than a grain of dust to the mountains.

* * * *

That night, May Fisher Irwin stood in front of the long mirror in her chambers, carefully attending to the last details of her toilet. She bent forward and straightened up again, turned round half way, side-glanced at her reflection, faced the mirror, bent down once more, added a little powder here, rubbed it off slightly there, pushed back a flighty curl of her hair

that insisted on coming way down her cheek when it should have stayed a little further up, stood to her full height, arranged her hat at the proper angle and, with a jerky motion, pulled down her veil, daintily rubbed her nails with the nail buffer, hid her small, pretty hands and her well shaped, rather thin arms in a pair of long, white gloves and uttered a diminutive sigh of satisfaction.

"Mother dear," she said, "I wish you would come to the party. Billie the Second will be there and she is such a nice girl—so very intelligent and interesting and—oh yes—so very unconventional!"

"No, thank you, my dear, to keep company with Billie the Second does not appeal to me and I wish you had less to do with her—she is such a rabid little socialist—why, I wonder, should red haired young ladies bother their heads with such a thing as socialism?"

"Oh, but, mother, it is so nice to think of all the poor people—the poor workingmen, I mean, and of ways to help them."

"Yes—yes—but has Billie the Second found a way to help them?"

"Why—how perfectly ridiculous—of course not—she thinks about it a lot and discusses with all sorts of people and *that* is really interesting—but, never mind Billie the Second—Marie McKay will be there and you like her. She said she would bring her mother—and Charley will be there—a very nice boy, Charley, and he says he is simply crazy about me—and Percy Riley will come too. I like Percy—he is so clever—always says something amusing—and that young clergyman—you know—who is so entertaining—I just love to sit and listen to him at the Sunday mass—he has such a melodious voice—I could just die listening to his voice—and, oh! mother. Guy de Vere said he would bring his sister and his dog—such a nice, big dog—you ought to see him—still—it takes Guy de Vere to bring a dog to a church party. I hope he'll leave the brute outside—his little sis-

ter is quite a nice girl too—though she is, no doubt, very young——”

“If you keep on talking, you’ll be late, my dear, and the taxi is waiting.”

“Good gracious!—is it that late?—well, I never! Bye, bye, mother—kiss me quick—and wish me a good time—I’ll be back early—bye, bye——”

* * * *

Seated alone, on a bench, in the Square, a starving old man watched the entrance to the church and the merry, well dressed, *nice* people who walked in.

* * * *

In his bachelor’s apartments, Booth Hutchinson was preparing himself for the party. His friend, Paul Bernhardt, waited.

“Gee——” moodily remarked Hutchinson, “I wish they’d make collars so that the tie would slide. A collar and tie are beastly nuisances. Who the devil invented them?”

“Hurry up!” rejoined Bernhardt, “I promised to meet Mabel Patterson at the door and I don’t want to miss her. They say she is fond of me and—well—her people have money to burn, you know!”

“Candidly,” commented Hutchinson, “I don’t think she is half as nice as Peggy Anderson of whom you were quite fond—but, now-a-days, money is worth considering. Let me tell you—the dame who will call herself Mrs. Hutchinson will have to pay for the privilege—I’d rather remain an old bachelor than——”

“Come—come—it’s time to go. There’ll be lots of pretty girls at the party—and you can choose—first come, first served—I know you, you rogue—you won’t pick out the worse looking of the bunch—Ready?—At last! Why—if it took me that long to dress——”

* * * *

In Washington Square, a lone, hungry, aged man gazed at the porch of God’s temple and at the happy, fashionable, joyous crowd of young fools who entered the building.

On the sidewalk they met, greeted each other and bowed a little, shook hands, and let loose all the hypocrisy that they had learned to master.

Rapidly, they walked through the dimly lighted church and entered the social rooms, pleasantly decorated, comfortably furnished, bright as day.

There they talked and laughed, jested and flirted, and all were comedians of the most finished sort, empty heads uttering sounds that bespoke someone else’s intelligence.

“I wonder,” said May Fisher Irwin to Marie McKay, of whom her mother approved, “I wonder if Guy de Vere will really bring his dog—he said he would, you know—oh! did you see Pauline van Vroom’s gown?—a dream, my dear—just look at it—no, not this way, she is right behind you—just turn around as if you were looking for someone—Is it not a beauty?”

“Yes—it certainly is, though the color does not match her hair. It would look grand on you, my dear—you have such beautiful hair—I do wish I had your hair!”

“Don’t be jealous, my dear, your own hair is pretty enough and more silky than mine and I wish I had hands half as nice as yours——”

In another part of the room, red haired Billie the Second was babbling socialism to a group of politely interested listeners. In a dark corner, Booth Hutchinson talked in low tones to May Reynolds and held her hand—and yet, they said that, though she was delightfully pretty, May Reynolds had not a *sou*—

Two of the ladies had volunteered to serve the tea and two others to cut the cake and distribute the ice cream. All they now waited for was the arrival of the young clergyman—he of the melodious voice.

* * * *

Outside the entrance to the rooms, in the church, steps were heard—long, dragging steps. In the darkness, someone coughed, a peculiar, weak, appealing, depressing cough. All heard it and, as if something unexpected, weird and terrible were about to befall

them—no one knowing exactly what to expect nor why—oppressive silence weighed over the assembled throng.

Suddenly, he appeared, framed in the doorway, with the dankish obscurity at his back, and stopped, dazzled by all these lights.

They all drew back a little. A shudder passed over them, as it must have passed over revellers of old when the skeleton was brought into the banquet hall. A subdued murmur ran among the crowd. Strangely fascinated, they all stared at him.

Who was this old man in rags, whose face was so pale and who looked so gaunt and grey? What did he want of these merrymakers? Why should he come and spoil their fun?

"Sweet ladies—gentlemen—have pity—pity upon an old man. For three days I have not eaten—for three days I have not slept—for three days I have been cold—have pity—have pity—I am speaking the truth—I am hungry—do any of you know what it means to be hungry?"

And still, they looked at him in silence, as if bound by some strange spell, hearing, but failing to understand.

The women were the first to realize and were quickly brought into speech and action.

"Hungry!—poor man—is it possible?—why, then, give him something to eat—and be quick about it—he has lived three days without food—imagine!—and might die now if he be not given eatables at once—here cake—ice cream—tea—"

"Serve it to him on the finest china dish—do not forget the spoon of silver and the silvery knife—but hurry and give him much—give him plenty."

Paul Bernhardt had already stated that the beggar might be shamming—most of them do, you know—and that it was right to give him food—what he had asked for—but no money. Percy Riley was about to pass some clever and witty remark when other steps were heard outside, not slow these, but young, elastic, gingery.

In the frame of the door, the clergy-

man appeared, stopped, looked on in shocked surprise and asked of the nearest person:

"What is this man doing here?"

A sigh of relief at the timely appearance of the appointed leader of this human flock and a babel of explanatory remarks greeted him.

Then he walked up to the old man, took him by the arm and, to the great relief of all concerned, led him outside.

"Why, my good man, you should not have done this. There are charities in New York that would take care of you—"

Thus spoke the clergyman as he led him down the dim aisle. And, when they reached the porch, he handed him a little silver piece.

"Here—this will help you get a bed tonight. Come and see me in the morning and I will send you to our charities—but, above all, be of good cheer, do not give up, smile and the world will not be lost to you."

Carefully and methodically, the little clergyman closed the door and returned to the brightly lighted chambers.

* * * *

Outside, the old man felt faint. His head swam. He sat down on the cold grey steps of the cold grey church.

Of a sudden, a great light, radiant and warm, seemed to envelope him. Before him stood the shape of a man, beautiful, tall, wonderful to behold. But the face of that man appeared to carry all the sorrows of the world and pity burned in his eyes—eyes that were wondrous soft and sad, of a sadness that naught could obliterate. They were the most beautiful eyes that the old man had ever seen and they looked right through him and understood. And this shape of a man spoke, saying:

"Come to me, beloved, for I too have been led out of the church. Come to me for thou hast suffered and art forgiven. Come to me and I shall lead thee to realms of light and eternal repose."

And, gently, very gently, the shape

bent over him and took him into His arms and grew and grew till he seemed to reach up to the very Heavens. But, as the old man gazed into the gigantic face now before him, it occurred to him that this sorrowful head was stained with blood and crowned with a crown of thorns. And the old man seemed to remember that long—long ago—in a distant land, in another life, he had spat on His forehead when, covered with dust and trickling blood, crowned in the same fashion, that shape of a man carried a cross up a mountain—

Was all this a dream or reality? Who knows?

* * * *

At any rate, after the party, when all passed the nameless horror that was on the steps of the church, next to which sat Guy de Vere's dog, howling dismally at the moon above, while at its feet, lay a little piece of silver that had fallen from out of its hand, much confusion reigned among them.

Women cried and shouted in agony, men became pale of visage. Guy de

Vere's sister, who was very young, fainted. Red haired Billie the Second talked socialism a little. And, while a crowd gathered around the silent man and the dog that howled, the young clergyman, having picked up the little silver piece, rushed to the nearest telephone station.

A bell rang down the street, coming nearer and nearer. The ambulance stopped and the surgeon, young, clad of white, immaculate, clean cut, forced his way through the crowd. He felt the old man's pulse, felt him all over, shook his own head a little and said:

"Too late!"

Then he asked a few questions, looked at those people in amazement when they told him all, said "Indeed!" in icy tones and left, taking with him the horror.

* * * *

To her mother who had been sitting up late, pale little May Fisher Irwin said, after recounting the incident:

"What a shame!—I thought I would have such a good time—everything had to be spoiled!"

SPRING

The sunbeams lie on the verdant plain
Asleep in ethereal haze,
And the furrowed hills rise gaunt beyond
Calm as the Ancient of Days.

A love song flutes on the vagrant wind,
The lark in the meadow sings,
On the drifting waves of limpid heat
Moves the spirit of living things.

The brown earth turns in glad surprise
From the folds of a winter's dream
And the things that are, leap glorified
In a woof of things that seem.

Beauty awakes in sky and sea,
And even the humblest clod
Yearns to a soul in leaf and flower
And climbs to a thought of God.

ROBERT EARL BROWNLEE.



O-Tah-Nah

(The Big One.)

By Pearl La Force Mayer

I O-TAH-NAH (The Big One), stood upon the top of Old Yolum-hai-ya, (mountain of the bald face), and rested from the hard climb which I had just made up the long trail from the valleys below. I gazed about me in every direction and my soul was filled with awe at the beauties and wonders which the Great Spirit had placed in the spreading distances for his own children, the men of the copper skins. I looked off toward the glowing West where the Sun God was slowly lying down behind the Great Water for his night's rest and the vast spaces of the skies and the spreading surface of the Great Water were ablaze with his red-gold glory. Many ranges of low mountains lay between me and the Great Water, then all was water, sky and the flaming colors of the Sun God but back of me the myriad mountains piled higher and higher until the heads of the top-most ones were white with snow where they rested against the blue of the skies.

Only for a short time did I pause to rest while I drank in the glory of the Great Spirit, and sent a prayer of praise to Him on the breast of the west wind. Only for a short time was the rest necessary for I, O-tah-nah, The Big one, was young and strong, fleetest and most powerful of my tribe, the Otaskas, who dwelt beside the Great Water in handsome wick-ups of tules and willows. Yes I was young and strong. Head and shoulders I towered above the fellows of my tribe, and at the meeting about the brightly burning council fires, it was, that I had been given the name of O-tah-nah, The Big One, which meant

big of both body and of deed. The blood of youth sang through my veins and trials of strength and endurance were but joy to me. I knew not the meaning of ache or of sickness. My body responded with ease to every call I made upon it, for had I not been taught by the wisest of my tribe to hold it as a sacred trust from the Great Spirit? Did I not perform all the rites of the religious fasts, the races, the prayers, and the purifications? And so did my blood flow strong and pure, and I walked with pride among my fellows and enjoyed the perfect play of all my muscles and sinews as I walked, and ever delighted in the beauty of my powerful bare brown limbs.

My tall, powerfully muscled body was clothed in a breech clout of softest leather, while beautifully fashioned moccasions of antelope skin were on my feet. An eagle feather stood up proudly from my thick black hair—a feather from the bird which flies nearest to the skies and the Great Spirit, and it was held in place there by a band of faun skin ornamented thickly with the smallest and most beautiful of shells. Hanging from this head band at my back were three tails of the rare black ochee, which I, myself, had obtained only after the most careful and wearisome of hunts far from the beaten trails. About my neck I wore a necklace of sea lion teeth, bright from much polishing, and across my shoulders hung a great bow, with its quiver full of death-tipped arrows. The bow I had made from the strongest and most flexible of wood, well seasoned and skillfully tempered and the arrows I had fashioned with

the greatest care and polished their tips to most perfect degree of smoothness, that they might slide swiftly and truly to the heart of man, foe or savage beast. So I laughed to myself with silent joy as I stood upon the mountain top, and then turning I started to make my way down the opposite side of old Yo-kum-hai-ya and thence into the Vale of the Big Pasture.

Happy thoughts surged into my mind and quickened my pulse with a glowing anticipation as I went, for it was to see a slim brown maiden that I, O-tah-nah, made this dangerous, but sweet, journey. It was for Nachita, Little Wood Dove, that I had come upon the long trail. The first time my eyes had been gladdened by the sight of her had been when our tribes had declared a truce of ten suns and her tribe, the Mumu-kayas, from the tall mountains had come on an autumn journey to our shore of the Great Waters to exchange furs, acorns and pinons for our dried fish, shark skin and hawak (shell money). They had brought their women and maidens with them, and among these last, was a slim brown creature with the soft beautiful eyes of a doe. From the moment I looked upon her I knew no rest. As the sun draws the flowers, so her face drew all my thoughts. Now neither of our tribes would give its maidens unto the wick-i-ups of the other in marriage, but from the time I looked upon Nachita, no maiden of my own tribe found favor in my eyes, and I could think of none but Nachita's face. That slim, brown maiden was just the right age to gladden the heart and the hut of O-tah-nah, The Big One, and his pinole cakes would be all the sweeter for her having ground the meal and prepared them. So by stealth, several times I drew near, and at last Nachita looked upon my bigness with favor. Her sloe-black eyes were cast down with maid-
enly modesty when I approached and stood silently before her, but when at times she timidly raised those eyes, I read in their glowing depths her favor

of O-tah-nah, The Big One.

It joyed my heart that she did not give warning or knowledge of my secret presence to any of her tribe, and so at last I spoke. I told Nachita of my great unrest since looking upon her, and of the luring, invisible cords that seemed to draw me ever toward her, and of how I had lost all sense of freedom since the spell of her beauty was upon me. Thus did she listen to me and then boldly did I plan to meet her at the grinding ground below Leaping Spring, in The Vale of the Big Pasture, which was in the mountain country of her tribe, the Mumu-kayas. Also did I promise to bring for her a rare and beautiful present which should delight her heart.

The first day after the Moon God had hidden her face for three times, was I to appear in the Vale at the time of day when the Sun God shot his arrows straight over Old Yo-kum-hai-ya's head, for at this time none of the other women would be at the grinding ground and Nachita would contrive to slip away from camp and await me there. Then did we decide upon a dove call, repeated and answered three times, as a sign of safety for me to appear, and upon the call of a quail, as a sign of danger which I should take as warning, and would then try the next day. So did I trust Nachita with the life of The Big One. In this way we might be alone together for a few moments. According to the laws of the tribes, it was a forbidden thing for a man to enter the grinding grounds of the women and the punishment, upon discovery, was death. Thus was the chastity of our women and our maidens protected. This made my coming doubly dangerous, but I had undertaken it without a thought of fear, for the sight of Nachita was worth any effort no matter how dangerous. I had traveled the mountain trails with safety and it was with joy that at last I gave the wood dove call and was answered three times.

Then shortly I slipped from the forest and stood before Nachita. Her

eyes were down cast and her thick, black lashes lay long and shadowy upon the flush of her ripe warm cheeks. She did not raise her eyes, but I knew from the tender smile of her lips that her heart was pulsing with the same glad surges which urged my own to such mighty beats and I was tense with longing for her. So did we stand for moments, I gazing with bold desiring eyes upon her slim, sweet beauty, and she casting timid surreptitious glances upon the supple strength and power of The Big One. At last I took from the little pouch at my belt the rare present which I had brought for her, and raising one of her slim, brown hands I placed within it the treasure. Then with maidenly curiosity she sought to look upon the present which I had brought from the camp, far down beside the Great Water. I told her of how I had so constantly beset old one-eyed Cusha until at length by the payment of fabulous numbers of hawak, old Cusha had reluctantly consented to let me have the wonderful pink pearl, which she herself had found in a shell washed up upon the shore when she was but a young maiden. It was a rarely beautiful thing, full of delicate lights that seemed to bewitch all the women of our tribe. It had been skillfully pierced through the middle and threaded on a twisted string of blue crane gut which was so clear and fine that it could scarce be seen that the pearl hung by string at all. Old Cusha had made for the treasure a tiny basket perfect in its workmanship such as she alone could make. It was fashioned from the smallest reeds that grew and was in itself a treasure. As Nachita gazed upon my gift I saw the deep light of prideful possession come into her eyes and I knew that she, like the women of our tribe, had come under the spell of the jewel's beauty.

Then did she close the little basket upon her treasure and hide it in her bosom for no one of her tribe must see it or know of its existence. Again she stood with folded hands and downcast eyes before me. I put my hands upon

her shoulders and turned her toward me. Then placing my hand beneath her chin I tipped up her little warm tinted face until we gazed into each other's eyes. "Listen," I said, "Nachita, I, O-tah-nah, The Big One, who lives beside the Great Water shall have the squaws to prepare the largest finest lodge of tules and willows that they have ever made if Nachita will but come to dwell therein with O-tah-nah; will kill many bears, many deer and panthers that Nachita, Little Wood Dove, may be dressed in the softest, finest furs of any squaw of the Otaskas tribe. Her lodge shall have none but the largest and thickest robes of skins and furs, all brought by O-tah-nah to gladden the heart of Little Wood Dove. Also the cooking baskets, the storage vats and the woven granaries shall always be kept full, for O-tah-nah is a mighty hunter, and is also the quickest spearman in the tribe when after the shining fish in the Great Water. If Nachita will but come to the tule lodge of O-tah-nah all these things and many more shall be her's. One time more when the Moon God hides her face will O-tah-nah come from beside the Great Water and await Nachita here below Leaping Spring. If she be willing to become the squaw of O-tah-nah let her prepare for the long journey with him and answer to the wood dove calls as before. Will Nachita be awaiting?" As I finished and looked down into the shy, sweet face, I had the thought to seize her and rush back over the long trail to the safety of the Otasakas camp beside the Great Water, so afraid was I that Nachita would not favor the suit of O-tah-nah, and that I might never again see her if I now let her go. As I stood and waited her answer she suddenly slipped out from beneath my hands and was off down the trail like a startled deer. I dared not follow nearer, for the Mumu-kayas camp was close and my heart was filled with disappointment. But from down the trail floated up upon the soft evening air the call of the wood dove. I laughed in silent joy as I curbed my

baffled desire and turned to make my way up on the back trail swiftly to a secret cave which I had marked for my night's rest, and wished to reach ere the darkness overtook me.

Next day I returned to the camp of my tribe in safety and from that time until the waning of the next Moon God I was busy with the preparations for that coming journey. But so torn was my heart with doubts and questionings that I knew no peace. Would Nachita be in the dell below Leaping Spring when O-tah-nah should go for her? And at the thought of my not finding her there my heart would be filled with saddened misery and I would sit apart from my fellows in the Yo-ka-i (house of the young men), or would go far off upon the trail and sit in lonely contemplation. But each day I went forth and did bring in fine results of hunting. I knew well the wood lore of my encircling hills and plains—knew where deep within their shaded dells or rising crests dwelt the great wam-paras (great bears); the herding nicha-olas (the soft-eyed deer), the karmen-rangas (the powerful mountain lions), the dreaded na-snarga (the stealthy panther), the gentle antelope and the countless smaller animals. The fresh green skins of all these I brought in by heaps and threw them before the old squaws to be cleaned and perfectly tanned for the use and pleasure of Nachita, should she but come to the lodge of O-tah-nah. Other squaws built and fitted for O-tah-nah such a lodge of tules and willows as even our tribe had never before seen.

Then did I prepare for the trial, according to the customs of my tribe for safe journeyings, I killed both deer and rabbit and ate from the hind legs, that I might gain their instinct and speed. I also trailed and killed old karmen-ranga (the mountain lion), and ate from his mighty heart, that thereby I might gain his crafty knowledge and fearlessness. Then did the old men prepare the vat-bath of spring water, poured upon the red hot stones and entering the closed hut I was

cleansed and purified by the clouds of rising steam, and rushing out from here I plunged into the coldness of the Great Waters, thus hardening and tempering my muscles for great endurance. And when all had been made ready I again set forth upon the trails to make my way over mountain and plain to The Vale of The Big Pasture.

Eagerly I went, my heart filled with that delicious doubt and fear and thrilling joy that surges only in the hearts of lovers. And so it was on this afternoon that I once more had stood upon the top of Old Yo-kum-hai-ya and sent a prayer to the Great Spirit upon the breast of the West Wind, a prayer of praise and a prayer for happiness and safety ere I turned and started down upon the trail into The Vale of The Big Pasture. But not with noise-makings did I advance, for I was among the trees and trails of a hostile tribe and it behooved The Big One to make use of his greatest wisdom and the best of his wood lore in order to successfully accomplish his dangerous mission. But I, O-tah-nah, knew not fear and danger and adventure were life to me. But with the wisdom of caution, I went forward upon the trail leading down between steep mountain walls through a deep canyon where occasional lush little meadows spread out beneath huge live oak trees. I advanced with stealthy undulations through the waist high wild oats, as my trail dropped down and down toward the Vale, where were camped the members of the Mumu-kayas tribe not far below the beautiful Leaping Spring.

With added caution, I went as I neared the little dell where the sweet waters came to life, for I knew that here I might chance upon some unwanted member of the hostile tribe. At length I came to where the canyon walls almost united in a narrow defile and here were heaped a pile of monstrous rocks from underneath which flowed the crystal waters of Leaping Spring. With most silent stealth, I crawled down and from an opening between two of these huge rocks, I

gazed out upon that wild little dell with excited heart and feeling of leaping expectancy. There at one side, in a nook of that little dell, sat a maiden busily working upon the great grinding rock. She sat with her back to me and kept steadily at her work of grinding the fat, sweet acorns into meal. It was Nachita, Little Wood Dove, for whom The Big One had followed those many leagues of valley and mountain trails, and at sight of her, my blood went singing faster through my veins, and my cherished dreams and happy anticipations became more real. I waited awhile with caution and then sent softly forth upon the evening air the loving call of the dove for its mate. Three times did I so call, and each time was it answered by Nachita. Then I knew that the way was safe, and crawling back upon the huge rocks and letting myself down behind them I went around through the great live oak trees, richly tangled with grape vine and creepers, until at one side of the dell I came out where sat Nachita.

She looked calmly up at me with no sound of alarm, but her eyes were glowing with excitement. "Do not fear to be so unwatchful when old Karmen-ranga might be near?" I chided in the sweet liquid language of the Otaskas. "I watch not when I know O-tah-nah, The Big One, is upon the trail," she whispered. I lifted her bodily and crushed her to me. The warm softness of her against my naked skin sent the blood singing to my head, and set me as crazy as the devil drops that the medicine men could brew from pivot. She struck me sharply in the face with her little brown fist, but that was but joy to O-tah-nah, who had passed through the tribal ordeals of fire and the test of the trail. I laughed but I released her and set her upon her feet. I kissed the little brown fist which had struck me—I kissed it and loved its smooth brown symmetry. I could wait! I, The Big One, who had been trained from childhood to pass through ordeals triumphantly and to follow the

beasts on their trails and wait patiently for days if need be—yes I could also wait for Nachita's time and favor.

"Come, I said, our tule lodge awaits us at the end of the long trail which leads to the Great Water." She drew from her bosom a small pouch of deer skin, and with the edge of her little brown hand she scraped and scooped every dust of the nut meal from the small basin in the huge granite boulder beside us, carefully transferring it to the pouch. She drew tight the thong of the pouch and replaced the little bag in her bosom. I stood silently watching her and I saw that Nachita would bring thrift and goodness to our tule lodge.

By her side was a beautiful little metate which she had made by months of labor and she evidently treasured it highly, for she placed it within a sling which hung from her head and I saw that she wished to take her treasured metate with her. When she had finished she placed her hand in mine and said "WE go." Back up the trail which I had just traversed I led Nachita, Little Wood Dove, between the wild flowers and ferns and grasses. She was a fascinating mystery of sweetness and beauty to me from her little quilled moccasins to the rich shining blackness of her hair and the glowing depths of her sloe-black eyes. We made our way swiftly for we must distance pursuit ere the night fell. As we traversed the forest ways the lithe velvety bodies of many of the smaller animals sped aghast across our path. Iris-eyed doves called to each other in the tree tops above us, and the sweet wood smells of growing trees and flowers and ferns made pleasant our way. I set a good pace, picking out the easiest trail, but Nachita had no difficulty in keeping up for she was slim and fleet like the deer which we saw in the autumn when our tribe went up the long trails by the North River, the trails which led to the high places of the great mountains where we gathered pinon nuts and laid in vast stores of acorns.

We hastened upon the trail through the wood aisles toward the big mountain, far up upon whose side was the cave which I had discovered and in which I had planned we should spend the night. I let all the small game pass undisturbed, until a short time before reaching our cave, and then when some young rabbits came out upon our trail, I swiftly let fly some stones from my sling shot and killed them. I slung them at my belt and we hastened on. Just in the last sweet moments of twilight we came out upon the high rocky shelf where I knew our cave to be. It was in an almost inaccessible place upon the face of a high cliff overlooking the river and thus would serve us well in case of attack from man—foe or beast. At one side of the cave door a tiny spring trickled out upon the rocky shelf, while the entire front was overgrown and laced with grape vines and creepers until it was entirely hidden from the opposite side of the river's canyon.

The cave, itself, was small and dry and clean and upon my previous journey here I had carried in great heaps of sweet grasses which made a thick bed for Nachita, so that all was in readiness for our coming. On the rocky shelf before the cave door, well hidden by the curtain of vines, I built a small fire of dry otava sticks, which gave off an intense heat and scarcely made any smoke at all. Here Nachita soon had a young rabbit broiling on a stick before the fire and the little cakes made from the acorn meal which she had brought, were baking between grape leaves in the ashes. I sat with my back against the wall of rock and watched with delight as Nachita made ready our first meal together and when all was finished at the fire, we ate together with the joyous appetite of the young and strong ones upon the trail.

By this time the shades of evening were falling, and I took Nachita back into the cave to show her where she was to spend the night. Then leaving her in the safety of that hidden nook, retraced my steps a short distance

upon the trail to the one place of ingress to our well hidden retreat. It was at a place where the narrow trail bent sharply about the face of the cliff in the solid rock, and I knew that here I could withstand the attack of many. So with bow and arrow set, I started the vigil which was to last the long night through, watching the trail where it bent about the rock for the sight of stealthy form, or of eyes gleaming in the darkness.

All night I watched while The Little Wood Dove slept, and as I kept the vigil, my heart was light and joyous with sweet thoughts and plans for our future together, and I longed for the dawn to come, that I might again look upon the compelling beauty of her, whom I guarded. With the first rays of light from the coming dawn I woke Nachita, and she was as fresh sweet as a mola flower with the dew in its eyes. She soon prepared the meal, before the tiny smokeless fire, and once again we ate together. Then Nachita put away the remaining meat in her belt pouch for our hasty lunch at noon, as at that time it would be dangerous to stop long or to make a fire. Then drinking from the little spring, which trickled from out the solid rock, we hastened on our way, but it was with regretful thoughts that we left our little retreat beneath the hanging vines for it had been a place of safety and delight to us.

Silently we went and with the utmost caution, for at any moment there might step forth upon the trail a warrior of the Mumu-kayaes in pursuit of us. Swiftly we left the landmarks behind us and came out upon a small mesa before the drop, to the South River. Starting down the sharp decline toward the canyon I was instantly aware of a stealthy sound off at one side where the sava brush grew rich and thick, and I quickly drew Nachita into a little nook formed by two great rocks and well hidden by underbrush. Here she crouched while I silently circled back a short distance upon our trail and waited behind a great tree. Soon I saw the massive

form of Old Karmen-ranga slinking down the forest aisle and I carefully drew my great bow of sags wood and sped an arrow after him. It took him in the most vital part of his tawny velvet side and he leaped straight up into the air with a mighty roar, writhing terribly, and then fell back to earth and was dead. We waited patiently for many long moments, in order to see that there were none of his friends or kinsmen upon the trail to be reckoned with, and then stepping forth, I called Nachita and we hastened to where lay that beautiful kingly form.

First I rescued my precious arrow from the body and then with the knife from my belt we soon had the heavy skin slipped from his carcass. I then cleft his great skull and carefully removed the brains therefrom and stuffed them into one of the leg pockets of the skin, for they were much prized for use in the tanning of skins, and caused them to remain soft and pliable even after much wetting. This was the largest skin I had ever taken from his kind and so I wished to carry it to the camp of the Otaskas, where I would show it to those in the assembly house of the young men that they might see what O-tah-nah could do even when hastening from pursuit. Then would I give it into the keeping of the old squaws who would braincure it for Nachita's wedding couch. For three days and nights they would unceasingly pound and roll and smear the brains into the skin side of that great pelt, until when it was finally washed and dried it would be almost as supple and rippling as when it had graced the living body of Old Karmen-ranga.

But it was now a green skin that I had to carry and it was of great weight for it was heavy with the fat, heavier than the weight of many baskets of fish and sea weed from the Great Water, but I draped it skillfully across my strong brown shoulder and we hastened on. By high Sun God we came to the fording of the South River and here I thought it best to cross to the other side as a much better trail

was there to be found. Coming down to the sandy edge of the stream, I first carried over the skin and returning, I lifted Nachita in my arms to take her over, that her little moccasins might not get wet. She was the sweetest, happiest burden I had ever carried and I walked very, very slowly back across that stream. Gaining the safety of the tree-hidden bank we made our way up the rocky slope and going far around the side of the great mountain we came out where the trail led on a narrow shelf about the cliffs. Here at the turn of the river were high bluffs on our side, hidden by small trees and vines, but on the opposite side, the land flowed away into flat rolling country covered by great trees growing richly across the whole sweep of the valley, which led far down to the Great Water. I had chosen the cliff side of the valley as it was farthest removed from the camp of the Tasas which was about the spring of sweet waters at the foot of the bluffs. But there was one dangerous place for us on the trail and this was just where we would come out on the bluff above the spring and where for a short distance we would here be exposed sharply against the rocky shelf. Just as we reached this place above the spring I saw below us a young brave of the Tasas stopped there for a drink. If we passed on he would be sure to see us, when he raised himself he would immediately speed his arrows after us and give the alarm to the camp before we could reach the place where the trees gave their hidden shelter to the ledge of rock. There was no room on the narrow shelf in which to draw my great bow, but quickly I reached back as I stooped and groped with my hand about the upper wall of the ledge, noiselessly. In a moment I found what I sought, and turning slightly to bring both hands into play, I lifted off a huge piece of loose stone. I raised straight and poised the great stone in the air for a moment's aim I sent it crashing down upon the crouching brave. I took but the fraction of a second to see that I had made a per-

fect aim, and then I drew Nachita swiftly after me around the ledge path and reached the safety of the trees where we stopped for a moment while I drew her close. She looked at me with excited shining eyes and I saw approval and prideful confidence shining in their depths. My heart swelled with thoughts of what I, O-tah-nah, could accomplish for the pleasure or the protection of the Little Wood Dove and I threw back my head and laughed soundlessly with pride, and then I drew Nachita swiftly on toward the safety of the Otaskas camp, beside the Great Waters, where awaited the wonderful lodge of tules, richly couched and hung with the largest and most beautiful of soft skins and furs.

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The festal fires in the camp of the Otasakas leaped up into the blackness of the night and cast long wavering reflections upon the surface of the Great Waters. It was five suns since I, O-tah-nah, had brought Nachita in safety across the tawny mesa, undulating softly in the last rays from the Sun God's fire and into the camp of the Otaskas, where I had given her over to the care of the old squaws of the tribe. Five suns it had been and since then, according to custom, I had not looked upon The Little Wood Dove while they made her ready for the wedding ceremonies. I had waited with all the patience which I could command during these days of various ceremonies and observances, and it was now the last evening of them, when after the feasting and last certain rites I should enter for the first time the tule lodge which I had caused to be prepared at such great labor. Nachita then, beautifully adorned, would be brought by the squaws and thrust beneath the curtained doorway into the presence of her bridegroom.

So it was that I sat before the lodge of tules with pulsing heart, with restrained eagerness and suppressed excitement for the hour of her coming. I was scarce conscious of the ceremonies, the feasting, the chants and the forms of my fellow tribesmen,

leaping about the brightly burning fires in response to the dull muffled rhythm of the savage drums whose constantly repeated throbbing beats woke physical ecstasy. I seemed to be in a separate plane of my own, far removed where I waited for the coming of Nachita. The camp dogs barked and snarled out in the darkness and were answered far off upon the hill tops by the voices of the krejeys, the sneaking wild dogs. At last I was waked from my reveries and told by the chief to enter the wedding lodge of tules. The long delayed moment of happiness had come, and as I went within, my heart swelled with happy expectancy. Soon Nachita was brought and thrust with much laughter and enjoyment by the squaws into the lodge, and the hangings of furs were then closed over the door. By the light from the fire in the center of the lodge I saw Nachita standing timidly by the doorway, and for a moment I stood silently trying to realize my great joy; then I strode to her and took her within my arms. I then had no trouble in realizing my joy. Her plump little body was so exquisitely soft and alluring that I had much ado to keep from crushing her to me with all my great strength. I loved the rich beauty of her, and I thought as I looked at her soft brown skin, that it was like the inner lining of a lucha nut—ah no, far more soft and sweet than that, for it was warm and pulsing with life at its richest and best! I drew her close and tipped back her little face that I might look into her wonderful dark eyes. She raised her eyes to mine and we stood thrilling to each other's touch and presence. Slowly I bent my head to place my lips on her's and I saw her eyes close and her lips tremble for mine. Suddenly we were startled by a terrific burst of sound! It seemed to thrust us apart, and Nachita appeared drifting away from my arms. Her form became vague and wraith-like, and finally dissolved entirely into the shadows. I sought to spring after her but my eyes opened wide with a start and I was completely be-

wildered by my surroundings! I was seated in a deep easy chair before a brightly burning open fire, and as I realized that my right hand rested upon some hard object, I glanced down and saw this to be a small granite Indian metate of exquisite workmanship. My eyes then took in the reality of place and things but my mind rushed back and strove to hold to the fleeting sweetness of my dream. For a time I seemed to balance half way between the land of reality and that vague glamorous plane of desires and dreams. Then with a rush, everything came back to me and I was again in the land of the actual.

Some half hour before this I, Herbert Mortimer, had come to the home of my fiancee, Miss Persis Lyle, to accompany her to the Van Altryn ball. The door was opened by a servant and he was showing me to the drawing room, when I was met by Persis' brother, Jack, hurrying across the hall. "Oh, hello, old boy," he had greeted me, "Come on into my den while you wait. You know Persis won't be ready for a long time yet, and you'll be lots more comfortable in here," he said, as with his hand on my shoulder he ushered me into his luxurious den. "Now you'll just have to make yourself at home and excuse me, for I'm rushing on my way to a blow-out given by the rowing club tonight." Drawing up a big chair for me before the fireplace, he chatted a moment and then making his excuses he hurried away.

It was a somewhat chilly evening for our Southern California climate, so that I had settled myself comfortably in the soft depths of the big chair and sat looking for a while into the leaping fire before me. Then I turned to look on the big table at my side to see what new book Jack had lately acquired. But the first thing my eye lighted upon was the beautiful little Indian metate which I had given to Jack but a few days before. It was a small one of a perfect oval shape, and from the solid grey granite it had been hewn by some patient dark-eyed squaw in far off age. I had been

out in the mountains back of San Diego on a hunting trip, when in a narrow canyon I had chanced upon a big spring and just below the spring in a little glen I had found this small, but beautifully made metate. One could readily see at a glance what a charming camp ground the little glen would make, and it had doubtless been the favorite site for Indian encampments in this locality during those happy days of long ago. Perhaps some squaw had abandoned the metate upon hurriedly leaving for the annual trip to the sea coast or to the higher mountains, and had left it for the use of friends here in the glen. At any rate I had brought it back to San Diego with me and had given it to Jack to add to the collection of California curios in his den.

Reaching over I lifted the metate from where it rested on its little green velvet pad upon the big mahogany table and placed it upon the broad arm of my chair that I might examine it more closely. It was as beautifully made as though fashioned by some modern machinery and I marveled at the patience of any one who could work day after day and with only the crudest of tools to make such an object, entirely by hand. I knew from my interest in early California history that these metates were used by the Indians for grinding the nuts and acorns into meal for the making of their cakes. And so as I let my hand rest upon the little metate my thoughts drifted back toward that ancient time before the coming of the white man to the great mountains, the jewel valleys and the golden beaches of Southern California, in the region about the present lovely City of San Diego. In that day, it was an Indian paradise, with great forests clothing the hills and vales, and deep within their shaded dells and glens lived and multiplied the great bears, the powerful mountain lions, the vast herds of elk, deer and antelope, and myriad smaller animals. How beautiful it must have been before the day of the white men, who so ruthlessly cut, burned and de-

stroyed the noble forests from its mountains and valleys, leaving but a small portion of what once graced them. It was of this time and its joys that I was thinking as I gazed into the leaping fire, and gazing so and enjoying the warmth, a delightful drowsiness had stolen over me, and I settled myself deeper into the cushions.

Suddenly I saw that it was not a leaping wood fire at which I gazed, but a gorgeous sunset that I viewed, as I stood upon a mountain top and looked into far leagues of space. I, O-tah-nah, The Big One, stood with my face to the west and viewed the sunset, as I rested for a moment upon the top of Old Yo-kum-hai-ya (mountain of the bald face), ere I started down the trail to The Vale of The Big Pasture. Then it was that I had lived the pulsing life of that far off day close to the heart of nature, and had wooed and won Nachita, Little Wood Dove. I gave myself up to reveries and let myself luxuriate in the thrilling emotions of my dreams.

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of someone into the room. I arose and turning saw that Persis was advancing toward me. "Well, I'm ready at last—did you think I was going to keep you waiting all night, Herbert?—Why, Herbert, I do believe you've been asleep, is it as bad as that?" I laughed lightly and answered with some polite little evasion, but to myself I was thinking "Heavens. I was never so awake in my life!" And as we hastened out to the wait-

ing limousine and were noiselessly whirled away to our evening of social pleasure, the luring atmosphere of my dream still seemed to cling in my mind, and I could not succeed in throwing off its charm. So real, so fascinating had it been that its excitement and thrilled anticipations still urged my mind, and I was loth to have its magic depart.

At my side Persis chattered on, and I had much ado to put in a few words occasionally. I could not help contrasting my dream events with the sophisticated modern social function to which I was now going, and the modern affair suffered much in my mind by the comparison. A feeling of unrest came over me and made me coldly critical and dissatisfied with my fashionable, self-satisfied companion, and my chic surroundings. How could such a stupid conventional social affair as the one to which we were bound be expected to hold the interest of O-tah-nah, he who had so often tracked Old Karmen-ranga to his lair and slain him; to O-tah-nah, who had known the lure, the delights and the dangers of such a forest trail as the one which led from the Great Waters to The Vale of The Big Pasture? And how could the pale insipid blondness of the perfectly correct girl beside me in the limousine be expected to hold and charm O-tah-nah, The Big One, who had once known the warmly glowing beauty of such a ravishingly sweet brown maiden as Nachita, Little Wood Dove?



Dictated, But Not Read

By Guy Brockway

ONCE in a while you receive a letter bearing this legend: "Dictated, but not read." Now, frankly, what do you think of a man who will send out such a letter?

In the first place, there are men who are simply too shiftless to expend the requisite effort and attention to read over the papers which they have dictated.

But, mark you, in most of such cases, if it develops that the paper as transcribed is not as dictated, His Royal Highness will spontaneously erupt with the very familiar and very cowardly statement that it was "through an error of my stenographer."

Some men affect that they are complimentary to the stenographers and typists by sending out papers without reading. On the contrary, such a thing, instead of being a compliment, is in reality an injustice, for, no matter how competent and careful the stenographer and typist may be, there is always a possibility of error in hearing, or of omission of words in transcribing. An amanuensis is not an insurer; and it is an imposition to endeavor to make him such. It is the employer's business to know, of his own knowledge, that the paper which he dictated has been correctly transcribed, before he sends it out of his office.

Not only is that a matter of justice to the stenographer and typist, but, in even greater measure, it is a matter of the employer's obligation to the parties who are affected by the paper which comes from his office. They are entitled to look to *him*—and not to be referred to his clerk.

Doubtless many people use these words, "Dictated, but not read," simply because their use has become

rather common,—for we must realize that a considerable percentage of human conduct consists of one fool doing a thing because other fools do.

And then, too, there are cheap articles wearing men's clothes and entertaining an idea that their following the practice in question may create the impression that they are so much more busy than you that they cannot take their valuable time for such a matter as reading a letter which they are sending you and which you must take the time to read.

But the motive which gave rise to the practice, and which actuates most of the people who thinkingly follow it, is something deeper and more vicious, and more contemptible, than laziness, shiftlessness, or the vain notion of "putting on a front." It is a desire to have an unfair advantage, a desire to play a sort of a shell game—"now you see it, and now you don't,"—a desire to have "you fast and me loose,"—to catch you coming and going, a deliberate purpose to put you in a position where you will be sure of his standing by whatever is favorable to him but you cannot be sure as to whether he will repudiate the things which may turn out to be against his interest. It is the spirit of a man who draws a tricky contract, so that he can hold *you* but will always have a loophole through which *he* may crawl.

When you receive a letter, you are entitled to know, in the very first instance, whether or not it is the letter of the man from whose office it comes. But, when a man sends out a letter bearing the inscription, "Dictated, but not read," you never can tell but that he may disclaim some of its vital statements. And, though he may flat-

ter himself that, by adopting this practice, he is doing something wonderfully clever and foxy, he is in reality doing something cowardly and disgusting.

A man who has to be watched, is not entitled to call himself a business man.

The characteristic methods of the Sheeny shops, are not real business methods.

And the business world is gradually coming to realize the truth of these statements.

No man is a genuine business man unless his dealings are square and straightforward and he holds himself *fully responsible* for his acts—without providing for himself a means of escape, through some sort of a "baby act."

A letter that says, "Dictated, but not read," is entitled to no attention whatsoever.

Verily it is well to hark back to the simple and sturdy honesty of the old satyr that refused to harbor a man who would blow both hot and cold.

THE FIRST WARM DAYS

When the first warm days are here,
 The first warm days of the year,
 I'll brush the dust and cobwebs,
 And kinks well out of my mind;
 And hie on the road to summer,
 With cares all left behind.

When the first warm days are here,
 The first warm days of the year,
 I'll throw to the winds and weather,
 The rust, the dust, and the grind;
 And fill with new thoughts I gather,
 The corners of my mind.

When the first warm days are here,
 The first warm days of the year,
 I'll swing a-wide my windows,
 And let the sun shine through;
 I'll feast on the earth and blossoms,
 And drink the rain and dew.

When the first warm days are here,
 The first warm days of the year,
 I'll build for me a mansion,
 Of light, of dreams, and of blue,
 And live as a king in a palace,
 With a will to be and do.

ELIZABETH HUEBNER.

Mexican Music, Its Power and Charm

By Louise Ronstadt

Miss Ronstadt gives us a beautiful picture of the musical life of the Mexican people; their love of melody and the joy of their song. Birdlike they sing because they must. They have great advancement as a musical nation.—Editor.

MUSIC has always been an important factor in Mexico. In fact the Ancient Aztecs made music a part of their religious services. At an annual festival a youth was sacrificed to the Goddess of Music. It is related that their music was full of barbaric pomp—and possessed a strange rhythmic style. Instruments of percussion, like bells and rattles were used, accompanied by singing and dancing.

Later on the tribes began to use the Marimba, flaglots, wood flutes and pottery whistles of grotesque shapes, and reed instruments of unique form. Some claim that the ancient Mexicans had a scale which can be reproduced on an organ with fixed pipes, but this is not authentic. Their vocal music was sung in unison—though somewhat monotonous, was melancholy in style. Information regarding the Ancient's music is meager, as nearly all their historical records were destroyed by the neighboring tribes who conquered them, and later by the Spaniards. Mexico has not much of what we call folk music. The ancient native music was chanted or hummed.

After the entrance of the Spaniards, the music of the natives began to develop and acquire more scope. Native composers were soon in evidence, who wrote the most charming little waltzes, canzas, and gomanzas. Light music, abounding in melody and rhythm, but

through it all ran the sad sweet strains of the music of their forefathers. The Mexicans are so musical, that it is hard to explain it to those who have not lived there. There is hardly a family, no matter how poor, who does not possess a mandolin or a guitar. In the evening after the peon's work is done, he will sit in his little "patio" (yard) and play and sing. The better families all have pianos and one or more string instruments. Every town, large or small, has its plaza with a pavilion in the center, and an orchestra plays there every evening. In some of the larger towns this custom is also followed during the afternoons.

In this respect, Mexico is far more advanced than our country. For here, it is only since the recent propaganda of community music, that we have tried to support bands and orchestras in every town. In Mexico this has always existed.

Comparisons are sometimes odious, but I cannot refrain from comparing some of Mexico's cultured acquirements and talents with our own. Here the average person does not know anything about classical music, and really does not seem to want to know it, strongly preferring "ragtime." In Mexico City you hear the humblest newsboy whistling arias from *La Boheme*, *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and *Carmen*, and likewise the vegetable man and the pastry seller.

Our popular music bears no resemblance whatsoever to our classical compositions. In Mexico the style of the popular music is based on the classical and abounds in beautiful melody. However, this is characteristic of all Latin races. They love to sing, and into their music, whether it be gay or

tragic, they pour all the intensity of their southern temperament. To the Anglo-Saxon, accustomed by inheritance, to moderation, in all things, this emotional expression sometimes seems overdone; but, in tropical surroundings, with vivid skies, florid architecture, brilliant flowers, and gay colored clothes, it appears spontaneous and appropriate.

To sit in the plaza of some quaint Mexican town, on a starry flower perfumed evening, is to realize the significance of impassioned utterances. One's blood is fired by the entrancing melodies which float from the orchestra in the central pavilion, and the groups of gaily dressed people are a delight to the eye. The "serenade" is one of the most romantic customs in Mexico, and was introduced by the early Spaniards. It is indescribable, the feeling one experiences to be awakened from a deep slumber, by the sweet strains of a guitar, and more often by an orchestra.

It is conceded by the great teachers of the world that the Mexicans are the best interpreters of music, and while Mexico has not yet given to the world a great artist on string instruments—she has given a singer who was the greatest in all the world, Anna Peralta. At a singing contest, some time ago, where all the great vocalists were gathered, when Patti finished her song (so the story goes), she turned to Peralta and said, "That is the way they sing in Milan." But when Peralta had finished her song, Patti remarked, "That is the way they sing in Heaven."

Mexico has given to the world composers who have created great sensations not only in their country, but also in Europe, Jose Carillo, Manuel Ponce (known as the Mexican Chopin), Ricardo Castro, Fraga, and

others too numerous to mention here. Jose Carillo who has been recently handling an orchestra of note in New York, has revolutionized the old system of writing in Theory and Composition. He has proven his solutions are correct, and they have been accepted by the great writers of today. In Mexico City is a wonderful temple built to the Muse of Music. "The Conservatory of Music"—this institution is supported by the government and within these sacred walls is the one place in the Republic where all meet on an equal footing. Caste is not recognized there—only Genius. When students show unusual talent they are sent to Europe to finish their studies at the expense of the government. Mexico supports an opera company all the year around. The Grand Opera Company, which has just closed a remarkable season in Mexico, had to be changed from the Opera House to the "Plaza de Toros," the crowds were so great.

What do you think of a cast of 600 members accompanied nightly by an orchestra of 150 pieces, and singing to an audience nightly of 1800 and over? The Mexicans are enthusiastic in their appreciation of good music. They reward an artist by throwing flowers, jewels and money at their feet, but woe to the one who does not rise to their high conception of what constitutes a good singer or instrumentalist. Mexico possesses the next to the greatest Opera House in the world, the other being in Paris.

Mexico has no particular school of music, but is fast developing one. Democracy, is the mother of free and beautiful expression, and through the establishment of the ideals of Democracy, Mexico is bound to develop all the characteristics necessary to establish an individual type of her own.



Reclaiming the Fire Swept Areas of the West

By Louis Roller

IN spite of the strenuous time and general upheaval which the country has passed through, the Forestry Service has steadily progressed. The efficient men who are at the head of this service have gone right ahead with their allotted task of preservation and reconstruction. It is with no little pride that we point to what they have accomplished, and it is with a greater feeling of pride that we are made to conceive of what they are going to accomplish.

Ask the average American where the most desolate spot in the United States is located and he will promptly name some place down in the Southwest. Now ask your Forestry official the same question and he will designate a spot on the map that is somewhere in Northern Idaho, or possibly he will name some place in Montana, and again perhaps it may be in the Cascades or the Sierra Nevadas or the great timbered ranges of Oregon. Anyhow it is immaterial just which place he names, he will be correct in either or all instances.

Ask him why it is the most desolate spot, and he will forthwith bury you in the most amazing barrage of adjectives that you ever heard. When the smoke lifts you will find yourself standing in a mass of smouldering ruins, the likes of which is to be found no place on earth unless it be in "No Man's Land." Far and wide you will note barren seared stretches, scorched and burned until the very boulders have crumbled, the hillsides have cracked open and the canyons are baked to a cinder.

The particular spot I have in mind is the St. Joe Forest Reserve in Northern Idaho. Here, from some slight elevation you will get an intimation of what the Garden of Eden resembled after the Serpent entered.

During the interval since 1910 when the great forest fires swept over the Bitter Roots and Coeur d'Alenes, not a vestige of vegetation has appeared in all of these thousands of acres of barrenness, with the exception of a peculiar sort of weed known locally as "firewood," which in the late summer turns to a dull red and is quite grotesquely fitted to its fire seared surroundings. It would take hundreds, or even thousands of years for this country to become completely reforested again, therefore the Forestry Service has set about accomplishing this difficult task.

The first attempt at reforesting this burned over country was in the nature of an experiment. Pine cones were planted as well as some hardwood seed, but this was not quite satisfactory, so a Government nursery was established at Haugan, Montana. Here the trees or plants are now being propagated on an extensive scale, in fact, they are literally producing billions of them. The past three years has seen planting on a large scale in both Idaho and Montana. The kind of trees that are being used are white and yellow pine, although considerable hardwood has been used in the vicinity of Avery, Idaho. The higher altitudes, however, are devoted exclusively to pine. This past summer the writer accompanied a crew of men in

the vicinity of Adair, Idaho, where the planting was done on the divide between Idaho and Montana, at an elevation estimated at about five thousand feet.

A camp was established two miles from the railroad and the supplies were packed in on mules. The planting season here is very short, in the fall, usually lasting about twenty-one days. This is due to the extreme lateness of the rains and to the early snows. The latter part of October invariably finds the ground covered with from four to six inches of snow. More can be accomplished in the spring, but the dry summers are hard on the young trees, therefore the fall plantings are considered best. The trees are placed in the ground about seven feet apart and a man can plant eight hundred in eight hours. A line-man usually goes ahead with a surveyor's instrument to start with, and the crew follows. Each man is equipped with a short-handled hoe and a pack of trees slung over his back. The trees are small, usually two years old and from six to eight inches in length and as a man exhausts his pack he is supplied in turn by packers who carry the trees from camp.

We started in at the bottom of a canyon, elevation about 4500 feet, and worked up a steep slope to the top of a ridge which was over 5000 feet. Here we eat lunch which had been packed out to us and then we planted down the other side of the ridge into another canyon and thence again up the opposite side. Naturally one would think this very slow work, however, it all depends. A large crew is the essential thing, and although the season be short, a considerable amount of planting can be accomplished before snow flies.

At present there are several thousand acres planted in Idaho and Montana. This is exceedingly good, considering that the work has barely passed the experimental stage. Next year will see camos established in a dozen different places and a large acreage will be planted.

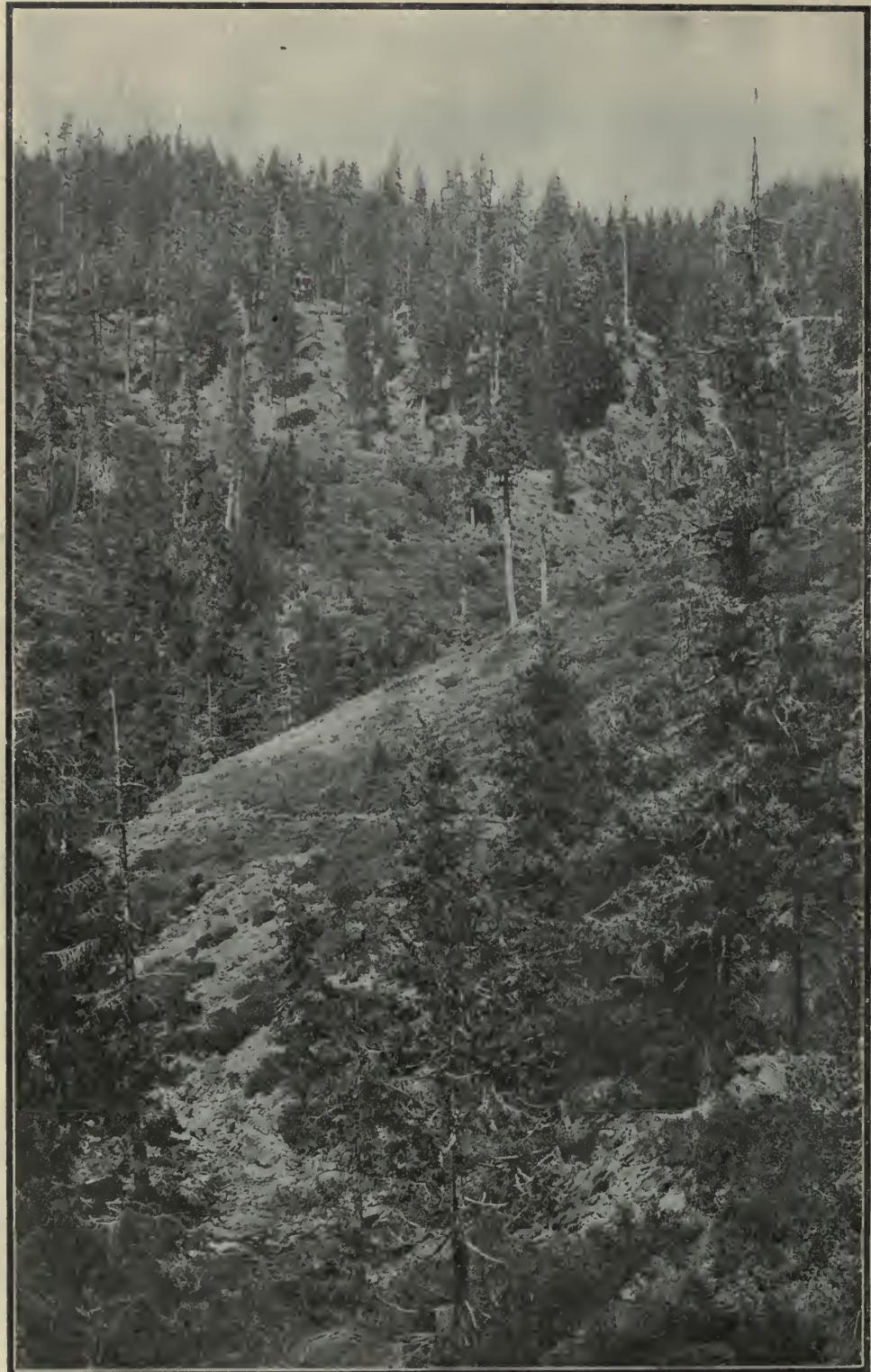
Before I proceed further, I would like to enlighten some of my readers as to the cause of forest fires. Here, also, I gathered first hand information on this subject. People, in general, including myself, attributed the origin of these disasterous conflagrations to either camp fires along the lakes and rivers, or sparks from locomotives, also, certain other causes such as incendiarism. Such, however, is not the case. It is true there are instances where fires have started in this way, but all of the large fires have sprung up as if spontaneously, and in a dozen different places at once. The forest ranger will tell you it is lightning. It must be remembered that a great portion of the heavily timbered areas of the West lie at a considerable elevation, or practically in the clouds, therefore during an electrical storm, and especially such a one as I experienced, it is a very easy matter for lightning to start a fire.

The thunder storm of which I speak was anything but a tame affair, as compared to a thunder storm in the lower altitudes. Literally speaking, I could reach out through the flap of the tent and shake hands with the lightning. Incidentally I want it known right here that the next time I go up in the Bitter Root Mountains, I am going well insulated with a non-conductor around my neck. Any gentleman can be a boon companion of mine who has ways and means of thwarting a streak of lightning, I will not except even the lightning rod agent.

Well, to get back to the subject, six hours after the storm abated, from the top of a high ridge we counted three fires in our immediate vicinity. This was not such a bad record either considering that this was a burned over country and nothing left except occasionally a tall blackened stub. I imagine the rangers and lookouts are a pretty busy bunch of men after a storm of this kind, but with their fire trails and telephone systems, they get the fires quickly under control now as compared with a few years ago, when a fire got such a start there was no get-



Forest Fire Raging in the Coeur d'Alenes.



A New Forest of Young Trees.



Top—All that was Left After a Big Fire.
Bottom—Cutting Out a Trail for Ready Access in Case of Fire.

ting it out until it eventually burned out of its own accord.

All of the work now being done in this district by the Forestry Service is self-sustaining as the cost is all borne by the proceeds of timber sales on the several reserves. The St. Joe district alone markets millions of feet of timber annually, and there is already a large surplus of funds on hand to carry out the work. Not only is the tree planting carried on by the sales of timber, but the fire patrols and lookouts, fire fighters, extensive trail and telephone systems are all maintained and the cost is all borne by the sales of merchantable timber.

Another source of income is derived from the grazing privileges. Adjacent to the streams and rivers, are long chains of meadows and here are

found large herds of cattle and sheep which are brought in from the ranches and pastured all summer. One rancher alone had eight thousand sheep grazing on the St. Joe Reserve the past season. There were probably a score of others with flocks equally as large on the different reserves.

So it is to be seen that the Government is not out one cent for all of this work necessary for the maintainance of the Forest Reserves as well as re-foresting the burned-over areas. As a debt to posterity we sincerely hope to see this great institution held intact and passed along from generation to generation, and the appreciations of those who are to live after us may possibly be greater than any of our faithful forestry officials of the present day can predict.

In the Realm of Bookland

The Path on the Rainbow.

This is the pretty and suggestive name of a book of Indian verse, or rather of songs and chants. The Indian sings or chants his lyrics and the only means they have used to perpetuate them has been by word of mouth, and thus they have been handed down for generations in increasing volume.

The interpreters of this unique collection have presented the true spirit, the color, the thought and emotion of these old and new singers, for the songs include both the past and the present. Bred in the great outdoors, on mountain or desert, on the coast or by the streams, each in his various environment their myth-making and song-gift began. From a few words, a line or two, each one grew, until it swelled out into the completed song, the story of power or passion of love or supplication. Because they knew and loved the mighty majesty and passion of their mountains, they sang of them. They read the legend of the clouds

and beheld the God of Dawn, and chanted of it. They knew the solitary grandeur of the desert, its death and its mysteries; its life saving springs and so they defied and chanted to the giver of rain.

"From the Rain-Mount
Rain-Mount far away
Comes the rain with me."

When gentleness came to the heart of the bard he sang of love, as for example this:

Shoshone Love Song—

Neither spirit nor bird
That was my flute you heard,
Last night by the river.
When you came with your Wicker Jar
Where the river drags the willows
That was my flute you heard
Wacoba, Wacoba,
Calling, "come to the willows."

Neither the wind nor a bird
Rustled the lupin blooms,
That was my blood you heard
Answer your garment's hem
Whispering through the grasses;

That was my blood you heard
By the Wild Rose under the willow.

That was no beast that stirred
That was my heart you heard
Racing to and fro
In the ambush of my desire
To the music my flute let fall
Wacoba, Wacoba.
That was my heart you heard,
Leaping under the willows.

The book is edited by George W. Cronyn, with an introduction by Mary Austin.

The Path on the Rainbow—Boni & Liversight, New York. Cloth; 347 pp. 12 mo.

Theme Advertising.

Out of a belief that great as advertising now is its future possibilities are limitless, Martin V. Kelley, has written *Theme Advertising*, a little treatise on the most effective basis for advertising. As the manager of a large advertising agency, Mr. Kelley is well equipped to blaze a new trail in its development. He knows his subject, he knows the people and the most effective way of reaching them. *Theme Advertising* is built upon one central subject: Object, Devise or "Theme," as he terms it, which is featured and contained in every advertisement you use. Says Mr. Kelley, "*Theme Advertising*" associates every advertisement with its predecessor. Repetition makes advertising reputation! He believes that, however you vary your presentation you must talk that one central thing perpetually, and you will have the world with you.

We all know in the publicity propaganda which the Government inaugurated, how compelling was the poster of Uncle Sam, "I Want You."

"*Theme Advertising*"—The Caslion Press, Toledo, Ohio; 55 pages.

"Humanity or Hate! Which?"

This is a volume of German and French War Songs translated by Harvey Carson Grumbine. The songs are prefaced by a discussion of the

German God and the French God, by the author. This collection of poems is designed to be representative of the very fiber and being of the soul-life of the two nations. War Songs have been sung to the Germans from their cradle, till they have grown to worship God of Power, and their souls have become dwarfed and shriveled.

Hate seems to be their dominant factor. This hate is not peculiar to the ex-Kaiser and his gray legions; it permeates the entire civil population of the empire. It finds expression in a poem letter of a German mother who sent her son to fight the Russians:

"Each day brings here my son a train
of Russian brutes

They bend their humpish forms with
low and sullen groans.
As in the villages they go as raw re-
cruits,
Bearing burdens heavy enough to
crush their bones.

Their sombre visages peer out from
prison bars

I hate them: for they are the authors
of our woes.

So spare them not, but slay; the blood-
iest of wars

Must mow them down in droves
What men! What beasts! What foes!

The letter ended with maternal tender-
ness.

A Russian found it folded in a dead
man's vest.

He sent the spiteful letter back to her
address.

But as a glow of pity warmed his sav-
age breast,

He quick bethought himself and ad-
ded this in Prussian:

"Mother your son is dead. I pity you
—A Russian."

In marked contrast are the songs to the French God. In them humanity takes the place of hate and the French soul is full of that divine mercy and peace that passes understanding.

"Thus France believing sings the
Universal Christ,

Freely, lovingly, the Gospel of Him
the Sacrificed."

And again:

"Humanity, my son, by many a dev-
ious route
Confusedly dreams on, despite de-
spair and doubt
Of peace the marvelous, and love its
wondrous crown.
And though at times her hope is dead
and trampled down.
The loss is not the end, but only for
an hour,
The dream that is no more shall live
again in power.
A mark, a boundary, a fixed though
fleeting thing—
For where the future is the past ex-
tends its wing
Without the dream ideal man runs his
little course.
A dynamo of flesh charged with a lit-
tle force.
Having no other aim to guide his
transient flight.
Than that which satisfies his thirst
and appetite.
Until some sweetest joy makes all his
spirit yearn
And then behold the skies with beauty
shine and burn
Because within himself there glows of
love the gleam,
Because within his heart awakes his
first sweet dream.
A star within the sky more beautiful
and vast
Proclaims the dear ideal of the en-
thusiast.
And all men lift their head and cry:
All hail! All hail!
It is the meek that conquer, the gentle
that prevail."

In France's own words and what can
be more fitting. "No more War and
Peace shall rule over the earth even
as in Heaven."

Humanity or Hate, Which." The
Cornhill Company, Boston. (Cloth
ornamented); 12 mo., 129 pages—
\$1.40.

Encyclopedia of California Biography.

Professor Rockwell D. Hunt, Presi-
dent of the Historical Society of
Southern California and Head of the
Department of Economics in the Uni-
versity of Southern California, has
been selected as Editor-in-Chief of the
Encyclopedia of California Biography,
projected by the California History
Company. This will be a comprehen-
sive and authoritative work in a series
of volumes, the first issue to consist of
two volumes of suitable proportions.

Doctor Hunt, himself a native son
of California, has become well known
throughout the state as the author of
"California the Golden" and other
publications, and as the teacher of
hundreds of students of U. S. C., and
other institutions in Pacific Slope His-
tory. He has been a frequent con-
tributor to the Overland Monthly.
Among the members of the Advisory
Board to be associated with the Editor
in this important project are to be
found some of the best authorities in
California history and letters.

That there is a distinct field for a
great constructive work of this kind
admits of no doubt; and it is likewise
clear that the present moment is most
auspicious for the undertaking, as
California enters upon a splendid new
epoch in her history.



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Issued Monthly. \$1.20 per year in advance. Ten cents per copy. Back numbers not over three months old, 25 cents per copy. Over three months old, 50 cts. each. Postage: To Canada, 3 cts.; Foreign, 5 cts.

Copyrighted, 1919, by the Overland Monthly Company.

Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Post-office as second-class matter.

Published by the OVERLAND MONTHLY COMPANY, San Francisco, California.

259 MINNA STREET.



Portrait of a Young Woman—Photo by W. E. Dassonville.



Algerian Slave, Paris Salon '08—Painted by Lucile Joulin.



Bridesmaid Roses—Painted by Sarah Bender de Wolfe.



Top—A Wash Day in Panama. Bottom—Building Boats.



The Unknown Panama

By Felix J. Koch

Mr. Koch tells us of the charm, the quaintness, and langor of life in the New Panama. It is a vivid picture of the polyglot existence of the everyday folk of our Southern neighbor.—Editor.

If you have concluded, as has so many another traveler,—that the Isthmus of Panama has no especial appeal for you,—because you are hardly a student of navigation—do not know the first thing, or care a whit, about engineering,—and wouldn't know a lock from a dam, or one phase of "canalization" from another,—then reconsider—for Panama possesses, beside all these things, a side that is different from any other that you can find today in the Western world.

Panama, in short, is America's queerest polyglot—it is the Gibraltar of folk-life of the Western Hemisphere—it is, without question, the most cosmopolitan place in the West.

As result—for say a fortnight's visiting—the Isthmus of Panama is an Eden indeed.

To wake in the morning to hear the boys calling the fresh-caught iguana for sale, for use in your luncheon bouillon, or to let the silvery flute music of the scissor-grinder come through the finely-meshed screen at your window, or to have the orchids on your breakfast table and perhaps

pluck your own bananas and guavas, and then to stroll down among the shops and barter with the quaint Spanish-American is, indeed a treat!

But, after five days of that you'll have enough of it. Given years of it, as with the engineers here, and the pall is great indeed!

All the world, to such man of the Isthmus, centers of course for the time, at Panama City, the capital and metropolis of the wee republic.

Your first peep of this unique city unfolds itself almost as you leave Uncle Sam's big hotel on the heights. Governor Goethals has made this a "tipless" hotel, and newspapers are wondering that President Wilson doesn't follow suit and render "tipless" other government institutions. Uncle Sam has laid out a park here—the gentle turf sloping downhill to the city itself—and where American soil meets Panamayan, and in the quarters of the poor, there is a school for Spanish children. It is obvious that the business of the future here in Panama will be with the folk from the "States" but while the school is of boys alone—and of whites only, at that—it is conducted throughout in Spanish!

Follow the little white-clad lads from the schoolyard into the neighboring native quarter and you find streets with verandas overhanging as they do in old Madrid, and here women wash

the week's laundry out under the trees while little sons play about, nude as Adam, and daughters loiter—wearing just a calico slip!

Children are numerous, and the "animated chocolate-drops" fairly get in one's way. In other places, the older women hoist water from old-

With the handy *machete* they split the rind and bring out the nut. Then, with the pocket-knife—from some Yankee trader—they plug one of the three "eyes" at the end of the nut (one of the three is always softer than the others), and drink the luke-warm, refreshing milk. After that they devour



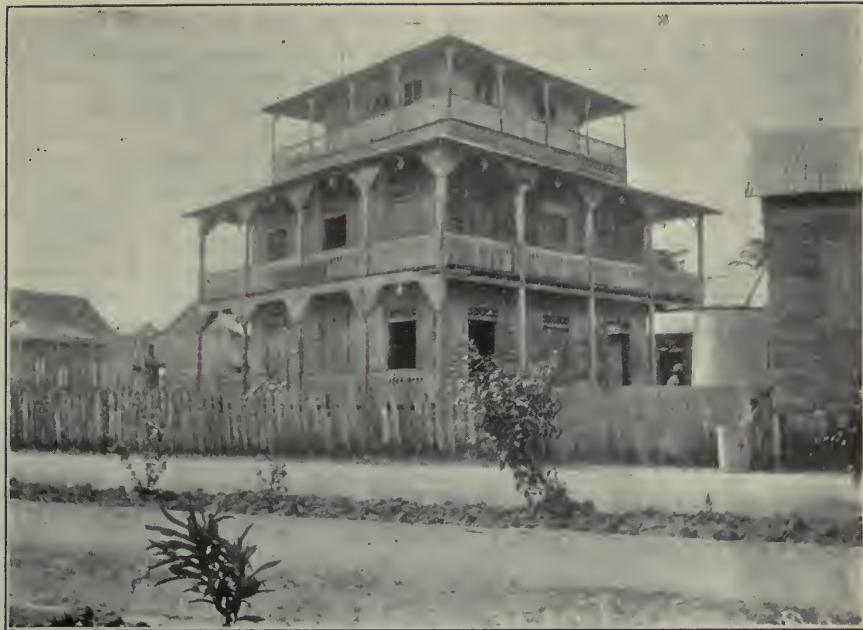
The Calvare—Almerante.

fashioned wells, out under the palm trees, carrying the pail on the shoulder to the house for diverse uses.

Not a courtyard so poor, so lowly, however, but does not support its cocoa-nut palm or two. Up these the dusky native boys "shinny" to get the great, green-hulled fruit, on demand.

the fruit and, be you ever so hungry or thirsty, your appetite is quenched. This ease of satisfying the prime demands of life accounts, of course, for the lack of incentive to work—the laziness and idleness of the Panamayan!

Wander farther away still from the Escuela Publica, out of sight of the



Old Style Buildings of the Isthmus.

big park and the *Tivoli* on the heights and in among the palms, and you will meet little boys coming to school still chatting in Spanish. They wear slippers but not stockings, and suits of

light wear, with quaint straw hats and ties. Some of these children are very black, others are brown, all have soft, gentle voices.

Here in the old quarter are the



The Catacombs—Panama.

shops—interesting to tour—pitiful to rely on. Drugstores—or *Boticas*—dark, measly places, make one wonder what percentage of germs and grime are added to each perscription. Odd little fruit shops neighbor them; shops with a very diminutive tomato wrapped in bark and seeming like so much candy. Also, shops of oranges and what seem green bananas, the plantain, of course. Here, too, are the little brown naked children, scrambling all over the wares.

Off to one side opens the saloon

mind the drivers' cries in far-away, equally crowded Gibraltar. High above the city a flock of buzzards hover—these the scavengers of the place.

You turn from peering high up at these to the little shops in which the famous "Panama hats" are sold. Hats can be had in price from \$5.00 up,—gold money always. All American money down here is "gold," be it paper, or copper, or nickel, or silver, and all the Panamayan money is "silver." Whatever its denomination,



A Bed of the Atlantic Seaboard.

area. Women operate these saloons, a buxom *duenna* to each, and they do a land-office business, for their little lane forms a "short-cut" across the arc formed by the long main street of Panama. Street cars are unknown, but, in their stead, there are "hacks" innumerable. Traffic costs but ten cents the head from any one point in town, and so every one, even to the poorest negro, rides in the *landau*. Each vehicle has its bells, clanging wildly for passage, and bringing to

the "silver" money is worth just one-half that amount in gold. In other words, the shopkeeper may ask you "\$8.00 for a hat." If you aren't familiar with the ways of Panama, and not with the cost of hats, you lay down eight American dollars and depart—leaving him rejoicing! But Jack Roosa, canal builder, knows what is meant, and, instead, lays down four American silver dollars, or eight big Panamayan dollars, and get the same hat, at much profit to the dealer!

Panama has another famous product for which she is world renowned, and of which specimens are to be had in these shops; this is the native lace and embroidery, often made in the rear of the shop itself. The wares will range in value from five cents the yard, on up.

Throughout this heart of the business district, step behind the little store and you are in a quaint, interesting courtyard. One great establishment is known as *The Devil*, and

fore the railway came, men had to cross the Isthmus on donkeys; the fever and pestilence from which they suffered; of the heat, and of how mules stumbled to destruction on the trails, and how guides would *renig* and hold one up, and how, now and then, outlaw bands swept down and boldly murdered the traveler! There's a more modern station not far distant and, in this, even souvenir post-cards may be had.

And then your first evenings in Panama! Oh, how you envy the lucky



Overhung Walks—Panama City.

American girls, having bought hats in this, are wont to make a bee-line to the Devil's backyard to have snapshots taken of themselves among the palm trees.

Wander off to another section of Panama City and the old *depot* recalls memories of your readings of childhood. Built of stone, now gray with age, the depot is a survival of the days, almost of the '49ers. It brings to mind the wondrous tales of how, be-

folk destined to spend days and weeks and months here! How you look back, even now, to watching the Sunday drawing of the lottery; the Sunday afternoon at the cock-fight; the Sunday evening drive to deserted "Old Panama"—America's proudest city, in its day; but wrecked by Morgan, the buccaneer, and since given over to the jungle!

But, most of all, you remember the stroll, in the balm of an evening, when



The Chagres River—Panama—From a Painting by Norton Bush.

back home, the sleet may be freezing the windowpanes and the mercury falling below zero!

Don't forget that familiarity breeds contempt and that 365 nights of this—no more and no less—takes the ro-



Bridge of Difficulties on the Early Panama Railroad—From an Old Print.

mance out of the picture. To you there lingers the music of the gongs, of the cheap *landau*, of the cheapest carriage rides you have ever experienced! You remarked at the time how small your steed and how every one turned to the left. Out on the verandas, out over the coach, the Spanish girls are sitting among the oleanders, and their musical chatter floats down, even above the clang of the bells.

Cafes are numerous—and the towns-folk patronize. Basically there is here again, a long line of saloons, one next the other, but each joining the other at a sort of curve of wall, so that in the arc of the curve there is room for a few tables and chairs. While you sip the fiery drink of the Tropics, youths and men of almost middle age go by, twanging their mandolins and strange guitars. White trousers, throw the black skins of these negroes in relief, their hair, brushed immaculately, and their Sunday hats, give them an indefinite neatness.

Out in the distance there rises a bridge, leading to the more congested sections. Sooner or later, of an evening's walk, every one rambles here.

Cheaper homes, with balconies over the walk and shallow shops on the ground floor, are the rule in this section. Chinamen are the prime shop-keepers here; negroes tenant most of the houses. Long strings of the iguana—eggs are looped for use on the door-sides; melons are stacked high upon the porches. There's an auction in progress at one place on the street and it attracts its crowds.

Somehow, there's a certain crowding—a certain underlying air of dirt and sloth and chance of disease, that makes you want to leave before so very long. You are glad to have come and to have seen; but you rather prefer to continue your drive to the heights and out to the open. The number of drives here is limited—thanks to the absence of highways—and they soon get to be an old, old tale!



Railroading in the Tropics of Panama.

So with the other amusements, the pleasures, the variants of life in Panama.

By and by, residence there, comes to mean a sort of exile from the good things of earth!

Men—men of culture, in particular—want to get away; get back home, and it isn't every one, indeed, who would relish a long term job, even with pay of the best, here on the wee strip of Zone at the Isthmus.



Mrs. Elizabeth Hannah Benson—a Descendant of Oliver Cromwell—and a Spinner of Yarn on a Century Old Spinning Wheel—This Rivals the Finest Machine Spun Product.—Photo by James & Merrihew.

The Lady of the Spinning Wheel

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

These interesting sketches demonstrate the fact that hand spinning is not a lost art, but vital and helpful today.—Editor.

MRS. ELIZABETH H. BENSON of Seattle, who is seventy-five years old, recently used an old spinning wheel which has been in her family for a century, to spin yarn for the making of socks and mittens, for the great-grandchild—the fifth of her generation.

Mrs. Benson, nee Elizabeth Hannah Sadler,—the spinner, and present owner of the wheel, was born on Swan's Island,—over three-quarters of a century ago and is a charming woman, bearing her years lightly. She is one of eight children, and the mother of nine. She was married to Freeland Howe Benson in 1860, and removed, with her family to Eastern Washington Territory, thirty-four years ago, finally taking up residence in Seattle. Eight years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Benson, accompanied by their eldest son, went back to Maine, to celebrate their golden wedding.

At the festivities were present all of the eight brothers and sisters, who had attended the wedding fifty years previously. A year after the celebration of their golden wedding anniversary, Mr. Benson passed away. He was one of the last real sons of an American Revolutionary soldier. Mrs. Benson, on her mother's side is descended from Oliver Cromwell. She has living, three sons, one daughter, seven grandchildren, and five great grandchildren; all of whom reside in Washington state.

Mrs. Benson, learned to manipulate the old spinning wheel, which has

been in the Sadler-Benson family over a hundred years, when she was a slip of a girl. Last year, her son, E. F. Benson, who is State Commissioner of Agriculture, had the old spinning wheel sent out to Seattle, from Maine, that his mother might show to the younger generation how the clothes of the older ones were made, and the part which "the mothers in the home," had to play in their construction.

Last September Mrs. Benson spun yafn from wool, which grew on sheep belonging to her son, E. F. Benson, and carded it into rolls on old-fashioned hand cards. After carding this wool into rolls, she spun it into yarn on the old family wheel at the State Fair in Yakima, and during that week knitted three pairs of soldiers' socks while she rested. This year she will again be at the State Fair, in the Red Cross booth, demonstrating the primitive methods she learned over sixty years ago, on a wheel that has spun for five generations, and is still rife with usefulness.

Mrs. Benson is an expert knitter, and sews with exquisite daintiness. Her yarn is as fine as machine made yarn, so evenly does she spin, and she never wearies of the task which she had made a delight.

She is demonstrating "even unto the fifth generation," that spinning on a wheel, is by no means a lost art.

Another Washington woman who has done her "bit" is Grandmother Hegg.

Sedro Woolley, Washington, has a flock of sheep owned by "Grandmother" Hegg, that has contributed more toward the comfort of Uncle Sam's boys, than any other one flock



Mrs. Ella Wolf Carding Wool—"Grandmother" Hegg Spinning Yarn, and Miss Cora Hegg Knitting the Home Spun Yarn into a Sweater.

in this part of the country. Since America's entry into the world war, this flock has furnished more than four hundred sweaters, and fourteen hundred socks, to the American Red Cross, to be sent to the fighting boys of the U. S. A. From the time of the clipping of the wool from the backs of these sheep, this wool has been cared for by Mrs. Ella Wolf, wife of Drill-master Wolf, "Grandmother" Hegg, and her daughter, Miss Cora Hegg. The wool has been carded by Mrs. Wolf—spun by "Grandmother" Hegg—and knitted into socks and sweaters by Miss Cora Hegg. "Grandmother" Hegg remembers when all wool was spun by hand. Then each family had its own spinning wheel, and the wool

was spun in the home for the families' use. So it is just natural for her to spin the wool, and she is not vexed over the question of "lightweight" or heavy wool—she merely spins it to suit her needs. Her daughter, Miss Cora, though an expert knitter, was obliged to enlist the services of other members of the family, as well as those of Mrs. Wolf, in the accomplishment of the task of knitting over eighteen hundred articles.

The art of spinning, learned of necessity by "Grandmother" Hegg in her youth, has done much to aid Uncle Sam's fighting boys—and the flock of sheep which she owns, has contributed warmth to these lads, many of whom hailed from Sedro Woolley.



The Marine Gardens of Barbados

By Dayton Stoner

The following article depicts in a very interesting way the Zoological expedition of the University of Iowa to the Barbados Islands in the South Atlantic, in search of Marine fauna. It also shows the charm of native life there.—Editor.

ON Monday, January 22, 1917, one of the coldest days of the year, thirteen members of the staff of the Department of Zoology sat down to luncheon at the Berkley Hotel. The purpose of this gathering was to talk over and plan for the prospective trip to the West Indies, which later was known as the Barbados-Antigua Expedition.

It had been almost twenty-five years since a marine collecting expedition of any magnitude had left the State University, and in response to a request by the members of the Zoology Club, that a similar collecting trip be planned, Professor Nutting, the logical leader of such an expedition, began to consider the matter seriously and to get the machinery of organization under way.

A fortnight after the luncheon, sufficient progress had been made so that an executive committee was formed, and this body proceeded immediately to select the chairmen of six sub-committees in order that work should proceed with more facility. The following committees were named: Committee on laboratory and its equipment, committee on quarters, committee on transportation, committee on apparatus and collecting equipment, committee on care of collections, and committee on commissary. On February 15, the personnel of the various committees was completed and their

duties officially began, not to cease until almost eighteen months later.

Preliminary preparations and arrangements were enthusiastically entered into. Much correspondence was necessary in order to come in touch with the proper authorities; maps and charts of various prospective places were secured and studied; books on the West Indies and the tropics suddenly became much in demand, and the dust-covered geographies of our grammar school days were surreptitiously taken down from the attic and scanned. But progress was being made and meetings were held from time to time at which reports of the various committees were read and discussed. Much interest and enthusiasm prevailed.

Early in the course of our preparations we received the good news that aid and encouragement could be expected from the Graduate College of the University, and matters now shaped themselves so definitely that Professor Nutting decided to make a reconnaissance trip to the West Indies in the summer of 1917. As later developments showed, this was an extremely wise precaution and the expedition could not have been carried through to a successful termination without this preliminary survey of the collecting grounds and the actual personal contact with certain officials.

In the late summer, the further cheering news reached us that the Colonial governments at both Barbados and Antigua, which islands had finally been chosen as our bases of operation, would place at our disposal suitable living and laboratory quarters and would also admit our equipment free of duty. Additional aid was of-

ferred by the Quebec Steamship Company in the way of special rates and accommodations and the very generous concession of shipping all our equipment as baggage, was also granted.

With the autumn of 1917, plans began to mature and definite arrangements concerning certain matters were made. War conditions more than once placed seemingly unsurmountable obstacles in the path and hindered progress. However, as the new year approached, the year in which these preparations of the past twelve months were to be put to the test, certain developments made it imperative that the personnel of the expedition be determined definitely. Through the medium of the press, the proposed expedition had received a certain amount of publicity, and applications for membership in the party had been received from a considerable number of persons, some actually interested, others merely curious. The nineteen individuals finally making up the party were as follows: Professor and Mrs. C. C. Nutting and sons, Willis and Carl; Professor and Mrs. A. O. Thomas; Dr. and Mrs. T. T. Job; Hon. John B. Henderson, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. W. K. Fisher, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University; Misses Mullin and Van Wagenen of the University, and Sykes of Los Angeles, California; Messrs. Wehman and Ensign of the University, and Ricker of Des Moines; Captain Sidney Greenlaw, of Miami, Florida; and Mr. and Mrs. Dayton Stoner.

It was, however, probably not until the latter part of March, 1918, when the first assessment was levied and a portion of our steamer fare advanced, that most of the party grasped the reality of the situation. Already we could feel the balmy tropical zephyrs tempering the chill March air. But from this time on to the day of departure every one was busy. Passports were secured, collecting chests, laboratory equipment, preserving fluids, containers and other paraphernalia necessary to the prosecution of a well

organized zoological collecting expedition were ordered; the ever-present correspondence with officials of the steamship company, the Colonial government and our own Federal government officers, as well as many other details, occupied all the spare time of the Director and members, practically every one of whom acted on at least one committee.

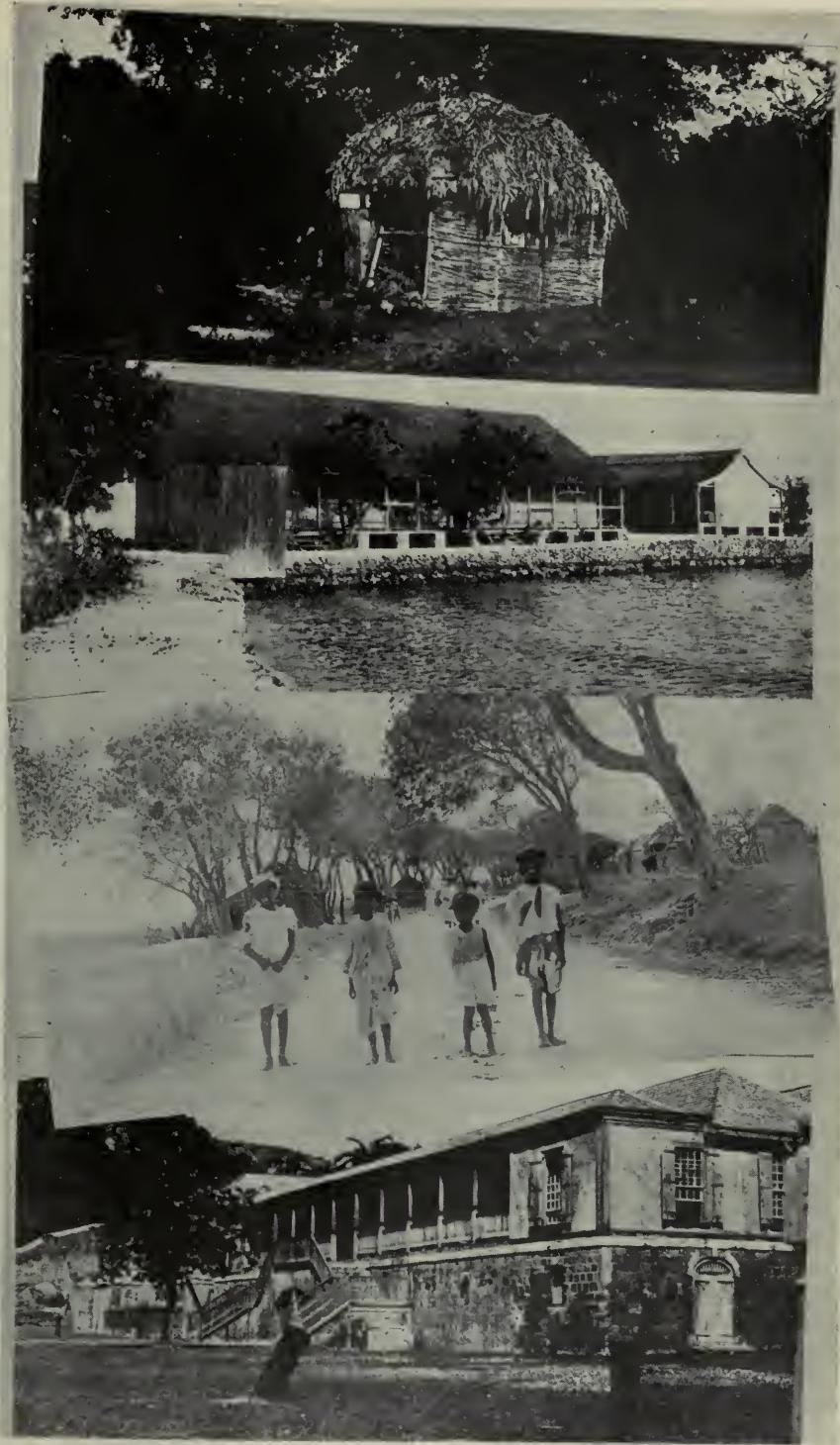
Arrangements were made for the members of the party who were on the instructional staff to be relieved from the regular routine work for the remainder of the school year.

On Tuesday, April 23, at 10:55 A. M., the Barbados-Antigua Expedition was formally begun when the party boarded the train for New York. En route, a most pleasant and profitable half-day was spent at the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh with Dr. W. J. Holland doing the honor.

From the time that we arrived in New York, on April 25, until the time of sailing, nearly every one was busy attending to passports, looking after shipment of baggage, sending last messages home, and making sure that every possible contingency was taken care of properly. At 2:30 P. M., on April 27, we boarded the Quebec steamship "Guiana" and when the boat left the dock, just an hour later, we felt that at last the Barbados-Antigua Expedition was a reality.

The next morning most of us wished it were not so real. During the night we ran into a rather heavy squall, almost a gale in fact, which continued for the greater part of the following day, with a resulting heavy swell and was accompanied, on the part of all but a favored few, by the unmistakable signs of seasickness. However, on the 29th the weather cleared and our voyage from that time on was most pleasant.

The "Guiana" is the largest of the Quebec Steamship Company's three vessels, which now ply between the United States and the West Indies. She is a combination passenger and freight boat of 7300 tons, with a total length of 345 feet and a speed of eleven



Reading from Top to Bottom.—Native Bamboo Hut, English Harbor Antigua, B. W. I.—One of the Quarantine Station Buildings at Pelican Island, near Bridgetown, Barbados, B. W. I. This Building was Used by Our Party as a Zoological Laboratory.—Native Children Posing for Their Pictures to be Taken.—Old Stone Building, Constructed in 1876, and Used as a Quarters Building for the Party, Dockyards, English Harbor, Antigua.

knots per hour; she carries a crew of 66 men. The cabins are clean and comfortable, though small, and the ample deck space affords good opportunity for exercise during a sea voyage. Owing to the submarine menace, the vessel was painted a dull gray color and she ran at night without lights of any kind.

On the last day of April, three days out from New York, we had already begun to experience new conditions and sensations. The weather was markedly balmier, and that undescribable deep, ultramarine blue of the tropical seas was now to be observed. Porpoises and flying fish, the latter in great numbers, appeared all around the boat. Petrels followed the vessel for miles. Now and then a man-o'-war bird or a tropic bird appeared, and considerable excitement was provoked upon discovery of the first Portuguese man-o'-war. Great quantities of yellow sargassum weed floated by and some of the more enthusiastic collectors of the party begged or borrowed hooks and lines and secured some of the weed. When the fragments were examined they were found to harbor considerable numbers and some variety of hydroids, crustaceans, bryozoa, etc. Some of this material was preserved for future study. The evenings were whiled away with music and song, with now and then an exclamation of happy surprise from some one who had observed an unusually good example of phosphorescence in the water.

On the morning of May 3rd, six days after leaving New York, we sighted the Island of St. Thomas which, with the nearby islands of St. Johns and St. Croix, compose the United States Virgin Islands recently purchased from Denmark for \$25,000,000. A little later, the red-roofed houses of Charlotte Amalia, with the low mountains in the distance, came into view: and as we drew nearer we could distinguish some of the principal buildings, among them the famous Bluebeard's and Blackbeard's castles.

The former we were privileged to visit through the kindness of the owner, Dr. Nies, who had been one of our fellow-passengers from New York. Soon the ship was docked, the harbor here being sufficiently deep to permit large boats to come up to the wharf. This was the notable exception among all the islands that we visited; in most of the harbors the water is so shallow that boats can not come close in, but must anchor out from a few hundred yards as to much as three miles, the passengers and freight being carried in by small boats and lighters.

After spending a few hours at St. Thomas we were again under way, stopping briefly, in regular sequence at the following islands: St. Croix, the largest of the Virgin Islands; St. Kitts, where we visited the botanic gardens; Antigua, to which island we were to return in a few weeks; the French Island Guadeloupe; Dominica, with its superb botanic gardens; another French island, Martinique, where the captain of the "Guiana" accommodatingly ran the vessel close in to shore so that a better view of the famous Mount Pelee and the ruined city of St. Pierre might be obtained. Then on to St. Lucia, with its almost land locked harbor at Castries, arriving at our final destination, Carlisle Bay, Barbados, early in the morning of May 9, twelve days out from New York.

Immediately after early "coffee," our eighty-one boxes, trunks, crates, etc., were loaded into a lighter and transported to Pelican Island which was to serve as our base of operations while at Barbados. A police official was present to check up our baggage and to see that the native helpers handled it properly. Most of the party soon arrived from the steamer in small boats and during the following two days all were busy unpacking, arranging quarters and laboratory, and preparing equipment for work.

Pelican Island is a low bit of loose coral sand two hundred yards off shore, southwest of Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados. It is about one

hundred yards long, by forty in width. On it are located only the several buildings of the government quarantine station which, however, has not been used as such for many years. The three most commodious of these buildings were generously placed at our disposal by the Colonial government.

Two rooms in the center of the largest building which is about 120 by 32 feet, served as a dining room; on either side of this were the living quarters for the ladies and married people. A kitchen and servants' quarters were established in the rear. The unattached men occupied quarters in a similar, but smaller building a few yards away. A photographer's dark room was fitted up in a small building between the two main structures.

For use in completely isolating certain classes of patients during the time that the buildings were put to their intended use, a huge stone wall had been constructed entirely across the small island thus dividing its area into two almost equal parts which communicate with each other by a gateway. Not being afflicted with smallpox or yellow fever, we were free to come and go as we chose.

The largest building on the side of the wall opposite the quarters was selected for a laboratory. The main room which faced the sea and was but twenty feet from it, was seventy-five feet long, well lighted by numerous windows and fitted with benches and tables. Although lacking in some details, when the equipment that we had brought was installed, it suited our purpose admirably.

The principal reason for which we had made this journey of three thousand miles was to find a rich, tropical, marine fauna, in a field that had been little worked and that was somewhat different in its aspect from those heretofore investigated by other expeditions from the University. We were not to be disappointed. The shores and bays, the rock ledges, the coral reefs, the small streams, the hills, the woods, even the cane fields were searched for whatever of zoological in-

terest they might yield.

The island of Barbados, which is the most easterly of the West Indian islands, is situated in latitude 13 degrees 4 minutes N and about 250 miles off the Venezuelan Coast. It is 21 miles long by 14 wide, and has an area of 166 square miles, with a population of about 200,000, nine-tenths of which is black. Bridgetown, the capital and only port is the largest city, and has a population of nearly 17,000. It is located toward the extreme southwestern part of the island.

Barbados is elevated but not mountainous, rising in a series of terraces to Mt. Hillaby, 1105 feet, the highest point on the island. The so-called Scotland district at the northwestern end of the island, is very rough and composed of sandstone, clays and foraminiferal and radiolarian marls. The remainder of the island is covered by a thick layer of calcareous coral rock composed of great coral heads similar to those now growing about the island. Roads are cut through these old reefs, the planter plows into them and buildings are constructed of stone blocks taken from them. The streams are few and small owing to the porous nature of the soil, which permits the water to percolate the coral rock, forming underground channels and wells. The climate is very healthful, the trade winds blowing constantly and freshening the atmosphere; the temperature in winter falls as low as 63 degree Fahr., and in summer rises to 90 degrees Fahr., but the average is between 75 degrees and 85 degrees. Rainfall is ample but not excessive, being ordinarily between 60 and 70 inches annually. There is essentially but one industry, one product and one export—sugar; and, indeed, the soil of the island appears to be unsuited to growth of any other product on a commercial scale.

A coast line of fifty-five miles—without the indentations which add many more—offers great possibilities in marine collecting. The windward side of the island is rough and broken but the leeward side furnishes greater

abundance of animal life. Almost the entire island is surrounded by living coral reefs which, in some places are more than two miles in width. Ways and means of securing these aquatic power dredge and 2900 feet of three-prime importance.

Probably our most efficient piece of collecting apparatus, outside of the individuals themselves, was the 25½-foot gasoline launch the use of which, with its equipment and engineer, was Mr. Henderson's generous contribution to the expedition. This launch was fitted with an eight horsepower, four-cycle Regal engine, which gave a speed of eight statute miles per hour. In addition, she was furnished with a power dredge and 2900 feet of three-sixteenths-inch wire rope.

A small boat was usually available which was either rowed or taken by tow by the launch to some promising collecting ground where hand dredges, dip nets or other methods of collecting could be employed to advantage.

The services of a native diver were also secured. This man was of fine physique and even temperament, and had more than the ordinary amount of brains characteristic of the average Barbadian negro. He was able to dive easily to a depth of from five to seven fathoms and many interesting and valuable specimens were secured by him in this way. He proved so generally useful that he was later taken along to Antigua.

In addition, the fish pots of some of the native fishermen were requisitioned and a considerable number of fish, crustaceans, etc., were taken from the deeper waters by this method.

Shore collecting proved one of the most popular and, at the same time, one of the most productive methods of collecting and probably the greatest bulk of our material was secured in this way. Sandy beaches, rocky shoals, tide pools, coral reefs, and sea walls, all were investigated and each yielded its quota of interesting forms.

Neither should the work of the conchologist, entomologist or geologist be forgotten in our discussion. Many un-

usual forms of shells and insects greeted the collector on every hand and various unique fossils and geological conditions confronted our tireless investigator in this branch of science.

Owing to the difficulty of taking ammunition through the custom house at this time and to the impossibility of securing proper equipment on the island, little collecting of birds was attempted, although a number of interesting forms occur on Barbados, five of which are indigenous. Such studies as we were able to make consisted of field observations and notes.

There are no wild animals or snakes on the island.

Unfortunately we were not accompanied by an official botanist, but notwithstanding a fair collection of plants was made.

Photographing and making motion pictures of collecting grounds, living specimens, and places of interest kept the official photographer busy early and late and his troubles never ceased.

At times the giddy round of teas, calls and other social events in which "The Americans," as we were called, were asked to participate threatened to disrupt our scientific endeavors. The hospitality of the people was unbounded; we were greeted with cordiality and good will on all hands and, in this connection, the efforts of the American Consul Mr. Livingstone, and family should receive special mention.

The scientific atmosphere of the place is maintained by the Imperial and Colonial Departments of Agriculture, the officials of which aided us in many ways.

At the expiration of five weeks in these delightful surroundings, our allotted time at Barbados had been spent and the packing of our equipment and collections began. In due time this was completed and our small retinue of servants having been more or less appeased in a financial way, our baggage was lightered to the Quebec steamship "Korona," which had just arrived in the harbor from Demerrara and was to bear us on the

second stage of our journey by water. Early in the evening of June 17 the ship weighed anchor and we started for the island of Antigua about three hundred miles to the north of Barbados.

During the following two days' cruise, which was without incident, the boat stopped for brief periods at the islands of St. Lucia, Martinique, and Dominica, in the order named, and on Wednesday, June 19, we dropped anchor in the harbor at St. John, Antigua.

On account of the shallow nature of this harbor, it is necessary for large vessels to anchor some three miles out from town. Freight and heavy baggage is taken in by lighter and a hectic government launch conveys passengers ashore.

After indulging in transportation by this means, some of our party proceeded by autos to the Dockyard at English Harbor, eleven miles from St. Johns. The Colonial government had generously granted us the use of this place during the time of our stay on the island. It was necessary for our baggage to be sent around by sloop, a distance of some eighteen miles, and a few of the more venturesome of the party chose this mode of travel, while the other members made the trip in our launch with the hand baggage.

Many events of historic interest have transpired at English Harbor, which lies on the windward side of Antigua near the southern extremity of the island. The harbor itself is an old volcanic crater with a very narrow entrance which, in the olden days, was guarded by a chain boom. It was here that Nelson refitted his ships during his pursuit of the French fleet to the West Indies in 1805. Seldom do ships now visit the place.

All about are forts, powder magazines, huge stone walls, old cannon and numerous cemeteries, reminders of the time when the spot was used as a naval station, barracks, dockyard, and arsenal.

Most of the buildings at the Dockyard are constructed of a yellowish brown stone and are two stories in

height. They are surrounded on the land side by a high stone wall and on the sea side by an extensive wharf of the same material. The first part of the Dockyard was built in 1726, but the wharves and buildings were not constructed until twenty years later. Comfortable living quarters were arranged for our party on the second floor of one of the old buildings. A well lighted, commodious, and quite satisfactory laboratory space was found on the second floor in another building adjacent to our quarters. Tables and boxes were soon arranged and work began immediately. Although the roof leaked badly in places, one or two hard rains threatening damage to our specimens, and all water that we used, both fresh and salt, had to be carried up an impossible flight of stairs, the place had one useful advantage in that it was removed from the inquisitive eyes and hands of the natives.

The island of Antigua is situated in latitude 17 degrees 6 minutes N., and is the principal island of the Leeward group of which it is the political capital. It is oval in outline, 24 miles long by about 15 wide, and has an area of 108 square miles with a population of about 36,000 made up largely of blacks. St. Johns, the capital, with a population of 10,000, is the only commercial port and lies at the head of the harbor bearing the same name. The southern and southwestern parts of Antigua, particularly in the vicinity of English Harbor, are volcanic and mountainous and covered with forests. The greatest elevation is about 1500 feet. In the north and northeast the soil is composed of calcareous marls and coarse sandstone, while the central part is flat and the soil more or less clayey.

There are no rivers and the few springs are brackish so that rain water has to be stored in cisterns and reservoirs.

The climate is fairly healthful, but extended periods of drought often visit the island and the average annual rainfall is a little less than 50

inches. However, the soil, where it can be worked at all, is fertile and retains well the small amount of moisture. As at Barbados, sugar is the principal crop, although Antigua is not under so high a state of cultivation as that island. Cotton and pineapples are produced on a small commercial scale, but the people are very poor and practically all the crops except sugar are retained for home consumption.

The coast line is much broken and we were not disappointed in finding good collecting about the bays and coves and along the beaches. However, on account of the roughness of the water outside the harbor, little work could be done with the power dredge on the launch. Shore collecting was very productive of results and the fauna here proved somewhat different from that at Barbados. The sea wall, previously mentioned, bore the greatest profusion of animal life. Here we found great numbers of a fine species of serpulid worm bearing a symmetrical crown of delicately branching tentacles, several species of interesting molluscs, among them a rare *Murex*, sea urchins, sea anemones, sea cucumbers, sea squirts and a host of other things of zoological interest.

In addition to the methods of collecting employed at Barbados, we had equipped a small electric bulb for work under water at night. When the apparatus was dropped over the stern of our small boat in the quiet waters of the bay, countless numbers of small animals were attracted by the light. In this way we obtained many species that we should otherwise probably not have taken. Ghost fish, half beaks, eels, worms and crustaceans, some of them beautifully phosphorescent, protozoa, and many other forms fell prey to our dip nets.

There are no wild animals on the island and but one species of small and harmless snake has been able to survive the bloodthirsty mongoose. Lizards abound in great numbers and some variety.

Insects were present in greater

number and variety than at Barbados, due to the fact that a smaller proportion of the land is under cultivation in Antigua. The list of Antiguan birds outnumbered that from Barbados, and the geological conditions presented more of interest and variety than those at the latter island.

But to all good things must come an end. Just four weeks after our arrival upon Antiguan soil we completed our final packing and left English Harbor with its pleasant memories, to spend the following three days in the hot little city of St. Johns awaiting the arrival of our boat.

The return trip was to be made in the Quebec steamship "Parima," a sister ship of the "Guiana." She is clean, fairly comfortable, and a very seaworthy craft although she makes but 9 to 10 knots per hour when loaded. Early in the morning of July 22 she was signalled from the station on Monks Hill, and in the late forenoon we were aboard and under way—homeward bound.

Passing in order the islands of St. Kitts and St. Thomas, at which places we stopped for brief intervals only, we arrived at San Juan, Porto Rico, on the morning of July 24. Here, while our ship was taking on a cargo of sugar, we visited various points of historical and educational interest about the quaint old Spanish city. The next morning at one o'clock we were under way, not to set foot on *terra firma* again until we reached New York, six days later.

War conditions and the submarine menace were now brought to our attention in even a more striking manner than before. In addition to the precautions taken in our going journey, three months previously, the "Parima" carried a 3-inch rifle manned by two English jackies. The lifeboats were all in readiness and swung outward on the davits. Each passenger and member of the crew was assigned to a boat and several drills were called in order to familiarize every one with the adjustment of his life belt and his position at the boat in case the dreaded

emergency arose. Fortunately it did not arise and late in the evening of July 31, we reached comparatively safe waters in New York Harbor. The next morning the boat docked and in a short time all the members of our party had passed the customs officers. Technically, the expedition proper ended at this stage and each individual from this time on pursued his own way.

This journey of more than 6500 miles has not been in vain. The collections are as ample and varied as could have been expected. Practically all the material awaits examination

and study by specialists whose reports will be published from time to time. Many valuable demonstrations and class room specimens have been secured. To all, and particularly to those of us who are teachers, the new experiences, bringing with them new ideas and enthusiasm, will be one of the most valuable assets of the entire trip. And in return, may we not hope that, at least, we have taken something of the American spirit and patriotism to the people of these far away islands and that we may hence forth be of greater service to our fellow men.

THE WESTERN BLACK PHOEBE

(*Sayornis Nigricans Semiatra.*)

Blackie came to me one day,
Blackie all alone,
Settled on a hose-pipe stay,
Hopped onto a stone,
Somersaulted in the air,
Caught a passing fly,
Seemed to think surroundings fair,
Soared up on high.

Then he flew onto my roof,
Went under the eaves,
Found that it was waterproof,
Flew among some leaves.
Next he had a friendly chat,
All he said was chip,
Found a little water vat,
Took a dainty dip.

Blackie came to me next day,
Blackie and a mate.
This time he had come to stay,
Having met his fate;
Took her underneath the eaves,
Everything serene,
Carried twigs and stems of leaves
To his little queen.

Soon they had a little nest
Underneath the tiles.
Flies were then in great request,
Taxing Blackie's wiles;
But he hunted busily
Early and quite late.
Carried food so easily
To his little mate.

After days of anxious toil
Little birds appeared.
Blackie chirped in accents royal,
As the chicks they reared.
Then, one day, they flew away,
Blackie chirped good bye.
Swallows now are holding sway
In that nest on high.

They have elongated it
For their larger size,
And with mud they've plastered it.
They have found a prize,
But they are not friendly things,
Like my little pall,
They are always on their wings,
Rarely 'light at all.

Texas Dan

By Allan George

He had come to Californy when the country still was new,
An' the rush fer gold had only jest begun;
He had come out thar from Texas with about a score or two
An' taken up a claim on Muddy Run.
He wasn't quite as han'sum as Bill Hawkes or Andy Pratt,
But he had a manly way that took with all;
An' as fer brawn an' figger—well, he beat 'em all on that,
Bein' strong, broad-shouldered, active straight an' tall.
An' when it come to shootin'—Lordy, how that cuss could shoot.
With rifle, gun or pistol he was "it."
An' when he pulled the trigger on a Injun, bird or brute
The thing he was a-aimin' at got *hit*.
He warn't much on boozin' an' he worked from sun to sun
An' seemed to us a likely sort o' man;
An' that was why we fellers welcomed him to Muddy Run
An' gave a friendly hand to Texas Dan.

Away back in the 'Fifties when the Feather River camps
Was yieldin' baits to tempt 'most any one,
Of course there came amongst us quite a lot o' thievin' scamps
An' some of them infested Muddy Run.
It didn't happen often fer we watched 'em mighty close,
But now an' then they'd tap some miner's sluice,
An' then we'd go a-gunnin' an' some robber'd get a dose
That mostly always cooked the feller's goose.
It was shortly after Texas Dan had come to Muddy Run
That thieves began to show a bolder front,
An' then we called a meetin' to decide what must be done
An' organize a monster "robber-hunt."
We put in Dan as leader, fer we knowed he'd plenty grit,
An' ev'ry man who worked a claim in camp
Was sworn to do his duty an' to never lag or quit
Till we'd rid the Run of ev'ry thievin' scamp.

One night—'twas close to midnight—when the camp was fast
asleep,
An' Texas Dan was standin' guard alone,
A band o' thieves sneaked inter camp expectin' they would reap
A harvest that some honest man had sown.
The night was dark as Egypt an' the coyotes' dismal yelp
Was the only sound that came to Texas Dan
Till all at once a yell arose—a ringin' cry for help—
An' toward the spot the fearless watcher ran.
Once more the cry came to him, but 'twas jest a smother'd
groan,
An' Dan guessed why it wasn't heard again;
So with his shooter ready he stole swiftly on alone
To fight, if need be, 'gainst a dozen men.
The cry had come from out a gulch where one lone cabin stood,
An easy spot fer robbers to invade,
An' in this hut a miner lived whose name was Orson Wood,
Who'd worked a claim we miners knew had *paid*.

'Twas common talk 'round Muddy Run that Wood had "made his pile,"

An' that he meant to leave the diggin's soon;
He'd been knocked out with rheumatiz an' ailin' quite a while

An' meant to start fer home that month—in June.

Of course Dan knew how matters was an' that the miner's dust

Had been the bait to tempt these reckless men.

An' he resolved ter block thar game, to do 'em up or bust,

An' he swooped down on the robbers there an' then.

A half a dozen rascals had sneaked in the lonely hut

An' thumped Wood good an' hard upon the head,

An' then they'd started searchin', with the door securely shut,

A-thinkin', I suppose, that he was dead.

With that guns at hand fer service if they met with a surprise,

The thieves was tearin' up the cabin floor,

When all at once thar came a crash, an' there, before thar eyes,

Stood Texas Dan, right in the open door.

"Throw up yer hands, ye varmints! I have got ye, ev'ry one!"

Shouts Dan, with shooters leveled at each head;

"The chap that moves a hand or foot or dares to lift a gun

Will get his hide pumped full o' deadly lead!"

A snarl o' rage an' fury an' a lot o' cussing, too,

Came from the darkened corner whar they stood,

An' then a robber shouted, "We don't take no bluff from you,

An' ye'd better drop them pistols an' be good!"

Then he yells out to his comrades, "Are ye scared o' Texas Dan?

Are we six men ter bow the knee ter one?

Show him we ain't curs an' cowards! Up an' at him, ev'ry man!

An' ev'ry mother's son turn loose yer gun!"

The chap who'd done the talkin', jest to set his pals the pace,

Jumped out an' made a lightnin' move ter shoot,

But before his gun could help him he fell forward on his face,

Fer Dan had plugged the boastin' big galoot.

Another robber tried it, an' when the smoke had cleared away

The feller lay thar dead near Number One;

An' the other thievin' rascals, knowin' what would be ter pay,

Gave up the game an' gave Dan ev'ry gun.

The boys had heard the shootin' and rushed in from all the camps,

An' long before the risin' of the sun.

A tree was decorated with them four misguided scamps

An' Peace had settled down on Muddy Run.

Old Orson Wood, the miner, wasn't hurt so very bad,

An' soon was 'round the diggin's as before,

An' havin' saved his money he was so tarnation glad

He wanted Dan to share his golden store.

But Texas Dan said, "No, pard; you've earned it—I have not;

You've worked fer years ter get yer little pile;

Take it home whar dear ones wait yet; let my service be fergot,

An' Texas Dan will work his claim a while."

The Remnant of a Mighty Host

By
Cora Sulton Castle



Cora Sulton Castle in her article on the passing of the buffalo, makes a strong appeal for the preservation of this noble animal to all lovers of the wild things.—Editor.

BOUND up with the story of the westward march of civilization across the American continent is the tragedy of a vanishing race. When our forefathers "moored their bark on the wild New England shore," the poet says,

"The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves'
foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest
roared;
This was their welcome home."

The native American, the Red Man, stood by at that hour and stared in astonishment at the intruder. With his primal right as "monarch of all he surveyed" he reacted to the stimulus of a Pale Face squatter in various ways. Sometimes he made friends with him; sometimes he resisted bitterly and stubbornly the intrusion.

But the result was always the same. Gradually the White Man won. He bore with him the implements of civilization and the primitive Red Man receded westward and farther westward as the modernizing forces of the intruder followed close upon his heels. Today the few American Indians that have survived the White Man's mode of living are herded together on little tracts of land dotted here and there over the vast domain that was once supremely their own. These little specks of freedom we call reservations.

Verily the old order changeth! In San Francisco's beautiful park by the Golden Gate, nine buffalo bulls are awaiting a buyer at \$125.00 per head. The herd, one of the few maintained for exhibition purposes, now numbers thirty-five, and must be reduced. Such is the dictum that has gone forth from the powers that control buffalo destiny. Let us glance backward three-quarters of a century.

In the days of Indian supremacy and magnificence there went bellowing and tramping across the continent



Buffaloes Resting in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and from Texas to the Great Slave Lake, a mighty host. In herds, estimated as large as fifteen millions, the American buffalo worked his way across the vast plains. But he, like the Indian, has vanished. Before the vanguard of American prosperity and development, the great herds gave way, and today in certain parks of the nation, little children and a small number of interested tourists peep through the wire netting at the few buffaloes that live in captivity. Vanity of vanities! All is vanity! saith the Preacher. And, in San Francisco, thirty-five are too many to be kept in one herd. Nine are awaiting buyers at \$125.00 per head!

Early writers say that seventy-five years ago the brave men and women who were wending their way laboriously westward in prairie schooners to the alluring land of the Sunset, could not sleep at night because of the bellowing and tramp, tramp, tramping of the great buffalo herds across the plains. Grazing as they marched, the great moving mass was

sometimes thirty miles in width and fifty or more miles in length. Today, nine must be sold, for thirty-five are too many to be kept together for exhibition purposes only. Verily the world moves on! Is it to make way for a better as well as newer civilization?

The Indian, gone himself today, was the buffalo's first enemy. As the reindeer supplies every need of the Laplander, so the buffalo provided well for the wants of the Red Man. The flesh served as wholesome and nourishing food; the hide for tent material, bedding and clothing. The horns were made into various useful implements. But, in time, the Indian learned from the White Man that the buffalo represented more—it meant potential wealth. The hide could be sold for money. So, while the White Man assumed more and more complete control of the vast plains west of the Mississippi the incensed Indian wreaked reckless vengeance on the buffalo herds.

Added to this, the greater ingenuity and more effective weapons of the



Old-Time Indian Method of Killing the Buffalo.—(From an old print.)

White Man enabled him to slaughter the buffaloes ruthlessly. Nothing was saved but the hides which were shipped to Eastern firms. They did not bring a large price. Hamlin Russell says that as "late as 1874, one could buy a beautiful fur robe overcoat, well made and lined with flannel, at retail clothing stores in St. Paul for ten dollars." But the millions sold represented fortunes.

The West was linked with the East by the steel rails of the Union Pacific in 1869. With this new and rapid means of transportation cutting through the center of the feeding ground, the buffalo was doomed. Early transcontinental passengers carried their Winchesters and fired at the grazing herds from car windows. Trains were sometimes inconveniently stalled by stampeding hosts ahead. But the war of destruction was rapidly waged. In five years after its completion, no buffaloes were seen south of the new railroad; and in five years more, the northern herd was well nigh extinct.

The millions of slaughtered animals left upon the plains gave rise to another industry. The winter snow and summer heat decomposed the flesh and left the whitened bones as a

chalky trail of the mighty host that had tramped the sacrificial road—an offering to the White Man's greed for gold. These bones were picked up and shipped in trainloads to Eastern sugar refineries where they were sold at prices ranging from ten to thirty dollars per ton.

The farmer turned up these bones with his plowshare; little children gathered what they could and sold them at nearby stations for a few pennies; Indians roamed the plains and collected carloads of the whitened relics. Had the Red Man paused in his gruesome work to reflect, he might have foreseen in the passing of the Monarch of the Plains a prophecy of his own extinction.

"We never miss the water till the well runs dry." After the buffalo was, to all intents and purposes, extinct, it began to dawn upon the American consciousness that a mistake had been made. Perhaps a remnant should have been saved. Of course, the fertile plains must be opened to civilization; they could not be given over to bellowing herds of buffaloes. But possibly the process of extinction had gone too far.

In 1905 a meeting was held in New York City, the outcome of which was



One of the Last Few Herds of Buffaloes in the West.

the organization of the American Bison Society. "For the express purpose of devising ways and means for the establishment of a national bison range somewhere in the Northwest which might be set apart for the preservation, by the government, of a herd of buffaloes, under the care and control of the national government."

A census of living American bison compiled by Wm. T. Hornaday showed that on January 1, 1908, there were in captivity 1116 buffaloes. In 1903, the number was 969, an increase of 147 in five years—less than thirty a year. For statistical purposes, the number running wild was negligible. The herds of millions reduced to a paltry thousand!

In his days of freedom the buffalo fed upon the nourishing tufts of grass that covered the vast plains. He hunted the salt beds and watering holes. Peered at through the netting of the wire fence in Golden Gate Park, the old Monarch, last of his race, munched away at the barley and alfalfa that supplements the grass he can find in his small enclosure, and seemed to say:

"For us, the Golden Age is past. Your grandfathers fought to make men free. Your sons fight today to the same end. But we have been robbed of our freedom. My grandfather was King of his herd and knew no restriction. I am a captive and am to be

sold for \$125.00. Why such a paltry price? Do you not know that the Canadian Government came into your own Northwest a few years ago and bought the largest private herd of buffaloes in your country, paying almost \$200,000.00 for 639 animals? Do you not regret the passing of that fine herd out of your own domain, or have you no national pride? And if the Canadian Government could pay an average price of \$300.00, I can not maintain my self respect with a valuation of \$125.00. You talk about the onward march of civilization. Even a buffalo can see that you are drifting away from the things that make American history such a thrilling romance. The Red Man was the first American. You killed or civilized him. The buffalo was nature's god-send to the Indian and the pioneer. There were millions of us. We are all gone. My grandfathers, tramping the length and breadth of your country, were as truly characteristic of early American history as were your grandfathers who landed at Plymouth Rock. And today you sell me for \$125.00 because thirty-five buffaloes are too many to be kept together in one herd for exhibition purposes. \$125.00 indeed!"

And with a loud snort he gave his shaggy head a toss and tramped off across the paddock with an air of incensed dignity that proclaimed him "every inch a King."



The Flight of Imagination

By H. A. Noureddin Addis

NO, the trouble is lack of imagination — nothing else. After all, imagination is the most human of our attributes. The one which above all others exerts an elevating and ennobling influence upon the race. Still, you would have me think that I am—that we all are, potential misers. Nonsense!" The note of exasperation was strong in Johnson's voice as he spoke. Fierce indignation, aroused by his experiences of the afternoon, still seethed within him. A close-up view of the supreme tragedy of avarice is not in itself a pleasant thing. But still less pleasing to the speaker's youthful vanity were the wordy platitudes with which his friends met his hasty deductions.

During the day Johnson — young, and in possession of a newly-acquired reporter's job together with certain more or less laudable aspirations — had been assigned to cover a death in which it was thought there might be a story. The death of an old man who for years had existed mainly upon the charity of other indigent dwellers in the tenement house where he lived. The old man's constitution, weakened and impoverished through years of systematic starvation, rendered non-combative to the ultimate degree by the impure food upon which he had attempted to nourish it, had suddenly succumbed to the cumulative effects of exposure and privation. But as he lay there dead, there were found in the pile of vermin-infested rags which served him as a bed, a few small canvas bags containing some eighteen thousand dollars in gold — the hoarded accumulations of a life time of penury and greed.

Johnson had revolted at the spec-

tacle. This concrete example of avarice as a dominant human passion nauseated him. And now again, as in relating the story he recalled the scene, the same feeling of oppression, the same overmastering desire to stand unhampered in the open air came over him. He turned to the window, and, throwing it wide open, leaned far out drinking in great gulps of the stinging winter air.

"Acquisitiveness is a natural human instinct; as natural as the instinct of curiosity, or that of pugnacity," observed Henderson quietly, noting the belligerent set of the younger man's jaw as he gazed at him profile-wise leaning out of the window. "Why is it that the small boy fills his pockets with pieces of string, bent and broken nails, and bits of glass? Has he a utilitarian motive, or even instinct? Does a possible future necessity prompt his actions? No. It is simply the operation of that innate tendency, that inherent desire for mere possession, which is the endowment of the race. He is simply the passive instrument through which are manifested the acquired characteristics of a thousand generations of struggling ancestors."

"Why bring in the boy?" cried Johnson, turning abruptly from the window and facing Henderson. "We all know those characteristics; they are inevitable to early childhood. But to compare that childish impulse with the passion which in adult life will impel a man to starve himself while he hoards up gold is carrying your argument beyond reason. I will admit the justice of your theory which makes miserliness an outgrowth of our natural acquisitiveness. But in what na-

tures does that growth take place? There, it seems to me, lies the crux of the matter."

"Why—in natures such as yours or mine," replied Henderson. "Environment is above all others the determining factor. External influences may develop any one of the natural instincts at the expense of the others."

"Granted. But I ask you again, in what natures?" persisted Johnson doggedly. Then, as Henderson hesitated, he continued: "In natures absolutely devoid of imagination—natures in which the sordid—the bestial instincts are uppermost. But first and greatest of these influences is the want of imagination. Imagination—the ability to put ourselves in the other fellow's place, places us on a plane higher than the brutes. Remember, I do not say that the man of imagination is always a good man, but it would be impossible for him to be a miser."

"Now we are gettting down to bedrock," smiled Henderson, "Why impossible?"

"Because imagination gives one such a broad outlook on life, such an insight into the mental processes of others, that to figure such a man a miser would be ridiculous—unthinkable."

"I fail to follow, your reasoning," ventured old Hastings, who had hitherto remained silent, although from the outset betraying a lively interest in the conversation. "Why not as easily the opposite conclusion? Why should not a broad outlook on life, or a deep insight into the mental processes of our fellow beings, tend in many cases to develop avarice? Is life so inevitably pleasant, or are the mental processes of our fellows so unequivocally beneficial? No. I think your reasoning is at fault there, Johnson."

These were men of large calibre, all. And while the arguments they advanced perhaps in no case evinced a psychological education of any considerable breadth or depth, sheer reasoning power they had in abundance. On Johnson's side there was no dearth

of support from those who held that the psychology of the miser was chiefly characterized by lack of imaginative power, while many others, following Henderson's lead held that mental gift to be of small determining force. But holding the opposing view that avarice and imagination are co-existent and interdependant, in fact that the former may be, and often is, solely the product of the latter, old Hastings stood alone.

Thus the argument continued, spreading as do the circles from a stone dropped into placid water, until the minds of all were aroused and alert. Old authorities were cited, first by one side then by the other. Rare volumes with dust clinging thick on their musty edges were dug out of seldom visited shelves, and brought to bear witness to the faithfulness of their quotations. Minds that rarely swerved from habitual grooves of thought were stimulated into tardy action by the discussion, and more than once sparks of sharp anger flashed, as keenly acute minds clashed in action.

At length old Hastings straightened up and moved his chair back with a rasping sound. Every eye was turned in his direction, and every tongue hushed, as, running his slim fingers through his thick white hair, the old man said: "I should like to tell you a story gentlemen—just by way of argument. A personal experience of my boyhood."

"Glad to hear your story," replied Johnson, "but I want you to please remember that it will take some convincing to change my mind."

Hastings smiled. "When I was a young man," he said, "a very young man, and very poor, I lived for some months in a cheap room on West Tenth Street, with a man named Warnock."

"He was a fine appearing young man, some years older than myself—tall, dark and handsome—but there was something in his physiognomy that always struck me as being not quite normal. Unquestionably his lips

were a trifle thin and too tightly compressed—and it may be that his deep-set eyes were somewhat close together. In his relations with others he was suspicious and secretive almost beyond belief. Even with me he was never frank—never cordial. Yet I have reason to think that in his strange, abnormal way he came to like me as much as it was possible for him to like any one.

"As a worker Warnock was indefatigable. I owe this fact to the statement of his employers, since he never by so much as a whisper betrayed the nature of his work. And while he lived I never rightly knew just what he did. Of course I soon learned that he was in the press-room of one of the great morning papers. But that he was considered a first class workman—an expert in his line—and commanded one of the highest salaries ever paid for work of that sort, I learned only after his death.

"I was a boy in those days, and earned a boy's salary, which is the only reason I ever had for taking up lodgings with Warnock in that dingy little room overlooking a squalid court. As you all know, I was never one to stint myself for sweet economy's sake. So any such procedure on my part must be occasioned by dire necessity. Yet, on the whole my life there was not unhappy, replete as it was with boyish enthusiasm and interest in every scintilla of life and passed within my range of vision. And not the least of these interests, although at the time I scarcely realized it, was Warnock.

"But the great outstanding feature of my room-mate's character was his disposition to economize in everything. He not only obviated restaurant bills by preparing his own meals, but rigidly allowance himself both as to quantity and quality of his food. My first impression was that he was forced by poverty to do this, and I accordingly pitied him as only a very young man who derives a keen enjoyment from life's little luxuries can pity those to whom such things are denied.

"One evening particularly stands out clearly in my memory. That evening for the first time I was able for an instant to pierce the shell of Warnock's reserve, and get a rather warped view of the human beneath. I remember especially that I came home feeling happy. It wanted but little then to set my youthful spirits bubbling; and something, I don't remember what, had gone unusually well with me that day. For one thing I had been presented with two theatre tickets. And when I entered the little smoke-blackened room and found Warnock preparing an egg sandwich and a cup of coffee over the little, greasy oil-stove, I walked up and slapped him on the back. (It was the first time I had taken that liberty.)

"'Come on Warny,' I said, looking into his solemn face, drawn and intent over the trivial occupation. Pour that stuff down the sink and come with me. I've got tickets to the show, and I guess I can stand you a dinner at the Frenchman's.'

"At first he refused—but I exercised my powers of persuasion, and he came. And in all my life I have never seen a man derive so much genuine, whole-hearted enjoyment from half a dollar's worth of entertainment. He smiled at everybody and everything until people looked after him in the street. He talked a streak, and toward the last was downright gay. In the course of that evening I learned for the first time that the man was actually endowed with no mean order of intelligence; and his wit, while somewhat ponderous—through inaction, no doubt—fell little short of the brilliant.

"'Oh,—if I could only live this way always,' he exclaimed as we walked home after the show. Warnock threw his head back and expanded his chest, breathing deeply of the gloriously intoxicating night air.

"'Why not?' I inquired innocently enough. 'Of course there are times, when one is not wealthy, that economy must be practiced, but one need not be a bloated millionaire to live this way.'

"'Yes,—if I thought only of myself, and the 'present,' he returned shaking his head.

"There was a tone of finality in his last speech, as though he did not wish to continue the conversation. So during the remainder of our walk home neither referred to the subject. But the conversation must have been weighing upon his mind throughout our walk, for we had scarcely arrived at home when he burst out again in the same train. He told me how his father had died when he was very young; and that his mother had married again after he was nearly grown, and had once more been left a widow. This time with several young children. If it had not been for these, Warnock said, he could have lived in comfort on the salary he was getting. But now he was compelled to stint himself without mercy in order to support his mother and young brothers and sisters.

"From that night forward, so far as I can recall, Warnock never again reverted to his family or financial affairs. But thenceforth I regarded his frugality in a very different light. Where before I had seen only grudging parsimony, I now saw a noble, self-denying generosity. Where before I had rather looked down on my room-mate as one either incapable of earning a livelihood, or too miserly to satisfy his own needs, I now honored him as being above and far removed from my own human weaknesses."

"And we are to understand that you are giving us an example of a miser with an imagination, and all that, are we? In short a perfectly human miser?" queried Johnson skeptically, as Hastings paused.

"Wait," smiled Hastings with a nod in the young man's direction, as he again took up the thread of his narrative.

"Things went on much as usual for several months. Because of my newfound respect for Warnock I repeated the dinner and theatre invitation as often as was at all consistent with my financial circumstances. There could

be no doubt as to the genuineness of my room-mate's appreciation of these little attentions. He frankly revelled in them, while I experienced no little elation and pride at thus being able to furnish a small amount of pleasure to one whose life was being sacrificed in such a worthy cause.

"Most of you men are too young to remember the great stir caused by LaCroix some fifty years ago through the discovery of the chemical Arguin. Arguin was a clear, limpid fluid, made up in part at least of very rare and expensive elements. Marvelous properties were ascribed to this new compound. Powers that were confidently expected to revolutionize conditions in many fields of science and industry. Incidentally Arguin commanded a fabulous price—a figure calculated at so many thousand dollars the minimum.

"Well, one day there appeared in the morning papers an advertisement that set all the gossiping tongues in the city to wagging. It ran something like this: 'Lost, somewhere between the Twenty-third Street Ferry and our Laboratories, a small glass tube containing two ounces of the new chemical, Arguin.' Then in blackface type, 'Since the exposure of naked flesh to the action of Arguin is often attended by most disastrous results, even when acting through glass, the finder is cautioned to use rubber gloves in handling the tube.' Then followed the address of the Arguin Laboratories, and the name of the individual from whom the finder should claim his reward upon returning the tube.

"No better means could have been devised to give Arguin sudden publicity. For two or three days it was the talk of the city. Then interest dwindled and died out. Most people—then as now, doubtful of men's motives—came to believe the whole thing to have been a hoax perpetrated for the purpose of giving currency to the name and properties of the new compound.

"For several years of his life Warnock had been a smoker, but had

given up the habit some time before I became acquainted with him; because, he said, he found it too expensive. But he still had an old rubber tobacco pouch—relic of his unregenerate days—which I remember having often seen lying about the room. One day—I know now it was about this time, although then I failed to realize the connection—I saw Warnock take the pouch from his pocket, and look—it seemed to me—rather wistfully inside.

"Feel the old habit calling?" I asked jokingly.

"No," he snapped, and changed the subject abruptly.

"From that day Warnock became more morose, more crabbed. He lost weight rapidly, and his deep-set eyes became still more cavernous. A deep pallor alternating with blotchy redness marred his hitherto clear complexion. But in the face of my solicitous inquiries, he stoutly maintained that he was all right. About this time he began refusing, on one excuse or another, my invitations to the theatre.

"Warnock was never a reader, but now I was astonished to see him carry home almost every evening, some book, magazine, or pamphlet. These he would look through feverishly, sitting on the edge of his bed, always with an eye on me, as though he was in possession of some secret which he feared I might discover. I saw that he did not read this literature, but ran through it hurriedly, then threw it aside apparently in disgust.

"At last he found a magazine which seemed to contain the information for which he was looking. After this discovery he brought home no more literature. Evening after evening he would sit silent and grim, reading this magazine. He appeared to find some peculiar fascination in it for he never talked to me now, only pored over the fast wearing pages from the time he came home in the evening until he went to bed.

"Curiosity finally mastered me. One day when I was passing the house I dropped in about midday. I was ab-

solutely alone and everything was clear. There was no danger of intrusion. I hunted the magazine, finding it at last between Warnock's mattresses. It fell open of its own accord at an article on Arguin. I ran through the article hurriedly, and found that one page especially showed more wear than the others. This page contained a brief and concise description of the effects of Arguin upon the human system.

"'Rubber does not,' the article read, 'as was formerly supposed, constitute a complete insulation, or screen, through which Arguin will not act, although it so minimizes the effects of this potent agent as to render them to all ordinary intents and purposes, nil. It has been found, however, that where Arguin is kept in close proximity to animal tissue for any considerable length of time, even though completely enclosed in rubber, the usual disintegration takes place.' Then on the following pages I found a detailed summary of the symptoms usually attendant upon Arguin poisoning, prominent among which was the gradual wasting away of the body, followed by general inflammation and sudden death.

"Except to wonder mildly why he had suddenly conceived such an interest in Arguin, I thought but little about the whole matter. And, when a day or two later I noticed a sort of rash breaking out on Warnock's face and hands, I failed utterly to see any connection between the two. Then one morning came when he did not get up. His slackness surprised me for he was usually out of bed first and out of the house before I finished my breakfast. He was redder than ever that morning, and said he thought he would take that day off. He wasn't feeling well, and hadn't missed a day's work in three years, so he thought his employers ought to be willing to excuse his absence for one day. I offered to give him his breakfast, but he said he couldn't eat anything. And when I insisted on doing something for him, he asked if he might use my writing

paper and envelopes—said he wanted to write a letter after he got up, and had no paper of his own. I knew he never spent money on such things.

"I put the paper, envelopes, pen, and ink out on the table where he could get at them without difficulty, and went to work. When I came back in the evening he was lying with his face to the wall, apparently asleep. At first I thought he hadn't been up all day, but on looking around I saw an envelope addressed upon the table, and a small package—it looked like a little square box—wrapped in a sheet of my writing paper, also addressed.

"It was a little late when I got away from the office, and as I had tickets for the show that night, I set to work at once getting together a cold lunch. I did not intend to take time to cook anything on account of its being so late. I ate; put the things away, and made the few changes that my wardrobe of the period permitted as distinguishing my working dress from my evening costume. Then, as I was on the point of opening the door, I hesitated, my hand on the knob. I didn't feel just right in going away without offering to do something for Warnock. Of course I didn't think he would want anything, but it hardly seemed the thing to leave him there without a word. So I went back to the bed, and, leaning across, shook him gently by the shoulder. There was something peculiar in the feel of the flesh that met my grasp. Feverishly, and without realizing what I did, I pulled the blankets down and took hold of his bare arm. The contact made my flesh creep. The arm was cold and rigid. 'Dead!' I exclaimed, and ran for the door, the awful horror of death gripping at my heart, 'Dead!'

"I ran to the nearest telephone and notified the police. Then, remembering the name of Warnock's home town, I hastened to a telegraph office nearby, thinking to telegraph his mother. But when I had arrived there and was all ready to send the message,

it suddenly came to me that Warnock's mother had not remained the widow of his father. I was absolutely ignorant of her name. However, a man there, taking pity on my agitation, brought a copy of 'Bradstreet's' in which I was able to find the name of a merchant in the town. I knew it was a small village, and rightly guessed that this merchant would know all about the family of my deceased room-mate. I sent off the telegram and returned to the house.

"The officers were just arriving when I got back. I showed them into the room. Everything was exactly as I had left it. I saw the envelope and package on the table, and thinking to shield the dead man's secrets from the prying eyes of the police, I snatched them up and put them in my pocket. One of the men was watching me. 'What was that?' he demanded.

"'Nothing,' I replied, 'only a letter and package for the post.'

"'Let me see them,' he ordered.

"'They are my friend's,' I answered, nodding toward the cold form on the bed. 'I will see that they are sent to their destination.'

"'Don't argue with me, young man. The coroner has a right to see them things, and he's a-goin' to see 'em. Things don't look none too good for you anyway, livin' here alone with this man,' pointing significantly to the bed. 'And turnin' stubborn just now won't help your case none.'

"For the first time I realized the seriousness of my position. Not that I suppose for a minute that the blustering officer suspected me of being a murderer, yet at the time I felt rather shaky. I handed him the articles without another word, but not without observing that both were addressed to the Arguin Laboratories.

"The landlady gave me another room for that night. Of course I couldn't think of stopping alone in our old room after what had happened. The very idea was enough to give me the creeps. About midnight a messenger came with a reply to my tele-

gram to Warnock's home town. 'Mother dead,' the concise message ran, 'no relatives. See Biggs & Co., eleven eighty Cox Street,' and signed by the merchant whose name I found in 'Bradstreet's.'

"No relatives. Mother dead. 'There's something wrong here,' I thought to myself, as I struggled into my coat and shoes. And in spite of the lateness of the hour I went out into the night and looked up Biggs. Biggs was a business man from Warnock's town, and knew his early history perfectly. And it sheds additional light upon the latter's unusual character, that until that night Biggs never knew that Warnock had lived in the city for years.

"It was a strange tale that Biggs told me—strange in the light of the pretended confidences that the dead man had made from time to time. It appeared that his father had died before Warnock's birth, and his mother soon after. For some years the child had been cared for by a grandmother, but upon her death, which occurred while he was yet small, Warnock had been forced to go out into the world to earn his keep, living with first one, then another of the farmers of the neighborhood. As is too often the case with children in his position, the boy never knew anything but poverty, work, and brutalizing blows. His early life was simply a succession of servitudes. He was beaten, starved, and overworked in turn by all the greedy taskmasters of the village. 'A durned hard lot,' Biggs epitomized them, 'and tighter'n the bark on a tree.' At last, Biggs said, he seemed to grow up into a sullen embittered man—old far beyond his years, whose sole passion was an overwhelming horror of poverty and starvation.

"In his letter to the Arguin people Warnock said that he had found the tube the very day on which it was lost. He admitted that all along up to the time of writing he had intended keeping it, because of its great value. But, he said, the alarming effect that the potent chemical was manifesting

upon his health made it impossible to keep it longer. And he was now returning it, as he should have done sooner, and hoped they would see fit to give him the reward that was advertised.

"The frank admission of intended theft, coupled with an almost prayerful entreaty for the reward, revealed the condition of his mind as the end approached. The package consisted of a little wooden box containing a rubber tobacco pouch inside of which was a little glass tube filled with a clear liquid.

"Interest centered about me at the inquest. At first I was the object of no little suspicion. Then the clouds were somewhat cleared away by the testimony of Warnock's fellow employees, who, with one accord bore out my statements in regard to his recently declining health. But when at last chemistry failed to reveal the slightest trace of poison in the man's system, there remained little ground for suspicion against any one. The verdict was, death from natural causes. Unsatisfying, perhaps, but the only conclusion that could be consistently arrived at.

"I never went back to the room except to pack my things. I could not bring myself to live there again. At the time, I wished I could, because I thought then, and have continued to believe that Warnock had money secreted somewhere in that room. And in further support of my belief, I noticed some few months later that the landlady's family suddenly took on outward signs of prosperity entirely out of keeping with their income. They had, no doubt, found Warnock's hoard."

"There isn't much in that story to prove your contention, Mr. Hastings," began Johnson as the old man finished speaking. "Of course the tale about the indigent mother and her numerous hungry brood is rather ingenious, but I should call it rather the product of a low order of cunning than of the higher powers of imagination."

Hastings smiled.

"Besides, I suppose in the muddle the Arguin Company escaped paying the reward," continued Johnson. "Too bad the policeman saw you putting the package in your pocket. Otherwise you might have claimed the reward on your own account."

"Well, the coroner rather spoiled any chance of that," returned Hastings.

ings enigmatically, "when he insisted on having the contents of the tube analyzed."

"Insisted on having it analyzed!" repeated Johnson wonderingly.

"Yes," said Hastings with a peculiar little smile, "and they found that the tube contained just plain water—distilled water."

A Mental Mirage

By Pearl La Force Mayer

She had known Him all Her life, in fact She lived next door to Him, but for some reason She had never realized that She loved Him until this morning when She saw Him for the first time in His beautiful new uniform! How handsome He had looked! How big and brave and thrillingly heroic! She wondered that She could ever have looked upon Him as an ordinary, obvious personality. But then it is only human to take as commonplace the wonders which lie close at hand, and to thrill and marvel at the distant and the unknown things. We become so accustomed to those around us that we fail to see their wonderful abilities and talents and attractions. Prophets are not without honor save in their own countries you know. Then too, this fact has even been immortalized in a beautiful poem which says something about "and two shall walk some narrow way of life yet these with groping hands that never clasp shall wander all their weary days unknown, and die unsatisfied." Ah indeed Her eyes had been holden! How near they had come to missing each other! Yes, so had She taken Him for granted, as an ordinary friend of the family and had gone on blindly oblivious that in Him were personified

the manly qualities which She most adored! But She joyed in the thought that at last Her eyes were opened—although it had been almost too late.

She could visualize Him yet as that morning He had rushed over in His big breezy way to say good-bye to Her father Her mother and—Herself. He had exchanged a few hurried words with Her father and mother, had shaken hands with them and received their best wishes for his safety and good luck, and then he had turned to—Her. For a moment He had gazed into Her eyes and then—then suddenly He had bent and kissed Her! In a moment He was gone. It had all been so sudden and She had been so timid and confused that She had not said a word to Him! How She wished now that She had said something—had at least given Him some word of faith and cheer to carry with Him on His long journey, something that He might remember when at length He should be fighting for His country and enduring hardships for the sake of right!

But then He had looked into Her eyes and surely He had seen what lay there revealed! Yes, surely they had understood each other perfectly, He must surely know that She loved

Him wildly, and that in Her heart She had pledged herself to love but Him and Him alone! No, they had not pledged themselves in spoken words, but then how could they when others had been present at their great moment? Such things were not done in public, you know.

And so it was that She stood today in her father's big machine and watched most eagerly the long, long lines of marching men, and watched and waited for the sight of His face! She had brought with Her a red rose to toss to Him, but She now saw that in Her intense excitement She had clutched it until it was a limp wreck. But no matter, He could see that it was a red, red rose, and She knew that when She tossed it to Him that He would overlook its dishevelment—that He would see and understand that it was a token of love and faith from Her heart to His! She would have no chance for a word with Him, but then with them the spoken word was not needed—for them, was the beauty of the perfect understanding.

And so She watched and waited and presently Her eagerly searching glances were rewarded, for He came into view, swinging along with His

column to the gay strains of the regimental band. As She gazed upon Him Her heart was in Her eyes, and She thrilled to the greatest emotion She had ever known. He was so big, so handsome, and then He was Her hero for was He not starting on His way to fight for Her and his country? Then just as He came directly opposite Her, He looked up and She tossed the rose to Him. He deftly caught it and for a moment their glances held. She smiled and waved Her hand to Him—and knew that He understood! Then in a moment it was all over and He was gone! He had passed on down the gaily decorated street and was hidden from view by the countless files of His fellow marchers. Gone! Gone! And perhaps She would never see Him again! At this thought something seemed to rise up in Her throat and almost choke Her. And Her heart—Her Heart seemed almost to burst. Then She felt the hot stinging tears in Her eyes and She threw Herself down at full length on the tapestryed seat in the back of the big machine and squalled and sniffed and dug Her hot little fists into Her eyes, for after all She was only eight years old and most romantically inclined!

AT THE HALF-WAY HOUSE

Lost in the dust of the trackless plains,
Only a speck on the prairie there—
Of course on Broadway you might meet
Men more handsome or girls more fair
But give me a whiff of the desert air,
And a quaff of the cooling desert ale
Where the west bound travelers camped at night
At the half-way house on the desert trail.

I would like to stop there once again,
When the west bound caravan hove in view.
To see those long, long wagon trains
When the west was young and the trail was new,
And Oh, I would bid them welcome too,
To every fertile hill and dale
If I could but see them there again,
At the half-way house on the desert trail.

Compensations of the Great War

By Rockwell D. Hunt

MY friend who remarked rather nonchalantly that he did not see that any new questions at all have been presented by the great world war seems to me to have a fundamental misconception of the problem and the opportunity of Reconstruction.

True, we had problems of the masses and the classes, of socialism and syndicalism and anarchy long before the war; assuredly questions of the merchant marine and the tariff and government control have been with us these many years; and as for questions of justice and righteousness and human brotherhood, they are at least as old as the Sermon on the Mount.

But whatever of recognition may be accorded to my friend's deductive reasoning must be withheld from his logic of fact based on the march of events and the compelling psychology of entire peoples. The war has broken down the old fixity and rigidity that held millions as in a vice of steel and has suddenly rendered whole populations fluid and plastic. Traditions that were like the laws of the Medes and Persians for generations are now irreparably broken in an hour. Precedents that have made cowards of us all are unceremoniously shattered. "The world has been made receptive to new ideas."

It is this very fluidity, this state of flux, this tradition breaking, precedent shattering time ushered in by the war that constitutes the matchless new problem, the unequalled opportunity for fresh starting points in eliminating old injustices and introducing new values. My friend needs to heed the words of Professor W. R. Scott: "The war has given us what social reforms have longed for vainly during the last half-century, namely, the opportunity

of making a fresh start as far as that is possible. If we fail to take advantage of it there will be a tragic waste of a chance which occurs only once in several generations. Furthermore, it should be added that if the opportunity for wise and constructive statesmanship is neglected, the dire alternative is a crystalization of great masses of human population now fluid into forms that spell retrogression and degeneration."

In attempting to assess some of the compensations of the great war, we must not fall into the error of minimizing its towering costs, direct and indirect. War is one of the most destructive agencies known to man. The pecuniary costs of this war have been colossal, its social costs appalling,—this of course is fully recognized. Yet it is not without its compensations and its useful by-products.

The gains derived by the United States from the great struggle now happily ended, are even more incomensurable than are its costs; moreover they defy classification since all aspects of life have been affected. As Walter Raleigh pointed out for England, these gains cannot be "counted as guns are counted, or measured as land is measured;" but for that very reason they are most real and important.

No previous war has ever brought such self-examination from every standpoint. Not simply political and economic theories but the very metes and bounds of life itself have been cast into the melting pot.

The Physical Renaissance.

Startling facts have been disclosed by the physical examination of American youths. During 1917 under the terms of the Selective Service Act,

two and a half million young men were examined by draft board physicians. Nearly one-third of these were rejected because of physical disabilities. Further elimination followed at the training camps. We are told that in all, "fully 40 per cent of the soldiers called to the colors under the first draft failed to measure up to military requirements."

We now know that nearly three-fourths of our public school children have some physical defect. Meanwhile we have been witnessing the "transformation of hollow-chested, stoop-shouldered, slouching youths into erect, healthy, robust men, even in a few months; measures have been inaugurated which must mean a healthier people in the future." These include not only matters of sanitation and rigid inspection, but more particularly the conservation of child life and the reduction of infant mortality.

Intimately associated with the physical renaissance, and in large measure its cause, is a raised standard of medical knowledge and a more socialized conception of medical science. A number of surgeons, both in the United States and France, have been serving as majors at annual salaries of \$3000, who are said to have left practices worth from \$100,000 to \$150,000 a year. Society at large will reap the benefits of new standards of medical and surgical skill and from the results of research on unprecedented scale.

Material Progress.

Material progress has been speeded up to an almost incredible extent by the war. The best brains of the nations have been under the influence of the most powerful stimulus—scientific genius has been mobilized and concentrated as never before, for this has been a war of science from the beginning.

The motor trucks have come to play so important a role in the work of transportation that they already haul more freight in this country than do entire railway systems. One other

specific instance must suffice. The war has brought revolutionary progress in aerial navigation. It is impossible today to set limits to the future utilization of the airplane. Captain B. B. Lipsner, chief of the aerial mail section of the post office department, is quoted as predicting that "in three years all first class mail will be carried by airplane, with a speed of 200 miles an hour for special delivery letters, single planes carrying five tons of mail."

Scientific advancement has been so greatly accelerated, along many lines, that a later generation will pronounce the present decade a new industrial revolution. Our very chagrin at having permitted ourselves to be at the mercy of the "Made-in-Germany" legend, as well as the stern need for greater economic self-sufficiency driven home by the war, has stirred us to redoubled efforts which are now bearing fruit. The manufacture of farm tractors bids fair to become a leading industry and a common blessing because of its possibilities for more ample production. Almost wholly dependent on Germany for the vast supplies of potash needed at the outbreak of the war, the Secretary of the interior, Franklin K. Lane, now announces that within two years the United States will be able to manufacture enough potash to supply the nation's needs.

It is reported that at a fair recently held in New York "one American concern showed 177 proved and tested aniline colors, ranging from 'Azo-Wool Violet 4 B' to 'Victoria Green W. B. Powder.' Five of these were being made in the United States before the war. This company has 4000 trained workers guided by scientists fully equipped with laboratories and inspired by fighting spirit and over \$2,000,000 invested."

Enhanced Capacity for Production.

All this—the physical renaissance, great material progress, technical research and scientific advancement—vitalized and animated by an exalted

patriotism and a degree of national unity never before achieved, has revealed to us our true productive capacity, beyond anything hitherto conceived. Marvelous records have been made in driving rivets and in building ships; but ships will be needed in peace no less than in war—shall we relax our activities in shipbuilding? Unused lands and vacant lots have been made to contribute to the huge totals of foodstuffs. The dawn of peace sees a hungry world—shall the soil be permitted to produce less? The miner, the artisan, the professional man, have gladly and profitably responded to the call for more production—shall they now return to the curtailed output and the lump-of-labor doctrine? Capital and Labor have mastered at least the rudiments of a practicable partnership in a unique program of production for the common ends of the nation at war; but co-operation is of the very genius of peace—shall capital and labor flout the common weal by selfish combat?

In other words, I hold it to be unthinkable that we should unlearn all lessons the great war has taught and return to standards of production of an earlier age. We have been taught that we possess hitherto unexpected capacity for production of all forms of good things. The lesson will remain.

Educational Reconstruction.

Recently I heard a prominent educator make the remark, "Education is an entirely different thing from what it was three months ago." He was thinking of changes being wrought by the war conditions and particularly of the establishing of the Student Army Training Corps in some 500 of our leading American institutions. There seems to be no doubt that we are in for a thorough educational overhauling.

Education is universally recognized as "the first corollary of democracy." The dictum of Daniel Webster has special point in these testing days of democracy. "On the diffusion of edu-

cation depends the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions."

America's schools have helped to win the war for democracy; but unconsciously they have won for themselves a notable victory. The colleges and universities have made a most notable contribution in furnishing specialists, investigators, officers and men for army and navy and leaders of vision who have enhanced the morale of the nation. At the same time there has come upon these institutions of higher learning a most salutary reaction—traditions have been violated, precedents broken, idols shattered in a way to make the silurian pedagogue gasp. Every old subject in the curriculum has been shot through with a vital sense of fitness for a worthy end in social utility—or it has been dropped. New elements are being tested and fitted into the deep and solid foundations upon which must rest the superstructure that will render secure the blessings of our new freedom.

Nothing can be more impressive than the great work of Americanization and of education in patriotism now being carried forward with energy and devotion.

Education is marching on; but education will not come completely into its rightful place until the adoption of the recommendation for a National Department of Education at Washington, under the direction of a Secretary who shall be a member of the President's cabinet.

Thrift-Saving With a Purpose.

In an incredibly short time our opulent and self-complacent nation was turned into a great school of practical thrift. We had become proverbially wasteful as a people. Suddenly everybody was called upon to save. Notwithstanding the disappearance of the frontier we were still dwelling, for most part, in the age of exploitation; exigencies of war brought swift transition to programs of conscious conservation of the nation's resources. We had been intensely individualistic; war's necessities brought almost in-

stant response to social control that augurs well for the future. And why all this?

It is because the righteousness of our cause brought a sweeping sense of spiritual exaltation that made it easy to give and to sacrifice. Our saving has been with a high purpose—and that is true thrift, good husbandry. Henceforth we must hold in contempt not the honest toiler who is the son of poverty, but the pampered idler labeled a "non-essential" within the community: "work or fight" has dropped its lesson—there must be nothing but ostracism for the parasitic idler.

Thirty million Americans holding Government Bonds in their own names; other millions accumulating Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps; people of all classes, in every condition, contributing their means to maintain a quality of war work never before approached—here is indeed a moving spectacle whose lessons in sound management and practical patriotism will not soon be forgotten. The blessings of the simple life have been restored to us without its evils. "The spirit of simplicity," wrote Pastor Wagner, "is a great magician. It softens asperities, bridges chasms, draws together hands and hearts."

Underwriting Democracy.

We have witnessed the last sad rites of autocracy; democracy is risen for evermore. But democracy is being tested and tried and must suffer many things at the hands of misguided friends before her garments are a spotless white. Through it all democracy will acquire an articulate meaning. The traditional ideas of equality, liberty and popular government will be more truly than ever our practical possessions.

Democracy must be established upon firmer foundations of law and order, guaranteeing distributive justice and equal opportunity. The great war has brought democracy under the fire of guns of all calibers; but, tried in the fire, it will lose nothing but dross. The

full measure of success in democracy will not have been achieved till we of America, who have been its champions, are willing and resolved to see it through even though at the sacrifice of personal advantage. The Hunnish spirit must be given no quarter in our midst, either among profiteers who would exploit social need for illegitimate gain, or among Bolsheviks, who would bring down upon our heads the great temple of ordered living among men.

Moral Efficiency and Effective Morals.

The war has demonstrated to the world two propositions which, while doubtless known to many individuals and numerous communities, previously lacked that popular sanction which alone gives compelling force to social consciousness. The first is that a morally clean army can outfight an army where vice prevails. The second is that alcoholic drink has been literally driven from its last line of defence and its retreat has been turned into a complete rout.

Never before has a government put forth such efforts to keep its armies free from the vice of prostitution and its consequent diseases. Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, deserves the applause of mankind for his high-minded, straight-forward, aggressively vigorous attitude against social vice among the soldiers. And even in the hour of demobilization he is saving to the home communities: "The Government proposes to leave no measure unused in the repression of these evils. From now until demobilization is fully accomplished the War Department is determined to return soldiers to their families and to civil life uncontaminated by disease."

The American people will not prove so blind as to ignore in peace the progress achieved in war toward the stamping out of this unspeakable abomination, which unchecked, would sooner or later compass the utter decay of the human race.

Strong drink is prostitution's twin. John Barleycorn has at last come to be

universally recognized as an alien enemy; the war has forced his abdication, and we see him rushing pell mell into perpetual exile. In assessing the value of sobriety as an engine of war, it is due that generous recognition be accorded to Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, for his yeoman service.

Marvelous has been the progress of prohibition since the war began.

Within a few months the national prohibition amendment has become an integral part of the United States Constitution. Even greater things shall follow; for the forces of temperance have just met in Columbus, Ohio, to launch a movement for world-wide prohibition, and now they have the hardihood to look for early success.

Who can measure the effect of the world war as an accelerating force in true temperance? If it were possible to reduce to a common denominator all the factors of the problem, I fancy it would be easy to show that within a single decade the lives saved in the United States, due to war-time progress, in prohibition would greatly outnumber those sacrificed by the war itself.

Mobilization of Practical Altruism.

At a future day some student of investigating turn of mind will probably undertake the compilation of the many war slogans invented. It will be an interesting enterprise, not without profit. Perhaps the most impressive lesson that these slogans will be shown to teach is that of practical altruism. "Food is fuel for fighters—don't waste it;" "Drop a penny—we need many;" "Save and Serve;" "Red Cross—the Greatest Mother in the World;" "Help Him Over the Top;" "Save the Seventh Baby;" "Freedom for All—Forever."

What Walter Raleigh has said of Englishmen, we may say of Americans with equal cogency. "We have not only found ourselves; we have found one another." A new kindness has grown up, during the war, between people divided by the barriers of

class, of wealth, of circumstance. We have gained somewhat of the strength that is born of self-denial. We have appropriated somewhat of the truth expressed in the fine words of President Hibben of Princeton University: "We should be ashamed to waste our time and energy in profitless pursuits while our brothers are agonizing in this death-struggle of the nations; ashamed also to waste our money or indulge ourselves in unnecessary expenditure while our brothers are starving and destitute."

Never has the idealism of a great people, steadied and enhanced by the idealism of its leader and spokesman, shown to greater advantage in all the course of history than in the decision of the United States to enter the world war, and in the elevated conduct of the war to its victorious ending. The words of Woodrow Wilson deserve the immortality that is theirs: "The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall have been satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them."

As a people we shall not soon forget the lessons in practical altruism and sacrificial going through the noble agencies of the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and other organizations that have released vast stores of brotherly love and the milk of human kindness. There can be no gainsaying the fact that the high plane of our war aims as a nation and the high level of war activities consistently maintained throughout have resulted not only in a more complete consciousness of national unity than ever before attained, but also in a more exalted sense of the whole people than we have before known. "The spirits of our slain in

France, will return to inspire us." We have highly resolved that they shall not have died in vain.

Thinking in World Terms.

The Chinese Wall of provincialism has been irreparably battered down. Not simply the millionaire, the savant and diplomat, but the humble son of toil, the youth without opportunity—from every city, village and country side—has been given a vision of the world, and through the citizen-soldier the home folk have everywhere gained some concept of the truly planetary. The travel to camp and overseas, the contact with men of every type, from all the corners of our land, the experiences with people of other lands, of other tongues and novel customs, listening to picked speakers and entertainers, writing and receiving letters, reading reports from all the earth in the papers and bulletins—who that is alive and awake could longer hold his former narrow views, or fail to think in world terms?

Supreme Emphasis on Supreme Values

The enforced classification of industries and activities in the war time into essential, less essential, and non-essential, has afforded an invaluable starting point for a fresh evaluation for times of peace. We know that we can live in comfort and happiness without many things hitherto regarded as necessary. Not mechanical perfection, nor material efficiency, nor the dominance of the mighty is our desideratum, but everything must be tested by its contribution to the supreme values of the individual and to the social utility. The eternal verities are more mighty than the mightiest armaments. As President Bryan of Colgate University, has so well said: "The only excuse or reason for an institution in a Christian civilization is that it is at least actuated by the motive to contribute to the enlargement of human life. This is perhaps the first and most important lesson that the war, as a schoolmaster, is teaching."

This seems to me but another way of saying that the crown of life is spiritual, that ultimate values are always spiritual values. The great war has rescued France from the taint of a reputation of being a decadent nation, and won for her the name "La Belle France, sweetheart of the wide world." It has saved England from the charge that she had "gone soft." She has made the world her debtor by spending her treasure without stint and pouring out the life blood of more than 650,000 of her sons for the preservation of a free civilization. It led the United States to give not only of her bounty, but of her very life in distant lands that she might find her nobler life through a spirit of kindness, with unswerving devotion to a high and righteous cause. Democracy is made more real because we have perceived it to be spiritual. The world has made new adventure into " . . . that mightier realm of God in man."

We cannot yet count or estimate even the by-products of the great and terrible war. There is no known calculus by which to compute its highest compensations—they may only be dimly apprehended. But we may ever be grateful that through mighty works of faith Americans, united with the forces of democracy and righteousness, "Quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." With humble pride we may salute our flag and sing, with Alfred Noyes:

"Lord of our hope, land of the singing stars,

Type of the world to be,
The vision of a world set free from wars

Takes life, takes form from thee;
Where all the jarring nations of this earth,

Beneath the all-blessing sun,
Bring the new music of mankind to birth,

And make the whole world one."

We Shall Rest Again

By Henry Fitzgerald Ruthrauff

The roar and crash of steel on steel is ended,
And we who stood against the charging hosts
With weary eyes and flagging brain, through hell-born days
Where thunder-guns tore hamlets
From the piteous patient land,
Though bloody deeds were ours, O God
We stand with souls unseared,
And Thou, O King of kings, shall lead us back
To home and Light;
And we shall rest again.

No more the stern command of iron men.
Grim-jawed, with eyes of steel who urged us on;
O, we shall know the gentler speech
Of man whose ways are laid
Along in paths where hearth-stone fires play;
O, we shall know the tender touch
Of soft, sweet, gentle hands,
And feel the warmth of love-lit eyes
That look into our own
At eventide;
And we shall rest again.

And we who gave in battle's roar our all,
Who died in freedom's name for this great war-swept world,
Nor rested, nor yet could we rest
While monstrous death still thundered on
With iron heels across the ravished plains,
O, now we know, and from God's Paradise, where troubled souls
Are lifted gently to their peace, we shall
Look down and smile,
And we shall rest again.



A Race For a Fortune

By F. H. and Luella W. Sidney

This story is a unique study of underworld life among the tramps. It throws a strong light upon this seamy side of American life. It shows the material of which these mal-contents are made, their degradation and fallen estate. It is a story for the social worker and the phychologist to ponder upon.—Editor.

IN the shelter of a huge pile of railroad ties a brisk fire was burning. Around it was a group of men, in various attitudes. From a large can on the fire, a savory odor issued. Each man held a smaller can full of the mixture, and all were eating with great relish.

"Pretty good stew this, Fatty. You always was a good cook. Why don't you go out as chef, and make ten thou' a year?"

"I'm afraid the quality wouldn't take to mulligans all the time."

"You might ring de changes wid a few handouts."

"Say but you're a josh Slim. I see the quality living on mulligans and handouts."

A laugh went around the group.

"Wish they had to live on some of the stuff they hand out," said a middle-aged man called "Yorkie Pete." "A woman up here gave me a crust of bread a dog couldn't chew, and said if I would work she'd give me a square meal."

"Humph! That ain't nothing I earned my grub hard yesterday. Some old maid up there," he said, with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, "made me weed a garden, all the afternoon in the rain, and then gave me a cold potato and a slice of bread; and a whole pile of Christian Heralds;

then she asked me what church I belonged to." The men roared.

"Tough luck that. What'd you tell her?"

"Oh, Methodist, 'twas the first one I could think of. I dropped the papers in the river when I hiked over the railroad bridge."

After the men had finished their meal most of them produced cigar stumps from their pockets. Some broke them up with their fingers, then rolled them round and round in the palms of their hands, and smoked them in their pipes, while others merely tucked the "butts" into their mouths, and with great gusto, chewed them.

One fellow, named Jim, did neither, but picked up a piece of newspaper a "handout" had been wrapped in and began reading it by the firelight. He had to lean far forward to see, for the flames flickered in the wind. Suddenly his face flushed and his hands clutched the paper with a tighter grip. Slowly he read through what was printed there; and then, his hands trembling so that the paper shook, he read it through again. Then he folded it carefully, put it into his pocket, and sat stolidly watching the flames.

One of the men spoke to him a couple times and then leaned over and kicked him.

"Ain't yer kinder glum ternight? Wats the matter? Thinkin' of yer sins?"

"No kinder sleepy, that's all. Guess I'll flop and take a little doze."

"Guess we'll join yer."

They lay down with their feet toward the fire and soon they were asleep. All but Jim, and he lay awake, looking at the stars, and going over

and over again the words of the newspaper. "Joshua Johnson, one of the wealthiest and most respected men of Jackson, died here Saturday. By the terms of his will everything was left to a nephew, James Johnson. As he has not been heard from in some time, if he does not appear at 12 o'clock noon, in Judge Winter's office, one year from the date the will is probated, it all goes to a cousin, Mr. Belcher Johnson. Mr. Johnson is a successful farmer in this town. The estate amounts to about eighty-five thousand dollars."

The paper was dated eleven months ago. Could he get there in just one month? Of course, with plenty of money it would be easy enough to get from Texas to Vermont, and even a hobo might accomplish it with good luck. But would the luck be good?

He could see the little town where he was born. He pictured it all out in his mind. He saw himself a wild schoolboy, hating restraint. Going off to the woods and spending days there alone. A momentary thrill that the boy felt on those glorious days came over him. But the joy of it was gone. Somehow it was different now. He saw his father, a hard man, beating him cruelly, because he would not work. Some of the scars he carried now. Then he had run away, working and loafing alternately, until one day he fell in with some tramps; he found their life so fascinating that he had followed it for years. Now he was tired of it. Such a hard life it was when one became older. Now that a chance of escape had come he would be glad to take it. If he only could be there in time. Well he'd try anyway.

After replenishing the dying fire he fell into a doze that lasted until daylight. On awaking he found his comrades still asleep, so without a word or sound he got up and walked away towards San Antonio.

When he arrived in San Antonio he went to the back door of a house on Guenther Street, that he knew was always "good for a feed." After this he went down to the Southern Pacific

yards and "swung under" a through freight that pulled out towards New Orleans. He was lucky enough to follow this train as far as Houston.

Arriving at Houston he immediately sought a fashionable boarding house that always fed everybody that came along. That night he boarded a freight and made Beaumont. At Beaumont he was chased by the railroad police, but Jim knew the country, and he eluded them by running into the swamps. After he was well into the swamp, and knew he was not being followed he built a fire and staid there till morning. The next day he caught a freight and rode through to La Fayette, La.

Jim had a hard time getting out of La Fayette, as the trains were watched closely, but finally he managed to get through to Lake Charles, La., and he nearly froze in doing so, as a sudden cold snap came on. His clothes were old and thin and the chill seemed to go right through him. The natives claimed it was the coldest snap in forty years, "a tail-end of a Texas norther" they called it. The worry and strain was beginning to tell on him, for he was sleeping very little and eating barely enough food to keep him alive.

After several trials and mishaps he reached Algiers, La., across the river from New Orleans. A citizen, of Algiers, gave him a ferry ticket and ten cents; he crossed to New Orleans, and in one of the French market restaurants he bought a meal with his dime. That night he slept in a freight car in the Illinois Central yards, and spent the next day around the banana wharves, where he filled up on the half rotten fruit that was thrown away.

Jim left town that night on the N. O. & N. E. railroad, riding the rods on a freight train. "What if these rods should break, or if I should get bounced off in some way?" he thought as the train ran over the trestle into Slidell, La. There was smallpox in New Orleans when he left there, and Jim had an idea there would be a "shot gun quarantine" on at Slidell. Sure enough as the train pulled off the tress-

tle, Jim could see from underneath the car, a guard with a shotgun on each side of the track. They were evidently watching the bumpers and did not see Jim on the rods. While the train switched at Slidell, Jim found a place to hide, and he "swung under" again after the train started to pull out. Hungry and weary he reached Hattiesburg, Mississippi, just before daylight. Climbing into an empty boxcar in the yards he was soon fast asleep.

After "hustling" some breakfast, Jim boarded a freight and reached Meridian, Miss., that afternoon. He managed to find a place where he was given a good supper, and that night he crawled under a Mobile & Ohio Railroad passenger train, and rode the rods to Oaklona, Miss. Once or twice he dozed and nearly lost his balance. He felt so sleepy he didn't dare ride this train any farther than Oaklona, and he got off and crawled away in a freight, and slept ten hours. The next day he made Jackson, Tennessee.

A friendly railroad man fed him and told him that several fast freights hauling bananas were to pull out of Jackson that night. Jim climbed aboard the first one to leave. Noticing that the doors of the ice compartments were open on top of the car, and knowing the cars were not iced during the winter months, Jim let himself down into one of those compartments and rode all night, he awoke just as the cars were being shifted on to the boat to be ferried across to Cario, Ill. Climbing out of the ice compartment he concealed himself underneath a car, and as soon as the ferry touched the slip, he ran up the incline as fast as possible, in order to avoid arrest.

It was a raw cloudy day when he landed in Cario, his shoes were all out at the toes, and he tried several shoe stores to see if they had some old shoes which customers had left there. In this quest he was unsuccessful, none of the storekeepers had any shoes to give away. In a sheltered hollow Jim saw some boys playing ball, they beckoned him to join them; and he did so. The game broke up

when the twelve o'clock whistles blew.

One of the boys told Jim to hang around and he would bring him something to eat and a pair of shoes. Sure enough the boy was as good as his word; he not only brought shoes and a substantial lunch but he brought a warm pair of socks, for which Jim was very grateful.

It continued very cold for ten days and Jim suffered a great deal on his trip to Philadelphia. On the way he rode in a car with four men, one of them lay on some straw in the corner gasping for breath.

His comrades did not know what to do. At the first stop, a place called Milan, Indiana, Jim noticed some policemen near the station, and he called to them. The police officers lifted the man out of the car and placed him in the railroad station, while they rang for the hospital ambulance. In the meantime Jim and the other "bos" skipped away for fear they might be held as witnesses. At Philadelphia Jim went to a barbers' college on Arch Street, where they gave him a free haircut and a shave.

He knew that from now on he must be very careful, in order to avoid arrest, but the days were speeding fast and it made him feel reckless to think of it. Jim reached Jersey City at night, and stayed in the freight yards until morning.

He managed to sneak aboard the ferry and crossed to New York City. Someone gave him a nickle and he spent this in a five cent lunch room on Bleeker Street. The day promised to be stormy, but Jim walked uptown, along the N. Y. C. yards. He caught a freight at Harlem, but was put off after riding about fifty miles. It was snowing hard, but he walked around and called at several houses until he managed to get fed. Returning to the railroad Jim crawled underneath a Pullman car. It was snowing and blowing hard. About seven o'clock that night the train stalled in a cut, about ten miles from the place he wished to reach. He dug his way out with his hands and waded through

snow waist deep as far as the next station.

He asked the station agent there to allow him to use the telephone, in order that he might telephone Judge Winter. The man refused. Jim pleaded with him, but the agent was surly and said. "You get right out of this station. We don't allow tramps around here. Quick now, or I'll have you arrested."

Jim stood outside in the storm thinking. "Oh! the bitterness of it! Only ten miles between himself and fortune, and it might as well be fifty. A blizzard raging, the roads waist-deep with snow and he nearly fainting from cold and hunger."

A clock in the station struck eight. Well, he thought, he'd never said die yet, and he guessed he would not now. He would try and walk it anyway. As he walked along every step of the way seemed familiar to him. He ploughed the snow watching the old trees as he came close to them. Step by step he made his way, shivering until his teeth chattered. Once or twice he thought he must give up, and lie down in the snow, overcome by the numbness that was fast taking hold of him, but he recovered himself and stumbled on.

At last, as poor Jim was thinking of giving up, for his strength was about spent, he saw a light. Struggling towards it he pounded on the door with all his strength, and fell exhausted on the doorstep. A man came to the door and dragged him in through the rushing wind and snowflakes.

They rubbed his hands, and poured brandy down his throat, and after a while he opened his eyes. After this they gave him some hot milk, and when he was able to sit up they gave him a good supper. Upon being questioned Jim told them he was going to see a cousin some miles away; this explanation apparently satisfied them, for he was not questioned any further.

After supper he was given a comfortable room over the kitchen and he dropped into bed and slept.

It was still dark when Jim woke up, but in a few minutes he heard the clock in the kitchen strike six. He got up and tried the door. It was locked. Jim smiled grimly to himself, and said. "Well, they're wise anyway, they don't know me, and I don't know them. They must have come since my time."

Jim dressed himself then dropped softly into the snow drift below the window. He went in above his head, but soon floundered out and started on his journey.

The blizzard was raging furiously, and there was still the greater part of ten miles before him.

In Judge Winter's office sat three men, the Judge, Lawyer Fuller and Mr. Belcher Johnson. The clock had just chimed half past eleven. Mr. Johnson was looking out of the window. Sometimes his face would flush then it would quickly die away. Lawyer Fuller watched the snowflakes idly. He could not see ten feet from the window, and the wind was blowing the snow in sheets.

At quarter of twelve Mr. Johnson said. "There isn't much use waiting any longer, is there? No one can possibly get here in this storm. We might as well get to business."

Judge Winter looked at him a minute with an impassive face and then said: "My old friend said twelve o'clock, and we will wait until then."

Mr. Johnson looked disgusted at the rebuke and kept quiet.

The minutes ticked slowly by. The silence was oppressive to the waiting three. The clock gave the premonitory click at five minutes of twelve. Suddenly the door burst open and Jim staggered into the room.

"I am here Judge," he cried, and then fell fainting to the floor.

Life in the Rocky Mountains

(Excerpt from Autobiography of a Schoolmaster.)

By Frank M. Vancil

UNIQUE, turbulent and amazing to a "tenderfoot" is a large mining camp in the mountains, with its discordant elements of society. Here, are all kinds of people, white, black, brown, red, olive, tawny, and from almost every civilized country on the globe. From the industrious Cornishman and stalwart Swede, to the swarthy Servian and chattering "Dago." The aggregation is spirited in more ways than one, as most every one irrigates both internally as well as externally, and keep their spirits up by pouring them down.

Nestled among lofty mountains, whose sun-kissed summits rise far above timberline, and a good half mile above the top of Mt. Washington, there are practically but two seasons—nine months winter and three months late spring. The "beautiful" in wide, profuse flakes begins to fall during the elsewhere "melancholy days," and forgets not to keep on doing so in wondrous succession until the roses bloom back in Hossierdom. Away from the narrow-tunneled sidewalks, locomotion is performed mainly on skis.

A ski differs materially from the broad, perforated snow shoe in that its bearing is made of solid wood rather than of webbed frame. The runners, which are from six to eight feet in length, and from three to four inches in width, are made from hard wood, the bottom surface of which is polished as smooth as glass. The front of the runner curves upward, and narrows to a point at its extreme limit. The ski is firmly attached to the foot

by a kind of stirrup, and has only the upward toe movement. It is wonderful to see with what celerity an expert can walk and slide upon these strange-looking devices.

This Alpine locality is the coaster's paradise, and little and big, old and young, engage in the exhilarating sport. All kinds of contrivances are employed in scooting down the rapidly descending hills, from the ponderous sled, accommodating a score, to the bellywhoppers of the school boys. Among the lot is the ski, which to me seemed easily managed, and upon which superior speed was made. I was persuaded to mount a pair of harmless-looking implements and to descend. The word "go" was given, but the glittering pedals, like the bucking broncho, on first mounting, quiveringly stuck. I was fearful that, like the sullen cayuse, the start when made would be abrupt, and it was; and, in obeying the laws of gravitation, the change was so swift, that I had great difficulty in keeping up and in retaining my equilibrium.

I did not proceed far until I found that the off member of the spirited team seemed inclined to leave its mate and to wander from its path of duty, my strenuous efforts to the contrary notwithstanding. I felt sure that if it persisted in its wayward course, there would be trouble, and lots of it. So, though we were making good schedule time, not being able to follow the recreant member, I did the very best thing possible under the circumstances, which was to sit down, not gracefully but with an emphasis that

elicited cheers from the onlookers. But, things did not stop there, neither did I; and it was a neck and neck race between me and the riderless skies to the out-post. The skis seemed none the worse for the race, but I—well, I sought the tailor shop on business.

Another novel and interesting characteristic of this mountain section is the snow slide. The tourist will observe, amid the towering, evergreen forests, frequent denuded strips or pathways, leading down to the bottom of the canyons. These mark the courses of the snow dips, common in these high altitudes.

Within these mountain fastnesses, the snow-fall is excessive, and, following a succession of mild days, great masses of snow, thousands of square rods in extent, descend with lightning rapidity, carrying everything before them. Trees, rocks and even cabins are engulfed and swept downward. Many lives have been lost by these fearful avalanches.

During my sojourn in these parts, a pompous tourist arrived from the East, who gave us to understand that his main object was to see a snow-slide. He was warned not to traverse the canyon during a thaw, as the least disturbance sometimes precipitated a slide, dangerous in extent. He quietly informed us that he needed no guardian, and struck out. Well, he was abundantly gratified a couple of miles out by meeting a full grown specimen, and his remains were found the following June, where they had been nicely preserved under a thirty-foot bank of snow.

Colorado embraces the nation's most scenic wonder. The popular journey, "Around the Circle," and the "Ouray Toll Road," comprise more noted and magnificent scenery than any other trip of similar length in the known world. What is known as "The Moffat Road" is the best example in America of the modern mountain railroad. It is the highest standard gauge railway in the world—11,660 feet above the sea. Its roadbed is smooth and well ballasted; it has the heaviest

rails, and, during the greater part of the year, each train is preceded for some 30 miles by a powerful rotary snow plow, the largest in the world, costing \$35,000.

As a scenic road this line is superlative; and for appalling and sublime sights, there is nothing to equal it on either continent. The interest on a trip can never lag for a moment from start to finish, because the scenes are never changing. When the train reaches the foothills, it almost describes a loop in order to overcome a grade of a few hundred feet. From the elevated position of the road, a long range of vision is obtained of the plains, which are dotted over with shimmering lakes and pretty towns. This is replaced by the most wonderful rock formations. Here are battlements, arcades, buttresses, forts, obelisks, spires and minarets. Looking down into the canyons and gorges, the dugout of the early trapper and hunter is seen, as well as the log cabin of the prospector, and the picturesque valley of the agriculturist and his cattle, grazing on the mountain sides. Everywhere are snow-capped peaks, and the streams in the gorges below seem but silvery threads. Yankee-doodle Lake, a magnificent body of water at the base of the crest of the mountain, appears no larger than the kitchen basin.

An interesting and thrilling sight is to witness snow-plowing at timber line. Up on the Moffat Road, where the steel rails make the last climb and cross the Great Divide, the snow lies in great fields and deep drifts from early November until the month of May has passed. During all these months, at least six out of the twelve of the year, the railroad company must be on the offensive and defensive against the icy visitations, to keep the road open. "Maud," as the rotary is known among the railway employees, is each day pushed over the road ahead of two engines. The rotary starts from the east side of the range, and as soon as the pilot sees the first drift ahead the huge wheel, like the fans of a windmill, is set to revolving,

and by the time snow is reached, it is going at great speed. Through an opening above the wheel, the snow is forced in a continuous stream as large in diameter as a barrel. The direction in which the stream of snow is thrown is controlled by means of a hood, which extends over the opening above the wheel.

If the snow in the cut is light and feathery, the wheel picks it up and throws it out as fine as flour for the

breeze to carry away. If the snow is damp and heavy, it comes out in chunks of all sizes and is thrown high in the air with such force that it is carried a hundred feet or more over the tops of the trees before it falls. It is truly an awe-inspiring sight to see the great machine and the two powerful engines, each belching forth its volume of black smoke, which floats away over the white crests of the mountain.

LOYALTY

Silent he sat with folded hands,
Head bowed, with sad and troubled mien.
Before him fleeting visions passed
Of days that were and days to be.
He felt ambitions thrill, the joy
Of toil by which the chosen goal
Of life by him should be attained.
He saw his loved ones all, his home
Where happiness and peace abode,
Where he was bound by strongest cords
Of love, affection, friendship true.

Then flashed across his saddened mind
A vision dark with clouds of war,
Carnage of battle, on earth, in air;
The trenches dread and cruel strife,
The clash of arms as man meets man
In the fierce and deadly struggle;
The groan and moan of injured ones,
Cold, darkness and the silent gloom.
For this then, must he all resign
And sacrifice life's hopes and joys
On futile war's inhuman altar?

Again the vision changed. He saw
His country in the throes of bondage;
Her freedom gone, the cruel foe
Clamoring at her door; her women
Ravished and her children foully slain;
Cruelty rampant, and his honored flag
Lie soiled and tattered in the dust.
Quickly he rose, with straightened form
Uplifted head and look of courage.
With hand calmly upraised to heaven
He cried "My country, I am thine!"

The Rose of Oregon

By Blanche Essex Heywood

THE tall man leaned back in his saddle wearily, and brought his *cayuse* to a stand. He took off his broad hat. The wind lifted his yellow hair and tumbled it around his fresh young face.

"Oh, Kentucky, Kentucky," he sang. The great fir trees that bordered the trail caught up the refrain, and "Kentucky, Kentucky," they sang back again.

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "But this is Oregon," he cried, "you big trees ought to know where you are better than to sing Kentucky back to me. You should say Oregon, Oregon, land of the Northern skies."

Then he urged his pony on until he emerged into a traveled road, and saw before him the houses of Oregon City. They were perched like birds' nests in the niches, and upon the terraces of the rugged cliff, that towered hundreds of feet above the falls of the Willamette river. The picturesques beauty appealed to him, and a sigh of content escaped his lips.

He singled out one house that stood apart from the others. Surely this must be the house of the Virginian, the postmaster of Oregon City, to whom he had a letter of introduction. The house was a reproduction of an old Virginia home. Up the white pillars of the wide veranda climbed the Pink Rose of Oregon. The lawn with borders of flowers sloped down to the waters edge, where a birch bark canoe swayed lazily.

He rode on to the village inn. The landlord looked at him in mild curiosity. He was so big, so strong, so vital, so foreign to the men of the languid climate of Oregon. "You must

be the civil engineer from Washington," he said. "Been expecting you for a long time."

"I am—my name is Ramsey." Then he ordered his dinner served as soon as possible.

An hour or two later he went to the white house of Postmaster Ambrose. A tall spare, dignified man with a Southern accent met him with outstretched hand. "Mr. Ramsey from Washington, I believe," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Yes, Mr. Ambrose, Antony Ramsey, Tony they call me at home in old Kentucky. I have a letter here from the department at Washington. They thought you would be good enough to give me what information I needed about the locality mentioned in it."

Mr. Ambrose read the letter carefully and said. "I am at your service. When do you wish to begin your work?"

"Tomorrow."

"Then if you will step in to my library I will go over the matter with you at once." Tony Ramsey absorbed information eagerly, his mind was keen, and analytical and in an hour's time he had a good grasp of the situation. He was now prepared to begin the difficult problem that the government had laid out for him.

Mr. Ambrose eyed the young man critically, and a smile broke over his face. "It is good to see a Southern face," he said. "You have the splendid frame and the yellow hair of the men of Kentucky, Ramsey."

"Yes, I have sometimes wished I was not such a giant. I carry my birth-right around with me. It is awkward, always to be sighted as the big man from Kentucky. But with

men as with your giant trees, the final question is with their roots. When I can feel that I have done something worthy, I shall feel that I am living up to my size."

"If a big soul is put into a large body then the big man feels that he must have something large to build his ideals and successes upon," responded the postmaster.

Their further conversation was interrupted by the sound of light laughter followed by a woman's voice singing, "*Only One Girl for Me.*" There was something so fresh and infectious in her voice, such a mingling of pathos and joy, that it stole into Tony Ramsey's heart, and lingered there, like the benediction of a prayer.

"It is my daughter Rosamond singing. All the life of our little city centers about her. 'The Rose of Oregon' they call her, up and down the river. Better still she is the saint of my fireside. She has no mother," and the postmaster's voice grew sad. After a moment he continued, "Let us join her. Rosamond will be glad to know you, for she, too, is a Southerner."

The singing had ceased before they entered the pretty room. Young people were scattered about in little knots, and a general air of good-fellowship prevailed. Rosamond Ambrose was standing by a round table that had a great jar of pink roses in the center. There were roses in her hair, roses in the white folds of her gown, and the climbing roses upon the veranda peeped in at the open window, swayed gently in the soft breeze, and shook their perfume through the room.

"A primrose by the river's brim," came into Tony Ramsey's mind. But no, the modest little primrose would pale before the rich tropical beauty of this girl, with the face of a rose. She was tall and slender. He thought her hair the very blackest he had ever seen. When she raised her large black eyes he saw that they were full of blue shadows and soft lights.

Rosamond Ambrose extended her

hand, and said with gracious sweetness. "Washington is almost at the gates of our old home in Dixieland, so you, Mr. Ramsey, will seem a bit of our old life, transplanted to gladden us."

"The life of this wonderful valley inspires me, Miss Ambrose. I see peace, plenty, grace and beauty everywhere," and he bowed low before her. Mr. Ambrose walked down to the post-office with Tony Ramsey. He introduced him to his chief clerk, Noel Tyler, a brilliant cynical fellow well traveled, and versed in the ways of the world, who seemed strangely out of place in the little Oregon city. He was coolly civil, but instinctively the two men disliked, and distrusted each other.

After her father and Tony Ramsey had gone, Rosamond turned to her companions, but she was distraught. Her thoughts were with the stranger, with the sunshine hair and blue eyes, that looked at her in such a frank, manly fashion. A new element had come into her life. Would it make or mar it?

Tony Ramsey began work the next morning. If the face of Rosamond Ambrose peeped up at him from the mountain lake, or her voice called to him in the notes of the wild bird, it was only to increase his effort. He had a new incentive now to work for, and he put forth all his skill and energy. All the time that he had outside of business he spent at the Ambrose home.

Rosamond was always so surrounded by her friends that it was difficult to see her alone at home. She had often been his partner in the dance, and there had been boat-rides on the moonlit river. They had ridden their ponies down the steep cliffs into the broad stretches of the cultivated valley, that dimpled into a thousand forms of loveliness, with the glacier peak of Mt. Hood shining like a jewel down upon them.

The rich rose of the girl's cheek grew more exquisite. The luminous beauty of her eyes grew still more

limpid, at least so it seemed to Tony Ramsey. But whenever the words of love trembled upon his lips, Noel Tyler was sure to appear. He was Tony Ramsey's *bete noir*. Like a shadow he stole across his happiness.

Ramsey's work there was finished. He had just made out his report, when a message from the department was handed him. It ordered him to proceed at once to Australia. The Australian Government had asked them to send the most expert engineer that could be obtained, and their choice had fallen upon him. It meant fame, wealth and a name worthy to ask the girl he loved to share.

The evening was already upon him. He had only a few hours before he would have to start for San Francisco. He completed his preparations, and went to the Ambrose house. Almost the same company were there as on his first visit, a year before. Rosamond looked at him in astonishment and said:

"Why you are positively ominous. What is it Mr. Ramsey, that makes you so grave?"

"Because I am to be banished from Paradise, Miss Rosamond. I have been ordered to Australia," and he smiled reassuringly at her.

"You are going to Australia." The words came slowly through her trembling lips as if she was trying to comprehend them. By a mighty effort she regained her composure, and the color surged back to her face. "This is so sudden that it takes my breath away. You are not going very soon, I hope?" He never forgot the pleading of her pretty eyes.

"Tonight in order to catch the first steamer from San Francisco."

They were so engrossed that they did not see Noel Tyler standing just behind them. Fate was about to remove the man he hated from his path, and he smiled sardonically. He had not struggled all these months to be thwarted now. They should have no parting understanding, at the right moment he would step between them.

"Father will be so sorry not to see

you before you go, unfortunately he has gone to Astoria," continued Rosamond.

"Unfortunately, indeed, am I to have to leave this beautiful valley, and all the happiness it holds for me," and he walked by her side to the open window. In going to the window she dropped her handkerchief.

"Good," muttered Noel Tyler, as he picked it up, hastened after them and handed it to her, with a low bow, and stood persistently at her side.

A wild desire seized Tony Ramsey to pick him up and hurl him through the window. But perhaps Rosamond wanted him there. It certainly looked so, and he clenched his hands. His time was almost up. There was no hope of dislodging him, so he drew nearer to her and said, "I shall be gone two years Rosamond, will you try not to forget me?"

The girl broke a rose from the vine and handed it to him. "The leaves of this rose will wither, but the perfume will cling to them always, so I will remember you."

He lifted her hand to his lips, whispered "I will write," and was gone.

Then the girl turned upon Noel Tyler in a great fury. "Leave me," she cried, "what right have you to spy and follow me about, and intrude where you are not wanted? What right had you to stand here? Go, I never wish to see you again."

Noel Tyler sank at her feet. He caught hold of the hem of her gown. "Because," he said, "Because, Rosamond, I love you. Love asks no leave of pride or place. Let it plead my pardon."

"Go," she repeated, and her voice vibrated with scorn, "I spurn your love. I despise you. Oh, why did I not take the initiative before? Why was I so benumbed that I let Tony go, with the thoughts of his heart unspoken?" In the long days to come she found no answer to these torturing questions.

Tony Ramsey was bitterly disappointed. He had hoped so much that in the parting the comfort of her prom-

ise, and the assurance of her love would go with him. But instead he had nothing, but uncertainty and a rose. The little blossom held out a faint hope, which his buoyant nature siezed upon. He would write her now. He told her all that he had longed to say, and begged her to send her answer to Australia. Then with his own hand he dropped the letter into the mail box.

It was the first letter that Noel Tyler took out the next morning. He ground his teeth in rage. "You shall never have his letter, my fine lady. I will teach you to scorn me," he cried, and about to open it when someone came in, and he had to thrust it hastily into a drawer. Later in the day when he looked for it it was gone. In vain he sought to make peace with Rosamond. She would in no way tolerate him, and with the fear of the lost letter rising up to accuse him, he felt no longer safe in the office, and finally went away.

Life drifted on in the little Oregon city. Rosamond Ambrose bravely held her own. If she was a trifle more grave than of yore, it but enhanced her charm. The women of her family were not of the weeping-willow order. The pride of her old race would sustain her, even if no letter from Tony Ramsey ever came.

"Rosamond," said her father. She looked up surprised at his serious tone.

"A short time ago I opened a private drawer that I have not unlocked in years. Among the papers there I found this letter that you should have had long ago. Read it my dear."

With trembling hands she opened the long delayed message of love. Silently she put the letter in her father's hand, and covered her face. Had happiness been returned to her too late?

"If you had received this letter eighteen months ago what would have been your answer, my daughter?

"It would have been yes, father," and her voice trailed away in a sob.

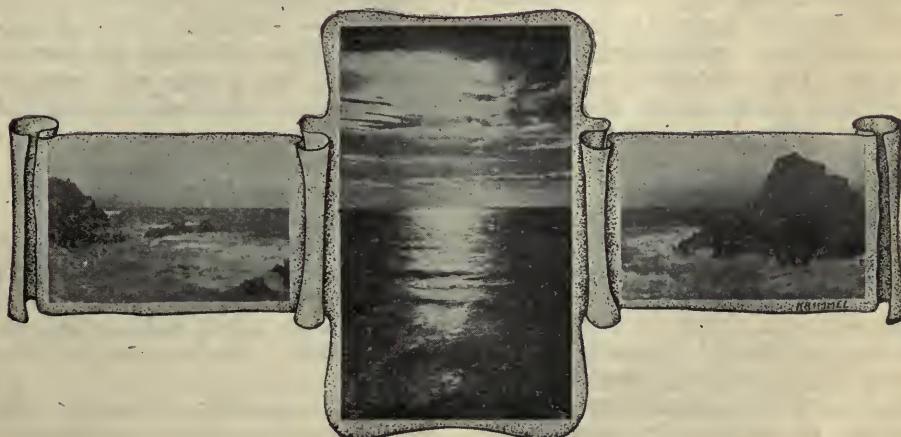
"Then write it now Rosamond, and I will write also, telling him how the letter fell into my hands."

* * * *

Rosamond stood at the window where she had parted with Tony Ramsey, two years before. The wind of the west blew, and over the pink-clustered rose-vine there hung a star.

"Pink rose, pretty rose," she said, "It is the love-time of the year; tell me, now, while the evening star shines above the crimson bar, will my letter bring back my Tony, to me?"

A head covered with yellow hair was thrust through the window. A big man sprang in, and gathered her in his arms. "It has—my Rose," he cried, "It has brought me back to peace, to love, to life, to thee."



The Scarlet Star

By E. Clement d'Art

DO you see the forest, somber green, with the great pine trees waving their long branches in the wind, like giant arms, helplessly, hopelessly, towards the purple, starry infinite above? Do you see the prairie, of lighter hue, even in the dim moonlight—and the little path that leads to the mountains beyond?

At the foot of the mountains, there is a lake—a great mirror of shining silver, a vast eye, open, as if the Earth calmly watched the Heavens. Do you see this lake? Do you see the mountains, with their proud peaks—snow clad, calm, distant, eternal?

And, at the foot of the mountains, there where the path ends, on the shores of the lake, next to a rivulet of crystal clear water, obtained from the melted snows, do you see the trapper's hut?

Do you hear the harmony of the suns and planets in the great silence that envelopes this immensity?

How long the years—and how short—since the trapper came and built this little solitary hut. The little hut is old, very old—according to man's reckoning. And the trapper is an old man, grey-bearded, grey-haired, grey of visage. His wife, who was pretty, is bent and wrinkled and crowned with silver glory where gold did shine—and she shakes and talks to herself—at times.

The fire is burning bright in the grate and the two old people, covetous of this heat, hold their palsied hands to the flames, that they may be warmed.

And yet, there is youth in this hut. In an unlit corner, far from the merry, dancing, thought and memory haunted flames, sits a little girl, playing with

a wooden doll. Childhood is vigorous and does not need the heat and the light that are reflected from the grate. Childhood is beauty and splendor and golden dreams.

Do you remember the dreams of childhood—and of youth!

The doll is but a simple toy, carved by the grandfather's trembling hands on a fine summer evening. But, if it could feel, it would be happy, for it is loved with the most delicate and sincere love of all—the love of a child for her doll.

Oh! the tears that are in the grandmother's heart and the merry laughter that lives, locked, in the child's breast! The threshold of Life—and the threshold of Death!

But, lives are Life—and there was merriment too—a long, long time ago—according to man's reckoning—in the grandmother's heart, when the grandmother was young.

A cry in the Night—do you hear it? A shrill, tenuous, frightened scream—the scream of someone in torment—or, perchance, just startled.

Slowly, listening wonderingly, the grandfather looks up. The grandmother's limbs shake and she mutters a prayer. The elderly man turns to the little girl who has dropped her doll.

"Did you hear, Elyse?"

"I heard something—someone shout—I am afraid!"

With measured movements, the grandfather leaves his chair and, as he abandons the fireside's warmth and ruddy glow, sighs and shakes his head. With unsteady hands, he lights the lantern.

And still, mumbling her rosary, the old dame quivers and shivers before

the flames—as people will, in the Winter of Life.

The little girl has picked up her doll and, pressing her protectingly against her breast, she listens in fear for a second appeal from the Mystery, outside.

"Come!"

The trapper has spoken. The infant obeys.

In the velvet night, out of the hut's creaking door, steps a tottering, bent old man, led by a child. The trapper's eyes are dimmed by the years and the child must lead.

A curtain of light plays shimmeringly before the gate and brightly casts its reflection on the greedy green and golden grass and on the little white path that ends at the door. Then it ebbs and dissolves into narrowing nothingness as the door closes.

High in the crisp mountain air, the trapper holds the lantern. For an instant, as if about to die out, the flame wavers uncertainly in a gust of wind, then burns—clear and steady.

In fond and simple faith, Elyse speaks whisperingly to the doll in her arms, telling her not to fear for Granddad walks beside them and will most certainly protect them from the unseen danger—Granddad is big and strong and wise.

Suddenly, in the little circle of yellow, mellow light that precedes their steps, lost among the rocks, framed in the dark spruce background, another being appears—a girl child of Elyse's age and stature.

Dressed in the furry skins of beasts, crowned with dark green creepers and twigs, the lithe little creature cowers, hiding her face in her arms, closing her eyes, fearing the light—yet longing to see the bright burning flame and to know why it burns so bright.

In trembling, astounded silence, the grandfather bends forward and turns the lantern full on her face. Elyse stares wonderingly at the strange little being. Slowly, shyly she looks up, with wide wild eyes at the elderly man who questions her—but, seemingly tongue-tied, she does not reply.

Her fears forgotten, Elyse, advances a pace, smiles and timidly presents her doll to the stranger. Eager little hands seize the proffered toy and, in the strange monotone of a metallic tongue which neither Elyse nor her father's father understand, she croons a lullaby to the wooden babe. Then she looks up and she, too, smiles and, winningly, crosses to Elyse. Elyse taking her by the hand, shouts joyously:

"Ah—granddad, I shall have a playmate—"

In senile understanding, happily, the old man turns back towards the little camp and the light that scintillates through a crack in the door and burns brightly through the window glass. Hand in hand, the two children run before him, laughing merrily. And so they enter the house.

Startled and dark of visage, crossing herself, the grand dame stands to full height. Holding on with one hand to the back of her chair, and with the other, unsteadily pointing, cursing, she speaks in bitter remonstrance to her sire:

"Take her away—take her away—take her from under our roof—take her from the warmth of our room. Let her sleep on the moss, in the woodland, where she belongs. She is a witch-child, a gypsy—Take her from my sight—she will bring a curse on our home—she has come to take Elyse from us—I know—I see both walking through the woodland, away from us, and both look up towards the heavens and—oh, God!—we are cold and still and silent—Take her away!"

Dismayed, then incensed, the old man stares at his life's companion, and, interrupting the flow of her speech:

"You foolish one," he exclaims, "hold your tongue—do not desecrate the hospitality of our roof. She is but a child, lost and helpless—who does not even understand our language. Were you but younger and less given to visions, you would not speak as you have spoken. She shall be a second ray of sunshine in our house—of her matchless sunshine that is youth—she

shall be Elyse's friend and playmate—see, they already love one another—she shall be treated as if she were one of us—nay, better, for she is a Stranger in our home—Where there is enough for three, there is enough for four—And if God sent her, God will provide—”

The old woman once more crosses herself.

“God forgive,” says she,—the devil sent her—and the devil shall take from us what we have—The creature is accursed and will bring us ill-luck—I do not want her here.”

“We shall see,” returns the sire, “God himself shall give the answer.”

And, reaching up along the wall, he removes from its hook the silvery Christ on his ebony cross and presents the crucifix to the little newcomer.

Hesitating, looking up wide-eyed and askance, then down again, she takes it in her hands and stares in pity, in sorrowful sympathy at the Figure that is nailed to the wood. Then she shakes her head a little as if asking: “Have men done this thing?—Are men, then, wild beasts?”

“See,” comments the old man, “She does not fear Him—but understands—would these be the actions of a witch?”

But still, unintelligibly, the elderly dame speaks to herself, then sits down and, staring disapprovingly into the flames, gathering unto herself their heat, keeps silent.

Smilingly, the old man once more turns to the child:

Your name, little one—what is your name?”

But she does not understand.

“Ah, well,” pursues the elder, “since we cannot learn your name, we shall give you one. Let me see—Sylvia—how is Sylvia for a name? A pretty way to call you, I think! It shall be Sylvia. And, listen, little one—this is your home and I am—your grand-dad—Elyse will not mind my having another little girl—she told me so. Now—go and play with Elyse—never mind what the old woman has to say—she is no longer as she was in her

younger days—and does not understand. Much must be forgiven old people.”

And so, the two children—Sylvia and Elyse—grow side by side, the grand dame never reconciled to the presence of the stranger, the sire kind to her and considerate.

And as they grow, thus together, the love and friendship of Elyse and Sylvia grow with them and blossom as do pure and modest violets in the woodland grass—scenting the ambient air with virginal perfume.

They understand each other well—in spite of the fact that the wild flower remains a wild flower, that she still fears the fire, that she will not sleep in a bed—but on the hard floor, curled up, as do the animals in the woods—that she refuses to learn the language of her benefactors.

As the days pass, the grandfather grows a little greyer, a little more bent—his sight almost gone. The grandmother sits nearer the fire than she did when we first met her and she spends her days brooding and whispering strange memories to the flames.

One evening, as both children sit at his feet, the elderly man tells Elyse of a different world where his sweetheart of old—the elderly dame by the grate—and he, himself, will go some day, never to return. Where this other world is, he cannot explain—in spite of the wisdom he has acquired with the passing years. A messenger called Death will call and they will follow and, when she sees it, Elyse will know the face of Death.

The little girl needs not fear or regret for Death is not unkind and all men are happy in the world where strife and sorrow cease.

But when the day comes when Death will call, Elyse is to take a letter, which is in a drawer, to a man, in the big city—beyond the prairie. This man will take care of Elyse and—perhaps—if Sylvia follows, take care of her too.

Day by day, after this, Elyse and Sylvia go to where the little path turns into the forest and there watch and

wait for the coming of the mysterious Stranger called Death who will lead their guardians to an unknown land, a land of happiness wherefrom they shall never return.

But the footfalls of Death are soft and light as the winter's falling snow and the presence of the dark winged angel is not realized until he strikes.

In the trapper's hut all is still. The fire in the grate has burned itself to cold ashes. And cold, too, gaunt and grim, are the shapes of the two old people as they sit motionless and silent beside the open fire place and the dead fire.

Sylvia and Elyse are walking together along the little white path that leads to the little grey hut. They have gathered flowers and berries in the bushes and are laughing and singing merrily, oblivious of the fact that night is slowly spreading its starry mantle of darkness over the land.

At last they reach the door.

"Grandpa—" shouts Elyse and stops short.

There is majesty in the room—as if the dread visitor had come. Perhaps—

With trembling hands, Elyse lights the lamp and Sylvia watches her—fearful of the dancing flame. Softly they cross to the two motionless forms—perhaps they are but asleep.

But the sleep of the aged is light and easily disturbed.

A cry of fear and Elyse drops the lamp which falls crashing to the floor, its fire gone. Through the window, a ray of moonlight throws its pale radiance over the grandfather's visage and Elyse shouts:

"The Face of Death!—God!—Is this, then, the Face of Death?"

In strange, hesitating tones of voice Sylvia, who has never spoken the tongue of Elyse's fathers, repeats: "The Face of Death!"

Then, gently, she places her hand on Elyse's shaking shoulder and, still hesitating as she speaks:

"Come!" she says.

Elyse wipes her tears—for has not granddad said that in this strange land

where he and she have gone, they would be happy? Elyse ponders, then shouts:

"The letter—I must take the letter!"

Hastily she searches the drawer and finds the envelope and follows Sylvia to the door.

Sylvia's eyes shine strangely. From the threshold she silently points up at the heavens.

Over the trapper's camp there is a star and its scarlet radiance eclipses all the other planets and sun. And, oddly, this star seems to move—slowly—above the little path. Hand in hand, the two children follow the star.

Through stern mountain land, through ferns and green woodland—a scarlet ray piercing the foliage ahead, advancing as they advance, stopping as they stop—through the prairie's tall grass, still following their heavenly guide, Elyse and Sylvia walk on until, with the break of day, the star of scarlet is eclipsed by the sun's golden glory.

They hear voices and see the wagons, horses and white tents of a gypsy camp.

"Is this—is this," asks Elyse, "the big city?"

Sylvia smiles, but does not reply.

Elyse doubts and remembers her grandfather's descriptions. This cannot be the big city. And yet—things are not always as we expect.

On an upturned box, the grey-haired, bronzed, bejewelled figure of an old gypsy queen is bending over cards—long and with queer figures printed on their face—the mystic tarot cards—the gift of Egypt.

The two children stop, watching her. Elyse lets go of her companion's hand and, prompted by curiosity, comes closer.

Slowly, dreamily, the old gypsy woman looks up, smiles.

"Child of another race," says she—and the accents of her speech are strangely soft and metallic, resembling the tongue that Sylvia speaks—"What brought you here?"

"A star," returns Elyse, "We follow—

ed a star—big—with scarlet rays. Tell me—is this the big city?"

"No," laughs the gypsy, "it is but a flying town of tents—the big city, child, ah! may you never reach it! Come! Let me read in the cards and see what the future has in store for you."

Eager, wondering, Elyse comes quite near and stares at the mysterious cards with the strange symbols.

And the gypsy instructs the child to pick out some with her own hand. Then she arranges them before her, in a little circle and peers at the cards.

World wisdom radiating from piercing grey eyes, the gypsy speaks:

"You have a letter, child, addressed to a man in the big city. This man is your uncle. He is very stern and will render the remaining days of your childhood unhappy. He will turn your little comrade from his door and you shall weep over her loss. As you grow you will dream dreams that shall never be realized. You will know the misery of not possessing this which you most desire while the things that you do not wish for shall be given you a plenty.

"Then will begin for you a senseless race for happiness. The shadow will be ever fleeting. As your hand will reach for it and seem to close over its elfish form it will fly off on gauze like wings—further than ever. Your heart shall be filled with bitterness. You will die a hundred deaths with a hundred dreams and the last hour you shall live shall not be the blackest moment you shall spend in this world.

"As you develop into womanhood, love will come—a strange, inexplicable sentiment. And you will believe that, at last, you have reached happiness—but the grander the promise, the deeper the deception. With the treble whip of horror, despair and disgust, love shall lash you. No matter how great your love, it shall die and the pain endured will paramount all sufferings undergone before.

"Then will come the sweet days of motherhood. For some little time, the

shadow of happiness shall hover near you—a mere shadow, child—not happiness itself, for you will mostly live in the future and believe in enchanted days to come—and in the company of your child.

"Then illusions shall vanish for ever. The child will be a source of sorrow and disappointment. With pain—unimaginable suffering—it shall be born. Then, the preservation of its life will mean the loss of your own vitality—terror will haunt your soul in days of illness—and if God takes back the given one, your sorrow will be boundless and beyond human heal.

"Old age will creep stealthily upon your frame—days of receding power, of crumbling thought. One by one, all the faces you have known—and loved—will disappear. Dust, they shall return to dust—the very spot where they lived will turn to ruins—and yet, you will cling to life to the last—still you shall seek happiness—ah—how hopeless the chase, then!"

Wide-eyed, fearful, Elyse has listened—half understanding the words of wisdom.

And, with parched throat and features blanched, she asks:

"Is there—is there no way in which I can be made happy?"

Doubtfully, as if taking the distant hills as a witness, the old gypsy looks about, sighs, then smiles a little.

"Ah well—who knows—come with us, child—perhaps, at the corner of some road, listening to the song the wind sings in the bulrushes, watching the humming birds flit from flower to flower in southern lands, gazing at the stars in northern nights—perhaps you shall know happiness. At any rate, you shall have freedom, God's air, God's surroundings—and you shall travel, child, travel unceasingly—you shall see men and more men—all with different creeds, customs, manners, ideas—you shall, in time, know these men as they, themselves, do not know their living soul. Wisdom shall be yours—and wisdom is the key that unlocks the door of happiness."

Elyse turns, looking for her little

comrade. But Sylvia is no longer at her side. In the distance, near a camp fire, Sylvia is playing and singing in the strange, soft, metallic tongue of the gypsies.

On the day following the tents are folded and loaded on the big wagons and the wanderers move on towards new adventures, new climes, new faces.

Beside the old sybil—hand in hand, singing, and with eyes sparkling merriment—two children march in the dust of the trail.

Ahead of the caravan, dimly seen and fading to nothingness, there is a star of scarlet hue which, oddly, seems to move ahead of them, above the long trail—slowly, slowly—stopping as they stop—advancing as they advance.

PIKES PEAK

Far in the western heavens sinks the sun
Behind the wall of mountains towering high.
Its last rays touch the top of Cameron's Cone
And light it up with splendor of a dream.

The bright procession of the silver clouds
Marching in stately glory past the peak
Named the Red Mountain in the days gone by—
Now white as any cloud with wintry snow.

The colors change and change again and pass
And evening casts her shadows down the slope.
Southward I see like shape of mighty beast
The crooked horns of massive Mount Cheyenne.

But over all, serene and dominant,
Pikes Peak soars skyward, crowned with virgin snow,
And wreathed about with vague, fantastic clouds.
Through lapse of circling centuries it stands.

Thus shall it stand, inspiring men to thoughts
Immortal, noble, changeless and sublime,
That shall continue when the peak itself
Has crumbled down in dust to nothingness.

Happy the man, thrice happy, he whose work
Lives after him in thoughts that cannot die,
That point men to the skies like mountain peaks,
But crumble not, nor pass away with time.

HERBERT EDWARD MIEROW.

The Homing Instinct in Animals and Birds

By F. H. Sidney

Mr. Sidney has made some wonderful studies of animal and bird life. It has been given to few to know the little wild creatures as he does. By streams, in fields and the woods, he has learned their secrets. Their loves, their hates and their tragedies are an open book to him. In these nature studies he will tell you of these little wood folk.—Editor.

MOST of us are aware that dogs and pigeons have a strong homing instinct, but very few people know that a hoptoad will travel ten miles to get back to his home if taken away from the place where he was born and lived since his maturity. This never occurred to me until Professor Dallas Lore Sharp brought it out, in the class at Boston University one day to illustrate a point. "Take a hoptoad away from home and even if its ten miles he'll find his way back," exclaimed the Professor.

This brought back to me an experience with hoptoads down on Cape Cod thirty years previous; when mother scraped the side of a toad while working in her garden. The next day there was an ugly looking scab on the toad's side.

It made mother nervous to look at it. She told me to carry the toad off into the woods. I carried him a distance of three miles and left him. That toad was back in our garden the very next day. Three times I carried that toad into the woods, and every time he came back home. Finally mother

said to let him stay in the garden as his wound was healing.

Two years ago, Joseph Hanson, a Boston and Maine freight conductor, brought a toad into the signal tower where I work and said. "I picked up this little toad out on the lawn at the Saugus station; and I am going to put him in my garden in Somerville to eat the bugs."

"That toad will hop right back to Saugus," Joe, I said.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Who told you anything like that?"

"Professor Sharp," I replied.

"I've read that man's nature stories; and I know they're good stuff, but I can hardly believe my hoptoad will hop nine miles from Somerville to Saugus," answered Joe firmly.

"Why not write your initials on a small tag and tie to the toad's hind leg, before you let him loose in your garden, Joe. Then you can see whether he hops back to his old home in Saugus, or not."

Joe agreed to do this, and tagged the toad before letting him out into the garden. Two days later Joe came into the tower and exclaimed.

"You were right! That toad is hopping around on the lawn at Saugus station with the tag I tied to his leg dragging along behind him."

There is a big toad in my garden whom I call Teddy. I thought I would try and see whether Teddy would make his way back home if carried any distance away. Consequently I placed Teddy in a box one night, and carried him on a train to Boston, ten

miles from my home, Wakefield, Mass. At Boston I transferred to the Boston Elevated and rode to Sullivan Square, a mile outside the city.

It was just 10:50, P. M., when I opened the box at the junction of the Perkins Street Footbridge and Haverhill Street, Charlestown, Mass., near the signal tower where I am employed. Teddy blinked at the arc lights as though sensing direction, then he turned deliberately around, and headed directly for home.

He hopped along by the curbing. I followed him until he turned the corner at Mystic Avenue, and crossed the bridge, headed in a straight air line direction towards Wakefield, a different route from which he had come. It was then 11 o'clock at night; while Teddy hopped homeward, I went on duty in the tower.

At exactly 16:15 the next afternoon as I was playing the hose on my garden. A dusty looking toad, with a small tag hitched to his hind leg trailing along behind him, came hopping down the driveway. He hopped under the faucet and cooled himself with the drippings. I examined the tag; yes, sure enough, it was my Teddy. The tag was the same one I had tied to his hind leg with my name and address written on it. Teddy had hopped a distance of ten miles to get back home.

Private Denny McLaughlin, of Company A, 14th U. S. Engineers (a railway operating unit that trained at Salem, New Hampshire), captured a hoptoad just before leaving the camp, and placed it in a box. He managed to smuggle it aboard ship and carried it to France.

The toad is still there. Denny writes me that "he is obliged to tie the toad with a long string, for every time the toad gets an opportunity he invariably heads for the seacoast a hundred miles away. The toad wants to get back home.

"Some one cut the string and allowed the toad to hop quite a distance away before they notified Denny. He just caught up with the toad hopping in

the direction of the Unites States, as a poilu, thinking he was a frog, was about to spit the toad on his bayonet in order to enjoy a supper of frog's legs." Denny's mascot toad has been the source of a great deal of amusement among the poilus.

Dr. Paul Pitman, a dentist in the U. S. Reserves, tells me of a toad that has lived under the back steps of his home in Intervale, N. H., for the past twenty-five years. This toad answers to the name of Pete. He often followed Dr. Pitman to the railroad station, when Dr. Pitman was night operator there. The toad would sit on the station platform and catch flies for a while, then hop back home alone.

Another telegrapher who was stationed at North Beverly, Mass., as night operator for several years tells me of a hoptoad, that would hop up on to the station platform there, every night, and eat flies from his hand, until dark, when it would hop off into the grass.

Some time ago I received a letter from one of the editors of the "Country Gentleman," who some way found out I was studying hoptoads. He told me about a toad that lived in the yard of a Philadelphia resident for several years. This toad would parade up and down the pavement, much to the amusement of the children. He would run after them when they dragged a button or spool tied to a string, and would seize it in his mouth thinking it was a bug of some kind. Toads live to be forty years old, and will eat hundreds of bugs, worms, and other injurious pests in a day.

Twenty years ago when I was assigned to my present position in a switch and signal tower, located in one of the railroad yards in Boston, an English sparrow and his mate built a nest in the eaves just outside the bay window.

The old male still makes his home in the same place, and he has outlived numerous mates, and raised large families there.

Fifteen years ago, I caught the male and marked him with a piece of silver

wire; he still wears this band around his leg. The old tower is to be torn down and a new brick structure has been built close by to take its place. I thought perhaps it would be a good idea to take the old male out to my home in the country and provide a home for him, in a birdhouse on the top of my garage. I brought the little bird ten miles out into the country and placed him in the birdhouse; but he was right back at the tower the very next morning.

The railroad yards are full of pigeons, who swarm around the tower and eat the bits of bread we throw out to them. Time and again I have caught some of these pigeons, and taken them to my home out in the country, marked them by tying bands around their legs. Invariably everyone of them flies back to the railroad yards where they were born and have always lived.

The homing instinct in pigeons has been the means of saving many lives since the war began. Two British aviators in a hydroplane, developed engine trouble in a terrible gale, and were obliged to descend to the water. They released their carrier who made off with his message, in the face of a hurricane. When this pigeon reached his home cote, he dropped dead from exhaustion. The attendant cut the message from his leg, and a tug was

sent to the rescue of the aviators tossing helplessly about on the sea in a crippled machine.

A man living in Jamaica Plain, Mass., tells me that a pair of robins nested in the trees in his yard for twenty-five years, coming back at the same time every spring; these birds became so tame they would eat from his hand.

A neighbor of mine bought a pig; and brought him across country twenty miles. That pig broke out of his pen at least a dozen times and made his way back to his original home, before means were devised to keep him in his pen. Farmers in Illinois and Missouri tell me that it is a common occurrence for pigs to travel across country from ten to twenty miles to make their way back home.

A family living in Everett, Massachusetts, moved to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a distance of fifty miles. They carried the family cat with them. The cat made its way back to Everett, several days later and is still there.

Dogs have been known to travel distances of several hundred miles, to their old homes. An article published in the daily papers last year told of a collie dog that made its way from North Carolina to Indiana.

Both sheep and horses will travel long distances to gratify their homing instincts.



The Sway of the Crutch

By Anna M. Means

THE heat of the early September afternoon lulled like an opiate. The murmuring rustle of the wind held the soothing sweet-ness of a lullaby. Tony Papini, sitting astride on his basket, drifted from the land of stern reality which lay all about him into a heaven of dreams. His small stained hands still mechanically broke branches from the heaped-up vine beside him and stripped the pale green hops into his basket. But his soul was elsewhere, his vision took in nothing of the scene about him.

Ahead of him long rows of leafy, odorous vines swayed in the wind as they climbed in airy grace to the network of wires high above. Behind him lay the desolation of stripped vines, bare poles, and a mist of white broken cords, dangling from the wires overhead.

To the right and left of him the pickers worked steadily, a confusion of sounds came to him—the murmur of voices, the shout of watermelon vender, a sharp metallic sound as vines were pulled down, and ever the monotonous, faintly popping sound as hops parted with their stems in the pickers' hands. Somewhere a child's voice was singing "Baby Rose"; near by a cadaverous, black-browed villian discoursed on social equality, his English surprisingly good, his opinions hopelessly biased.

Tony dreamed on, unheeding. Into the land wherein he wandered entered no sun-bonneted women, no blue-overalled men, no children torn or stained or dirty. There there were no weary eyes, no tired drooping shoulders, no sullen brutish faces, bitter as the feathery hops he garnered into his

basket. There were no cruel words, no curses, no blows.

His dreams ended abruptly. "Tony! Get to work there you lazy one!" The elder Papini balanced himself on his one leg, clutched a hop-vine for support, and brought his stout crutch down upon the dreamer's back. "There," he panted with a string of curses, "I knocka the sleep outa you."

Hardened by lifelong familiarity with such fatherly attentions, Tony cringed sullenly beneath the blow, slid off the basket, and bent his smarting shoulders to his task. The father glared at him darkly, but just then another grievance claimed his attention.

"Weigh in your hops! Weigh in your hops!" The clarion call rang across the field, the signal that the day's activities were over. At the words children laughed pleased at the speedy respite from work, and grown-ups grumbled at the early weighing.

"T'ree o'clock," growled Papini; "what for they queet so early? We no get reech like dis."

He turned to his two daughters, Mary and Eda, who worked near him—slatternly girls, with comely features grown gross and sullen, their backs and shoulders showing an intimate acquaintance with heavy tasks. Eda answered with a lifeless shrug as she emptied her basket into a sack already full, crammed it down, tied up the mouth, and dragged it to the scales. Mary performed a like service for herself, as did her father and Tony. Courtesy was an unknown quantity in the Papini family.

Ahead of them, seated on empty sacks in the shade crooned the Papini baby, lovely despite a goodly crust of dirt on face and garments. Vacant-

eyed, opened-mouthed, Margharita, eldest of the family, sprawled beside her, hands clasped idly about her knees. Possessed of the body of an Amazon and the mentality of a child of three, Margharita failed to recognize the need of labor. Her puny intellect was incapable of concentrated effort. Papini, himself, had reached this conclusion after years of endeavor. Margharita wept and cowered beneath the blows of the crutch, worked feverishly for a moment, then straightway lapsed again into soulless-gazing. Today, however, she responded sharply to her father's call, gathered the little Rosa in her arms, and joined the silent procession on its way to camp. Papini swung along at the head, muttering curses on the owner of the field, till a deep and burning thirst grew up in his throat.

"Tony!"

They had reached camp, an untidy, comfortless affair, and Tony had gladly set down the heavy jug he had carried in from the field. He wheeled swiftly to face his father.

"Taka the jug," pointing with his crutch, "and bring me wine from Mr. Page's winery. Queek!"

The boy picked up the jug and started. He was hot, he was tired, he had hoped for a little rest and a play with Rosa, it was a three-mile walk to Page's winery, the road was dry and choking with dust, yet he did not cry. A sort of sullen endurance came to him as he trudged along kicking up clouds of dust with his heavy shoes. He did not question his father's authority to send him on a six-mile tramp in the afternoon heat; he had known no other law than that father's will and inexorable crutch which enforced obedience.

One mile dragged slowly by, then two miles. Then he passed the little station and entered a shady driveway. On either side lay young orchards and fields of corn and potatoes. Then came stretches of smooth turf, and finally on the crest of a low hill a wide, old-fashioned house, made home-like by deep verandas and window boxes

filled with scarlet geraniums. It was the orphanage. He had passed it many times with indifference, but today his mind was attuned to contrasts. He compared the many-windowed, white-curtained building with the paintless, barn-like structure which served the Papini family for a dwelling place. These green lawns and bright flower beds made the barren yard and hot, desolate hillside at home seem more unlovely than ever. Unconsciously he sighed.

Ten or twelve small girls romped in the shade of a giant oak in the rear. A fresh-faced nurse in trim blue uniform sat near them watching their play. Sometimes they ran to her laughing and she smiled at them understandingly. Tony set down his jug and peered at them through the bushes. As he looked he felt deep within him, an ache which throbbed with his heart and intensified into a hunger for something he had never known. He did not know just what it was, but it shone from the gentle face of the nurse and made her voice like music. Whatever it was he wanted it, for it was blessed, wanted it for himself, but most of all for Rosa.

He picked up his jug and hurried on but he could not walk fast enough to escape the thought that had come to him as he crouched among the bushes. With a sigh of relief he reached Page's winery, received his wine and hurried home. But the unwelcome thought went with him to keep him company throughout the weary miles.

How his back and shoulders ached! How his arms dragged down with a sickening pain! The way was so long, the jug so heavy, he shifted its weight from side to side as he might. His tired mind wandered in a shadow realm. Rosa, the fair-haired tender nurse, the Home, happy children, red flowers, mingled confusedly in his thoughts. He reached camp at length, hugging the jug against his breast. Then came rest and the heavy dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

The morning found him stiff and

pale, racked with pain in shoulders and back. To move his arms was pain. But he went with the others to the field, saying no word. Page's wine had left Papini with inflamed eyes, in consequence his family was more silent than ever.

Two weary hours dragged by, the sun stood an hour's height above the hills. Tony worked faithfully, but slowly. At each movement of his arms his sore muscles protested. Then little Rosa awoke from a comfortless nap and set up a whimper. "I'm cold," she shivered; "so cold, Tony."

He dropped on his knees beside her and fastened her unshapely coat more closely about her. This done, he wrapped an empty hop sack about her shoulders, smiling crookedly at the picture she made. "Like a little Eskimo baby you look, Rosa, like a little Eskimo in skins. Put your hands beneath your arms—so—and they will keep warm."

The elder Papini heard and his red eyes flashed to Tony's basket, not yet full, and noted the empty sack beside it. With a growl, deep in his throat, he caught up his ever-ready crutch, raised it high in the air and brought it down upon the boy's aching back. Again and again the blows rained down upon him where he crouched, silent save for a first-shocked cry.

"You lazy one," the words sandwiched in between curses, "I teacha you to play all day! Yesterday no work, today on work—no basket full yet! And Rosa, I teacha you not to call Tony from his work." As he spoke he bent over and administered to Rosa a few sharp slaps on the cheek. With significant stoicism she smothered her sobs into quietness and buried her outraged cheek on her knees.

Tony dragged himself back to work. His mouth was set in an unchildish line, and his black eyes burned startlingly in his white face. His duty done, the elder Papini seated himself again upon an upturned barrel and drew his basket between his knees, being careful to place his crutch con-

veniently near. His thin, leathery face puckered itself into a thousand wrinkles, the stump of his leg thrust out aggressively. He turned his savage eyes on his daughters.

"Tony, he no good," he growled. "No work—only sleep all the time. Not feefty pound will he peek this morning."

The girls eyed him furtively from beneath their flapping red calico sunbonnets, but vouchsafed no reply. His keen, hawk-like gaze swept over them, but could find nothing on which to fasten his displeasure. Mary and Eda were splendid examples of his discipline, trained in obedience, silence, and ceaseless industry. Finding no new subject for discontent he turned to his nearest neighbor, a plump, motherly woman, and resumed:

"No use to me to have a boy," he complained; "girls better eveery time. We wanted a boy, my lady and me, and when he came we very happy. But," with a shrug, "he no good—lazy, good-for not'ing, and he teacha baby Rosa to be lazy too."

The woman's fresh, wholesome face grew resolute. "Mr. Papini," she said, "I think it's lovely the way Tony looks out for his little sister. It's hard on children out here in the dirt, and if I were in your place, I'd be glad to have Tony care for her, even if he didn't pick so many hops. Remember she hasn't any mother and Margharita isn't able to do much for her."

Papini shook his head despondently. "Rosa, she cry-baby. Tony he spoila her. She big enough to get drink for herself—she four year t'ree mont's. Margharita no good to me—no work, just trouble alla time."

The woman's blue eyes sparkled, but she shut her lips tight and catching up her basket, went on ahead where another woman, as trimly starched as herself, was working.

"The brute!" She turned indignant eyes on her friend. "Did you hear what he said? And did you see him beat that child? A man like that to be the father of children! He was born a few years too late—he should

have been a slave-driver. I tremble to think what that pretty baby's life will be like. See what he's done to those grown girls—driven the life out of them, till they're almost as brutish as himself. And Margharita—a blow from his crutch made her the hopeless idiot she is. He just told me she's no good to him! And it's my fault and yours. We are too much afraid of interfering, we pride ourselves on attending to our own business! There's a law to protect children from such parents as he is, and there's the Home to put them in. He ought to be reported. They'd go into the Home fast enough after an investigation, he'd see! If he had any near neighbors it would have been done long ago."

Tony bent above his work but his mind was chaos. Screened by the leafy vines he had moved forward and the woman's every word had reached him. So Margharita was the victim of that merciless crutch, the badge of parental authority. And Rosa, the lovely one—the woman had feared for Rosa. Deliberately he set himself to vision Rosa in the years to come—shoulders bent, eyes sullen and cringing, features coarsened and unlovely. And perhaps vacant, soulless like Margharita, a creature to shudder at!

A greater fear came to him than he had ever known, even when in the little school house a wandering evangelist preached of the wrath to come, and drew lurid mind-pictures of everlasting tortures. Then he had shrunk in terror, but his fear had been a selfish one, founded on the knowledge of his own wickedness. For who but himself knew the evil in his heart, the hate that sometimes burned within him, the wild longing to disobey even while bending his head in outward filial obedience? But now fear for Rosa's future possessed him, awakening his mind to a mature understanding. What did life hold in store for Rosa? Nothing but curses, work beyond her strength and the constant dread of the crutch.

Insidiously the thought of yesterday came, unwelcome yet. How cun-

ningly the woman's words fitted in with that thought! Love that was selfish, love that was the essence of unselfishness struggled together within him. He looked down the years and saw pictures—Rosa laughing and happy, knowing the satisfying warmth of the tender nurse's smile and the velvet softness of her touch—Rosa with burning eyes, cowering beneath the blows of the crutch. The barn-like house on the bleak hill with Rosa gone, without hope, without love—Rosa among green lawns and scarlet flowers. With him lay the burden of decision. A heavy sigh, born of physical and mental suffering escaped him. He looked up just as his father drank deep of the jug and set it down empty. Papini's eyes were still inflamed, and a burning thirst, child of the night's carousal, possessed him. He pointed to the empty jug and said briefly:

"Tony! Bring water, queek."

The boy picked up the jug without a word. Rosa crept softly to him and with furtive glances at her father, slipped her hand in Tony's. Together they made their way to camp unmolested. The boy moved as Joan of Arc might have done, as in sublime faith she answered the urge of the voices. The burden of decision had been lifted from him, the way pointed out, made easy. Yesterday when something within him urged him to the course he was about to take, a fragment of the evangelist's teaching, deeply impressed upon his mind by its very irony, rose up and frightened him. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land." Dare he disobey that solemn command? But that fear, so potent yesterday, was as nothing beside his fear for Rosa's future. He could dare anything—even the terrible punishment at his father's hands—for Rosa's sake. She must not be made into the pitiable thing Margharita was.

At camp he washed the child's hands and face and brushed out her tangled hair as best he could. Then

leading her by the hand he set out along the dusty road. His grave face and serious manner stilled Rosa's excited questions, in a dim way she realized some crisis had been reached. She trudged valiantly through the two miles of dust that lay between camp and the orphanage. At sight of the flowers she laughed delightedly and cooed low in her throat. A bed of crimson dahlias especially pleased her and only her brother's restraining hand prevented her plucking them.

Tony mounted the steps of the main building and rang the bell. They were ushered into a cool, dim hall and the matron was summoned from the rear. Mrs. Thomas was a stout and capable woman with a legal mind. She pieced out the boy's stammering story with adroit questions. She stripped back the thin shirt that covered his back and brought into view a dozen black and blue marks showing livid against the smooth skin. She gathered the story of Margharita and the boy's fear for Rosa. Then she called an attendant and spoke to him in low tones. A few words reached the boy's ears: "I've heard rumors before of his harshness. We can keep them here while the matter is investigated. . . . Of course the law will give them to us." Then her tone changed and she gave orders in a business-like way.

"You will remain here with me for the present," she said kindly, as she returned to the wide-eyed children. "Come with me and we will get cleaned up."

Tony rose to his feet, shaken and perplexed. "But—but—I must go back. Rosa must stay but I—my father—"

She laid a kindly hand on his shoulder. "What is it? Tell me."

His great eyes burned. How could he explain to her his fear of breaking that stern commandment? Even as he groped for words his eye caught that solemn injunction, wreathed in wild roses, looking at him from the wall: "Honor thy father and thy mother." He pointed to it dumbly.

She looked and understood. When she spoke her voice was husky. "You would disobey for Rosa's sake, but not for your own?" She wrinkled her forehead in an effort to find a fitting argument. "You must stay for Rosa's sake," she said softly. "She needs you, she could not be happy without you. Don't you see, dear," as Rosa whimpered and clung to him, "how much she needs you? You honor your mother by caring for her baby."

Tony hesitated for a moment, glanced at the commandment on the wall, then took Rosa's hand and followed the matron from the room.



When the Desert Blossomed

By Elizabeth Vore

ASTRETCH of blue sky through shimmering shafts of blazing light; a long line of dun-colored, heat-scorched hills, marking the distant horizon line; an endless, flaming waste of sand; and to the right, nearing a clump of giant cacti by the water-hole, a cabin of shakes thatched with wild grass—that was Merner's with its exclusive environment—the desert hotel. If you didn't like it there was the desert to choose, with its trackless miles of desolation and solitude, where no human lives longer than a man can do without food and water. The desert or Merner's—it had never taken a man long to choose.

Tim Wayne knew that a few men—desert explorers with experience of years of desert life, were familiar with certain plants that grew in occasional stretches, which would supply water and food sufficient to keep a man alive for days, but he was not one of the fortunate few. For him there was Merner's, and glad enough he was when he sighted it. Yet he made a wry face instantly. He had heard all about Merner's and he had heard no good of it.

"If you start on that fool-hardy trip, Wayne, you'll have to stay at Merner's," Barnes his colleague on the newspaper had said at the uptown office. "I knew a fellow who rounded-up there a few years ago on a desert trip. They took him to the edge of the desert several days later and turned him loose, when he wandered into town without his pocket-book, and minus his money and good clothes, he had a sick spell that laid him on the shelf for months. If you shouldn't find the delectable Merner's—why,

man alive, there's nothing else to find, and I'll hope to meet you in a world where men make better use of the brain the Almighty has blessed them with."

"If the staff had sent him," muttered Barnes, after Wayne had departed—"Well, he would have had to go, and—stay, dead or alive until he got what he went after—but just for a series of special articles—good heavens! some men play the fool easy—and its a losing game!"

Wayne was of the same opinion at the present moment when he saw Merner's a mile or more distant across the blistering sand. His horse had died early in the day. Day—this night-mare of molten fire—fire of sand and air and sky? This holocaust of the universe—day? He dragged himself on doggedly—Merner's and water—or death.

When finally he reached Merner's his shoes were almost off his feet, his lips were swollen and his eyes blood-shot. As he staggered up to the door he heard Merner's as well as saw it, and he knew that it lived up to its reputation. He dropped down upon the threshold and sat there and laughed aloud. His laughter held a note that startled even Merner's. Several villainous looking men appeared in the doorway.

"What in ——" cried one of them roughly. It was Merner who spoke.

Wayne stopped the oath ere it was spoken.

"Its—the way—men get—material—for newspaper—stuff!" he said thickly, and laughed again and again!

"Mebby its a joke," said Merner, "but it ain't the kind that I relish as a steady diet. Its the way fools get ma-

terial nearer—and buzzards follers their example!"

Wayne made no reply—he could not, his lips were swollen stiff; but he continued to laugh feebly, as they carried him in and placed him on a bunk.

* * * *

A few days later Wayne wakened up alive, to the surprise of Merner's. Not that Merner's cared particularly, one way or another. There was just one person in all that desolation of solitude and sordidness and evil who cared and was glad when Tim Wayne opened his eyes and lived and knew that he lived. His first conscious thought was the knowledge of a boy's presence—a mere stripling of a boy not over seventeen, who smiled when he met Wayne's questioning glance, a friendly, reassuring smile with a hint of shyness in it.

A volley of oaths came from the next room, a chair was kicked over and there was a sound of blows.

"Don't be alarmed," said the boy. "They don't dare come in here—I made Putt promise, and he won't break it—not to me."

Wayne tried to turn for a good look at the boy, but he was too feeble. He drifted off to sleep again—slept and wakened, and wakened and slept, all that day and night. Whenever he wakened the boy was at his side, or came at his first murmur.

The middle of the next forenoon he raised himself on his elbow and sat upright. On the other side of the partition the uproar of revelry was going on as it had been in his every conscious moment.

"You're alright, Mister; don't let them worry you, I'm here, and I'm not as bad as the others—not yet," said the boy—a mere youth, not yet seventeen. He spoke with an attempt at a smile, but there was a gravity in his face that no young face should ever have held. His eyes singularly wide and clear were shadowed with a burden of knowledge that was a tragedy beyond words.

Wayne was silent for a moment. He

was regarding the boyish face with amazement that found no verbal expression. In this purgatory of desolation and the evil-reeking atmosphere of Merner's he seemed like a lost star from some other world.

"In the name of all that is remarkable and regretable, how did you come to be here—at Merner's, my boy?" asked Wayne.

"I am Putt Merner's brother," said the boy quietly. He did not change countenance as he acknowledged the disgrace of the relationship to the most notorious rough in an area of several hundred miles. There was the stoicism of a philosopher in his young face, a resignation that hurt Wayne more than any protest he could have made.

"Mother died back East," continued the boy, "and there was no one left but Putt. I'm Lester Merner. Mother wanted me to go to Putt. He wrote to her sometimes and sent her money. He wrote that he couldn't leave such a big business to come home, he said he owned the biggest hotel for several hundred miles 'round—'He does,'" said the boy with a mirthless laugh—"he didn't lie about that, there isn't any other hotel but this shanty. He said he was rich and prosperous and everybody liked him, and everything would go to smash if he left to come home. Mother believed him and died believing him. I wrote to him that there wasn't any money left after the funeral expenses were paid—he sent me money to come here—and I came." He finished the story simply as he had told it, with no word of self pity, or hint of the agony he must have suffered.

In the presence of this tragedy Wayne's lips were mute. The silence was rent with a volley of curses from the next room. The air was heavy with scorching heat and foul with liquor. They were drinking and gambling as usual, and Wayne, still silent, was gazing into the clear eyes opposite him, into a boy's untainted soul.

He closed his own eyes suddenly to hide the tears that filled them.

"It was not a fool's trip, after all," he told himself. Even the sacrifice of a human life had not been too great a price to pay for the rescue of a boy's soul from this living purgatory.

"Lester," he said gently, "Would you like to go with me to the city and go to school, and perhaps become a newspaper man some day?"

The boy's face was suddenly illuminated with a smile so radiant that the sordid little room seemed flooded with it. All the hope and longing, the desire and prayer of his young soul was in that smile, and Wayne, looking at him, realized that the desert had blossomed—that sin, nor shame, nor evils seen or unseen, have power to stay the protecting hand of Omnipotence, and in his heart he thanked God, who had led him thither to pluck the one flower the desert had brought forth.

"I don't think Putt will let me go, though," said the boy paling suddenly.

"Leave that to me, Lester," said Wayne.

What passed between Tim Wayne and Putt Merner in the conversation they had together, no man ever knew, not even Lester Merner.

Deep in his sin-blackened heart, Putt Merner loved his young brother—the only thing on earth that he did love. The conflict within him whitened his hardened face, and Wayne, witnessing it wondered if there were not still hope even for Putt Merner.

* * * *

The sun arose like a ball of fire over the crest of the desert.

A man stood alone in the doorway of Merner's, shading his eyes with his hand. Looking into the distance where the red sky met the hills, he saw a receding black speck on the sand—the automobile that was bearing Tim Wayne and Lester Merner to God's land.

THOUGHTS IN YOUR ABSENCE

Sometimes you seem to me a moth with wings
Of gauzy gold, meant for the summer sun
But not for winter's cold,—easily won
To the flickering flame, immune to questionings.

Mysterious, sometimes, like stars that sway
Shining and beckoning o'er a gulf unspanned,
So cold you seem I cannot understand,
So deep, so wise, inured to life, blasé.

Sometimes a child by dull reality
Untouched—to whom the world enamored seems
The prototype of fancy and of dreams—
Eager to live and living eagerly.

Thyself lies hidden. I do not aspire
To understand thee as thou art; but this
I know, thy presence lifts my soul to bliss
And through my blood there leaps a living fire.

ROBERT EARLE BROWNLEE.

How Italy is Being Transformed by Electricity

This sketch shows the wonderful strides that Italy is making through electric energy in developing its vast resources. With the Italian love of beauty, she is doing this without injuring or maring the landscape.—
Editor.

AN American motoring over the wonderful roads of Italy admiring the matchless scenery is so used in his own country to a wealth of electric light that he takes as "a matter of course" the illumination of the streets of the cities and villages and even the country roads. It does not occur to him that in his own America the electric light is more often than not manufactured by use of coal, while in Italy perhaps the beautiful waterfall or dashing mountain stream he admires is, in some hidden glen, manufacturing the lights that line his way, or if he takes the railroad instead of a motor, is furnished the current that propels his vehicle.

The real beginning of the application of electricity as an industry in Italy was marked by the establishment of the plant of the Anglo-Rome Society of Tivoli, for the lighting of the city of Rome in 1892. Since that time the progress has been marked. Plants have sprung up almost like magic in various parts of the kingdom. Railroads that formerly operated by steam power now are electrified at a consequent lessening of expense and independence, as Italy had to import all coal. Industries that formerly operated by steam power are now utilizing the immense water power facilities of their own mountain streams.

German Hold Broken.

To quote from one of Italy's scientific writers: "There are now over forty different concerns in Italy operating Hydro-electric plants. Some of these companies have a capital of 65,000,000 lire while smaller ones even as low as 5,000,000 lire; their generating capacity is from 100,000 h. p. of which there are several, while others have from 50,000 to 75,000 h. p. some of the smaller ones developing 25,000."

Ready response of capital favored by liberal legislation has made great development possible, with plants comparing favorably with the largest of the kind abroad, and the unitary cost constantly growing cheaper. Electric energy in Italy promised such splendid returns and bid fair from the beginning to be such an important part of Italy's economic and commercial life that the Germans secured a strong hold upon it, but at the outbreak of the war the Italian Government, alive to the danger from that source not only broke the German hold but has taken up an active water-power policy. Thus many sections of Italy that before seemed hopeless of development in an industrial way are now destined to become very prosperous.

This transformation has been accomplished without interfering with or marring the landscape. In driving through the valley of the Roja, from Tenda to Ventimiglia, the traveler sees the plants supplying the energy to most of the Italian Riviera and to the San Giuseppe railroad. Passing through the Majra Valley he sees before him some of the most important electric power plants of Europe, sup-



LaCascattelle di Tivoli, the beautiful waterfalls of the stream that furnishes the electric lights for the City of Rome. The famous Hotel Serens is seen at the head of the falls.

plying energy for operating the Mount Cenis railway. In each of these he has vivid evidence of the phenomena of a wilderness of natural beauty, turning its beautiful streams and water falls into useful industry and wealth without marring the wonderful vistas for which it is noted.

The Prophecy of Cobden.

While the natural resources of Italy greatly favored development of its

hydro-electric possibilities yet they lay dormant for many years. As far back as 1847 Richard Cobden, while visiting in Rome and discussing her disadvantages from lack of coal, answered D'Azeglio's query—"What can Italy do without coal?" by waving a hand to the clouds in the sky and saying, "There is your steam." By this answer the great Cobden foreshadowed the wonderful possibilities for Italy in development of her water power.

The development of these natural



The power plant that furnishes the electric light and power for the City of Rome and its environs

resources received great impetus from the inventions of famous Italian scientists such as Galvani, Volta, Pacinotti, who invented the electro-magnetic machine, to the forerunner of the dynamo, and Galileo Ferraris who discovered the rotary magnetic field. But perhaps with all due credit to these great names in the field of hydro-electric development and applied electricity it may be stated that the necessities of war has done even more to stimulate the industry in Italy than any other one thing. The enormous demands for

power in the industries devoted to manufacture of guns, munitions, and the various machines and instruments necessary to the successful prosecution of the war, forced, through a lack of coal, the development of Italy's enormous resources of water power.

Electrify Italian Railroads.

The railroads in Italy are gradually undergoing electrification, and with this development also is coming steadily the question of municipal and

state control of this important utility. And so out of her enormous war sacrifices and endeavors to meet unheard of conditions and conquer an enemy that seemed to have everything that nature could supply and hand of man could devise, Italy has brought into active development a new force to help her take her place as one of the foremost industrial nations in the world.

further promote the electrification of Italy. In the south, especially, it will be identified with the irrigation necessary to more intensified agriculture."

Since the war the Italian Government has taken effective measures to prevent monopoly, through priority claims, of the hydraulic energies of the country. This industry has stimulated an important domestic manufacture of electrical machinery, employ-



A View of the City of Naples, Italy

"The after-war period will witness development of domestic workshop labor in preference to factory work, an evolution especially welcome to the war mutilated," says Guido Ressata, the well known Italian economic writer, "this evolution is made possible," he said, "by the easier manner in which electric energy can be distributed in comparison to steam, and will

ing many thousands of people at the present time, in turning out high class machines which find a market all over the world. There is still, however, a wide field offering a great opportunity in Italy for the American manufacturer of electrical machinery, especially so as the German competition of the pre-war period is now entirely eliminated.



On the Breath of a Song

By Eleanor Frothingham Haworth

Karuizawa, Japan, is a tiny mountain village situated on a moorland some three thousand feet above sea level, on the slope of the active volcano Asama, whose crater lies eleven miles to the west, as the crow flies.

The living and finances of the villagers depend, in large measure, on the foreign visitors, who throng the hamlet during the summer months, coming from all parts of Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines, India,—some even from Europe and America.

Many romances bud and blossom in such favorable environment.

THE rain it raineth every day," hummed Paul Sametz as he idled about his room at the Mampei Hotel in Karuizawa. Invalided from the Philippines, he had come to this summer resort in the mountains, and there had been nothing but rain for three weeks since his arrival. When will the mists clear away and let the sun shine? When will Asama show her volcanic self in condescending majesty to those who longed to peer into the secret of her mighty flaming heart? Impatience possessed him.

"The rain it raineth——" the man's voice broke suddenly. Recollection struck him dumb. Before his eyes appeared a vision of home—his home—and Virginia, his best-beloved, singing the strain to the wee boy who had gladdened their lives for two short years, and then had left them desolate. The death of their child should have bound them closer; instead it had been the cause of their estrangement.

There had been no glad welcome when he returned from weary days of labor; he had, perforce, shut himself

within his library with his books. How was it possible that Virginia had become so frivolous? Paul had never understood her attitude of resentment and coldness to him, nor her growing fondness for gay society.

At last the break had come. Leaving his home, Paul sought forgetfulness in the new experiences the Philippines had to offer. The sought often eludes the seeker, and Paul's case was no exception. Instead, he was conscious of a sense of semi-disapproval of himself, as if he bore some share in the estrangement that had come. Of late he had begun to wonder if Virginia were as completely alienated as he had thought.

"The rain it raineth every day," he sang again with tenderness.

In a room across the hall a woman sprang suddenly to her feet with such surprise that it was pain.

"Father in Heaven! What is that?" she gasped. "It is a wicked dream—or else it is Paul. How can he sing that song! It will kill me. I hate him."

Scene after scene of the old life with its bitter sweetness passed before her vision. He had been too self-contained—too cold, she moaned. As he seemed to grow harder and more indifferent, she had vowed that he should not discover her cruel longing for just the touch of his hand. Masking her suffering under forced gaiety, she had hastened the catastrophe she dreaded.

Finally, the awakening came—that terrible awakening when he had gone out of her life she knew not where. Not one word had ever come from him through these dreadful years of separation. Seeking relief in good works.

she had sailed to Japan and had given her services to a school for girls. In doing for others, she had dulled somewhat the edge of pain, and had felt the smallness of her past life in contrast with the loving self-sacrifice of those with whom she associated day by day. Worn and weary she had come to Karuizawa to regain elasticity of mind and body for better self-giving in the days to come.

And Paul was here! But she could not meet him. He had shown that he had ceased to love her, else three years of silence had never elapsed. No she could not meet him—but she must look upon his face once more. How sweet and firm his voice sounded—just as he used to sing in those by-gone days!

Awaiting her opportunity, she gained her coveted look when Paul, starting for a walk, turned for a word with someone on the veranda. He was changed—so changed—so much older and with a hint of hard-born sorrow—or was it her imagination? To see him there—hers and yet not hers—was horribly unreal. She must get away from this unbearable situation. Kose, dear restful Kose—yes, there was refuge.

Soon Virginia was riding up the narrowing valley and zig-zagging up the steep slope to the top of the small plateau, whose scattered pines brought fragrant balm to her troubled mind. It was like getting into the company of age-old friends—these trees with their companioning birch neighbors, white-stemmed and draped with moss, the lichenized boulders, the fir needles under foot, and the grayish grass which characterized the peaceful upland. The song of the “peter-peter-peter” bird, the solitary note of the uguisu (nightingale), the minor third of the cuckoo call—all fitted in with this environment and her mood.

Suddenly she was aware of a man coming briskly toward her. It was Paul! The quietly falling, mist-like rain and her veil sufficiently obscured her features; but something in her appearance must have appealed to him,

for, looking at him askance, she saw him stop suddenly and glance back at her and then, in a hesitating way, walk on.

The next day was fair, and Virginia was about to start out for a climb up the ravine along the pretty mountain stream, when she saw her husband again—this time sitting on the mats of a tea-house opposite, resting and drinking tea, but looking about as if expecting to see some one. Could he be uneasy over the chance meeting of yesterday? The thought made her heart beat oppressively.

“It is only a coincidence that he has come over here,” she assured herself. While she was watching, coolies came with bags and rugs and soon Paul was pushing open the shoji (paper-covered, sliding windows) of an upper room, not more than twenty feet across from her own. Should she fly back to Karuizawa? No. It was fate! This was her chance to store up memories for lonely days. Every word he spoke, everything he did would be heart-treasure in the future. And if—what if—oh, if she could only find out how he felt toward her!

The slow drizzling rain set in again at nightfall. And the evening Virginia took what pleasure-pain she could in watching the light in her husband’s room and getting an occasional glimpse of his figure between the lamp and the window.

When at last he retired, Virginia bethought herself of an experiment. She began to sing in an undertone, “The rain it raineth every day.” The song mingled so thoroughly with the sound of the rain and the murmur of the stream that Paul was only unconsciously conscious of something singing at memory’s door. Lulled by the sound, he was dropping off into slumber when memory awoke him to that beautiful scene—his wife, Virginia holding Teddy-boy, and singing the song the baby wanted—“Sing yain, muvver”—and she was singing—but where? Here? Or in his mind and heart only? He rose hastily and went to his window. The voice ceased as

he leaned out. What tricks his mind was playing him—to fancy he saw in a strange woman yesterday, just for a fleeting moment, his Virginia! To hear in the tones of another voice those of his darling! Could she be calling to him—calling to him to come home? If he only dared believe—

The dawn brought a lassitude that forbade all exertion. There seemed to be no air to breathe. All nature was inert. The leaves hung limp on the trees. No bird calls or buzzing of insects could be heard. A langour brooded over all and a peculiar quiet that could be felt. The sun shone, but through an obscuration that was not cloud. Something was impending—but what? Virginia heard the housemaids talking of something they called “bofu,” but she was too indolent to refer to her dictionary.

Late in the afternoon there was a change in the upper sky. The obscuration vanished, the blue was intense, and the dome unusually clear and high. White, wraith-like clouds were scudding north-eastward like flocks of woolly sheep; lower down wisps and curls of grayish-white vapor sped across the sky. As twilight drew on there was a sound as of a mighty host, and the trees on the height above bent and shivered under the furious onset of the wind. With utmost dispatch the storm doors of the tea-houses were made fast just as the first drops fell from the high-hung clouds like bullets from guns, rebounding on roofs and pathway.

Virginia, terrified at the uproar of wind and rain, swollen stream, grinding boulders, and crashing trees, in terror sought companionship in the room below. The wind bore down on the house as if it were a wall of granite.

After what seemed ages of time there came a great and living silence. Even heartbeats could be heard. This was more awful than the wind. No one moved, but Virginia took the hand of the little “nesan” (maid) and felt a trifle less alone.

Of a sudden the noise began again,

but from the opposite direction—a very hell of wailing, shrieking, bellowing, crashing tumult. With a whirling twist the roof was gone, and the rain beat down with a thousand furies. The waters of the stream, now a raging torrent, burst upon them from above, and they were swept away in a jumble of dissolving house walls, uprooted trees and boulders.

Virginia lost all consciousness. It was hours later when she opened her eyes upon a world of wild desolation. Trying to move, she discovered she was pinned down under a mass of brushwood. In desperate fear she tried to scream, but no voice came. Had she lost her voice? Beating back the deathly fear that assailed her, she attempted again and again to use her voice, but she could not. Her mind began to wander, and she hummed the song now so much in her mind. With a start it dawned on her that she could sing. Hope gave her strength, and she sang desperately, “The rain it raineth every day.”

“Virginia, Virginia, Virginia! Where are you? Oh, where?” Afar off she heard her husband calling.

In the terrible reaction that followed she could only laugh and cry in hysterical outburst, then she lapsed into unconsciousness again. Acute pain aroused her; her husband was working frantically to extricate her. She looked up through a purgatory of suffering into the heaven of the steadfast eyes that dazzled her by the love alight therein. With a final wrench she was free and lifted up into the strong arms that held her as if never to let her go again.

“Virginia, my own!” he said with breaking voice.

“Is this a dream, Paul?” whispered Virginia, “I would rather die than find this a dream.”

“It is a dream, Virginia darling,—a dream at last come true. I will never let you go again. I must go and call help,” he said as he placed her gently on the bank.

“Just a minute, Paul. How did you find me?” she questioned.

"The house where I was staying was not touched by the stream, although its roof was blown off. As soon as we could see we started to rescue any left alive. They told me there was an American lady missing. You have been carried farther down the valley than the others. Beloved, I knew be-

yond reason that you were near—I heard that humming last night that spoke to my heart of home and hope."

Through loneliness and desolation, through flood and peril, this more fortunate Paul and Virginia left the past in the wreckage of the storm and trod again the path of happiness.

Not In---And In

By Robert E. Hewes

HOPKINS, broker, sat before his mahogany desk in his richly furnished office and smoked an expensive cigar. At either corner of the desk sat two friends. The three were laughing and talking in uproarious manner. Plainly theirs was no conversation of business. Important looking papers were pushed aside on the desk to make way for a stack of illustrated railroad folders.

"Yes," Hopkins was saying, "It will be a grand trip. A whole month in the woods with nothing to do but loaf. Why, gentlemen, it'll be like heaven. It'll cost a lot of money, and that Transit deal, which I am sure of getting, is all that will enable me to afford it."

An attendant appeared at the door and Hopkins turned with a look of annoyance.

"Someone to see you, sir——"

"I can't be bothered now, I'm engaged on important matters!"

"But——"

"No buts—I'm not in, get that, *I'm not in!*"

Hopkins waved the attendant out impatiently.

"Very good, sir," the man closed the door behind him softly.

Hopkins turned back to his companions and for half an hour they poured over the railroad folders and discussed the details of their proposed trip.

"It's all settled then," said Hopkins when they rose to go. "And for a

month we'll have the time of our lives, ah, me." He was silent as he contemplated the period of pleasure before him. He added, "Just as soon as this Transit deal is closed and I get the money——"

Half an hour later the attendant again appeared at the door.

"Someone to see you, sir," he announced.

"All right," replied Hopkins generally. "I'm in now."

"By the way——," ventured the attendant.

"Yes."

"The Transit people just called up.

"Ah, they did, eh, and what did they have to say?"

"They said they had closed the deal with someone else——"

"What!" Hopkins was on his feet, his whole frame trembling, his eyes bulging with disbelieving amazement.

"Yes," replied the attendant, "it seems that the man who you refused to see this morning was the representative of the Transit, they were in a hurry, and——"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Hopkins sinking into his chair weakly, staring blankly at a pile of railroad folders his hand pushed off the desk. "Oh, lo——, by the way," he added, a moment later. "Who is the man who wants to see me now?"

"I think," replied the attendant, "I think he is from the railroad, to complete arrangements for your trip."

In the Realm of Bookland

"The Book of Lincoln."

No time could be more felicitous for bringing out this memorial work than the present. Never has the American people had greater need to honor and serve the saviour of our Republic than now. The man who held the Union together during its most trying period. Whose clear vision and broad philosophy toward war and the ways of securing ultimate peace have been so largely quoted during the present war. It is not a new question, the fall of kingdoms, the disrupting of nations, and the world is still threshing it out now as when Lincoln said in the great debate with Douglas, "It is the eternal struggle between two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings—Whenever the issue can be distinctly made and all extraneous matter thrown out, so that men can fairly see the real differences between the parties, this controversy will soon be settled, and it will be done peaceably too." Lincoln came into office at a time of the greatest political upheaval this country has ever had. By his greatness he carried the ship of State into smooth water, and he died that men might be free.

Bishop Newman fittingly says: "Some men are great from the littleness of their surroundings, but he only is great who is great amid greatness. Lincoln had great associates—Seward, the sagacious diplomat; Chase, the eminent financier; Stanton, the incomparable Secretary of War; with illustrious senators and soldiers. None could take his part nor fill his place. Like Milton's angel he was an original conception." The book is made up of extracts from Lincoln's own speeches, and addresses, and the poems that have been written to and of him. It also includes a "Genealogical Chart of the Lincoln Family," which proves a

hitherto unknown fact that for four centuries the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln were easily the peers of their associates in England, as well as in America. Of the eleven generations of early proven ancestry, one generation only, the President's unfortunate father, has been unable to maintain the claim of *primus inter pares*, and this through no fault of his own, but by a chain of calamities even more tragic and fatal to him than those which deprived Edward Lincoln, the father of Samuel Lincoln, the English emigrant of his birthright. Among the poems in the book Walt Whitman's "*O, Captain! My Captain!*" stands out especially strong.

"O, Captain! My Captain!"

O, Captain! My Captain! our fearful
trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack,
the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the
people all exulting.

While follow eyes the steady keel, the
vessel grim and daring;
But O, heart! heart! heart!
O, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O, Captain! My Captain! rise up and
hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—
for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd
wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass,
their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips
are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he
has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound,
its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the Victor Ship
comes in with object won;

Exalt O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

Mrs. Mary Wright Davis, who has compiled this work, has done a lasting service to mankind. It is a joy to possess "The Book of Lincoln."

"The Book of Lincoln."—George H. Doran Company, New York; Cloth, Illustrated, 8 mo., 399 pp.—\$2.50.

The Whistle Maker and Other Poems.

Under this name William Nauns Ricks has gathered a bunch of his verses and bound them all together. Mr. Ricks is a San Francisco business man, who helps to carry the weight of a large corporation on his shoulders by his idealism and good cheer.

Those who think that a corporation manager can have no sentiment should read these verses. What could be more beautiful than his ode to a bird:

* * * *

TO A BIRD.

O, bird upon your swaying bough,
Teach me your secret; tell me how
You learned to find in life such joy?
What are the arts which you employ?

Why do the notes swell in your throat?
Why do you rest like some fair boat,
Upon a calm unruffled sea?
O singer, teach your song to me.

I find in life so many cares;
O, tell me, where you buy your wares,
Who sells the food you feast upon,
Which gives you joy till life is done.

The secret of the Gods you hold,
More precious far than finest gold.
Your life is full, your song is free.
O singer, teach your song to me.

The Whistle Maker and Other Poems—Althof & Bahls, San Francisco; Paper bound.

"Hospital Heroes."

This is a charmingly written book by Elizabeth Walker Black. It is a vivid portrayal of her experiences in a front-line hospital on the Aisne for ten months. Miss Black went "over there" untrained but unafraid, and with a willingness to do whatever work came to her hand. She carried the best possible equipment with her, a cheery disposition and a rare sense of humor. She took things as she found them, and she imparted happiness to others.

She says "You can find rose-colored spectacles anywhere, they say, if you try hard enough. The blessings have found mine for me." The bravery, the courage, the wonderful devotion of these wounded French heroes that she ministered to, will give the reader a new viewpoint of the French character and he will come to know that "There were victories gained every day in struggling hearts to which these fields of battle were as nothing."

"Hospital Heroes"—Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Cloth, illustrated. 12 mo., 223 pp.—\$1.35.

"The Wise Little Chicken That Knew It All."

This is the story of a dainty, fluffy little chicken, who just thought he was the real thing, and that what he did not know was not worth knowing.

The tale of this foolish little chick, so funny and so wise, is by Kenneth Graham Duffield. It is a very pretty nursery creation, beautifully illustrated in colors. It requires care and skill to write for small people, and this story of "The Wise Little Chicken," is not only entertaining, but serves an ethical purpose as well in teaching even the tiniest reader a lesson in thinking before he acts or speaks. "For you cannot tell how deep the water is by just looking at it," as the Wise Little Chick found out to his cost. The child who gets this story for an Easter gift is fortunate.

"The Wise Little Chicken That Knew It All."—Henry Altemus Com-

pany, Philadelphia; paper, ornamental—50c; 61 pp.

"The Infernal Masculine and Other Comedies."

There seems to be an epidemic among authors at present to write plays and playlets. Comedies that give you the laugh; clever little burlesques—they come in all lengths, all brands and of infinite variety. There is a fascination about these light and airy creations, frail though they may be that is most appealing. Alfred Brand has shown real inventive genius in three short skits he has grouped into book form, under the title "The Infernal Masculine." The other two he has aptly called "Three is Company," and "Did it Really Happen." He has fashioned his people out of the real fabric of life and the settings are pleasing. While these plays are somewhat racy they also serve an ethical purpose by showing into what a ludicrous position a woman over fond of admiration can place herself.

Mrs. Gay exemplified this in "The Infernal Masculine." It shows her an idle rich woman in the near forties, leading about a callow youth, who makes desperate love to her. She thinks he is so ingenuous, so innocent—to quote her: "He's so foolish, he's thrilling; He's a new type." But the dear innocent turned out to be a most sophisticated youngster who had used her as a stepping stone to increase his advertising business. While posing as her lover the boy secured a big contract from her husband and several of her friends. Her chagrin and rage are very funny. But read it and read them all. They are worth it. "The Infernal Masculine," paper, ornamental; 12 mo., \$1.25. The Cornhill Co., Boston, Mass.

"Sue Chuc."

This story by D. R. C., is not a pretentious novel, but its charm is that it is a relaxation. It is one of Cupid's inventions and the little God in this case is Chinese, which gives it an ad-

ditional charm. There is always a lure and an attraction about these Oriental tales. The greater their complications the greater is the fascination. The personnel of the story is drawn from San Francisco's Chinatown, that rare little bit of old Asia transplanted to our shores. "Sue Chuc," who gives her name to the story, an orphan girl, who comes into her own by slow marches, is a most winsome little maiden. She is an admixture of Chinese, Russian and American blood, and out of this the writer has skillfully evolved an altogether lovely character. The strength, muscle and sinew of the story is the young Chinese doctor, Ah-day-Fun. Shadowed by a past, he fights the good fight and throws all the energy of his life into his work. The story shifts to New York and thence to Asia, where fate completes it and carries the reader on with increasing interest into its unknown possibilities.

"Sue Chuc"—The Cornhill Company, Boston. Cloth; 12 mo., 230 pp.—\$1.40

Personal Efficiency.

Fresh from the press comes the revised and enlarged edition of a terse and comprehensive course in business training by D. Herbert Heywood. It is the purpose of the author of this work to show the pathway clearly by which a person may dig down into his mind along scientific lines and bring forth things that will help and serve him well in his life work. In fact how the mind grows and how it can be made to realize its own possibilities is the object of this course. The human drift is toward specialized effort, Competition has become so keen in economic production and distribution that personal efficiency has developed into a science. Its power is working a new order of things. In this course Mr. Heywood shows you just how to marshal your mental and physical powers, and how to transform them into action and results. Things do not just happen, they are the result of the operation of scientific laws. The



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"Personal Efficiency"—Published by Modern Business Training Service, Chronicle Building, San Francisco—\$3.00

"Deer Godchild."

"Deer Godchild" is a bit of France, brought home to us by Edith Serrell and Marguerite Bernard. A brave American boy, of 12 years, was so touched by an appeal for the father-

less children of France that he adopted an orphan. To be sure he had no money to support his Godchild, but that did not deter him. With the faith of youth, that sublime faith, that makes youth so beautiful, he knew that he could earn it; so before and after school hours he worked. He sold newspapers and did all sorts of odd jobs, and in his words "made the money for his kid in France." The French child needed 10 cents worth of meat a day to grow strong, and James P. Jackson, Jr., that is the boy's name, supplied it. Like the most of us, James had his troubles. He wanted a boy between 10 and 12, but somehow the boy turned out to be a girl, and James was sorely perplexed. His letters to and from her, of which the book is composed, are extremely sprightly and entertaining. He spelled dear with 2 e's, and kiss with but 1 s, but when the heart is all right, what is a letter more or less, and James' heart was surely with the little French orphan. He has taken care of her for 1 year, and began on the second. The book serves a double purpose. It shows the good a sturdy boy can do and it hopes to induce others to help the noble work along.

"Deer Godchild"—Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Cloth—\$1.00.



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Issued Monthly. \$1.20 per year in advance. Ten cents per copy. Back numbers 3 months or over 25c; six months or over 50c; nine months or over 75c; 1 year or over \$1.00. Postage: To Canada, 3 cts.; Foreign, 5 cts.

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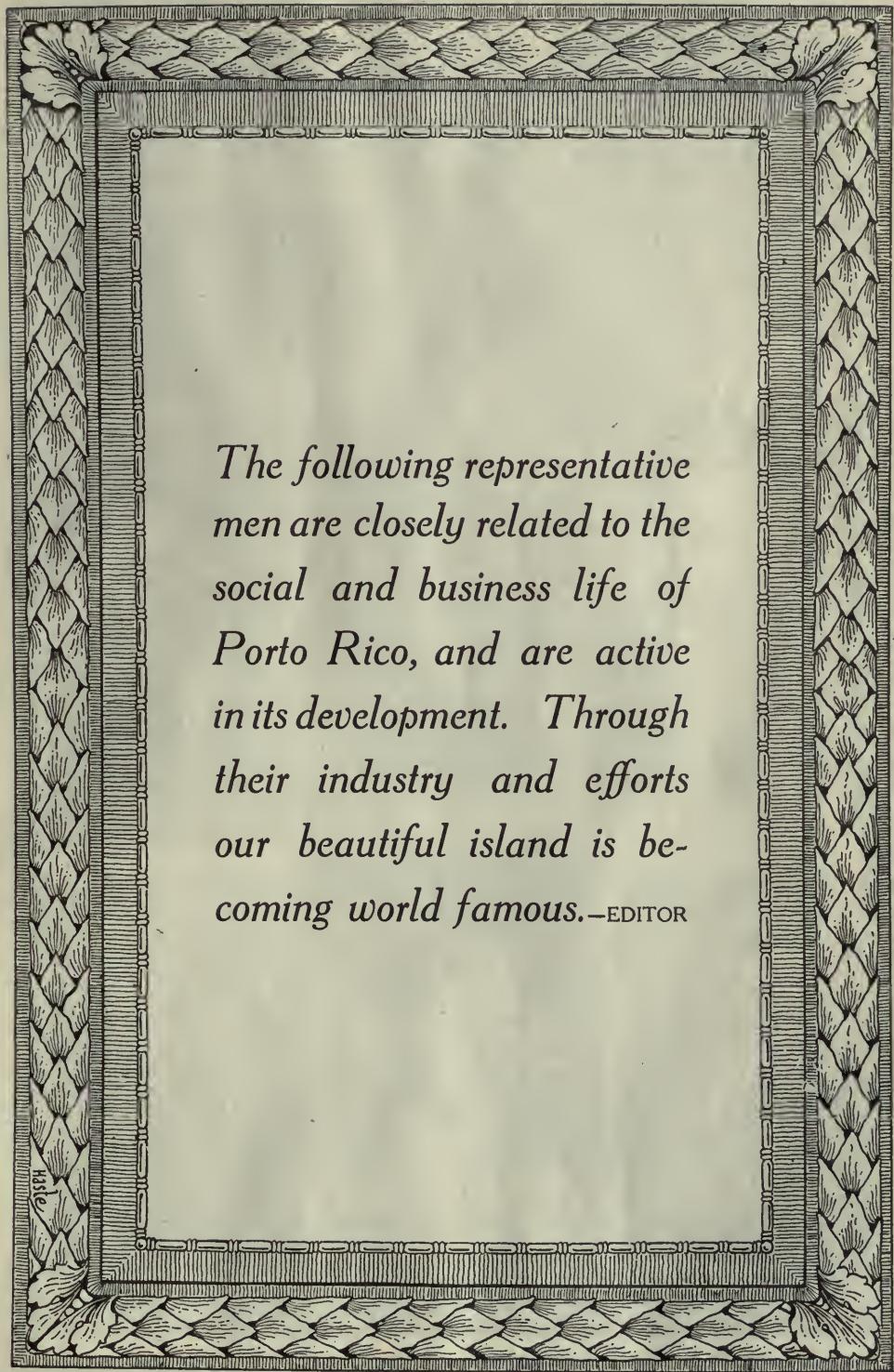


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men are closely related to the
social and business life of
Porto Rico, and are active
in its development. Through
their industry and efforts
our beautiful island is be-
coming world famous.—EDITOR*



Members of Liberty Loan Committee, Whose Efforts Resulted in the Over-Subscribing of the Fourth Liberty Loan by \$800,000: 1. Burt O. Clark; 2. Herman L. Cochran; 3. Rafael Castro Gonzalez; 4. Charles E. Lawton; 5. J. Ruiz Soler; 6. A. McHardy; 7. Pedro DeCastro; 8. R. G. Allen; 9. Jose E. Benedicto, Treasurer of Porto Rico.



The American Red Cross Executive Committee, Porto Rico Chapter. 1. J. W. Blanco; 2. Honorable Emilio Del Toro; 3. Charles Hartzell; 4. J. Hernandez Usera. These Prominent and Patriotic Men of Porto Rico Who Directed the Campaigns for More Money and More Members, Produced Remarkable Results.



Prominent Newspaper Editors of Porto Rico.

1. Romualdo Real; 2. Cristobal Real, Publishers of Porto Rico Ilustrado. Their Important Publication Devoted More Than One Thousand Pages In All, to War Activities and Its Needs; 3. J. Perez Losado, Director of El Imparcial, San Juan Daily Newspaper.



1



2



3



4

Industrial and Commercial Leaders in Porto Rican Affairs.

1. William J. Korber; 2. Guillermo Rubert; 3. Pedro Jose Arsuaga; 4. Manuel Mendiola. The Interests of Which These Men are the Head Purchasers Liberty Bonds Generously and Subscribed to All War Funds. These Men Assisted In Raising Much Money for War Works.



Officials of the Insular Government of Porto Rico.

1. Edward Jifkin, Assistant Postmaster; 2. Judge Peter J. Hamilton, Federal Judge; 3. H. L. Moore, Collector of Customs; 4. Lawson E. Evans, Immigration Commissioner; 5. George L. Dederick, Chairman Postal Censorship Committee; 6. Judge Miles Martin, United States Attorney; 7. John M. Warren, Special Deputy Collector of Customs.



Business Men Who Represent Large Interests in the Island.

1. R. A. Nadal; 2. Miguel Such; 3. Miguel Gorbea; 4. F. B. Hatch; 5. F. J. Rodil; 6. Antonio Caubet; 7. Fernando P. Ledesma; 8. Arturo Bravo; 9. L. Venegas, Assistant Treasurer of Porto Rico.



A Group of Distinguished Porto Rico Legislators, Lawyers, Bankers and Financial Men.

1. Enrique Bird Arias; 2. Senator Ramon Valdes; 3. Senator Martin Travieso, Jr.; 4. Senator Jose Benitez Dias; 5. Antonio Piza; 6. Guillermo Esteves, Commissioner of interior; 7. Rafael Fabian; 8. Alfred Moraies; 9. Munoz Morales, President of the Bar Association.



Eminent Business and Professional Men of Porto Rico.

1. M. Targa; 2. Frederico Rubert Vidal; 3. Dr. Francisco Ponte; 4. Alfonso Valdes, Member House of Representatives; 5. Segundo Cadierno; 6. A. M. Somoza; 7. Joaquin Menendez; 8. Jose Quinones, Attorney at Law; 9. Jose Rodriguez Hidalgo.



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1. Santiago A. Panzardi; 2. R. V. Perez Marchand, Attorney; 3. Manuel Hernaiz; 4. Frederick C. Holmes; 5. Benito Zalduondo; 6. Juan Cueto; 7. Pedro Bouret; 8. Pierre Guisti; 9. Senator Susoni, One of the Leading Physicians and Surgeons of Porto Rico.



Well Known Merchants of the Island.

1. Pedro Bolivar Alvarez; 2. Silvestre Bartholomel; 3. Mariano Bartholomel; 4. Carlos Bartholomel. (The Bartholomel Family Represent Father, Son and Grandson, the Latter in Uniform in France.) 5. Dionisio Trigo; 6. Oscar F. Bravo; 7. Manuel Sanchez Morales; 8. Senator Jose Rovira.



MAYOR OF GUAYAMA.

Mayor Cautino Insua of Guayama, Porto Rico, Who Devoted Much of His Time to War Work, Contributed Freely to All War Funds, and Has Done much to Beautify and Develop His City

OVERLAND

MONTHLY

Founded 1868



BRET HARTE

VOL. LXXIII

San Francisco, April, 1919

No. 4



Palace Garden, San Juan, Porto Rico

Porto Rico---Our Little Switzerland

The Loveliest Island Anchored in Any Ocean

PORTO RICO the playground of America, blessed by nature with the most wonderful scenery in the world, beckons you to its picturesque shores. A land where the sky is blue and the sunshine warm and tender. A land of eternal summer.

Porto Rico is a land of perpetual wonder. Everywhere you may turn, you come upon some new scene not known

before, some strange sound, so softly sweet, it seems you had never heard the birds sing like this before. There are splashes of color and iridescence of water, never seen elsewhere.

This island of Paradise can offer the most magnificent scenery in the world and it can give you a climate unequalled, in any country. It is an island of unguessed and unmeasured



Kiosko, Ponce, Porto Rico

beauty and charm. A land lovelier than Italy or Sicily, where visitors are made welcome. There are shady nooks, so remote from the roadway of civilized life, as the forest primeval and there are spots so riotous in color, as to baffle description. They trap the eye and ensnare the senses. The waters of the ocean remind one of a poussé cafe, deep purples and blues of varying shades, light and dark green. On almost every side is a wonderful palm grove, the majestic palms lifting their fronds in the empyrean.

The heart is full to overflowing. In the plaza the band is playing sweet music. Sky, sea, air, clouds, tropical foliage, irregularity of sky and landscape, the harmony and perfume borne on the lulling breezes, steal over the senses. Truly the visitor soon learns to love this land and its people, for the very air seems to be filled with the virus of hospitality and kindness. You will not be content with having been ensnared yourself but you will

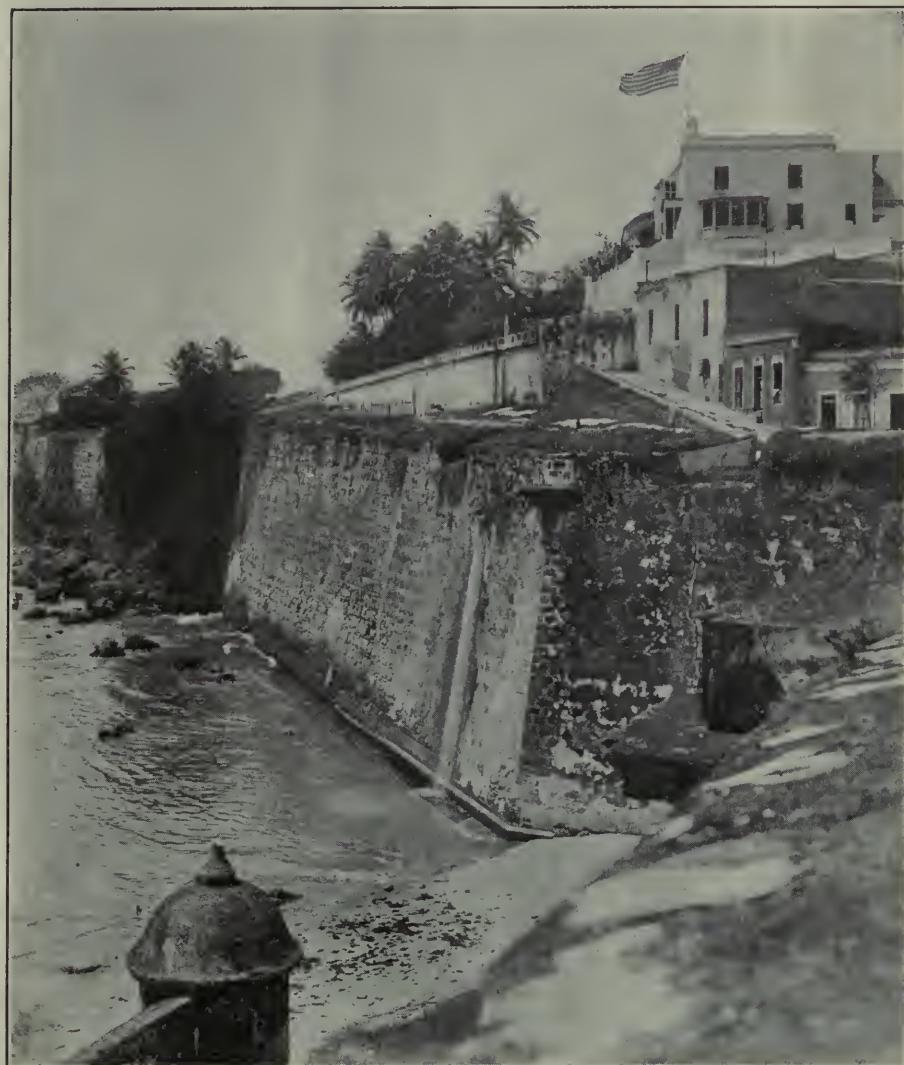
joy in passing the virus to your friends, in chanting its praises. All the never-to-be-forgotten scenes will dwell in your memory, will wind themselves around the tendrils of your heart, until they walk with you and wake with you and dream with you and beckon you back to this island beautiful, where you can live under blue skies and soft climate, still fragrant with memories of a romantic past.

This is a land of sunshine, fruit and flowers and the automobilist's paradise with a system of roads unequalled in any country. From the time you leave San Juan, the quaint capital city to motor over the great Military road, the world's greatest highway, your imagination is delighted with the picturesque chalets, their variety of construction, magnificence and comfort and the glorious gardens and palm trees. There are parts of this road which can be described as a perfect figure eight in climbing to a summit where the grandest panorama on earth

can be commanded. A view where two oceans, the Atlantic and the Caribbean, lay at your right and left hands, respectively, and from which point more than twenty towns may be seen, as you turn around on the summit. Porto Rico has more than fourteen hundred miles of these marvelous roads. As we make the many curves and loops, skirting the precipices' edges we are filled with admiration and wonder for the skill and labor that produced this feat of ancient engineering. The long

avenues of flamboyant trees and those stately sentinels the royal palms, together with the towering tree ferns, which cover the mountain tops and sides also the wonderful groves of fruit trees and fields of sugar cane and coffee plantations with their white blossoms and aromatic perfume, is a sight which lingers long in your memory.

Here you will see such a land as you have never known before and you will hear many song birds that you



Famous Casa Blanca, San Juan, Porto Rico



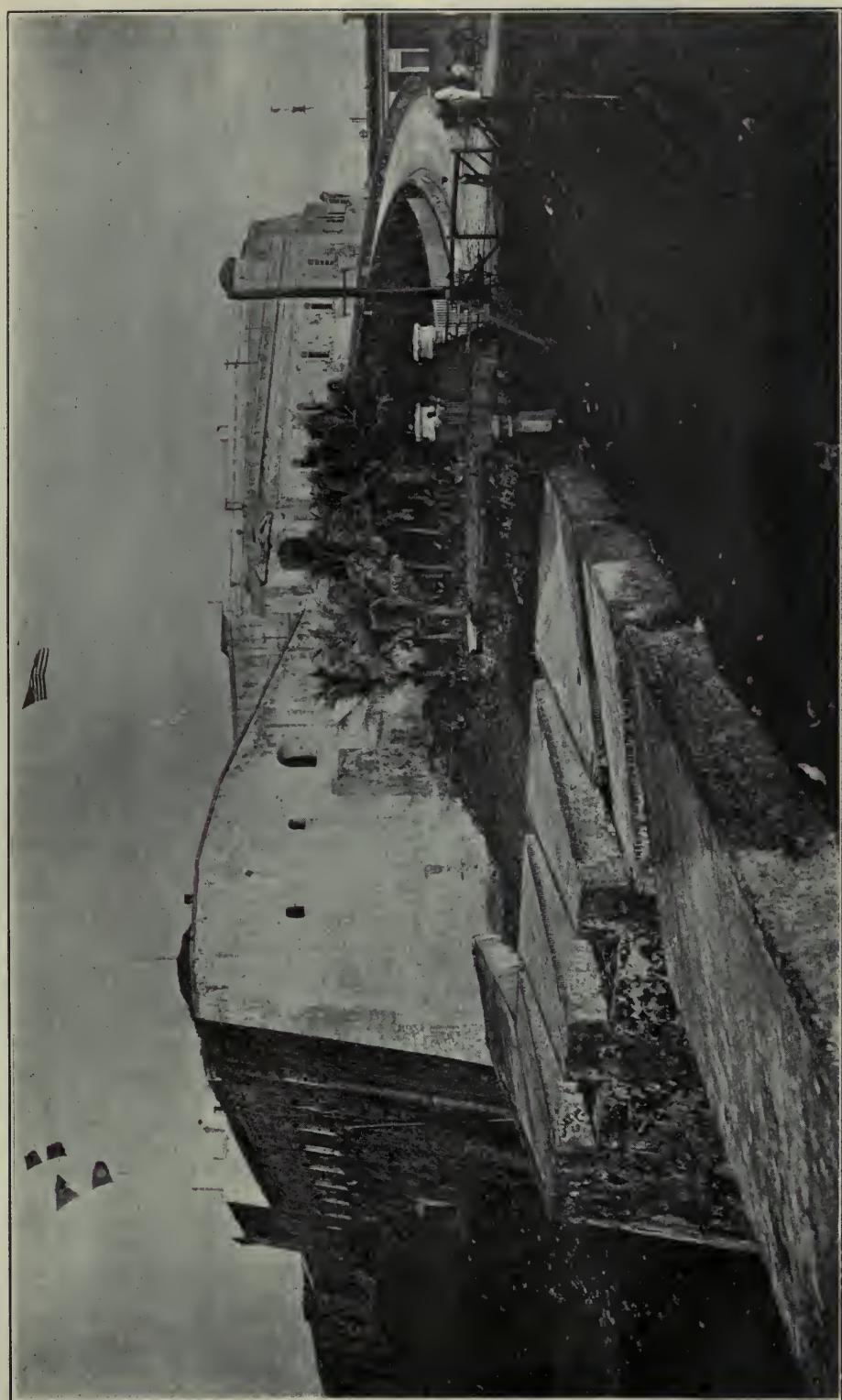
Entrance Gate—Home of Senator Valdes, San Juan, Porto Rico

have never heard before, such as the Ruisenor. Here is where Columbus landed on his second voyage, at a spot now hallowed for centuries. Here Juan Ponce de Leon builded himself a palace and dreamed of his fountain of eternal youth. And here lie his bones. Here are old fortresses and dungeons and castles builded centuries ago. Here is the old ancient cathedral, from whose towers the bells have been ringing, day in and day out, since 1540. This is one of the oldest religious edifices in the world. In Porto Rico we have a splendid relic of early European civilization in America and all only four days from New York.

To those seeking the quaint and pic-

turesque and to whom the romance of four centuries past appeals, Porto Rico is far more alluring than it was to Columbus and his followers. When St. Augustine, Florida, the Spanish settlement on the Mainland, which has for years lured many visitors from other parts of the United States, was first settled, the city of San Juan had passed through half a century and its inhabitants had erected buildings and fortifications, that are still standing, many of which are in use today, in a good state of preservation. They are among the oldest standing structures raised by Europeans in the new world today.

Porto Rico is destined to become a



Fort San Cristóbal, San Juan, Porto Rico



Princesa Walk, San Juan

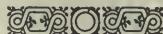
show place. It has an all the year round climate, surpassing any in the world. Within two hours of the capital city, San Juan, throughout the entire summer months you can sleep under blankets. Here you may enjoy a beautiful country home and yet be within the touch of social life and thus enjoy the best features of city and country life combined. To those of wealth, seeking a beautiful place in which to live, such a demand can be satisfied in beautiful Porto Rico. Here you can have a home among wooded vales and hills facing the blue expanses of water, shimmering in the sunlight and here you can enjoy all sorts of sports, golf, tennis, hunting, bathing, fishing, yachting, motoring and racing. Porto Rico may be regarded as an artist's Paradise. It is a most inviting field for the painter. It is a country that cannot help but captivate you. It is doubtful if there is a country in the world outclassing Porto

Rico in scenery, climate and roads for motoring. If you think the roads in California are good, you should motor over the great Military road in Porto Rico.

The story of Porto Rico is full of adventure and romance. Ponce de Leon gave it its name, most probably on account of the beauty of the bay, as well as the entire island.

Porto Rico, the world's most beautiful island, embowered in flowering richness, hemmed about with beauty and comfort, this island that is so dearly loved by its people, beckons you to its shores and bids you WELCOME.

"No valleys fair as thine, where primal man
Wealthy in Nature's largesse, comes
and goes.
Unstained yet with golden greed, and
free
To sing and love a lifetime to a close."





Luis Sanchez Morales—Porto Rico

Address Made by Luis Sanchez Morales

At a Meeting of Representatives Men of Porto Rico

GENTLEMEN:

THAT the beginning of the history of almost all peoples, extraordinary men arise who mold and it might be said, create them, and as years and centuries elapse, the figures of those men become mythical until they appear before us so transformed by tradition that they are like semi-Gods.

Finally we contemplate them with certain scepticism, doubtful that they have really been so great, and believe them to be the creatures of fiction as well as of history.

But, suddenly, and under our very eyes, and under extraordinary circumstances, such as the present, a man of that type rises before us. The miracle is performed in our sight, and we be-

lieve in him. We then realize that though human powers are limited there is no man who can put a fixed limitation upon them; that man may attain, within the scope of action and of thought, immeasurable heights. We recollect that which we learned when

the cause of liberty, justice and right; when the trampler upon these great ideals seemed invincible and the foot of the Hun was treading upon the suburbs of the sacred capital of the world, there arises Woodrow Wilson at the head of the American people

Don Luis Sanchez Morales, is one of Porto Rico's most prominent men, a native of the Island he has always been identified with its interests. His influence and integrity are unquestioned and he has the entire confidence of the people. They know that he can be trusted to represent them in all things.

He has given his money, his influence and his time freely to further all the war activities. The following are some of the many offices which he has held:

President, Banco Commercial of Porto Rico; Director, Banco Popular, San Juan; Assistant Treasurer of Porto Rico 1898; Mayor of San Juan, 1899; a founder of Republican party in Porto Rico, 1899; Member House of Delegates of Porto Rico, 1900-4; Member Executive Council (Senate) of Porto Rico, 1904-17; President, 1912-17. Introduced resolution asking the President of the United States to declare free trade between the United States and Porto Rico, 1901; Member Food Commission of Porto Rico, 1917; Military Exemption District Board for Porto Rico, 1917; Chief Transportation Service for P. R. and U. S. Food Administration; Vice-President for P. R. of American Bankers Association, 1917.

He was elected for seven consecutive years President of the Executive Council by the unanimous vote of all the members thereof, Americans and Porto Ricans of both political parties, an unique distinction.

During the war he has given nearly all his time to the different Boards and campaigns in furtherance of the war purposes, being a member of the Food Commission, the District Board for Military Exemption, The Red Cross, and also of the Executive Committee on the Liberty Loans campaigns and United War Work campaign.

children, namely, that the spirit of man was made in the likeness of God. We then clearly understand the doctrine of Bossuet as to the providential march of history and recognize that in the critical epochs of the history of the world such men are like messengers of the Lord to save humanity.

So when everything seemed lost for

and the danger is averted. He comes to save the world from oppression and tyranny and the semi-God of legend becomes a reality and a hope.

Washington made his country by freeing it from an exterior power; Lincoln delivered it from internal tyranny, making it all free, and Woodrow Wilson has been the revealer of the



Eduardo Giorgetti

To Porto Rico Belongs the Honor of Having Paid the Highest Price for the
White House Wool. Mr. Giorgetti was the Buyer. Price Paid—\$4,000.00

United States. The world did not know the United States, but through the leadership and the almost Divine inspiration of Woodrow Wilson the world now knows that our nation is capable of the greatest undertakings and of the highest ideals. They saw us enter the great world conflict, entirely disinterested, sacrificing everything and without asking anything more than to be permitted to expend all its money, all its welfare and the lives of its sons, to save the liberty of the world.

All of us here, citizens of the same

nation, but descendants of different races, perfectly understand those ideals. Those of us who are descendants of the Spanish race have in our traditions the inspiration of those chivalric undertakings of the Knight of the Mancha, he who went afield in search of the most stupendous adventures and of the most real and imaginary dangers, to defend the rights of the weak and to protect and raise the fallen and establish equal justice for all. This has become a feature of our literature.

If we go into the philosophy of

events we might perhaps see a further reason for the enthusiasm of Porto Ricans for the great cause for which the world is struggling, in the fact that the highest idealism of the Knight of the Plains of Montiel is palpitating in

of Pittsburg, and his heart has ceased to beat for Dulcinea, to beat for the cause of all humanity.

Those fifteen thousand Porto Ricans at Camp Las Casas are descendants of the people creating the Quixote.



Frederico Calaf, One of Porto Rico's Great Financiers, Who Gave Substantial Sums of Money for War Work

that cause. The modern Don Quixote, like the Porto Ricans, has ceased to be a Spaniard in order to take his papers of American citizenship. His helmet was perhaps forged in Chicago, his lance is from the foundries

They are preparing to conquer the insula Barataria of the world and deliver it to the Government of good sense, the Government of the people. You will remember that when Don Quixote conquered the insula Bara-



George Villard, Director General American Railroad of Porto Rico, One of Porto Rico's Most Active Men In War Work

taria he did not undertake to govern it himself because he was the representative of force, but he called on Sancho, the people, and delivered to him the insula to be governed. Those military Porto Ricans and the millions of soldiers going with them to humiliate the pride of the German, when returning to their homes will obey the "cedant armæ togæ," they will surrender their arms before the law, born of the will of all the people, and they will then have realized the great undertaking of saving Democracy.

There are two kinds of patriotism:

one, that which is condensed in the phrase "your country right or wrong," and which after all, perhaps, is the basis of all patriotism. It is primitive patriotism but at any rate man is still a primitive animal. Thousands of years will elapse before man becomes so perfect as not to love his country more than the rest of the world, but then there will be no Government, because it will not be needed.

The other patriotism intensified today by the justice of the cause of the people fighting against the Hun is that which has for its ideal to struggle and



Robert Henry Todd, Mayor of San Juan, Who Has Served on All Committees to Raise Funds for the War



Antonio R. Barcelo
President of Senate
of Porto Rico
at 20917

Antonio R. Barcelo, President of Senate, of Porto Rico



Jorge Bird Arias, Who Gave His Time and Money Freely for War Work

die for the country, not only because it is so but because it is right. Such is the position of the United States, our position, in the great war. To whom are we indebted for it? To Woodrow Wilson. He could have declared war much earlier. Perhaps from the sole standpoint of soon winning the war, it would have been advisable, but he had the great conception of the historical moment as a whole. He saw further than a great statesman could have seen, and acting like a superman of State, he declared war when this

had evidently become a question of life or death for the liberty of the world, and said: "We enter the war, not imbued by the private interests of the United States, not for territorial aggrandizement, nor to make them richer financially: we want nothing; we ask nothing for ourselves. Let us make the world safe for Democracy."

It has been said of such a man that he is only a man of letters, a philosopher. Yes, he is a man of letters, who has not limited himself to reminding Americans of the correct use of



Senator Jose C. Barbosa, President of Times Publishing Co., San Juan,
and one of Porto Rico's Greatest Men

"shall" in the first person of the future, but who is among those who has tasted in the classical works of human ingenuity the nectar which makes irresistible the human word at the service of truth. He is a philosopher, but of the kind of wise men, because there are philosophers of the kind of fools. The latter are devoid of imagination,

full of reading, and unable to walk unless supported by the spiritual crutches of what they have read in the books.

Philosophers with imagination of their own, search for knowledge in the books, but search for inspiration in the facts. They know that hardly any battle has ever been won by the plans

made on the map, and that the victorious plan is that of the general who knows how to change it at the psychological moment. It is said that it is characteristic for wise men to change their opinions, but as a matter of fact fools change their opinion more frequently, and that which in reality justifies a change of opinion in men of standing is that it takes place precisely at the moment that justice and truth impose a new doctrine.

A philosopher, if he be also a man of executive ability, may form thousands of theories or have a single, old and favorite theory; but he is convinced that all the theories of the world are worth nothing unless he is capable of throwing them aside so as to adopt at the critical moment, which is the moment of action, the last and supreme theory based on the facts and which leads directly to success.

A pacifist who notwithstanding the opprobrium inflicted by Germany upon all humane principles, notwithstanding the terrible threat made by that nation against the right of the small and weak peoples; notwithstanding the fact that the victory of Germany would perpetuate militarism and with militarism would perpetuate constant wars; a pacifist who, notwithstanding the Lusitania, Belgium, the barbarous submarine warfare, keeps to his theory and continues to be a pacifist, such a man may be good to make speeches, but he is not good for President of the United States.

However, a pacifist of the Wilson type makes every effort to maintain peace and even every sacrifice compatible with the dignity of the nation. But when he becomes convinced that that which is in danger are the great principles upon which rest the future happiness of humanity, namely, the liberty of man and the equal right of all nations to live and prosper, then Woodrow Wilson ceases to be a pacifist and proclaims that to save such ideals it is necessary to apply "force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit."

Woodrow Wilson has vindicated the men of letters who are considered as being incapable of anything practical and fruitful. Truly this is due to the fact that the knowledge of letters is so much extended today that literateurs are abundant, as they are made by the machinery of copious reading matter besieging us on all sides. It is natural that rarely a man is found among them capable of efficient and proper action at the right time, because this is a gift which nature seldom bestows. But he who has that gift becomes greater and more capable through literature, through teaching, through journalism, or through any other of the intellectual activities, and in this respect we might say that to have been a professor in a university is the best preparation for a President of the United States or for a Governor of Porto Rico.

When I was a boy, a teacher in my country (a hayseed), read to me the Constitution of the United States several times. By and by, when the Americans brought here their sovereignty, I began to learn English and obtained several books to learn what was left of the American Constitution, and among these books there was a work by a certain Professor Wilson, entitled "Constitutional Government of the United States." I read this with delight and it filled me with admiration. Years passed and the book remained in a corner of my library until casually perusing it one day, I noticed that the writer was no less a person than the President of the United States. I did not at that time consider the book as important as before because Woodrow Wilson was beginning to show his personal greatness, and as the moral stature of our President has been growing until he has become the dominant figure in the whole world, that book has been growing smaller in my recollections, not because the book is worth less, but because the deeds of the writer are worth more. There are men who write history and men who make history. But Woodrow Wilson, great statesman and most dis-



Juan B. Huyke, Speaker of House of Representatives, Porto Rico

tinguished writer of history and of political science, has also made history and of such magnitude that it will mark an epoch in the annals of humanity.

In my opinion Woodrow Wilson represents in the national evolution a policy decidedly in favor of the generalization and socialization of human welfare. It could not be said that he is a socialist in the usual meaning of the word, but it can be affirmed that he has been a foremost upholder of having the products of human labor more equitably distributed. If this is a step towards socialism, the future will tell; but for the time being it is a practical manner of giving to the workingmen the most substantial thing promised them by socialism. On this same ideal rests the success of the American Federation of Labor. There are many in Porto Rico who have a poor and incorrect idea of this organization because they judge of it by the dangerous and ridiculous parody that certain persons are making here of that great American institution. Nevertheless, existing errors will be corrected by time, thanks to a better understanding of the labor problem brought about by new leaders. The American Federation of Labor will then be in Porto Rico what it is now in the continent.

Following that road, the advance of utopian socialistic theories, which are now annihilating Russia, may be checked. In this connection it is important that all of us should correctly understand that Democracy is the government of *all* the people represented by the fittest, and not that the Government should fall into the hands of a class simply because it is the most numerous. The fittest should be searched for wherever they might happen to be, whether in the palace, in the shop or in the hovel, and this is the essence of true Democracy. Polycracy, government by the many, for the only reason of being so, is the end of liberty and

the beginning of Anarchy.

In a more ample sphere, the action of Wilson leading the American people to intervene in the world conflict on principles of the highest ideals means much more than the defeat of Autocracy; it means the evangelization of international law, "the Golden Rule" as a basis for the relations among the people. It is not one war more, won or lost. It is the government of the world which is won by the doctrines of Christ.

Let us also speak about that which our dear country owes to that great man. It has been under his presidency and on his recommendation that we Porto Ricans were made American citizens after waiting for many years for such acknowledgment of our loyalty while at the same time a larger measure of self-government was given us.

We now have more self-government, but it is proper to remember the far-reaching phrase of Woodrow Wilson in his book to which I have referred, saying: "Self-government is not a mere form of institutions. It is a form of character."

Hence it is that I consider Camp Las Casas (for the establishments of which our friend here, General Townshend, exerted every effort) a factor of importance in our advance towards complete self-government. The camp is something more than a school for soldiers; it is a school for citizens because military virtues are nothing else than the same civic virtues carried to a high degree of perfection and punctuality. Discipline, hard and intelligent work, honor, duty above everything and country above all, are the principles of a perfect soldier. But, are the ideals of a good citizen different from these?

To conclude, I invite you gentlemen to rise in honor of the apostle of international fraternity, of the liberator of nations, our great President, Woodrow Wilson.





Major George R. Shanton, U. S. A., and Chief of Insular Police of Porto Rico, Who Rendered Valuable Service During the War

The People of Porto Rico and the War

By Clarence Ferguson

THERE is a land of golden sunshine and evergreen hills, covered with flowers, fourteen hundred miles from the mainland of the United States, where bright-faced little children, barely big enough to toddle about in the streets, march with jaunty American flags in their small hands and salute Army officers with exaggerated martial bearing, as they

wind through the streets in well formed columns of squads.

This land is Porto Rico, a tiny world apart, which has always been the ideal of pacifism. One day the good people of Porto Rico became citizens of the United States. Following closely upon this came something which might have caused a more artful people to mistrust our motives in creating them

citizens. It was military conscription. Of course the brand new citizens cheerfully accepted their obligation. There was no squirming nor squeeling. Nevertheless, things were coming so fast, that a big broad military man was needed. The coming military leader would have to possess both aggressiveness and tact and be able quickly to size up situations in their larger aspects. Of course any army officer of experience and acumen might go through with the business after a fashion, but the great desideratum, in so worthy a cause, was to go through with it and have the million and a quarter of people of Porto Rico with us, heart and soul. In any great crisis, you know, it is always a mighty fine thing, to have all the people with you.

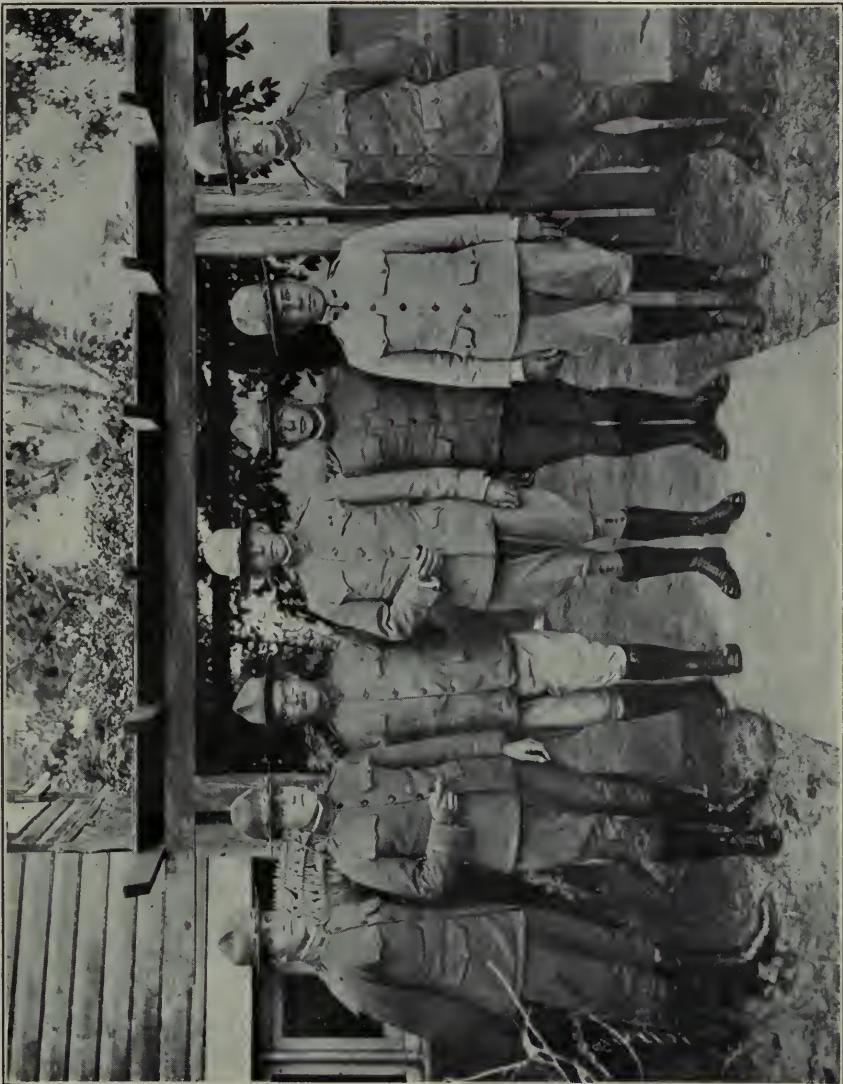
Among the few immediate possibilities, however, was one Townshend, who away back in Spanish-American war times, had emanated and immigrated from Shawneetown, Illinois. Upon looking him up, it was found, that, his father had been Richard W. Townshend, for sixteen years a representative from the nineteenth district of his State; also Chairman of the Military Committee of the House. But that didn't necessarily auger that Townshend, Junior, who had served in Cuba, as a captain, could fit into a really big job.

The younger Townshend had been commissioned a first lieutenant in a local mounted battalion, in our Island. But in 1901 this mounted unit had ceased to be and a provisional regiment had been created, in which Lieutenant Townshend at once became a captain. In 1908, this organization changed. If there is a man for every emergency this must have been the evolution of the cocoon, for in July, 1916, Captain Townshend was boosted to a lieutenant-colonelcy. When his regiment was rushed to Panama, he was given an independent command in Porto Rico and shortly thereafter, was ordered by the War Department, to initiate the work of making from the raw material, hundreds of Army



Captain George W. Lewis, Head of Intelligence Dept. at Camp Las Casas, Porto Rico

officers. As they gradually came to know him through the steady grinding of the newly installed war machine, the liberty loving people of Porto Rico took this man from Shawneetown to their collective bosoms and swore by him.



Brig. Gen'l Or-
val P. Town-
shend and staff,
In his headquar-
ters at Camp
Las Casas, P. R.

From left to right:
Lt. A. de la Haba,
Alde-de-Camp; Lt.
Angel M. Colon,
Alde-de-Camp; Mr.
J. B. Macabe, Ath-
letic Director in
charge of Camp
Training activities;
Brigadier General
Townshend; Capt.
P. Ramos Casellas,
Medical Corps; Lt.
J. P. Chandler,
Sanitary Corps; Lt.
H. M. Porter, Ad-
jutant.



The problems of nationality, politics and partisanship ceased to exist and teamwork, with every mother's son pulling strong, became the order of the day. Two hundred of the new citizens went into the first training camp for officers, and 88 per cent of them came out with commissions, ranging from second lieutenant to captain. There have been about one thousand captains, first and second lieutenants turned out in the three officers' training camps.

When the United States set about its titanic task of raising the new army and the first series of training camps was organized within its boundaries, little Porto Rico was fairly spoiling to do her bit, too. Her million and a quarter of democratic, patriotic people had long been watching and waiting for the call that would enable them to show their loyalty and patriotism by whatever sacrifice they could offer. Then one bright day in July, the San Juan news sheets flared forth with the well-nigh sensational announcement that we, of Porto Rico, were to have an officers' training camp. The tremendous flood of applications which forthwith streamed in from every near and remote corner of the Island, gave eloquent testimony of the high spirit of the people and their readiness to make any sacrifice for the Democracy that is so dear to their hearts.

Among those who reported for training, were lawyers, doctors, bankers, judges, business men, sons of sugar kings, sons of coffee kings, sons of tobacco kings and men representing modest fortunes; all the flower of Porto Rico. They gave of themselves willingly, and in no case did a man attempt to evade his duty. Every American should feel proud of Porto Rico's achievement and they should feel proud, too, along with all Porto Ricans for the rising to the occasion, when needed, of the man whose powerful personality, discovered at a time, when such things count, overcame well nigh insuperable obstacles in our fight for liberty and won the admiration and love of a wonderful, patriotic people—



M. S. Taulbee, Colonel, 373rd Infantry,
Porto Rico

the people of Porto Rico. Brigadier General Townshend commands the love and respect of the entire population of our Island.

Are the Porto Ricans proud to serve the Stars and Stripes, you ask? They have been earnestly and honestly glad of this great opportunity; first of course, to serve the Government of the United States and second, to serve and sacrifice in the cause of Democracy against Hun Autocracy, against the Teuton dream of world dominance and world enslavement, that has fired the blood of all the liberty-loving peoples of the earth and made them our Allies, and Porto Rico is not the least of those peoples.

The volunteer spirit of these people of Porto Rico in the war manifested itself overwhelmingly—they were appealed to for large sums to carry on war work. Rich and poor gave of their savings—but there were other things besides money demanded of these people—their sons. Porto Rico has shown its patriotism not only mate-



Our Boys of Porto Rico, on Parade in San Juan

rially but by every act of kindness and good will; their inexhaustible generosity should ever be remembered and the services rendered by these people should ever be regarded as a most glorious achievement. The manner in which the youth responded should command the admiration of the world.

The war activities in this patriotic island have been as swift and effective as it is possible to imagine, and one can not help but become amazed at the vigor of all that has been accomplished. Now that the war is over the people of this Island have a right to hold their heads high. The services performed by them stand out as witnesses of their patriotism and loyalty to the Nation. To every single appeal made, Porto Rico has responded gallantly. Ten millions of dollars have been invested in the four Liberty Loans. The spirit of these peoples was well demonstrated in the Fourth Liberty Loan, when the Island exceeded her quota of four millions of dollars, by almost \$800,000, regardless of the disaster caused by the earthquake, which cost Porto Rico millions of dollars.

The Red Cross carries the banner of inspiration and achievement and is spreading its light to every nook and corner of Porto Rico. Porto Rico Chapter, American Red Cross, has undertaken every branch of work conducted in the States and has succeeded well. There are fully organized active branches of the society in every municipality. There are seventy-six of such branches and through them the most devoted and patriotic service is being given to the sacred work of the Red Cross by the people of the entire Island. This is especially true in connection with the home service work, which means the bringing of help and comfort, and giving material means of support to the wives, children, and other dependents of our boys. The home service of the Porto Rican Chapter of the American Red Cross has 77 local committees throughout Porto Rico, one in every municipality. The Red Cross in this Island has been

looking after the needy and destitute families of soldiers at Camp Las Casas. The Red Cross is also caring for many needy families of soldiers in the Porto Rican Regiment of Infantry at Panama.

In the matter of the second War Fund drive, the people of Porto Rico made donations for the great War Work, in excess of \$106,000.00.

Porto Rico stands high on the roll of honor, in the War Fund Work. Mr. Mck. Jones, a coffee planter and Mayor of the little town of Villalba, has this to say of the people in his home vicinity. "We were asked for \$8400.00 in the Third Liberty Loan. Small merchants and day laborers made a canvass of the little town and the surrounding mountain sides on horseback. The laborers, in this region, get about sixty cents a day, yet these good people were able to raise \$12,000.00, or fifty per cent more than their quota. If you could but see the cliffs they climbed and the dangerous trails they followed, where a mis-step means a drop of a thousand feet or more, in their work of solicitation on behalf of Uncle Sam, it would make you wish that Washington could know the full measure of their devotion.

The saving of food has been so efficiently preached and has been so well organized, by those able and patriotic men of the Food Commission, that, throughout the entire Island, they have all been saving food for "Over There." What the Food Commission of Porto Rico has accomplished is amazing. One can not help but be profoundly impressed with the devoted zeal which has been displayed, by those in charge of all these war activities. Their work has been of the highest value. The response in every part of the Island, where a drive has been made, is remarkable. It would be difficult to find in any country, a more patriotic class than in Porto Rico. No encomium is too great to shower upon them. If every nationality were as munificent in subscribing to charities and war funds, many of the disagreeable features of life would be removed. The states-

men, young and old, have rendered most valuable service, as well as those in every walk of life.

Another example of the wonderful patriotism of these people was demonstrated in the work of Mr. Antonio Arbona, a Spanish coffee planter, living near Ciales, in the coffee section. The coffee planters of Porto Rico have suffered greatly on account of there being no market for their coffee in the States. Because of the war, their foreign market was cut off. There are 150,000 people in Porto Rico dependent upon the coffee industry for a livelihood and the coffee condition has caused these people much suffering.

Mr. Arbona, a man passed sixty years old, covered two barrios on horseback and succeeded in selling to these small coffee planters, more than \$16,000.00 of Liberty Bonds in the fourth campaign.

From the first day that war was declared, the people of Porto Rico began to give; they have never ceased and they would have continued to give as long as giving had been necessary. They are proud to serve the "Stars and Stripes." Their wealth and their sons have been at our disposal, and they are proud, too, of the honor which has been allotted to them; proud for the part which they have all taken in this great conflict for justice, peace and liberty for mankind.

The participation of the Spanish merchants of Porto Rico in the war is commendable. They have bought liberally of Liberty Bonds and they have given freely to the Red Cross. These merchants of Porto Rico contributed substantially to the fund for the new Red Cross home and they have also served on various committees appointed to raise funds for War Work. They have responded generously to every appeal made. In fact, they have demonstrated, that they are with our Government, heart and soul. I have never come in contact with a class of business men, who give more freely than these of this Island or more cheerfully either, and I wish every man and woman in the States could

know what this busy little Island has done, to help win the war. How it would inspire them. It would fill them with admiration for these people. I do not believe that I lay myself open to the charge of exaggeration, when I say, that, I firmly believe, that you could not find the world over, a class of people who have displayed more patriotism and loyalty to the Allies, than these in Porto Rico. There have been many "Dollar a Year" men who have devoted their entire time to War Work, the leading men of Porto Rico, whose slogan was, "let us leave no stone unturned to help win this war."

When the Red Cross was seeking a new home, forty-five business men, donated \$11,000.00 to enable the Red Cross to have quarters in one building, sufficient to carry on this grand work. Business places have been emptied of their youth, the flower of Porto Rico, who were ready to sacrifice their lives, if necessary. Not a single opportunity has been neglected to extend every possible aid in every direction. The Four Minute Men did a great work in aiding to speed the winning of the war. All of the principle centers of population were thoroughly covered and thousands of people in the Island were reached through the speakers of this organization.

Forty tons of Guava jelly was sent to the boys in France and two million cigarettes. There has also been more than \$300,000.00 raised by the Red Cross in 18 months. Thousands of women in Porto Rico from San Juan, the capital, throughout the entire Island, including the towns of the hills, have devoted their time and given their money and services to all things needed for the war. All social activities were carried on, solely for the benefit of war work. In many sections of the Island, the women took the place of the men in the fields. The people of Porto Rico have also given \$140,000.00 to the United War Work campaign fund.

A spirit of patriotism, loyalty and sacrifice to the common cause of the Nation to its Allies, and to humanity

at large, beats today in the hearts of every single Porto Rican and for the gallant part which they have taken, they will surely reap their reward. Porto Rico has added a noble contribution to the story of patriotism and loyalty. Another demonstration of which is the liberality of the Serrallés family—Pedro Juan Serrallés, Juan Eugenio Serrallés, Mercedes M. Serrallés, Julia Serrallés de Wirshing. This family purchased \$226,000.00 of Liberty Bonds. Miss Serrallés has been one of the most active women in all War Work in Porto Rico. Her beautiful home in Ponce was turned over to the Red Cross and she has been the great leader in this work in that city. She deserves unlimited praise.

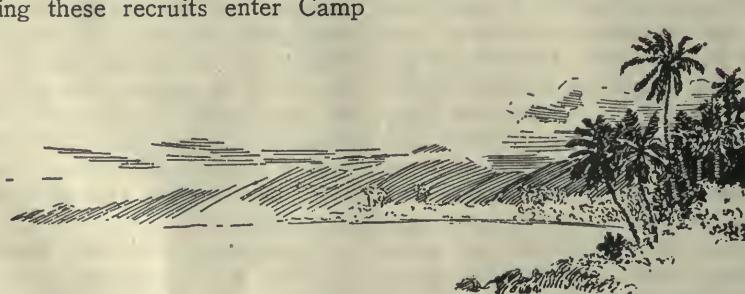
It may be of interest to the people of the States to know that Porto Rico paid more than any State in the Union for the White House wool. That noble patriot, Mr. Eduardo Giorgetti paying \$4,000.00. Just after the passage of the Selective Draft law, Porto Rico promptly registered her young men, to the number of 108,000. The Porto Rico regiment was the first in the Nation to be at full war strength. Six hundred and fifty volunteers were accepted for duty to guard the Panama Canal.

The people have had many burdens to bear, but in spite of everything, they have given their full support to their Government. Our Nation can feel proud of all that Porto Rico has done. When General Townshend took up the work of recruiting, many of the men, who lived far back in the hills, walked twenty-five miles to enlist. Watching these recruits enter Camp

Las Casas by auto buses, each one carrying a bunch of flowers, given them by their mothers and sweethearts, and the auto buses decorated with American flags was a sight never to be forgotten. The people of this Island, have demonstrated to the world, the true spirit of patriotism, thereby hastening the dawn of a more perfect day.

Following is a list of merchants who gave more than \$10,000.00 for the new Red Cross quarters in San Juan. This sum being raised in twenty-four hours:

Sobrinos de Ezquiaga.....	\$ 1,000.00
Korber & Co.....	1,000.00
Robert Hermanos	1,000.00
Eduardo & Enrique Gonzalez.....	1,000.00
J. Ochoa & Hermanos	1,000.00
American Railroad Co.....	500.00
Sucs. de A. Mayol & Co.....	500.00
Behn Bros., Inc.....	500.00
Porto Rican American Tobacco Co.....	500.00
Sucs. de Abarca.....	400.00
Hernaize Targa & Co.....	250.00
Jose de Riera.....	200.00
Santisteban Chavarri Co., Inc.....	200.00
Compania Industrial de Santurce.....	200.00
Aboy Vidal & Co., Inc.....	200.00
Gonzalez Padin Co., Inc.....	200.00
Porto Rico Fertilizer Co.....	150.00
Stubbe Bros.....	100.00
Pedro Guiñeti & Co.....	100.00
Piza Hnos.....	100.00
Sucs. de Perez Hnos.....	100.00
R. Suarez & Co.....	100.00
R. Fabian & Co.....	100.00
Sucesion de J. Serralles.....	100.00
Cadierno Hnos	100.00
Esteban Balaguer	100.00
D. Fernandez & Hnos.....	100.00
Linea Ferrea del Oeste.....	100.00
Sanchez Morales & Co.....	100.00
Sucs. de Gamarra.....	100.00
Sucs. de Roses & Co.....	100.00
Francisco Brunet	100.00
A. M. Somoza & Co.....	75.00
Sucs. de A. J. Alcaide.....	50.00
Cuetara Hnos.....	50.00
Freiria Hnos.....	50.00
Sucs. de F. Ortega & Co.....	50.00
Freiria & Co.....	25.00
Diego Agueros & Co.....	25.00
Baquero & Co.....	25.00
Antonio Lema	25.00
S. J. Menendez & Co.....	25.00
Rafael Balseiro	25.00
Damian Monserrat	25.00
L. Cantero	25.00
	\$10,775.00



How Porto Rico Helped to Win the War

Food Production and Food Conservation

By F. J. Rodil, Director of Education, U. S. Food Administration

PORTO RICO, the modest little island lying right in the center of the group of the West Indies, with its mountains always green and its ever clear sky, famous in history for its productive soil, and for the loyalty of its inhabitants, has co-operated with the Nation in the Great War and deserves credit for its hearty consecration to the cause of Liberty and Democracy.

Individual valor has always been demonstrated by the inhabitants of Porto Rico, although it has been unknown collectively for lack of opportunity before the European conflagration.

From the moment the United States entered the war, the people of Porto Rico clearly understood their duty and considered nothing a sacrifice that would aid the Nation in winning the war. The amounts requested of the Porto Rican people in the way of Liberty Bonds, etc., were covered to excess, and nothing was left unturned that would contribute to the upbuilding and maintenance of the Red Cross and its timely efforts.

There were no slackers in the Food Campaign carried on by the Food Commission under the jurisdiction of the Food Administration. This Commission was under the leadership of Mr. Albert E. Lee, a native Porto Rican, and met with the greatest success. The slogan of the Food Administration, "Food Will Win the War," spread very rapidly throughout the entire Island. Farmers took advanced positions as recruits in the great army with the understanding that they ranked second in importance in the settlement of European affairs, and the entire Island became a gigantic

garden containing everything capable of being cultivated in the tropics, that would contribute to the sustenance of those who were fighting for the cause of Liberty and Justice—both Americans and Porto Ricans. Not a patch of land was allowed to lie idle, but was placed under cultivation. Land owners aided poor laborers in the way of furnishing them with land and seeds of all descriptions. Poultry and select breeds of live stock were imported, and an anti-tick campaign was started in the Island for the purpose of increasing the supply of milk and meat. The idea was to save foodstuffs that the Nation needed to send abroad for the relief of the Allied Nations and for our own troops that were shedding their blood for Liberty and Democracy.

All this was faithfully accomplished with the aid of thirty-five agricultural agents who were scattered throughout the Island for the purpose of having the land cultivated in accordance with the most recent and scientific methods. These agents established and maintained demonstration and experimental plots to teach the farmers by comparison the right and the wrong way of planting the crops. Some two thousand two hundred rural committees were appointed, one for each "barrio," and composed of the most experienced and prominent representatives of each locality. The Food Commission, through the mayors, who acted as Deputy Food Administrators, distributed seeds free to the farmers, thus helping a great deal. The assistance of teachers, under the auspices of the Department of Education of Porto Rico was valuable indeed. The school, as a rule, was the center

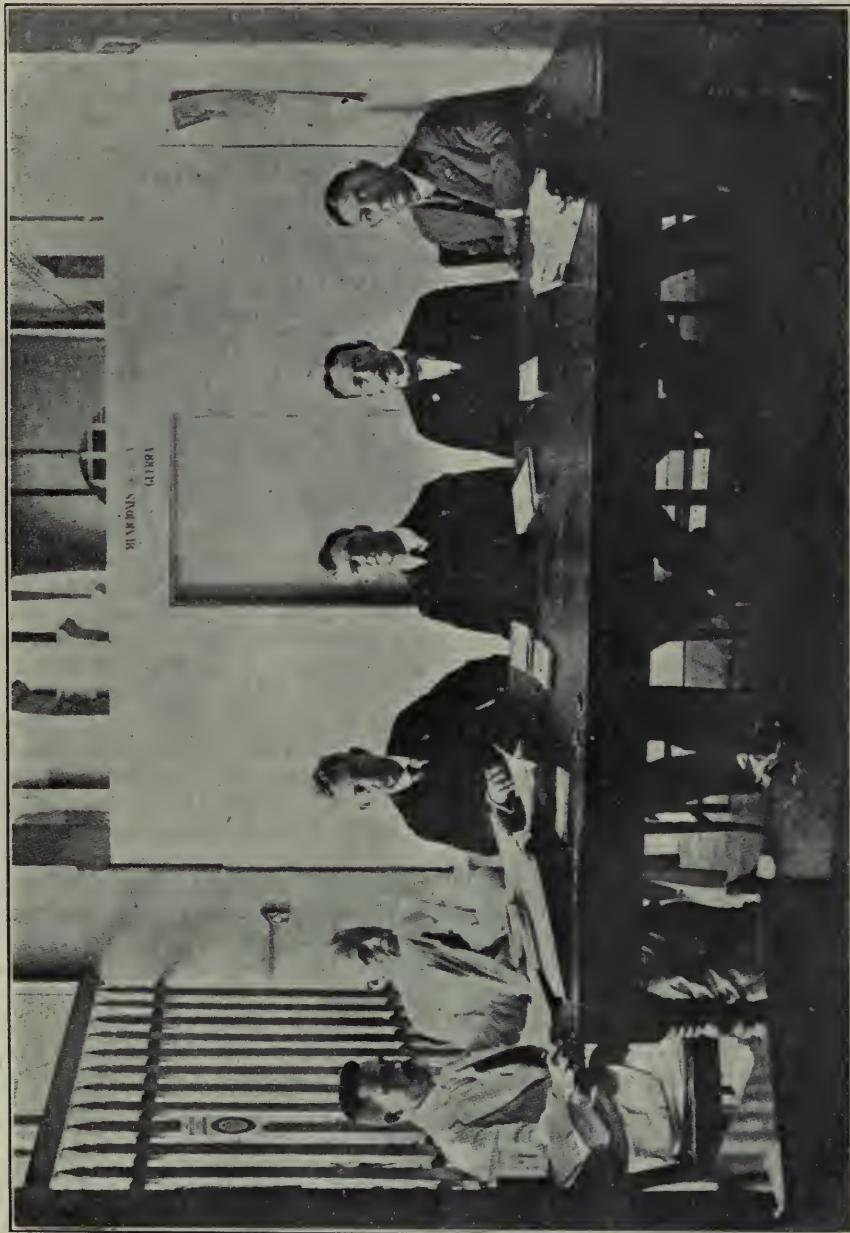


Albert E. Lee, Food Administrator for Porto Rico

Albert E. Lee, Federal Food Administrator for Porto Rico, is one of the foremost men of the Island. This remarkable man by his foresight and ability carried Porto Rico through a most trying period in her history. His food policy was conducted in such an able manner that the actual saving of food placed Porto Rico in the front rank of conservationists. Mr. Lee has rendered valuable service to the Nation. He is a factor of more than local attention.

of all rural activities. By this means one thousand eight hundred agricultural meetings were held with an estimated attendance of over 20,000 farmers during the year.

Then came the draft for Porto Ricans. About 12,000 young men were encamped to receive military training in order to rush to European fronts. These men replaced the Porto Rican



Food Commission of Porto Rico: Reading From Left to Right—E. M. Vasallo, Executive Secretary; John M. Turner, Vice-President and Treasurer; Louis Sanchez Morales, Albert E. Lee, President; Manuel Camunas, N. A. Woicott.

regiment assigned to the continent to safeguard the great Panama Canal. The progress made by these Porto Rican soldiers was wonderful. In nearly three months the first brigade of these twelve thousand drafted soldiers was ready and prepared to proceed to the firing line. The desire of the soldiers to enter the European war was admirable. To this end it is well to mention a reply given by a young Lieutenant to his Major when the latter asked him whether he had eight men ready for duty. "Major," he said without hesitation, "all the men in our company, including myself, are ready to act at a moment's notice." Such was the spirit which prevailed in the Porto Rican Brigade, which at the time of the armistice, had been assigned to a dangerous post on the French front.

These soldiers were backed by the recruits of food production of Porto Rico who were directly affected by the situation the moment their fathers, sons, brothers and other relations were to enter the firing line. The results accomplished may be easily appreciated by these facts.

The year before the United States entered the war, Porto Rico imported more than 7,000 tons of beans and other foodstuffs with a value of more than one million dollars. Owing to the big crops in 1918, the Island produced more than that amount of beans, thus saving room in the steamers carrying freight, and having a good supply to feed the civil population of the whole Island and the soldiers encamped here and avoiding the outflow of money from Porto Rico. Lands previously devoted to the cultivation of tobacco and other unnecessary crops were planted with beans, grain and vegetables to a great extent. When the control of foodstuffs was established in the Island last June, it was found after a survey of the supplies on hand, that there was sufficient food obtainable to withstand a complete blockade of over five months.

Another factor which helped greatly in accomplishing results was the food conservation program which was

heartily adhered to by housewives all over the Island. The significance of the slogan put in practice by the Food Administration, "The woman is the soldier of the kitchen," was faithfully understood by thousands of women in every locality, who carried on the propaganda of how to save food by way of economy and the introduction of modern methods into the kitchen in the preparation of meals for a daily diet.

In fact, the part played by these Porto Rican women in the development of food conservation campaigns proved to be beyond the most optimistic expectations. They reached the homes of every native or resident of the Island, and caused over 136,000 families to sign the pledge promising economy of food until the end of the war.

The consecration of these women was so intense that even the refusal to sign the pledge card was considered outrageous by the ladies in charge of the committees. To this purpose, the writer witnessed the disappointment of a lady of San Juan while giving the report of the work of the committee, of which she was chairman, to the Director of Publicity, an American newspaper man who volunteered to come to the Island to help carry on the work of food conservation. The lady in question was very indignant because an American lady was the only one who refused to sign the pledge card in her district. When the Director asked her to give the name of the "slacker," she graciously replied that she did not want to be a tattler, but that everybody had to do her duty, and that American ladies ought to be the leaders of the movement in Porto Rico.

A lady in Aguadilla at a meeting held in that town, interrupted the speaker to pledge not only herself to food conservation, but her family and relatives, promising to save meat, wheat and fats for the Allies and our own troops, until the war came to an end. While another lady in San Juan acted voluntarily as a detective to en-

force the food conservation program in her neighborhood.

Then came the establishment of wheatless days and meatless days in the Island by the Federal Food Administration, and as a result of the food conservation campaign, these restrictions met with the approval of the whole population of Porto Rico. Individuals, societies, congregations, associations and corporations passed resolutions to restrict the use of whatever the Nation needed to keep the Allies and the fighting troops properly fed to the last minute, going as far as to make sacrifices were they necessary to face the situation.

As an illustration of the high spirit of co-operation which prevailed during the time of the war, it is well to mention that the city council of Culebra, a neighboring island, put in force a resolution prohibiting the importation of wheat into the Island for the duration of the war, and making an appropriation for the increase of production of wheat substitutes.

Idleness was unknown to Porto Rico during the days of national and universal troubles, and difficulties brought on by the state of war. Everybody, in a small or large scale, engaged in some kind of work in the direction of helping the cause of the Allies. The children all over the Island devoted themselves to the development of home and school gardens, planting 24,281 during the year. The women prepared surgical dressings and knitted articles, and made jellies and other preserved tropical fruits for the soldiers at the front. They were also the leaders in the movement of saving food. The old men cultivated

the land, and the young men entered the training camps and formed home-guards in almost every locality to be ready for duty. In fact, self-sacrifice and patriotism were in the hearts of every Porto Rican and of every resident of the Island, inspiring the war conscience.

Actual results could be summarized as follows:

The material increase in the production of foodstuffs throughout the Island which helped in the solution of the economic problem and increased the wealth of the country. While at the same time it resulted in the saving of tonnage, which meant more space in the ships carrying relief to Europe and food for the troops fighting for the sake of Liberty and Democracy.

The fostering of a spirit of conservation of foodstuffs in the line with the work done on the mainland, which resulted in the saving of wheat, meat and fats for the supply to be sent abroad.

And finally, the demonstration of the true patriotism and loyalty of the people of Porto Rico to the nation and to the cause of humanity.

Albert E. Lee, the man who since the beginning, faced the situation with inexhaustible energy, enthusiasm and faith, who entirely devoted his never failing initiative, and who perseverantly carried on the work as the leader of the movement of conservation and production of food in the Island with the greatest success, deserves the highest credit, and is entitled to the respect and gratitude of all his countrymen.





Ocean Walk, Boringuen Park, San Juan, Porto Rico; Where Bathing is Enjoyed Every Day in the Year

The Beautiful Scenery of Porto Rico

The Land of Sunshine, Palms and Flowers

IT would be difficult, indeed, for any one to give an adequate description of the luxury, variety and rich coloring, of the scenery of Porto Rico. A camera might possibly suggest its charms but the eye alone can fully appreciate its wonder and splendor. Had a well-defined plan been carried out, for the past four hundred years to make Porto Rico a huge park, the results could hardly have been more satisfactory than those achieved in the process of its

natural growth and development.

Porto Rico has been called the Switzerland of America and indeed, it well deserves this name. This island is one of the most lovely of all those regions of loveliness, which are washed by the Caribbean Sea. As a winter resort and Mecca for tourists, no other part of American territory offers such manifold attractions. Its unrivalled climate, its unsurpassed views of mountains, valley and sea, beautiful beyond description. The romance,

quaint attractiveness and historic interest of its ancient forts, churches, cathedrals and bridges, all made accessible by a magnificent system of automobile roads, unequalled in any country, extending around and over the island, offer natural attractions to the tourist, unsurpassed by those of no other winter resort. Porto Rico can well be called the Riviera of the West.

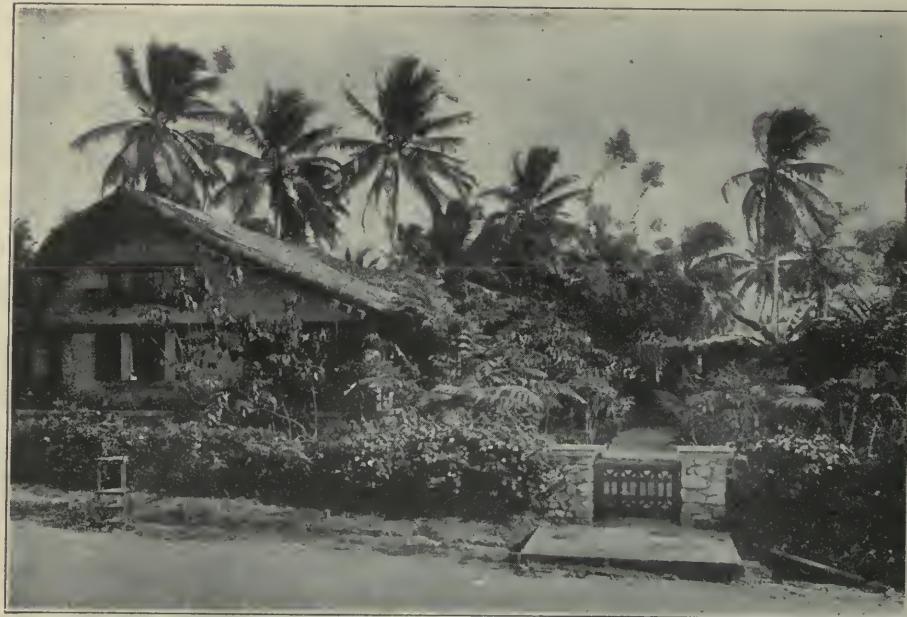
The great net work of automobile roads that cross and recross the island, some of them centuries old and veritable monuments of early Spanish military engineering, are as smooth and beautiful as any to be found in Europe. Nowhere, can be found, such a kaleidoscopic panorama, incorporating the grandeur of Switzerland, the rare beauty of the tropics and the ease and comfort of locomotion of a New York boulevard.

Toward the distant purple of the mountains, these marvelous roads lead from San Juan, the capital city, over a stretch of level land, characteristic of the entire outer edge of the island.

Past great fields of beautiful pineapples and groves bending under the golden load of oranges and grapefruit. Far stretching plantations of sugar cane, green and cool looking, wave and rustle on all sides. Under the shading and interwinding branches of mango trees and the flaming arch of wide spreading flamboyants or fire trees, with occasional glimpses of huge-leaved fruit-laden bananas, over innumerable brooks and streams, spanned by ancient bridges and culverts of solid masonry your car glides along, now, as it climbs the mountains radiant flowers and gay plumaged birds flash against the verdant background of the giant ferns, that nod their fronds in the mountain breeze and great-leaved plants and vines entangle in tropical luxuriance, beneath the shading trees. Repeatedly the air is filled with a heavy fragrance, pungent and overpowering in its sweetness. Those dark shrubs, with deep green leaves, that look as if they had been recently oiled, are wild coffee plants. Beautiful are the



One of the Many Beautiful Homes in San Juan, Porto Rico



Picturesque Bungalow, San Juan, Porto Rico

white blossoms and the berry of this plant is pronounced by experts, as second to none in the world.

In the very crest of the mountain, this wonderland offers a continual variation of revelations; the hour-old memories of the valleys, whose warmth was agreeably tempered by the unfailing ocean breeze, are replaced by the crisp mountain air. The distant Atlantic, a shimmering sheet in the sunlight, is lost to view, with the descent toward Ponce. Sharp twist succeeds abrupt turn, until there flashes before one, the resplendent picture of the sapphire waters of the Caribbean Sea, melting and blending into a sky of wondrous hue. Far to the right, one sees an islet, "Los Muertos" or Dead Mans Isle, which legend tells us, is the veritable treasure island of Stevenson's romance. A few miles inland, is Guayama, shrewdly built, like many of the coast towns, out of range of a chance shot from an aggressive visitor, to these pirate haunts of the olden days.

Truly, it is an inspiring picture but unfortunately, all languages have their limitations. The deepest emotions are

voiceless and the most eloquent tribute that could be paid this colorful vista, is rapt silence. Any word at all would be trite—the one jangling note to put the panoramic symphony out of tune. A few hours more and the scenes just passed will assume a new glory. The sun, low in the heavens, dyes and paints mountain and valley with prodigal indiscrimination. The fantasy of a drug crazed painter, who lavishes the motley hues of his palette, in the vain hope of expressing on canvas the garish conceptions of his fevered mind, could hardly match the riotous picture, that nature at times spreads before one.

Does it excite wonder, that, Ponce de Leon sighed for the sap and vigor of youth, or that the countless charms and attractions of old Borinquen are drawing a constantly increasing influx of visitors from the mainland?

Surf bathing, automobiling, golf, tennis, boating and fishing, all these things can be enjoyed the year round, in a climate, unrivaled, where the temperature averages 76 degrees. Porto Rico is so easily accessible to American tourists, that with the open-



Country Home of A. Piza, Porto Rico

ing of the new Condado Vanderbilt Hotel in San Juan, the visitors to Porto Rico will soon be doubled and trebled. This island is ideally and naturally fitted for a National playground and is being rapidly developed into what may be termed, the "Riviera of the Western Hemisphere." See America first, is the popular slogan today. It should not be forgotten that Porto Rico is a very active and earnest part of that same America.

Porto Rico is a land of romance and history, of pleasant story, of song and laughter, peace and comfort, labor

and activity. It is not the tale of flashing canon, of glinting sword and bayonet and the rankling odor of burning powder but a quiet pastoral of deep furrowing plows, swishing scythes and machetes, the rumble of crushing mills, the spicy aroma of citrus and coffee groves, the perfume of cane fields, the scent of ripening tobacco. It is the epitome of all that Ponce de Leon meant to convey, when he found this land, where, "the vine is always fruited and the weather always fine" and called it "The gate of riches."





Governor Arthur Yager of Porto Rico



Governor Arthur Yager of Porto Rico

By Pedro L. Rodriguez

DR. ARTHUR YAGER of Henry County, Ky., was appointed Governor of Porto Rico by President Wilson on November 6, 1913.

Fully aware of the responsibilities and duties of his high office he came to the Island and was sworn in November 20, 1913.

He proved himself a friend of the Porto Ricans from the first day of his incumbency. He began at once to utilize his personal influence with the President and other friends in Washington in an effort to secure a greater participation in the local Government for the Porto Ricans. A good demonstration of appreciation for the people of Porto Rico was made effective when he secured the appointment and confirmation by the Senate of two Porto Ricans as heads of departments; namely, Secretary of Porto Rico and Commissioner of the Interior. These two important public offices had always been in the hands of Americans and for the first time during the American regime they passed into the hands of two Porto Ricans, due to the recommendation of Governor Yager. This proved entirely successful. The new appointees performed their duties well. Encouraged by this successful experiment the Governor took up in 1914-15 the work of securing a new Organic Act for Porto Rico in which a more ample form of government would be granted to the people of the Island.

This proved to be a long and tedious undertaking. Congress did not mean to be neglectful, but Porto Rico was a long ways from Washington and little known, and Congressmen were not sure that its people were yet ready for the larger political life which the new bill proposed to give them. But the Governor never lost hope. Several

times he visited Washington to use his personal efforts in pushing the bill. He succeeded in arraying the powerful interest of President Wilson in behalf of this measure and finally success crowned his efforts.

The Jones Bill was passed by Congress and approved by President Wilson on March 2, 1917. In the work for the bill the Resident Commissioner from Porto Rico, Hon. Luis Munoz Rivera and General Frank McIntyre, then Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, also rendered most valuable assistance in advice and counsel to the Senate and House Committees regarding the needs and aspiration of the people of the Island. Due to the insistent requests of the Governor, both by cables and letters to the Bureau of Insular Affairs, Senator Shaffroth, Representative Jones and the President, himself, he was able to get through Congress in the most critical and difficult time, this new constitution for Porto Rico. This bill brought about a complete change in the Island Government. The Porto Ricans were made citizens of the United States and were given power to elect a complete legislature consisting of a Senate and a House of Representatives. This form of government differed much from the former. Under the Foraker Act the people elected a House of Delegates, only, while the Upper House, or Executive Council, as it was called, was appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States.

Under the present organic act all heads of departments are appointed by the Governor with the advice and consent of the Porto Rican Senate, except the Attorney General and the Commissioner of Education which the law reserved for Presidential appoint-

ment. The bill also provided for a referendum about prohibition of the sale, manufacture and importation of alcoholic beverages. The matter was submitted to the qualified electors of Porto Rico and they voted the Island dry by a decisive majority on July 16,

States on articles produced in Porto Rico and transported to the mainland or consumed in the Island are turned into the Treasury of Porto Rico. The additional revenue secured by this amendment which at the start amounted to about half a million dollars has



Hon. Felix Cordova Davila, Resident Commissioner at Washington, From
Porto Rico

1917. The measure became effective on March 2, 1918.

Fortunately for the people of Porto Rico, the Governor during his stay in Washington was able to get inserted in the bill an amendment by virtue of which all taxes collected under the internal revenue laws of the United

increased to about one million dollars and compensates to some extent the loss sustained by the Treasury of Porto Rico through the enforcement of prohibition in the Island.

Shortly after his inauguration and on the occasion of his first visit to the United States Governor Yager wound

up the details and made final arrangements with the Carnegie Corporation in New York for the appropriation to build a library in the Island. This matter he had taken up by letter first, and his visit hastened the Directors of the Carnegie Corporation to make the money available. Governor Yager secured an appropriation of \$100,000 to build a public library, and the City of San Juan added to its public buildings the beautiful structure known as the Carnegie Library. The Insular Legislature includes in the annual budget of expenses of the Government sufficient funds for the upkeep and personnel required to operate it.

Not long after Governor Yager had been in Porto Rico, the terrible European catastrophe broke out. Like the cuttle-fish spreading out its tentacles and subduing all within its grasp, the war fiend of the Old World soon found its way into the New, and the United States joined in the great struggle to uphold and defend the principles of liberty and democracy. The military establishment of the United States was limited in size and needed enlargement, rapid enlargement to cope with the situation in the shortest time possible. A military law was immediately passed by Congress, making service selective and compulsory. An immense job was thus given the War Department. Troops had to be drafted and officers instructed to drill and prepare them for war. Training camps for officers were at once authorized and opened in the United States. Porto Rico, being a part of the United States, was also covered by the selective service law and upon the recommendation of the Governor, a camp was opened here to prepare officers to command the local troops. As soon as our officers' training camp was started, efforts were directed by all the local authorities and by the Resident Commissioner in Washington, to secure for Porto Rico a training camp for the local soldiers. In spite of all efforts made the War Department sustained the idea that it was unwise to build a camp here, and on the 17th of No-



Pedro L. Rodriguez, Secretary to Governor
Yager

ember, 1917, news was received by cable that our recruits would be taken up to the United States for training. Upon hearing of the decision of the War Department, Governor Yager was so convinced of the difficulties and dangers of any attempt to remove to the United States in winter, the raw and untrained men of Porto Rico, that he immediately cabled an earnest protest to the President. The War Department soon after changed its decision, and the following message was sent to Porto Rico:

"In view of apparent unanimous desire of People of Porto Rico and of earnest recommendation of Governor Yager and of Resident Commissioner, the War Department has decided to establish in San Juan, a camp for national army men selected. All men will therefore be called approximately, same date to be fixed hereafter."

This message was received with the greatest pleasure by the people, for they not only considered it as an act of justice, but they really desired to

see their young men trained for the war in their own beautiful island. In this matter Governor Yager who has always proved to be a sincere friend of the Porto Ricans, thoroughly versed in the local conditions, did not cease his efforts until he secured this new decision of the Department of War, which was not only correct, but was also in harmony with the ideas and knowledge of local people. How much the War Department's decision was affected by Governor Yager's cable to President Wilson may never be known, but this much can be said without fear of exaggeration, that Governor Yager was a factor of great importance and that his recommendation was certainly listened to as coming from the head of the Island Government.

The local military authorities in the Island upon the receipt of information that a camp had been authorized began immediately to select a site. The "Seboruco," in the vicinity of San Juan was finally approved and the construction of Camp Las Casas was started at once. Almost before the camp was completed the order to induct the men was received, and in June the work of mobilization began and the new camp was soon filled with the first quota of twelve thousand eight hundred men who had found a place to serve the American Flag under the rustling palm trees of their own Island.

While the first contingent of men were drilling, the local boards were busy with the selection of men for the second call which was ready to go into camp when the armistice was signed last November. With the cessation of hostilities in Europe, military activity ceased in America. The second draft was cancelled and those who had been trained under the first call were discharged, and are now back in civil occupations. The life has departed from Camp Las Casas. Only a few buildings remain, but the men are there no more.

At the time of this writing there is a commission on the way to Washington to ask that a permanent brigade

be maintained in Porto Rico as a part of the permanent military establishment of the United States.

It is hoped that the petition made by the Governor, and the Resident Commissioner at Washington will now be repeated by the committee men in Washington and will meet a favorable response in the War Department and in Congress, and that beautiful Camp Las Casas will become a permanent feature in the landscape of Porto Rico.

During the course of the war the National Government floated four Liberty Loans to finance war expenditures. Porto Rico took a share in each one of them. The amount subscribed was \$600,000, to the First Loan.

In October, 1917, a second loan was presented to the public. As soon as the Governor had information about the loan he immediately wrote asking that literature be sent in time to be translated and distributed in the Island. Upon its receipt Governor Yager appointed a committee which at once began to work. The total subscriptions at the end of the campaign amounted to \$1,986,000.

During April, 1918, a third loan was made. Porto Rico's quota was fixed at \$3,000,000. The Committee secured a total of \$2,783,050.

A fourth loan was floated during last October. This time the quota was fixed at \$4,000,000, for the Island of Porto Rico. The same committee that had handled the previous loans was appointed by the Governor. Experience acquired from efforts of preceding loans helped in this one. Governor Yager called to his office the sugar men and in a friendly reunion obtained from all a contribution of \$3.00 per ton of sugar manufactured. This made an initial step of about a million and a quarter of dollars. Then while the various committees and sub-committees were working in the Island, Governor Yager secured money from the Federal Reserve Bank in New York at minimum rate of interest, which money was made available to the sugar men. In this way all sugar men fulfilled their promise and sub-

scribed liberally. In former loans a few scattered and small contributions were obtained from the various big corporations doing business in Porto Rico. This time Governor Yager wrote and cabled to every one of them urging upon them the necessity of crediting a fair part of their subscriptions to the Porto Rican quota. This request of the Governor was well received and yielded good results this time, for it brought good sums that helped the Island to cover its quota. Our quota of \$4,000,000 was oversubscribed by almost \$800,000.00. The official figures show that \$4,723,150 were subscribed to this loan, making a total of \$10,093,100 in the four Liberty Loans.

Our little Island has responded loyally to every call that has been made upon her for all sorts of war work.

Many thousands of dollars have also been contributed to the Government in the purchase of War Savings Stamps.

In the other phases of the Red Cross work there is one worthy of mention. Some time last year the wool clipped from the sheep at the White House was distributed among the various states and territories of the United States for public sale for the Red Cross fund. The sale was to be made at public auction and the best bidder was to receive in addition to the two pounds of wool an autographed letter of President and Mrs. Wilson. As soon as Porto Rico's share of this wool was received, Governor Yager secured the theatre from the Opera Company which was working in San Juan at the time, had programs printed, and made the sale as popular and as well known as was possible in the short time given. He arranged for a popular public auction in the San Juan Opera House, and after patriotic speeches, the auction was made. The bids received by mail and telegraph were opened and new bids made on the spot until the final award was made for the sum of \$4,000. This sum represents the highest amount paid for the two pounds of White House wool anywhere in American soil, and to Porto Rico, therefore,

belongs the honor of having contributed the most liberal sum ever paid for wool towards one of the noblest tasks of mankind—Red Cross work. The splendid success of this auction sale of wool, the first of its kind in Porto Rico, was due to Governor Yager's personal initiative and work, and second only to the unquestioned generosity and liberality of the Porto Rican people.

Another important thing that Governor Yager has done for Porto Rico was realized when he secured from Congress the passage of an appropriation of \$850,000 to dredge the Harbor of San Juan. Our Capital City is located at the strategic point in the Caribbean Sea, where commerce between North and South America must intersect European vessels bound for the Pacific through the Panama Canal, and for this and other important reasons, seems to have a bright commercial future ahead. The dredging of our harbor makes feasible the installation of a dry-dock for the use of passing ships that may need cleaning or repairs, and it will also provide ample anchorage for all the other ships that will come to coal or take part in the growing commerce of this port. With comparatively little additional expense, San Juan can be made the safest and best port in the West Indies. The work of dredging has not been started as yet because of abnormal conditions as to cost due to the war. However, in spite of all the difficulties presented, the Governor has suggested that this work be done by administration and that it is possible that it may be undertaken owing to its importance and urgency at this moment, and there is hope that this course may be followed.

Governor Yager has accomplished more for the Island than any other Governor.

The doors of Government House are hospitably ajar at all times. Loyal to his Flag, sincere in his purpose and hospitable to his fellow man, Governor Yager is deserving of much credit for what he has done for the people.



Labra Graded School, San Juan, Porto Rico

Porto Rico and the Liberty Loans

By Jose E. Benedicto, Treasurer of Porto Rico

AS soon as the Congress of the United States declared that there existed a state of war between the Republic of North America and the German empire, all American citizens prepared to realize their utmost effort in order that their country might win the most brilliant victory in the most formidable war that is recorded in history, and in which American intervention had to be decisive.

The people of Porto Rico, who are true loyal American citizens, did not wish to lag behind, but, on the contrary, responded gallantly and without hesitancy from the outstart to the Nation's call on their patriotism.

The Porto Ricans understood that, considering the small size and the limited resources of the Island, their contribution to the war had to be relatively small, and this circumstance was an incentive to greater effort on their part in order to play in the struggle for the liberty of the world as great a part as was reasonably possible.

There were three factors which were indispensable to victory in the European war: an administrative head, men and money.

As regards the first factor, there was nothing to worry about—the wisdom of President Wilson would surely lead American arms on the road to victory—The men and the money were the people's contribution.

For the first time in history was compulsory military service established in Porto Rico, and it was accepted not only without protest but with joy and enthusiasm. Our youth filled the military camps with patriotic ardor and with the applause of everyone. Private societies, looking towards the welfare of our soldiers, immediately sprang into existence, with most splendid results.

And last there remained the financial phase of the Porto Rican contribution. It was absolutely necessary that the Porto Ricans should bring their resources into the campaign, that they should lend their money to the Nation by purchasing Liberty Bonds.

At the beginning it seemed as though this would cause some difficulty; in the first place, because there are not great accumulated wealths in the Island, and the great majority of the people have limited means, and second, because the people in general were not familiar with the meaning of Government bonds. Only the well-to-do persons and the business men had an exact idea of what these bonds were, and this made necessary an intense propaganda, realized for the most part by the "Four Minute Men."

The campaign, in all its aspects, was managed by a central committee, appointed by the Governor of Porto Rico, made up of the directors of the banks of the Island, the Treasurer of Porto Rico and other prominent men.

Posters with attractive engravings were placed in the public buildings and other conspicuous places throughout the Island, and their inscriptions in English and Spanish, tending to arouse public patriotism, expressed clearly the indispensable necessity of raising as many funds as possible in order to bring to a halt the onslaught of the German military forces.

Local committees were appointed in



F. Rodriguez, San Juan, Porto Rico

all the towns of the Island and these, working under the direction of the central committee, realized a most splendid propaganda.

The "Four Minute Men" availed of every opportunity to address the public in the places of amusement, explaining clearly the value and meaning of Government bonds, and the duty of the Porto Ricans to invest in these bonds as much of their money as possible.

As the result of this propaganda, it was highly gratifying to see how our people were familiarizing themselves with the purchase of Government bonds, and the promptness and loyalty with which they have responded to the Nation's call, in such a way that there is not at present a single town in the Island which has not gallantly contributed with its money and enthusiasm to the success of the Liberty Loan last floated. Thus while the first Liberty Loan brought \$600,000 (according to statement made by Mr. Charles F. Hill, ex-Treasurer of Porto Rico, in his annual report for the year 1917), the second Liberty Loan was closed with a total of \$1,986,900, the third Liberty Loan,



Fernando Calimano, Guayama, Porto Rico

with a total of \$2,783,050, and the fourth was closed with a total of \$4,723,150, making a grand total of \$10,093,100. This is the more gratifying when considering that while the number of subscribers to the second Liberty Loan reached a total of 4,877, this number was increased to 8,714 subscribers during the third Liberty Loan campaign, and still increased to 15,785 for the fourth Liberty Loan, in spite of the unfavorable circumstances which have prevailed, such as the earthquakes, which played havoc in some municipalities, and the difficulties in transportation encountered by the sugar, coffee and fruit growers for their products. But the good results obtained have been made possible by united and decided effort on the part of every one, special mention being made of the Banks and the Collectors of Internal Revenue throughout the Island, which, under instructions from the central office, played a most important part in the success of the campaigns.

Of the \$6,000,000,000 of the fourth issue of Liberty Bonds, the sum of \$4,000,000 was the proportional part allotted to Porto Rico. For the distribution of this contribution among the seventy-six municipalities of the Island, the Treasurer of the Liberty Loan funds submitted two different plans to a Commission appointed from the Central Committee. One of these plans was to take as a basis the proportion of the amounts subscribed during the third Liberty Loan, and the other, the pro rata assessment of the real and personal property of each Municipality, this latter basis being accepted by the Commission. The assessed valuation of the property in Porto Rico, in round figures, is \$244,000,000, so that the quota of \$4,000,000 from Porto Rico would be covered by a contribution of 1.64% on the assessment of the property in each town.

Of the seventy-six municipalities of the Island, there were thirty-one which exceeded the quotas assigned to them, meriting special attention Mayaguez

and Aguadilla, which even though they were practically destroyed by the recent earthquakes, raised their contributions from \$158,800 and \$42,400 to \$182,550 and \$80,350, respectively.

Special mention is also made of the officers and soldiers at Camp "Las Casas," who subscribed for bonds to the amount of \$396,000.

Among the many cases of patriotic enthusiasm which could be mentioned, I will refer to one of them only. At a meeting held at Barranquitas for the purpose of taking in subscriptions to the fourth Liberty Loan, an old man came in and stated that he had three sons serving with the colors but that he desired besides to contribute with the purchase of a \$50 bond. The gentleman presiding at the meeting, knowing that the applicant was a poor man, told him that he had done enough for the Nation giving three sons for the army, and that he need not purchase the bond. The old man insisted and put in his subscription, later selling his only cow for meeting payment of the bond.

The Department of Finance has been entrusted with the administration or management of the financial phase of the Liberty Loans floated in Porto Rico. This work has been increasing considerably, to such an extent that it has been necessary to organize a special division in said Department for exclusive attention to the various matters connected with these loans, foremost among which is the handling of large amounts of money which must come through this division in its natural relation to the purchasers of the bonds and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York until final settlement of subscriptions.

Although the work has been of a highly arduous nature, the Department of Finance is more than pleased at its results, since after receiving and handling over \$10,000,000, liquidations have always been absolutely normal, without the slightest difference.

The former Treasurer, in his report for the year 1917, referring to the subscriptions to the first Liberty Loan,

stated: "Although comparatively small in total amount, the \$600,000 worth of Liberty Loan Bonds bought by the Porto Rican people means much more as an expression of loyalty to the American Government than can be measured in dollars and cents," and I wish to state now that this expression of loyalty on the part of the Porto Rican people, which has been shown in

many other directions during the present war, is still more eloquent from the fact that they have purchased Liberty Loan Bonds to the amount of \$10,093,100, which distributed among the Island's population represents a quota of over nine dollars per capita, a more than splendid showing considering the small size of the Island and prevailing war conditions.

The Great Men of Porto Rico

By Clarence Ferguson

THERE is no country on earth, which can produce a more brainy class of men, than Porto Rico. In every land Porto Ricans have at all times distinguished themselves in some pursuit of life or other. Their names, as well as that of their Island, is connected with some of the greatest events or accomplishments known to mankind. The greatest treatise on International Law, it is claimed, was written by a Porto Rican. Educators from Porto Rico have been selected by many countries for their universities.

In Porto Rico, today, you will find some of the finest orators in the world and they can not be outclassed in any country. In fact, this Island today, possesses some of the brightest minds in the world. Here are many brilliant men, in all the professions of life. The truth of the matter is, that the men of affairs of Porto Rico, are just as worldly wise and progressive, that the politicians are perhaps more patriotic; the statesmen, young and old, render more faithful service, than those of any other country.

Porto Rico can produce, at a mo-

ment's notice, brilliant men, fully capable and willing to handle any question or fulfill any duty that may be demanded of them. They are men of mature intellect. They are traveled men. Men who devote a great part of their time to the development of their country and who still find time to give to their own business. They are men among men. Men who devote much of their time to the betterment of their people; unselfish men. They are men of strength of character; no sacrifice is too great for them to make for their beloved Island.

They are indeed brilliant and their thoughts come like lightning. They are magnetic, sympathetic and humane. These men of Porto Rico would be great in any nation.

The business men of Porto Rico are the best example of commercial honesty that I have encountered. They are conservative to a degree. In their dealings they display an integrity that others might copy, with profit to themselves and satisfaction to their neighbors. Porto Rico is fortunate, indeed, in possessing more than her rightful share of such men.



Porto Rico's Loyalty to the Nation

By Governor Arthur Yager

IN the first place it must be recalled to mind that the boon of American citizenship was not conferred upon the Porto Rican people until the new Organic Act was approved on March 2, 1917. In one month thereafter our country entered the great war, and in another month or two the draft law was enacted and the newly made citizens were called upon to submit to obligatory military service. To this they responded loyally and registered their young men on July 5, 1917.

In that same month they prepared themselves for war by voting for prohibition by a large majority, at the very first opportunity given them to vote on this subject. A similar spirit of patriotism has characterized them all through the war. They have cheerfully assumed the responsibilities and sacrifices incident to their citizenship and have not shrunk from any test of their loyalty to their new flag. The man power of the Island has been drawn upon largely, not only for the military service, both in the army and navy, but also for war work in the United States, and about 50,000 men have responded to this call in one form or another. The people of the Island have subscribed for many millions of dollars of Liberty Loan Bonds, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been contributed in the form of War Savings Stamps, Red Cross and United War Work funds.

In short this little Island with its newly made citizens has shown its patriotism and willingness to support the war in every way open to its people. Probably, however, its most unique contribution toward winning the war is the work done in food production and conservation. In this branch of war activities, Porto Rico was a pioneer. Its Food Commission law was approved on April 12, 1917, before the war was a week old, and long before the Federal law or any of the State laws had been passed. The form of the law was original and broad in its scope and practicable in its provisions, and the people have cheerfully and patriotically co-operated with the Food Commission, both in production and conservation of food-stuffs of every sort.

The results have been most inspiring. There has been a large increase in the production of all sorts of food that can be produced in Porto Rico, and a notable diminution of importations of breadstuffs and other forms of food that had to be conserved for the use of our armies and our allies. Moreover it is hoped that the beneficial results achieved under the spur of necessity will remain after peace has come, and that Porto Rico will never again go back to its former position of dependence upon outside sources for practically all of the food of its people.



One of the World's Greatest Highways—The Military Road, Porto Rico

Roads in Porto Rico

By Manuel Victor Domenech, C. E., Former Commissioner of the Interior

THE history of the roads of Porto Rico is interesting, because, in short, it is the history of the gradual development of the island. It is the conditions of the means of communication that which usually reflects fairly well the general social state of a people during the various epochs of their civilization. It was in 1858 that the office of Chief Engineer of the Public Works was created by the Spanish Government, whose principal duties were to build and maintain the public highways. A comprehensive system of roads, following the usual European scheme, was then adopted by the Government, as follows: State roads or first class roads 297 miles; provincial roads or second class roads 92 miles, and neighborhood or muni-

cipal roads. Until the year 1890 the plan of municipal roads included 76 different routes with a length of 591 miles. The total length of the whole system was therefore 980 miles.

The Porto Ricans have always demanded good roads, which shows that they have always been aware that this is a subject of the greatest importance, and that it is fundamental to the progress of the island and the well being of the people.

It was very fortunate for the island that Congress should have generously given to Porto Rico all the revenues collected in the United States on importations from Porto Rico from the date of American occupation until free trade was declared between the island and the mainland. These funds,



Manuel Victor Domenech, San Juan, Porto Rico

which finally amounted to \$2,000,000 were appropriated and placed at the disposal of the President to be used for the Government and benefit of Porto Rico, for the aid and relief of the people thereof, and for public education, public works, and other governmental and public purposes therein. A large part of this money was allotted for the construction of new roads and thereby road building was given an impetus which has been continued at as high a speed as has been consistent with ways and means. Money has been voted generously for this purpose by every legislature since the inauguration of the Civil Government, both, from the current revenues of the island and from the proceeds of bond issues. And in speaking of the building and maintenance of roads, both roads and bridges, and accessory works, are meant.

The year 1908 was the banner year in road construction, 64.8 miles were built during the twelve-month period of the fiscal year, and at the present the sys-

tem of roads of Porto Rico is made up of hundreds of miles of Macadam highways unequaled in construction and beauty. The Military road is said to have cost at the rate of \$15,000.00 per mile, but the usual average cost, until recent years of abnormal conditions and high priced building materials, has been about \$8,000.00 per kilometer ($\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile), a very reasonable figure, if one considers that all tropical road work is costly, owing to climatic rainfall, and in Porto Rico, to mountains.

Porto Rico is not only one of the pioneer communities of the United States in the good road movement, but it is exerting itself to the utmost to enlarge its road program and to complete it as rapidly as possible.

Our roads comply with all of the requirements of a perfect road, which are: Easy grade, a hard, smooth and even surface, slightly convex to insure prompt and perfect drainage, nearly or quite impermeable to water, and at all seasons, as nearly as possible, free from mud and dust. They are all

built in the same manner, with crushed rock of the best kind obtainable along the line of the road, and in accordance with the most approved methods of modern construction. The limiting grade in crossing the mountains has been seven per cent, but of recent years this limit has been reduced to six per cent. The limit of admissible curvature is that due to a radius of 65 feet and this figure may be exceeded only in very exceptional cases. It will be seen that the rate of curvature here is determined by the radius of the curve and not by its degree. The width of the Macadam roadway is usually $14\frac{3}{4}$ feet, but it is greater in some of the coast roads. The Macadam is carefully compacted with a heavy roller and a binder is added to bind the stone and give it a smooth surface. In some places bituminous material is poured on the surface and rolled, which operation increases the durability of the road and does away with the dust. They are always carefully maintained.

The bridges are constructed either

of iron, steel or reinforced concrete and in beauty and accuracy of design they are at least the equals of their Spanish predecessors.

The general lay out of the roads is well adapted to the topography of the country. There is a belt road on the coast, which makes a complete circuit of the island, and from this spring the various routes that, following the river valleys, cross the island from one side to the other.

When the roads now being built shall have been completed, there will be one line which will follow in a general way the high contours of the central mountain range and which, beginning at Mayaguez and Aguadilla, will end at Humacao. It will cross the island, from the east to west and occupy the ridge which forms the spinal column of the island. It will be a magnificent highway to travel over and, because, of its location, will have a right to be designated as the real *carretera central*.

Much could be said in description



Along the Military Road, Porto Rico



The Beautiful Fountain in the Plaza at Guayama, Porto Rico—Presented to the City by Mayor Cautino Insua

of the beautiful scenery along these roads, but it seems impossible within the limits of this article.

The everchanging views of valleys and mountains, the beauty of the scenery and the picturesqueness of the country at all times, beggars description. It is a sight well worth seeing and comparable only with the prettiest spots along the beautiful roads of Switzerland and France. It is a trip easy to take and inexpensive in the extreme, for the island abounds with automobiles, so that the visitor who may not wish to bring his machine may obtain one here at any one of the local agencies. The magnificent roads have made of the automobile an indispensable article for the farmer, business man and pleasure seeker. Every one of the 75 cities, towns and villages of the island may be reached by automobile a few hours after leaving San Juan. The figures for June 30, 1918 show that there are in Porto Rico 4,739 motor vehicles of which 3,422 are private and 842 public automobiles. From the licensing of these machines the island derived a revenue of \$89,669.43 last year. The operating of automobiles upon the public

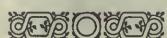
roads is regulated by an up to date automobile law modeled after the Massachusetts act. We can well call this island the Motorist's Paradise.

THE HOLIDAY.

Sailing away on a summer sea,
Out of the bleak March weather,
Drifting away for a loaf and play,
Just you and I together;
And it's good-bye worry, and good-bye
hurry,
And never a care have we;
With the sea below and sun above,
And nothing to do but dream and
love,
Sailing away together.

Sailing away from the grim old town
And tasks the town calls duty;
Sailing away from walls of gray
To a land of bloom and beauty,
And it's good-bye to letters from our
lessers and our betters.
To the cold world's smile or frown
We sail away on a sunny track
To find the summer and bring it
back,
And love is our only duty.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.





Mr. Harry MacCormick, One of Porto Rico's Most Prominent Men

Porto Rico in the United War Work Campaign

A Stranger's Attempt At An Interpretation

By Fred S. Goodman

WHAT this beautiful Island needs far more than additional capital, or more energy, as expressed in the personalities of Americans from the United States, or better business methods, is interpreters. Many Americans know of Porto Rican sugar, grapefruit, coffee, cocoanuts and bananas, who are as ignorant of the culture, ideals and aspirations of the Porto Ricans, as they are of those of Siam. Such ignorance might have been pardoned previous to 1898. Today it is stupid. It is more, it is almost an insult to a people, whose patriotism and loyalty to America exceeds that of some Americans whose ancestors came over within one hundred years of the Mayflower. I may speak with some conviction, having been guilty of such stupidity. This article is at least a step towards reparation.

I went to Porto Rico in the Spring of 1916 for a rest, on a round trip excursion ticket. I spent three weeks in the Island, visiting San Juan, Mayaguez, Ponce, Bayamon, Caguas, Cayey, Aibonito and several mountain barrios. My experience was so delightful, that I wanted more. So when my friend, Dr. John R. Mott, Director General of the United War Work Campaign, an intelligent friend of Latin America, asked me to postpone a trip to France and undertake to organize Porto Rico to share in the United Campaign, I accepted the invitation. I arrived in San Juan, October 3rd, and left November 27th. My impressions have been packed into two strenuous months. They have been deep and lasting. I hope they are fair. I give some of them for what they are worth, as a help to interpret the spirit of Porto Rico.

The conditions were not favorable for such a campaign. The fourth Liberty Loan was about to be launched and the quota for Porto Rico was large. Business had suffered much from the war. The sugar season was three months away and the prices and profits uncertain, on this and other island products. Only a few months before, the American Red Cross had promoted an Island drive, the first in history. The sum secured was about \$150,000.00.

The work of the Seven Welfare Organizations was not known on the island. The Y. M. C. A. had made itself known by the fine work of the San Juan Association and by the efforts to care for soldiers at the Training Camps for officers at Cayey and San Juan in 1917-1918. At the big cantonment, Las Casas, the Association had been in operation about four months with three buildings. The Y. W. C. A. was little known, as well as the hostess houses. The beautiful building of the Knights of Columbus was not yet opened and its place in an army camp not understood. The remaining four organizations in the united effort were unknown and had no work in the island, so far as I could discover.

A few words about the Campaign itself. I arrived in Porto Rico with letters to Governor Arthur Yager, and Bishop William A. Jones of the Roman Catholic Church. No instructions had been given me. My hands were free to develop such a plan as the conditions required. The Governor and the Bishop entered heartily into the spirit of the Campaign. A conference of eight well-informed men was held in the Governor's private office. It was decided that a campaign should be undertaken. Personal work followed for two weeks. As the time was short an island convention was called by telegraph, on four days' notice. Nearly one hundred representative men came from fifty-five of the seventy-six municipalities into which the island is divided. After a wonderful day the convention voted unanimously to under-



Fred S. Goodman, One of the Secretaries of National War Work Council, Y. M. C. A.

take to raise \$150,000. They approved the plan of the "Victory Boys" to enlist as many boys as there were soldiers in Camp Las Casas, 13,000, "to earn and give" a minimum of \$2.00 each.

Meanwhile the earthquake shock of October 11th, with its disastrous results, especially to the Western part of the island, had come, to be followed by later shocks. It was proposed that the Campaign be abandoned and all possible energy put into the raising of funds for the sufferers. In the Convention the delegates from the stricken section insisted that they wanted to share in the Campaign, and as the final results so clearly showed, did not allow their own distress to blind them to the needs of our soldiers. Then came the armistice on the opening day of the Campaign, accompanied by the epidemic of influenza in more than a score of cities. The committees in these towns many of them sick, did not ask to be released from Campaign obligations. They only asked for a few more days' time. All supplies of printed matter from the States failed us. At a late date, we had to make



Antonio Roig, Porto Rico

posters and folders, and prepare copy for the papers and put them into Spanish.

Meetings were held in the leading cities. Among others, Judge Emilio del Toro, of the Supreme Court, one of the great men of Porto Rico, gave freely of his time. The seventy-two movie theatres of the island were mobilized. The mails and telegrams by the hundreds were freely used. Daily bulletins were sent out over the island. Strong letters from the Governor and Bishop Jones were printed with the letter of President Wilson and widely scattered. The Mayor of San Juan, Robert H. Todd, took the Chairmanship of the San Juan Committee, the Department of Education took hold of the "Victory Boys" plans and pushed them through the school supervisors. The head of the Insular Police, Major Shanton, requested every local chief and private to help and the head of the Post Office Department, E. W. Keith, did likewise. The American Railroad gave transportation. These facts are mentioned to show how widespread the

interest soon became. The open-heartedness of the people everywhere, was a constant inspiration. There were many illustrations of sacrificial giving.

One of the local committeemen in San Juan dropped into one of the markets, and spoke of the Campaign to a vegetable vender. He replied, "I have saved Six Dollars in Thrift Stamps. I will be happy to give these for the soldiers."

In the beautiful new Baldorioty de Castro Grammar school the lady principal was ambitious to have every boy a member of "The Victory Boys." She enlisted all of the 308, but was not satisfied. So she called the teachers together and had the matter presented by one of the Young Mens' Committee. The teachers gave from fifty cents to one dollar each. She then asked the women caretakers to hear the story. One of them said "I cannot write; will you please write me down for one dollar." The principal said with astonishment, knowing her small wages, "Eulalia, you cannot afford to give such an amount, it is too much for you." The woman prevailed

when she gave her reason, "I have a son and a nephew in France and a son in Camp Las Casas. I knew what this work means to the soldiers."

Considering the handicaps mentioned the results were little short of marvelous. A total of over \$140,000, was secured, largely in cash, including the pledge of the "Victory Boys." More than the goal of 13,000 boys were enlisted to "earn and give" for an unselfish purpose for the first time in their lives. Any student of human nature knows that to many of these boys there has come a new experience. They will try it again. Some of them twenty-five years hence will be among the leaders of Porto Rico. Perhaps their conception of public service will be effective for good by this experience.

In the light of the opening sentences of this article what does all this mean? To me it shows that the people of Porto Rico have hearts as tender and responsive to human need as those of Americans farther north. It means more to me. If my experience is a fair criterion, they are more ready to take a man at his word and give him credit for the highest motives and best intentions than many Americans I have met, in connection with similar enterprises in the North during the past thirty years.

I will never forget the beautiful things in Porto Rico, its royal palms, its flowers and foliage, its waving fields of cane, wonderful roads and mountain views, and its glorious tropical sunsets. There are many fine homes, historic old buildings and fortifications. But all of these are far less attractive than the soul of the people as I have seen it.

Many of the poor people, in the smallest barrios, gave to this fund out of their meager resources because their boys had enjoyed the advantages of the "Y" huts in an army camp.

A new day is coming for Porto Rico. She is rich in resources. Her climate is fascinating. Her attractions are many. But what she needs most of all, as I see it, is interpreters, who will

earnestly seek to understand her and determine to recognize and appreciate the best she has within her heart of hearts, her idealism, her Americanism, her loyalty to the great principles for which the great war was fought and won. Give Porto Rico an adequate chance and she will justify what I have claimed for her and more. I left Porto Rico, a friend, a lover, and a life long champion.

MAYOR, GENARO CAUTINO INSUA, of Guayama, is one of Porto Rico's ablest financiers. The house which bears his name is one of the most substantial concerns in the Island. Mayor Cautino, of Guayama, is donating his services to the city, and he has also given much of his own money for the betterment of Guayama.

In the beautiful plaza of Guayama is erected a fountain, which any city in the States, or any other country, might be proud of. It was the gift of Don Cautino. In all things pertaining to the war he has been most active. He has given his money freely and through his efforts, much money has been raised for war work.

The generosity which he has always displayed toward the Island has made him one of the most popular men of Porto Rico, and as Mayor of Guayama, he is filling the place with honor to himself and benefit to those about him. The younger generation can well follow the example that this man has set.

EDUARDO GIORGETTI, who paid the highest price for the White House wool, is one of the greatest men of Porto Rico.

There is scarcely a charitable institution in the Island which has not received gifts from him. Mr. Giorgetti has devoted much of his life to the betterment of his people. He has used much of his money in a way that riches might be added to the world. His name is linked with many of the most important enterprises in Porto Rico.



Columbus Springs at Aguadilla, Porto Rico, Where He Replenished His Water Supply

Over the American Railroad in Porto Rico

By Clarence Ferguson

IT is through the efforts of Mr. J. C. Charpentier, of France, that Porto Rico today enjoys the benefit of a complete railroad line, from San Juan to Ponce. He should be considered one of the prominent benefactors of the Island.

The American Railway Company has filed an application for a franchise to extend the railroad line on the east side of the Island, connecting San Juan with Ponce, through Humacao, thus completing the belt line, just as contemplated in the original Spanish franchise. This road is entirely built of French capital.

The road makes a circuit of the northeast and southwest sections of the Island, passing through the important cities and towns of Porto Rico and covering a distance of 276 kilometers.

The construction of this railroad, through such a rugged country, required the expenditure of a large amount of money and great engineering skill. Great difficulties were surmounted in the building of this road.

Many high and costly bridges and deep cuts were necessary. The system is a marvelous piece of railroad engineering and has played a very important part in the development of the Island. It means much to the future of Porto Rico. The road is rock ballasted and is equipped with splendid rolling stock. The bridges are all of structural steel, and in every department the element of substantiality is the predominate feature. The entire equipment conforms to the best offered by modern invention, providing for safety, durability and comfort.



Terminal Station, American Railroad, San Juan

Parlor cars are provided for passengers and observation cars of the newest type.

Leaving the handsome terminal station at San Juan, the Capital City, the road passes through beautiful Miramar, a residential section of San Juan and continues on to Bayamon. This is one of the oldest and most picturesque sections of the Island, where many Americans are engaged in the growing of citrus fruits. Thence the road extends around the Island to Ponce, the terminal and second largest city in the Island. This road passes through fifty towns, some of which are the oldest historical towns of the New World, such as Aguadilla, where Columbus landed, and replenished his water supply, for the first time since leaving Spain, and here a monument has been erected to his memory, as well as a fountain.

To the tourist, visiting Porto Rico, a trip over the American Railroad should be intensely interesting. It is a journey of unending interest and charm. You will have the opportunity to admire in daylight (if you take the morning train) this tropical Switzerland. There are mountains, great military roads, lakes, rivers, towns and hamlets, and sugar cane fields, coffee

plantations, with beautiful crimson berries hanging from their branches, tobacco plantations, grapefruit and oranges groves. There are also cocoanut and banana plantations, pineapple fields and sugar mills, one after the other, seen from the observation car.

When you arrive at Yauco, the great coffee section, you can visit Guanica, that historical harbor, where the American Army, under General Miles, landed, July 25, 1898. Here, stands the second largest sugar mill in the world. A trip to Guayataca will fascinate you; because of its beauty and variety of scenery this spot is unequalled. The road is a constant succession of marvels, hills and dales. Then winding over and around great cliffs and precipitous walls with beautiful and overpowering scenery all along the line the train swings grandly around one eminence after the other, where the vistas grow in magnificence with every mile traveled.

You will see the oldest church in Porto Rico at San German. The railroad skirts the sea for some miles, which contributes to the pleasures of traveling over it. On into the hills it goes, where cool air is encountered, diving through tunnels and out again into the open, making a perfect horse-



Motoring Along this Road in Porto Rico is Unsurpassed in Scenic Beauty

shoe. Then on across great bridges and over high cliffs, whose sides are covered with tropical foliage while far down the silvery river waters are brightly shining. This road takes you through a country picturesquely beautiful. The day is not far distant, when the country along it will be dotted with handsome bungalows and chalets, occupied by those seeking a winter Paradise.

The wonderful skies here are a moving panorama of color. Foliage and flowers are in abundance. Nature has indeed been lavish in her gifts. Traveling over this road, you will be fascinated by the magnificence of the scenery, which unfolds successively as you make the loops and curves. From the mountain sides, you look down on flowery gardens, where homes are hidden beneath the draperies of foliage,



Columbus Cross, Aguadilla, Where He First Landed

in form and color, so different from those of our northern clime. "What ideal spots for cottages and bungalows," one unconsciously exclaims.

Porto Rico is profuse in its native verdure and luxuriance of blossom and plant life. Tree-ferns, those splendid royal palms, cocoanut palms, mango trees and the flamboyant—with its crimson blossoms, looking like trees afire—will make you wish that you could linger here forever. At the different stations along the road, you can enjoy a delicious drink of *cocoa de agua*, or water of the cocoanut. One of the most healthful drinks knowns, as well as a most wonderful remedy for kidney troubles.

You will pass one orange grove after the other, besides innumerable other attractive and interesting picturesque phases of Island life. The railroads in California, have given to that class, desiring a home in the country, proper transportation facilities. The same is offered here, where the climatic conditions are even more delightful. In

fact there is no land on earth, considering climate, beauty and attractiveness of scenery, roads, charms of hospitality, which offers so much to the tourist, either in health or pleasure, as this "Little Switzerland of America."

There is always some historical fact attached to give added interest to any well traveled place. Porto Rico has the honor of having the one greatest fact in the history of the world laid at her shores. The discovery of America by Christopher Columbus was made here, on this Island, at Aguadilla, a picturesque town on this railroad—a spot which every American should visit.

MR. GEORGE VILLARD

A Leader of Men.

It is doubtful, if there is a road in the United States better managed than this American Railroad of Porto Rico. Mr. George Villard, the managing director, who was born in Switzerland, came to Porto Rico many years ago. He is a man of most extraordinary ability and ranks high as a railroad executive. He is of the firm belief, that in order to secure the best results from his large force of working men, he must have their confidence. The success of this man is due largely to the art of knowing how to handle men.

The door leading into his private office is never closed and the employes of this road know this better than anyone else. They are always welcome and because of the fact, that they can go to him at all times, with anything that they may care to discuss, has made him the most popular railroad manager that I have ever met. For the many years that this man has managed this road, he has never had a misunderstanding with his men.

He is firm but just and possesses a most kindly disposition. Under his management this road has made rapid strides and is destined to become a

great factor in the future development of the island. The American Railroad has taken an active part in the war activities in Porto Rico. This road spent close to \$40,000.00 in building a spur from the main road to Camp Las Casas.

When General Townshend first took up the work of recruiting, he notified Mr. Villard, that there was waiting to be transported to San Juan, 1,000 men and at the same time explained that there was no funds available for this purpose. The road carried these men from many points along the line to San Juan. It also transported 1000 members of the Home Guard, from San Juan, the Capital City, to Ponce and return, a distance of 276 kilometers, free of any cost. This road enrolled every employee as a member of the Red Cross. Every employee contributed one day's pay to this organization.

Mr. Villard represents the progressive principle of the Island, and is one of the most active of those engaged in promoting the interest of Porto Rico. He is one of the most popular men in Porto Rico and one of the Island's greatest assets.

SON OF JUDGE AND MRS. JOSE C. RAMOS OF GUAYAMA

*Saves His Cine and Candy Money,
Bids for Wool and Then Gives to
Red Cross.*

WILLIS A. RAMOS, a small Guayama boy, has recently foregone the pleasure of eating dulce and going to the cine whenever he found himself the possessor of a little change. Instead he carefully put the money away and when in counting it he found he had \$5.00 he sat down and wrote the following letter to Governor Yager:



WILLIS A. RAMOS, GUAYAMA, PORTO RICO

"Sir: Please find enclosed my check for \$5.00 which I planned to contribute to the Red Cross from my own saving.

"I was one of the bidders on the White House wool."

(Signed) WILLIS A. RAMOS.

The Governor, touched by the patriotic generosity of the little boy, immediately sent an answer that Willis will undoubtedly show with pride to a later generation.

"My dear little boy: I have just received your generous donation of \$5.00 for the Second War Drive of the American Red Cross.

"The touching demonstration of generosity of yours is worthy of all praise and emulation. May God bless you.

"Your sincere friend,

ARTHUR YAGER, Governor."





Camp Las Casas, San Juan, Porto Rico

Camp Las Casas---San Juan, Porto Rico

America's Most Beautiful Cantonment

CAMP LAS CASAS is probably the most beautiful cantonment in the world. During the past year the United States Government has built many cantonments for housing its soldiers. The most favorable sites available in the United States have been selected but none of them compares with Las Casas in orderly arrangement, utility and beauty.

Picture a rounding ridge nearly two miles long by a mile in width, rising 50 to 100 feet above the shore of Lake San Jose, the roads and building sites shaded by stately cocoanut palms and mangoes, the ocean for a background on the north and the mountains on the east and south, always in plain view. Add to this, a more delightful climate than that of Southern California, without its rainy season or dry season, but with a rainfall of 60 inches per year nearly all falling in ten minutes showers, with sunshine 70 per cent of every day. Add an average winter temperature of 73 degrees and a summer temperature of 79 and you have a setting for this gem of the American cantonments.

Many of the engineers engaged upon the camp were occupied last summer upon similar work in the United States at various locations from Massachusetts to Oklahoma. These camps were built upon agricultural lands where the surface was ground to dust during the summer construction and presented a sea of mud when the fall rains came. The camp at San Juan is more fortunate. The sandy soil is sufficiently coarse to absorb nearly all the heaviest rains and it is sufficiently heavy to prevent the movement of dust even with the trade winds which constantly blow through the camp from the ocean. Without this breeze the sun would be hot, but the regularity of its coming at 9 o'clock each morning is such that one could set his watch by it and not miss the time by more than ten minutes.

In the rush of construction last year, the Government found it necessary to adopt standard building plans throughout the many cantonments built in the States and naturally some misfits resulted. The construction at Las Casas embraced the good points of the stand-

ard structures with the modifications suggested by actual use and the further changes in construction required by a semi-tropical climate. For instance, there is practically no glass on the Island of Porto Rico. Lowered shutters take its place in the camp and these are only closed when it rains. The eaves of the buildings are broad and the walls are entirely open for a space of a foot or more under the projecting roofs. All openings however, are protected by screening so that the buildings are as nearly insect proof as it is possible to make them.

In the American cantonments, labor was difficult to secure in the amounts required and machinery was substituted wherever possible. Porto Rico has an abundant supply of labor and with it a scarcity of heavy machinery. Under these circumstances, new construction methods were adopted or rather it was found economical to revert to old methods which prevailed years ago in the States, where now a wheel-barrow has become a comparative rarity and ox-teams are seen only in picture books.

In handling the materials for the Railway Terminal, all forms of transportation were in evidence from the peon with a bag of cement on his head, or the one-horse pony cart with its handful of earth, to the high-wheel bull-cart, drawn by three yoke of oxen, the Government mule-teams and army wagons and at the apex of the transportation scale the Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks and the railway train. It was no uncommon sight to see all these methods of transportation in sight at once upon the same job, and in the background of the picture, to see the stone barges moving up and down the Martin Pena with great sails.

These were unaccustomed tools to American engineers but the results desired have been secured with effectiveness, dispatch and economy. Porto Rican labor has proved to be willing and efficient. It has shown its ability to work twelve hours per day when necessity required, cheerfully and effi-

ciently. This is in marked contrast to the unpatriotic attitude of some of the labor in the American cantonments.

The camp is equipped with an excellent system of Macadam roads, a modern supply of filtered water, lavatories equipped with shower baths and modern plumbing, and a system of sewers which finds outlet in a tidal estuary at some distance from habitation. The rapidity of construction which was a feature of the American camp was lacking in Porto Rico, only by reason of a shortage of shipping. All building material, except for roads, had to be brought from the States, but an abundance of labor, made it possible to assemble and place the materials rapidly, once they were available.

This picturesque cantonment was named after Father Bartholomé de Las Casas, who was born at Seville, Spain, in 1474 and died at Madrid in 1566. His father, Francisco de Las Casas, had accompanied Columbus on his second voyage to America and took back with him to Spain an Indian boy. Bartolmé studied law at Salamanca, took his degree of Licenciate and enjoyed a very fair reputation as a lawyer. With Ovando, the first Spanish Governor of the Antilles, he came to the island of Hispaniola, in 1502. He found the condition of the Indians not very satisfactory and he sought to better their condition by every means at his disposal. In 1510 he became a secular priest and thus gained two important points; almost complete freedom of speech and material independence. As an ecclesiastic he could penetrate nearly everywhere and express himself as he liked. In the carrying out of his projects in behalf of the Indians, he failed owing to the opposition he encountered from the authorities and from the Indians themselves. Embittered in spirit, he joined the great Dominican Order (the order of preachers) and began a fierce crusade, for what he considered, the rights and interests of the Indians. In 1522 Las Casas retired to a Domini-

can Convent on the island of Santa Domingo, where he took up the work of writing his voluminous "History de las Indias."

Emperor Charles V, had Las Casas proposed for the Episcopal See of Cuzco in Peru but he refused it. Later on he accepted the bishopric of Chiapas in Southern Mexico.

He spent the last ten years of his life in comparative quietness, dying in the Convent of Atocha, Madrid, at the age of 93. Las Casas was a man of purity of life but his conviction that his own views were flawless often made him intolerant of those of others. He was a great man and has been called "The apostle of the Indians."

The Oldest Known Mineral Springs in America

COAMO SPRINGS, the fountain of youth that Ponce de Leon, never found, are recorded in the oldest histories of Porto Rico to be the springs which were visited by the earliest inhabitants of the Island, probably for hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America.

So valuable did the original inhabitants of the Island consider the health giving qualities of the waters, that when Ponce came looking for the life-giving springs, they guarded their whereabouts with such secrecy, that the adventurer sailed away, later finding Florida, but never discovering the waters he hoped would restore his youth.

Another version of the legend is that the interpreters who accompanied Ponce de Leon were very inexact in their translations and when they were informed by the Indians, that, the springs were situated "on the sea beyond," they understood this to mean, that the life-giving waters were beyond the sea, instead of near the Caribbean shore, to the south.

Old stories are told, that, the Indians first used to stand at the foot of the bluff, over which the waters from the spring flowed, thus getting a primitive shower bath, and later they hollowed out sections of ceiba trees, filled the hollows with the spring waters and immersed themselves.

The hot mineral springs at Coamo are among the natural phenomena of Porto Rico, mentioned by all the early historians, and from the date of the Spanish conquest, the baths have been

famous from generation to generation.

For health, recreation and rest, no more ideal spot could be found than Coamo Springs. Within easy reach of either San Juan or Ponce, and with the finest of automobile roads leading to it from all sections of the Island, a more delightful place than Coamo Springs could not be found, regardless of the valuable medicinal qualities of its waters.

The present hotel building, with few changes, was built seventy years ago. This old building is still in good condition and is most attractive. There is a covered passage way built from the office of the hotel direct to the baths and springs. The rest rooms, reading rooms and bath rooms are spacious, luxurious and commodious. It is doubtful if there is another place in the world so interesting and romantic as this historical spot. There is an abundance of veranda space, overlooking the attractive gardens, and tropical verdure.

Nestled in the hills, surrounded by its tropical growth, this place will appeal to those seeking a beautiful spot for rest and recuperation. These springs were originally known as the "Indian Bath." Above the fountain, carved in the rock are old Indian characters.

To those in the north, these wonderful springs, celebrated for their curative powers, are becoming famous. These springs are under the management of the Hotel Vanderbilt interests of New York. This spot has always been patronized by the better class.



Benjamin A. Cheney, Porto Rico

Comparative Statement of the Commerce of Porto Rico

By B. A. Cheney

IT is needless to say that war has created abnormal conditions in the commerce of the world and that such conditions affected Porto Rico as well as other places.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, the total trade of the Island amounted to \$137,683,304 as against \$134,516,141, for the preceding year. During the past fiscal year, Porto Rico bought goods in the United States valued at \$58,945,758, an increase of about \$11,000,000 over 1917, due chiefly to war high prices. In general there has been a decrease in quantity, owing specially to the fact that the food production has been in-

creased throughout the Island, and also that food has been saved by every home. This is a patriotic answer to the United States Food Commission's call to help win the war, thus economizing shipping space, so necessary for transporting troops to France, and food for the allies. Porto Rico has shipped to the United States during the year ended June 30, 1918, goods valued at \$65,514,989, showing a decrease of about \$8,000,000, as compared with 1917. This decrease is due to the fact that all of the sugar crop could not be shipped on time before June 30, 1918, as usual, on account of the lack of shipping space, so that part

of it was shipped afterwards. Ninety per cent of Porto Rico's trade with the world is with the United States, a slight decrease compared with last year.

Of Porto Rico's most important exports, namely, sugar, tobacco, coffee and fruits, tobacco shows the greatest increase, and fruits follow. Coffee shows a slight falling off, while sugar shows a greater decrease owing to the reasons already mentioned.

The total value of imports from the United States (\$58,945,758), added to the total value of imports from foreign countries (\$4,443,524), makes a total value of \$63,389,282. The total exports amount to \$74,294,022. The balance of trade in favor of the Island by the excess of exports over imports

in 1918 is \$10,904,740.

The total collections in this district for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1918, amounted to \$508,515.78, of which sum \$459,977.72 was for duties on importations. The previous year \$523,985.57 were collected, while Customs duties were \$487,186.71. In 1918 the sum of \$270,000 were turned over to the Treasurer of Porto Rico as against \$378,000 in 1917.

During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1918, 318 vessels entered the Ports of Porto Rico from the United States, and 678 from foreign countries, a total number of entries of 996 vessels. There cleared from Porto Rico to the United States 289 vessels, and to foreign countries 708 vessels during the same period.

The growth of trade between Porto Rico and the United States since 1900 is shown in the following table:

	1900	1914	1918
Brought from the United States.....	\$ 6,952,114	32,568,368	58,945,758
Shipped to the United States.....	3,350,577	34,423,180	65,514,989
Imports from Foreign Countries.....	3,037,391	3,838,419	4,443,524
Shipped to Foreign Countries.....	3,261,922	8,679,582	8,779,033
 Total.....	 \$16,602,004	 79,509,549	 137,683,304

BENJAMIN A. CHENEY, One of Porto Rico's Leading Business Men

BENJAMIN A. CHENEY, formerly of Boston, holds a leading place in the commercial activities of Porto Rico. Mr. Cheney has resided in the Island for 18 years, and is engaged in the brokerage business. Because of his straight-forward business methods, he has won a reward which he justly deserves and he has the confidence, respect and goodwill of the entire population. His integrity is without challenge.

Much of his success is due to his sympathetic character and the great affection which he has always displayed for the Island and its people. He is a man of marked ability.

His long business experience with the Spanish speaking people is bring-

ing him into prominence. Mr. Cheney's business in Porto Rico and Santo Domingo exceeds a million dollars annually and is rapidly increasing. He is recognized throughout Porto Rico as one of the country's foremost business men. Mr. Cheney's organization will no doubt take an active part in the trade with South America. He will blaze the way for others to follow. He is a member of the Insular Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Cheney's organization represents many of the largest concerns in the States.

It is doubtful if there is a man in the United States more familiar with the Spanish people and their customs, as well as their method of doing business.

How Porto Rico's Schools Helped Win the War

By Paul G. Miller

ONE of the most important and active divisions of the civilian army is formed by the teachers and pupils of Porto Rico's public schools, who have distinguished themselves for "gallant conduct," not "in the face of the enemy," but in the many humble and homely ways that were so indispensable for the final success of the Allied cause.

When the school children of the tiny fishing village of Palo Seco clubbed together and bought a Liberty Bond, they were not eliminating any salient on the Western Front, but they realized somehow that as citizens of the most unselfish nation on earth they were doing their bit to help the United States and her Allies win the war. They gave proof that the confidence of Congress was not misplaced when that august body conferred collective citizenship upon the people of Porto Rico on March 2, 1917.

"War Work First!" became the slogan of the schools, just as "Con municiones de boca ganaremos la guerra," "Food will win the war" was heard, seen, read and said on all sides.

The Department of Education, through supervisors, special teachers of agriculture and teachers, worked in co-operation and harmony with the Food Commission towards conserving and increasing the food supply. Rural teachers acted as the local representatives of the Commission, collected the necessary information and made regular reports on the food situation.

With the danger of being isolated from the markets of the United States, the people were not only compelled to save food, but to produce more for local consumption.

During "Food Conservation Week" the schools aided the Commission in



Paul G. Miller, Commissioner of Education,
Porto Rico

a campaign of education in which the need of conservation and the meaning of the pledge card were thoroughly explained to the people. The schools conducted over 2000 meetings in town and country, and secured signed pledge cards from 122,826 households out of a total estimated number of 200,000 families.

The supervisor of the Isabela district vividly describes the activities of the week in the following words:

"During Food Conservation Week, the pupils of the schools prepared posters with appropriate drawings and mottoes, and they posted them at street corners and along country roads. In addition to the civic parades, public meetings and home visits on the part of the teachers which marked the week, the house-

keepers of the town met twice under the direction of the home economics teacher, and were given practical demonstrations in regard to the intelligent and economical use of foodstuffs. Practical recipes were studied and illustrated. The home economics teacher also visited the barrios of the municipality and held meetings with the country house-keepers. The expenses connected with this campaign were paid by the local Agricultural Committee."

There were organized 1,177 local committees for the promotion of agriculture and school work, which, in addition to their own, conducted 2,380 public meetings. The 831 regularly organized parents' associations held 1,297 public meetings, all somewhat local in character. The supervisors of schools, assisted by teachers, local officials and other public-spirited citizens organized and conducted 2,157 lectures and conferences of a more general character.

The school and home garden movement received a fresh impetus. No rural school in Porto Rico is considered a full-fledged school unless it conducts as part of its work a properly cultivated school garden. Last year a total of 1,395 school gardens were under cultivation. School gardens fostered the establishments of home gardens, and a total of 26,693 war gardens planted at home by school children were cultivated.

There were 25 agricultural exhibits held in various districts and an increased acreage of a greater variety of products, such as beans, corn, potatoes, yams, yautias, sweet potatoes and onions.

To plant beans in Porto Rico is a genuinely patriotic act, because the temptation to cultivate sugar cane and tobacco, on which the profits are so much greater, is very strong.

The home garden movement holds special promise for the future. The numerous school gardens in all sections of the Island deal with all types of soil and climatic conditions to be found here.

For the purpose of encouraging agricultural enterprise among the pupils the Food Commission allotted \$1000 to be used for prizes to be given at agricultural exhibits to be held during the present school year.

The course in cooking was changed entirely to meet new conditions. Special bulletins were prepared and sent out to instruct pupils and the parents, in a diet that would make use of local in place of imported food products. An attempt was also made to increase the local production of the necessary carbohydrates, proteids and fats.

To help save wheat for our Allies meant decreased importation of flour and substituting in place thereof native vegetables and corn.

In all recipes requiring flour, starch extracted from native tubers, such as yams, yautias and sweet potatoes, was used. A simple process for extracting starch from vegetables was taught. Twenty-four recipes dealing with the substitution of cornmeal for wheat flour were taught and widely introduced in the homes.

When the price of lard advanced to forty-five cents in the interior towns, the Porto Rican lost his reputation as the largest per capita consumer of this product.

Pupils in home economics were taught how to extract cocoanut fat and make cocoanut butter, which took the place of real butter and lard.

"Lessons on Community and National Life," issued by the United States Commissioner of Education and "Democracy Today," a collection of war addresses by President Wilson and other prominent statesmen, are illustrative of the high grade of patriotic literature used in regular class work.

The schools have taken an active part in all public demonstrations and civic parades organized for the purpose of furthering patriotic movements and war activities. Indeed, in many of the smaller towns the schools constituted the center and moving spirit of these activities.

The schools have done their full

share in Liberty Loan, Red Cross and War Savings campaigns.

A membership of 68,013 and total contributions amounting to \$21,501.22 briefly tell the story of the earnestness, enthusiasm and patriotism displayed by supervisors, teachers and pupils in the Junior Red Cross drive.

The week beginning Monday, May 6, was declared to be the Junior Red Cross week. Special classroom exercises were outlined for each day of the week for the purpose of explaining to the pupils the importance and meaning of the Red Cross, and the significance of the war.

The response which the children of the Porto Rican schools made to every appeal exceeded all expectations. All were quick to recognize the responsibility that was placed upon them and all prepared to meet it.

Poor and rich, big and small, made it their solemn purpose to become members of the Junior Red Cross. Some were able to secure from their parents the money they needed for their contribution. But in the majority of cases, they decided to earn the money themselves. In Fajardo and Rio Piedras a total of 1850 school children enrolled as Junior Red Cross members and earned every cent of the money they contributed for the purpose. In most of the towns, school children organized festivals, kirmesses, dances, and in this way secured the money they needed for the membership fees. In the list of members the Ponce district stands first with 7,551, including all children enrolled in urban and rural schools. San Juan holds first rank as to total cash raised, \$3,112.77. The largest amount in proportion to population and wealth was contributed by Barceloneta, \$665.77. The largest contribution from a single school came from the Central Grammar School of San Juan; namely, \$644. The best record for the amount of money contributed per pupil is held by a private school, the Colegio Arecibeno de Ninas, with a membership of 39 and a contribution of \$75.50. Of private schools, the Liceo Ponceno,

with a membership of 154, made the largest contribution, \$166.70.

The Boys' and Girls' Charity Schools, Santurce, enrolled all of their pupils and sent liberal contributions.

In 52 municipalities all the urban school pupils were enrolled as members of the Junior Red Cross.

In behalf of the Junior members, the Chapter School Committee sent to war-stricken Europe three ambulances, which were labelled "The Gift of the School Children of Porto Rico."

A conspicuous example of the people's generosity is the fact that the White House wool brought a higher price in this little "dependency" where the per capita wealth is only \$199, than was obtained in any of the large and wealthy states of the Union.

Hence, no one was surprised when 2,587 school teachers out of 2,649 in the service, gave one day's pay, from the last salary check due before vacation, as a special additional contribution to the Second War Fund of the American National Red Cross, to express their indignation and protest at the wanton sinking of the S. S. "Carolina" by a Hun submarine.

The Food Commission of Porto Rico, under the leadership of Albert E. Lee, was instrumental in saving vast quantities of food for the Allies.

JUAN HUYKE

MR. HUYKE is one of the brilliant lawyers and orators of Porto Rico. He has had an interesting political career. He became a member of the House of Representatives in 1912; was re-elected in both 1914 and 1916. He went steadily up. He was made Vice-President of the Unionist Party in 1916, Vice-President of the House of Representatives in 1917, and Speaker of the House in 1918.

Mr. Huyke is a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Porto Rico. He has been very active and helpful in the war work of the Island.

FREDERICO CALAF

ONE of Porto Rico's best known financiers is Frederico Calaf.

Mr. Calaf is one of the men who has been most generous in subscribing to all funds for the war. He is among the Island's upbuilders, and his place is fixed in the story of Porto Rico's achievements.

His energies have been directed for the benefit of Porto Rico, and his name and personality are of commanding interest in the Island. He is generous and charitable, and one of the Island's big assets. He has been one of the most active of those engaged in promoting the interests of his beautiful country, not from personal gain, but prompted by the impulse to benefit his Island and his people.

GEORGE BIRD ARIAS

GEORGE BIRD of Fajardo, manager of the Fajardo Sugar Company, one of the largest sugar centrals in Porto Rico, is one of those from whom the conditions in this particular industry of the Island has called forth supreme administrative faculties, and ability.

Mr. Bird is, also, identified with many other enterprises throughout Porto Rico. He represents the progressive principle of the Island. He is among those who are foremost in Porto Rican affairs. He has fostered the development of the sugar industry in Porto Rico, and his influence in the Island's affairs is great.

He has subscribed generously to all war funds.

REAL BROTHERS

REAL BROTHERS, publishers of the Porto Rico Illustrado, have rendered substantial assistance in the war work in Porto Rico. They have donated more than one thousand pages of this important publication to war activities and to the needs. It is to such efforts as these that Liberty Loans and Red Cross work were carried through successfully. Porto Rico's splendid achievement is due to the loyalty of her people.

HAYDEN L. MOORE

MR. MOORE went to Porto Rico at the time of the American occupation. He is known by all the business men of the Island. Mr. Moore entered the Customs service about ten years ago and worked his way up from clerk to collector. He was in charge of the Custom House in Ponce, from 1910 to 1914, from which position he was called to the Deputy Collectorship by the death of Collector Richardson.

In 1916 Mr. McAdoo made him Collector. Mr. Moore's appointment was obtained on efficiency without regard to party affiliations. This is unusual as the employees in the Customs service have been, as a rule, appointed through political preferment. Mr. Moore was born in Prince Edward Island, Canada, where Franklin K. Lane came from, and like Mr. Lane, he is making good in his present position.

PIERRE GUISTI

PIERRE GUISTI is one of Porto Rico's leading men. He is President of the French Colony at Porto Rico; President of the French Committee of Allied Help, and Representative of the French Association of Orphans of the War.

The French Committee of Allied Help have sent, during the war, 12,000,000 cigarettes to be distributed among the soldiers at the trenches. Also cigars, coffee and sugar.

As Representative of the French Associations in favor of the orphans of the war, he has been instrumental in collecting and sending to France, amounts exceeding 50,000.00 francs.

He was a member of the last American Red Cross Committee, which raised \$106,000.00 in the Island.

He has also taken part in the Third and Fourth Liberty Loan campaigns, and in the Seven Joined Associations for the betterment of the soldiers at the camps.

Mr. Guisti has been a resident of Porto Rico for the past thirty-five years.

The Red Triangle in Porto Rico

By W. G. Coxhead, Secretary of Y. M. C. A. at Camp Las Casas

ATHING of far-reaching importance to the people of Porto Rico, and to all the other people of the United States, which only a world-war could have brought about and which is only one isolated indication of the prodigious preparations for the war made by the United States, has happened. In this little Island, 110 miles long by forty miles wide, but having a million and a quarter of inhabitants, the Selective Service Law was applied, over 100,000 young Porto Ricans registered for military service, about 1,000 captains, first and second lieutenants have been turned out in three R. O. T. C.'s to train and lead Porto Rico's contingent of the Army, one of the regular Army cantonments, Camp Las Casas, named after the benevolent priest, Bartolomé de las Casas, who accompanied Columbus to the New World and did such a noble work on behalf of the Indians everywhere, was built, even though this necessitated bringing practically all of the materials from the States at a time when tonnage was a serious problem, and 12,000 native Porto Ricans have been brought together in this camp, organized into three regiments of infantry, uniformed, equipped and given six months of training for service overseas.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the City of San Juan, with its beautiful building and splendid equipment, which has been unostentatiously but faithfully doing its work during the last six years was prepared to adapt itself to these stupendous changes and to take an active part in making the service of the Red Triangle a real factor in creating and developing morale among these troops.

As soon as the First Training Camp



W. G. Coxhead

for Officers was assured, the National War Work Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States was petitioned to undertake on behalf of the soldiers to be trained in Porto Rico the same helpful service it was rendering the men in the great cantonments on the Continent. This request was readily granted and the secretary of the San Juan Association, as the man nearest to the situation, was commissioned to undertake such service, under entirely new and untried conditions, the first Red Triangle service to be undertaken in Latin America for native troops. This camp had scarcely opened near the little mountain town of Cayey when a secretary of the Y. M. C. A. was on

hand with writing material, phonograph, entertainment and service. During the first month the camp was quarantined against the town of Cayey on account of an epidemic of measles in the latter, and the Y. M. C. A. man was the only person allowed to go to the town on errands for the cadets. And their wants were many and varied. The Camp Post Office was in the Y. M. C. A. tent, and the secretary was the postmaster. Brigadier-General O. P. Townshend, who was in command of the camp, has repeatedly referred in conversation with friends to this work at Cayey as a "life-saver" and said that he does not know what he would have done without it.

From this small beginning—a single tent in the First Training Camp at Cayey, for the 250 instructors and candidates, with two secretaries—increasing to two units—a tent at Fort El Morro and quarters in Infantry Barracks in San Juan, for the 500 instructors and candidates of the Second Training Camp, with five secretaries employed—the War Work of the Y. M. C. A. in Porto Rico was expanded to six units—three regimental buildings in Camp Las Casas, two large tents in the Third Training Camp and quarters in barracks for the 275 men of the Sanitary Corps near the Base Hospital—with thirty-four secretaries, all of them Porto Ricans except seven.

Incidents of this rapid growth were: the planning of and contracting for buildings (The standard Type F building, adapted to the tropics), securing of the necessary appropriations, assembling of equipment, most of it from New York, and recruiting and training of secretaries.

Last summer, when all six units of the Association work were open and going and all of the secretaries had begun their work of serving the soldiers, these same secretaries, most of whom had had little training in Association work, were put through a period of intensive training—three and a half hours each morning, five mornings a week for three weeks. The

standardized courses on the History of the Young Men's Christian Association, Principles of Association Work, War Work Methods, Recreational Games and recent European History, which were used in camps all over the States to prepare new secretaries for their difficult work were carefully gone through and examinations in the subjects mentioned held at the end.

One of the very practical pieces of service undertaken by the Association in co-operation with the military authorities was teaching those soldiers who could not read and write English, to do so, during their stay at camp. Over two thousand men took this instruction. The teaching was done by officers, formerly engaged in the teaching profession in the Island. The method used was the one which has proven so successful in the public schools of Porto Rico during recent years, a work by a distinguished Porto Rican educator, Sr. Jose Gonzales Ginorio, called "Lectura Infantil." The Y. M. C. A. furnished blackboards and supplies and a competent supervisor in the person of Sr. Herminio Rodriguez, who has been supervisor of the public schools in several of the districts of late years.

When the men first came to camp, each man had to mail back to his home, his civilian clothes, on donning the khaki. This meant thousands of packages. The wrapping paper and twine for doing them up was furnished by the Y. M. C. A., they were weighed, and postage to carry them to their destinations was sold in the Y. M. C. A. huts, and they were finally carted to the Post Office in the Red Triangle Ford passenger car.

The Y. M. C. A. Soldiers Fund has served hundreds of men helpfully around pay days: In the work of sending money to their families by Postal Money Order, they opened an account in a local bank; soldiers could then go to the Y. M. C. A. huts and secure checks for the amounts they wished to send home without paying any fee, their money was deposited in this account to cover such checks, and thou-

sands of dollars have been handled for the men satisfactorily this way.

Early in the camp work, the Association turned its attention to the important matter of sex education. One evening during the Second Training Camp, the 500 candidates with their officer instructors marched to the San Juan Association Gymnasium, because there was no meeting place in the camp in which so many men could be seated, to hear a lecture on this subject by an illustrious Porto Rican physician, one of the Directors of the Association, Dr. Francisco Del Valle Atiles, who is President of the Insular Board of Health. A short exhibition of tumbling, high jumping, wrestling and parallel bar work was given before the lecture and after it, to enliven the program. Lately, Dr. A. J. Rodriguez, a prominent physician of Mexico City, Mexico, was sent to Camp Las Casas by the Bureau of Sex Education of the National War Work Council, and delivered thirteen lectures, heard by about 8,500 men. Officers, from Commanding General down, have spoken in terms of the highest appreciation of the services rendered and the soldiers themselves have shown their appreciation by crowding the units to their limit. It was somewhat feared that in this Island where the Association is such a comparatively new institution, it might be necessary to carry on at first an educational propaganda, in order to get the men to take advantage of the services the Association was prepared to render them, but there was no such need. If any of the readers of this short article could have dropped into any one of the crowded units of the Red Triangle in Porto Rico and seen the men gathered about, some writing letters, others playing games, others around the phonograph, others, about the piano, others reading, others in classes and religious meetings, they would not have been able to tell whether they were in New Jersey, Ohio, Texas or Porto Rico, except by the Spanish language which they might not understand.

JOSE E. BENEDICTO

JOSE E. BENEDICTO, is Treasurer of Porto Rico. He obtained his degree of Bachelor of Arts from the "Universidad Central de Madrid," Spain, where he also studied law.

In 1902, he graduated from the Law Department of the University of Michigan, and was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the State of Michigan, the Federal Court, Sixth Circuit, located at Detroit, the Supreme Court of Porto Rico, and the United States District Court for Porto Rico. He was in active practice for ten years.

In 1904 he was appointed Acting District Attorney for the Arecibo District Court. For four years he was Registrar of Property at Mayaguez, and immediately before his appointment as Treasurer of Porto Rico, was filling the position of Judge of Section First of the San Juan District Court.

He has been professor and director of the Law Department of the University of Porto Rico, and member of the Board of Examiners for Admission to the Bar, and of the Board of Competitive Examinations for Registrars of Property.

In 1908 he was elected member of the local Board of the Unionist Party at San Juan, and later became Secretary and President of it. He has for many years been a member also of the Central Board of the party. He is at present Chairman of the Public Service Commission.

WILLIAM J. KORBER

WILLIAM J. KORBER of San Juan, has been generous in subscribing to every single fund collected for war work, and he has served on Committees which were instrumental in raising large sums of money for the war. He gave one thousand dollars for the Red Cross home, and assisted in the raising of the full amount required. Mr. Korber was born in Porto Rico, and is at the head of one of the oldest houses in the Island.

The New Hotel Condado Vanderbilt by the Sea

San Juan, Porto Rico

ONE of the finest resort hotels to be found anywhere, is the new Hotel Condado Vanderbilt, of San Juan, Porto Rico, which has just been completed. This magnificent hotel was erected at a cost of one million dollars. It occupies one of the most picturesque sites in the Capital City, overlooking the sea on one side, the bay on the other, with the mountains as a background and is surrounded by stately royal palms and other tropical trees and plants.

On the main floor of the hotel are the rooms dedicated to the public service; a handsome grill, overlooking the sea, spacious reception rooms, public lounge, and an immense patio, surrounded by a colonnade, embellished by a beautiful modern fountain. The porches and loggia entirely surround the main floor, there being one thousand feet of porch in all. The third, fourth and fifth floors are devoted to guests' rooms, all of which overlook the sea, or bay, and are magnificently furnished.

This hotel is roofed in genuine antique Spanish tiles, which have been gathered at great expense and care, from old Spanish buildings in all parts of the Island. These tiles are moss-covered and colored by time, presenting a very attractive and rich appearance.

The floors of the public rooms, corridors, lounges and main staircase, are all of marble mosaic and marble terrozzio and the borders, walls and ceilings are elaborately decorated, by New York artists.

Between the building and the ocean, the grounds of the hotel, are developed in keeping with the rocky coast. Adjoining the hotel is a large terrace, covered with flagstone and bound by gigantic natural rocks. Ex-

tending to the edge of the water and other points, the high bluffs reach up as high as the main floor of the hotel. To the east of the building and extending to the main avenue, there are heads of giant pandanus, terminated by two magnificent specimens of Bougainvillea, and on the western side of the hotel, are to be found cocoanut palms, tree ferns, orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees, typical of the tropics.

Opposite the main entrance to the hotel, is a wonderful croton garden, including nearly all of the many varieties of this vivid foliaged plant, the leaves of which form a geometrical design; to the east of this croton garden are the tennis courts and, to the west, a spacious hot house, for the protection and growth of rare plants, too delicate to stand the breezes of the ocean.

Beyond the edge of the bay, are the new boathouses, where one may rent motorboats, canoes, sail-boats and other craft, for pleasure and fishing. The eastern portion of this beautiful property on the ocean side, extends along the bathing beach and here, one will find luxurious bathhouses, with modern dressing rooms. The ground here is planted with Australian iron wood trees, tropical almond, eucalyptus and rubber trees, as well as bamboo. The view from this hotel is marvelously picturesque, including as it does, ocean, bay and mountain.

Every convenience known can be found within its walls. Its situation is admirable and can be reached by the trolley line. It is a hotel for tourists. Its situation is one that commands an unobstructive view of the natural beauties of the Island.

This hotel is managed by the Vanderbilt Hotel Corporation of New York.

The Palace Hotel

San Juan, Porto Rico

IN selecting a place at which to spend the winter, one naturally seeks comfort, pleasure and recreation. When such a combination is found, surely one makes no mistake in selecting that place. Such a place is found in Porto Rico.

No words are adequate to picture this beautiful Island. It possesses the most perfect climate in the world. The healthfulness of Porto Rico is due in a great measure to its cleanliness. Porto Rico beckons to those in search of climate, scenery and beautiful surroundings. Come—we bid you welcome—All “ye that are weary and heavy laden,” and Porto Rico will give you rest and happiness. In the heart of the Capital City, San Juan, is located the new modern Palace Hotel. If the comforts and conveniences appeal to you, the wonderful sunshiny winter days, with the balmy breezes of the Caribbean Sea, and the call of the joyous outdoor life will even appeal to you stronger.

The Hotel Palace, of San Juan, which has been recently completed and opened, offers every comfort to the tourist. It is equipped with all modern conveniences. Its apartments are spacious and beautifully furnished. Its location is ideal. It is within a short walk of the many old historical points of interest, such as Casa Blanca and the Governor's Palace. It has a fine roof garden, overlooking the picturesque harbor and mountains. A wonderland of sea, hills and palms. It is one of the great modern buildings of Porto Rico. The lower floor is devoted to a handsome grill, lobby, writing room, lounge room and main office, and on the upper floors are to be found reception rooms, telephone service and guests' rooms.

These handsomely appointed rooms,



Hotel Palace, San Juan, Porto Rico

the fine cuisine and the other distinctive features are all factors, but particularly the perfect service, rendered possible by the constant attention of the management, has served to give the hotel the good standing that it deserves.

From this hotel the trolley cars will take you to Borinquen Park, by the sea, out through the handsome residential sections and to the nearby suburbs. The hotel is but a few steps from the famous Plaza Principal, where band concerts are given many nights of the week, during the entire winter season.

The furnishings for this model hospitality were selected and purchased in New York at great expense. The equipment is equal to that found in any New York Hotel, even to the smallest details. It has a distinct air of refinement about it.



Hotel Melia, Ponce, Porto Rico

HOTEL MELIA, PONCE, PORTO RICO

IN Ponce, the second largest city in Porto Rico, there is a hotel splendidly equipped. It is the Hotel Melia. This is a busy center for people of all nationalities to meet, and where the languages spoken are those of every country in the world.

It is entirely of modern construction. The proprietor of this hostelry, Mr. Melia, is a prince of hosts, and a man who never grudges going out of his way to oblige a guest. As a hotel proprietor, he is perfection, and the visitor here can be assured of a hearty welcome.

The Hotel Melia is beautifully and centrally located. It is but a few steps from Ponce's picturesque Plaza and but a short distance from this city's handsome Country Club, and is the home of hospitality and good cheer.

Every one on the Island knows the man behind the desk. The man in charge, Mr. Aguijo, because of his affability and attention which he always displays towards guests has become a factor in the popular-



Miguel Aguijo

ity of this splendid hotel. Tourists will find in this man, a good friend and guide.

The Ugly Duck

By Jane Reid

LUISE CARY'S father and mother were tall and impressive; her sisters, Joan, Harriet and Sue were each lovely in distinct ways. But Louise was not lovely, and probably would never be impressive. She looked more like a nice young boy than anything else, with her crisp, curly hair; eyes that were neither large nor tantalizing, and wide mouth that suggested nothing of Cupid's bow. Joan, who was twenty-five and married, was sort of elf, with hair red as copper, shadowed in purple, and long narrow, blue eyes, singularly vivid, under dark lashes. Add to such a face will-o-the-wisp moods, a delicate wildness, and a voice like distant bells. She was altogether a fairy child. The most primly Victorian room gained atmosphere and mystery when she entered.

Twenty-three-year-old Harriet had something of the Norse about her, or of the heroic Greek. Joan's red hair had turned to gold with her; her little figure grown large and magnificent, her strange bright eyes mellowed and paled into the warm blue of a summer day. Harriet gave one the feeling of green fields and distant blue hills. She was always calm, but possessed a warm, quaint humor that made everyone who knew her wait to hear what she would say next.

Sue and Louise were twins and were nineteen. Sue followed the changing line of blue and gold, only her hair was a tangle of yellow curls. Her eyes were baby blue, and she was like a kitten, all romp and frolic and little claws. She had a thousand tricks to amuse—one could play with her the whole day long and still be laughing with her in the evening as wholeheartedly as in the first hour.

But Louise—Louise was not even

ugly—she was an ugly duckling who had grown into an ugly duck, which is worse. And she was not elfin, nor epic, nor entertaining. It was really a very hard thing to be brought up in such an extraordinary family and grow up in the midst of their attractiveness. Being a less striking, though perhaps a more all-around character, she was outshone in any line, and, indeed, was so unnoticed that she showed less and less noticeable features. It is usually that way with people—give a dog a bad name, you know. She might have been almost pretty in her fresh clear-skinned way in another household, but as it was she was a cabbage in a flower garden.

They all lived above a dry wooded river-bed outside a California town, called Paso Robles, almost under the shadow of the mountains. In the arroya grew the scraggly live oaks with their prickly smooth leaves and the sycamores among the bleached boulders. The road from their house led along a knobby line of foothills, covered with all kinds of sweet smelling bushes, white and black sage-brush, manzanita and the long wands of the yucca growing from the cluster of sword-like leaves, which the old romantic Spanish explorers, seeing them so tall and waxy white on the hills, had named "Our Lady's Candles."

Every evening the sun set behind the mountains with a yellow glow like the varnish on an old Dutch painting, bringing out the greens and browns of the earth and the blue of skies more clearly than they showed in the full day. Then the light would intensify and gather to the west, silencing the other shades and the mountains would turn deep, deep violet and look almost transparent.

It was a beautiful country. Their

house was almost as pleasant in its way, being low and brown and rambly, filled with mahogany and wicker and chintz curtains and rose bowls. But no one can live on sunsets and rose bowls and be always happy. At least Louise couldn't. She had almost anything she wanted but no one paid much attention to her. She felt crushed by the charm of her family. Not that there was any jealousy in her young head, but there was a great deal of loneliness. She had learned the lesson of effacing herself, and when you're nineteen that is sure to make you lonely.

She began to feel apologetic if she talked to people, because she was so sure that they would rather be with Joan or Harriet or Sue. And this feeling did not make her more attractive of course. So she was pretty miserable at times and had the reputation of being a dear, quiet little thing.

The big occasion of the year was the New Year's dance at the Golf Club. They were all invited. Joan motored in from her orange grove, forty miles away, dressed in black and carrying a scarf of electric blue, that no other woman in the room could have worn. Harriet was in gold—gold hair, gold dress, gold slippers, even her skin seemed a creamy gold. Louise could scarcely keep her eyes from her, she looked so like the figure head of a Greek ship. Sue was in white, the skirt looped and caught above the slimmest, merriest little feet in the country. Louise wore rose and suspected that it was not becoming, but then she had no particular style to dress up to.

What an evening! To have to sit interminably watching other people dance, smiling all the time, as though interested! And then to have to watch Joan or Harriet speak to one of their partners laughingly, and see the man come across the ballroom towards her, when the music again struck up; Sue never shared, even with so safe a rival as Louise, oh it was humiliating! She tried to accept the situation, to be comradely and natural. But on an

evening of a ball, when shoulders are gleaming white and music is beating time to youth's racing blood, and eyes smiling mischievously over fans, who can give more than courteous attention to a plain, downright little girl in an unbecoming frock, whose eyes flash no defiance, whose laugh holds no light jeer?

It was half past three when the four lovely Carys left the Golf Club—people called them the four lovely Carys because it sounded well, and they only made a mental reservation in the case of Louise. Joan climbed into her roadster beside her young husband for the long ride home. Louise heard the bright clear sound of her laughter as eerie as her bright, strange eyes.

She was so tired that she could scarcely keep herself from crying. Harriet lay back in the seat humming like a great, lazy bee among goldenrod in the sunlight; Sue was talking about her conquests quite indifferent to the fact that no one was listening.

At the house Louise broke away from them, ran to her room and threw herself on her bed—oh let that hateful pink rag be crushed—and cried and cried into her crumpled pillow. She knew it was silly, but the accumulated woe and weariness kept her sobbing there as the dawn edged into the room and then seized it by storm amid the wild rejoicings of songbirds. Louise raised herself, wretched and red-eyed, from the pillow.

"I can't go to sleep," she decided. Then she slipped out of bed, unhooked the hated dress and tip-toed out of the room. Ten minutes later she came back, her hair damp from the shower, her face brighter and a little spring in her step. In no time at all she had put on her riding habit and boots and after carefully creaking down the stairs, was saddling Blue Boy and swinging up into the saddle, coaxing him in a whisper to walk until he should be out of sound of the house.

The road was overhung with pepper trees, with delicate long leaves and clusters of pink-red berries drooping

from the branches. There were so few bungalows on the stretch up toward the mountain that she had no fear of meeting anything stirring. The air was clear and night-sweetened. A cock crew and she put Blue Boy into a canter. His little hoofs thundered along the road. The wind caught her hair as she leaned forward. Then with tightened knees she urged him into a run. She felt the pony stretch out under her as he got into his stride, trampling through her memories of last night and the legion of other nights that had been like it. The morning air was singing to her; the smell of the sage-brush in the sun was clearing her brain of all its loneliness.

The road swerved around the shoulder of a hill—surefooted little Blue Boy never slackened his speed; she felt him leaning as he took the curve and then suddenly his shoulder had struck something, something white, that was hurled heavily to the side of the road among the sagebrush.

Louise screamed, the pony staggered and then leaped forward, mad with terror, with the girl putting every ounce of her strength on the bit to turn him. The white thing by the roadside gave a sound, half grunt and half groan, and looked up in time to see a rearing pony being forced toward him by a white-faced girl. She leaped off, very much like a young boy in coat and breeches. He tried to get up to meet her, but stopped suddenly and sat down again.

"You're hurt!" the girl stammered.

He felt his ankle with anxious fingers, then looked up and smiled. Though his clothes were dusty with his fall, and his face cut by a bramble, he had a very taking smile.

"It's only a sprain," he assured her.

"No one is ever on the road at this time," she said, coming nearer.

"Of course it wasn't your fault!" he exclaimed, fastening his handkerchief about the ankle in what may have been a hope of keeping down the swelling, which already was rising.

She blushed scarlet. "I wasn't ex-

cusing myself," she cried. "Of course, I didn't have any right to come plunging around roads like that. I only meant nothing would pass to get you home. Where do you live?"

"I'm at the Hotel Grayfield—took a notion to walk out and see the dawn—if you could telephone when you get home and have them send out a car for me here, I can get along finely. Please don't worry—it's nothing at all, you know."

She only looked at him rather as though she weren't listening, and then went back to Blue Boy, who had taken the opportunity to crop the roadside weeds. She gentled him for a few minutes. "It's all right—he'll stand quiet now. You must not be afraid to bear on me heavily, please."

He protested, but she would hear no refusal. When he was at last safely in the saddle and Blue Boy was walking quietly, with one of Louise's hands on his bit and the other smoothing his neck, she looked back and smiled at him for the first time. He was the only man who had ever fully appreciated the sweetness and friendliness of her smile. Perhaps there was something in the circumstances that helped him to understand it, for there are times when comradeship goes straight to a man's heart.

At the house the chauffeur helped to get him onto the veranda and Louise ran away to telephone for the doctor, and superintend some coffee and toast and quince jelly on a tray. She blushed over it very sweetly when he thanked her, not so much for the words—anyone would have thanked her, she knew—but for the look that went with them.

He thought that she was adorable as she stood there, her hair curling wildly around her face, the pink in her cheeks, shy and boyish in her habit. It was then that Sue appeared in the door; Sue as pretty as a picture, in a little blue serge dress, dimpling as she ran forward. The news had spread through the household and bed could no longer hold her.

"You're hurt!" she cried, uttering

little groans of pity from a round mouth. "Loo, do introduce us so I can ask for all the details!"

Louise turned crimson.

"My name's John Granger," the man cut in, not allowing a silence. "There hasn't been much time for introductions since your sister rescued me and brought me here, with no better excuse than a sprained ankle."

Sue gave a trill of silvery laughter.

"To fancy Loo's not even introducing herself," she laughed in amusement that kept the awkward color in Louise's cheeks. "We're the two youngest Carys—would you guess we were twins?"

The man glanced at her and then looked far longer at Louise in her dusty riding habit, with her hair blowing about her face and her cheeks flushed. He felt Sue's method of putting her sister in the wrong.

"I should not!" he admitted, but somehow his voice did not convey the hidden compliment that she had always received hertofore from that question.

She tripped over to his table. "Oh!" she cried, raising her pretty hands, "fancy giving a wounded man coffee! coffee—He should have a glass of whisky. Loo, dear, you never will learn what a man wants!"

"Indeed, Miss Cary gave me exactly what I wanted. I'm afraid I don't come into the hero class, you see." Mr. Granger spoke decisively and Sue flounced into the next room in a rather poorly concealed bad humor. Louise very shy ran out to change her togs.

Lovely Harriet, the golden lass, wandered down to entertain him until the doctor should come. She was magnificently restful to look at or to speak to, serene and humorous and understanding. He wondered how she could be Sue's sister, and admired her immensely, but his eyes turned instinctively towards the door. The doctor, however, came in his Ford before Louise arrived, but Granger refused to go until he could thank Miss Cary in person.

"That's all right," declared Sue who

had drifted out from the breakfast room, "We'll carry your message for you." Her tone was faintly disparaging — her usual attitude towards Louise. Why make such a fuss about seeing Loo? Of course the man might be grateful, but after all it was Loo who had first knocked him down. Why be so punctilious when it was only the unattractive Cary?

Nevertheless, he waited. Harriet smiled very contentedly to herself, and a little maliciously at Sue, who was pouting. Louise stammered and blushed, as she said goodbye, dressed in a white Peter Thompson suit considered her most becoming dress, a point that Sue remarked upon when he was gone.

In the days that followed he called often, at first ostensibly to report progress, but later without any excuse at all. And he called on Louise. In the beginning Sue had often poked in her curly head, unable to credit a judgment that would choose to be with Louise when it was possible to be with her. But in the end she had to admit the truth with very bad grace. She had so long discounted Louise that it was hard to consider her as attractive to any outsider. Of course, they were all very fond of her, but with outsiders, you know—she never had been the kind to be attractive to men, and all that.

The divine Harriet was pleased in her golden heart. She would gladly have shared anything she had with anyone, and would not have understood Sue's mortification. Even Joan heard of the affair and telephoned elfin amusement.

But as for Louise, she grew quite unembarrassed and almost pretty, even in the midst of her remarkable family, and all sorts of little charms and humor which had laid hidden under the cover of her self-distrust, began to peep out for the pleasure of John Granger. And to him her awakening was exquisite.

It was nearly a month before the tragedy fell. He had prolonged his vacation in Paso Robles and now there was very little time left. That seemed

to him the worst cloud in his sky as he crossed the bridge across the arroya. It seemed to him that the world was filled with birds' wings—swallows skimmed past him, mocking birds and sparrows were circling, singing and chirping from tree to tree.

He saw her in the garden and called out to her, but to his surprise she hurried towards the house and at the door he was told that she was ill. Yet she had been wandering in the garden two minutes before; he was hurt and worried, but in the end he was forced to return to the hotel without seeing her.

The next day she saw him, but it was more like an interview than one of the afternoons they had spent together, before. She was polite, but could not hide the aloofness she felt, nor was there that old comradeliness that had been between them. Thinking about it until late that night, Granger decided that perhaps she was still not well and had felt tired and apathetic. He tried very hard to make himself believe that he would find her like herself next time he saw her, but that night he did not sleep much.

The next afternoon she was in the study when he came. He went in unannounced as had been his custom, and found her curled in a chair, her slippers on the floor, a book in her hands. She did not hear him coming across the soft carpet until he had seen that she was crying as she read, the tears running slowly down her tanned cheeks, her throat trembling.

"What's the matter, dear?" he cried, hurrying up to her. He put a hand on her shoulder, but in a flash she had sprung to her feet, her face flaring with rage. Before he could stop her she had run out of the room, and he was left alone with only her two little slippers lying sprawled beside the chair, for company.

"Loo, in a tantrum?" asked Sue's voice amusedly from the door way as though a tantrum were a common thing. And Granger fled.

If there had been anything in his life that he would have been ashamed to have her know he would have

thought that she had learned it. But there was no such thing. If there had been, surely she would have accused him openly! Perhaps he had been mistaken in her, perhaps this was the real Louise, cautious, moody, quick to temper.

For two days he kept away from the house and tried to think as little as possible about her, but for all his efforts he thought about her every minute of the day, and most of the night. On the third day he wrote her a letter, saying that he was leaving town, asking if he had unconsciously done anything to anger her, begging to see her again.

The hours dragged until her answer came. He tore it open between hope and fear.

"Dear Mr. Granger," it ran, precisely, "Really there is nothing in the world that you've done to annoy me. You must have got the impression that day I tore out of the study, like a whirlwind, but I was crying over a book I was reading and ashamed to be caught at it. Please forgive me for being so rude.

"It has been very pleasant to see you these last few weeks. We shall all miss you, but we in California learn to know people for a short time, and then have them drift East again. I'm sorry you can't call to say good-bye, but mother's giving a dinner party tomorrow night and we shall all be up to our ears in work, getting ready for it. All kinds of good luck to you.

"LOUISE CARY."

She had accused him of nothing, had explained nothing, but had put him in the hardest of all positions, that of an acquaintance. There was no protest that he could make, no word that he could say. Whatever had come between them had cut off all communication like a brick wall. He packed vigorously for the night train to San Francisco.

But after luncheon he felt that he must see the house again. He had dreamed a sweet dream, it would do no harm to see the setting. As he

crossed the bridge the swallows were darting all about him, but the sight could bring no joy to him today. Then he stood and looked across the road at the hedge of Cherokees and the brown house beneath its roses. Once he thought he saw Harriet cross a window, and once he thought he heard Sue's voice.

Still he lingered. It would surely do no harm to look into the garden where he had often helped her pick flowers. He came to the hedge and looked over; there were the rose-bushes and there, there, on the grass beside them was a girl with her face buried in her hands. Beside her was the half-filled rose basket, her garden hat was low over the face. He could just hear the low catch of her sobbing.

There was no library with its air of propriety to remind him he had known her less than a month—he was over the hedge and had his arms about her almost before she had time to look up. She struggled with all her lithe boy-strength, but he would not let her go.

Then, in her struggles she uttered the thing she had never intended to let any human being guess. She told him what she perhaps would never have told him, for any pleadings of his.

"Let me go!" she sobbed, "I won't be pitied, I tell you, I won't be pitied!"

"Who's pitying you?" he asked half guessing now, though it had been so far from his thoughts that such a thing had never occurred to him.

"You are!" she said and tried to

push his face away with both her hands.

"I'm not!" he cried, capturing one hand with an effort, and straining his neck against the push of the other, "I love you more than everything else in the world added together. If you knew how much I loved you you would pity me and not behave like such a little wildcat!"

The hand on his cheek faltered a little. She raised a face red with exertion and tears so that she might look at him.

"Really?" questioned Louise, between sobs.

"Really!" said John, but his eyes said it even more than his voice.

"Sue said one day you only came to see me out of pity."

John grunted, angrily.

"It did seem so likely," said Louise, with the remnant of her self abasement—could it be that of all the girls in the world he had chosen to love her?

"You're worth all the rest put together," declared John putting his hand under her chin to raise her face to his—she had sought refuge in his shoulder guessing that he meant to kiss her.

Just at that moment a silvery voice trailed to them across the garden—

"Loo! Oh, Loo! where are the roses, for goodness' sake?"

"Let that little fiend find them herself," whispered he, and lifted her over the hedge. They wandered off together, down the road.



De Profundis

By Pete Locher

THE violinist ceased playing and a mighty hush fell over the audience. They were spellbound and no one might break the spell. At last a sob broke the stillness, and then one mighty round of applause shook the theatre, finally dying away in the confusion of departure.

Yes, he had done his best and had been appreciated, but he was weary and sick at heart. He patted his violin lovingly and held it close to his heart. It seemed to understand the tumult now raging in his breast. He was going home to die.

Home! Ah! how that word had once thrilled him and made the rich, red blood go coursing through his veins. Now, it chilled him and made him shudder. Why had he left? A picture, dim at first, rose before him—in the door of a vine-covered cottage, a woman sat singing softly to a little child of three years. The melody was quaint and old, with a quiet soothing rhythm such as only mothers know how to sing.

A young man, tall and well built, came striding up the path. The little child, knowing instinctively that a loved one was near, slipped from the mother's knee and toddled to meet him. Oh! how happy they were. He kissed his wife and babe, tenderly, and then whispered, "Darling, it has come at last. I am to have a trial before the great master violinist and, if I succeed, I am to tour Europe with him. Then, my little wife shall have everything we have dreamed of." She had kissed him fondly, and they had talked of nothing else until the great day arrived.

He had succeeded beyond his greatest hopes. His wife was to stay at the cottage for a few months and then he had planned to go back for her,

after which they would never again be separated.

* * * *

The three months of his travels had passed. The world was at his feet. He could now go back for his dear ones. But, oh; the sorrow of his return. Why must he still live on? His wife was gone. Gone, so the note said, with one she loved better than life. Of what use now was the success he had attained? It was an empty thing.

He still had one thing left in life, however,—his baby boy. He would work for him. Even if his wife had been untrue, the baby's love would still spur him on to greater efforts. He had taken the child to his heart and they had been—oh, so happy, until—

The anguish of all those years came back to him as he saw the still form of his child clasping a white lily in its cold stiff baby hand. He could hear the thumps of the cold earth as it fell on the little casket, separating him and the only thing he loved. The child was buried under the grape arbor by the cottage, their old home.

Now he had but his music. The crowds wondered at the pathos of his compositions. He had put his heart into them and each one was but the pouring out of his despair, a drop of his life's blood,—so it had seemed to him.

He had never heard of his wife. Was she dead? If not, was she happy? He hoped so, because he still loved her. Perhaps it was even his fault that she had run away. He wished he had never had any ambition, and yet it had been for her dear sake.

Today he had played his last piece. The doctor said he was dying of consumption. He knew better—it was a broken heart. They gave him three months to live. He would go back to

his vine-covered cottage to spend his last days, there to die and be buried beside his baby. She might even come back sometime and lay a flower on his grave, or shed a single tear over him. It was spring there now and the lilies were in bloom.

* * * *

The violinist sat by the fire in his cottage. His tired eyes were closed and his fingers caressed his beloved violin, while over all, with sweet fragrance, the lilies breathed their blessed benediction.

The years of longing and of suffering had left their imprint on his heart. But even the deepest scars of mental pain, the searing and abortive power of a blighted love, could not crush nor lead apart from God's way the music chastened heart of the man. And as he lingered by the dying embers of his hearth, there came to him the certain sweet assurance that even for her, whose transgression was his cross of never ceasing pain, he yet knew perfect love, and pity that could, and would at last forgive.

In his musing, he scarcely heard a hesitating knock at the door. Yet there was in it a something—an insistence—which compelled his attention. He rose wearily to answer it.

There stood a woman—not old and yet not young. She was slightly bent but had once been beautiful. Where had he seen those eyes before? They were soft and brown, but had a weary look now.

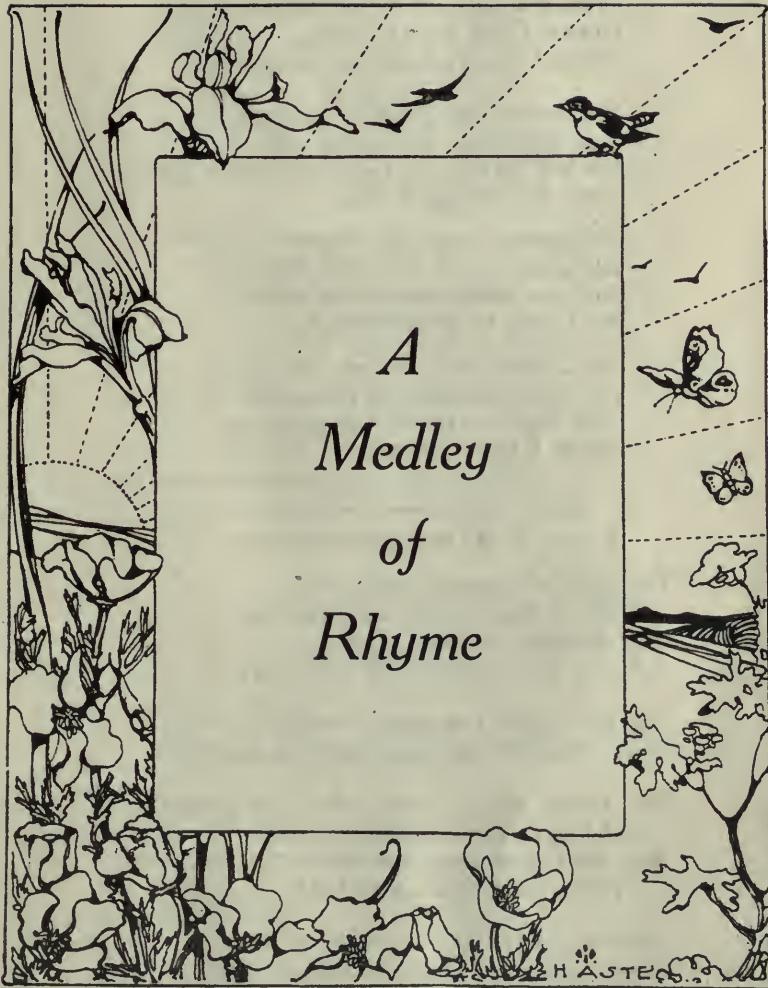
The woman stepped slowly into the room and, holding her hands imploringly toward him murmured, "Dear heart, I've come home."

He knew now, it was his girl-wife, Marie. As she stood with her arms outstretched he seemed to see her through a mist, an aureole of light, such a radiance as might illume some ethereal being.

To the soul of the musician there came—as far-wafted over-tones of some loved instrument, bring to the listening ear, the voice of God—the realization—the understanding that this was the beauty of repentance, the haloed sweetness of love redeemed. Then with a mighty effort he held out his arms. Slowly she crept into them and laid her weary head upon his breast.

Spring had come again to the vine-covered cottage. In those peaceful days of re-awakening the violin might be heard, but with a deeper note, a note of peace and beauty—of love enthroned.





*A
Medley
of
Rhyme*

H ASTER



A Medley of Rhyme



DRIFTING

Today, I am drifting outward,
 With sail full set to the breeze,
 Outward, and ever onward
 Toward the great and unknown sea.

Somewhere my Pilot is waiting,
 Just there near the setting sun,
 He will grasp my hand and guide me,
 Until my voyage is done.

Forgotten are all my sorrows,
 All troubles, all my trials cease,
 And my lonely heart finds solace,
 As I drift to Eternal Peace.

For I know that you, my beloved,
 Are watching my sail from afar,
 And you'll be the first to greet me,
 When I have crossed the bar.

MARION EVANS HEROLD.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

I thought a thousand merry bells
 Through Fairy Land were ringing.
 Into the dusk I peered. O-ho!
 It was the mocking-bird a-singing!

The fairy bells I thought a-ringing,
 Were notes the mocking-bird was singing!

The fairies thought none saw their pranks;
 But I have likewise lived a spell,
 And what they sang, and where they danced,
 I know, but I shall never tell!

When one has lived a goodly spell,
 How much one knows one cannot tell!

Where fairies danced, and fairies sang,
 To-night is white and cold with snow,
 What worth to freeze a merry song?
 My mocking-bird was forced to go.

How oft is Silence like the snow,
 At whose coming Song must go!

EDGYTH BABBITT.




A Medley of Rhyme

THE NEW LEGIONS

Legions have battled for conquest—
 Grappled for ransom and gain—
 Slain one another for titles—
 Fought for a tyrant's domain—
 Struggled for nebulous motives,
 Most of which rested on might;
 But where, oh where are the legions
 That fought for humanity's right?

History now has a chapter
 Greater than any before,
 A chapter to tell of the legions
 That fought in humanity's war!
 The living shall pay them a tribute
 Enshrined in Justice Hall,
 Forever humanity's legions
 Will echo their bugle call;
 While over the free-born people
 The emblem of freedom unfurled,
 Shall proclaim the sons of the nations
 That fought for the peace of the world!

CAMEO RUDGE.

THE DANCERS

When the fairies on the water
 Chance to out a-dancing go,
 They take sunbeams for their escorts,
 And then chasse to and fro.

Why, you hold your breath in wonder
 At the dainty, flitting sprites.
 Nothing ever so entrancing
 As the glitter of their lights.

For their robes are gay with spangles,
 Silver, gold and sapphire rare;
 Iridescent are the diamonds
 Which adorn the dancers fair.

Then old Sol with crimson covers
 Tucks his sunbeams all to sleep,
 And the fairies sink to slumber
 'Neath the waves of mother deep.

IDA GHENT STANFORD.



A Medley of Rhyme



THE LURE OF THE PURPLE SAGE

I have seen the sun rise coldly o'er the clear-cut hills at morn,
 I have felt that awing silence as a desert day is born.
 I have watched the sun rise o'er the plains of alkali,
 I have viewed the sage and deer-brush and the cactus standing
 high,
 I have seen the chipmunks and the rabbits play among the
 dunes,
 I have watched the rolling breakers and have heard the wind's
 weird tunes.

I have seen the sun sink golden o'er the low-crowned hills at
 night,
 I have known the desert in the purple twi-a-light,
 I have seen the gold moon hover o'er the sand-dunes barren
 waste,
 I have watched the gold turn silver; the moon rise clear and
 chaste,
 I have bathed 'neath starry heavens in that flood of silvery light
 And I long to breathe, again, the air of a sweet Nevada Night.

MILTON BARTH.

SONG FANCY

If only a butterfly had a song,
 What would it be?
 I think it would sound like a mandolin,
 Gay and wistful and silver-thin,
 And we would listen long,
 If a butterfly had a song.

If only a pearl had a fragrance sweet,
 What would it be?
 It would be like a whiff of white sea-flowers,
 Twined by mermaids in still bright hours.
 So rare, so fleet,
 If a pearl had a fragrance sweet.

If only my love had a look for me,
 What would it be?
 It would be like the call of a starry night,
 And all the world would hold delight,
 So glad I'd be.
 If my love had a look for me.

F. S. PUTNAM.



A Medley of Rhyme



LAKE MERRITT, CALIFORNIA

I woke when the first light of breaking dawn
 Touched on the pane and made the darkness flee.
 I rose and found cool morning on the lawn;
 I gazed across the lake exultingly.
 A golden Eastern sky, a blood-red orb—
 And so begins the day. The waters move!
 The first-born ripples laughingly absorb
 The sky's high splendor—fill their treasure trove!
 Ah, now I know where sunsets hidden lie,
 And where the moon's sad beauty waits the dark;
 Whither the waning stars' light-minions fly,
 And for what realm the hues of dawn embark.
 From far, deep caverns in this lake they rise
 When come their times to wake and reign the skies.

ROBIN LAMPSON.

THE EAGLE'S NEST

Far above the surging ocean,
 Where north winds fight the eastern gale,
 Swaying back and forth in constant motion,
 Hidden by a misty veil,
 Lies the Eagle's nest.
 The heavy storms beat furiously,
 From north, from south, from east and west,
 Through nature's spiteful orgy stands, triumphantly
 The Eagle's nest.
 And through long winter nights,
 When plaintive cries,
 Ring from the surging caldron far below,
 Not from those rocky, dismal heights,
 Comes even the faintest cry of woe,
 For there the Eagle builds his nest!

FELIX FLUEGEL.

COLORADO

(An Acrostic)

Come to Colorado where the altitudes are calling,
 Out upon the prairie in the rapture of the rains;
 Lakes and rivers ripple; wondrous cataracts are falling;
 Only the immortals built the beauty of her plains.
 Rugged rocks and mountains propping up a sky of azure;
 Air that makes you frolic like the deer upon the hills;
 Dawn and sunset painted at the rainbow artist's pleasure;
 Out where all creation with a hallelujah thrills.

ALEXANDER CAIRNS.

An Illusion of the Night

By Donna Reith Scott

AT five o'clock on a warm, hazy October afternoon, Gladys backed her new motorcar out of the home yard. Her father stood by watching her, a trifle anxiously.

"I'm going for a lovely long ride," she asserted as she slowly passed him, her blue eyes laughing.

"No, dear," he protested, "go for a short ride and on unfrequented streets, until you learn to operate the car better. Young girls with new cars are dangerous to themselves and others."

"All right," she called cheerfully, "I'll take a country road."

In a short while she left the streets of the city behind her. As she drove smoothly along toward the setting sun, she felt like a wild bird just let out of a cage. Little tendrils of uncovered brown hair scampered around her head and beat against her pink cheeks and red parted lips.

She came to an enticing mountain road and went spinning down it. For miles and miles, she happily drove over wild, silent, winding roads, encircled by jagged mountain peaks, lost in contemplation of the beauty of the magically changing opal tints of hills and sky. The rainbow shades in the sky grew softer and softer, the gold gave way to gray, and suddenly she knew that dusk hovered near. With regret for her thoughtlessness, she quickly turned her car around.

After driving several miles through lonely gray shadows, a sound that terrified her, smote upon her ear, the engine was beginning to miss. Then with two or three savage jerks, it went dead.

For a few seconds she sat dismally in the quiet machine, straining her eyes for a sign of a human habitation, although she knew she had seen none for more than half an hour.

There was nothing else left for her to do, but to take some tools from the kit and try hard to remember their uses. She took a screw-driver and with little cold hands jabbed aimlessly at the engine. Then she stood and gazed long at the puzzling maze of wires than ran under shining brass screws. Suddenly she noticed that one of these wires was different, one end was not under a shiny thing like the others. She touched it with the screw-driver; it flopped around just reaching one of the screws that hadn't any wire under it. She pushed it under and tightened it down with all her strength. While she worked the last rays of daylight dwindled and disappeared. Night came down and enveloped everything.

Despairingly, she got back in the machine and, without hope, pushed the electric starter. To her intense joy, the engine began to beat again and the head-lights flashed out through the darkness onto the pine trees and the hillsides.

As the car rolled along smoothly again the girl became fearful that she might take the wrong road and get lost in the mountains. Finding that timid fears were coming more and more to possess her, she sat up straight and laughed a little to regain her courage.

The road turned and twisted seemingly aimlessly deeper into the night. At the edge of a sloping ravine it narrowed perilously. Gladys held her breath painfully as she carefully approached it.

She was just about to draw a breath in relief when the machine skidded, swerved, and tipped slightly. Screaming, she made a blind effort to pull away, but instead drove nearer the edge of the ravine. She lost control. She felt it slipping backward. Just an

instant before it went over the bank, she threw herself out. Consciousness had left her before she fell on her hands and knees in a bed of soft ferns. For an interval she lay still on a ledge of the slope. Abruptly the bang of the machine clattering on the rocks deep down into the ravine shocked her brain to life again.

She slowly rose to her feet, bruised, trembling, and sobbing, and tortuously scrambled through the bushes to the highway. Hoping, yet fearing, to meet someone, she began to walk along the desolate way. After an hour's roaming, her bruised limbs almost refusing to support her longer, she heard the far off honk of an automobile.

She stood tense beneath the frosty stars and prayed that it would come that way. The sound came gradually nearer, and nearer. Her heart skipped beats until the automobile's light, that now seemed more wonderful than the sun, shone around the bend of the road. Rapidly it came on. Fearful that it might pass her, she walked toward it, calling and waving.

It stopped. A young man was the sole occupant of the car. While helping her in, he looked inquiringly at her disheveled appearance, and asked, "Have you met with an accident?"

Through chattering teeth, the girl sobbed, "I drove my machine over the bank."

"Are you injured?"

"No," she answered shortly, trying to control her tears.

"You're cold," he said, and wrapped a heavy robe around her. Then briefly she told him about the accident, who she was, and where she lived.

"Never mind," he said consolingly, "you're fortunate not to be hurt. When you get home you'll be all right. I live in the city, too," he went on, "and my name's Alvin Roth. I came into the mountains early this morning to get ferns for my mother. I had all kinds of hard luck. I had two punctures. Then I had trouble finding the road I came in on. But I guess I'm straight now," he laughed.

The girl made no reply. She was barely listening, the sensation of rest was so poignant.

"Does this seem the right road to you?" he questioned.

She murmured, "Yes, I think so."

As they rolled along, the night grew colder and colder. The dying moon came up for a short while and hung among the bright stars. On and on in the quiet mountains they drove. After twisting, for ten minutes or more, through a stretch of even tunnel-like walls, they came to a cross-road.

"I don't remember this road," Alvin exclaimed, as he stopped the automobile. He got out and glanced around. As he stood in the glare of the headlights, Gladys surveyed him curiously and saw that he was tall, strong, and had flashing dark eyes. She settled back against the seat, for a man like that would surely find the right road.

When he took his seat again the note of joy in his voice was contagious as he exclaimed, "We're on the way now, I remember passing that queer burnt pine out there."

"I remember it too," she encouraged him, leaning out to look.

"I'll soon have you home now," he said.

As they traveled on, their confidence rose, the road grew wider and better kept. Unexpectedly it turned sharply. He drove very slowly, and peering beyond the car's streak of illumination saw that the road twisted up over an immense towering hill. He brought the machine to a standstill and cried, "I believe, we're actually lost! I am positive I did not come over that steep hill."

"Nor did I," agreed the girl. "What shall we do?"

"Shall we try this road?" he asked, indicating a road to their left, a short distance away.

"Yes. There's nothing else to do."

He headed the machine down the rough, narrow trail. Discouraged and worried at their predicament, with flashes of distracted parents crossing their minds, they bounded silently along. Once he lit a match, glanced at

his watch, and said it was twelve o'clock. And now, almost without warning the road ended in a dry creek bed, among a lot of boulders.

Turning, he bumped against a low stone, something snapped, and the car stopped.

Overwhelmed by the new turn of affairs, they climbed out. Gladys shiveringly held a flashlight, while he got underneath to find the damage. After a minute or two he crawled to his feet. "We're 'hoodooed,'" he said with a forced laugh. "The rear axle is broken."

"Can nothing be done!"

"It can't run a foot with the axle broken."

Despair took possession of the girl in earnest now. Her over-wrought nerves gave way. She began to sob. She appeared so childish standing there in a nipping cold world, inhabitated by nothing but giant wailing trees, mocking owls and themselves, that it seemed the proper thing for him to put his arm around her, pat her shoulder and say, "Poor little girl, don't cry. Something'll turn up!"

Soon, she laughed through her tears. They bundled the robes around them, and walked back up the stony, uneven course.

About half-past one, they reached the foot of the towering hill. Undecided, they lingered there, not knowing where to turn, or what to do. It was so hopeless.

Thereupon to be cheerful, he remarked, "Well, here is the unconquered fort again."

"Let's storm it," the girl suggested, dropping into his mood "and see what lies on the other side."

They began to ascend. In scarcely two minutes, to their utter astonishment, they abruptly attained the summit. It was actually a low hill. Skirting the side of the road was a solid wall of tall trees that in the darkness had given the illusion of steepness. Directly before them, about two miles away, a trolley car was dashing in and out of the night.

Speechless, they stared at each other. Then, when they got out of the shadow of the trees and saw in the waste of blackness, to their right, the city glittering like an acre of fire-flies, the young man grasped her hand and gurgled, "I don't know whether I imagine the city lying there or not; but I know this has been the miserablest happy evening I've ever spent."

And because they were both young, they ran laughing down the hill.



When Love Was the Stake

By Blanche Essex Heywood

"Twas on the famous trotting ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near; the "cracks" were
there

Whose deeds the sporting prints de-
clare.

There, too, stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed!
Green horses also, not a few,
Unknown as yet what they could do.

—Holmes.

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE GORDON had finished a perilous voyage. He had had a fierce battle with a submarine but he had brought his ship and her valuable cargo into port. The ship was laid up at an Alameda wharf for repairs and Captain Gordon had taken his last look at her for a long time to come.

He had been born at sea and brought up on the water, as it were. How he was going to content himself on land was a question that gave him a grave and thoughtful air as he walked up Market Street, San Francisco.

"I shan't have anything to tie to for a good while," he muttered as he watched a big auto, that had gone dead in the busiest part of the street. "That's the trouble with them things," he said, "they'll do all right for a land-lubber, but for a sailor that's no craft."

Then his brown eyes cleared and a light broke over his bronzed face "I'll get a better skiff than that—one that'll not be calmed but'll sail right down the channel in a piping gale. I'll buy a trotter."

Captain Gordon was a cultivated man, he had read and studied deeply and though he spoke many languages he colored them all with expressions of the sea, much to his annoyance and

the amusement of his friends. "I am a native of the sea—I have never navigated much on land, I'm no company for landsmen," he would explain after he had made a bad break.

Captain Lawrence Gordon went East and appeared at the Providence race track. When he engaged quarters for his horse, trainer and outfit, the word was passed around among his friends and there was no limit to what they had to say of his folly.

"Larry Gordon turned sporty is sure queer," said one of the most outspoken, "He'll soon be a separator, there's a mighty slick lot of horsemen around here and they'll separate him from his money hands down."

A bunch of his friends gathered at his quarters as soon as they heard his horse had come. "Glad to see you my hearties," was Captain Gordon's greeting, "The mare is in her cabin there," and he waved his hand at a large box-stall, whose sides were hung with blankets and horse clothing of various kinds. In the middle of the stall up to her knees in rye straw stood a golden chestnut mare with a green and gold blanket fastened under her chin.

"Haul her out," ordered the Captain. Her caretaker opened the door, "Come out Lily," he said. She stepped from the stall onto the floor, he took off her blanket and as perfect a piece of horseflesh as ever stood over four shoes met their astonished gaze. She was a long-bodied chestnut, fine as silk, with a white star in her face and a silver mane and tail. She stood 15.3 and weighed 1060, and was coupled together for speed and endurance, clever and obedient, but with a fire in her eye that showed the high-strung quality of her make-up.

"I tell you boys it'll take some crew to overhaul her," said the Captain.

"She looks fit," replied the one horseman of the party, "But hell, Cap, she'll be in the hottest kind of company and they'll make a pace that may distance her. What race are you going to start her in, and what is her name?"

"Star Lily," and his cheek flushed under its tan, "I am going to start her in the two-twenty class. I have got a good pilot, he won't lower her colors till she tows home a prize."

"So long Cap, we'll see you later," and they were gone.

Captain Gordon smiled as they disappeared. Large physically, he had a big heart, loyal to his friends and generous to his enemies, nothing upset the buoyancy of his disposition.

He turned to his trainer, Denny Cox, and said, "Don't trim her down too close lad. Let her stow away plenty of rations for she has got to fight to a finish. If she is short of tack she'll sail hull down."

"That is all right Captain," answered Denny, "this mare is no quitter, take my word, she's a stayer and she'll trot that track till the cows come home. If we can make a split heat race we'll get next to the box. Lily has told me that she's up to a hard race. If the day is all right she'll make the rest of the company look like thirty cents."

* * * *

The rosy glow of morning was just flushing the East when Captain Gordon appeared at the stable. The day was set for a hot one with no wind.

"It is a Lily day, no trouble about her sweating out well today," said Denny.

The mare was quietly munching her oats. A green and gold ribbon was deftly braided in her foretop.

About one-thirty, P. M., the tall form of Captain Gordon guided a perfectly gowned lady through the gaily dressed crowd to a seat on the grandstand, just opposite the judges' stand. Then seating himself at her side he looked complacently around and waited for the two-twenty race, the ten thousand dollar stake, to be called.

While the lady cast side-long kindly eyes on the man at her side. She knew that while not extremely young, he was good to look upon and the most picturesque figure in that vast throng.

Her quickened heart-beats deepened the rose in her fair cheek. As he suddenly turned full upon her she bent over the score card which she held in her hand. What she saw there added to her embarrassment. It was the words: "Star Lily." "You have"—She began.

"Yes, Miss Starr," interrupted the Captain, "called her after you. A beautiful piece of horseflesh named after the most beautiful of women can not offend you, if it does I'll ship from this port and be out of hail before you can say 'Ahoy there,' I will by—"

"Don't," she said and laid her hand on his sleeve, which he took and fervently pressed. Just then the bell clanged for the horses and the Captain's whole mind centered upon them as they scored down the stretch for the word.

The chestnut mare looked longer in hitch. She shone like burnished copper. She had no toe weights and wore only shin boots. Denny Cox wore his colors green and gold. He was the mystery driver on that track. Where he came from or who he was no one but the Captain knew. He was a dark clean-cut fellow and that he was "next to his job" the other drivers saw at a glance, just as he knew that every man of them would drive against him and his chestnut mare.

When the word was given, six horses whirled away. Dauntless, a bay stallion, sold for favorite; Nettie, a brown mare, was second choice. Star Lily had no takers till just before they got the send-off, a young fellow in blue serge with a rolling gait quietly sauntered up to the pool-box and placed a big roll of money on the chestnut mare. From his seat on the grandstand the Captain watched him through his glass. "Ah," he laughed softly, "My mate is on deck, Lily."

Meanwhile his wise friends said,

"Larry Gordon was plum crazy, why he ain't even backing his mare in the box. He knows she's no good," and the joint bunch concluded he'd lose her entrance fee.

Lily Starr took a stop-watch from her handbag and to the Captain's delight held it on Star Lily to see how fast she was scoring down for the word.

"That was an eighteen gait, Captain," she said and turned the ticker back as the bell clanged. "They'll get the word this time," she added, "they are all pretty much together."

"Go," thundered the Judge, and six horses flashed past the stand. The mare had drawn third place.

"This race is a serious matter to me," whispered the Captain, "It means almost life or death to me. I've made a mighty effort to capture you for a long time, Lily. If I win, I win—"

"Me," said the girl, "but if you lose it, you lose me for I cannot stand ridicule. My friends would make sport of you and laugh me to death. I just couldn't stand it."

The color deepened in her cheeks, the sweet odor of the warm earth floated up to her and she thrilled with a new and delicious sense of life. The Captain's glass never left his eyes. Lily Starr was on her feet, and so they watched and waited.

"Star Lily is coming in third," said the girl and her voice trembled, "I am disappointed in her."

"She hasn't slipped her anchor yet. Wait till she strikes her stride, Lily, she'll sail in on the next heat, she's the speed that can win."

The girl smiled again and watched the rubber sponge out the mare's mouth and lead her away. Unmindful of the smiles at his quaint expressions the Captain said, "It's the next tack we've got to watch my girl."

The next two heats Star Lily won by a half length. When the last heat was called, the music started, the bell clanged and she flew down the stretch, sweet-gaited and even, a snap to her stride with Dautless a good length ahead. On, on, raced the game little mare so fast that a bird circling over her seemed standing still.

Captain Gordon was on his feet, now cheering, and now swearing. "She's overhauling him, he's only a half cable length ahead now, Lily," he said as the two horses swung into the home stretch at a terrific clip. "Now she's bearing down on him," and his clear voice rang out like a bugle, "Luff it to her, Denny." But the nervy driver only leaned forward a little and spoke to the mare. She responded to his voice and shot under the wire a winner by a neck."

The tears were in Lily's eyes. "We win Captain," she said. The crowd gave a wild hurrah, and the Captain kissed her on the spot. "Yes," he said, "we win, and we walk away with the box, my sweetheart."



A Birthday Present

By G. V. Alliston

AS Joyce dusted the carvings of the old piano she was regretting that she had not kept up her music. She looked at her fingers, once so white and lissome, but now thickened and brown and stiff at all the first joints where freedom is so essential to the pianiste, and told herself mournfully that she would never be a player now. Her great consolation came in knowing that the defection was no fault of her own. As head of the family, and mistress of the ranch with a large part of the mortgage still to be paid, those capable hands had other and rougher work than pianoforte practice.

After dusting she closed the windows, for the fragrant air of the California foothills carries dust upon its wings. At sight of an approaching buggy she hurried into the dining-room, smiling rather self-consciously. By the time her nearest neighbor, Winfield Gates, had driven to the door she had spread a dainty-looking lunch without troubling her housekeeper who had a morning's work in the laundry.

Winfield brought in a rush of autumn air as wholesome as himself. He had, among other things, a capacious smile and an easy air of being sure of his welcome and sure of his place in the scheme of things in general.

"You are busy I know, Joyce," he remarked as the two shook hands; "so indeed am I; but I met Will not far from the schoolhouse, and Viva hailed me as she drove into town; so knowing you were alone, I took this opportunity for a quiet talk."

"Will should be in school," Joyce said wonderingly, as the two seated themselves.

"He did go, but the school ma'am required either that he should desist from sketching her august features in

favor of arithmetic or absent himself. Will absented himself. He showed me the fatal sketch. It is good, but not flattering. He has gone fishing, and he asked me to mention that there would be fish for supper."

"He shall take the whole catch to Miss Massey and an apology besides," Joyce replied with much decision.

"What your rather adventurous family would have done without 'sister' these last two years is a problem," Winfield said admiringly.

"We have been too busy for much mischief since we lost dear father," Joyce commented. "Sit down to lunch, Winfield; you had breakfast before daylight I know."

"You have been busy; I don't know about the others. You have taken up more land, fenced your sections, bought stock—done all that your father could have done, as I am sure he would say himself."

"Don't forget that Viva has helped grandly; as for the fencing, it is set too far afield in several places. What shall I do about it?"

"Leave your next neighbor to decide. If he insists, you must have it removed. Inexact boundary lines spell prosperity for the legal profession."

The two talked farming matters while they ate. Since her father's death Joyce had farmed the land herself, and Winfield's advice and business acumen had been her great reliance. Their friends agreed that Winfield and Joyce "belonged." The two were just realizing the fact themselves with all its grandly beautiful possibilities when the barrier rose that threatened to sever their lives.

Winfield, returning from college, handsome and successful, cultured but not priggish, refined, strong-bodied and gentle-mannered—a typical gen-

tleman of the unmatched California uplands—presented his photograph to the Thorntons by request. Joyce, missing the likeness, found Viva weeping over it, admiring it as the gift from the world's treasury the most greatly to be desired. Viva of the corn-yellow hair and mystic brown eyes; the little sister whom Joyce had mothered almost from babyhood, must have her way of course. Self-abnegation was Joyce's watchword, and duty, her icon, was to be placed upon a far higher pedestal than self-justice.

She judged her sister's feelings by her own keen capacities for grieving and loving, but she believed herself the stronger and the better able to bear life's burdens. Viva must carry only the flowers. To Joyce remained the duty of self-effacement. Winfield and Viva must marry.

"No more coffee, Joyce," Winfield protested, as she attempted to refill his cup. "Your food would tempt an epicure. Joyce do you remember the last time we lunched together?"

"Why, perhaps I might if I were to search my recollections for old-time romance," Joyce parried lightly and laughingly. "Forget it, Winfield. 'All is over and done.'"

"I told you then that we two were made for each other, and I tried to tell you how well I loved you, but you have put love aside for duty's sake."

"Love is the Nirvana of life, the very stream of existence," Joyce replied thoughtfully, "but duty is one of its elements, so I am in the stream, although out of the brightest sunshine perhaps. When you talked of love, Winfield, I told you that the two younger ones could not be left to themselves."

"That was a year ago, Joyce. I have persuaded you many times since, but always you have denied me, so, if a man cannot have the best he does well to take the next best. I think Viva would accept me. Life has to be lived—if not happily then the best we can."

Joyce held out her hand, her eyes shining through tears. "Dear," she said with the sweet motherliness so

natural to her, "if your life is as happy as I wish it to be you will lack no good thing. May the blessings of earth and Heaven be yours and Viva's!"

Both rose and looked at each other steadfastly, Joyce with a look of high resolve, Winfield as one who has played the game to the last—and lost. They stood by one of life's milestones from whence their ways must now diverge.

Joyce kept busy that afternoon, feeling that that day was no time for either retrospect or introspect. She moulded the butter, canned some preserves, and did various chores. She was mixing biscuits for supper when Viva drove to the door. As she came litlingly along the garden-path, vivid life and animation in every gesture, the sight of her lovely young face brought to Joyce that wistful sense of The Eternal Harmonies that calms the sensitive soul at the sight of lovely sunsets, at the sound of the wind-swept trees, or at the hearing of grand choruses.

Joyce's deep love invested Viva with all the charms and graces she had, and many that she had not. At the moment she felt no sadness that she had sacrificed the best life had to offer her, but a great exultation and elation of spirit, only Viva must never know, of course.

If Viva had known she would have considered the sacrifice quite in order. Always Viva was accustomed to the best. She accepted her sister's deep devotion with the ease and comfort and gentle ministrations it brought to her, quite naturally, and generally, very pleasantly.

"Hello, Joyce," called Viva. "I've news. I don't know what you'll say to it all."

"Can it wait until my biscuits are finished?" Joyce asked, rolling them out in a hurry. She guessed the news, or part of it; meantime Viva threw off her cap and coat and danced into the parlor where she took a comprehensive view of things in general.

"Did you pay the accounts, Viva?" Joyce asked, as she rolled up her apron, and joined her sister.

"Sure; then I stabled the buggy and walked about the town on my way to bank the surplus cash; and, as I passed Schoonmayer's I saw the sweetest little grand piano in the window. I went in and asked the price. Only four hundred dollars, Joyce. After hearing what the manager said about it and trying it, I bought it. I can pay for it by instalments out of my share of the farm profits. You don't mind, Joyce?"

"But we have a piano already, Viva," said the bewildered Joyce.

"That old tinkler! The sound of it sets my teeth on edge. You have no musical ear or you would have turned it into the barn long ago. I play, and I know."

No musical ear, but it was Joyce who could hear love's overtones in the old piano. To Joyce those tinkling notes sounded the keynote of all, or nearly all that was worth while in her life—love of home and kindred; memories of dear ones passed away; of childhood's sunny days—care free, swift-flying days, when the world appeared a mere storehouse of happiness.

"I don't see how we can house the two," she remonstrated.

"Winfield will take care of the old one. He says he will store it for as long as you wish, if you are willing."

"Oh, very well," Joyce replied rather miserably.

"Winfield is going to store me, too," Viva added demurely. She stood beside the despised piano, playing with her hair-ribbon in her charmingly childish way, looking at Joyce triumphantly from under her long eyelashes. Joyce kissed her lovingly.

"He spoke to me about it this morning," she said. "I hope you will be happy all your life, dearie. You will be good to him, won't you?"

"Why, sure," replied Viva, comfortably serene; then she recounted the intimate details of the momentous interview and Joyce could not avoid the deduction that Viva had conducted very much the most of the love-making.

"We are to be married as soon as Win's new house is ready," Viva concluded. "I'm glad I bought that new piano anyway. From what he said I don't think he'll be able to get one first going off."

At supper time the sole masculine member of the house, Master William Thornton, was apprised of his sister's engagement. By reason of Joyce's non-appreciation of his conduct, and of his big catch of fish, William that evening was taking morose views.

"I'm sorry for you, Viva," he said, between large mouthfuls of bacon and biscuit. "You'll have to mind your p's and q's with Winfield. He won't stand for the tongue-raggings and callings down you sling out to Joyce and me, when you feel like going ahead. You'll have to keep on your party manners all the time, and you can't do it; that's the reason I'm feeling sorry for you."

"Won't you try to say something worth hearing, Will?" asked Joyce.

"I am, sister," Will replied. "Viva don't deserve the caution, but she'll need it. Win'll expect her to twist up that tow-rope she trails about the back of her head all day, 'sif she'd just got out of bed. You girls don't know Win. He comes here in his glad rags, and just sits up smiling like a tame Newfoundland, but I've seen him break in a horse, and do up a yeggman to rights. I know a great deal more about Win than you do."

"I've never seen a Newfoundland dog I suppose you mean—smile," Viva observed, buttering her biscuit calmly.

"And which is Viva supposed to be—a horse or a yeggman," Joyce asked gravely. The love lost between Viva and Will not seldom caused rather lurid storms in the domestic atmosphere. Joyce tried to be strictly impartial in their disputes, but unconsciously always favored Viva.

"A little of both," Will replied with conviction. "You needn't look so shocked, Joyce. Viva comes the angelic over you with her grown-up baby ways. You couldn't say the straight

word to her to save your life, but I feel like it's my duty."

* * * *

Harvest had given place to seed-time; the mountain snowcaps were tumbling, and changing into sparkling runnels; the mild breath of spring was perfumed by the beautiful wild cyclamen and other flowery fragrance of the mountain uplands. On a certain merry Saturday afternoon Viva with a party of friends made a tour of inspection of Winfield Gates' new house, now finished, furnished, and ready for occupation.

Viva was in her element, her element being the gratification of her girlish ambition, and her triumph in being about to marry the most eligible man in the county. The wedding day was three weeks' distant. The sewing-machine was heard early and late in the Thornton house.

Sunday was Joyce's birthday. By way of concession to the occasion she donned her party dress of blue cashmere, and allowed herself the luxury of sitting by her log fire in the evening. She had been allowing herself to dream also, as she gazed into the heart of the blazing logs. Perhaps she was thinking of what might have been.

"What wheels are those?" she asked, rousing herself to listen, but she knew.

"That's Winfield's buggy," her brother replied. "I know that high-stepping mare of his." Will hurried out of the room to the front door. Joyce arose to escape, but sat down again. During the whole of her sister's engagement Winfield and Joyce had avoided each other guiltily. When Winfield visited the house Joyce was in the kitchen, or upstairs, or gone to choir practice—anywhere out of the way. As he entered the room now their eyes met for the first time in months.

Just one intense look, and the barrier was down. Soul met soul with the message of a love that had only strengthened and deepened by repres-

sion—of a love that would last their lives. With a rush of absolute surrender Winfield drew her to him, and held her fast.

"I can't go on with it," he said tensely. "Why did I ever engage myself? I thought to be near you, but I had better have put the ocean between us. Joyce, this daily crucifixion must end. I can never marry anyone but you. If you will not agree, I shall leave for Europe. Viva is far too materialistic to love. I'll deed everything I have to her—except myself. I belong to you, Joyce, and you know it."

Joyce drew away. For Viva's sake she held to her firmness.

"Be strong," she cautioned. "I suppose, indeed I know now, Winfield, that what you say is true," she added, almost breaking down, "but we must carry it on now; we must, I tell you! I will not have Viva suffer. It would break her heart to find that I had been disloyal to her. Winfield it is all too late now, believe me."

Just then Will came into the room. The boy thought them strangely silent, but he knew they did not say much to each other at any time.

"We've all forgotten that it's Joyce's birthday," Will, announced. "Many happy returns, sister!"

"I did not forget," Winfield amended. He had sat down opposite Joyce upon the other side of the hearth from whence he could watch the play of the firelight upon her gentle face. "One other did not forget either," he added. "I have to call you two to witness that truth is stranger than fiction, and please hold fast to that proven old saying all the time I tell my tale. Joyce, I began to look over your old piano this afternoon. I took away the front panel and straightway a packet tumbled out addressed to—

He read from the inscription upon a sealed package about nine inches square and one inch in thickness which he took from the pocket of his great coat:

"My Niece, Miss Joyce Lillian Thornton, Care of her father, Mr. William, Graham Thornton.

To be delivered to my niece upon her twenty-first birthday."

"That must be from Aunt Ellen, my father's sister," Joyce said wonderingly. "She lived with us when we were children. The house was smaller then, so she had to share her sleeping room with Viva and myself. She used to find hiding-places for her belongings anywhere in the house out of the way of her nieces' meddlesome fingers. Poor Auntie died quite suddenly. That is her portrait between father's and mother's."

Joyce indicated a picture in oils of a precise looking youngish woman, dark-haired, and grey-eyed, her prim pose expressing that indefinable welding to conventionality that is fitly associated to the term, "maiden lady."

"She has left you some keepsakes I shouldn't wonder," Winfield remarked, handing her the packet. "I am glad I pottered around the piano this afternoon."

"This is about the size of her trinket-box anyway," Joyce replied, looking at it expectantly. "I remember that box as long as I remember anything."

She broke the seals, and cut the wrapper in her usual methodical fashion, and nodded affectionately at the quaintly enameled trinket-case revealed.

"See, she said, "it is sealed with her own blue sealing-wax, and her own old seal—a lion's head. Now, you two are the witnesses: First; I remove the lid. Now for the contents—a sealed letter addressed to me; next a parchment that looks like—why, yes, it is—a will. It is endorsed. 'My Last Will and Testament, entrusted to the care of my niece, Joyce Lillian Thornton, who is appointed therein to be my sole executrix.' I never knew Aunt had anything to leave. Lastly a packet of papers that look like land-deeds. Now for the letter."

Joyce opened it and read, while the others with quickened interest leaned forward expectantly.

"'My dear Joyce—

"At the time I write you are a little

girl, sewing patiently at your long needlework seam. When you read what I shall have written, you will be a woman, and because I know what like of woman you will be, I bequeath to you all I have, except for one condition, which concerns your sister. If you judge the condition a severe one, you must remember that all of us have our resentments to be aroused, our feelings to be wounded.

"Take with the little store I bequeath to you, dear child, an old maid's blessing, and may it help to secure for you a happy future.

"Cordially and affectionately,

"Ellen Ray Thornton."

"The letter is in Auntie's style entirely," Joyce commented; "abrupt, but kind. Father used to say she had the head of a man and the heart of a woman." She took the deeds, and opened them curiously; and soon passed them over to Winfield, remarking that he understood the landmarks better than she. Winfield read the deeds, and examined the plans carefully, his face paling as he did so.

"Miss Thornton purchased four land-sections," he said slowly. "The property extends from Hayes' Corner to the Walton Road in the one direction, and from the water-front to the School Reserve on the other—practically the whole township. Joyce, my old friend, let me be the first to congratulate you upon being by far the richest woman in the county."

Joyce shook hands rather dazedly, hushing Will's ecstacies with the other hand. At the moment her startled mentality could consider trifles only: Viva could have all those yards of lace she wanted anyway, but it should be real lace, and beautifully wide! She could have some herself, too! She was visioning that lovely lace as she gazed at the lamp with widely-opened, happy eyes, when Viva, herself, came in, life and animation in every movement.

They had all been too pre-occupied to hear her buggy drive to the door. As Joyce met her with an affectionate

embrace, an old simile crossed Winfield's mind: Viva was the cataract, glittering and sparkling in the sunlight, Joyce, the calm, lacustrine stream, moving gently among orchids and Easter lilies.

"I knew you would be anxious, Joyce," Viva remarked, hugging her sister with her usual air of indulgent patronage. "Win, when I leave home, I shall have to run back and report every day or two, or Joyce will be fretting. Why, you look, you all look, as if you had just woken up after a hundred years or so, and not know what to make of the world! For the land's sake what's the trouble?"

Winfield had stepped forward to help her out of her furs, and she had noticed how pale and strange he looked. When they told her she seemed more like the cataract than ever.

"A fortune? The whole town on those bits of paper? Oh, Joyce, I shall scream! Why, we can go to Europe, and see Paris, and London, and all the other old slums I've read about! We must leave the farm at once. What does the will say, Joyce? Is this it? You are an executrix. What is an executrix? It sounds like some difficult animal with a crooked tail."

She opened the will sans ceremonie, and was soon deep in the contents. As she read, her face was a study: Anger, wonder, mortification, disappointment loomed up like mental thunderclouds, while the others watched her changing expressions uneasily. She read it twice, heedless of their questioning, then threw it away impetuously. If her brother had not caught it deftly, it would have reached the fire.

"A good thing I've practiced a back-handed catch," he remarked, handing the paper to Joyce. "Your old pleasant trick, Viva: The fire for everything that doesn't please you."

"But what a mean, spiteful woman Aunt Ellen was," Viva stormed with angry tears; "now, wasn't she?"

"We don't know. We haven't even read it yet," Joyce replied wonder-

ingly. "Viva, dear, what is the matter?"

"I take a third share of this fortune only on condition that I remain single," Viva explained bitterly. "Mark this: I'm only to take the interest anyway till I'm sixty. If I marry, my share is to go to Saint Catherine's Hospital. There's spite! Win, how much do you think my share would be—a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Much more I should say."

"It's all to be given up if I marry."

"Don't mind it, Viva," Joyce comforted. "We shall have quite enough without it. Let your share go, and we will divide the remainder equally, without any conditions at all."

"But I can't let my rightful property go waste on a hospital. You are very kind, Joyce, but a gift is very different from an inheritance. You might die, or change your mind. No; I mean to have what's mine."

"What could Aunt have meant?" Joyce asked in a worried voice.

"Meant? Why, she meant spite of course. She never liked me. It's disgraceful. Joyce is favored throughout, like she always was! If we had both been married when this will was opened, Joyce would have had all; if we both remain single until the age of thirty, Joyce takes all. Aunt must have been mad. No judge or jury would pass the thing as it stands. They would give a verdict of unsound mind, and divide the property equally, if I know anything about law."

The spirit of seemly gladness had given place to the wave of bitterness that ever follows in the wake of money bequests. Winfield, deeply angry at Viva's heartlessness, stood leaning against the mantel, making no sign. The boy at Joyce's feet, his mouth half open, was assimilating the noxious poison of evil suggestion. Presently his mouth closed with a snap, and, taking the paper from Joyce's hand, he conned its contents busily.

Viva stood downcast and lowering, her keen mind projecting itself into the future. She saw, not the benefits

of the fortune with its large opportunities of usefulness, but the obverse side of the picture; she saw herself courted and flattered, but never wooed and won; set apart forever from wifehood and motherhood, life incomplete, and love unsatisfied, for she would hold the money at whatever cost. What was hers was hers. She would get the better of that spiteful woman or know why!

The boy, Will, scrambled to his feet suddenly with the important air of one who held a strong part in the matter. Small as he was, he was to show himself for what he was; a born fighter, and an enthusiastic partisan.

"If you're going to law, Viva," he announced, "I'm on Joyce's side, and don't you forget it. I know all about the whole thing, Miss Viva."

"What do you know, you silly midget?" Viva retorted witheringly. "Aunt died before you were born."

"But I heard mother telling Mrs. Soames what a bad girl you were to Aunt as late as three years ago," Will replied. "Mrs. Soames was telling mother what a tomboy the Soames' girl was, and so she is; and mother laughed, and said that if Jessie was as bad as Viva, they were a well matched pair, and that it was fortunate they lived in the country, and had plenty of space for their doings. Mother went on to say that when Viva was a kid, she made up an awful rude rhyme about Aunt Ellen, and chanted it all over the place—upstairs and down, indoors and out, Sundays and week days, nothing could stop her, she just got the habit, and all the spanking she got couldn't break her of it, but I bet I'd have spanked it out of her."

"No doubt," Winfield agreed. "You don't happen to have the rude rhyme about you, Will?"

"I do too," he triumphed. "One day, when Viva felt good and amiable, she wrote it out for me, herself."

He dashed into the hall, and returned with his school satchel. From the pages of his Universal History he extracted a folded paper that had been pinned in carefully.

"Dear me, I hope you are as careful with Miss Massey's notes of your lessons," Viva sneered. She made a dash for the paper, but Will eluded her and took up an impregnable position between the great arm-chair, and the grandfather clock. Viva sat down at the table with a bad semblance of indifference, while her brother began to read in a sonorous singsong.

"Is it a very long poem, Will?" Joyce interrupted gravely.

"Two verses, and the last is the worst," Will replied, avoiding her eyes:

"There was an old maid,
To Old Nicky she prayed,
She prayed to Old Nick for a sweet-
heart."

"You might kindly spare us the remainder; it does not sound select enough for the present audience," Winfield decided; "nevertheless it should be placed away in safe keeping with the other documents."

"Why, what are you thinking of, Winfield?" Joyce asked indignantly. "Where would be the sense of keeping a memento of Viva's childish fault?"

"Great issues often hinge upon trifles," Winfield explained. "A will that has been in hiding for many years involves probable contestants. If the will be disputed on the ground of eccentricity, the production of that nauseous bit of doggerel might make all the difference between a verdict of unsound mind and a judgment in favor of what I imagine a court of law would term natural human resentment. The paper should be placed on record, no matter how we may all feel about the matter."

"You and Will are both declaring yourselves on the side of the probable winner," Viva commented contemptuously.

Winfield flushed indignantly.

"We can scarcely help doing so," he replied. "It does not seem to occur to you, Viva, that your return for your sister's beautiful kindness has been mere withering slight. You owe

her a very humble and sincere apology."

"Now, don't you interfere between sisters, Winfield Gates," scolded spoiled Viva. "Joyce and I understand each other perfectly. I always speak my mind right out, and she knows it well."

"No matter who is wounded or slandered I conclude," Winfield returned.

The glove had been thrown, the challenge accepted, but the peacemaker was there to prevail. Joyce had been sitting pale and grief-stricken. Weeks of too much sewing-machine had left her nerves unstrung, and the conviction that Viva was angry with her had brought its usual sense of jangled misery. Viva's anger had ever been Joyce's calamity. She shook her head at Winfield warningly.

"We are all overwrought tonight," she said. "No wonder you are upset, Viva, dear, for, as you say, the will is a most unjust one."

Viva was conquered. She knelt by her sister's chair, and threw her arms around her repentantly.

"I am a wicked girl," she confessed, "and you know it, don't you, Joyce? and yet you love me all the time."

"Hush, dearie," Joyce comforted. "What I do know is that Viva always sees things better at the second look than the first."

Viva stood up, and eyed Winfield shamefacedly.

"I suppose you have guessed that our engagement must end, Winfield," she said.

"I infer that, Viva."

"And you see that I could not do other, could I?"

"No, you could not do other. This is good-bye to our past relations, little Viva. I leave you quite free."

"Thank you, Winfield. It's too bad of course, but there's Jessie Soames, I believe, who would be gl—"

"Hush, Viva. Do you people know it is nearly morning? I must go now. No, Will, I'll hitch up the buggy, myself. You needn't go out."

Joyce's birthday party shook hands

all round. Will disappeared in the direction of bed; Viva went upstairs to figure out how much income a hundred thousand dollars, or more, would bring at three per cent; at four per cent; at seven per cent? It proved all very interesting. A single woman with a big income was not to be pitied after all.

Joyce hastened into the kitchen. By the time Winfield had brought the buggy to the door, Joyce had cut sandwiches, and made chocolate.

"You must not stay to eat them with Tricksey waiting in the cold," she advised, "but you can drink the chocolate."

Winfield pocketed the sandwiches absently with a word of thanks. As he struggled into his overcoat, the strained paleness of his face warned Joyce that that moment might prove the parting of their ways. Her next words were spoken with a vehemence quite foreign to her usual quiet serenity.

"Winfield," she asked, "is this wretched money to make any difference between you and me?"

Winfield looked at her then, and saw in her eyes the love that was to be the beacon-light of their lives. He took her busy, work-worn little hands, and held them.

"If the Rockies were melted into money they could make no difference between you and me," he replied fervently. "You and I must have belonged to each other since the world began."

And in the silence that followed they seemed to be finding anew that old-time world that lovers discover for themselves; wherein only those are welcome who hold the Magic Key—that world that some can never find, and others can never know—the World of Things as They Should Be.

"Joyce," Winfield reminded her at parting, "you will be seeing, or at least hearing, from your trustees in a few days. Do not depreciate your fortune, little lady. You will be a rich woman, Joyce."

"I can never be richer than I am at this moment," Joyce decided.

Battles Among the Animals

The Squirrel Investigates the Mud Turtle; A Chipmunk Fights A Snapping Turtle and a Bullfrog; A Big Pickerel Attacks A Mink.

By F. H. Sydney

In this sketch of the woodfolk and their ways, Mr. Sidney shows how keen they are to scent out their enemies, and how valiantly they attack them. These stories deal with the duels between squirrels, frogs, turtles and fish.—Editor.

A SMALL mud turtle crawled out of the lake in the Boston Public Garden, and started on a journey across the green. Just about that time a grey squirrel came skipping across the grass and spied the turtle. The turtle stopped, and drew in its head. The squirrel circled slowly around the turtle, then crept closer and turned the turtle over with his paws, thinking, perhaps, it might be some new kind of nut. Fortunately for him this turtle was not a snapper. The squirrel soon tired of playing with the turtle, and he scampered away.

One fine summer's morning as I walked along the shore of Crystal Lake at Wakefield, Massachusetts, I noticed a ripple in the water, and thinking it was a big pickerel, I stopped to watch. Very soon a good sized snapping turtle hove in sight. Sitting down quietly behind a bush I waited for Mrs. Turtle thinking, perhaps, she was coming ashore to lay her eggs, and when she had finished I would rob the nest of part of the eggs, and enjoy a turtle egg omelet for breakfast. She scooped a nest in the sand way above the highwater mark, and laid her eggs, buried them, then headed for the water. Just about that time a tiny chipmunk rushed out of the grass and began digging up the turtle eggs. The snapper turned on the chipmunk, and the striped little devil

showed fight. He circled the snapper, and bit into her hind legs. The battle was fierce and short, for the snapper's jaws finally closed on the chipmunk's foreleg. She dragged that squealing, struggling little demon into the water and submerged.

One of the wickedest fights I ever witnessed was between a huge bullfrog and a chipmunk on the shores of Lake Quannapowitt in Wakefield, Massachusetts. The frog sat on the shore apparently sunning himself, when the chipmunk rushed out of the grass, bit through the frog's hind legs rendering them useless, then proceeded to gouge its eyes out. Although the frog fought back its efforts were useless. By the time I could interfere the chipmunk had the frog over on its back dead. The chipmunk even showed fight when I kicked him away to pick up the frog.

Mr. Warner M. Van Norden, of the Lotos Tea Concern, South Street, New York, reports a similar fight between a chipmunk and a frog, which he witnessed at Lake Mohonk, New York, in which the frog was killed. He says that the chipmunk jumped in the air to reach the frog while Mr. Van Norden held it in his hand. This account was published in the October, 1918, Guide to Nature, published at Arcadia, Connecticut, Mr. Van Norden furnishing witnesses to the effect that the account was true, as many residents of the summer colony at Lake Mohonk witnessed the fight.

One day as I sat on the shady bank of a Greater Boston Lake watching the antics of a school of perch, I threw earthworms in among them. I noticed a mink out in the middle of the lake

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swimming ashore with a fish in its mouth.

As the wind was in the opposite direction, and he hadn't scented me, I crept back into the bushes and watched. He headed for a spot where he would land quite close to where I was hiding.

The water was clear and I could see the bottom quite a distance from the shore. Just as the mink reached a section of the lake where there was a clear sandy bottom, I noticed that a huge pickerel was swimming along behind the mink. "That's strange," I said to myself. "Why is that pickerel taking such a chance?"

I thought perhaps the mink had captured one of the pickerel's children, and as the mother love is strong in all animal life, perhaps, she was following the mink in hopes of getting her baby away from him.

"What a beautiful story this experience will make," I thought. "A distracted mother pickerel follows a mink across the lake in hopes he will drop her baby that he has captured."

Just about that time the mink reached

the bank, and as he placed his forepaws onto the ground, the big pickerel rushed and struck, and the water churned into a seething mass of bloodstained foam.

The mink dropped the pickerel, and crawled ashore apparently crippled, and as he slunk into the underbrush the pickerel seized and gobbled the fish the mink had dropped and then he swam out into deep water.

He was the biggest pickerel I have ever seen, and had been in this lake for ten years to my knowledge. I had trolled and cast for him many a day, but my efforts were fruitless, he simply refused to bite. He didn't have to. All he needed to do was to follow some mink ashore and take the mink's prey away and eat it himself. I actually believe that pickerel would tackle a snapping turtle, and get away with the turtle.

I have read where big pickerel have swum along behind minks who were hunting fish in the lakes and actually bit the mink's tail off, and drove them out of the lake. The pickerel can readily be called a fresh water shark.

In the Realm of Bookland

By Blanche Essex Heywood

"The Battleship Boys on Sky Patrol."

Nothing so fires the spirit of adventure in boys as stories of soldier and sailor life. From the time the boy plays with wooden soldiers, setting them up and knocking them down in combat, till the first gun that has the smell of real powder is slung over his shoulder, the soldier has been the boy's hero. But to this hero of land and sea has been added another, and by far a more fascinating figure, the soldier of the air. He is the outgrowth of the late war. The Ace, the bird-man—Ah those are magic words to the heart of a boy. Frank Gee

Patchin's War Series deals with boy-heroes of this type. Those who followed the fortunes of Dan Davis and his friend Sam Hickey, the battle-ship boys, in serving Uncle Sam in the Navy will read with zest their continued adventures in "The Battleship Boys On Sky Patrol."

They will grow to like these resolute boys more and more. "A boy is not worth anything if he is not efficient," wrote Roosevelt. Lieutenant Commander Dan Davis and Lieutenant Sam Hickey were certainly efficient, hardy, brave and capable, the perils undergone by them in the dis-

charge of their duty will thrill the boy reader.

"The Battleship Boys On Sky Patrol." — Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. Cloth, ornamental; 12 mo., 50c.

"The Only Possible Peace."

Peace literature is flying broadcast just now. It meets us from the pages of the magazines and comes to us in volumes from the bookmakers. All sorts of Peace ideas are blooming forth. Some of them are more or less clever. Some are plain, lucid statements of the existing European conditions and a plea for their betterment. Among the latter is "The Only Possible Peace," by Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York. Dr. Howe treats the war from the economic viewpoint. He makes the claim that industrial conditions in Germany rather than the junker classes caused the conflict. He shows that the Europe of yesterday is not the Europe of today, how Great Britain, France and Germany, have become international through their colonies, their commerce and their vast financial operations. Their wealth is scattered all over the world. "But the heart of the war was the Mediterranean," says Dr. Howe, "This was the background of German penetration into Turkey and Asia and the desire for control of a highway from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf. Great Britain controlled the seas. Germany planned to control transportation by land. The Bagdad Railway was an agency of empire-building." It was to become the avenue of German commerce. Dr. Howe shows that expansion toward the East was the main motive of Germany's war making. It was the Kaiser's dream of World Empire. The Bagdad Railway was to be a through system from Hamburg to Bagdad. It passed through Serbia, which must be under German control. Turkey and Bulgaria, were under German influence. But little Serbia blocked the corridor to the Mediterranean and the Orient.

The blocking of the Bagdad Railway by the Serbs and with it the project of pan-German World Conquest was probably the real cause of the ultimatum of 1914.

With the defeat of the Central Powers the world again has unbroken communication with itself. Dr. Howe makes his plea for the freedom of States and a peace that shall forever put to an end war.

"The Only Possible Peace." — Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Cloth, 12 mo. 263 pp.; \$1.50.

"The Web."

Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.

Nothing could be more applicable to this spy story, by Frederic Arnold Kummer, than those old lines of Scott's. The story is not the feverish work of spasmodic thought. It is the outcome of careful analysis of world events and secret international complications of the late war.

The great tangle begins in London where the hero, an American newspaper correspondent, makes his initial bow. From then on he was never out of the game. The characters of this baffling drama of intrigue, romance and real happenings come rapidly forward. They are colorful, well drawn and very human. And the heroine, the adorable heroine, but wait, you have to find out about her for yourself. The reviewer has reservations. She likes to leave that reservation rankling in your mind. It will stimulate you to read between the covers, for there is where the author has put his people, and learn the end, which you could never, never guess. It is so artfully concealed.

"The Web" — The Century Co., New York. Cloth; ornamental; 12 mo., 280 pp., \$1.50.

"The Wine of Astonishment."

This is a novel of today by Mary Hastings Bradley. It is fashioned out of the fabric of Chicago life. It draws the contrast very sharply be-



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tween the fashionable habitues of the North Side and the plainer dwellers of the South. It opens with Jim Clark, a lad of the South Side, going out to see life. His disgust with the cheap vileness of the dance hall and his escape from it was the saving grace of that episode. To use his own expression from that time on he "cut out girls." Later when he was a student in Amherst he fell in love with a girl in Smith's College, Evelyn Day by name. She was a beauty from the North Side of Chicago. From thence on the author works out a clever little picture of the modern fashionable mother, who has her daughter ticketed for a lot of money and looks upon marriage as an investment. A sort of business career as it were. The story of Evelyn Day and the rich man she meets is a passionate play on the divine command "Be ye not unequally yoked together."

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"The Wine of Astonishment."—D. Appleton & Company, New York and London. Cloth; ornamental; 12 Mo., 312 pp. \$1.50.

"The Winged Spirit."

Marie Tudor has written a pretty volume of song which she calls "The Winged Spirit." There is a depth of thought in her work which goes below the surface of things. Her love of nature and its environs give a pleasing atmosphere to the poems. "Proud Horseman," and "Life is Calling," are fair samples of the verse.

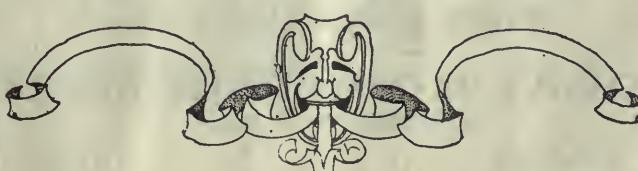
PROUD HORSEMAN

Proud Horseman,
Can you not stop then,
You who are riding to the sun?
Must you hurry past us
Ere we go with you
Ere our work is done?
What will avail you then,
Proud Rider to the sun,
To leave all pain behind you,
To leave no service done?
What avail your riding,
If you reach your goal alone?
If you ride by with blinded eyes,
Helping never a one,
What avail your riding,
Proud Horseman to the sun?

LIFE IS CALLING

You stand at the open door
Guarding your heart,
While Life is calling,
Calling.
In the secret chamber
Of your heart,
Are countless winged thoughts
That would go free
To seek the sunlight,
And the open sea,
Where Life is calling,
Calling,
Yet how may these
Serve Life or you,
Who stand there
At the open door,
Who will not turn
To face the sun and sea,
Where Life is calling,
Calling,
Who do not know
That Life is just behind you
Calling,
Calling you to me.

"The Winged Spirit."—G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. Paper; 12 mo., \$1.50.



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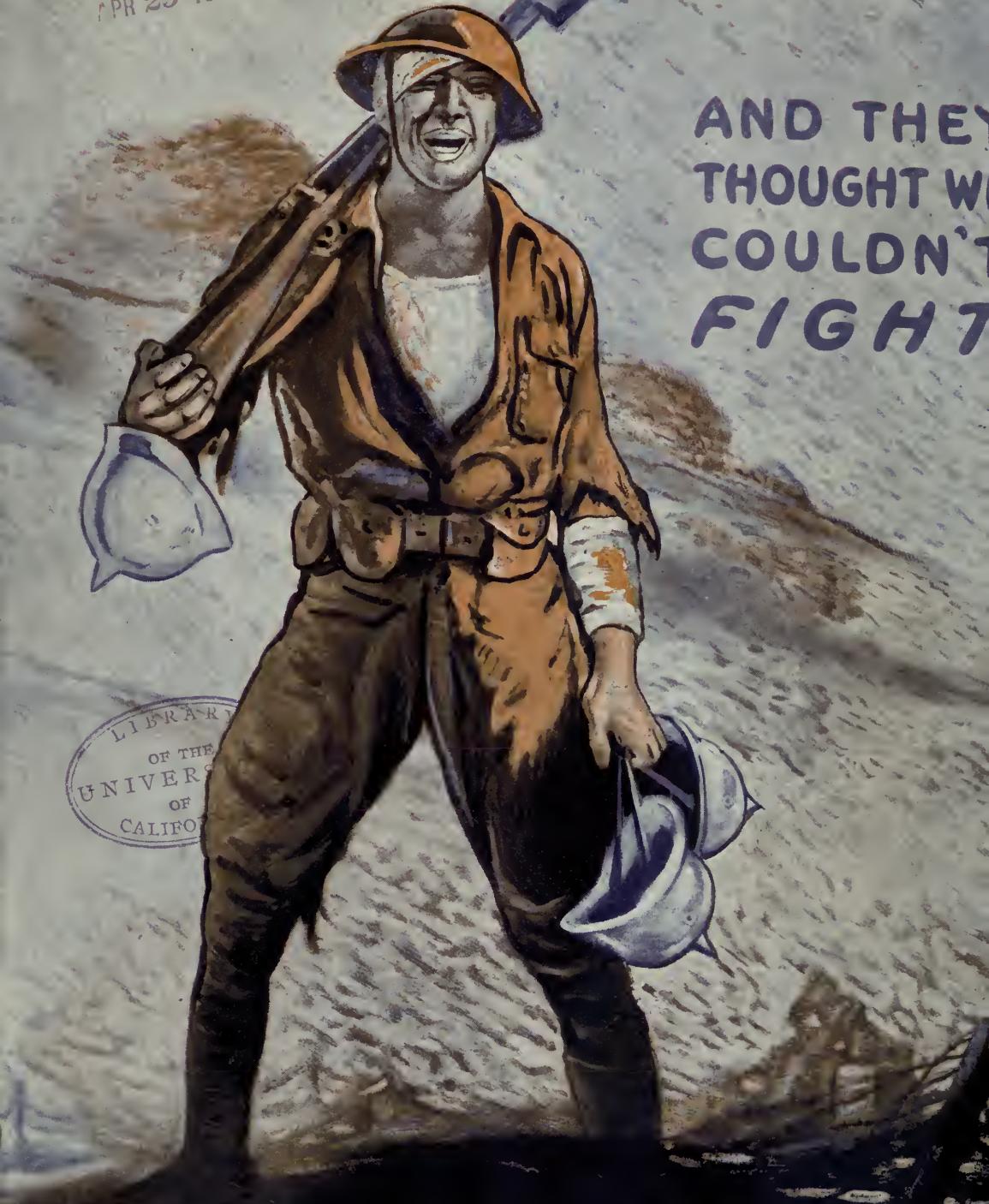
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Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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Issued Monthly. \$1.20 per year in advance. Ten cents per copy. Back numbers 3 months or over 25c; six months or over 50c; nine months or over 75c; 1 year or over \$1.00. Postage: To Canada, 3 cts.; Foreign, 5 cts.

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Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Post-office as second-class matter.

Published by the OVERLAND MONTHLY COMPANY, San Francisco, California.

259 MINNA STREET.



The Finishing Touch





Waiting





Sweetheart





Senorita



OVERLAND

MONTHLY

Founded 1868



BRET HARTE

VOL. LXXIII

San Francisco, May, 1919

No. 5

Types of American Beauties

Drawn by Harrison Crockett Henrich

By Blanche Essex Heywood

HARRISON CROCKETT HENRICH, the noted artist of Chicago, New York and Paris, whose illustrations accompany this sketch, is a disciple of Sepia Art. Every touch Henrich lays on canvas is unerringly drawn, every thought he conceives is beautiful. The result is that he gives us some of the most delicate types of American beauty that have yet been produced, save perhaps those of Otto Schneider.

There is an individuality about Henrich's work that is most appealing, it is so human. He knows how to place his forms correctly and he uses light and shade tenderly.

The art-gift is an inherent quality awaiting the time for expression and development. We have come to accept the phsychological teaching that the quality of a man's work determines the man. He may elude and escape us in every other way, but in his work never, there we have him to the innermost. All that he sees and likes, all that he can conceive, his thoughts, his imagination, his love of beauty, his subtlety of emotion, his clumsiness, or his cleverness—everything is there. If

the house he builds is a house of cards you know it. But if it be hewn out of stone and enduringly put together, you know that the builder was a master of his craft.

Thus it is with Henrich's art; he puts his heart, his thought and his delightful personality into his work. Ruskin tells us that "Greek Art and all other art is fine when it makes a man's face as like a man's face as it can." This is a distinctive quality in Henrich's drawings of women. He believes that all human faces should be made as like human faces as it is possible to make them. He has a tremendous energy for work and he follows out his ideals with infinite patience. His hand is strong and firm and he keeps it under absolute control so that at all times it can move with serenity and ease.

He is at present living in Los Angeles where he has a beautiful home and a charming wife. He finds much inspiration and many varying types of beauty among the women of the Pacific Coast and the Northwest, and he has done many portraits of society maids and matrons.



"The Cathedral in the Desert," The New Art Museum, Santa Fe, New Mexico.



One of the Old Franciscan Missions of New Mexico.

The Mission-Pueblo Architecture of New Mexico

By George Wharton James

Author of "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," "Arizona, the Wonderland," "Indian Basketry," "Indian Blankets and Their Makers," etc., etc.

In this article George Wharton James, the eminent authority on all things Indian, proves conclusively that in the Pueblo Missions, New Mexico has a type of architecture all her own. Quaint and dignified it is wholly in keeping with the country that gave rise to it.—Editor.

FOR many years we Californians have been in the habit of assuming that the only architectural indigenous to the United States is that of the old Franciscan Missions of California. We recognized its parentage in the Moorish, but asserted that it had developed characteristics that rendered it a "style" unto itself, entitled to its own name and to universal recognition. And it is astounding, while making this assertion, especially when we remember that it was based on the existence of the Mission structures of California, that we failed

to realize that New Mexico also had Missions, and that their style of architecture was as distinctive as our own, and at the same time was materially modified by the Indian Pueblo terraced style of architecture, which, doubtless was one of the earliest styles known to the more cultured stages of primitive man.

This New Mexico style recently has received tremendous recognition. For several years past there have been sporadic attempts at the modernization and present-day utilization of the Pueblo style. Houses, schools, stores, hospitals and the like have been built in New Mexico and even on the Pacific Coast, at San Francisco and La Jolla, near San Diego, but no definite public impression on a large scale was made until the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, when the New Mexico building was found to be largely a replica of the old Franciscan Mission

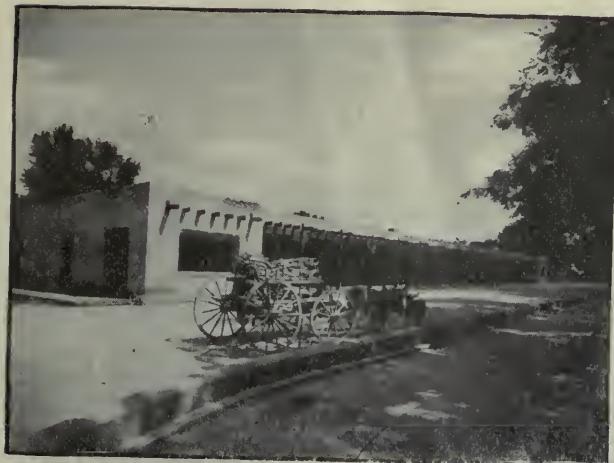


One of the Towers, From the Patio, New Art Museum, Santa Fe,
New Mexico.

built on the cliffs at the Sky-City of Acoma. Charles F. Lummis in his numerous writings had sung the praises of Acoma and its peerless location, and had rather stunned people by his assertions in regard to the stupendous character of the Acoma Mission building. His stories gained great applause and won him considerable fame and were read with avidity, hence thousands who had never seen the original were delighted at the opportunity afforded to see its copy at San Diego.

But larger things were in store for New Mexican architecture. Artists, scholars, scientists, students, travelers, archaeologists and ethnologists, by the score, the hundred, have been attracted to this new-old land, by its cliff and cave-dwellings, its antiquities, its history, its Indians, its scenic attractions and its quaint mixture of civilizations, and slowly but surely there is a cultural renaissance dawning for

the State. The excavations of the cliff and other ancient dwellings made under the direction of such eminent scholars as Doctors J. Walter Fewkes and Edgar L. Hewitt, and the interest aroused therein throughout the whole world of science, has led to a new and complete recognition of American archaeology. A school is in full blast training students from all quarters in this newly-recognized branch of science, and literature already bears the impress of the effective character of the work that is being done. Then the artists were aroused. Sharp, Phillips, Blumenstein, Sauerwin and others found a fertile field in the Indian village of Taos, and its Mexican namesake counterpart. They sent their pictures out into the world and they won instant recognition. Then others flocked to see and feel what they so graphically had portrayed, and in due time the Taos Society of Artists was formed which now embraces some



The Old Palace of the Governors, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

of the most honored names in American art. Santa Fe called at the same time and a Santa Fe school is now generally recognized, in which there are a score or more of names known to the art world as those of earnest, conscientious, thorough and sincere artists, whose powers and fames are spreading.

The School of Archaeology secured State aid for the wonderful Museum of Antiquities it was unearthing, and then they and the artists made common cause and began an agitation for the erection of a New Mexican building that should house not only these treasures, but the artistic triumphs of those men whose lives were now devoted to setting forth the scenic grandeur, majesties, fascinations and allurements of the State. In the Honorable Frank Springer they found a friend and patron, a superior and modern *Maeccenas*, whose love and knowledge of the country equalled and perhaps surpassed their own, and whose purse enabled him to gratify the universal desire. A noble building was planned to

bear a general resemblance to the *Alcomá* building, but to enshrine also several of the distinctive features of the natural architecture of the country and its various manifestations. Of this architecture Carlos Vierra illuminatingly writes:

"Not many of us who have ever been interested in what we call American architecture realize that we have, within the limits of the United States, a type which had its origin in the pre-historic life of the section in which it exists today, and which was an established and sound development long before America was 'discovered.' Only a few architects of this section realized that we have a native architecture as sound and as adequate in its development as any of the complications of foreign architecture in which they have been absorbed. Here is an architecture that has survived, through its usefulness in the land of its origin, and still predominates in localities. In most of the growing communities of the Southwest the tendency is to build in the mixtures of foreign ar-



In the Patio, New Art Museum, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

chitecture characteristic of American towns, and the possibilities and advantages of the original type have been ignored. In the more remote villages its character is being destroyed through ill-considered attempts at improvement, though judicious improvement need not impair it in the least. In its primitive state it is in some ways inadequate, but it is capable of such development as to suit every modern purpose. Only within very recent years has it been considered and given the study which it merits. We find the 'community type' of structure represented as well as the 'domestic' and the 'ecclesiastic.' It can hardly be said to be adaptable as a national archi-

roofs. The solid mural faces are there, the thick walls, but there is a rude simplicity that, at first, almost shocks and displeases the observer. In time, however, and after a study of native conditions, he finds a reason for this simplicity, and, by and by, a harmonious adaptability to its surrounding that is very pleasing. It grew out of a use of the materials at hand for building, one-third timbers and adobe. Here was no material foundation for a super-ornamented style of architecture. Perforce it must be simple. And as the Franciscan architects used Indian builders the new structures necessarily took upon themselves some of the characteristics of



Women's Reception Room, New Art Museum, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

ture, but as a sectional development there is nothing more interesting in its possibilities. It is as appropriate in the land of its origin as everything foreign is inappropriate by contrast. It is strikingly different in appearance from the generally accepted mixtures of our time, and this most interesting and important feature should be carefully preserved as a distinct and vital quality."

This New Mexico style must not be confused in any way with the California Mission style. There are but few points in common. In the former there are no Roman arches, no arched corridors, no terraced towers, no curved pediment, no gently sloping

the old ones. The chief of these is the freehand style in which walls are laid out and actual construction accomplished. The Indian cared little for perfection of line, or the rigid stiffness of line demanded by our machine-controlled methods of today, and as Vierra truthfully says: "If there was anything of stiffness or formality about these Missions when they left the hand of the builder, the greatest harmonizing influence of all—the work of nature—brought about the final unity. The constant erosion of plastic material, softened by repair with the same material, went on in both alike.

"It was perhaps this gradual change



Interior of the Auditorium, New Art Museum, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

through erosion and repair that brought about its most interesting exterior character. In fact this architecture is hardly to be considered a finished product, until this freeing of exterior form and outline has taken place.

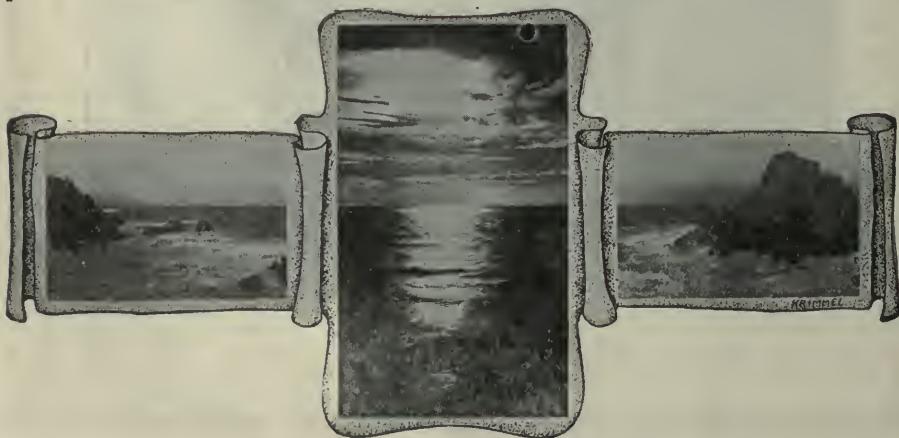
"The gradual clearing away of any artificially ornamental excrescences has left nothing but the essentials beautifully varied in outline. Any superficial ornamentation characteristic of the Spanish Colonial that might have been attempted could not stand the test of time in adobe. Repair with earth plaster following the lines of erosion aided in the softening process, and any hard precision of line or ornament had to give way. If any part was not useful, it was not replaced. That which was not essential did not endure, and that which did endure was marvelously enriched with a living, flowing quality of free outline and form.

"It is in reality a free-hand architecture, with the living quality of sculptor's work, and that pliant, unaffected and unconfined beauty—characteristic of natural growth is Nature's contribution to the final product. Through this contribution, too, the architecture is unique in bearing the closest relation to the surrounding landscape. In this sense it is complete, having attained perfection through the absence of that precision upon which all other architecture

seems to depend. Its character is as dependent on the absence of precision as is the beauty of the natural architectural forms abundant in this vicinity. In the surrounding mesas and valleys these architectural forms of nature, produced by erosion on time-hardened clay and sandstone, often bear a startling resemblance to great Cathedrals. Those who have never recognized that quality produced by the same forces of nature on similar material in the New Mexico Missions, can hardly escape its significance when brought face to face with the original, and the architect who does not recognize this relation should never attempt an expression of this architecture, since its most vital quality is beyond his reach."

Thus we have a revival, a renaissance of the primitive, the free-handed as distinguished from the rigidly formal, the precise, the strictly conformable to rule, line and caliper. It is good for both layman and professional architect to allow these ideas of Mr. Vierra's to "seep into" his deepest consciousness for therein lie many essential truths.

Whatever the captious and conventional critic may say, he cannot deny that, in the Art Museum in Santa Fe, architects and builders alike, working on these principles, have produced a remarkably unique building, which is confessedly as beautiful and pleasing as it is "different."



A Darktown Courtship

By John R. Hardcastle

They ain't no use a-you a-hanging roun',
For, Mr. Nigger, you done cooked you' goose:
When you went an' passed me up for Alice Brown.
Now, colored man bring forward you' excuse.
What? What's that I done an heard you say?
That yaller gal she went an' paid you' way?
To the picture show? An' so
For that you couldn't help but go.

Now, Mr. Nigger, I believes you lies
About the picture show an' Alice Brown;
But then I ain't a bit surprised.
You really didn't mean to turn me down?
What? What's that I done an heard you say?
That to morrow is sure 'nuff circus day?
And that you got a dollar all you' own?
An' that you won that dollar shaking bones?

Good night, honey, I just knows
That you al'as thought a-lot o' me;
I was only teasin' don't you know
An' to morrow we'll be happy as can be.

* * * *

Good mornin' Mr. Johnson, Howdy Do;
I hopes that you sleep the whole night fru:
Ain't the sun a-shinin' mighty fine;
This circus' day is gwain' to be divine.

Say, Mr. Nigger, ain't the circus good;
An' the lemon ade am mighty nice an' sweet:
The winnies they am just like angel's food
An' this candy it am pretty hard to beat.
Now, Mr. Nigger, look at the giraffe?
An' the monkeys—don't they make you 'laff?
The elephant's eatin' things right out my han',
In fac', the whole minagery is gran'.

Here, Mr. this am the main show.
See, the acrobats an' tumblers doin' stunts
The clowns am just a-runnin' to an' fro
See, there's one up on the elephant's trunk!
The band am playin' mighty fine;
Wake up, honey is you' keepin' time?
Just look at dem hosses how they go!
I believes they is the bes' thing in the show.

Say, honey you's been awful good to me
I thanks you from the bottom of my heart.
An' I'm just as happy as can be;
But I guess it's late an' we will have to part
What? You ain't proposin'! Is you? Shue?
Why didn't you express you' self befo
I still thought you liked Alice Brown
But then I aint goin' to turn you down.

A Seattle Miss Who Drafts United States Ships

At Bremerton Navy Yard

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

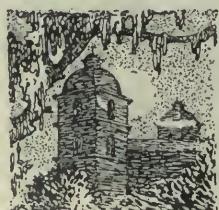


Miss Esther Dill, Who Drafts United States Ships at Bremerton Navy Yard.

MISS ESTHER M. DILL, a pretty nineteen-year-old girl of Seattle, has the unique distinction of drafting ships for the United States, at the Bremerton Navy Yard. She is enthusiastic over the work, which she

claims is a keen delight. Miss Dill attended the Pratt Institute at Columbia College, New York, for two years, taking a course in manual training, and returned to Seattle fully intending to enter the ranks of schoolteachers, and to spend her young years instructing Seattle youth in the manual arts at high school; but instead, she broke into the Navy, some months ago, enlisting as a draftsman in the drafting department on an equality with any full fledged draftsman in the shops. She expects to remain in the Navy for an indefinite period, designing ships. Only nineteen years old, and drafting ships for Uncle Sam's Navy, is a unique position for this girl, who says that the work is the most interesting that she has done in her span of less than a score of years. She specializes in the drafting of ship's hulls, declaring that this part of the work is about the most interesting of all the planning of the great ships, that slide from the ways, into the sparkling waters of Puget Sound.

Miss Dill is an expert at planning ships, and her knowledge of the art is only excelled by her great enthusiasm for the work of drafting hulls for ships destined for Uncle Sam's Navy.



Sisters All

By Susan Minor

Do you know anything about the delight of healthful, happy busy weeks out in the open? In the following article Susan Minor is going to tell you what it feels like to pick fruit in a Land Army Camp. She will show how it seems to be tired and care-free and gay, far from the "maddening crowd." She knows for she was there herself.—*Editor.*

TWO hand-cars dashed furiously and somewhat jerkily down the railroad track, each manned by a desperate looking crew of five or six. These hardened individuals were similarly attired in curiously cut trousers and coats of dark blue cotton stuff, faded, muddy, and torn, their heads bound about in red or blue bandanas. They carried themselves with gay abandon and though they pulled at the levers of the hand-cars with tense fury they laughed joyously.

The second car seemed to be in pursuit of the first for ever anon one or another of the leading crew glanced behind and then urged the rest to yet wilder pulling on the propelling handle.

Were they a bandit gang of the woolly days of California?

Were they staging a moving picture?

Look carefully around the edges of the bandanas. Look carefully at the hands gripping the metal bar. Long hair is tidily tucked away under the coarse, gay head wrappings. The hands are brown and hard but too small for men's hands.

The desperate bandits are really farm laborers out for a holiday, those weary women workers of the Woman's Land Army.

Weary in body we might be at times. I know because I was one of them, that we did get backaches and leg-aches from stooping to the ground for peaches and prunes, from reaching above our heads for peaches and prunes, from bending over grapevines. But weary in spirit—never!

The first California Land Army Camp where I labored was situated about fifteen miles south of Chico in the broad, level, hot and fertile Sacramento Valley, between the distant, dim Sierras and the equally dim Coast Range.

Here, close by hundreds of acres of peaches, prunes, figs, olives and nuts, forty-five of us lived in eight little screened and electric lighted bungalows built for us on what had been, earlier in the season, a wheat field and was now, except that part occupied by our camp, the drying field for fruit.

Here our trousered figures roamed about under the blazing sun from our cottages to the mess house, to the shower baths, to the waiting truck. From here we rattled away to the orchards every day except Sunday at 7 A. M., on the floor of the motor truck with our tin fruit-picking pails, singing, swaying our relaxed bodies with the motion of the machine, swinging our legs over the edge. And here we rattled back in the late afternoon after eight, nine or ten hours' work, dusty, perspiring, limp, contented, still singing.

After work, by way of recreation, we went swimming in the neighboring irrigation canal that cleared today of past fatigue and future fears or cantered about the plain on a horse that the lender soon had to remove from us, as we were riding him to his grave.

Then came a shower-bath, a change into some costume other than uniform, and, lo, Richard was herself again. In some paradoxical way these exertions had rested us.

Once a week those of us who cared to do so, struggled with our back-to-nature hair, girt a corset about our back-to-nature figures, powdered our sunburned noses, donned the best apparel at our command, and were motored to a dance in the nearest town, so getting a taste of the outside world that gave us food for thought and conversation for many a day as we climbed ladders and filled fruit boxes.

And once a week, on another evening, we gathered in the mess house and camp talent entertained us with such offerings as an interpretive dance called "The Wooing of the Peach," a pantomime showing the "Romance of Setting-up Exercises," songs and pantomime of "Popular Songs as We Live Them is Camp," and a burlesque on our first day of work in the orchard.

On evenings empty of dances and "stunt parties," we liked to gather on the steps of one of the bungalows and sing to the accompaniment of a ukelele played by an Hawaiian girl, everything from "K-K-K-Katie" to "Lead Kindly Light."

These women who lived together in such easy good-fellowship, who rose while it was yet dark, and with many semi-humorous protests stumbled out in bath-robes, sweaters, kimonas, or unaugmented pajamas to go through setting-up exercises 'neath moon and stars, who got sweaty and grimy and stuck up with rotten fruit, who combed their hair by hand-mirrors, and used shelves for dressing tables, and who not only tolerated such an existence as a patriotic need, but reveled keenly in the gay freedom of it, who paused a moment in their work to glory in the long rows of green peach trees against the cloudless sky, in a bunch of red grapes glittering with the clinging dew, in a line of feathery almond trees against a lavender horizon; these women varied in private life from factory girl to college student; ranged from

eighteen to forty-five years, or thereabout, and were, almost without exception, from cities.

There you would see, sitting side by side on benches at the long, white-oil-cloth covered tables, and eating with avidity from enamel plates, a waitress who used with freedom "ain't" and "his'en" and double negatives in good-natured argument, with a charming Swiss lady who read, or at least, had with her to read, Darwin and Nietzsche. There you might listen when in the evening or while at work, the Hawaiian girl, a Mills College student, sang the "Gypsie Trail," or one of her native songs, when the beautiful shadowy-eyed French girl sang "The Bluebird," or "The Marseillaise," or the Swiss woman yodel songs of the Alps. There you might stroke the amiable, homely kitten named "Measley," which had been adopted and fondly nourished by us when it strayed to us in a weak and emaciated condition. There you might possibly be permitted to blanket on one of the popular dormitories, two hay stacks, for which a number of girls nightly deserted their cots until a three days' rain soaked the stacks.

This easy good-fellowship that was regardless of age, education, and previous condition of servitude arose from a combination of causes. The cotton uniform, soon muddy and fruit stained, in which some girls looked picturesque, but no one overwhelmingly beautiful leveled all distinction except those of personality, manners and speech. As in the old Western frontier days our past had no direct bearing on our life in camp. The camp life was an isolated experience and we were taken for what we were worth at the moment. After a while we began to inquire into each other's previous occupation and habits, but from curiosity only and from no desire to establish any social standards.

The nature of the work also was a democratizer, work requiring speed in judging the color of fruit, speed of motion, and grit to maintain that speed. The possession of these qual-



The Living Quarters of the Land Army

ties made two or three girls accustomed to piece-work in factories, two or three college students, a waitress, and an office clerk, the fastest workers. And when day after day in the orchard you have sprawled together for fifteen heavenly minutes of relaxation, morning and afternoon, on the ground beside the common water can, when any two of you have raced any other couple to see which could fill more boxes with the big, golden peaches, when the telephone girl beside you at the table offers you her tomatoes, and asks for nothing in return, when a college student loans you her cherished washboard to facilitate the laundering of your nightgown, a fellow-feeling grows.

When our work in the orchards was ended, about a dozen of us migrated to another Land Army Camp located in the San Joaquin Valley in the heart of the grape country. That camp was built of tents pitched in a eucalyptus grove at the edge of the town of Lodi

and surrounded by a high board fence. About a hundred lived at this camp, and every morning our various employers called for us and motored us off in groups, some large, some small, according to their respective needs, to pick grapes on their ranches.

I found there the same eagerness to put the venture through; the same buoyancy of spirit. This lightsome spirit took, as one form, sneaking out of bounds after 9 P. M. to go "uptown" for ice cream. This pleasant and not always successful adventure tended to cement friendly relations between the participants, be they eighteen or thirty-eight. Again this spirit showed itself when on our motor rides to and from work women long past the flippancy of girlhood, and, apparently, of conventional habits, waved jauntily to passing automobilists and joined lustily in song.

At this camp we took our noon lunch to eat in the vineyard or on our employer's lawn, and even now to re-

call our relaxation as we partook of sandwiches and cake, under a grape-vine or a tree, and the delight of having our tin-pail lunch augmented by an offering from our employer's kitchen, gives me a sense of care-free pleasure.

One girl in an article written for the paper the camp published weekly said, referring to the poor unfortunates who had not come to camp, "I think some girls do not know what fun is."

The same standard of intrinsic individual value prevailed here as at the other camp. Actresses and cabaret entertainers served as kitchen police, with college students and business women, stenographers and occupational dillentantes vied with each other in stunt parties and in writing for the camp paper.

The experience satisfies the craving to get away from customary surroundings, to do something "different." And it satisfies also the desire for purely physical exertion, without a thought cloud on the horizon that follows a period of nervous strain or keen mental effort. As I look back on those weeks they seem almost unreal like a vivid, fantastic dream. We lived like gypsies, glorying in the day-to-dayness of our lives.

And we worked, oh, how hard we worked! We wanted to be really good laborers, not just good "for women." In spite of the fact that we were paid by the hour, and not by the amount accomplished, the rivalry for speed was keen. It was a matter of honor and pride to pick rapidly and yet pick only the best fruit, and the fastest workers were greatly revered by the slow ones.

The result has proved highly satisfactory to our employers, and almost every rancher and fruit company that employed women last year wants them back this year. We are said to have a better eye than men, for judging fruit in the right stage for picking and to be quicker of hand. We are slow in moving ladders and boxes of fruit, but this slowness is compensated for, in the opinion of our employers, by

greater industry, intelligence, and reliability.

The need of women's help in the agricultural line is not over with the end of the war. The United States has pledged itself to send overseas this year twenty million tons of food, almost double the amount that all our exertions enabled us to send last year. Moreover, the tendency throughout the country will now be to relax frugality. The need for greater production is obvious. The returning soldiers are taking to the fields as unskilled laborers in very small numbers, and women, therefore, are not only in demand because of the satisfaction they have given, but actually needed to increase production.

The organization that makes possible this general introduction of women into agriculture is the Woman's Land Army of America. It came into existence in February, 1918, after the successful experiment of the preceding summer in placing women on the fields in New York State. It is managed by a national board of directors having headquarters at 19 West 44 street, New York City. This board is made up of women from various parts of the country and operates through state boards having offices in each of the forty states in which the Land Army has to this time been organized. In the fall of 1918 the Land Army was affiliated with the United States Department of Labor at the request of the Secretary of Labor in recognition of its excellent work.

When ranchers or fruit companies apply for women laborers the state office of the Land Army inquires the size of the unit needed, for they have varied from two or three women, to over a hundred, and when and how long it will be needed, for the duration has varied from a few weeks to six months. It arranges for the wage to be paid the women. It requires that the employers provide suitable housing for the women, either in a tent, camp or in a house loaned for that purpose, and furnish the living quarters with the bare necessities of living,



Land Army Workers in the Fields

cots, straw mattresses, tables, benches, cooking stove, and cooking utensils. It secures a woman for camp supervisor, whose duties in that capacity shall be to manage the culinary department, camp finances, the girls, the employers, and any other details, that may arise.

The women pay \$1.00 a day board, and on this the camps are self-supporting. At least, that is the system in California. Other states vary in their financial system. The office of the Land Army ascertains also when and how long each woman who joins will work, provides a physician to examine the applicant to make sure she is sufficiently strong to undertake this work, sells the applicant a working uniform, and gives her a list of other necessary equipment. This list suggests blankets, enamel plate and cup, lunch-pail, heavy shoes, and a few other things.

Last summer there were about 500 units scattered through twenty states, and 15,000 women working on them, the period of each woman's work varying from two weeks to sometimes six months.

We do all kinds of work that unskilled men, agricultural laborers do, except lifting very heavy objects and some that they do not do, such as cutting and pitting fruit for drying and sorting and packing fruit.

The Land Army believes that this season and in future years women of all kinds who want a vacation affording amusement and change of air and occupation, but bringing in money instead of costing money, will want to join the Land Army, and that seasonal workers will take the opportunity to fill in their slack time by joining the Land Army, so receiving the benefits of a change of air and occupation while still at work.





A Morning Catch

Fishin'

By Ford C. Frick

Been a'driftin' 'round all day,
Sort o' wistful-like an' slow,
Not much pep fer work or play,
Discontented-like, you know.
Breezes bringin' breath of Spring,
Flowers bloomin' everywhere,
Plains awake with comin' June,
Springtime odors in the air.

Tackle waitin' fer my hand,
Mountain streams a-flowin' free,
Dancin' shadders 'mong the pines,
Callin' impishly to me.
Might as well throw up my job,
Close up shop and lose the key,
Not a chance for me to work
With the trout a-callin' me.

In my dreamin' moods I see
Laughin', gurglin' streams that flow
From the coolest mountain tops
To the parchin' plains below.
Springtime odors floatin' 'round
Stop the workin' of my brain,
An' a thousand burstin' buds
Keep a-whisperin' this refrain:

"Fishin' season's open,
Sun a-blazin' high,
Mountain streams are full of trout
Waitin' for th' fly;
Tackle trim and ready,
Reel all set to hum,
Mountain trout a-waitin' there
Jest fer you to come."

Trade and the Dollar

By A. H. Blackiston

In the accompanying article A. Hooton Blackiston shows the vast trade possibilities that await American ships in the Latin American countries if we but foster and develop them with the necessary dollar.—*Editor.*

PROBABLY the greatest direct benefit derived by the United States from the war is the revival of its foreign commerce, and its entry into the shipbuilding industry, whereby the American flag will be carried along the uttermost trade routes of the world, to which it has been a stranger, since the days of the famous Clipper-built ships.

For in its true construction home-owned shipping and foreign commerce are dependent upon each other, though they are not by any means to be confused. Trade that relies upon foreign bottoms is built upon an unstable foundation, and one that in time of dire necessity is apt to fail it; while a nation with ships, but without commerce of its own, is dependent upon extraneous sources for their maintenance that may change at any time, and that in the end fail in the fullest benefit which should accrue to a trading nation—a commerce of its own.

Foreign commerce is one of the foundations of national prosperity and is the safety valve of domestic business. In times of depression and panic at home, it is the panacea that keeps the factory fires burning and the wheels of industry in motion. It is to the nation what the wide spreading roots are to a giant of the forest, for as a nation grows it becomes too large to draw sufficient sustenance from the old territory it once depended upon,

and has to seek nourishment from wide spread sources. To confine the roots is to injure the growth of the tree, and to fail to develop foreign commerce is to cripple the life of the nation and to prevent it reaching its full development.

Yet it must not be overlooked that to be truly beneficial all commerce must be two-sided in the fullest sense—a fair exchange of necessities that builds and expands both parties, and that is thoroughly beneficial to each, for otherwise political complications would soon result as well as an exhaustion of the source of profit, and the consequent cessation of the trade itself. The other tree must not be felled in order that its fruit may be obtained, but rather it should be carefully nourished and its growth promoted. For a commerce that builds and develops both sides not only encourages friendly relations between the nations but increases the source and consequently the volume of trade.

As a rule the most mutually profitable trade relations are those existing between undeveloped countries on one side and developed countries on the other, one furnishing the raw material and the other the manufactured article.

When in addition to this situation is added a dissimilarity of climatic and agricultural conditions such as exists between the tropics and the temperate zones, the ideal relation is reached, for then each is inherently dependent upon the other, and the condition is therefore permanent and not one subject to change. The resources of one are dissimilar to those of the other and from the nature of their geographical location and environment will always so continue; for example, the banana, the

rubber and the dye-wood of the tropics fill substantial wants in the North, while wheat, the apple and the northern soft woods render the same service to the South.

Accessability of the participating countries to each other is also a determining factor. Thus it is perfectly obvious that the same bottom can do practically twice the business over a sea lane 1000 miles in length to what it would be capable of doing if plying over a route of 2000 miles or more, all other conditions being equal and the extra loading at the termini being taken into consideration. Hence a greater volume of business could be done on less capital invested, and a more rapid exchange of commodities be accomplished in addition to a resulting stimulus to trade by the quicker filling of orders, and the lack of depreciation in values during transit both as to the cargoes themselves and the fluctuations of the markets involved.

It is in these three salient points that Latin America and especially Central America excels in its relation to us. In addition there is a sentimental and political element attached which finds expression in our well known Monroe Doctrine. Therefore commerce with these countries is vital to us, and should be ours on account of economic, geographical and political conditions.

Much has been written, consequently, of trade relations with our sister republics to the South—much that has merit and some that has not; and numerous moves have been put on foot with the ostensible object of strengthening these relations. Yet it was not until the war eliminated most of our rivals in the field that American commerce increased to anything like its proper proportion.

Owing largely to this cause our trade with South America alone was more than \$1,000,000,000 greater during the fiscal year of 1917-18 than during 1913-14, which is an increase of approximately 133 per cent.

The last figures available show that English commerce was holding its own fairly well in South America, while

in the North American group of republics its percentage was dropping materially in exports. The American percentage raised rapidly in all lines except in imports from the Northern group, though our trade in this department was over two-thirds of the whole. The total American exports to Latin America ranked the imports therefrom.

However, we must not permit these figures to mislead us, as the commerce of these countries is yet in its infancy, and we shall not by any means be left in undisputed possession even of this. South America is too desirable a market and has too huge a credit balance for other nations not to strain every nerve to obtain its commerce.

Most of the greater European nations have long been preparing for the post-war trade, and England in particular has made extensive arrangements. Germany too, in spite of her great handicaps, will try all the harder to regain her old markets. So it behooves us to take advantage of the present situation and to act promptly if we mean not only to hold what we have, but eventually to maintain a dominant position in Latin American trade.

We have heard a great deal regarding the non-adaptability of the American manufacturer and commercial traveler, and the lack of American banking facilities in Latin America, all of which is true to a greater or less extent; and yet little or no emphasis has been laid upon the prime stimulus of commerce with countries whose vast potential resources only await development to form an export trade of immense volume. This stimulus is the Dollar, for there is no truer axiom than the one that "*Trade follows the Dollar.*" This is the first lesson that we should learn from the experience of the European countries in Central and South America, yet it is one which we have taken a long time to assimilate.

Judicious foreign investment has a two-fold result, as it not only brings direct returns but indirectly furnishes

the greatest stimulus to foreign commerce.

An American mining company begins operations. It not only uses American equipment, but its native employees, become familiar with American methods, tools and machinery, and later are apt to advocate their use when in other positions and among native operators. There is nothing more convincing than ocular demonstration.

The same rule naturally applies to other nationalities, with the consequence that the nation which has the largest number of well managed investments is in a position to control the trade in that given line and in many related ones.

Thus, the merchants of Hamburg a number of years ago decided to control as great a portion of the coffee trade of Guatemala as lay within their power. Consequently with characteristic foresight, they financed such creditable young Germans as desired to engage in the coffee business in Guatemala, advancing sufficient sums to purchase land and begin operations. The merchants retained a mortgage on the coffee fincas, or plantations, for repayment of principal and interest, and made a contract for the delivery of the entire crop to them at a fixed price for a period of ten years.

Thus the investment was guaranteed and a very substantial profit on the transaction made in addition. Moreover, Germany obtained the bulk of the resultant coffee trade, all of the fine grades going to Hamburg and not to this country. For the proper handling of a business of this volume financial organization was necessary, and consequently this led to the acquisition of interests in leading banks, which further encouraged a demand for German articles in the country itself, and likewise made them necessary to fill the outgoing vessels with cargo. Consequently the establishment of German wholesale and retail houses, hotels and the bringing in of additional managers, clerks and traveling men with the resultant business

necessitated by them was a foregone conclusion—one thing leading to another, and the logical consummation being a regular line of steamships between Germany and Guatemala, which was only prevented by the opening of the war, it being understood that most of the arrangements had already been completed.

As Americans, we are prone to resent such trade activities in the Southern Republics. It simply resolves itself into the question whether we intend to aid in their development ourselves or whether we intend to permit others to do it for us with the inevitable result of commercial control. Other nationalities will not develop Latin America and present us with the resulting trade. If we do not intend to undertake this development ourselves then there is no alternative but to permit others to do it for us.

Indeed it has been largely due to our dog-in-the-manger attitude that so little has been done along development lines commensurate with the tremendous resources especially of Central America. Fortunately for themselves the larger South American countries have gone ahead in spite of this condition, but the smaller ones and the Central American group have felt this retarding influence to a much greater extent.

It is not an agreeable situation, but one we must look squarely in the face, for if we do not clearly understand the situation we shall be unable to pursue a proper remedy.

An instance in line is the case of the Inter-Oceanic Railroad of Honduras. Honduras is probably the richest of the Central American countries in natural resources and the least developed. Its geographical location likewise gives it the central position of this group.

A railroad across the country is a national necessity, the development of vast mineral, timber, agricultural and grazing resources depend upon it, as does the accessibility of the capital of the country itself. It is of vital importance likewise, to Salvador, as it

would mean an Atlantic outlet for the large coffee crop and other exports of that country, which at the present time can reach the outside world through Pacific ports only.

And yet European capital after one disgraceful failure, stood willing to construct the 240 odd miles necessary with the approval of the country itself, and the United States apparently did not countenance the plan, while American capital has made no attempts satisfactory to Honduras to complete this comparatively easy feat.

The situation in short being that the road is a necessity; the lack of it is retarding the development of the richest of the Central American countries in natural resources, and even to a lesser extent, that of its neighbor. Foreign capital is willing to build along lines satisfactory to the government; we don't approve, and American capital has not offered a satisfactory solution. This is the gist of the matter divested of all diplomatic procedure and disguise, and it is a situation that calls for a prompt remedy. Unfortunately this is not an isolated case nor one that is apt to encourage a wide feeling of amity.

A refusal to recognize conditions does not produce a remedy. If we do not see our own faults, others will be unable to see our virtues.

Therefore we return to the original position, that it is necessary for us to complete the development of Latin America, and especially of that portion of it comprised within the limits of Central America, or to permit others to do it, and consequently lose a major part of what would be our most profitable trade, located at our very doors.

The establishment of steamship lines alone will not solve the problem. To connect steamers with Central American mule-paths means little or nothing. The resources are there in well-known richness and profusion. It takes capital to develop them and transportation to bring them to the ports.

It has been stated that our new shipping will aggregate over 35 per cent

of that of the entire world. It must be used, and the most profitable trade connections sought; the nearest markets are the ones of Central and South America. They need our manufactured products and our capital for development. They can repay us many fold with precious and base metals, with cabinet dye and valuable hard woods, medicinal plants and the output of their vast grazing grounds and rich agricultural lands without end.

The history of the banana is a fair example of the possibilities of tropical America for American capital. From an unknown tropical fruit it has become a household necessity, a most valuable adjunct to our food supply, and its production and transportation has done more toward the development of the tropics than any other one agent. It has led to the reclamation of extensive alluvial tracts of virgin land to the establishment of towns, hospitals, machine shops; the construction of railroads with the general development of trade and the inauguration and maintenance of a large fleet of swift, up to date steamers, and the consequent opening of the tropics to the outside world.

The henequen of Yucatan with its train of millionaires is another and probably somewhat less widely known instance, but one which is nevertheless far reaching in its results. The tobacco of Cuba; the chocolate and chicle, or chewing gum of commerce; the immense oil fields of Mexico and the undeveloped ones of Central America; the vast mineral deposits of Central and South America, are all more or less well known, and still as a nation we are only beginning to awaken to the extent of the possibilities awaiting us.

Imagine if you can, this situation—a group of countries of unsurpassed richness, with probably the greatest deposits of mineral in the world, rich in oil, coal, hard and precious woods in untouched forests, pitch pine, rubber, chicle, grazing plains of great extent, virgin tracts of agricultural land, even unsurveyed to this day—the

herds, the products of the lands and mines, and in fact all these resources simply awaiting proper development and transportation and now for the greatest part lying idle.

On the other hand, imagine, the wealthiest and most progressive nation in the world needing these very resources, and for lack of many of them, experiencing a rapid and embarrassing rise in the cost of living, with capital and skilled labor in abundance, and hundreds of thousands of returning soldiers for whom work must be found, spending more than enough money in one day of warfare to make a respectable start in development, and more than enough in a week to complete the greater part of it to such an extent that small capital could undertake the balance; living at a distance of less than a thousand miles and yet strangely blind to the opportunities existing far nearer to it than many portions of its own country are to each other.

The situation is an anomalous one and marks the end of an old era, in which the average business man was more engaged in domestic enterprises than interested in foreign ones, however vital, with a consequent restriction of knowledge and vision of foreign affairs, expressed eloquently in our dealings with Mexico, and likewise in the disgraceful belief that the Americans abroad forfeited protection of their own country, when they were in truth contributing to its position as a world power and to its prosperity at home.

But the old order is passing; already we are beginning to think in world terms; American bankers have established branch houses in Latin America; already we have conjured into being new factors in American industrial life—the returning soldier must have employment in broader fields, the woman power of the country having served during the war, must not be slighted during peace, and must likewise find space for employment and expansion, while the great war plants must have a peaceful output and an enlarged market; already we have undertaken the development of our merchant marine upon an immense scale and of a navy adequate to protect it, and all this means one thing, and that is—*commerce*. And commerce can only signify the employment of the markets at our own door and the consequent development of Central America and a substantial part of South America by American capital.

Every day's delay makes our task correspondingly difficult, and tends to diminish the ultimate volume of business that we shall obtain in this practically virgin field. If the situation be looked at frankly and the facts taken in their proper sequence, the task will be much easier, and that would signify that the development now in its rudimentary stages should be ready for the ships—for after all, it is not the ships alone that will make the commerce, but the Dollar that goes before them to prepare the way.



The Judgment of Osiris

By E. Clement d'Art

IN the dark halls of Amenta, great Osiris sat, judging the shades. Before him kneeled the soul of a most wretched man and, between them, was the scale whereon weighed the hearts of men.

Standing before forty-two dread divinities, Thoth, the Recorder, coldly persued the papyrus that, in strange symbols, told the tale of the life of the one who now cowered at the feet of Osiris.

To one side sat Amam, the Mistress, the Beast of the Amenti, the Wrathful Avenger, the Devourer of the Condemned, hungrily glaring at the spirit.

Near the entrance stood a few trembling shades.

"O ye Lords of Truth," began the wretched soul, "I have brought you truth. O, Lord Osiris, let thy favor be poured out upon thy servant for I am not a doer of wrong to men."

Ibis-headed Thoth, the Scribe, turned to him, saying:

"When thy name was Tat-Bennu, in the Double Kingdom, in the Land of the Nile, truly thou were known as an evil doer. Proceed and defend thyself."

"I am not one who telleth lies instead of truth."

"Darest thou speak thus in the presence of Osiris, the Lord?" asked Thoth, "Hast thou forgotten the day when apt Otep demanded if thou knewest of the whereabouts of his only son? Thy reply was "Nay—I know not." Yet wert thou aware that the son of Otep had died at the hands of thy companions who robbed him. Hast thou forgotten the many untruths that have passed thy lips?"

"I am not a murderer and I gave no

order for murder," stammered the spirit.

"Nay," returned Thoth, "thou art not a murderer but, leadest thou not, in treachery, the son of Otep to those who slew him—and thou tookest thy share of the spoils. Thou hast done worse than he who kills for 'tis indeed better to be a tiger than to be a jackal."

"I snatched not the milk from the mouth of babes—"

"This thou hast not done but thine own children died of starvation in the arms of their mother—and she, too, died and, for this, wert thou not responsible? Said not Ptah-Hotep, the Wise: 'Honor thy wife, and love her exceedingly; feed her belly and clothe her back, for this is the duty of a husband?'

"I lent not a deaf ear to words of righteousness, but words of righteousness were denied me. The Gates of the Temple were shut upon me. The doors of houses were not opened in answer to my knock. And yet, whenever I could afford to give, I gave. In days of prosperity my hand has ever been opened to the needy. But when the hour came when I was in need those whom I had helped knew me no longer or said: 'Go thy way, thou wretch, thou who art an evil doer—' They left me to my fate—and my wife died—and my children died—and I loved her and I loved them exceedingly—"

Hearing this, Thoth relented and, for the first time, glanced at the trembling soul with a sentiment akin to pity for, this once, the spirit had spoken the truth.

But the scale inclined towards the

side that meant eternal death, and with growing hunger and eyes that glared, Amam, the Annihilator, watched the Egyptian.

Yet, alike to the beams of Ra, the Mighty Sun, kindness radiated from the face of Osiris.

Addressing the shades who stood behind the prostrate soul, he said:

"How, as men, would ye judge him who now cowers before me?"

"I dare not," declared the first, "express to the High One what my conscience should dictate. I, myself, await judgment and, perchance, would not judge severely, less severe judgment be my reward."

"Thou art selfish and cowardly at heart," exclaimed Osiris, "and shall be judged accordingly."

The second spoke, saying:

"I have led a life of righteousness. Where then would be justice, where my reward, should this miscreant be forgiven? Because he is an evil doer, destroy him, O Lord!"

"Thou who wouldest destroy, art hard and unforgiving. Thou who art good by profession and a meddler by trade art perchance worse than he who now trembles, awaiting judgment, for thou hast been the cause of much evil. And thy virtue, be it high as are the mountains and, in its strength like

bronze, will be of but little weight in the scale. Whosoever has never known temptation has not acquired merit through virtue."

The third who, till then, had silently remained behind, now stepped forward and said simply:

"He hath suffered greatly."

And Osiris gazed upon him and smiled as but a God can smile, of a smile that meant comfort and joy to all who beheld it. Then his glances glided to where stooped the object *Ka*, the dejected soul of Tat Bennu.

The man's sufferings were thrown in the balance and it seemed that a great weight caused it to incline in the direction that meant life.

Osiris spoke:

"This, then, shall be my judgment: Tat Bennu will return to the realms of Pharaoh. There he shall be born again, among surroundings of a different sort. I have no doubt but that, in his new life, he will amend. When he returns I shall then be able to guide him to the Glorious Kingdom wherein there is no birth, no death."

And, turning to the shade who had spoken last:

"Thee I need not judge. Thou hast understanding. Come! I shall open the Golden Gate and lead thee to peace everlasting."



The Pioneer Woman of Goler

A Town of the Desert

By Ruth Thompson

MY GOD, there's a woman!" this was the exclamation of a miner to another in the gaunt and barren hills around Goler, in the newly found mining camp in 1893, as Mrs. Leah P. Duke, with her husband, Thomas Duke, rode in a lumber wagon covered with the dust of the desert, and pulled by two tired horses and two patient burros, into the gold camp to make a home for her husband in his search for wealth. Six days and nights of travel it had taken to come from San Bernardino, across mountains and hills and over the desert winding around and through the brush under the too ardent blaze of the sun.

"It was here that life really began for me," said Mrs. Duke, "I had not been well and so insisted on coming with my husband to Goler. I was the first woman in the camp which consisted of about twenty-five men at the time. There were no houses and but few tents, most of us lived in dug-outs. We had no water, it had to be hauled all the way from Garlock. Oh, how hard it was to keep clean. When we could wash our clothes we wore them rough dry."

Mrs. Duke was the queen of the camp. Not only the queen, but more practically, the mother, sister, doctor and cook, and through all the work and the hardships she grew well and strong and her love for the desert is such that she never wishes to leave it.

The men were like ants over the hills digging and burrowing for the precious metal, and at night returned tired and hungry, but with full pock-

ets. Some of them dug \$100 worth of gold a day, and it was used for money just as it was.

Mr. Duke was taken sick. To make both ends meet, while she cared for her husband, Mrs. Duke made pies, cakes, bread and other foods for the men. She had her provisions brought from Kane Springs, a small store on the borders of the dry salt lake, about 20 miles away. Provisions for that store, which was run by Charley Koehn, or the "Crazy Dutchman," as the natives of Mojave called him, were hauled from Mojave.

Mrs. Duke was accustomed to carrying a gun with her and it is of interest to know that she never had to point it at a man, for, always, unless the men were drunk, as the camp grew in size, she was treated with the greatest respect. But the rattlesnakes she did shoot and many and many of them.

"Scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes and the like were as thick as the hair on my head. It was particularly dangerous to move a box, but that was often necessary, as boxes were all the furniture we had."

Randsburg, the home of the Yellow Aster gold mine, boomed in 1895. Mr. and Mrs. Duke left Goler for the new field, and it was with regret. Many a happy day had Mrs. Duke spent in that lonely camp doing her work and the only excitement she had, besides her contact with the sinister inhabitants of the desert, was to watch the twenty-mule team borax wagon, wending its slow and painful way to Mojave through the winding of the sage and

dry ashes. But in Randsburg life was different.

"I have seen the main street of Randsburg as crowded as a street in San Francisco," declared Mrs. Duke, "the people have had to elbow their way down it."

Thomas Duke became the foreman of the Yellow Aster and Mrs. Duke's best friend was Dr. Rose L. Burcham, who staked her husband in his two-year search for gold, and it was he, with his two companion, F. M. Moores and John Singleton, who made the big strike after an eighteen months' search when they were almost in despair.

All this time Mrs. Duke's greatest grief was that she had had no children. There was one way out of that. She began adopting them. In all, she has brought up three girls and one boy. The young man is now one of Uncle Sam's brave soldiers, Private Glen Busick, in France. One of her adopted daughters is still living with her.

The recent strike of more gold in the Yellow Aster will keep Mrs. Duke on the desert with her husband, but the lure of the yellow dust and the fascination of the lonely land is in her heart and life and it is there that she has found health and happiness.

TO MY FILLEUL DE GUERRE

"O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is
still."

TENNYSON.

Your hand I never touched,
Your voice I never heard,
Only between us two
Has been the written word.

More than the ocean wide
Has kept us far apart,
But still I touched your mind.
And yet I knew your heart.

The ships the shuttles were,
The letters warp and woof.
They wove the mystic webs
That put our souls to proof.

Proof we could break the bars
Of language, country, blood,
And find a dwelling-place
In tents of brotherhood.

They choked you with their gas
They tore you with their shell
Your unscarred spirit rose
Victorious from their hell.

More than the ocean wide
Still keeps us far apart,
But still you touch my mind,
And yet you know my heart.

REBECCA LEETE.

Who's Afraid?

By Charles Horace Meier

DO you think I'm learning?" asked Joe Walters of his father, who had just stopped one of Joe's heavily-padded gloves with his jaw.

"Learning, boy! I should say you are," replied the proud father.

"Could I lick anybody that could fight much?"

"You could beat any boy in school, Joe, and there are plenty of men who couldn't stand up to you, if you are only 16."

"Are you sure, Dad?"

"Sure. But understand, boy, I haven't taught you to box in order that you might go out looking for trouble and punch some little fellow on the nose. I have taught you this so that you will always be prepared to meet an emergency and defend yourself in case of attack. I'm proud to know that you can do that, but I would be ashamed of you if you should seek a fight. Never fight when you can avoid it without being imposed upon too much. But if you *must* fight, keep cool and remember what I've taught you."

"All right, Dad," said the boy. "I'll remember."

Joe went to school that morning with a feeling of security. His step was elastic and his blue eyes were clear and steady.

Sadie Wilson was just coming out of her home as Joe passed, and he waited for her. He liked the way Sadie did up her hair. It was always neat. He liked her nicely-rounded, pinkish cheeks; her expressive, live lips; her brown eyes, just large enough—I may as well admit that he liked *Sadie*. And *Sadie* liked Joe. They walked together a good deal, and

occasionally he took her to a party or entertainment.

"Are you going to the party at Mary King's with me Friday night?" he asked.

"I don't know. Do you want me to?"

"Yes."

"All right."

Joe stopped in at a store and left *Sadie* to go on alone. At the next corner Red Sanders turned in from a side street and joined her.

"I was just thinking," said Red, "that maybe you'd like to go to Mary King's party with me. Would you?"

"No, thanks, Red. I've promised someone else," replied *Sadie*.

"Who?"

"Oh, somebody."

"Well, who?"

"Joe Walters, if you want to know!"

"Huh, I thought so. What do you want to go with him for? Might as well go alone, as far as protection is concerned. He'd run if anything happened. I don't see why a nice girl wants to go with a guy like Joe."

"He's all right," asserted *Sadie*.

"All right!" Why, he's the biggest coward in school."

"I don't believe it!"

"I can prove it. If I do, will you go to the party with me?"

Sadie hesitated. "Yes," she replied. "Nobody wants to go with a coward. But I'll bet he isn't one. It's not fair for you to pick on him, though. You're bigger than he is, and you've had lots of fights. He hasn't had any."

"Because he's too big a coward," returned Red. "I'll show you at noon."

Sadie was silent. All through the forenoon she thought about it and wondered if what Red had said was

true. She hoped that it was not but could not remember that Joe had ever had a fight. Was it because he was afraid? She did not know. As for Red, she knew that he had been in plenty of fights, and had always come out winner. She wondered if his vicious look and red hair didn't have a part in winning his battles. Mentally she compared his size with that of the other boys, and came to realize that Red was the biggest boy in school. She was anxious about Joe when school was dismissed at noon, and was glad to find him waiting for her. She reasoned that Red probably would not molest him if she walked with him. Then, too, she wanted to warn Joe, for she knew that Red would try to pick a quarrel at the first opportunity.

Red was standing at the exit of the schoolyard, waiting. As Joe and Sadie passed through he bumped against Joe so hard that the latter staggered aside. Thinking that it might have been partly his fault, Joe lifted his hat and begged Red's pardon. Red gave Sadie a significant look as she went blushingly on with Joe, her eyes upon the graveled walk and her lips sober and silent.

"What's the matter, Sadie?" asked Joe when he observed that she was pensive.

"Nothing," she replied.

"Yes, there is," he insisted. "Did you want to walk home with Red?"

"No."

"Do you like Red better than me?"

"No."

They went on in silence. Joe knew that there was something wrong, but could not determine what it was. He thought of Red's attitude when they collided at the exit and fancied that there was something peculiar about it, but he was so fair-minded himself that he dismissed the idea that Red might have bumped him intentionally.

Joe was with Sadie again that day after school. They were loitering at the exit. Joe was anxious to learn the cause of Sadie's reticence.

"Don't you like me any more,

Sadie?" he asked with pathos in his voice.

"Why—why, I like you, but I don't like to go with anyone who couldn't protect me," she replied dejectedly.

Joe did not quite comprehend.

"What do you mean?" he inquired.

She hesitated. "I wish you weren't—a—she could not say coward, for Joe's steady blue eyes were looking straight into her brown ones—"afraid," she continued.

"Who's afraid of who?" he asked. Then suddenly he remembered the bumping episode and demanded:

"Did Red say I was afraid?"

Sadie bowed her head. "I wish you weren't, anyway," she said. "I wish nobody could call you a coward?"

"Did he call me a coward?"

She scraped at the gravel with the sole of her shoe and was silent.

"Did he?"

She nodded. "The other girls think so, too. They saw him bump you at noon."

"I didn't know it was intentional," he said meditatively.

"It was," she told him. "He said he'd prove to me that you were a coward."

"And did you want me to prove that I wasn't?"

"Yes."

"Do you like me, Sadie?"

"Yes."

They both scraped gravel for a moment in silence, then looked up in time to see Red approaching.

* * * *

Red thought of a plan to prove Joe's cowardice. He would catch Sadie and kiss her, proving that Joe couldn't protect her. Then he would explain to Sadie why he had done it, and she would forgive him. He started to put the plan into action.

There was a sudden clutch at Red's collar and he was hurled backward away from the girl. When he regained his balance Joe stood before her in an attitude which indicated his intentions.

It was up to Red, however, to prove that what he had said about Joe was

true, and he meant to do it then and there.

Glaring viciously in a manner that had frightened many a boy into defeat, Red plunged at his lighter opponent, expecting to see Joe shrink backward in terror. But Joe did not shrink worth a cent. When Red's red head was close enough he rattled a set of knuckles upon it, and stepped aside to await the next installment of the attack.

Furious, Red plunged in again. Joe set himself and shot a blow straight from the shoulder that landed on Red's nose and knocked him down.

The young bully, frustrated in his purpose, stung, and ashamed, sprang to his feet and in wild, blind rage closed in once more. Joe sidestepped, as his father had carefully taught him to do, and with cool and deliberate precision delivered an uppercut to Red's jaw with all of the force that he could master.

Red crumpled in a limp heap almost at Sadie's feet. It required no better referee than she to see that it was a knockout. She sent Joe to the fountain in the schoolyard for water. Together they revived Red, and pres-

ently he sat up with a dazed expression on his countenance.

"Excuse me, Sadie," he said. "I didn't mean what I did to you. I only wanted to prove that he was a coward."

"Do you still think so?" she asked.

"You may go to th' party with him if you want to. I'm not goin' anyhow," he replied evasively.

"Do you think he could protect me?" she inquired.

"Good-bye," he said, and he departed.

Sadie turned to Joe: "That was just grand, Joe," she said happily. "How in the world did you do it?"

"Preparedness," he replied. "My father taught me how to defend myself."

"And others," she added.

"Sometimes," he admitted.

"Nobody wants their fellow to be a coward. I'm glad."

"Nobody's a coward, either," he replied.

"I know it," said Sadie proudly as she slipped a soft, warm hand into Joe's mighty right and pulled him toward home.

IN MY STEAD

Dews of the morning, bathe his brow
With tender thoughts I send him, now.

Stars in the heavens, shine on him. . . .
Show him the way though hope grows dim.

Winds of the ev'ning, seek him out. . . .
Tell him my faith is firm and stout.

Voice of the ocean, make him know
Past life's injustice love can go.

Though through deep waters he be led
Guard him and keep him in my stead.

BELLE WILLEY GUE.

A Fishing Trip on the Planet Mars

By F. H. Sidney

Just how does it feel to make a trip to the planet Mars. We have all wondered. It is a thrilling experience going up—Mr. Sidney tells us all about it right here.—Editor.

IT was during my summer vacation one year that I enjoyed a delightful fishing trip on the planet Mars.

I took my fishing rod and a lunch one fine morning and started for a stream where I expected to catch some big bass; although I fished steadily till noon I didn't even feel a nibble. By this time I felt hungry, and sat down under a tree to eat my lunch.

Just as I finished my lunch I noticed a strange looking flower about ten feet away from where I was sitting, and I walked over to examine it. As I reached the spot, the flower suddenly disappeared, and I felt myself being drawn up into space.

I yelled for help. There wasn't a soul in sight, and in a few seconds I was up among the clouds, and had lost all view of the earth.

"Where will I land?" I kept asking myself. "Suppose I should begin to drop?" flashed across my mind. Just then I noticed a speck in the sky above me. I was headed right for it. The speck grew larger, and finally it assumed enormous proportions, and I saw a great world. I sailed above it and then began to slowly descend into what appeared to be a laboratory on the top of a high building.

Just as I touched the floor of the laboratory, a man with a familiar-looking face stepped out from behind an enormous telescope, and cried. "Hello stranger, welcome to the planet Mars."

"John Hopkins," I cried. "The man that disappeared from our town five years ago."

"The same, he answered, and I've been here ever since. I wouldn't go back under any circumstances."

"How did you get up here?" I asked.

"The same way you did," he replied. "The Martians were hungry for news from 'Mother Earth.' They had tried for years to establish communication between the planets with no success. Finally Astrol, the Martian, Edison, invented that machine you see there, that is a powerful telescope and magnet combined. By training this telescope onto the earth, we can plainly discern people and objects on the earth, and in case we feel we need any of you up here, we can draw you up in a few moments, and drop you back by the same means without injuring you in the least. I could have gone back, but I didn't want to. There were no family ties on the earth to hold me, consequently I preferred to stay, but today I felt hungry for news from old 'Mother Earth,' and asked Astrol to draw someone up. He located you fishing by a creek, and as there was no one in sight down there to witness the feat, and frighten them to death, he quickly drew you up. We'll send you back in a few days, and you can simply say you were lost in the woods for no one will believe your story. The flower that attracted your attention was the reflection of the lense of the telescope. What's the news?"

"Here's a copy of the morning paper," and I handed it to him.

"Bully" he exclaimed, "I'll read that

tonight." Come let me introduce you to Astrol, and show you the wonderful machine, then we'll go to my home and tomorrow we'll go fishing in the Martian Canals."

Hopkins introduced me to Astrol, who explained the wonderful machine to me, and then we stepped aboard a tiny runabout airplane and flew to his home in the country, on the bank of a beautiful, clearwater canal.

"How is it the Martians speak English?" I asked.

"I introduced the language which was adopted as the national language of the planet. I have just completed two terms as President of the planet Mars, and now a woman sits in the President's chair; equal suffrage prevails here, and it has proved a complete success. Here we are home and he dropped to a hangar on the roof of his residence. We then descended into the living room where he introduced me to his handsome wife, and two beautiful daughters.

We spent a very pleasant evening together, Hopkins read bits of interesting news from the paper, I had given him, to his family, and the next day he arranged to have the contents of the whole paper published in all the Martian dailies. The next day at noon Hopkins and myself attended a lunch given in my honor at the Press Club. This lunch was what we would call a banquet on "Mother Earth," there were enormous trout, baked; tiny deer and buffalo, barbecued; broiled game, birds of all kinds, the most delicious fruits, and the table was decorated with flowers.

"We use electricity for everything," explained Hopkins, "heat, cooking, power, fertilizer for the soil, medicine, and even as ammunition for our radio sporting rifles; all power is transmitted by the wireless system. Tomorrow you will have an opportunity to shoot some of these big trout with a radio gun. Our fish are large, but the game animals are small. This was brought about by a scientific system of breeding; there are no reptiles,

beasts of prey or vermin on this planet. We exterminated them long ago."

After lunch we took a trip over the planet in a big passenger airship, returning in time for dinner. I retired early that night in order to be rested for the fishing trip next day.

The most beautiful song I ever heard awakened me the next morning, and looking out of the window, I saw the songster, it was a gorgeously colored bird, somewhat resembling the scarlet taniger.

I dressed and hurried down to breakfast, where the family were waiting for me. As soon as we had finished breakfast, Hopkins and I stepped aboard the runabout and flew to his boathouse on the canal system. The big boathouse was full of all kinds and sizes of watercraft, everything from a canoe to a good sized yacht.

Hopkins ran out a motor canoe, and taking two radio rifles from a locker we stepped aboard, started the engine and ran out into the main canal. "I'll explain the workings of the rifle to you and then you can try your luck, of course you'll miss at first, but as soon as you get used to shooting at a fast moving fish in the water, you'll score a kill every time; its the electric current that kills them, and they come to the top as soon as they are killed. We'll only kill what we can use, that is a custom rigidly followed by the Martian sportsmen, there are no game hogs among us."

"Gee whiz, what a big fellow;" I cried, as a huge fish swam slowly along the sandy bottom of the canal.

"That's a Martian sucker, try the gun on him," answered Hopkins. I tried three times, and missed every time. Finally the fish swam into one of the lateral canals and got away.

"See that big lobster down on the bottom there, don't shoot, reserve your markmanship for bigger game. Wouldn't that fellow create a sensation on exhibition in the show window of some of the 'lobster palaces' on Broadway? Our Martian lobsters are mighty good eating."

"Is the water in the whole canal system as clear and pure as this, and is it sandy bottom everywhere?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Hopkins. "Now we're coming to the game country, and perhaps we'll catch a glimpse of herds of deer and buffalo feeding along the canal."

We are now sailing through a prairie country, and in the distance I saw what I took to be a moving herd.

"Take these field glasses and look at them," said Hopkins.

Sure enough they were a herd of tiny bison, and how odd they looked in their shaggy coats and with the hump on their shoulders. The herd galloped off as the canoe approached.

"Perhaps you could pick one off with the rifle, but what's the use shooting one when we don't need the meat? Pretty soon I think we'll run across some deer or moose. Our little dwarf moose will look odd to you."

Sure enough we ran into both a herd of moose and a herd of deer; we got quite close to them before they noticed us, and I was able to get a good look at them with the naked eye, before they ran off.

"We're now in the trout section of the canal, watch sharp," said Hopkins.

Just then an enormous brook trout crossed our bows, and I made a clean miss. "I'll never get used to this method of fishing Hopkins."

"Don't get discouraged, keep trying."

Just then another big beauty came along, and taking careful aim, I fired, and the big fish turned belly up, and came to the top of the water. I picked him up delighted; "he'll weigh twenty pounds," I cried.

"All of that," replied Hopkins, as he took a pair of scales from the canoe locker. "Just twenty-eight pounds, I think that enough fish for today, we'll have him baked for dinner. Now for a cruise through the wooded country, where we'll probably see some Martian bird life."

We entered a section that was thickly wooded on both sides. There

were birds everywhere, and the air was full of melody. The Martian birds sang even sweeter than those of "Mother Earth."

"See that flock of passenger pigeons," cried Hopkins. "That's something that the game hogs killed off on 'Mother Earth' long ago."

A few moments later we ran into a school of leaping salmon, and how beautiful the silvery bodies looked as they glistened in the sunlight.

"Here comes a flock of partridges, pick one off."

I aimed and fired at one of the leaders, and a large handsome bird dropped into the canal; we picked it up, and weighed it, and I was very much surprised to find its weight was fifteen pounds.

We ran out of the forest and the canal broadened into a huge lake; here we ran into schools of smelts, mackerel, and all sorts of edible fish.

"We'll cruise down as far as salt water, where I will show you some fine clam and oyster beds, then we'll head for home, for tomorrow I want to start you back towards 'Mother Earth' before your family will have given you up altogether; you've been gone two days now. That's long enough to be lost in the wilderness of the New York suburbs."

"See the shellfish on the bottom there, they thrive on our sandy bottoms, and are larger and sweeter, than the shellfish you've been accustomed to. I'll scoop up a few for our dinner tonight," and he drew a collapsible scoop from the canoe locker, and scooped up enough clams and oysters for our evening meal. "Now we'll speed for home," said Hopkins.

The little craft's speedometer registered sixty-five miles an hour; we cut through the water at a terrific rate, and in a very short time we reached the boathouse, where we boarded the run-about airship and flew to Hopkin's home.

Our dinner that night consisted of baked trout, grilled oysters, steamed clams and clam bouillon, and how good everything tasted. I spent a very pleas-

ant evening with the family, and retired early. By six o'clock the next morning I was up and dressed, and after a splendid breakfast, I bade Mrs. Hopkins and her daughters good-bye, and Mr. Hopkins and I flew to the laboratory where Astrol was waiting for us.

How I hated to leave, and I know that Hopkins was sorry to see me go. "Never mind old man," he said. You arrange to be at the same place fishing at the same time next year, and we'll draw you up here and we can enjoy another fishing trip on Mars together."

"Bully," I cried. "It's settled then, and I'll be with you next year at this time." I shook hands with Hopkins and Astrol, then stood in front of the machine as directed by the inventor.

I felt myself lifted gently in the air, and gradually rose above the planet. As soon as I was completely clear of Mars, I began dropping into space and in a few moments my feet touched "Old Mother Earth" again.

I awoke with a start. "Great guns! I've slept the whole afternoon, and nary a fish have I caught, and the sun is about ready to set, guess I'd better start for home. That was certainly the finest dream I ever had. It's too beautiful to tell anyone, guess I'll keep it to myself for a while anyway."

Then I gathered up my belongings and hiked towards home, just as the sun dipped down behind a bend in the river. "That coloring on the water reminds me of a sunset I saw in Mars," I whispered to myself.

"ROSE OF ROSES, STAR OF STARS"

(Lines Written at Lake Bryanthus, Altitude 10,600 Feet, in the High Sierras.)

Great wind-harps of the woods are still
As slowly fades the sun;
The calm lake mirrors every hill;
Yon clouds burn one by one;
And wild, bleak summits strewn with snow
With crimson sun-fire glow
Yet memory e'er brings to me
Your face so sweet and true,
Oh, fairest Rose! I see but you.

The stream is singing in the gorge,
Happy, wild and free;
The ouzel, where the torrents forge
In rarest ecstasy;
And maid-stars in the vast of night,
In paths of golden light;
Yet winds bring but your voice to me
So tender, sweet and true,
Oh, dearest Rose! I hear but you.

In reverie, you are to me
The heaven's fairest star,
Dazzling bright in radiant night
Where all star-maidens are.
All rival beams your splendor bars
Oh, Rose of Roses, Star of Stars!

MILTON S. RAY.

Premiums, Propinquity--and Prunellas

By Viola Ransom Wood

IT was on the 5:15 out of San Francisco, a week before Christmas, 1917. The tall thin man said to the short, fat man, "Believe me, Brit, I'm tired tonight. Bet I walked fifty miles today."

"Doing your Christmas shopping early, eh?"

"Christmas shopping!" A wealth of scornful emphasis was in those two words. "Doing the same old round of employment bureaus, you mean. Our girl is quitting. Gave notice yesterday. Just when we need her most—holiday season, guests and all that."

The fat man laughed aggravatingly, long and noisily.

"John—you poor fish!" he chortled finally. "You poor fish! You should use a bit of strategy, diplomacy, man. Look at me. You never hear me cursing the servant problem. The answer: I use diplomacy. See this." He takes a slip of paper out of his bill-folder and hands it over to the thin fellow. "That is the seal final to another whole year of smooth-going domesticity."

"What d'you mean?" grunted the other scanning the paper.

"Just this: we used to have a new maid with every change of the moon, too. I got tired of it and started using my brains, to see if there wasn't some solution to the problem. There was. I got it from the advertising world."

"Huh!"

"Well, I did—scoffer! The result is, the girl we have now has been with us twenty-one months, and last night signed the contract again to stay another year."

"Where, and how do you get that contract stuff? A year—huh! If we keep one a week, on trial—our family on trial, not her—we think we're hav-

ing a run of luck."

"All because you fail to use diplomacy—and incidentally, my plan."

"Then in heaven's name, let me hear it and be benefitted! It's no lark, this hunting a servant girl évery week!"

"Well," expounded the fat man, eloquently complacent, "what is it that women fall for the easiest in the commercial world, John? You don't know, eh? Well, I'll tell you. Premiums, John, premiums! If they can get a green trading stamp for nothing, or a fancy vase for a thousand or so pink coupons — don't they everlastingly work gathering these? You bet they do. That's my idea—my answer to the servant problem. That and the contract—for women do as everlastingly like to make us believe they have a head for real business. And tell me, what is there more truly business-like than signing one's name to a contract—binding or worthless? It gives them a sense of their own economic importance and incidentally, a sort of worshipful respect for their employer's business acumen. Those are my ideas in a nut-shell. They work, for I've tried them out on our maid."

"The twenty-one months and more to come, one?"

"The same. She hadn't been with us a month until we knew she was a treasure worth keeping. I quietly investigated and learned that the one object she longed to possess above all else was a certain box of imported water-colors. She *adores* to make little frilly trees and impossible muley-cows stalking up green and yellow hills! When I learned her heart's desire, I sprung the contract. I figured that a dollar or so a month extra wasn't more than she was worth to us,

if she stayed steadily on the job."

"Don't talk to me of raising their wages! I've tried it—and it doesn't produce miracles—

"Fish!" interrupted the fat man. "Of course, in actual money, it won't. . . . But I figured that a dollar or so a month extra for twenty months would cover the cost of one of those daubing outfits she desired with heart and soul. So I brought out the little contract, and told her if she would sign up with us for twenty months, I would see to it, that at the end of half that time, she would receive as a premium the very painting set she wanted. I put it all into the contract. The premium idea caught and held her, as no mere increase in salary would have."

"Huh! . . . And, what's the little joker in last night's sign-up?"

"That," he said, smiling complacently as he indicated the slip of paper with a wave of his hand. "Of course it cost a bit more than the set of water-colors, but I felt I'd better ring in something a little better this year. Use an ascending wage scale, you know."

The thin man grunted, and then asked, "What gave you the idea of this?"

"Our knowledge of how she spent her weekly day off. We found out she preferred this sort of entertainment to all others, and was a fan for this particular place. My wife and I figured out what the best in the house would cost for a year—and we consider that paper and all that it stands for—cheap at the price."

"Huh!" After another scrutinizing glance at the "premium," the tall thin fellow handed it back with this dry comment, "I suppose you also figured the noise would be something by way of extra inducement!"

"What'd you mean—noise?" demanded the short fat man, taking the paper.

"Oh, nothing—only, when I go there the farther I'm away from that side of the house the better I enjoy myself. Believe me, that's a busy sector in these days of jazz."

"Hear the envious carp and critic!

Well, old kill-joy, I want you to understand, I selected this, myself! And likewise, I knew what I was about. For a clear, unobstructed view of all that is going on, this is the place where you get it. That's what the real vaudeville fan wants."

"Those whose heads are bald and eyes are dim, perhaps, but are you sure—"

"I'll bet you a box of Prunellas," the fat man cut in positively, "that this little premium here will pave the way to the signing of another contract, next year."

"Huh!" scoffingly.

"I mean it."

"Huh!"

"I'll bet you!"

"Seeing will be believing! I know servants! I also know what you're wishing on her. You'll have to pay her tuition in a deaf institute by this time next year, if—"

"Do you bet?"

"Yes, I'll take you—but seeing will be believing, Brit!"

"Good! . . . And, oh, boy—the smokes I'll have on you next year!"

* * * *

It was exactly two o'clock Shrove Tuesday afternoon, 1918.

Jane Balton sank into her orchestra chair, removed her much-cleaned white gloves, snapped their clasps together so that if she suffered a loss it wouldn't be a half one, but a total, tucked them under the hand-strap of her flat leather handbag, and then turning over the bag, opened the envelope flap and took out a small loose-leaf leather-bound notebook and drawing pencil—these last two her playtime stage properties. Opening the notebook, she leaned back in her chair, giving a sigh of utmost satisfaction. For another afternoon, she had entered into a castle-building world.

This had been her mode of entrance every Tuesday afternoon for more than three months, and each week had come to be looked forward to with great and greater interest.

Fifteen minutes later, when the door below the stage popped open, and one

by one the right-hand division of the orchestra appeared, head-first like so many jacks-in-the-box, and filed quickly past on the other side of the brass-railing from her, Jane looked up from the sketch she was making of a couple in the lower left-hand box. A faint flush crept into her cheeks, and there was an expression of breathless expectancy in her eyes. When the last musician—the drummer—appeared, her eyes for the merest fractional part of a second met eyes that also held in them the look of one who glances expectantly toward a given point to find a familiar object. But this meeting of glances was too brief to be construed as an exchange of greeting and before the drummer had uncovered and drawn into position his various musical paraphernalia, Jane was back, putting fast, though scarcely steady and accurate strokes of shading about the couple she had been sketching.

During the overture, she put away her notebook, turned sideways into the aisle to make room for the last two belated seat-neighbors to pass, took off her rain-spotted black velvet hat, jabbed the hatpin through the brim and anchored it securely to the front breadth of her skirt—for, as you know, front-row orchestra seats weren't designed for ladies, and consequently have no convenient hat-holders along on the brass-railing—and then gave her attention to the program.

Two scintillating jugglers opened the show. Jane saw their act, but at the same time, glances out of the veriest corner of her right eye missed few of the changeful motions that were made by the busy man at the drums. More, she also saw the frank gaze he not infrequently turned in her direction. At these times, it was not the scintillating jugglers, nor the serio-tragic skit, nor the blackface comedians, nor any of the other acts which followed in entertaining order, that caused the flush to come and go on her cheeks, nor made the flurry of intense emotion about her heart.

Then when the lights flared fully, and the orchestra swung into the inter-

mission entertainment for the temperately inclined men, and the women, Jane opened the notebook again, and started on another play-day sketch. But she didn't have quite the usual success with this one. She was too acutely conscious of the fact the man on the other side of the railing was watching every stroke of the pencil, and unlike other days, under similar conditions, she couldn't produce the effect desired. Finally, she found she couldn't keep on drawing. That something within her, that something which was crying out for its rightful recognition and acknowledgment and which had been studiously and carefully suppressed these past weeks, this afternoon was determinedly breaking its bounds. A thought which she had carried with her into the theatre was the thing which actually released the spring: This was the *Mardi Gras*.

She looked up from the picture. Glance met glance—and then a smiling nod of greeting responded to a smiling nod. The thing she had imagined and longed, wished and thought about for weeks had come to pass. The wall separating stranger from stranger had been vaulted. They were now in the garden of *How-do-you-do*.

The last half of the performance passed like a film seen with eyes that register only vague, half-impressions because of the tumult of glad confusion that is going on in the heart. Unbidden and uncontrollably her eyes sought his time after time, and the heart confusion was each time increased by the glance and the smile that was invariably waiting her.

Jane Balton was twenty-six years old, but by the time the final curtain descended, she was as blushingly self-conscious as a shy debutante. In the grip of this shyness, she nodded the primmest sort of a little nod of goodbye, and worked her way quickly through the crowded aisle, as though she hadn't another minute to spare. Then when she was on the train, she gave herself up to regret for this haste. Why didn't she pretend having trouble in putting on her hat? Her gloves?

Perhaps he would have said something. How did she like the show, or something of the sort.

Then recurring to the thought she had carried to the theater with her that afternoon, her regret increased. "This will be a real season of penance," she told herself on this score. Then after a while added, "It'll be forty-eight days before next time. . . ."

* * * *

This was the first Tuesday after Easter. The door below the stage had opened, the jacks-in-the-box had appeared head-first, and filed past in orderly procession, as though this was a common, ordinary-of-ordinary afternoons. When the last man came out of the little low-door, however, and hopeful—yet doubtful—eyes searched for, and then beamingly met shy and expectant ones—there were two persons who knew that it was an afternoon of Afternoons.

When he was arranging his various instruments, he leaned toward her to say, "You haven't been here for a long time."

"Not for seven weeks."

"Well, it's a good thing you came back today," he went on with a quick, jestful smile. "Another Tuesday, and we'd have played *The Vacant Chair* to A-14."

She laughed by way of reply.

"Been away on an early vacation?" he asked.

She shook her head negatively.

"Haven't been ill?" His voice was now shaded with momentary concern.

"No—fortunately."

"Become tired of vaudeville?" This was said half-banteringly.

She denied it with quick, emphatic seriousness. "Indeed, not! I'd never tire of it. I missed it more than ever this Lent."

The light of complete understanding flashed over his face.

"Oh, I understand now!" he said. Then added the information, "I'm Catholic, too."

"Oh, are you." And they smiled at each other as though the bond of ten-

tative friendliness which bound them had been firmly cemented by this bit of mutual, intimate information.

Then catching the leader's signal, he was quickly in position, drumsticks poised ready to begin his afternoon's work.

There was certainly no dearth of glances between them the next three hours, and smiles and nods of mutual appreciation or amusement were as common.

During the intermission, when she began to sketch, he leaned over to ask, "Which one are you doing now?"

"The second violin."

"Be sure to get the nose turned up enough," he suggested, laughingly as he resumed his working position, and put in some of the jazz requirements of the selection being rendered.

Jane laughed, too, for the second violinist had a nose such as delights a cartoonist, but causes the aesthetic artist to close his eyes as though he had looked upon a painful sight.

Nothing more was said until vaudeville's most famous trained horse—the last number on the bill—was doing his final stunt.

Two minutes more, and the show would be over. Jane's eyes met the ones that were compelling her attention.

Between drum-rolls, he leaned toward her, and whispered, "You'll wait outside until I change into my street clothes, won't you?"

A moment, and that shy startled look came and went in Jane's eyes, as she hesitated. Then desire overcame all else. She nodded, "Yes."

* * * *

The five minutes she waited out there in front of the theatre, Jane trembled as from cold, though the sunlight was brightly flooding the street with the warmth of spring-time and, too, her new-tan suit was warm beyond comparison with the shabby black she had worn all winter long, rain or sun. And when she saw him coming toward her, straight, slender and immaculately groomed, it wasn't the rose-colored lining of her new black straw

hat that cast all the glow of blush-roses on her cheeks.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said.

"I didn't mind."

"Which way do you go? Or have you any particular engagement, or—"

"No," she interposed smiling. "The only engagement I have is with the 8:10 train."

"You live out of town, then?"

"Yes. I work for a family down the peninsula."

"Burlingame?"

"No, San Mateo."

"Nice little place. I've been there once or twice." Then changing back to the other topic, "Where shall we go now? Some place and have an ice-cream?"

"Oh, no let's walk about a bit. That is if you don't mind. It's such a pity to waste this nice sunshine."

"Good enough. . . . Shall we go this way?"

"Yes." Then as they started slowly toward the Powell Street corner, she told him, "I've been indulging in a perfect orgy of indoor entertainments today two movies and here! I feel a breath of fresh air would go well for a change."

"Trying to make up for lost time?" he hinted, laughingly.

She nodded back, laughing also.

"Did you like the show today?"

"Indeed! It couldn't have pleased me better, had I had the selecting and arranging of it myself."

"And how did you get along with the sketching?"

"Oh, fair."

"May I see it?"

"The second violin?"

"Yes."

"It's but half-finished," she demurred.

"I'd like to see it anyway—if I might."

For answer she opened the notebook at the proper place and handed it to him saying, "But don't criticize too harshly. I'm no artist. I've the desire to be—but lack the necessary training."

"But you've got him!" he exclaimed quickly upon glancing at the sketch. "That's Mally sure enough!"

"You think it looks like him then?"

"Certainly it does. . . . Any more in here? Might I see them?"

"If you'd like. . . . Let me see, just a moment," she added, reaching a hand for the notebook. "There's another one, I'd like your opinion about. I got it the last time I was here. I was going to check up on it today, but he wasn't there. His day off I suppose—or do you have days off?"

"Oh, yes, we have a day of rest occasionally."

"Your's is some day besides Tuesday then," she remarked turning the pages of the notebook in search of the sketch in question.

"What makes you say that so positively?" he wanted to know, evidently curious.

"Because I've been here every Tuesday for a year, and you've always played." She found the sketch, and went on before he could speak, "Here it is. I think there is something wrong about it. What is it?"

He looked closely at the sketch, then asked, "It's Tommy Ashe, isn't it?"

"I don't know his name, but it's meant to be the chap who plays the trombone—the one next to you."

"That's Tommy." After studying the drawing a moment, he suggested, "Haven't you the chin a little too pronounced here?"

"Perhaps. Something is off some place. You think it should curve a bit more here?" and she indicated the spot with a gloved finger.

"I think so—but I'm no art critic."

"Nor am I an artist."

"Just the same you, have talent, or you couldn't have caught Mally, as you did in the space of three minutes. . . . Have you any more of the fellows in here?"

"I've used you all for models at one time or another," she acknowledged with a laugh.

"Me?"

"Certainly. I got you long ago."

When I used to sit wherever the lords in the box-office chose to place me. Before I got an annual ticket for A-14, you know."

"Where is it?"

"Your profile? Oh, no, it isn't in there," she said, as he started turning the leaves of the notebook. "It's in San Mateo."

"Clever girl!"

"Why do you say that?"

"You didn't want me to see it."

"But I didn't know you were going to see—"

He looked at her with sudden seriousness. "Let's don't hedge and try to make clever conversation, and surround the truth with pretended lack of understanding—when we both know the truth and understand."

This was both startling and confusing.

"Why—"

"Please, don't. . . . You knew as I knew that I wasn't going to let you pass out of many more days, without making some effort to tell you of my desire to know you, to talk with you. As soon as I came in today, and saw you—I knew the hour had come. To prove this, I need only to tell you what I did, when I was behind the stage during that Doyle and Doyle act. I telephoned to my mother. Told her you were back—"

"Your mother!" she exclaimed, looking at him surprised.

"Yes."

"But she doesn't know me—surely!"

"Oh, yes, she does—through me."

"But what do you—why, you can't even know my name!"

"I know things much more important than your name. I know what you are."

"What do you mean?"

"That I know the real *you* as well as I would had we been brought up in the same block. Since you've been sitting there in A-14, there has been about every decided phase of human nature depicted in the various acts up there on the stage. And, one only has to watch another's reception of these things, to learn his character. I've

watched you. I haven't been spying—but—well, I've looked because I've been unable to control the desire. This way, I've learned that you like those things which are bright, beautiful and pure, and are disgusted and shamed by anything that is suggestive. There is much else that I know about you—in spite of not knowing your name. Because of this knowledge, these weeks you have been doing penance, I've been through a purgatory of fear."

"Fear?"

"Yes; fear that all was not well with you—and—that today might not come. Last Tuesday—your seat vacant again—well, I couldn't keep silence about it longer. I had to talk to some one of you, and my fears concerning your continued absence. Naturally, mother was the one I chose. She counseled me to wait one more week. But if you hadn't come back today, I would have gone to the box-office and tried to locate you through them. . . . I'm glad I didn't have to do that. I see so much of the under-current side of life—in sketches back there—that I've grown to detest anything that savors of it in real life. It has taught me a respect for truth, and honesty, and created in me a desire to practice them—better than any religion or philosophy could have. I felt guilty back there, when I suggested going to have an ice-cream."

"Why, why?"

"Because I didn't want to sit down opposite you in an ice-cream parlor the first time we 'broke bread' together. Then, too, I had already planned differently—if you would accept. When I 'phoned mother, I told her I was going to bring you out home to have dinner with us, if I could persuade you. And, she said, 'Tell her for me, Phil, I wish it very much that she should come.' She understands, and wants to meet you. . . . Will you come?"

"Why, I hardly know what to say—"

"Say what you're honestly prompted to say."

"But I—I—"

"Listen," he said when she hesitated in bewilderment. "I've been as frank—as I've dared permit myself to be—on the street. I've had to make reservations—and I know by your eyes, you don't misunderstand that. There are some things that weren't ever meant to be said on the street—in a crowd. They are things that are meant to be spoken in gardens, with just our eyes to see, and our ears to hear. . . . It's an hour before dinner-time. That street car coming down there will take us out in fifteen minutes. I have a tiny rose garden there—Will you come?"

"Do you really want me to come," she answered, raising her eyes to his for a fleeting, searching glance.

"Do I—don't cause me to say it here, dear. Here is the car. Fifteen minutes, and the roses will hear—"

The noise of the halting trolley car drowned the rest of the speech, and in another moment the conductor was ringing up the most joyously given double fare he had perhaps ever received in his nickel collecting career.

* * * *

It was a week before Christmas, 1918. The 5:15 was pulling out of Third and Townsend Street station, when the short fat man sat down heavily beside the tall thin man and heaved a mighty and tired sigh.

"I be darned if I'm not tired tonight!" he exclaimed. "I've callouses on my feet an inch thick."

"What've you been doing today?"

"Enough! I walked all over San Francisco and part of Oakland. Going from one employment office to another trying to find a maid. We're expecting my sister and her family with us Christmas—"

"A maid! Why, what's the trouble with that paragon you leased by the year? The one you passed the grand prix to on a drum-head last year?"

"That's right! Rub it in, darn you, rub it in! Let a man make a mistake, and everybody tries to rub it in. My wife has been doing it ever since the darn girl gave us notice! Why, oh, why did I have to select the one seat that propinquity could muddle!"

"Huh! So, I was right after all! The noise you put in by way of an added inducement, split her ear-drums, and—"

"Lay off that drum stuff, will you," barked the fat man. "I've heard it enough!"

"A sore-spot, eh?" Then after a bit, the thin man added slyly, "But, what really did happen, Brit? I predicted it, of course, on broad, general lines—but I'm shy on specific facts. Tell me."

The fat man grunted a half-audible expletive as he opened up a newspaper. "Nothing to tell," he said after a moment. "She's just going to marry the damned drummer Christmas Eve—that's all!"

The tall thin man leaned back in his chair and roared. And in between paroxysms of laughter, he twitted, "Oh, you poor fish! Oh, you contracts! You premiums! You solutions incomparable to the servant problem! . . . At that, it serves you right, Brit, for foisting a fully-crowned girl into bald-headed row!" And when the train entered the first tunnel with a roar, he shouted the taunt supreme: "Oh, boy, but I see now where I don't swear off smoking New Years! Not with a box of Prunellas to smoke. Not me! I'm human!"



A Matter of Climate

By H. A. Noureddin Addis

THE day on which the Livermore Light & Fuel Company severed its connection with Henry McPeak marked the beginning of a new era in that gentleman's eventful career. His first thought upon finding himself unattached was of returning to evangelism. But the memory of his last series of revival services exerted a strong deterrent influence. These services had ended ignominiously, in unpleasantry, odium, and a jail sentence.

As to highway robbery, pure and simple, its lure was still potent, but he felt that the cruder work would be unworthy his years of training in finesse and diplomacy in the service of the gas company.

Besides—there was no doubt about it—Henry had grown gun-shy. He had found the meter-key to be more effective as a coin-loosener than the six-shooter—also better form. He had operated too long with the law on his side to wish to change over. So at length, after much discussion with Mrs. McPeak, Henry had decided to stifle his longings for the old life and compromise on the real estate business.

All this was ancient history to me when I dropped off the southbound at Livermore Junction late one afternoon, and hurried across the dusty street by way of the swinging doors to the dingy old one-story frame building where I had last seen the legend; Henry McPeak, Operator in Real Estate. The sign was still there, but Henry was not. On looking closer I found a sticker on the door which said, "Moved to more commodious quarters in the Turner Building."

I knew the Turner Building for one

of the few up-to-date business structures in Livermore. Old Judson Turner, the wealthy cattleman, built it in a burst of over-enthusiastic local patriotism after a visit to New York. It proved a white elephant on old Turner's hands because the rental-paying capacity of the Livermorians was not sufficiently elastic to stand the strain of eight per cent on the investment. Yet even at a greatly reduced rental I knew it was far beyond Henry's dreams when last I saw him. So with my mind full of speculations as to the cause of this sudden rise in the world, I hastened to the Turner Building.

"Why the sumptuousness?" I asked as I held my old friend's hand, while allowing my gaze to rove over the magnificent quartered-oak and near-mahogany with which the office was decorated. "Last time I saw you over in the little shack by the station, you tried to touch me for the price of a month's rent. They must be running strong now."

"You know what old what-you-call-him said, don't you, Joe?" replied Henry with a little labored grin. "He said one was born every minute."

"The old man was right, too," I said, "but I didn't think they took well to the narrow-gauge."

"You'll find 'em anywhere," returned Henry, shaking his head—somewhat sadly, it seemed to me—"anywhere."

"Anyway you seem to have found 'em," I said, testing the pile of the rug with the toe of my left shoe as I spoke.

Henry didn't answer for a minute. He looked at the floor, shook his head doubtfully, then raised his eyes, and said: "Mebby so—and mebby they

found me. You can't tell yet, Joe."

"Look here, Henry McPeak," I said finally, "We've had enough of this mystery business. You may think you're too high up in the world now to confide in your old partner—but if you do, you're mistaken. I dropped in here this afternoon expecting to find you broke as usual. I had a little money in my pocket, and planned to assist you either in paying your bills, or evading your creditors, whichever seemed more expedient."

"That so?" exclaimed Henry, brightening up wonderfully. "Would you mind lettin' me just take a look at that money? It's been so long—But come in, Joe! Come in, and sit down at Uncle Roscoe's desk! He probably won't be in again this afternoon."

Henry swung open a small gate in the railing which was evidently intended to keep the common rabble from coming into too close contact with the firm.

"Have a smoke," he continued, extending toward me a box of cigars. "It may be your only chance to smoke on Mrs. McPeak."

"Smoke on Mrs. McPeak!" I echoed, "and Uncle Roscoe!"

Henry grinned. "Light up, and I'll explain. It seems like it was years, but really it's only a few months since my wife said to me one evening after supper: 'I had a letter from Uncle Roscoe today, Henry. He's a widower now—a lonely old widower, without a child or relative in the world, except myself.'

"And——" I says.

"And he's rich," said Mrs. McPeak.

"Great chance for some woman, that."

"Mrs. McPeak didn't say anything for a minute. Just set there thinkin'. I guess I'll write and ask him to come out and live with us," she says finally.

"It might be safer if we had him here where we could watch him. He wouldn't be so liable to make a fool of himself."

"It may a-been two or three weeks before Uncle Roscoe was mentioned

again. I had almost forgotten his existence when Mrs. McPeak says one night: 'I got a letter from Uncle today. He says he'd like nothing better than to pay us a visit, and if he likes it here he'll make his home with us. He says he's only a broken down old man, and won't be in the way much longer.'

"'Shucks,' I says, warmin' up at that, 'We'll soon give him to understand that he hain't in the way here.'

"Say, Henry," says my wife later on, "you know Uncle Roscoe has been a very successful man, and you know how a successful man likes success in others. Don't you think you'd better get some new furniture and move to a better office before he gets here?"

"And make a bluff at keepin' busy?" I asks. The idea tickled me.

"That's it."

"I like the suggestion," I says 'but one thing is lacking.'

"Never mind that," says Mrs. McPeak. "I foresaw the necessity. There's certificates of deposit amountin' to six hundred and forty-five dollars in my old trunk upstairs."

"Six hundred and forty-five dollars!" I yells. "The deuce there is, woman! And where did you get all that money? Tell me that, please!"

"I held it out on you," she answers, "out o' the housekeepin' money all them years you've been workin' for the gas company."

"And me workin' and scrapin' all this time tryin' to pay the rent," I howls, "for less cause I could get a divorce from you Mrs. McPeak."

"Yes," says she, smilin' sweetly, "and from the six forty-five and Uncle Roscoe at the same time. He's my uncle remember!"

"Never mind," says I, lookin' severe at her. "Can't you take a joke?"

"So we rented these offices here, and bought all this furniture. And after we'd had the gilt letterin' put on the window, and paid for the frosted glass and brass trimmin's, we found ourselves just four hundred and twenty-three dollars in the hole. Mrs. McPeak got a job makin' hand-bags and

other fancy-work jimcracks for the department store. She said she could pay the rent and interest, and hoped the business would pay enough to keep up our household expenses. I knew that it wouldn't, but I didn't say anything. It didn't.

"Things went pretty bad with us for a while. Then they got worse. Finally, one night when I went home Mrs. McPeak had news.

"'Uncle Roscoe's coming next week,' she said.

"'The dickens!' I says, 'is he?'

"'Yes,' she says, 'and say, Henry,—do you know what we've got to have?'

"'No,' I answers, 'that is, yes,—I know about a million things, but I don't think of any one in particular that we need worse than the others.'

"'It'll never do to let him come and see that office without a stenographer, Henry,—never in the world. We've got to have one.'

"'How?' I asks.

"'I don't know,' says she.

"'Maybe I could go out and take a shine to some dame who was wise to this stenog business, if you wouldn't make a holler on the bigamy end o' the game,' I says.

"'Don't be silly, Henry,' she replies, 'we've got to have one that's an ornament to the business,—one that'll set off our nice new furniture.'

"'Thanks for the compliment,' I says, 'but how? It's up to you, Mrs. McPeak.'

"'Just give me a day to think about it,' she said, as I put on my hat and started for McManus's.

"Next night, sure enough, she had everything figured out. I'd hardly got inside the house when she started tellin' me about it.

"'You're a member of the Owls,' she says, lookin' me straight in the face.

"'Sure,' I laughs, 'I always was pretty much of a night owl, wasn't I?'

"'Yes,' she says, 'but this is the ancient and improved order of Owls.'

"'Why?' I asks, 'why this sudden and strange affiliation thrust upon me?'

"'Because you have a job now. In private life you are fireman in the Coronado Apartment House, hours 7:30 P. M. to 2: A. M. Salary equivalent to that of a first-class stenographer.'

"'Well,' I comes back at her, 'if I've got to work I've got to, and that's all there is to it. But I don't see why I need to belong to an order I never heard of before, just because I've got to work.'

"'Look here,' she says, 'don't you be too quick to jump at conclusions. Uncle Roscoe's liable to get inquisitive when he sees you goin' out every night unless you can give some sensible excuse. Owls is the excuse. Uncle's too old to join. That makes us safe.'

"Next day Mrs. McPeak went the rounds of the beauty shows, and such like, and in her wanderings she roped in one of the prettiest little yellow-haired gum-chewers you ever set eyes on. Not that she was little,—she wasn't. Her style of beauty was the large and well-developed. Some looker, Joe,—some looker! But wait, you'll see her.

"From that time till Uncle Roscoe got here Mrs. McPeak sat in the office herself every day to do her fancy-work. Made it kind o' homelike for the new stenographer, she said. Guess she didn't like the idea of me bein' alone on the reception committee. I didn't have much work for the girl, so she helped Mrs. McPeak some with the hand-bags. That way we was able to get two dollars' worth o' work out of her in about eighteen dollars' worth o' time.

"Uncle Roscoe hadn't been here but three or four days till he begun to insist on comin' down to the office with me. He got that desk in, the one you're sittin' at,—and wanted to take right hold o' the work. Said he wasn't used to loafin' and might as well do something to earn his salt. That's been an awful strain on me. Of course I had to tell the old man that most o' my business was done by mail. You know, he could see that there wasn't

no customers comin' into the office. So I've been writin' letters about real estate deals to everybody I knowed. Oh, yes,—I wrote to you, too, Joe! I wrote you about alfalfa ranches in California, stock farms in Georgia and potato lands in Michigan—there hain't no kind or branch of real estate that I didn't write you about, and there hain't no town of any size from the Atlantic to the Pacific from Canada to Mexico that I didn't address your letters to.

"Well, sir,—Uncle Roscoe has improved from the day he landed in Livermore. He was a long, thin old man, bent and palsied, and when he walked he just kind o' pulled himself along with a cane. Now he's straightened up, has a clear eye, and sometimes he forgets his cane when he goes out. Besides he's gained a good thirty pounds since he's been here with us.

"'Seems like this Western climate agrees with Uncle,' Mrs. McPeak observes one evening last week. I had beat the old man home,—I always hurry now in anticipation of the night's entertainment.

"'With nothin' but the kindest of wishes towards our venerated relative, Mrs. McPeak,' I says, 'it does appear to me like the day of settlin' our bills is gettin' further and further away from us as time goes on.'

"'But of course it isn't,' she says.

"'No,' I says, 'I s'pose you're right. But he's good for a sight more years than I am, the way I have to slave.'

"So time passed. Uncle Roscoe was gettin' younger every day, and more business like. Here lately he's been gettin' Helen—that's the girl's name—to write a lot o' letters to his old business friends in the East. The old boy's figurin' on startin' in business again unless the real estate begins to show some results for him. He's been kiddin' me about havin' everything cinched in that line so there wasn't no look-in for him. And now as long as he thinks that way I've got to try to keep the bluff workin'. And to do myself justice I must say

that everything was goin' smooth till yesterday."

"What happened yesterday?" I asked.

"Well, along in the afternoon a man drops in. He was a swell-dresser, middle-aged, and looked like ready money. Uncle Roscoe was nearest the door, and he nabs him.

"'Government officer,' I says to myself, 'It's them letters I've been a-writin'.'

"I looked again. Them sporty stock-broker togs didn't spell Secret Service to Henry McPeak.

"'——that picture——' I heard him say. My brain worked like a buzz-saw. What picture could it be? I thought of everything from treason to income tax. My mind couldn't locate no picture.

"'The middle one?' asks Uncle Roscoe, steppin' back towards the street window there.

"The stranger nodded.

"Uncle Roscoe fishes out a picture. It was a swell bungalow, price \$7,500.00.

"'That's the one,' says he of the flashy clothes.

"Then Uncle Roscoe gives him a nice little line o' sellin' talk. You see, Joe, the old man wants to impress me with his business ability. Thinks I'm a judge of such things. I'd ought to a-wanted to laugh, but I didn't.

"'No use to talk,' says the stranger, after waitin' a minute for the old man to get through, "I'm pleased with the picture all right. If the house suits me when I see it I'll be ready to talk business.'

"Right then I done some tall thinkin'. Some o' them pictures I'd found layin' around in the old office when I first went into the real estate business, and some of 'em Mrs. McPeak brought from the city. She bought a job lot of 'em just as part of the furnishin's of the new office. If it was in the old office it was probably the picture of a bungalow here in town, and in that case if we looked up the owner we might be able to sell it and get the commission. I must have time on that.

"'Can we take this gentleman out to see this house?' asked Uncle Roscoe, holdin' the picture so I could see it.

"'Sure,' I says, 'just a minute.'

"I shuffled through a bunch o' papers on my desk. Then went to the filin' cabinet. The files was empty, but I didn't let 'em see that. I looked through every bunch o' papers I could find in the office.

"'Sorry,' I says at last, 'I seem to a mislaid the listing of that property. Can't you come in again tomorrow or next day, sir? I'll look it up in the meantime.'

"The stranger was very nice about it. Said he was perfectly willing to wait for a day or two. After he had gone Uncle Roscoe was inclined to kid me about my carelessness. The old man's gettin' positively like a boy. When I closed up last night I hunted over town for that bungalow till I was a few minutes late for the opening ode at the Owls lodge. And today Mrs. McPeak is engaged in a similar search."

As he was speaking the door opened and Mrs. McPeak came in. She dropped heavily into the first chair with a deep sigh, and began fanning herself with the newspaper which she carried. Mrs. McPeak was never given to embonpoint, but now she looked thinner than ever. Evidently the strain was telling on her as well as it was on Henry.

"What luck?" queried Henry.

"None,"—despondently.

"I see Mrs. McPeak didn't recognize you, Joe. What's your name this summer? I'll introduce you." Henry shot at me in a little nervous aside.

"LaCroix," I answered,—"Guillaume LaCroix of Montreal."

"Where's Uncle Roscoe?" asked Mrs. McPeak, after acknowledging my stately bow with a curt nod.

"He went over to the Court House this afternoon. Wanted to find out something about Articles of Incorporation in this State. It has something to do with one of the companies he thinks of organizin'."

"The customer didn't come in again?"

"No. I guess he won't be back today. It's most too late now." Henry looked at his watch,—then, after an uneasy glance into the street, settled back and appeared to breathe easier.

"And Helen?"

"I'm expectin' her back any time now. She went over to look up the title to a piece of real estate."

"What's that for?" interrogated Mrs. McPeak.

"Oh, just to keep things movin'," returned Henry with an uneasy smile. "It won't do to let her get wise to the game any more than it will Uncle Roscoe."

"Listen to me, folks," I spoke up for the first time. "I don't want to meddle in your business, but I believe I see a way out."

"What's that?" chorused the McPeaks, turning toward me—all attention.

"I'll be the owner of the property. You can introduce me to Uncle Roscoe, and I'll tell him I've changed my mind about selling the place. That ought to clear things up with the old man, and at the same time make it easy to get rid of the customer."

"But we don't want to get rid of the customer," protested the lady. "At least not now. We want his money first."

"Shucks! Uncle Roscoe'd get that, anyway," grumbled Henry. Then jumping to his feet and dancing about the office, he grabbed my hand, "By Heck, you've saved me again Joe——"

"Mr. LaCroix," I corrected.

—LaCroix. And I swear you deserve a share in the proceeds,—if there ever is any proceeds."

"But even if Uncle Roscoe did get the money now it would all come to us in the end." Mrs. McPeak's mind was apparently one that refused to let go a question until she had reasoned it out to some definite conclusion.

Just then a uniformed messenger came in and tossed an envelope on the table in the front office. Mrs. McPeak signed, took up the envelope,

looked at the address, opened, and read it. A puzzled look came over her face, and I saw her slowly read it again. Then without a word she passed the little slip of yellow paper over to Henry and sank limply back into her chair. Her face went pale as death.

At first Henry seemed electrified. Then he sat staring with outstanding, glassy eyes at the sheet of paper. "Well,—I'll—be—dinged!" he said.

I sensed something out of the ordinary. Something that I thought was perhaps not calculated for the ears,—or eyes,—of — third party. "Some family matter," I said to myself, "I'd better leave them alone so they can talk it over."

"Well,—I must be going," I continued aloud, as I struggled leisurely to my feet and stretched nonchalantly. "Glad to have met you, Mrs. McPeak."

There was no reply. The lady gave no sign of animation.

"What time shall I come in to play my little part, Henry?" I queried, turning to my friend. "Better get it over as soon as possible,—because, to tell you the truth, I'm not wholly enraptured with your cute little metropolis."

"I guess we won't need you—now," was Henry's reply. "Here! Read this!" He gave me the letter he still held in his hand.

"Dear Folks:" it read. "When we met in the Court House this afternoon it seemed that Fate had brought us together for the step which we had recently contemplated taking. Before you get this note we shall have left on our wedding trip. No time now. Will write more fully later.

"ROScoe AND HELEN."

Naturally my first impulse was to laugh. But just as I was on the point of giving vent to my feelings a little thump caused me to look around. Henry had fallen forward and lay there, his head on the desk and his arms hanging like dead weights straight down from the shoulders. Mrs. McPeak had not changed her position since handing her husband the letter.

I opened the door and looked up and down the hallway. There was a doctor's office just opposite. I crossed over and opened the reception room door.

"Can I do something for you?" asked the young physician as he ditched the yellow-backed novel I caught him reading, and stood up rather embarrassed.

"No," I said. "I don't think of anything you can do for me just now,—but if I was going to make a guess, I'd guess that the couple across the hall in the Real Estate office needs your services mighty bad."

THE PROSPECTOR

In the silent wastes of Desert, and its shifting sand,
Lay a dying wanderer,—a worn and aged man.
Ever had he sought for gold, with eyes cast on the ground,—
Sought that earthly treasure, which he had never found.
But now that he lay dying, he looked to Heaven above,
He saw at last the Mother-Lode,—the treasure of God's love.

THOMAS E. LASUER.

The Walking Eagle of California

By Loyer Holmes Miller, Ph. D.

WE folk in California are bantered more or less good-naturedly by our Eastern friends because of an alleged tendency to see large at close range. We are even accused of having a greater reverence for the State than for the truth, and therefore we strive, each fellow to out do the other in reporting the wonders of a wonderful land. In rebuttal it is claimed by some good Westerners that the truth is so remarkable that it becomes necessary to lie in order to be believed—sort of “lie down,” so to speak, to get on the plane of credulity.

Be the course within or without our boundaries, there have come into circulation some most remarkable stories that have grown almost as luxuriantly as other things Californians have a way of doing. We must look to our neighbors, however, for some of the most beautifully embellished statements regarding ourselves. One such overgrown report has but lately been called to my attention. It refers to one of the creatures of California's geologic past—the Walking Eagle of Rancho La Brea. Such a creature has been unearthed, perhaps you know, along with many other things not “dreamed of in your philosophy.”

The report in scientific journals that the fossil beds of Rancho La Brea in Southern California had yielded remains of a Walking Eagle that probably sought its prey entirely on foot, came as a decided surprise and with it came a pleasant tickling sensation to our divine curiosity.

Immediately also the inflammable popular imagination took fire and, like the wild fire of gossip, caused the wonder to grow till this strange bird

reached a stature of eighteen feet and was actually depicted by an enthusiastic New York press artist in the act of devouring wolves after the manner of a small boy eating cherries. An unfortunate error is this. Shall we blame either curiosity or imagination—two qualities without which no scientist ever gets very far? Perhaps better blame the scientist who hid his discovery more or less effectively in scientific verbiage. Curiosity craves the fact, imagination should aid us in its interpretation. What then is the fact regarding the fossil eagle from Rancho La Brea and what is the interpretation?

The national bird of Americans to-day is a wonderful creation—an alert and courageous spirit housed in a fighting mechanism of the most beautifully balanced perfection. He is in reality a combination of the *chasse type* of aeroplane with the freight-lifting type of bombing machine. The pinions are broad and strong and his powerful engine, the controlling breast muscles, constitutes the original liberty motor. The prey is seized from the air without the bird's alighting and with his short-powerful grappling hooks he can carry away a load half again as heavy as himself.

Suppose a man were attempting to lift a shock of hay weighing more than his own body. He would naturally grasp pretty short up along his pitch-fork handle to gain leverage. Nature has for the same reason provided the typical eagles with short, powerful legs wonderfully adapted for bearing away their burdensome prey, but she has been obliged, alas, to rob him of the grace of the fancy dancer or the freedom of a swinging “route

step." On foot he is less graceful than an unhorsed cowboy in chaps, spurs, and high-heeled riding boots.

Entertaining this deeply grounded notion of what an eagle should be, the student of fossil birds was naturally somewhat startled to find among the many thousand bird bones from Rancho La Brea, four leg bones representing an eagle of unimpeachable family connections, but mounted on stilts equal to those of the Great Blue Heron.

We stand before the giraffe in the zoo and watch it chew its cud, switch its inadequate bovine tail, and stamp its cloven hoofs, and we still contend with the mystified rustic that "there ain't no such beast." The idea of a spotted cow gone to seed that way! The same feeling of being asked to believe the unbelievable is felt, when we are confronted with these strange eagle bones. Yet the facts remain. It is for us to interpret them.

Such evidence as we possess goes to indicate a bird of about the weight of the American eagles today. He was not an over-developed ostrich as our enthusiastic press reporter imagined him to be. Such gigantic birds do not fly because an adequate wing surface can not be supported by any living tissue that we know anything about. There are, however, many walking birds of less gigantic stature, that have the power of strong and sustained flight. There is no reason to believe that our stilted eagle was tied to the ground, so we must needs let him soar.

It is in the characters of the hind limb that our interest centers. A study of the muscle attachments upon the leg bones furnishes abundant evidence that the lifting power of the foot was extremely small or was entirely wanting. He grasped the end of his pitchfork handle, so to speak, and became more of a pole vaulter.

The toes were weak in grasping power and therefore less curved than the grappling hooks of the modern bird. Thus he doubtless walked flat-

footed upon the ground and, in feeding, used the foot, if at all, merely to step upon the prey and hold it to the ground as it was torn to shreds with the beak. He did not stand on one foot and lift wolves in the other as he devoured them seriatem. On the other hand such a bird was probably reduced to the ignoble diet of snakes, lizards, grasshoppers, and possibly the remains from others' banqueting.

Only in South Africa do we find such an anomalous creature today—the Serpent Eating Eagle of the open veldt. Here is a bird of the strong pinion, flashing eye, and imperious mien of the eagle, but mounted on the incongruous running gear of a Sand Hill Crane. Incredulity and then mirth are the emotions experienced in the presence of this bird.

Can you imagine a certain fallen war lord in spiked helmet and pewter medals, with stone cold eye and unwarmed heart, stripped of his high boots and seeking a breakfast of clams by wriggling his toes in the mud? Such is the ludicrous impression offered by the African Serpent Eating Eagle and such must have been the appearance of the Walking Eagle of California.

Does the similarity of these two birds mean an intimate connection between Southern California and South Africa? Such conclusion would be unfortunate because the relationship between the birds is less intimate than appears. They are descended from two distinct eagles—like strains. Rather must we consider that we have caught Mother Nature at one of her tricks. She has repeated herself. The biologist calls it homoplasy or convergent evolution.

As in society, so is it figuratively in nature "Opportunity maketh the man." A new possibility is offered and sooner or later, the right man is developed to take advantage of it. There arises a certain biologic vacancy in any area and sooner or later a species is developed to occupy such place. The Serpent Eating Eagle fills a certain niche in African bird life.

The bird fits the niche and the niche,
the bird.

In fashioning the Walking Eagle of California, Mother Nature, in a far country, took the new clay at hand and fashioned a similar bird to fit a similar niche. Thus we have a kinship in process rather than in product. We

have caught Nature at her work and herein lies the interest held for us by the Daggett Eagle of Rancho La Brea, for such is his real name. What a pity, since she has cherished her work in South Africa, the dear, fickle old lady should have blotted it out in California.

SEQUOIA GIGANTEA

Close beside the stream we found thee,
Thou hoary giant, standing there,
Uplifting massive trunk so proudly
Serene, into the summer air.

Round about in reverent wonder
We have set apart a space,
Cleared away the vines from under,
Giving thee a monarchs' place.

Sphinx-like, in thy silent grandeur
Countless seasons passed thee by,
Heedless thou, of crashing thunder,
Blinding flash that rent the sky.

Thou wer't noble, strong and massive,
Long ere Romes' proud legions stood
Holding conquered races captive,
Empire building as she would.

Yea, ere swarthy slaves were toiling,
Rearing there along the Nile,
Sacred temples, still enduring,
Thou wer't thriving then the while.

Thou didst spread thy dusky foliage,
Even in that long dim past,
Whence from ancient pagan knowledge
Mankind, groping rose at last.

Came a day when through the gloaming,
Rolled a distant rumbling sound
Of a mighty brother falling,
Falling there upon the ground.

Thy time had come, O stalwart one,
Remorseless steel of man would gnaw
Into thy vitals, then undone
Thou too, wouldst feed the hungry saw.

But, pausing in his lust for gold
Which thy great mass would bring,
Man stood, and then his conscience told,
"Why must thou do this thing?"

* * *

So live thou on, while we pass yonder,
Fear not thou, the hand of gain,
Unborn children fill with wonder
When we long in dust have lain.



The Hidden Trail

Wanted---A Cook

By Margaret Gray Fischer

ABREEZE had sprung up just before dawn, a soft, warm, erratic breeze, hinting of the fall rains soon to come and seeming to laugh as it scattered in all directions the gold-flecked autumn leaves. It nodded the head of a fat little Chinese mandarin, standing near an open window, nodded it more and more violently, until at last the little mandarin toppled and so left unweighted the paper on which it had been placed. The breeze laughed again, seized the unguarded paper, wafted it through the air, partially unfolded it, swirled it in at another window and finally deposited it on a bed wherein lay a sleeping man.

A couple of hours later the alarm clock by the head of the bed began its daily convulsion and, in the middle of the second wheeze, the man's hand reached from the bed and pressed the silencing spring; then he rubbed sleepy eyes, flung out his arms in an awakening yawn and his hand encountered the paper. "What the dickens—?" he queried, drowsily, as he straightened the crumpled sheet and held it before his eyes.

"Dear Dick," he read, "I am going to kill you—"

Dick Prescott sat suddenly upright in his bed.

"Great Jumping Jupiter," he said. "Have I gone crazy or what?"

Then he read the rest of the letter.

Jennie Archer was being heckled. If you don't know what that means, consult a suffragette, militant preferred.

Jennie was twenty-seven and one of the expert house furnishing girls in an aristocratic establishment on Sutter street. Jennie was inclined to be plumb, brown-eyed, curly haired, and,

if unheckled, of a placid and sensible disposition. Just at present she was somewhat snappish.

She lived with her Aunt Serena, who had always belied her name, and her uncle by marriage James, in a sunny, old-fashioned flat high on a Bush street hill. They were very kind to her—too kind. They not only wanted her to have a good time; they insisted upon it, only the good time was of their choosing—not hers. It was the same thing with beaus. Aunt Serena selected them, gathered them in and flung them at Jennie and flung Jennie at them, until—well, you know how it would be. Two people flung together too violently are apt to rebound to a considerable distance.

Aunt Serena never could understand this; neither could she understand why her favorite and dearly loved niece should remain unmarried. She herself had won three husbands and she was convinced that every woman should own at least one. Uncle James (James the third, so to speak), agreed with her and, between them they made Jennie's life such a burden that she resorted to the old trick of inventing a sweetheart.

Not naturally of a make believe temperament, Jennie was, of necessity, somewhat reticent concerning her lover. His name was Dick, and he worked nights and Sundays, which accounted for his never calling.

Sometimes, or so she said, she met him at lunch and, when she was not too sleepy, she wrote to him evenings, sitting somewhat ostentatiously at the living room table.

For a time this satisfied Aunt Serena and Uncle James the third, and they watched Jennie write her love let-

ters with mild, shining, spectacled eyes, but after a while they wearied of romance and wanted some practicality. They wished to meet Dick, or, if that were impossible, to know more about him. They became so full of unap-peased curiosity that it squirted, like an over-ripe orange and that is how the heckling began.

They questioned Jennie at the breakfast table, read strange meanings into her most innocent conversation at dinner, waylaid her in the hall, shot inquiries into her bedroom door, appeared unexpectedly at the restaurant where she lunched and altogether, so harried her that one night she relieved her feelings by a truthful if not a loving letter to her imaginary fiance.

"Dear Dick," it began—

"I am going to kill you. I made you to love but now I hate you. You are like the monster Frankenstein and you are fast driving me to the insanity which ends in murder. I am becoming a ghoul and watching the daily papers to see if a man by the name of Richard Something has not been run over by a car or drowned, or met any form of sudden death and, Dick, I have become convinced that to be named Richard means to live forever.

"I don't really want to get married, or at least I would not if Aunt Serena and Uncle James were not so eager to have me. That is why I invented you. I thought it would satisfy them, but now they are driving me crazy with questions. I am so tired and nervous that I even dislike my work, and yet it is beautiful work, if only we girls did not have to dress in the very height of picturesque style to match the decorations, and I would give just anything in the world to wear a short-sleeved gingham house dress and cook. I do love to cook. Aunt Serena has taught me all her secrets and I have a few of my very own. Perhaps, if you were a real man I might like it and you, but then you are not, and, besides, I have sworn to kill you. From this moment you are dead. I, your creator, kill you, although I don't just

know how. So, Dick of my dreams, good-bye—

"JENNIE ARCHER."

And this was the letter which Dick Prescott, impracticable, unconventional, impulsive Dick Prescott read, while the soft, wet warm breeze chuckled outside his window and then, repenting its many misdeeds, began to weep on the window sill in great splotchy drops of rain.

* * * *

Jennie Archer hurried off through the rain to her daily work and did not think of her letter until nearly quitting time. Then she hurried again, toward home this time, in somewhat of a panic. Aunt Serena was honorable and did not read other people's letters, but she had left this sheet lying loose, and since the curiosity at her home had assumed its most virulent form, it was possible—well, anyway, she wanted to be sure, and so she almost ran the last half block, colliding with a young man in front of her own doorstep.

"I beg your pardon," gasped Jennie.

"It was really all my fault," the young man acknowledged. "But don't go on, please. Wait just a moment, I want to speak to you. You see, I am Dick, and I have your letter."

"My— my— my letter?"

"Your letter," and he held it out to her with a smile.

"I don't see how—" she began. "Oh, what must you think of me? It sounds as if I were a born liar or insane, but, they would keep bothering me and— and."

"Perhaps you will think me insane when you hear what I have to say, but, in the first place, I really know you, Miss Archer. I have often seen you and heard my sister speak of you. She—my sister—is Alice Prescott and one of the designers in your store. I am Richard Prescott."

"Why, yes, I know Miss Prescott and I think I have heard her speak of you."

"Possibly she has spoken, too, of a

small inheritance which has just come to our family? No? Well, Miss Archer, I am a writer, outside of business hours and I have sold enough to make me believe I can make my living by writing. This inherited money makes it possible for me to try. I want a little place in the country to do my work and I thought—well, I wondered if—” It was Dick’s turn to flush and stammer now. Jennie’s brown eyes were appraising him, a thing to which she was not unaccustomed, being a fairly keen business woman; she judged him honest, frank, boyish, enthusiastic.

“I could like him,” she decided, with a blush.

Dick was blushing, too, but he went bravely on.

“Oh, well, it’s like this. I am tired of my job and you of yours. We both want to do something that pleases us. I want a home and I can’t cook a little bit. Now why shouldn’t we make a home for each other? We would have to marry, of course, but we could quit any time we wanted to. People do everyday, anyhow.”

“Wanted—a cook.” Jennie said, scornfully.

“Exactly.” Dick made defiant answer. “Will you accept the situation?”

Jennie’s mind moved swiftly. After all, to acquire a cook by marriage was not altogether unusual, only it was not generally stated quite so frankly. If she refused, she threw away the only chance of adventure her rather humdrum life had so far offered, but to marry, without love, without— She looked at Dick and his eyes met hers, squarely, frankly, honestly.

Aunt Serena opened the door and looked out on the wet asphalt, upon whose gray, glassy surface reflected lights were beginning to twinkle, then she spied her niece.

“Oh, hurry, Jennie,” she said. “I have the nicest dinner if you and your uncle don’t spoil it by keeping it waiting. James is changing his shoes and you come right in and change yours, child.”

“I am glad about the nice dinner,

auntie,” Jennie answered, demurely, “because, you see, I have brought Dick.”

Aunt Serena rose gallantly to the occasion and, before the dinner was half over, it was evident that both she and Uncle James, the third, were delighted with Dick. He was such a winning fellow, so open and friendly. He told the eagerly listening old folks all about the inheritance, his plan of devoting a year to writing and study, his wish, if Jennie were willing, to take a little place across the bay, where she could decorate and cook to her heart’s content, while he wrote. He spoke of evenings of companionship, of jolly week-ends in the city, and altogether, made the whole thing sound so feasible and fascinating that Jennie was completely carried away with his enthusiasm.

“And to think,” Aunt Serena remarked, reproachfully, “that Jennie never told us.”

The gods whose special duty it is to place obstacles in the way of true love, evidently disdained to interfere in a business arrangement, for no courtship ever ran so smoothly. Dick’s sisters were rejoiced to have their brother so happily settled and Alice Prescott took Jennie in her arms and kissed her.

“You are just the kind of a wife that Dick needs,” she declared. “My dear, the whole family suffers from the artistic temperament and you will act as a balance wheel.

A bungalow at the foot of Mount Tamalpais was rented. Jennie’s firm made her a present of house decorations; Aunt Serena supplied wonderful kitchen utensils; Uncle James, the third, did his full duty in the way of a check. No pair of cooing doves offering ovations to Cupid ever fared better than this would-be writer and his cook. However, the companionship of which Dick had spoken came true. They took long walks together, and, returning filled their great fireplace with branches of spicy bay, luxuriating in warmth and odor. Dick read his tales and Jennie’s comments were

direct as folk-lore, untroubled by technical subtleties.

They spent the week-ends in San Francisco, sometimes with Jennie's people, more often with Dick's sisters. The Prescotts were true Bohemians, attracting strange and erratic personalities as inevitably as salt attracts moisture, and it was at one of their gatherings that Jennie met Nita for the first time.

"This is my chum, Jennie," Dick introduced her, simply.

"Dick means chum of by-gone years, Mrs. Prescott," Nita elucidated. "Now he is married, of course, things are different. Dick, are you too much married to collaborate once more? I gathered worlds of material on my last trip and if you could just run a bit of love interest through it, the editors would surely grab at it. Would you mind, Mrs. Prescott? Perhaps you know that I own a shack not far from your home, and if you really wouldn't mind, I could come over for a month or so."

"Mrs. La Grange despairs to write love stories, she deals in travel articles and essays," one of the party explained. "She does not take any stock at all in love, do you, Nita?"

"There ain't no sich animal," Nita quoted, gaily.

"It will be delightful to have an neighbor," Jennie answered, politely; nevertheless, for the first time a doubt as to her position assailed her and now that her companionship with Dick was to be invaded, she realized all it had been. Dick, however, was quite enthusiastic over the idea.

"You come right along and stay in our place," he invited. I have a hummer of a plot that needs an Oriental setting and Jennie will take care of the eats. Jennie knows how — don't you, cooklady?"

"I have heard reports of Mrs. Prescott's genius, and your bid tempts me beyond refusal," Nita laughed. "Don't be too frightened, Mrs. Prescott, for I will be part of the time, at least, in my own place."

"See here, Nita, when are we to visit

that place of yours?" Ruth Prescott asked.

"Never," Nita answered, decidedly. "It is the abode of mystery and even the trail is hidden; only the doubly initiated may enter."

"Doubly initiated means Dick," explained Leslie Black, in an undertone.

"Meow, pussy, meow," Nita laughed. "Never listen to a kitty cat, Mrs. Prescott."

The next week Nita came and while Jennie went about her tasks in the dainty kitchen, she could hear the click of the typewriter interrupted by the sound of voices in eager discussion, and, somehow, the delight in her beloved work seemed gone. It was Nita who now commented upon Dick's stories; Nita who, on their walks, was so eagerly alive to the beauty around them.

Jennie took herself to task sensibly and severely. She and Dick had entered into a business arrangement, which could be terminated at any time, and if Dick really loved Nita, why, she— Suddenly she buried her face in the roller towel and wept, for the truth had swept over her; she could not, she would not give Dick up, not to Nita or to anyone else, for she knew now that she loved him, this make believe husband, this enthusiastic boy who towed his sandy hair in the throes of composition and left trails of cigar ashes all over her tidy rooms.

"Finished," sang Nita, dancing into the tiny kitchen. "Finished at last. Now you will get rid of me for a while, for I am going to my own little shack. Why, Jennie, what's the matter?"

"Headache. It's a touch of neuralgia, I think," Jennie fibbed.

Nita was all sympathy. "Come out to the sleeping porch and lie down," she suggested. "Dick, come here."

"But the dinner," Jennie protested, weakly.

"Bother the dinner. You must not be sick, cooklady," Dick said.

So Jennie lay on the porch couch with the spicy bay leaves above her, almost brushing her face, while Nita

took possession of the kitchen. She buried her head in the pillows, not daring to sob aloud, as she longed to do, lest the others hear her, but presently she sat up and wiped her eyes. She could not but be calmed by the aromatic fragrance around her, by the glimpse of the mountain, majestic in dim purple, seen through the leafy arch. How did she know that Dick loved Nita? He was her husband and she had the right to hold him if she could.

A sudden smell of burning mingled with the outdoor odors, and Jennie sprang up and rushed for the kitchen. Nita was there before her and had snatched the pot from the fire.

"The potatoes," Nita wailed. "Burned, and I just left for a moment, I wanted to rewrite that last paragraph."

"Tis ever thus," Dick remarked. "I proved it many times when I was baching. Literature and cookery don't mix."

"Well, at least I am necessary," Jennie thought, grimly, as she finished the dinner.

That evening Nita declared her intention of leaving for the city, declaring gaily, that she would not go to her own little cabin until she could take a cook with her, since her experience of today had proved it might be dangerous.

"I'd have an inspiration, forget all about the fire and probably burn the whole place down," she laughed, then with a sudden, inexplicable change of manner from gay to grave, and with a swift glance at Dick, she added, "I think I will have Mammie Bell."

Jennie, turning with a question on her lips, caught Nita's look, and the look Dick gave her in return, surprised and inquiring; a look which Nita answered with a little nod.

"Mammie Bell," jested Dick, "is an understudy of the Witch of Endor."

"She is a white soul," Nita said, still grave.

The next day Jennie made her dinner even more dainty than usual and Dick, although he did not fail to

praise it, was a little absent; spells of silence lay between them like faint shadows.

Jennie, watching him, was convinced that he missed Nita. Nita, who could drape an Oriental kimona over a shabby dress and look like an Arabian princess, whose small sallow face was always animated, who gesticulated much with slender graceful brown hands and whose tongue was ever swift and ready.

Jennie, unconscious that she, herself, was sweet as a clove pink in her short sleeved house dress, glanced with disdain at her own plump, pretty, capable hands and round dimpled elbows.

"Commonplace—that's what I am, just commonplace," she thought, bitterly. Then, with a truly feminine desire for self-made martyrdom, she proceeded to find out if Dick agreed with her.

"Dick," she began. "Isn't Nita picturesque?"

Dick nodded.

"She talks so well, doesn't she? Dick, don't you wish I was—I mean, that I could talk and write like Nita?"

"Nita is a good little sport," Dick answered absently. "She always has been."

Poor Jennie—her heart sank, and sank still further in the days that followed, for Dick was unwontedly silent, restless and pre-occupied.

"Sure you are contented here, cook-lady?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes, yes," Jennie assured him.

"Because I want to do some real writing this winter. I have an idea for a novel, and I'll tell you, Jen, it is going to be a big thing," and he began to pace the floor nervously.

The winter rains set in and they went to the city less and less.

Dick was busy with his typewriter all day long and Jennie moved about the house as quietly as a mouse; sometimes he read her bits of his work in the evenings and she, too, felt that the book would be a big thing, and, in those weeks of work and companionship, the maternal spirit, which comes to some women only with the advent

of a child, was born in Jennie. She guarded her husband from every interruption—if the book was his child, it was hers also, and she forgot her passing jealousy in the happiness of love and service.

Generally they took their daily walk together, going to the village for mail, but one day Dick announced his intention of taking a long walk, alone, flushing as he did so, in what seemed to Jennie needless embarrassment.

"You can think things out better that way?" she asked sympathetically.

"Yes," Dick answered, shortly, and flushed again.

Every day that week he was absent and Jennie forebore to speak of her loneliness, since these solitary rambles might mean inspiration to him. She amused herself as best she could with her housework, going after ferns or the mail when the weather was fine, watching the mountain veil itself in midst when the rains came, shivering a little when the wind blew and the trees flung their great branches over the little cabin, like giant arms. The laurels and madrones swayed back and forth, yielding like gentle women, but the redwoods stood stiff, like strong men, bending obliquely, as a mast when the ship sinks in the trough of the wave. There was a giant redwood on the bank behind the house which she watched with fearful fascination, knowing it would crush them if it fell.

"No danger, whatever," Dick assured her, in the evening, laughing at her fears.

"But, Dick, dear, I am afraid," Jennie told him. "Can't you stay home now?"

"I am sorry, Jennie," Dick answered, and again his manner was confused and constrained. "I am sorry, but you see, I—I can't."

The next day was so stormy that Jennie fully expected Dick would remain in his room, writing; she was both surprised and perplexed to find, when she came in to speak to him that he had gone, leaving a note on top of the closed typewriter.



Nita's Mountain Shack

"Don't expect me until you see me—may not be back to dinner."

All this secrecy was unlike Dick.

Jennie was still puzzling over it when, in the afternoon, the milkman brought her mail.

"I knew it was too stormy for you to go out," he explained, in his soft Italian voice and his dark face was lighted by a flash of white teeth as he bowed in response to Jennie's thanks. There were a couple of returned manuscripts and a thin envelope which looked as if it might contain a check; these Jennie placed on Dick's desk, the thin one on top, on the principle that good news comes first, then she cuddled in a big arm chair by the fire to enjoy her own letter from Ruth Prescott. Ruth always wrote such a newsy, chatty letter, and this was even chattier than usual, only like a scorpion, it bore a sting in its tail, for the postscript read—

"Have you seen anything of Nita, but of course you have for she has been at her own little place a week. Tell her I intend to raid her some day, secret or no secret."

Jennie let the letter fall to the floor and her eyes filled with tears. This was the reason of Dick's solitary walks, of his confusion, his secretiveness. Nita was here. Nita, to whose secluded cabin Dick alone knew the

hidden trail. And she had tried so hard, so hard to be his helpmate, his companion, his true wife. She leaned her head on the arm of the cushioned chair and yielded to a very abandonment of weeping, self pity and the shame of unwanted love sweeping away every other emotion.

"He wanted a cook," she sobbed, wildly. "Just a cook."

A squirrel, frightened by the wildly swaying branches, leaped suddenly upon the roof and Jennie started and gave a little scream. She looked around the cosy room and into the deserted study, for which she had chosen the most restful tints. That very morning she had draped a scarf of shimmering violet over the little stand near the typewriter.

"It stands for the highest vibration," she had told Dick, imitating the tone of some of the erratic frequenters of the Prescott home. "It will surely lead to inspiration," and he had laughed and kissed her. This was their home of which she had been so proud. But, no, no, it was not her home, what was she but a servant—a cook? She snatched cloak and rubbers and left the house; she could no longer breathe there.

She clambered up the slippery trail to the upper road. The rain was over and the wind had somewhat abated, but the water ran in yellow streams, colored by the clay washed down from the hillsides, and the wind shook icy drops from the trees. She rounded a little bluff, which waved wild blackberry vines of scarlet and brown, and came upon a view of the mountain, shining like a gigantic opal as the late sun pierced through the mist. Its beauty calmed her, as always. Dick, she reminded herself, gulping back her tears, had lived up to his part of the bargain. Oh, how could she give him up?

Her feet slipped, even encased as they were in rubbers, and stepping upon a pile of sodden leaves, she felt a movement in its center, as if a disturbed snake were wiggling away from its invaded winter quarters. She

started backward in alarm, stumbled, slipped and disappeared over the edge of the gulch.

She heard a dislodged stone splash into the stream below and clutched desperately at whatever might impede her progress, but she did not fall far, for she was stopped by a large pile of loosely heaped brush. She scrambled to her feet. Her cloak was muddy, skirt torn, arms scratched and she was shaken by the fall, but not harmed. She saw that she could not climb that slippery hill of mud, so she must find her way to the lower road. She circled the brush heap and on the other side she found a poorly defined path winding among tall redwood trees. She had followed it but a short distance when she saw before her a little cabin, dark among the dark trees—unwittingly she had stumbled upon the hidden trail.

She stopped a moment, her breath coming fast, then resolutely went forward.

By the porch stood a toyon bush and its fallen crushed berries had stained the steps with splotches of brownish red, like dried blood; a head appeared for a moment at the window, a woman's head, with thick lips and flattened nose, then Nita's voice came to her, full of passionate entreaty—

"Darling, my darling."

Jennie held her breath and pressed her cold hands to her heart as she awaited Dick's answer. But it was not Dick's voice she heard—ah, pray God Dick would never speak like that, for this voice had no mind behind it—it was as the mouthings of an animal.

The door was thrown open and Dick stepped out on the porch.

"Why, Jennie, Jennie," he called. "You are bleeding—what has hap-haped."

"I fell—just a scratch or two," she explained. "But, Dick—what—what does this mean?"

"It's La Grange, Nita's husband, poor fellow, he has been insane for some time. Once in a while Nita, with Mammie Bell to help, brings him here. She thinks the silence, her constant devotion may help, but so far

her efforts have failed. Poor girl, it is heartbreaking to see her try. She is too proud to have it known, but since you are here, come"—and Dick drew Jennie inside the door.

Nita did not even look up as they entered. On her knees beside the couch, she bent over her husband, her small form tense with emotion, her big eyes burning into his.

"Listen, sweetheart," she implored! "Listen to me. I am Nita, your Nita, who loves you. Oh, God, it is my love against his reason. I will bring him back to me. Albert, look at me and listen. I am Nita—Nita."

The inarticulate sound ceased and the man on the couch looked into her face.

"Nita," he repeated, unsteadily.

"Steady now, chile, cool and steady," Mammie Bell patted Nita's shoulder, and waved the other two away.

"Nita has had three years of this,"

Dick said, as they stepped outside. "His lucid spells seem to last longer lately, but his violent spells have been more violent. That is why I have been here. He may recover—who knows what love like Nita's may do."

"Oh, poor, poor Nita, and I thought—I thought—" Jennie hid her face on Dick's shoulder.

"What did you think?" Dick raised her face to his and looked into her eyes, then he clasped her to him.

"Jennie," he whispered. "You do love me, then? It is not just because you longed for a home and like to cook?"

"Love you—oh, Dick, Dick." Jennie was half laughing, half crying, as she clung to him. "And I thought you only wanted a cook."

Dick laughed too, as he took her hand—

"Well, I've got one," he teased. "Come, cooklady, dearest wife, let us go home."

LAST NIGHT

Last night across the shadow-land of dreams,
Aglow with radiance like the moon-lit sea,
Crowned with the beauty of your hair that gleams
And glows like golden raindrops on the lea
When once again the sun makes bright the west
At eventide upon the heels of storm—
You came to me and like a vision, blest,
You filled my soul with singing till the dawn.
But ah, the dawn! The empty waking hour
When every pulse that stirs within me cries
Your name—it has the beauty of a flower—
And memory alone, in pain, replies!
All day within the throng-choked city street
I search, in vain, one face I do not meet.

R. R. GREENWOOD.

A Child of the Hills

By Milton Barth

THE rugged peaks of the high Sierras jutted proudly into the heavens and the summer sun kissed the fast disappearing snow. A rickety wagon, propelled by one horse, squeaked and rattled as it threaded its way along the mountain trail under the whispering pines and through the green-carpeted slopes of mountain misery.

Above the noise of the creaking wagon could be heard the hack-hack coughing of a man, the driver, who coughed convulsively between the strokes of a whip with which he was urging on to further effort a lame roan mare, which like himself appeared to be largely skin and bones. Beside him sat a little girl. She could not have been over four years of age; her yellow hair hanging uncombed spread over her tiny shoulders. Her voice was wee and silvery and she spoke to the young man as he pulled the mare to a level siding in the green misery.

"Papa, do we rest here?" she asked.

"Yes, my child," he coughed. "It is late; we will rest here tonight."

The man dismounted slowly almost falling from the wheel. Feebly he unhitched the mare, coughing and choking as he worked. When he had finished, he gathered small sticks of dead pine and several cones with which to start a fire. Pansy gathered some also. Her father then lighted a brimstone match and held it beneath a sticky pitch-covered cone. As the pile sprang into a blaze, the young man seemed to lose his balance, and coughing heavily he fell backward to the ground.

Pansy threw her little arms around him.

"Papa! Papa!" she cried.

He rolled his eyes—seeing nothing. "God protect you my child!" he gasped. His head fell back lifeless on the green turf.

All that awful night Pansy held her father's hand. "Det up! Det up!" she would say. The fire flamed high; then dwindled to embers. The night was dark and cold. Many times she cried aloud, but there was no one to comfort her.

The morning sun found Pansy cuddled close to the body of her father, her blue eyes shut, fast asleep. It was late when she awakened for she had not slept till toward the dawn so great had been her fear.

"Tum, Papa! Tum!" She pulled hard at the young man's coat sleeve. "Cold, Papa, cold—Papa cold too!"

She began to cry; she cried till the tears no longer flowed. At last, seeing that her father would not awaken, she wandered away.

* * * *

Mack Coogan was seated on the veranda of his roadhouse sunning himself beneath the sign which he had erected for the benefit of thirsty travelers. The sign read: *Coogan's Resort*. The roadhouse was located on the main emigrant road. Coogan caught all the trade. He had set his hotel at a junction where a spur road joined in order not to miss any.

Business was usually dull during the early afternoon and Coogan's stomach was usually full—not of booze—that was for the other fellow. He imbibed sparingly; a professional gambler by trade. He ran the house alone with the aid of one Jenny Moore. Jenny had been a beauty in her day, but indulging in liquor and a life given up

to debauchery had somewhat wrinkled and hardened her features.

Situated as the place was upon the lonely road, it caught many unwary strangers in its trap and many a Sampson was shorn of his hair.

As Mack Coogan sat thinking about the man he had fleeced the night preceding—the man having parted with every thing but his life—he heard a cry. Grabbing his pistol from his pocket, he started toward the bushes.

"A panther in daylight," he mused. "No house within fifteen miles; what else could it be?"

He leveled his pistol at the thicket from whence the crys came.

A child emerged.

"My God!" he exclaimed, dropping the weapon.

He sprang forward toward the child.

The child screamed louder than before and ran back into the clump of bushes.

Coogan went after the child. He caught Pansy in his arms. Her little body quivered like a hunted animal. He held her tight; then kissed her. She no longer feared, smiling at Coogan through her tears. The little smile touched rough Coogans heart and a lump stuck in his throat. When it passed he asked:

"How did you get to this place? Who's little lass are you?"

"Pansy—Papa's dirl," she said, looking him straight in the eye. "Oo won't hurt me. Will oo?"

"Where's Papa?" he asked tenderly.

* * * *

Ten years passed. Coogan still ran his Den of Iniquity; Jenny Moore still plied her trade, but Pansy never knew it in all its vileness. Coogan loved her more than anything in the world. She was his pride, his idol, his pansy in his thistle bed. She occupied the best room in the roadhouse, far removed from the scenes of crime and degradation.

Jenny watched her bloom into womanhood. One day she said to Coogan: "The girl is old enough now to help me with the business. She is

younger than I am and more beautiful."

Coogan stood still, dumbfounded and silent—stunned. He whipped out his big pistol and held its nose to Jenny's breast.

"Insult me, will you, Jenny Moore! Me!— give that girl over to the beasts!— God! never!—! She is all that remains to connect me with home and humanity. She came here pure and by the Gods—for my own dear mother's sake, I will send her away pure and white and spotless."

He lowered the pistol.

"But you have never protected me so!"

"No!" he growled. "You were no white lamb when you came here."

"Very well, Coogan, I will say no more about it."

Deep piled the snow in the Sierras and the little roadhouse lay snow-bound. As the storm began, a youth of twenty appeared at the doorway and asked for refuge for his horse and himself. He was a jolly young man and carried a bible under his right arm. He looked to be quite a decent fellow. He sat by the bar-room stove, minded his own business and read from his book long and often.

"Have a drink," said Coogan, "one on the House."

"I don't drink."

This was a new sort of a customer, Coogan muttered to himself. "A man who don't drink—I've read about such fellows, but I'll be durned if I ever saw one before who wouldn't take a free one."

"Maybe a skirt would interest you," continued the proprietor.

"None that would be hanging around a den like this."

"I sort of like your talk, Chap, but don't be too certain about your prefigured opinions. I have a girl here that I don't introduce to patrons. You'll be with us a month or more, I warrant, if the snow continues to fall and you seem to be the kind of a man I would introduce a daughter to, if I had one. This girl ain't my daughter, but she is straight, and I'll show anyone

some straight shooting who ain't straight with her."

Old Coogan walked to the rear of the building and called up the stairway: "Pansy!—company—come down!"

Pansy presently entered the bar-room. She came smiling.

"Mr.—a—a—oh, what's your name?" asked Coogan.

"Richard—David Richard."

"All right, David, this is Pansy, the sweetest girl in the Sierras—a Child of the Hills. Her father died a quarter of a mile down the slope on the old Bear Trail. She came to live here when a wee tot and I love her as I would my own."

"I'm glad to meet you Miss Pansy."

"I'm glad Father likes you," Pansy replied.

During the weeks that followed, the two spent much of the time together.

Jenny Moore rolled and smoked cigarettes.

David Richard pleaded with Jenny and Coogan to see the error of their way, to blot out their sins and begin life anew, but to no avail.

Coogan delighted in listening to the young people sing and even joined in some of their merrymaking. Jenny was too far gone to care for such innocent amusement. She smoked incessantly.

At last the time came for the young preacher to leave; the trail was open and he was in a hurry to take charge

of his new field in Nevada.

The two men sat alone in the bar-room.

"I'd like to marry Pansy, Mr. Coogan," said Richard. "I love—"

"Hands up Coogan!" commanded the sheriff.

A posse had surrounded the hotel. Several men followed the officer.

Coogan was quick with his gun and the sheriff fell never to rise again.

The bullets flowed fast, Coogan using the bar as a buffer. Richard fell flat on the floor behind a counter for protection.

When the smoke cleared the posse had disappeared leaving a trail of red blood upon the white snow. The sheriff lay dead. The blood oozed from two ugly wounds in Coogan's head.

At the first sound of the firing Jenny and Pansy rushed downstairs.

"Father!" exclaimed Pansy in horror. "The Brigands!"

"No child—the sheriff—I am a bad man. I must send you away. You should not have witnessed this."

"I will never leave you Father," she cried, as she washed the wounds with water and bathed his hot brow.

A bullet whizzed through the window. Coogan fell heavily from his chair; the bullet had pierced his heart.

"She loves you Richard," he gasped. "Take her!"

He breathed hard for a moment, then lay motionless.



D. H. HEMPHILL

The Tattooed Man

By Tetsu Kurashige

WEARILY, and forlornly, Tom McTavish gazed seaward across the outer-reef, as his former fellow sailors rowed the boat loaded with copra toward the ship, anchored out in the bay. The little craft was tossed up and down among the merciless bilows. McTavish had marooned himself, but behind his purpose hid some inexplicable secret or ambition. After a long gaze at the little craft, he satisfied himself, and then burst into a wrathful oath.

"Huh! I'm goin' to be the king of this island. I'd rather live here among the natives than to be driven by the sea wolf."

But above all McTavish's ambition lay in the cherished hope to marry Tawana, the princess of Fitu-Iva, whom he had met on his first trip to that island. The occasion happened to be one of the regular market days when the kanakas brought their wares to sell, that McTavish had met Tawana. But at that time there was no opportunity for him to express his sentiment toward her. And now he had all the chance and without rivals.

The white beach was glaring to McTavish's eyes, while the drowsy palms languidly stooped. He ran along the beach and came to a bunch of natives squatted about idly basking in the sun.

"Hope I won't be beaten by the kanakas," he muttered dubiously.

"Iorana," they greeted him after they noticed him coming toward them. The white man's unexpected visit somewhat brought suspicion to the natives, though they were superior in number. McTavish by instinct knew the lurking of suspicion among the kanakas so he sat among them. They began to murmur among themselves in

an unintelligible tongue.

"Me like Tawana," he broke out smilingly. Then he gesticulated that he wanted Tawana, which pantomime they interpreted to mean that he came to take her away. Many feverish attempts were made to make them understand.

With an ugly grunt the kanakas sprang upon the white man. The drowsy languidness at first shown by them immediately turned into fiery volcanic temper. They pounded the life out of poor McTavish, and were it not for the sudden appearance of Tawana, he might have been the prey of the kanakas.

"Pau! pau!" shouted Tawana lifting her hands, and just as they at first met McTavish, the kanakas left him, and meekly withdrew to bask in the sand again. McTavish forgetting his bruises and other ailments, jumped to his feet, and kissed her hand.

"O, Tawana, I've come to woo you," he ardently said kneeling at her feet. The kanakas again resumed their curiosity, but thought that he was thanking her.

Now Tawana was the only kanaka princess who knew a little of English. With such a bit of linguistic power she had been acting as interpreter when the white traders made their rounds to her island.

"You no same like all kanaka," she flouted at him. "You no more - er - that er," she stumbled. Looking around among the curious men she beckoned to one of them. Trembling with fear the beckoned one obediently stepped forward.

"This you no get," Tawana pointed at hideous tattoo on the kanaka's arms and throughout his body.

"Oh, tattoo?" McTavish nodded his head understandingly.

"Yeah. You must get tattoo. Me no like you," she teased the white man.

She began to laugh, mock and made many flaunting remarks about McTavish. Then others joined her in the melee, while he stood there as the most humiliating spectator. The grinning natives gathered about him and danced, while Tawana shyly smiled at him. For a moment McTavish seemed to have lost his dignity, but above all his temper. It was fortunate, however, that he had not taken any drastic step.

"But I do love you Tawana," McTavish burst out advancing toward her with his hands outstretched. "I mean business. Come."

"No like you," she sneered at the white man, and ran into the jungle.

The kanakas also followed her, except one, a cripple, who remained with McTavish. Teihei was his name, and a brother of Tawana. His expression indicated a pity for the "stranded sailor" as he thought McTavish had been such. He limped toward McTavish and offered his hand and said "Iorana."

"Me Tawana brother," he began. "Me make tattoo - too much goot."

"You make tattoo - for me," was the eager and responsive answer of McTavish, for this added a new triumph to his already defeated purpose. "You go ahead quick," and rolled up his sleeves and offered his arms.

Teihei grinningly examined the arms and a source of satisfaction appeared on his countenance. Being a cripple by birth, Teihei had specialized in the barbaric art of tattooing, and was considered a master in this profession. Heretofore, he had been practicing only upon the kanakas, but here was a white skin.

At last he exclaimed, "Wery goot; you come follow me," and led the way into the jungle. McTavish followed the cripple but his hand was always on the pistol trigger. At last they come to a grass hut in the midst of an ex-



Tawana the Princess of Fitu-Iva

traordinary thick underbrush. After a most careful examination McTavish had satisfied himself that nothing foul was to be played upon him, and that Teihei was sincere.

It was fully three months before the tattoo had been healed. During all this period McTavish was of necessity confined in the vicinity of Teihei's hut. Day after day a longing to see Tawana crept into his heart which was externally known to her brother. One day Teihei made a final examination of the tattoo on McTavish's arms and body.

"I guess Tawana will take me now," McTavish smiled as he saw the hideous sign on his body. "Will you take me to her?"

"You come," said the kanaka and led him out into the forest.

There was the usual dancing and feasting in the village, for the kanakas were the happiest creatures among human beings. The sudden appearance of McTavish (now dressed like one of them) brought a new fear and awe. Only the strong authority and

presence of Teihei had prevented the attack upon McTavish. Then all grunts and possible disturbances subsided.

Tawana appeared, and when her eyes caught sight of McTavish, who was still distinguishable from the rest of the kanakas, she made a heathenish remark. Fear overtook her, and she made an attempt for the jungle, but McTavish immediately caught her. Now the kanakas were indifferent and rather looked forward to the result of McTavish's mission.

Teihei expounded at length, with firstlies and secondlies, and such other subdivisions of argument why McTavish had requested to be tattooed. He contended that if McTavish had gone to such an extent only for her sake, Tawana should return his love. Tawana then seemed to be seriously considering her brother's argument, but soon broke out into a hearty laugh —nay a sneer.

"You, a white kanaka—funny kind. I no like you," she flippantly remarked and ran into the brush nearby. The natives were startled and stood there as lost witnesses. Poor McTavish hung his head in utter disappointment. He had sacrificed his body just for the sake of a girl whom he ardently loved only to be jilted.

Days passed on slowly and wearily. At least it seemed so to McTavish who was a disappointed man, but who practically had the natives under his control. As a matter of fact he had figured prominently in Fitu-Iva, one of the South Sea islands.

No one knew where Tawana had gone, not even her brother. They began to suspect foul play by McTavish, but evidence was lacking. As Teihei had become a staunch friend of McTavish, the kanakas dared not to lay hands on the pseudo-king.

That island had become the hardest one to deal with by the traders, who were in fact "blackbirds." During the market days when the traders came, the kanakas would always ask the advice of McTavish, who made no appearance before the white men. "We'll

see our king about it," they said before a bargain was closed. As a result the bargain was fairer and in some instances more advantageous to the natives, who knew nothing about the value of their wares.

However, there was one, "Mate" Foster, who had made up his mind, at the very instant when he had been demanded an unusual price for a basketful of pearls, to find out the unknown king.

"I want to see your king," he asked of the natives.

They shook their heads and exclaimed in unison, "Him sick." As a matter of fact that had been the advice or warning given by McTavish when the traders inquired to see the alleged king.

Foster shook his head in disgust. "No, this king must be a white scoundrel. He has used his influence to subjugate these ignorant kanakas." His fellow crews were busily engaged in their dealings with the natives. "I must see him."

The day was done, and the seven traders rowed to the ship anchored off the coral reef. Mate Foster sat aloft and whispered in a monotone. At first they regarded it indifferently as they wrestled the billows with the loaded boat.

"Wha's matter mate?" one inquired.

"Damned. There must be a white skunk there. I must see him — he's been posing as a king, I guess," he said and gave a contemptuous glance toward the island. "I'm going to get him tonight."

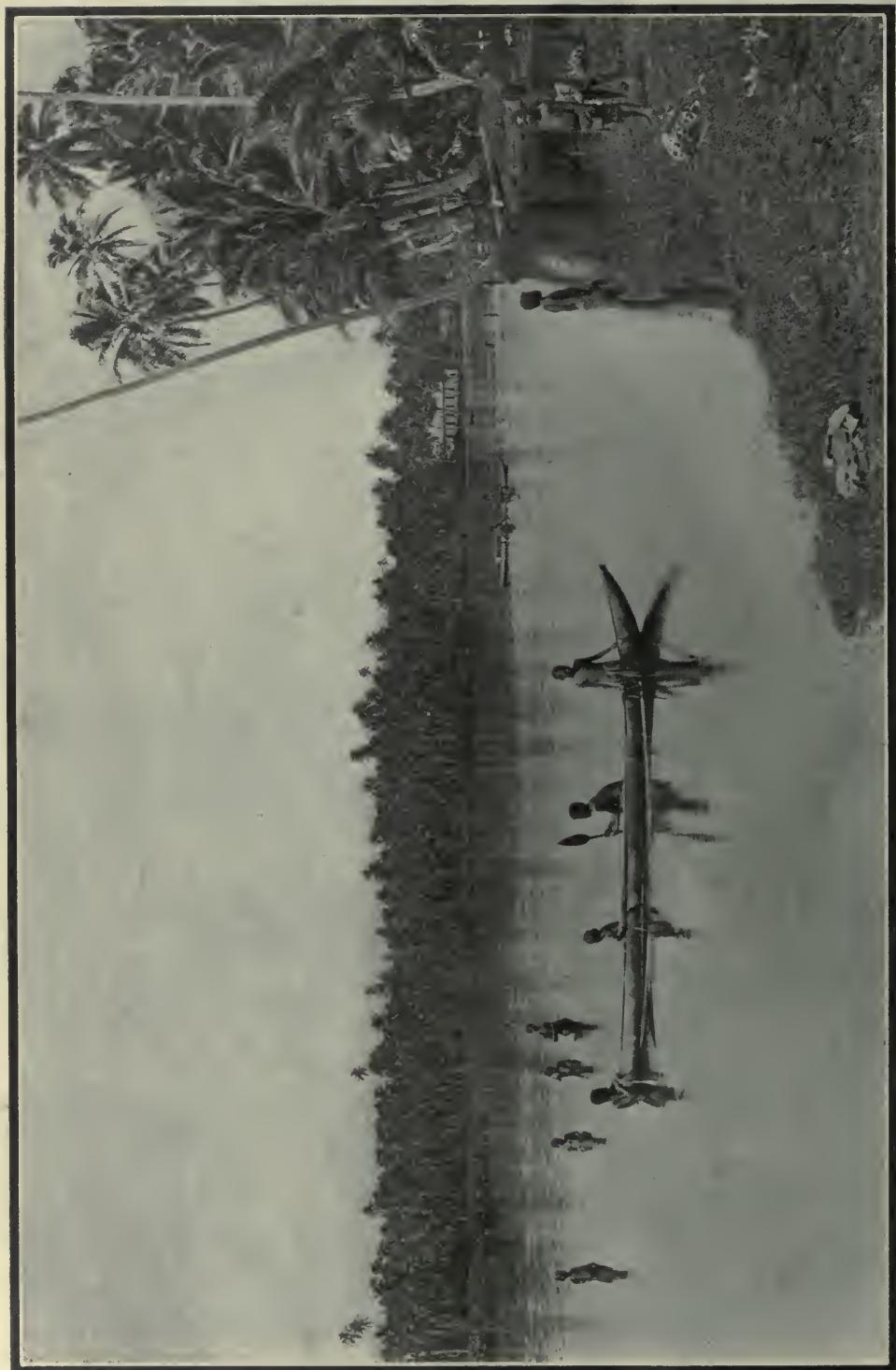
"I'm in it," they all assented.

No time had been lost in making the night attack. The crew of the "Tutuila" took every weapon on board to make a nocturnal attack upon the island, and to capture the alleged king. Their plan was to have Mate Foster go alone under the guise of a friendly mission. Then he was to fire two shots in succession in case of an emergency.

On his way back from the customary walk to the sea shore, McTavish encountered a short, rotund white man, with beard of



A Glimpse of the Island of Fitu-Iva



Natives Rowing to the Island.

three month's growth. Something familiar about his tentative, saturated gate was familiar. McTavish knew on the instant who that stranger was.

"Of all the skunks, Tom," greeted Mate Foster.

"If it ain't Mate, the old devil," was the return greeting as they shook hands and embraced each other.

"Why, what's the devil you'd doing here?" said Foster. "Come aboard I've some choice cigarettes," invited Mate Foster. "And tell us how you struck to be here."

"Nothing doin', mate, I won't leave this island till I die. 'Tis *Tahoe* I'm now, the king of Fitu-Iva."

Mate Foster whistled his amazement. "So after all, you became a king eh?" After a careful scrutiny of Tom McTavish, alias *Tahoe*, the other burst out, "No wonder we were stung in our business today."

"I'm a king without a queen," sadly remarked McTavish.

"That's funny, tell us," said the other eagerly. "Come aboard, and we'll have the grand old time once more."

"You go back to the ship and come ashore tomorrow. A delay means death for night prowlers." The last statement was uttered rather sternly with an air of finality. Mate Foster then heard rustle of brushes nearby, as well as many pairs of brilliant balls. He rushed to the boat and made a hasty beat toward his ship.

McTavish had been waiting for Mate Foster early the next morning. Presently the crew from "Tuatuila" landed.

"Boys this is Tom McTavish, whose kanaka name is - er -"

"*Tahoe*," supplemented McTavish.

"Er - he's the king of this island. We were together while you fellows were still romping in your knickers. Meet him boys."

They shook hands. "Here, wear somethin' more decent," advised Mate Foster as he threw a pair of unstarch-

ed duck trousers and a checker shirt towards him.

"Thanks, but I'd rather be a kanaka than wear those nuisance stuff," McTavish replied as he pushed aside the clothing handed to him.

"What about the king without a queen?" interrupted Foster as though that had been his sole purpose of making the trip.

"I'm the most unhappy king, friends," began McTavish. "I may as well confess now that my only purpose of remaining here was to marry a princess Tawana. At first she teased and said that she would have nothing to do with me because I had no tattoo. Afterward her brother, Teihei, made these tattoos on me, and I went to see Tawana in the hopes to win her back. This time she escaped for good, and nobody knows whether she's dead or gone to another island."

"Then let's get back, you've got the wealth to attract any girl now—not those kanaka ones."

"It's no use," the other shook his head sadly. "I'm ruined—physically ruined. How can I go back to civilization when my body is covered with tattoos—these unsightly things."

"I wonder if there isn't any method by which these tattoos may be removed," remarked one.

"Not in your blessed life, young man, jumped in McTavish. "It'll remain till I'm buried. My wealth is worthless to me. Yes, those pearls and copra are worthless to me."

In the meantime the natives squatted about listening with curious awe to the conversation between the white men and McTavish. However, their instinct told them that it was a friendly affair, so they brought fruits, roast chicken, fish, and a regular feast took place.

"Now, we'll give you an exclusive right to trade with us," concluded McTavish, "but you must be fair with the kanakas, even if I should die tomorrow."

The Interpreter

By Thomas E. La Suer

I WAS seated in the American Club, idly watching the cosmopolitan crowds as they drifted by, and impatiently wondering at the non-arrival of my friend Harry Lang. On his successful quest for an interview with a certain rebel agent this day would largely depend the result of my trip to Mexico City.

Some few days prior to this, I had been called into our New York office, and informed that I was to leave for the seat of hostilities in Mexico at once, as the President had decided to raise the embargo on arms to the rebel forces, who were opposing the rule of the dictator then in power.

On my arrival in Mexico I at once looked up a boyhood friend, Harry Lang, well knowing that he, with his wide and complete knowledge of the country, would prove an invaluable aid to my venture.

On Lang's return just before dinner that evening, I was told that all had been successfully arranged for an interview with my man that same night, and I knew that my confidence in Lang's ability had not been misplaced.

After dinner, having received from Lang minute instructions as to the meeting place, I lighted a cigar and strolled toward the Paseo. Looking into the happy and smiling faces that passed, I found it unbelievable that but a few miles distant from the city, men, young boys, and even women were locked in a death struggle, fighting with a fury and hate that neither showed nor asked any mercy. I tried to excuse to myself the part I was to play, with the thought that if they had no guns, it would be knives,—and killings by the latter are so "messy."

This somewhat eased my slightly

troubled conscience and the beauty and quiet of this lovely spot soon soothed and calmed my nerves, which had been worn to a raw edge by my anxieties of the day. Now that my plans seemed likely to have a happy termination, life and its living appealed to me strongly.

Finding my favorite seat,—a stone bench placed conveniently under one of the many cypress trees that bordered the walk,—and listening to the last strains of a guitar softly playing the final notes of the popular Mexican air "La Golandrina," I sank upon the bench to await the hour of my appointment.

The cooing of the doves in the branches above, and the crooning lullaby from the slight breeze as it passed through the foliage about me, had the effect of making me lose all thought of my surroundings, until I was aroused by the feeling that I was not alone. Peering into the darkness I saw the huddled and bent figure of a man. I lighted a match to see the time by my watch, and my seat-mate moved nearer, at the same time apologizing for the intrusion, and his disturbing my reverie.

His first few words proved him to be a man of culture and education, and also a Frenchman, as he addressed me by the title "Monsieur."

We had talked upon commonplace subjects only a short time, when our conversation drifted around to the present warfare being waged by the fighting forces, and I remarked that it seemed quite improbable that any good or lasting results would come from the struggle.

"I quite agree with you, Monsieur," replied my companion, "but I myself

know of one,— and only one,—good that has so far come from this strife, and the result”—here he hesitated and looking sharply at me, continued—“well, my friend, you shall judge of the result yourself; if Monsieur so wishes, I will relate to him the story.”

Assuring him that the hearing would give me much pleasure, and lighting a Perfecto, I settled back comfortably and prepared to listen.

“Monsieur,” he said, “my story opens in France, and in that most beautiful city in the world—Paris.” He did not again speak for some moments, but suddenly he straightened in his seat, and with hurried gestures, and words flowing so rapidly that I was hardly able to follow, he proceeded:—

“One night, not many years ago, a professor—we will call him Monsieur Henri Trigault, but the name matters little—was returning from a lecture. It had rained earlier in the evening, and now that the storm had ceased, a fog hung over the city.

“As Trigault came opposite his lodgings and was about to enter, a figure stepped out from the shadows, and accosted him with the words: ‘For the love of God, Monsieur, will you not help me? I have not had a mouthful to eat this day!’

“Many times in the years that followed, Monsieur, did Prof. Trigault curse the night when he heeded that cry of distress, for the bread cast upon the waters was destined to return bringing with it a bitterness that was to wreck his after life.

“The young man,—or rather, boy, as he was barely seventeen years of age,—was taken to Trigault’s apartment, and made comfortable for the night. Before retiring, he told his benefactor the story of his short life. His name, it appeared, was Paul Dalbert,—he had arrived in Paris from the north of France some days previously,—his parents were both dead, and himself alone in the world and penniless.

“Trigault was deeply touched by the pitiful story and the boy’s apparent need of a friend, and that night, after

retiring, he gave the subject much thought. Then the happy idea came to him—‘why not adopt this waif of the streets? Was not he himself at times lonely for lack of companionship? With his salary received as a professor at the university, and his own little private fortune, he could well afford to take this step, if he so desired.’ So, Monsieur, it was decided. Paul was to make his home with Henri Trigault, take up a profession, and receive every advantage that the professor could afford him.

“Monsieur,” and the old man turned his face to me—“it is said that very often our blessings come to us in disguise. But I say that many times our troubles come to us in the same way,”—with which remark he was again silent, while around his lips an ironical smile seemed to play. He soon resumed speaking, with that sadness in his face and voice that I had at first noticed, taking the place of the hardness and bitterness he had just shown.

“Five years had passed, Monsieur, and it was the anniversary of the day on which Trigault had taken the boy in. They had formed the custom of celebrating this date each year by giving a little dinner to a few friends, and it was on this night that Henri Trigault became conversant with a part of Paul’s life along the primrose path of the gay Parisian White Way, of which he had been entirely ignorant. Many times in the past he had found it easy, as well as necessary, to excuse Paul’s numerous pranks and escapades with the thought that it was but youth having its fling. However, at the dinner on this night he was the unwilling listener to stories of a part of Dalbert’s life of which he woul not have believed the boy capable. In the talk bandied back and forth between Paul and his friends, Trigault caught snatches of anecdotes regarding Paul’s little affair with a famous actress, and again it was a little seamstress, and yet again that most deplorable affair with the wife of a well-known journalist.

“So the conversation was carried on, until Trigault, nauseated by hearing

the unsavory details of Paul's inner life, made his excuses, and retired early from the company, that he might better be able to think these revelations over alone. You see, Monsieur, a great change had recently come into the professor's life. He had just become engaged to a most charming girl, and had also been offered, and had accepted, the Chair of Modern Languages in a prominent American college. These new plans he had intended confiding to Paul on the night of this dinner party."

Here the stranger interrupted his narrative with a sneering laugh, and continued:—

"Well, Monsieur, late one night in after years Trigault recalled this dinner of the past, and remembered that owing to the great love and respect he felt for the purity and innocence of this young girl, Mademoiselle Gabrielle Ledoux, who was soon to become his wife, he did not announce his engagement that night, as he had intended. He revolted at the mere thought of even mentioning the name of his intended in the presence of those gay boulevardiers.

"On the next day after the night upon which Trigault's eyes had been partially opened to his protege's depravity, he told his future plans to Paul. In these the latter was included only to the extent that he was to remain in Paris, and finish his course as an architectural draftsman. If at the end of the year he had so far redeemed himself as to be fit for association with respectable people, he might then join the professor and his wife in their new home.

"Monsieur, there are some loves and too many hatreds in this world too deep for mere words of man to express, and it was such a feeling of love that Henri Trigault held for his bride Gabrielle during the first year of their marriage; but—" and the old man hesitated in his speech,—"as of old, a serpent crawled into this garden of Eden, to wreck all that Trigault held sacred and dear.

"On returning home one day at

this period of his prosperity and happiness, the professor found awaiting him two letters. On opening the first, he found that his services were desired here in Mexico City, in a prominent institution of learning. The other letter proved to be from Paul, who, now that his year of probation had passed, would, if permitted, again see his 'dear old Henri,' for if he received no word to the contrary, he would leave Paris and join his friends at once.

The offer from the school here in Mexico the professor decided to accept, as the advance in salary would buy many of the pretty trinkets that his 'petite Gabrielle' so loved to wear. Monsieur Trigault at that time lived and worked with but the one incentive—and that to make this woman happy.

"The day of Paul's arrival came, and the professor saw with sorrow and disappointment that Dalbert's letters proclaiming his reformation in the past year were false, for on every line of his face were written signs of dissipation more marked, if possible, than when they had last parted in Paris.

"Monsieur," the stranger asked, "do you believe in premonitions of good or evil, or in the occult?"

"In the generally accepted meaning of the first word, possibly I do," I answered, "but if by the word 'occult' you would imply that one could see, or receive messages from, departed spirits, my answer then would be decidedly 'no!'"

Later that night I realized the meaning of the smile the stranger turned upon me.

"Well, Monsieur, Trigault felt this premonition or feeling of coming evil,—whichever one would prefer to call this warning,—in the first days of Paul's presence in his home. No doubt this was caused by the rapt and breathless interest with which Gabrielle listened to Paul's risque stories of a life, from which she, as a carefully guarded "jeune fille" had been entirely shielded."

"And did not Trigault warn his

wife regarding her evident interest in this would-be destroyer of his happiness?" I asked.

"O, yes, many times," was the answer, "but the only effect of the warning, if any, seemed to be to make Gabrielle more reckless in her growing affection for this man.

"It was but a few days after his last warning to his wife, Monsieur"—and with clenched hands, and his whole frame shaking with emotion, the old man spoke almost in a whisper—"but a few days after, that, on returning home unexpectedly one night, Henri Trigault saw that which for the next few days turned him into a cunning revengeful madman."

Again I interrupted to remark, "And I suppose Trigault quite naturally killed this man, who had wrecked his home?"

"Have patience, my friend," the stranger replied, "and you will soon be told the fate of this devil in human form.

"On the morning following his discovery, Trigault did not appear at breakfast, but with a smile for his wife, pleaded a headache, and soon after from his window he saw Paul and Gabrielle mount and ride away for their daily canter. During their absence the husband worked with feverish haste to carry out the plans that had been formed in his disordered brain during the night before.

"Some days previous, Paul had secured tickets for this night at the theatre, and on leaving for the evening with his friend's wife, he cautioned the 'old tortoise,' (as he often called Trigault,) not to become lonesome during their absence.

"I can assure you, Monsieur," continued the stranger, with a malignant grin,—Henri Trigault was far from lonesome that night. Not long after their departure, a carriage drove furiously to the front of the residence, a form jumped to the curb, and running quickly to the door, pounded and screamed for admittance. The maid on opening the door found no other than her mistress, little Gabrielle, cry-

ing and shrieking incoherently the name of Paul!

"And as for Professor Henri,—ah, Monsieur, he was all kindness and attention. 'Was it an accident?' he asked. 'Had dear Paul been injured, or—worse still—killed?' And then, in broken sentences, mingled with weeping and maledictions on the heads of the whole Mexican army, Gabrielle finally made her husband understand that Paul,—poor, innocent boy,—had been dragged from her side at the entrance to the theatre, and arrested as a spy! 'And why did Henri not hurry to bring Paul from that vile Mexican prison? Or would he wait until too late before going to the rescue, and then find that the poor boy had suffered a martyr's death?'

"God forgive her the question—that he, Professor Henri Trigault, the man who loved all creatures, even to the worm that crawled in the dust,—should not heed this cry of distress! Mon Dieu, how fast Trigault hurried, rushing hatless from his home, and arriving breathless at the prison to render all possible aid to 'dear Paul,'—the innocent and helpless victim of a nation's wrath.

"Monsieur, my story soon ends,"—and once again this night the narrator's voice was soft and sad.

"Professor Trigault, upon arriving at the place of Dalbert's detention, exchanged a few whispered words with the officer in charge—Colonel Howard, a soldier of fortune,—who soon after this sad affair transferred his allegiance to the side of the rebels. An order was at once given that Henri be taken into Paul's presence, and Monsieur, it was a most pitiful and dejected knight whom Trigault saw upon entering the cell.

"On his entrance, Paul rushed forward to meet his friend, and with half-crazed and incoherent words demanded that Henri order these pigs to free him at once. After soothing him with encouraging words, the professor turned to Colonel Howard, and asked an explanation of this deplorable happening, which was readily given.

"It seems that the Colonel had that afternoon received a letter, signed only with the word 'Interpreter,' which letter stated that if Monsieur Paul Dalbert was arrested and searched at the theatre that evening, there would be found upon him a full set of plans of the city's defenses, and the number of troops on duty. This had been done, and unimpeachable evidence found of the poor wretch's guilt.

"And how could Colonel Howard be of any assistance to Monsieur Trigault in this hour of trouble?

"Alas, no,—and yet, stay!—yes—would Monsieur le Colonel kindly permit the Professor to act as interpreter for his friend Paul, as the dear boy neither spoke nor understood any language but French?

"Very gladly would Colonel Howard grant this request to act as *interpréteur*; in fact, he himself had thought of suggesting it; it would save delay. And would Monsieur le Professor be so good as to translate any written statement the prisoner might make into Spanish, so that the General might read it, if he so desired?

"Right willingly would the professor do this, so paper and pen were brought, and turning to Paul, his friend, Henri assured him that all was well, and that measures should at once be taken for his release. Having written a few words in Spanish, the professor directed Paul to sign the paper, and told him it was a promise that he would leave early next morning for Paris, which he joyfully agreed to do.

"Master Paul did indeed take his journey next morning, Monsieur, but it was a far longer one than a trip to Paris.

"Colonel Howard, who had been an interested witness to this interview,—though not a listener, as he understood no French,—now addressed the professor: 'Senor Trigault, what, may I ask, has the prisoner to say as to his guilt in being arrested as a spy?'

"For answer, Professor Trigault sadly handed to the Colonel the written statement signed by Paul, saying

—'As you see, a full and complete confession.'

"'And does the prisoner understand the gravity of his offense, and the penalty for such a crime?' asked the Colonel, in surprise.

"'Fully,' answered the professor. 'You see, Colonel, had my poor young friend been successful in reaching the enemy with the papers you found upon him, he says it would have meant many pesos to him. That he was not successful was but the fortune of war, and his only request is that the end may come quickly. Truly a brave man is this Monsieur Paul Dalbert!'

"But still, Monsieur," and the speaker's voice now was hardly above a whisper,—"it was afterward said that the prisoner, when he faced the 'godspeeds' to his journey,—twelve rifles in the hands of as many soldiers,—met death cringing and screaming out that he was innocent—that morning at sunrise.

"Monsieur, my story is finished, and you have now been told of the one good and lasting effect that this conflict that is now raging has accomplished."

I turned to reply that his story had proved most interesting, and to bid the stranger good-night, when I was startled for a moment to see that we were not alone. We had been joined by three other people,—a lady accompanied by two gentlemen.

The lady was the first to speak. Addressing herself to my friend of the evening, she told him that she and Paul had been detained by waiting for Colonel Howard.

I then overheard my strange companion reprove the man Paul for bringing Gabrielle (as he called the lady) out into the night air, and at the same time murmur a few words expressing his pleasure at again meeting the soldierly-looking man they called Colonel Howard.

As the bells in some distant tower were now striking the hour of midnight, I arose to leave the Paseo and my strange companion of the night, whose sanity, in the light of these lat-

ter events, I had begun strongly to doubt.

As I passed Colonel Howard in taking my leave, I heard him murmur softly, "I, too, have a story to tell you some time, sir."

I hurried to the meeting place agreed upon with Lang earlier in the evening, vainly trying to fathom the meaning of my strange experience in the Paseo. This I was totally unable to do, nor could I dismiss the circumstances from my mind.

After finishing my business with the agent that night, Lang and I repaired to my room at the hotel to celebrate my success in securing a large order for our goods. When my friend was about to leave, he said, "By the way, make an early shipment of those arms that you have sold, for the side you are dealing with received a severe blow this morning,—so I have been told."

On my inquiring as to the nature of this blow, Lang replied, "Their best fighting man, Colonel Howard, was assassinated yesterday in Vera Cruz!"

My head whirled, and I gripped the arms of my chair. The name of Colonel Howard brought back to me the remembrance of my strange visitors at the Paseo.

"Lang," I cried, "for God's sake, tell me—who is the queer old man who wanders about the Paseo,—an old Frenchman? He has been telling me

a weird story of a revenge taken by a Professor Trigault."

"Why, he is Professor Trigault himself," interrupted Lang, "a harmless, old man, but with a somewhat interesting history. Would you care to hear it?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, this Monsieur Trigault was a professor in the university here, but at the outbreak of the war a dear friend who was visiting him and his wife, was shot as a spy. The shock of this tragedy unsettled Madame Trigault's reason, and she died shortly after. Since that time the professor has been as you saw him tonight. And, by the way, it was this same Colonel Howard—"

But here I rose hurriedly to my feet, interrupting any further speech from Lang.

"Harry," I asked, "at what time does the first train leave this beautiful city of yours this morning?"

"Why the hurry?" he asked, smiling,—"is it the first game of the World's Series in Boston, or is it The One Girl in New York?"

"Neither," I replied, "but dreams in your beautiful Paseo are just a little too damned real, to say the least."

And—well—to tell the truth, I had suddenly recollected the Colonel's parting wards—that he, too, had a story to tell me.

I had no desire to hear it.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

A yellow glow is on the distant hills,
A brilliant sheen upon the vale below;
Sunshine o'erflowing from the dainty cups
Of nodding, waving blossoms manifold
Like shades harmonious in a cloth of gold.
King Midas with his mass of wealth, I trow,
Felt not such joy as doth the spirit thrill
When that bright vision falls upon the view,
The golden glory of the poppy fields.
Their aureate bloom we pluck with eager hands.
Thy fame has spread afar through many lands
Oh, California poppies!

ANNA M. BAKER.



"THE PONY EXPRESS"

Golden Jubilee of the Pacific Railroad

By Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D.

The eminent authority on California and her history Professor Rockwell D. Hunt, head of the Department of Economics in the University of Southern California, gives a graphic picture of early day travel in this interesting sketch. It is colorful and illuminating of that fascinating period before the railroad linked California to the world and how the Union Pacific Railroad came to be an accomplished fact.

—Editor.

WHEN my mother crossed the plains to California in the early '50's, the trip from Joliet to Sacramento occupied more than four months of time. My father had made the trip to California a few years earlier by the way of the Isthmus of Panama: Time, from New York to San Francisco, almost exactly three months.

In the days of '49—and for some years thereafter—California was extremely remote from the East, or even the Middle West. Gold diggers spoke of "going back to America."

California was far more remote, in fact, from the Mississippi than was China, measured in terms of time, expense, or comfort in travel. The open ocean voyage from Shanghai or Canton to San Francisco—easy, inexpensive and fairly comfortable—was in striking contrast to the long, hard, tedious caravan journey from the Missouri across the forbidding barrier of mountain and desert, into the new Eldorado. California had suddenly become intensely American, and her admission into the Union, September 9, 1850, was an event of the utmost political significance to the entire nation. But sheer geographical remoteness

had much to do with the recurring movements looking toward complete political independence of California, all the way from the "Bear Flag Republic," in 1846, to the projected "Pacific Republic," at the time of the Civil War.

Likewise from the military standpoint California's remoteness was a natural source of solicitude during all those years. It is quite possible that the territory might have been acquired without local friction if Commodore Sloat and Captain Fremont could have kept in close touch with the administration at Washington.

But California was even more remote socially and economically. She seemed removed by an almost infinite space, and to conservative Easterners assumed a character of wild unreality when they heard stories of the latest "strike" at the diggings, read of the fabulous prices that obtained, and were shocked at the unheard-of social excesses within the Golden Gate.

The answer was, better transportation for men and goods to California; better transportation unquestionably meant the steam railroad. But a transcontinental railroad is not built in a day. In fact, men ridiculed the very idea of building a railroad across the Sierra Nevada. It is a crazy notion, they declared. It may be said that railroads grow, but they do not come to pass of themselves. The Pacific Railroad certainly did not "just happen."

Meanwhile the great rush was on—the Argonauts must get to California some way. The barriers which had been interposed by nature—stern and forbidding as they were—must be conquered by man in his irresistible march



Indians on the Trail

westward. They have been conquered, and the conquest is one of the wonders of the modern world.

Early Routes to California.

For the men of '49 three main routes had been fairly well defined and made available. "Around the Horn"—that is, the all-ocean voyage from New York or Boston to San Francisco *via* Cape Horn—was the route commonly selected by New Englanders and men from the Middle States along the Atlantic. Southerners and some emigrants from further north usually went to California "by way of the Isthmus," that is, by vessel to Panama or Nicaragua, thence by river and land to the Pacific, and onward by vessel to the Golden Gate. The Isthmus was an unknown wilderness almost completely covered with an impenetrable jungle. Travel up the Chagres river was by means of canoes, or *bungos*, to Gorona, thence by mule train to Panama. The trip to San Francisco

was devoid of all comfort; food and water were vile, sleeping accommodations wretched.

"Across the Plains" means the trip overland—this was the way chosen by the hardy Western pioneers. Of the overland routes three are deserving of special mention; the Oregon Trail, the Emigrant, or Union Pacific Trail, and the Santa Fe Trail. Each was marked by the bleaching bones of men and beasts that succumbed to the perils and privations of the long journey. The first of these led from Salt Lake City to the northwest into the great Oregon territory where important settlements had been made in Willamette Valley.

The Santa Fe Trail dates its beginnings back to the expedition of Captain Becknell overland from Frankfort, Missouri, to Santa Fe, in 1821. The extension into California was established by William Wolfskill in 1830. "The route was northwest to Green river, thence over the Wasatch mountains to Sevier river, and down the Vir-



An Immigrant Train

gin river, entering the coast region *via* the Tehachapi and Cajon passes."

Our chief interest is with the central Emigrant Trail, for this pointed the way for the Pacific Railroad. From the Missouri river the trail crossed the State of Kansas to a point on the Platte river, which it followed to South Pass, thence past Fort Bridger in southwestern Wyoming and through Echo Canyon and the Wasatch mountains to Salt Lake City. "West of Salt Lake City the trail skirted the northern shore of the Great Salt Lake, and after passing a low mountain divide in which is now Northwestern Utah, reached the headwaters of the Humboldt river. Thence the path ran along by this river down to the place where it disappeared in a vast sandy desert known as the sink of the Carson." By means of a pass at the head of the Carson river, the Sierra Nevada were crossed, Placerville (known as "Hangtown" in mining days) was quickly reached, and the long journey ended at Sacramento, the capital city of California.

James Marshall's discovery of gold at Colma on the 24th of January, 1848, proved to be an event of transcendent importance. The tide of immigration surging into California set up instant and imperious demand for more rapid transportation and means of communication. Those virile men of '48 and '49 could not long abide the slow and tedious routes; and the national Government could ill afford the ignorance and uncertainties concerning the rich new possessions occasioned by such vexatious delays. If only there were a fully equipped railroad to the Pacific!

Forerunners of the Railroad.

One of the first examples of the more rapid transportation was the dispatching of a private courier from San Francisco on the 1st of April, 1848, to carry letters to the States and to circulate copies of the *California Star*, boosting local prospects.

By 1851 a monthly mail was established between Sacramento and Salt

Lake City, a distance of 750 miles, the mail, we are informed, being carried on the backs of mules. Two years later special messengers crossed the Sierra Nevada on foot, using Canadian snow shoes, it is said.

In the meantime great caravans of "prairie schooners" were constantly creeping westward to the land of gold, along the now well-beaten trails; while all manner of craft, on all seas, vied with each other in the delivery of their human cargoes at the port of San Francisco. By the end of 1850 the population of California probably exceeded 115,000.

The Stage Coach.

Sacramento became the center for numerous stage companies, one of the most important operating in the early '50's from Placerville to Salt Lake City, and there connecting with the overland mail to St. Joseph, Missouri. Letters from the East were thus delivered a week earlier than could be effected by ocean transit.

In 1854 Ben Holliday carried both mail and passengers in a covered wagon, with four-mule team. A little later David E. Barry entered upon his career as a stage driver, a career quite without parallel. Half a million miles on the box of a stage coach—that is the record of "Dave" Barry! For forty-three years he gave every day of his life to that vocation, seated on the outside of his stage coach and driving from twelve to fifty miles every day. Ben Holliday, Hank Monk, "Old Brady," and many other drivers of the old days deserve to live in rime and story, but none can approach the record of "Dave" Barry.

In 1857 Ben Holliday was awarded a ten-year contract to carry the mail between the frontier states and the Pacific Coast. The Government paid him \$150,000 a year; the income from his stages is reported to have been as high as \$1,500 a day. A popular song humorously reflects the thrifty business of the early California Stage Company:

"The drivers, when they feel inclined,
Will have you walking on behind,
And on your shoulders lug a pole,
To help them through some muddy hole.

They promise, when your fare you pay,
'You'll have to walk but half the way,'
Then add, aside, with cunning laugh,
'You'll push and pull the other half!'

The golden era of the stage business was from 1858 to 1866. It was at this latter date that Wells, Fargo and Co. bought out Holliday—and there begins an interesting new chapter in the overland express business.

The Pony Express.

The story of the Pacific Railroad cannot be satisfactorily rehearsed without some reference to its true forerunner, the Pony Express, "the first rapid transit and the first fast mail line across the continent from the Missouri river to the Pacific Coast."

This method of carrying messages across plain and desert and mountain so swiftly as to bring the Atlantic and the Pacific ten days nearer to each other gave demonstration that a transcontinental railroad was really feasible. First conceived by B. F. Ficklin, the idea took concrete form by virtue of the active co-operation of F. A. Bee and W. H. Russell, and the organization of a corporation styled "Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company," was accomplished in 1860.

The first courier of the Pony Express from the East started from the Missouri river April 3, 1860, and the next day the first courier from the West left Sacramento with letters sent by steamboat from San Francisco. The first trip westward—a run of 1966 miles—was made in nine days and twenty-three hours. Later the distance was sometimes covered in eight days! but the record time is claimed for the special delivery in 1861 of Lincoln's first inaugural at Sacramento

in the short time of seven days and seventeen hours.

Richardson's description is classic; "The posts were twenty-five miles apart, and the steeds small, fleet, hardy Indian horses. The rider kept his pony on the full run, and when he reached a new station—whatever the hour of the day or night—another messenger, ready mounted and waiting, took the little mail sack, struck spurs into his steed, and was off like the wind."

Full equipment comprised 190 stations, 420 horses, 400 stationmen and

trip, taking the place of his successor, who had been killed the day before. "Bill" Cates, who carried President Buchanan's last message to Congress in December, 1860, and President Lincoln's inaugural the following March, is said on one occasion to have been chased by a band of 200 Arapahoes and Kiowas on the run between Leavenworth City and Fort Riley. "Pony Bob" Haslam probably held the record for narrow escapes; he carried dispatches through hostile territory after the outbreak of the Pai-Ute war in Nevada. Other well-known riders in-



A Lone Traveler

80 riders. The riders, the "pick of the frontier," were carefully selected and were paid salaries ranging from \$50 to \$150 per month.

Among all the riders "Buffalo Bill" (William F. Cody) became most widely known. This far-famed frontiersman had a very dangerous route between Red Buttes and Three Crossings on the Sweetwater river. Jim More will not soon be forgotten for his continuous ride of 140 miles from Midway Station to old Julesburg, where, after a delay of only ten minutes he resumed the saddle for his eastward

cluded Alexander Carlyle, the first to ride out of St. Joe in April, 1860; Johnny Fry, a famous frontier character, "Mel" Baughn, Jay Kelley, and "Bill" James.

The Pony Express unfortunately proved financially unprofitable, even though as many as twenty-five one-dollar "Pony" stamps and an equal number of government stamps (amounting to \$27.50 total postage), were often found on a single envelope in the mail bag.

But the Pony Express proved of great importance to the commercial in-

terests of the West; it rendered invaluable aid in holding California loyal to the Union cause, and it blazed the way for the first transcontinental railroad. "It marked the supreme triumph of American spirit," wrote

Glenn Bradley, "of God-fearing, man-defying American pluck and determination—qualities which have always characterized the winning of the West."

(Continued Next Month.)

The Overseas Man

And the One Who Did Not Get to Be a Hero

By Francis Lee Rogers

WHEN the returned 40th Regiment swung up Market Street amid the cheers of proud San Francisco and friends and sweethearts looked eagerly for their especial soldiers, there was one man in the watching throng who joined sincerely in pride and admiration for our men who had fought, yet in his heart there was an ache; not regret, not envy, but a sorrow; for duty and circumstances had not let him go to France.

Paul Gorlan watched the ranks of these fighters who were returning rich in health, rich in experience, rich in applause and glory, and it seemed to him that fate had robbed him of his birthright. He did not care about the applause and prestige, that would not have meant much; nor for the travel and training, though that was an opportunity he would have liked. He cared because he, an athlete, a man who had been willing to give his life, who would have really counted the fighting a pleasure—had not been able to enlist in time.

It was both duty and honor that had forced him to choose the hard ease of peace rather than, for him, the easy hardships of war. So he was classed by lack of uniform with that

large army of men of fighting age, most of whom did as much as the soldiers to win the war. But there were some slackers, and that is why men in uniform are preferred stock.

Paul had been joyously happy when, in August, his business contract completed, he had put in application for enlistment in the Machine Gun Corps. He gave up all plans for his personal life and thought only of the part which was to be his in the glorious struggle in France.

About this time he met Nina. She was gracious to him, and he felt doubly impatient now to get across the ocean and win honors or death. But he learned that she had given a half-promise to Henri Rudeaux, who was already overseas, and he felt that he could not honorably become a suitor for her love until he himself had heard the song of bullets.

They talked of the war; he waited impatiently for notice to report. Then followed rapidly the order holding up enlistments, acceptance of his application—a month later, and the signing of the armistice almost immediately. And now—it was all over, and he had to make a new start in life, without having had any of the joy of

fighting. Nevertheless he surveyed the situation with cheerful nonchalance; it was his disposition to take life as it came, do his best with a clear conscience, not worry.

That evening he was walking amid the throng on Market Street; that throng of infinite variety and interest whose dominant tone is that of prosperity and good humor. Soldiers from France passed him, and with them he had a sense of companionship. He, too, was a fighting man; at the time when he had applied for enlistment he had counted his life as good as given; at the present time, should occasion arise, he knew that he was capable of welcoming any dangerous situation. Only chance had kept him from the ranks of the actual fighters, America's aristocracy, and many thousands of others shared this position.

He was aroused from these reflections with a shock by a sudden meet-

ing with Nina, who was in the escort of an overseas soldier, very handsome, and wearing a Croix de Guerre. The girl stopped.

"Let me introduce you," she said, "This is Mr. Topping, an old friend of mine."

Paul exchanged cordial greetings, and some general remarks. Then he addressed Nina.

"Is your friend Mr. Rudeaux returned safe and sound?" he asked. Nina rippled a laugh.

"Our Henri," she replied, "did very well. He was wounded in the arm, and married a French heiress. In France he will stay. Come over tomorrow evening and I will tell you of his adventures. We will have to go on now, or miss the overture."

As Paul continued down Market Street, he felt content with life. After all, the gods know what is best; let us accept their decisions cheerfully.

Wonderful Advantages of a Free Port

By Major John B. Jeffery

SHOULD Congress pass a general enabling act authorizing the location of one or more "free ports" on the Pacific, Gulf or Atlantic coasts, at such places as may comply with the conditions fixed by such act, then the free ports to be located would fall to the city or place first complying with the conditions fixed by such act. Should the number of free ports on the Pacific Coast be limited to one, then San Francisco, Los Angeles and Seattle would be in the race for the port.

Though the general public is getting a much better understanding of the meaning of the phrase "free port"

through articles published in daily papers, the writer does not think that any one has been able to grasp the full significance of the "free port." The phrase is misleading to some extent. The "free port" in its broadest sense is only free as to custom duties within the designated and fixed zone.

A "free port" is purely and simply a creature of the law or the act of Congress creating it. It has only the powers given it by the act that creates it. The law that creates a "free port" may be narrow and give it but little if any more power than a bonded warehouse. While, on the other hand, Congress can give it broad and liberal

powers and thereby make it one of the most important channels for the movement of commerce.

In its broadest sense the commerce of the world can be handled through a system of free ports systematically established throughout the world. A "free port" must necessarily be international in character. Unless a "free port" is created so as to give all the world the same rights and privileges its real purpose would be defeated. In creating a "free port" we must open it on equal terms to all countries without discrimination, and we must demand the same rights and privileges from any other nation creating a "free port."

If all "free ports" throughout the world are international in character, then it is possible for one nation to anticipate the wants of another nation and ship products in advance of a sale. For example, our manufacturers would store goods made for export to China in a "free port" warehouse located in China until there be a demand for such products, and in turn China prepares goods for export to the United States that can be shipped to the "free port" located here on the Pacific Coast, and ready for delivery on short notice.

Few realize the ramifications and benefits that may accrue from a "free port." The escape from the so-called red tape of the customs house or the storage of goods for import or export in "free ports" and reshipping goods from the "free port" zone without the payment of customs duties is but a minor consideration. Equipped with proper machinery, "free ports" may be made to play a most important part in the distribution of goods throughout the world.

By the free use of "free ports" time and distance are practically wiped out. It is just about as cheap to store goods in one country as another. Manufacturers making goods for China may just as well store them in the "free port" warehouse in China as to store them in the United States. There would be but little difference in storage charges and an advantage to make

immediate delivery when goods are wanted. In fact, if the purchaser knew the goods were ready for delivery it would give him a greater incentive to buy.

The writer contends that the location of branch or feeder "free ports" in foreign countries is just as important as the location of "free ports" within the United States. The one or more "free ports" that is proposed to be located here on the Pacific Coast should have feeders or branch "free ports" in all countries and principal trade centers or in the heart of countries whose trade is desired. The "free port" to be located on the Gulf Coast should have branch or feeder ports to the south, including the east coast of South America, while the "free port" on the Atlantic Coast should have a number of "free ports" in European countries, and more particularly in the great Mediterranean basin.

With a system of "free ports" systematically located the United States would have one of the most perfect systems of distribution on earth. Unless this be done the United States must expect to be crowded out and left behind. Germany was gradually coming to this point before the war.

The British have already reached this point. The British gates stretching around the world are but a system of ports, some of which have been "free ports" for years. Singapore never had a customs house. Hong Kong and Aden have been "free ports" for many years. In all of these gateways of ports great quantities of British goods are kept for immediate delivery, and unless we can make our goods available the same as the British we can not expect the people to wait six months or a year for them.

Goods actually in the warehouses in the country where we expect to sell them, and where we can display them to the buyers, will give us an advantage equal to any other nation. "Free ports" will revolutionize the present method of selling goods and the settlement of accounts. They will bring about a complete change in the credit

and money exchange conditions.

We will have the largest merchant marine in the world at the end of the shipbuilding plans. To keep these ships profitably employed will require an immense amount of business. At a rough estimate the world did not before the war, nor does not now, produce enough business to keep such a mighty marine busy, including the ships of other nations. To create more business requires development and production. Any nation by subsidies and lower rates may secure for its ships the hauling of more business, but if it is taken from a competitor the business is not increased. Germany and Britain before the war were the leading nations in shipping. The British had their colonies and the Germans were securing colonies wherever a pretext could be found to create one. These colonies were branch ports and feeders.

Holland, while a small country, has colonies in several sections of the world, notably Java. The British, the Germans and the Hollanders poured gold into colonies and the country around them. There are hundreds of thousands of Germans scattered

throughout the United States, Mexico, Central and South America. There are hundreds of thousands of the English and Hollanders scattered through the countries mentioned. All this has much to do with developing the countries in which they have settled.

How many Americans will you find scattered through the countries I have mentioned outside of the United States? Some few venturesome Americans have gone outside the borders of the United States. There are many countries, including Central and South America, where there is the greatest chance for development, where if natives are left to their own initiative their country will not be much different in a century from now. These people are not developers, and unless the development work is done by a more progressive people it will not be done.

Unless Americans can be brought to realize the situation and be willing to do as the English and the Germans have done, the writer fears that our foreign trade will fall short of what it should be, and that we will have some boats on hand, but we will have but little business for them.

In the Realm of Bookland

"Diverging Roads."

In "Diverging Roads," Rose Wilder Lane, San Francisco's own Rose, has written her first novel. It is as a newspaper writer that she is known and loved in California. Somehow this story brings to the reviewer's mind this one line in Grays Elegy "The short and simple annals of the poor," for it is fashioned out of humble folk. Out of the fullness of her own experience comes this tale. The author has fought her way up foot by foot and she knows her way and she knows her people. She knows girl life in the work-a-day world, its pathos and its tragedy, and the sweetness of success,

and thus knowing she has put intensely human characters between the covers of her book. The story has its inception in a small town in California where the girl and boy that form the basis of the tale are first introduced to us in the homes of poverty. There happens a very pretty little episode, shy, innocent and sweet; the reader will like the girl, Helen, and the boy, Paul. They will follow the unfolding of the drama of their lives which shifts to other towns and cities and to the gay life of San Francisco with keen interest. They will feel with Helen the fascination of the other man and the people in whom we shouldn't

be interested. But there I shall drift into telling too much and the real joy of reading a story is in doing it yourself. In this case you will find it worth while.

"Diverging Roads"—The Century Co., New York; cloth, ornamental; 12 mo., 359 pp.—\$1.50.

"The Game Birds of California."

This exhaustive treatise on the game birds of California fills a long-needed want. It is a complete and actual description of the 108 native game birds of the State. Among these are included the ducks, geese, swans, ibises, cranes, snails, snipes, sandpipers, curlew, plowver, quail, grouse, pigeons and doves. The localities and the time of year in which each are to be found are also given with a history of the life and habits of the bird. In short it is a complete summary of each of the species down to date. The main motive for the publication of this work was due to the decrease of many valuable species of game birds and the lack of proper measures being taken by the public to protect and conserve them. Decrease of Game and its Causes; Natural Enemies of Game Birds; The Gun Club in California, are some of the subjects included in the introductory chapters.

The authors of the book, Joseph Grinnell, Harold Child Bryant and Tracy Irwin Storer, have left nothing to be asked for in their treatment and arrangement of their material. It is both painstaking and accurate. The extensive collection of field data in the California Museum of Vertebrate Zoology was drawn upon together with the knowledge of experienced ornithologists throughout the West. Added to this material was recent field experiences of the authors themselves and those of sportsmen. The chapter devoted to Valley Quail is especially interesting. Its nest, eggs, habits and behavior are all described. It shows that the Valley Quail lays more eggs than any other game bird and, also, that the male birds act as sentinels.

Sportsmen, nature lovers, and students of bird-life will turn lovingly to this book. It supplies just the information for their varying needs. The work is handsomely illustrated with line drawings and colored plates, and technically is just about perfect.

"The Game Birds of California"—University of California Press, Berkeley; cloth, illustrated, 8 vo., 642 pp.—\$6.00.

"The Morn of Creation."

"The Morn of Creation" comes to us from the pen of Albert L. Berry. It is a vision poem of the birth of creation as seen with the eyes of a seer, yet its shadows are full of radiance and holy hope. We quote therefrom, as follows:

Then rose the sun, wide spread his
orient wings,
And 'cross the trackless ocean laid a
path
Of rivered gold, and built a stairway
to
The mountain tops, and up its steps he
drew
The mantle grey, that night had woven
in
The valleys deep, and made a crown
upon
The loftiest peak. Now quickened
were the earth's
Deep forces, and incorporate life
reached out
To that far, infinite beyond.
I saw a blade of grass hold up her
hand
And catch a drop of dew, and, kneeling
down,
The sun quick drank, then kissed her
finger tips.
A lily standing in a marshy pool,
Her face half hid, the sun unsealed
her lips,
And then a fragrance rich arose that
stirred
The incense-laden air. The lark, her
first
Loud carols sang along the foot hills,
and
The lazy crane, with the trailing legs,
swept o'er

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The silent dunes. And far away was heard
 The piping in the woods, like censer boys
 That practice first their holy altar songs.
 Then moved the drama with a measured step.
 The earth far swung in its elliptic course,
 And rivers blazed their pathways to the sea:
 The pulsing ocean throbbed with passion new,
 That lifted high the sea, then flung it back
 Unto her breasts, and closed her chamber door.
 All forces quickened, and the mara-
 than
 Of life's existence in full sweep began.

There is also a tender, touching little poem in memory of the author's little daughter as follows:

She comes tripping, tripping, tripping,
 Down memory's mystic hall,
 And all the years, they slip away
 As her presence I recall.
 And I see her little window,,
 Just big enough without
 To let the bird-songs enter in,
 And her little prayers go out.
 And when the quiet twilight comes,
 And the old world slips from sight,
 There comes a star a twinkling,
 Through a peep-hole of the night.
 And in its depths of silence,
 Across the margent wide,
 The temple gates are opened;
 Again she's at my side.
 Then tripping, tripping, tripping,
 Back across the long, long years.
 I let the world drift in again:
 My eyes are wet with tears.

"The Morn of Creation," A. L. Berry.—Chicago, Ill.; paper, white and gold, 12 pp.

"The Black Stone."

George Gibbs never misses his mark when aiming at that fitful shadow, the public fancy, with his well directed and alluring adventure romances. Whether effecting miraculous escapes or dealing with the improbable, his clever hand makes all things seem possible. Even if his adventures do savor of the "Arabian Nights," they have a subtle atmosphere of their own which is very fetching. This is particularly true of "The Black Stone," which deals with a case appealing to humanity. We all know the significance the Orientals and the people of the East attach to stones. To them they are the omens of good or evil.

"The Black Stone of Micca" was of vital importance in the East. The natives regarded it as the holiest of holies, a symbol which they would follow anywhere. This story is of the struggle between a young New York millionaire and a German spy to obtain possession of this stone. Inadvertently the New Yorker finds himself the cause of placing the German in a way to obtain the stone. When he realizes the grave import of the situation he sets about to thwart the German's scheme. The scene shifts across the Atlantic in a yacht into mosques and harems, across deserts and finally into Arabia. Closely connected with the main plot of strife and adventure is a picturesque love story that whets the reader's curiosity and adds zest to the tale.

"The Black Stone."—D. Appleton & Company, New York; cloth, illustrated; 12 mo., 357 pp.—\$1.50.



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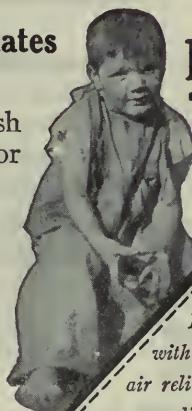
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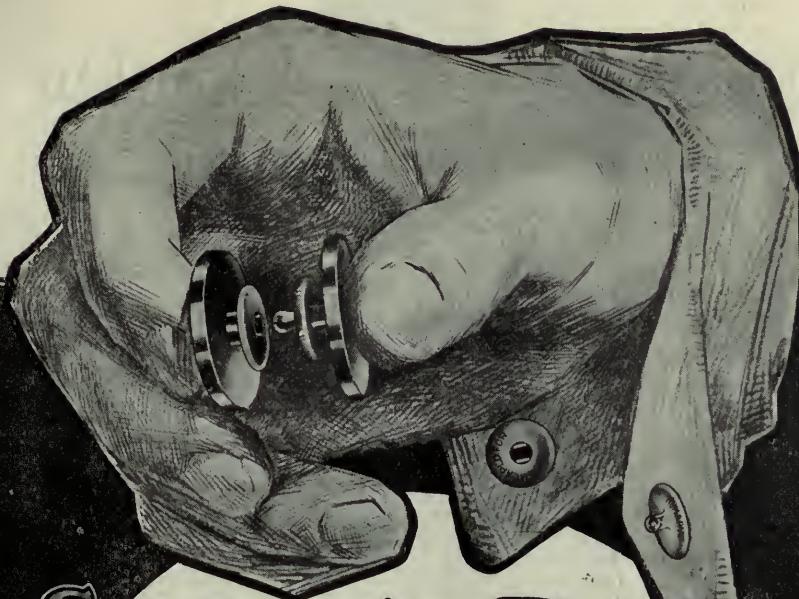
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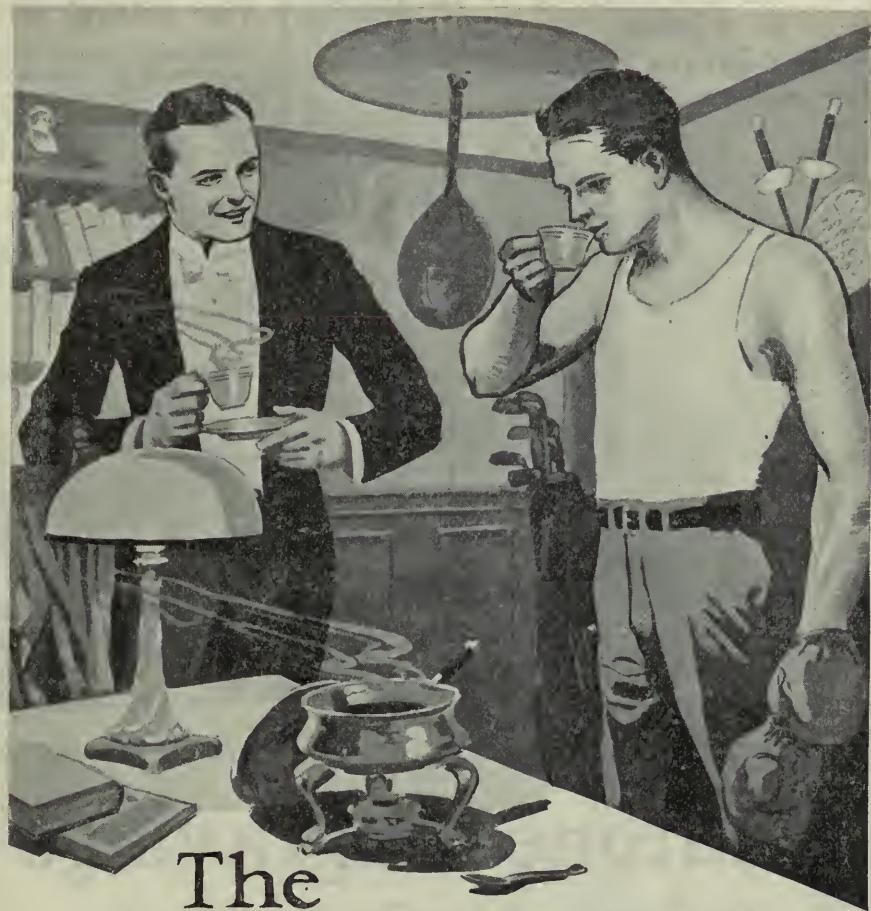
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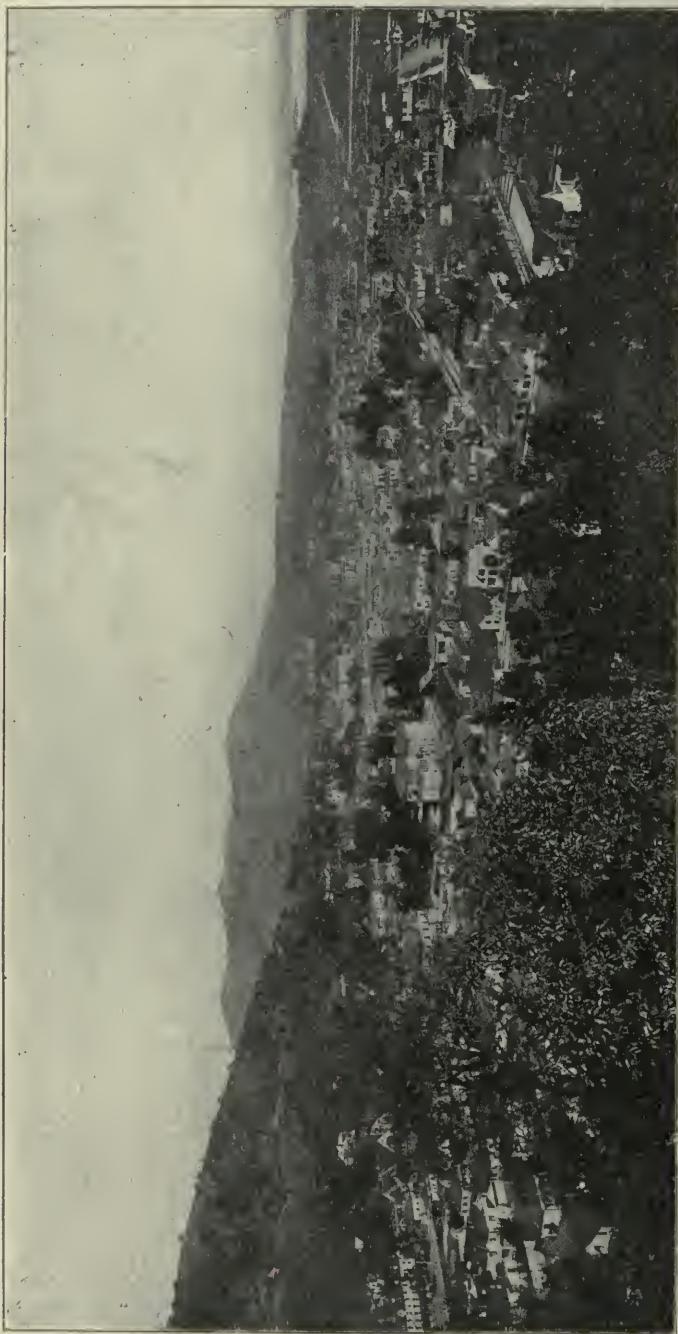
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The Sierras Where the Scenes in the Play "Tally-Ho" Were Laid



Mill Valley With Mt. Tamalpais in the Distance

OVERLAND



MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXXIII

San Francisco, June, 1919

No. 6



Joaquin Miller at Work in His Mountain Camp

Tally-Ho

The Mountain Play

By Blanche Essex Heywood

IN memory of its author, Joaquin Miller, the late "Poet of the Sierras," "Tally-Ho," a three-act play was given on the slopes of Mount Tamalpais, California, Sunday, May 18th. No more romantic or beautiful outdoor theatre could be

found than on Tamalpais, the mountain that rises out of the sea across the bay from San Francisco.

The play had its inception through the story of Horace Greeley's stage coach drive across the Sierras. It was first played by Joseph Jefferson.

The characters were replicas of the men and women of those stirring days in the mining camps.

The poet's daughter, Juanita Miller, took the leading part as Rosie Lane, "The White Rose of the Sierras." The rest of the cast included Hank Monk, the typical dashing stage driver, "Always on time," of whom they said, "Poor, honest, generous Hank Monk, nothing will ever stay in his hands but the reins of his horses when he sits on the box of Tally-ho."

Then there is Tom Crabtree — the greatest gambler who exclaimed, "I always have four hands, my right hand, my left hand, the hand that has been dealt to me, and the hand up my

what is it, Rosie my pretty child crying again?"

"Why, no, I am laughing, laughing, Henry dear."

"Why, yes, so you are. But Rosie there's tears on your lashes, love, and there's tears in your laughter, too."

"Nothing of the kind, Henry, I am as merry as a lark. I am as happy as the dear old horses, we have housed here at the very windows safe from the storm. For here under your roof with your strong arm about me, I am as safe from harm as they."

"Safe from harm, why honey, what harm?"

"Nothing, nothing, Henry! no harm, nothing."



Scenic Railroad Train and Summit House, Mt. Tamalpais.

sleeve! I never lose a hand."

The scene between Hank Monk and Rosie Lane, his wife, in their mountain cabin while the storm raged outside, is very pretty and affecting.

I quote a bit from it, Rosie to Nora Malone, an Irish emigrant, said:

"The pleasure of helping dear Henry look after the brave horses and their gratitude and recognition keeps me warm. No death nor trouble can ever come to this little home, Nora, for many a long year—at least I hope not, I pray not I—"

Hank, interrupts, "Now my beauty

"But there is something. The song has gone out of your voice of late! You are not the girl you were. My little girl that sat by the wayside and watched my strong horses climb the Sierras years ago is—is no more. Gone like a flower that fades when you gather it and take it to your heart."

"Why, Henry, who now has tears on his lashes—tears in his voice? It is you, Henry! You."

It is very dramatic as the play moves on and the thing she fears becomes a reality. A man is found



The Old Mill, Mill Valley, Where the Trail to the Mountain Theatre Starts.

stabbed in the back. Hank thought Rosie, his wife, used that knife, and to shield her he said that he was the guilty party. Rosie believed that he actually was.

The denouement is very strong when it comes out that Crabtree, the gambler, the villain of the play, was the

real culprit.

Then Hank, once more a free man, joyfully exclaims.

"Rosie, my Wife, the 'Pure White Rose of the Sierras,' and now we will go and tell the horses all about it and have many a happy ride together, yet, on old Tally-ho."



United States Forestry Service Station

A Ranger and Some Sheep

By Charles H. Shinn

One of the most interesting parts of Western history is that dealing with the sheep industry. The sheep wars, as told of by Dr. Shinn, have heroes no less noble and devoted to duty than those who served in the Indian wars and in the cattlemen's troubles, which have taken up most of the space in the history of the frontier.

THE EDITOR.

SPUNKY JOE WEST, that famous Mariposa ranger—"gone west" now, for a fractious horse killed him—Joe once said: "Ef 't warn't for Basco, sheep and hoss feed, this job would be just a picnic." Then he added, reflectively,—this was long ago—"We don't yet have the power

to 'lam the Bascos out, we only 'nase them a little."

You see in those times before 1900 the men like "Old Mariposa," who looked after the forests of California did not estimate timber, nor sell it, nor give "free use" permits, nor "count in" cattle, nor work on trails. They filled out vast monthly report blanks, though, a line to a day. Mostly they began with "rode patrol" and followed this by a series of "ditto's," excepting on those noble and joyous occasions when one could say "ran out Basco sheep" or "went to a fire." Superiors did not insist upon details in those free and easy times.

There are perhaps fifty old Basque families in California where the sheep



A Forest Ranger's Home

men's side of the story of how they were forced to give up long used free pasture on government land in the Sierras, is told with profane and picturesque details, for the Basques, those sturdy mountaineers of Spain, descendants, perhaps, of the shepherds of ancient Atlantis, are a long-remembering race.

In order to fully understand the story of the famous "sheep wars" of early days some facts of history should be recalled.

From the time of the establishment in 1893 of the "Sierra Reserve" (now known as the Sierra National Forest) until 1907, no sheep grazing was allowed upon the public lands therein, on the theory that the trampling of the sheep destroyed all seedling forest trees. But men—especially foreigners—who had for many years taken their flocks to the mountain pastures were constantly slipping in over the borders of the forest. The force of rangers was very small in those days and the area large, so that it was one long fight, each summer, to keep the sheep from overrunning the forest.

In 1907 and 1908, the open public lands of the foothills (because of drought) failed to produce the normal amount of feed and as an emergency measure a few thousand head of sheep were allowed to enter certain high, far back parts of the forest. But for four years after that they were again rigorously shut out. By 1913 it had become increasingly evident that there were large areas of almost treeless pastures too high for cattle to use, that were going to waste; while with the gradual fencing in of once public open land the sheep owners were in desperate straits. A limited number of sheep were therefore allowed to enter the Sierra that summer, and the number has increased until, by 1918, 54,807 head grazed within the forest. While it is undoubtedly true that on real forest areas sheep do great damage, nevertheless, if confined to certain well marked driveways in entering and leaving the forest, and to otherwise unused treeless pastures while in the forest, they do no harm, while in spite of the long drive, they produce more wool and mutton if allowed



On the Outlook for Sheep

to eat these mountain grasses—and their owners pay a good round sum into the national treasury for the privilege.

Sheep are handled in much the same way these days, on many other California forests.

As for the forest rangers side of the sheep wars, hardly ten of the old timers are now left. One was then young Richard Bigelow, brother of the famous newspaper man, Harry Bigelow. He lived above Dunlap, in the Fresno Sierras, and was known all the way from forgotten Auckland to Bubb Creek and Inyo. He is now a notable forest supervisor, but years ago he published a graphic account of how its Basques drove bands of sheep over its line from near Independence, on the edge of the desert—and were

forced to hustle them out again with heavy loss. It was but one fierce, swift episode among many, which took place over some twenty million mountain acres, and in which men like Richard Bigelow, Joe Westfall, "Doc" Hogue, Boot Taylor, Joe Crane of "Grub Gulch," Jack Noddin, and a dozen more laid firm the foundations of the forest service.

Richard Bigelow is the best man on earth to write a book about it. For the other side—and good literature it is—read Mary Austin's "The Flock."

Once in those old sheep-fighting days, a plain sixty dollar a month ranger had an adventure with our friends the Basques, who so mysteriously brought their sheep up into the Inyo country by way of its southern deserts from far-off Kern to hang



A Glimpse of Rangers on Duty

along the border and break all the regulations. He got an official letter which he read with growing doubt. Some one had blundered and had issued permits "to a number of the sheep-men allowing them to drive in, take their time to cross the forest, and be 'good forever afterwards.' " In order to be on the safe side the official had added, however, "If any sheep-men wilfully allow their sheep to trespass, assure them that a way will be found to cancel their permits." The ranger rode ten miles thinking over that sentence. At last a slow grin spread over his face. "Sure, a way will be found, even if this Billy Smith ranger gets fired. The main thing is to do right, and keep Uncle Sam from being fooled."

Fifty miles northwest from where the ranger rode, was the camp of Pete Arbian, that quiet, shrewd Basque leader, easily within reach by means of signal fires were the camps of a dozen other Basques, whose forty thousand sheep and hundred men, and uncounted dogs, donkeys and horses, were "all along the border." A couple of days later the ranger who called himself Smith, scouting along the rim

of Fish Valley, saw Arbian's four thousand sheep well inside the forest, as trespassers, two weeks before the date named in their "crossing permit," a copy of which was in the ranger's pocket. He rode down to their main camp, about noon, when the herders were in, and Arbian himself was with them.

"What you want me to do, Arbian?" he asked.

"Good man," replied that worthy, "Guv'ment send me paper, go 'cross, feed all way." He drew out his permit. "Dat right? You mak no row?"

He gave it to the ranger and beamed on him in blissful content. "You get dinner, take quarter of mutton for you camp. I start 'cross tomorrow."

The ranger straightened up and looked around. Four men, all armed, were about him. It sure was going to be some adventure.

"A way would be found." He laughed within himself, and thought of his dear country's flag.

"Come over here, close to me, Arbian, while I read this to you. I couldn't put up a fight, you know, because I'm tee-totally unarmed. I'm Uncle Sam's little boy, you know."

He read the permit aloud, smiled sweetly, put his hand on Arbian's shoulder. "See here, you're inside now; you came in two weeks ahead of time." He tore the paper in two, cast the pieces to the winds. "You've broken the rules. Your permits' cancelled. Now be good and take out those sheep."

The three men drew weapons, crowded close up to the ranger's horse, waited only the word from Arbian, whose own long Spanish knife was half out of the sheathe.

The ranger stretched out a sinewy arm, laid his hand with quiet, friendly firmness on the shoulder of Arbian. "Listen to me just a minute. You can go for me later, if you like. I left my gun at home, you know—on purpose."

The ranger pulled out an old, battered "Forest Patrol" badge. He looked across the wild mountain land. He somehow drew the gaze of the four Basques, as he spoke, almost in a whisper: "For thousands of years you Basques have loved mountains, and have been herders of sheep. California has been good to you, Arbian, and now that our government asks you to help us make a great forest up here, can't you be with us? What I have to do is hard, but it's right. I know that it doesn't seem so now, but your children's children will understand."

"You like be killed?" cried Arbian, in a sudden, tense second. "You dat kind of fool?"

Quiet and low came the ranger's reply: "That would be nothing at all, my friend," he said, not knowing that Animaxander, the famous Greek philosopher, once said the same thing. "Do you really think you ought to kill me for doing my duty?" Silence fell between them for one long breath; it was man to man, soul to soul.

Suddenly Arbian threw out his hands. "Tell me, what I do?"

"Go right back and out of this," the ranger said. "Strike east, and down to Walker's Pass and so home to Kern. Tell the other sheep men,

too. Keep ten miles away from this forest, and buy your sheep-feed, after this." He leaned over and took the hand of the stocky Basque. "Say Arbian, don't you think hard of me; it's just my job because I took the oath, and wear this little old badge. It's for Uncle Sam."

The Basque sheep went out. Elsewhere too, for over all the California forests, such pioneer rangers as this one were making it unprofitable for sheep herders to trespass. They tied up the dogs; they took its bells from its bell wethers; they mixed, scattered and drove out the bands; they reasoned with the sheep-men until it at last became possible to permit many sheep to graze in the "short hair grass country" above the timber belt, where cattle rangers were of less value.

Now that we have been at war, and while the meat question is all important, the national forests have become the grazing grounds for thousands of sheep and goats, as well as cattle. Best of all livestock pays a fee, and everyone who owns it helps to put out fires, and in all ways upholds the forest regulations. It is a perfectly natural development from the honest work of such pioneer rangers as Joe West, Billy Smith, Richard Bigelow and "Doc" Hogue. Still it seems almost unbelievable to the old settlers who remember when the whole Sierra region was "fed into the ground" by unregulated grazing, and when carloads of cattle from other states were turned loose in the foothills "to get along somehow."

It is said that wise humorous old Arbian, telling about his experience with the ranger, once added: "I like hire dat man run my sheep," and that this remark, drifting along the Sierras, was everywhere hailed as Smith's "Victoria Cross."

Smith, like that outspoken old Mariposan ranger, spoken of in the first paragraph of this paper, "went across the range" years ago. The forest service which they so loved marches on to new toils, greater prob-



Ranger on an Inspection Trip

lems, wiser use, fuller conservation of resources, and closer relations to the people and the industries of America.

Well spent, never to be forgotten, were the lives of those who first began the work.

Art in An Artistic Setting

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

SEATTLE already heralded abroad as a second Clyde, in shipbuilding industries, has also an artistic side that is seldom commented upon publicly. Boasting of at least four private art galleries, where canvases of great artistic and commercial value hang—there is one collection that stands out from these, because of the exterior setting of the home that houses it, and the owner's unique method of arranging the canvases within its doors. The owner of these treasures, Mr. Fred E. Sander, is a connoisseur, inheriting his artis-

tic taste from his father, who possessed the finest art gallery and library in Mississippi, and he has gathered about him the works of widely celebrated artists of both the ancient and modern schools of art.

In passing over the threshold of the pillared entrance to the grounds, with gates thrown hospitably wide, one would readily realize that an artist dwells on the estate. The house, a long, rambling, colonial bit of architecture, could not have been given a more gorgeous setting. It commands a magnificent view of the Cascade



A Glimpse of the Lawn.



The Sanders Home.

Mountain range, with Mount Rainier glittering like an opal—the shadowly purple foothills kneeling in admiration at the mountain bases, and the gleaming waters of Lake Washington winding like a turquoise ribbon at the very feet of the Sanders estate, which situated in Washington Park, occupies several splendidly kept acres.

The velvety, sloping lawns, and beds of flowers are not more beautiful than the banks of luxuriant shrubs where nature has been allowed to do her own work, with but little aid from the gardener. Trees that for ages have kept faithful watch above the shimmering lake, murmur in sweet content, and rest their boughs lovingly on the family roof tree. There is a lily pond, too, its blooms like pearl tipped stars flecking the water, and encompassed by an emerald lawn.

A bronze Mercury in Repose, has been given a fit setting under the shadow of a spreading oak tree, through whose branches the sun fil-

ters down on the classic form beneath. In a circle of green lawn, is a bronze statute of Venus and En-dymion. A sun dial, recording no shadows, stands near a bed of scarlet poppies, those silken reminders of pleasures quickly sped. Passing over the gravelled path between the green velvet carpeted earth and the sculptured statuary.

Entering under the portico of the house, one is instantly aware of an atmosphere of home, a home where art is a part of its daily existence, rather than a detached item. If the day be chilly, a ruddy fire blazes on the wide hearth, before which a comfortable tapestried couch extends a hospitable invitation.

Gracing the wall on one side of the living room are "Waiting For the Fleet"—a large canvas by Elias Maartens. It is a Dutch water scene, one of the most beautiful and valuable in the Sander collection; "Gumbo," another treasure by F. S. Church, ex-

cites more than passing interest. It is a quaint conception having for the central figure Mrs. F. P. Lilly, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sander—painted when she was a wee girl. At her feet is a darkey doll, the child's favorite part of her collection, named "Gumbo," and the picture takes its name therefrom.

"Flamingoes," is a daring bit of art, by Church, that compels admiration. It is a rare blending of colors from the red hair of the beautiful young shepherdess in white, reclining on the river bank against a mass of lavender and pink blossoms, to the red flamingoes standing in the limpid waters. Corot is also represented here, in an alluring pastoral scene.

The most valuable of the oils in Mr. Sander's collection is Salvator Rosa's painting of "St. John Preaching in The Wilderness." It is a masterpiece of art, and adorns the wall of the living room above the mantel. Mr. Sander has refused an offer of \$60,000 for it. "Night," another large canvas hangs in this room. It is by an Italian nobleman, Domenico Troietti, and represents a beautiful young girl asleep on a bank of clouds. Cherubs are slowly drawing an allegorical veil of night over the maiden; clear cut, the stars shine overhead, the moon peeps from a fleecy cloud, while the reflection from the fire torches in the hands of the cherubs and the magic coloring of the drape about the beautiful figure make this canvas a marvel of art.

Henry Leopold Levi's painting of "Christ in the Tomb" is splendidly conceived. This canvas received medals awarded in 1865 and 1869, and Legion of Honor in 1872. It was exhibited for two months in the Seattle Fine Art Galleries. "Newsboys" by J. G. Brown, is a study over which one lingers; the painter of this canvas, an intimate friend of Mr. Sander, begun his artistic career as a carriage painter but that he has reached a high place in the ranks of art, is attested by this delightful study. A canvas by C. W. Peale, painted one hundred and ten

years ago portrays George Washington with his horse, and General Henry Knox. A bit of California, "On the San Joaquin River," was painted by J. E. Stuart, with his palette knife alone, and is especially prized by Mr. Sander, who at one time taught school on the site represented in the painting. A large oil painting of Peckslip, N. Y., portrays a shipping scene with ships in the harbor. It too is a favorite of Mr. Sander's, as from this spot he used to sail when a lad. The artist, Carlton E. Chapman, is an intimate friend of Mr. Sander's.

Mrs. Farwell Putnam Lilly, daughter of Mr. Sander, favors "Venice" by Felix Zien. It was a wedding gift from her father, when she was married a few years ago, and is one of the most valuable in the Sander collection. It exhales a wealth of color and romance, and is an exquisite piece of art. A canvas into which much of the family life of the Sanders has been painted, occupies a place on the stair landing. It represents a schooner, the "Fred E. Sander," named after the art collector, and launched on his birthday, some year ago. The vessel was built by Mrs. Sander's father, H. K. Hall of Hall Brothers, Port Blakely, and several years ago made a record trip of seventy-two hours from Seattle to San Francisco. The canvas is by Coulter.

The Hudson River school is represented by paintings from the bushes of the late George Inness, Minor, Wyant, Cropsey and Church. A painting which received a gold medal at the Philadelphia Exposition, is "Raspberries," so realistically painted as to tempt one to sample the fruit. J. E. Stuart is the artist. From the brush of V. Caprile is a gem, in which the Italian artist has given rein to a beautiful fancy, a witching peasant girl offering vegetables for sale. C. Scott White's painting of a sandy beach in Massachusetts, and "The Old Homestead" by Burn H. Nicols, are distinctive studies in excellent settings, adorning the walls above the colonial staircase.

There are contributions from Trouillebert, of the French School, a protegee of Corot; F. W. Benson, of the Futurist School; Cazin, Glen Newell, Sarki, C. S. Reinhart, Adolphe Sche-rever, M. F. H. DeHaas and A. A. Aublet of the Brabazon school—also representing this latter school, are canvases by Rousseau, C. F. Daubigny, N. Diaz and Dupre. "The Sheep in the Sand Dunes," by Louis Paul Dessar, was awarded a bronze medal at the Paris Exposition, and a silver medal at Buffalo. E. L. Couse's Indian Camp Fire Scene is a beautiful bit of color conception, and G. L. Berg's "Field of Daisies" is admirably executed.

"The Fog," a woodcut on rice paper, is a gem highly prized by Mr. Sander. It is a most unusual picture, that holds a world of artistry. The soft vapory fog clings to the earth, suffuses the scene, and turns all solid objects into weird, fantastic shapes. At the first glance this picture presents a drab blank, but a study of it discovers a movement of the fog, a slow lifting, then the evolving of objects, and the picture becomes a living, breathing thing that haunts the memory.

Mr. Sander's collection of art is not confined to canvases. He has a wonderful collection as well, of Oriental art objects, gathered during his travels. Rare bronzes, marble, ivory and pottery, adorn the individual rooms, instead of being confined to one particular place in the Sander home. It is so too, with the paintings, every room, and even the halls and stairways have their quota, in keeping with the surroundings, and there is not a discordant element throughout the house.

The last thing at night before retiring, and the first thing in the morning, the Sander household and their guests (there are usually many under

the hospitable roof), may feast their eyes on choice bits of painting from the brushes of noted artists. Mr. Sander has done much too, to encourage American artists and takes a keen interest in each rising exponent of the brush and palette. This interest has enabled many a youthful aspirant to art, to choose his avocation.

Among the artists represented in the Sander collection, many of them are personal friends, companions, and fishing cronies of the connoisseur. He has angled in company with Julian Rix, enjoyed the confidences of F. E. Church, and prizes several autographed specimens of the works of his friends in art. Quaint and humorous letters from Church, and Chapman, treasured by Mr. Sander, are illustrated with watercolor sketches.

Each canvas in the Sander collection has a story, and testifies to the good taste of the collector. Understanding the need of separate companionship for his pictures, Mr. Sander has departed from the beaten path of placing his canvases, and never permits all of his pictures by one artist to remain assembled in one group. Rather he selects one or two, three at the most, from the brush of a certain artist, and groups these together. Each painting, the vigorous, and the subdued, alike reveals a superior quality when detached from its neighbor. So that while Mr. Sander has several Corot's they are not hung in the same room, or at all in close proximity. Possessing hundreds of paintings, some by the world's greatest masters of the brush and palette, Mr. Sander adheres to his individual ideas of how they should be hung, employing a unique method that is most pleasing, and spreads the atmosphere of art throughout the house, instead of confining it to a particular spot in a gallery.



The Last Long Ride

By Ronald A. Davidson

It's getting nigh on forty years
I've ridden o'er these plains,
Taking my share of desert suns
And winter sleet and rains.
But now those days are passing
As the years behind me glide,
And before long I'll be starting
On my last long ride.

The poets sing of the long, long trail
Or the road to the Promised Land;
It's the Redskin's Happy Hunting Ground
Cross the desert of burning sand.
The soldier stands his last retreat,
They speak of crossing the Great Divide,
But to me, the passing always seems
Like the last long ride.

Most my days I've spent astraddle
Of a broncho tough and spurred,
Prospecting over lonely trails
Or following the herd.
I've been on some rough journeys,
Death and Danger by my side,
And oft I thought I'd started
On my last long ride.

But those are only mem'ries now,
My rough trail days are done.
I seek the bunkhouse when it rains
Or when there's too much sun.
My rides are now through fenced in fields
On roadways smooth and wide,
Just marking time and waiting
For that last long ride

Most my pals have gone before me
To the valley of the Dead,
Some went over on the gallop
Through a hail of flying lead.
And I'll miss the consolation
Of a comrade by my side
When I saddle up my broncho
For the last long ride.

Sometimes when I get thinking
 In the stillness of the night,
 And figurin' what I've got to face
 I know the feel of fright.
 Perhaps I ought to get religion,
 Have a preacher by my side,
 To lead me through the hardships
 Of that last long ride.

Roughshod I've ridden through this life,
 Sometimes not shod at all,
 And there'll be marks against me
 When I answer to the call.
 But my own rough code of righteousness
 I've lived up to with pride,
 And I'll have that thought to cheer me
 On my last long ride.

I never had the chance to live
 In pious, ordered, ways,
 I lived my life as best I could
 In those loose, lawless days.
 Those who have led more peaceful lives
 Protected from Lust's tide,
 May have a clean equipment
 For their last long ride.

But I have worked my rowels smooth
 My saddle's old and worn,
 My lariat is frayed with use,
 My saddle blanket's torn.
 It's too late now to get new things,
 An outfit, stiff, untried,
 Would be a poor equipment,
 For the last long ride.

And so, although I take the trail,
 With outfit crude and rough,
 It's all I've ever had through life,
 Perhaps it's good enough.
 I'm riding with a handicap,
 But may my Judge and Guide
 Lead me, by easy pathways
 On my last long ride.



The Sale of the City Hall Lots in San Francisco

The Last Great Sale by the City

By Lee Bennett

THE sale of the City Hall lots, as they were called, by the City and County of San Francisco to private owners, in August, 1871 was a municipal event of first importance and attracted widespread attention. The old City Hall on Kearney street, opposite Portsmouth Square, which was originally the Jenny Lind Theater, had, at an early period, been bought by the City, and remodelled for municipal purposes, and had, for a number

of years, furnished reasonably adequate accommodation for the various branches of the municipal government. But the needs of the city had quite outgrown the somewhat primitive housing of pioneer days, and there was a general feeling that San Francisco, which had become a great metropolis, ought to have a municipal building in keeping with its increased and ever-increasing importance.

In response to that feeling an act



The Old City Hall, San Francisco.

of the State Legislature was approved on April 4, 1870, "to provide for the erection of a City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco," and the site selected for the new building was the old Yerba Buena cemetery ground out Market Street, which had been converted into a park. The building contemplated by the act of the legislature was perhaps not of a very imposing character, as the act provided that it should not cost more than \$1,500,000, but it grew in importance and in cost, as the work of construction proceeded, and finally, though the total outlay was greatly in excess of what had been intended or expected, the city obtained one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, municipal buildings in our entire country in everything save the material of the outside walls. The extreme purity and elegance of its lines will ever be recalled with pride by San Franciscans and those among us whether to the manor born or temporary sojourners in the city, who had full opportunity to appreciate its beauties, and especially those who saw it by moonlight when the enchantress revealed the graceful outlines of its wide-spread proportions, without disclosing the material of its walls, will retain an impression of architectural beauty that will never fade.

The structure was of a more massive character, and the walls were heavier than is usual at the present time, but the strong foundations and the thick walls were so solidly built that there was not a crack of any kind in the entire edifice at the time of the fire in 1906, by which it was partially consumed.

What the fire spared our city fathers destroyed. The instrument of destruction which they employed, fittingly named in that instance the "donkey engine," was unable to do what was expected of it, and the wreckers had to use dynamite to overthrow the solid walls that they could not tear down. And so, one of the greatest triumphs of architecture of recent times was lost to San Fran-

cisco, and to the world.

But it is not the present purpose to tell of the building of the City Hall, of its rare beauty, or of its vandal and wasteful destruction, but rather to give some account of the sales of the so-called City Hall lots, from the proceeds of which it was expected to defray the greater part of the cost of the building, and also to give some account of the legal measures which were being taken before the sale to insure a satisfactory title to the purchasers.

After the passage of the act authorizing the sale, the City and County surveyor made a map of the old cemetery grounds, which had been converted into a park, and that map was recorded in the office of the City and County Recorder, and became the official designation and description of the property. It showed a space of some five acres reserved for the site of the City Hall, and two streets, one eighty feet wide, called Park Avenue, running parallel to Market street from McAllister to Larkin Street; and another two hundred feet wide, called City Hall Avenue, at right angles to Market Street, and connecting it with Park Avenue.

The names of those two streets were afterwards changed, Park Avenue becoming City Hall Avenue, and the original City Hall Avenue, after the Lick Statuary had been placed there, taking the name of Marshall Square, in honor of the discoverer of gold in California—a name still retained by that part of it which remains after the re-arrangement of the streets of the neighborhood for the Civic Center.

The map divided the area to be sold into ninety-nine lots, all of which fronted on Market Street, or on the then Park Avenue. The conditions of the sale were set out in the Act, and it provided, among other things, that the sale should be by public auction. The well-known firm of John Middleton & Son were selected as auctioneers, and if persistent advocacy of the sale of the park property to meet the greater part of the expense of the new

building, and the steady and vigorous effort to carry through the legislature the Act authorizing the sale, could create a claim, they were entitled to the selection. For the elder Middleton had been as active in behalf of the measure as he was afterwards in his support of the bill to authorize the Second Street cut through Rincon Hill.

The sale was extensively advertised, and as has been said, attracted a great deal of attention. Many persons, of whom Marye was one, thought it furnished an exceptional opportunity to acquire property on Market Street, which was already recognized as the main thoroughfare of the city, and as having a future of unlimited development.

As Marye was satisfied about the present and prospective value of the property, and contemplated becoming a purchaser at the sale, he turned his attention to the nature of the title which the City would be able to transfer to the purchasers. His opportunities of obtaining information on that subject, and also of suggesting, from the standpoint of a business man, what ought to be done to meet the requirements of intending purchasers were particularly good, for William H. Patterson, one of the lawyers whose services had been retained by the City, had been his lawyer for a number of years, in much important litigation, including his several suits against the Austin E. Smith Estate.

He had several conferences with Patterson and John B. Felton, who was of the legal staff of the commissioners, and they declared that they were entirely clear, that the commissioners had full and sufficient power under the law to sell the property and convey a good title to the purchasers. Marye said he did not doubt the soundness of their legal opinion, but he insisted that if the commission wanted to have a successful sale and realize the best prices obtainable, it would be highly expedient to have their powers affirmed by the courts before the sale took place. He recalled his own experience at the sale of City Slip prop-

erty in 1854, at which he had been the largest purchaser, and where the sale had subsequently been set aside on the ground that those who had undertaken to make it had not had the lawful power. He recognized the wide difference between the circumstances attending that sale, and those of the approaching one, but he said a buyer of State or City property would feel more secure if the question of power had been affirmatively adjudicated by a court of competent jurisdiction before the sale.

Patterson and Felton took the same view and expressed the opinion that if the question were decided by the Supreme Court, the decision would become a part of the contract with the purchasers, and furnish them with every assurance of the sufficiency of their title. They added, however, that the business expediency of bringing such a suit or suits was a matter for the City authorities and the commission, and that they would submit it to them.

The members of the Board of Commissioners were P. H. Canavan, a popular merchant, afterward Supervisor; Charles E. McLane, whose brother Louis was later president for a time of the Nevada Bank, when it was first organized by James Clair Flood and his associates in great and successful mining enterprises on the Comstock Lode, and Joseph G. Eastland, who was for a long time secretary of the Gas Company when Peter Donahue was its president.

When the matter was submitted to them and the City officials, they heartily approved the suggestion to have all questions affecting the title authoritatively determined before the sale took place. For that purpose it was decided to bring two suits, one in the name of the City, and the other in the name of a citizen and tax-payer of San Francisco. In the latter, it was proposed that Marye should be the plaintiff, but it was pointed out that, as he had recently gone to Virginia City, and established himself in business there and had become a voter in Ne-

vada, he was no longer a citizen of San Francisco, though a tax-payer, and the suit was instituted in the name of another client of Patterson's, Anson P. Hotaling.

Hotaling was an entirely disinterested person, as he did not intend to become a purchaser; and it was not until long afterwards, through the purchase from the original vendee or his successors of the lot on the corner of Market and Larkin Streets that he acquired one of the most valuable pieces of property covered by the sale.

All preliminary questions involving doubts of power to convey a good title were settled, as has just been said, by filing two suits to perpetually enjoin the Board of City Hall Commissioners from selling the land, which was commonly known as Yerba Buena Park, and to prevent such land from being put to another use than that of a park. Both suits were brought in the court of the old Fourth Judicial District by William H. Patterson as attorney, with Hall McAllister and T. I. Bergin of counsel. One was by Anson P. Hotaling and James Moffet as plaintiffs, and the other by the City and County of San Francisco.

The decision in both suits was in favor of the Board of City Hall Commissioners, and sustained the powers vested in it by the act of the legislature. The suit by Hotaling and Moffet was appealed, and the decision was subsequently affirmed by the Supreme Court of the state. The decision of the lower court in the case of the City against the Board of Commissioners

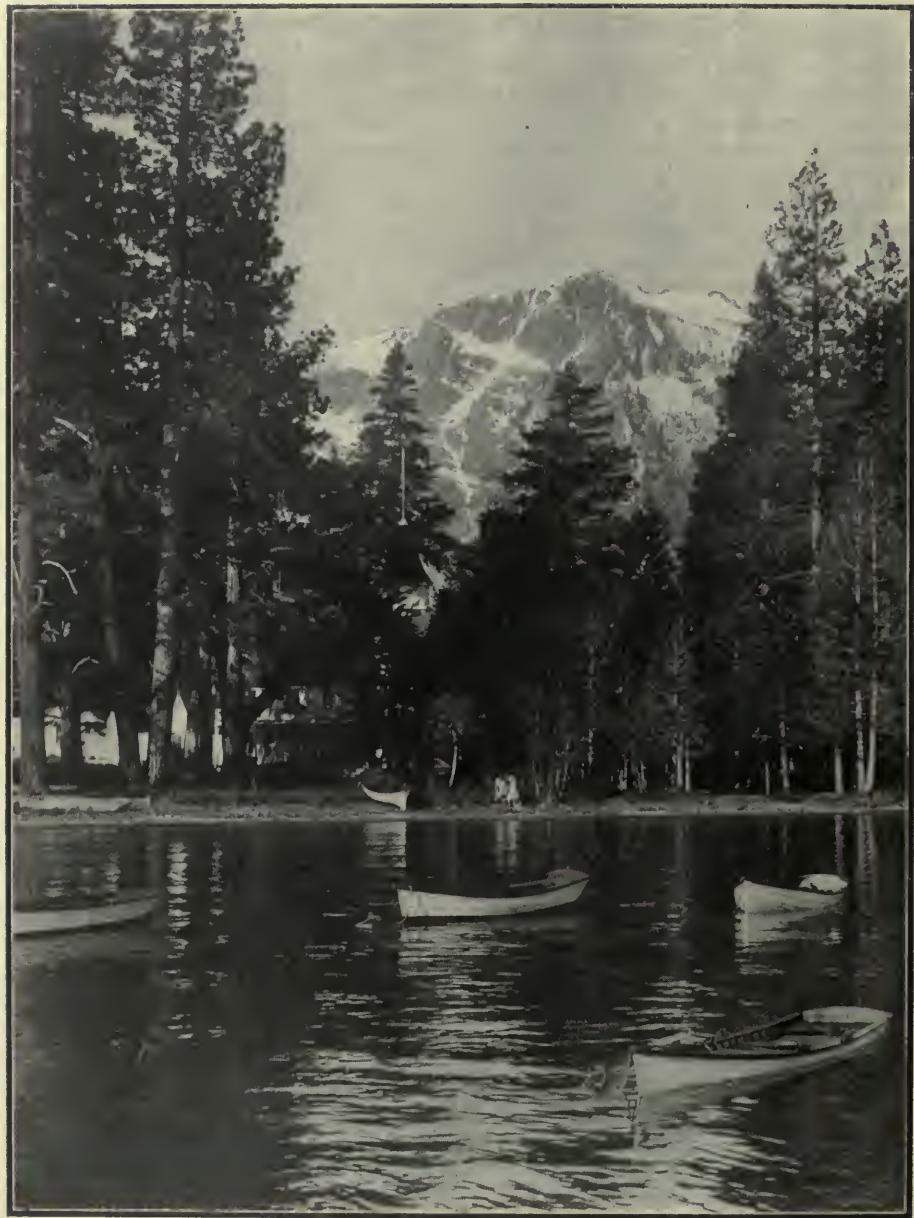
was not appealed and became final, and the two decisions have been recognized as forming part of the contract between the city and the purchasers.

Those questions having thus been settled, and the authority of the commissioners having been upheld by the Supreme Court, the sale took place and was a great success. The property before the sale had been appraised at \$1,000,000. The prices realized amounted to \$953,000, which with ten per cent interest on deferred payments, eventually reached \$1,099,000. Marye became a large holder of the lots, but in 1912 the city authorities brought suit against Marye's successors and other property owners in the neighborhood of the City Hall to condemn their property for the purpose of erecting a group of monumental public buildings to be known as the Civic Center, and to re-arrange the streets in the neighborhood.

Grove Street from the west was extended through the long frontage of the Marye building on the west side of Marshall Square, and the part of that property to the north of the street so extended was then taken for the site of the proposed municipal Opera House.

Other lots on Market Street, belonging to him, were covered by the suit, and when the re-arrangement of the streets for the Civic Center is complete, all that will remain of the Marye holdings will be what is left of the lots at Market Street, Marshall Square and Grove Street extended.





A Southern Corner of Lake Tahoe, Mt. Tallac in the Distance.

Lake Tahoe

By Frances Mathilda Purdy

The shores of Lake Tahoe are rocky, and steep,
And the tall pines whisper of secrets to keep;
Of days, when the Red Man silently stood
Weaving his legends of mountain, and wood—
Primitive fancies of Lake, wave-kissed shore,
Strange bird and fair maiden—all things that his lore
Could shape into tales of the dear scenes he knew,
As daily he gazed on the Lake's changing hue:

LEGEND OF THE LOST JEWELS

This is a tale of the Long Ago. Peace reigned in the world, and love;
Evil spirits dwelt down below; the gods in the blue, high above.

Mighty, the gods knew no need of fear; careless they lived, and gay,
Though drew the dark ones ever near, watching a chance to prey.

Beauty and color, the gods loved well, but their jewels were dearer than all;
Little they counted an evil spell, or jealousy's wicked thrall!

Gone, then, one night, were their jewels fair, stolen when none had seen;
Turquoise, and ruby, whose heart was a flare of fire; dark emeralds green;

Smouldering opal, and sapphire blue; gold topaz; pearls' lustre of white—
Colors no mortal eye ever knew—made but for the gods' delight.

Agony tortured the gods, that night; tears fell, in a sodden rain;
Thundered their wrath till the earth was affright and shook with their bitter pain.

Searching, despairfully, heaven's vast halls, thought they of earth, small and dim,
And, just when pink dawn her first bird calls, they stood at Tahoe's wide rim.

There shimmered the jewels in the mystic dawn, gleaming for all to see,
Flung on the Lake in an elfin scorn to shine for eternity;

Fused in magic fire, the colors lay molten, in that great bowl;
Opal, and amethyst—rainbows astray—stirring the very soul!

Sadly, the great gods vanished away, bereft of their joy, and power.
Still lie their stolen gems there, to this day enchanted, at that weird hour.

Nevermore shall the Red Man's signal fires
Reflect from the mountains. But whoso desires
To prove if this Indian legend be true,
May gaze, as did he, while the swift hours flew,
Where, from morning's first blush; amid hot noonday glare,
Or the silver and pearl of moon rays, falling there,
Every moment will bring some rich color, or glow
Of the jewels the gods lost, long ago!

Why Ramona Was Not Written in San Juan

By Owen Clarke Treleaven

UCH has been told of historic San Juan Bautista, one of the first settlements in California and of the Mission San Juan Bautista, but much of interest remains unchronicled. The Plaza Hotel in San Juan was originally an adobe building erected in 1792, having only one story—another being added many years later. Visited by some of the most famous Americans, the old guest registers are priceless as relics. I re-

member reading an entry in the then proprietor's handwriting in a very old register, that is amusing and typically redolent of the spirit or spirits of the romantic past. At the bottom of a page is written: "Overland mail arrived from South four days late. Driver drunk; stage upset."

The entire hotel is a symbol of early California life, but it is the bar-room that attracts you—not because of the beverages to be obtained there,



A Bit of Old San Juan Bautista.

but because you do not find another of its like in this broad land. Formerly used as a place of forgathering of all the wealthy and leisurely 'rancheros' of the vicinity, it has been the scene of most stirring incidents. Famous duels and historic meetings have alike held sway in this room. Rancheros were wont by way of diversion, to ride their ponies through the broad door and from the vantage point of the saddle assuage their thirst, or play a game of pool, as fancy dictated.

The barroom is unique in this day in that it has a distinctive atmosphere totally foreign to the popular idea of such a place. Children play about its floors and tables, ladies with and without escorts walk through the room inspecting the pictures and curios displayed and it is a meeting place for neighbors and friends to gossip and pass the time of day. Motor parties stroll in and appease a thirst with good old California wines—or soda 'pop,' according to sex or taste.

It was while lounging there one night that I happened on the tale of a story that was not written in San Juan, that is interesting enough to tell to you.

Some years back, the late Helen Hunt Jackson decided to write a book which she hoped would accomplish, in sentiment at least, for the Indian, what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for the negro. Mrs. Jackson decided to come to San Juan, to receive the inspiration and atmosphere for her work that the delightful environments afforded.

Mark Reagan—than whom there is no more picturesque character in all California—was, as he is now, driving the stage from the Southern Pacific station at Sargent to San Juan and, one day to him was given the honor of driving Mrs. Jackson into town. On the way up Mrs. Jackson told Mr. Reagan of her desires and inquired if he knew of a place that would suit her purpose. Mr. Reagan did and took her to the adobe building adjoining the Plaza Hotel, which had been used as a headquarters by General Castro

in the days of Mexican reign.

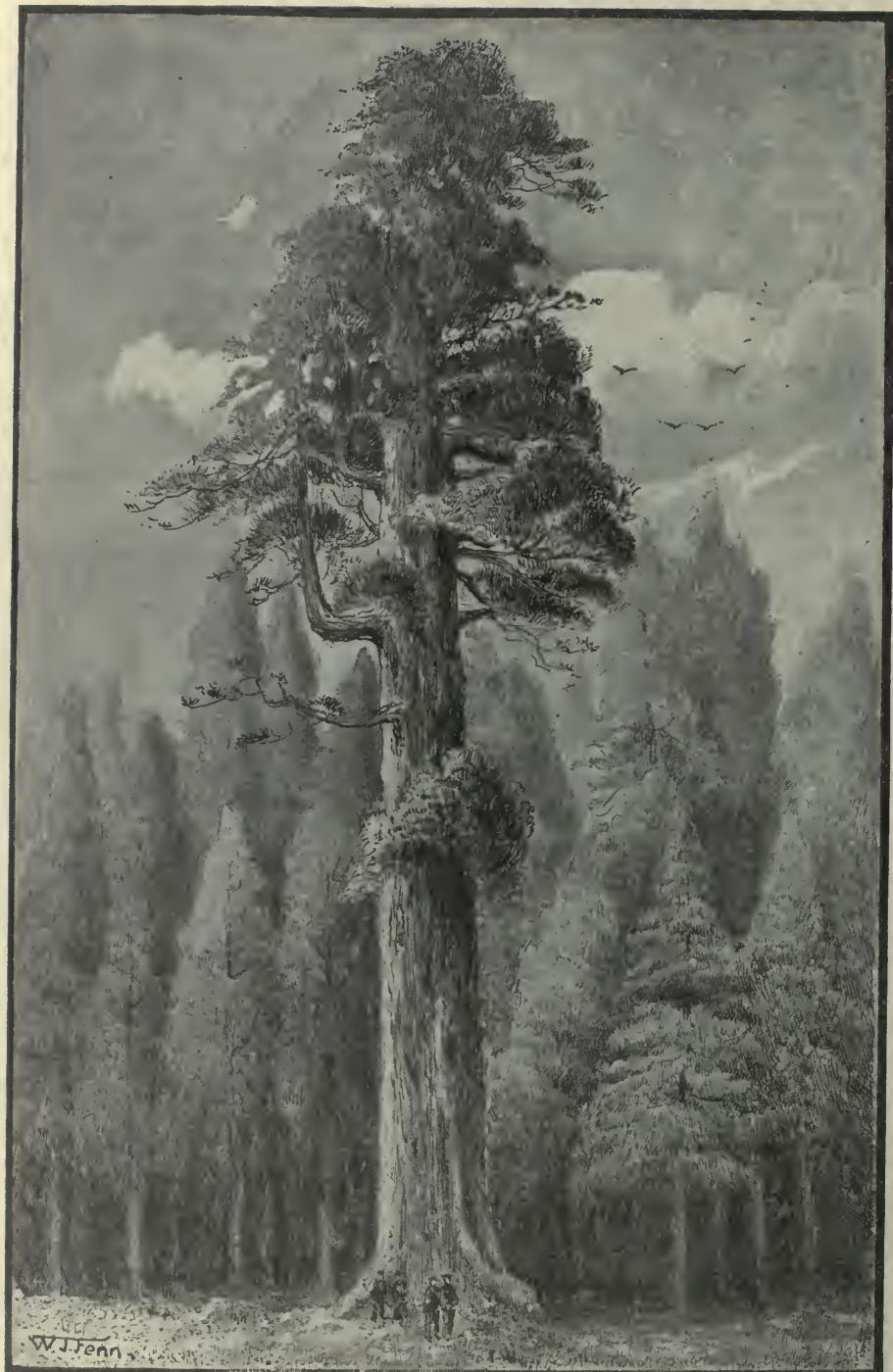
Mrs. Jackson after a cursory survey of the picturesque exterior expressed an emphatic desire to occupy the place with her secretary, if the caretaker would accept accommodations at Mrs. Jackson's expense in the Plaza Hotel. Accordingly they alighted and knocked at the door.

The house at that time was in charge of a woman whose brogue might without great difficulty, be attributed to a nativity in the Emerald Isle. She had been equally blessed with hair of a fiery hue, and the temperament that is generally thought to accompany its possession and had children of all ages and sizes.

On her way to the door to answer the summons, the woman stumbled over one of the numerous progeny who was engaged in the delighting occupation of dipping both hands in a molasses jar and transferring a portion of the contents to his mouth, clothing and surroundings in general. The woman caught the child up—astride her hip—and objecting strenuously to his removal from the source of so much sweetness, the youngster immediately began to claw his mother's hair and clothing, and the sticky ludicrous spectacle presented to the visitors on the door being opened was too much for Mrs. Jackson's sense of humor, she was convulsed with laughter.

The woman stood there glowering at those who were "makin' fun o' her darlin'" until the proposition was put to her that she allow Mrs. Jackson to occupy the dwelling, when she replied most emphatically that they and "the likes" of them would gain entrance only "over her dead body" and so Mrs. Jackson was forced to abandon the project and seek another locality for the writing of "Ramona."

Mrs. Jackson visited the convent of the Presentation at San Juan in the hour before her train left, and refers to the convent in "Ramona," as the place "most suited for lovesick maidens" when Ramona is in love with Allesandro.



The Grizzly Giant.

The Grizzly Giant

(Over 3000 Years Old---Mariposa Big Tree Grove)

By W. J. Fenn

Mighty monarch of the woods, if thou
Couldst speak, what tales thou couldst unfold.
For several thousand years thou hast stood
On that same spot. In all thy long years
What many changes have come! When thou first
Started from the earth, no man lived near
Thy dwelling place. Where in thy tender
Youth, in this great land prowled only
The beasts unmolested and unafraid
Of man, a great nation came to life,
And cities grew. Millions have gone to that
Bourne from whence none return. But thou liv'st on
The first to enter the vast solitudes,
In which thou dwelt was the Indian,
Who, with his rude implements of war,
Did track his foe, or for food, the fleeing deer.
Many ages glide away, and then the
White man came. The adventurous pioneer,
The gold seeker from many climes, did gaze upon
Thee in wonder. The habitations of man
Invaded thy territory. The woodsman,
With his ruthless axe, laid many of
Thy brethren low. But thou now protected,
Shall live for ages more. I, humble
Before thee stand, and as I look aloft
Through thy dome of green and interlacing
Branches, a glimpse of blue I see
A pearly cloud drifting on. Beneath
A tilted hawk, seeking its prey, balances
In mid-air. The deep moaning of the
Wind in thy mighty branches I hear.
Thy smaller brethren creak and sway as
Mighty masts when roaring winds do blow,
But thou, in thy huge bulk, dost stand fast.



Three Love Poems

By Billee Glynn

LOST HOURS.

I am tired
Of the silver days and blue nights,
Of the drip of time into the vat,
Of the stars that shine without you—
I am tired of knowing another is with you,
My soul is sick with tiredness;
O'er an endless desert
It is a weary bird—
There is nothing any way it can turn.
Because it does not find you—
It can only sing at your heart.

APART.

In the starry silence of you, my own,
Where dwelleth the rose,
And sweet truth goes
Like the breeze that leaves the Spring's fresh tone
In cadenced color upon the hills—
There in the very You of you,
In the singing want you will find me too
In a thought that never stills.

And no will in that world of You and Me
Can divide our dreams,
Where the moment teems
With the first stardust and the melody
Of our thousand matings rich as flowers,
The wine-like kisses and tender tears,
And the deep, full bloom of a million years,
The gift of Love's golden hours.

POEME D'AMOUR.

I cannot sleep—
The red splendor of your hair burns my heart,
I love you
And know you—
Always, always have I known you
And loved you;
It is out of my own blood
Your gracious lines and lips call,
It is out of my own heart
Your looks bewitch me,
The warmth and flesh of you
Has been drink of my flesh,
You alone in all the world can intoxicate me—
Your heart beats like remembered music.

The Hot House Star

By Ralph Cummins

AS assistant to Director Montgomery, it was my duty to see that Miss LeMoine was at the Wilder Flat location at ten o'clock. I did it, but my nerves were shattered when I finally escorted our star up the hill to the old cabin we were to shoot. For Miss LeMoine had balked when she learned that I expected her to ride a horse to the location. After ten sweating minutes of attempted argument, I had requisitioned a gang of men to cut a road for her little car.

Gwendoline LeMoine was small and blonde, with the figure and carriage of a princess. After gaining fame on big time with a high brow sketch, she had signed with the Marigold Features six months before to make eight society pictures. I was sure that I had seen her upon the screen, but I didn't question her about it the first day. I had better sense than to speak of it after I knew her. For Miss LeMoine was a bunch of haughty dignity, always stubbornly insistent on maintaining her rights as a star, and very particular that her roles should be real drawing room society parts. To cap it all, she was impossibly exclusive—she refused scornfully to mix with the members of our Western company, and she was anything but a good fellow with her own staff.

We found our location cabin occupied by Steve Walton, a cowboy rider, who was watching props and caring for the Western company's horses, which were in the log corral a quarter of a mile below the cabin. While Montgomery and the camera man discussed the first scene, Steve strolled up.

"Hello, Mac," he greeted me. "See anything of my outfit comin' up?"

I grunted a negative. My attention was upon a haze of smoke that was drifting up from the flat.

"How's th' little hot house star makin' it?" Steve stared at Miss LeMoine as she made an entrance in all her striking stateliness. "Funny, but I never can figure out where I seen her. Oh, say, th' ol' man said last night that uh bunch of us punchers is goin' up tuh th' rodeo. Bet I'll win somethin' with that new horse of mine. He's uh old rodeo plug—I bought him off Gil Moen, that buster champeen. Ain't he uh dandy?"

I glanced up at his horse, tied to a live oak tree behind the cabin. He was a long-legged, long-bodied dark bay. That's all I saw—I wasn't interested.

The smoke on the flat had become denser. Steve peered down at it a little anxiously.

"Think I'll hike down there an' take uh look. That wind is right toward th' corral an' everything's dead dry. Move my horse, will yuh, Mac, if they wanna shoot back there?"

He walked away, and shortly I saw him following the bare ridge around to the right. The smoke was getting thicker and I thought I could hear the crackle of the flames.

"Here, somebody!" yelled Montgomery. "Hey, Mac! Get this horse out of here!"

I ran up, edged around from the long, outstretched head, with its flattened ears and bared teeth, and untied the rope. I led the horse round to the front and tied him to the rickety rail of the veranda. As I started to go, the horse tossed his head. I glanced up.

Miss LeMoine, gorgeous in her splendid blue silk gown, had just stepped upon the porch and was

poised with raised mirror and powder puff. As her eyes fell upon the horse, a crease appeared between her brows. Her lips twitched and her hands dropped to her sides. Her puzzled expression gave place to a soft wistfulness. For an instant I thought she was going to speak to the horse, or pat that inviting nose. But she jerked herself abruptly away, and half ran down to her car.

A shrill call startled me. With it came a wave of hot smoke. Trying to locate the shouter, I saw the horses plunging in the log corral below. Suddenly a burst of flame shut out the corral and the narrow trail that led to it.

Everybody yelled. Through the smoke I saw Steve running toward us along the ridge waving his hat wildly.

"The horses!" I cried. "The fire is right at the corral!"

Everybody started running about. Miss LeMoine stepped from her car and raised her head. The director jumped into the company car and kicked the starter before he remembered that there was only a narrow trail down to the corral.

I glanced at the star. She was looking about with wide wondering eyes. Then she saw the horses, rearing and lunging behind that wall of fire. She thrust her head forward. A gust of wind fanned the flames. A blood-chilling bedlam of terrified cries wailed up from the imprisoned animals.

A hissing cry drew my attention back to Miss LeMoine. Her white face was drawn and hard, and her eyes were narrow slits. As I looked she threw up her head. Her glance shot to the horse at the porch.

"Val!" she cried, her voice harsh and rasping. "Here—Val!"

The horse wheeled at the call, tore away a section of the porch rail, and plunged toward us.

The girl started running toward the horse. She tripped on her skirt and nearly fell. Hardly stopping, she

crouched, stamped her foot upon the skirt, and sprang ahead. Half the blue silk skirt was ripped away.

She ran to the left of the horse. Strangely, the horse changed his direction, until they were running parallel, then side by side. Just as the girl's hand caught the horse's mane, the answer came to me. That flying mount! Ha! At last I knew where I had seen our hot house star before.

Three long steps she ran beside the horse. Then she was upon his back, blue-stockinged knees pressing his body, a deft hand sweeping up the trailing rope. Then, erect, left-hand gripped in the heavy mane, she dashed into the smoke.

Once I caught a glimpse of her upon the trail. Next she was straining at the corral gate. Then she had ridden in and was lashing the crazed horses through the gate with the rope end.

An age it seemed until the charging horses, and the flame-licked rider, raced from the smoke screen. Outside the fireline, the girl sprang from the horse, threw herself upon the ground, and rolled over and over. We all ran up. Half a dozen coats enveloped her.

Miss LeMoine sat up and turned to us a blackened face, half-hidden behind burned strings of yellow hair. I helped her to her feet, but she shook off my arm. Her haughty stare swept over the onlookers and rested upon the director.

"Hereafter, Mr. Montgomery," she said freezingly, "you will please confine your exteriors to accessable locations. I refer you to my contract." She tore off a dragging rag of once-white petticoat, and, with her head in the air, stalked to her car.

I was conscious of Steve Walton at my elbow.

"Well, I am blowed! Know her? I should say! Jen Price! That's who! An' that's th' horse she used tuh ride in every rodeo from Cheyenne to Old Mexico. Hot House Star! Ho!"

The Unfinished Sentence

By Thomas E. LaSuer

THERE were many and varied conjectures—some of them not quite complimentary—as to how and where Dick Brenton had managed so successfully to corral more than a fair share of this world's "filthy lucre."

It could not be said, however, with any degree of truth, that the man's wealth ill became him. Such a statement would have been very far from the fact.

Brenton had arrived in San Francisco some two years previous, and by his good looks and winning personality had won his way into the most exclusive homes and clubs in the city. With his immaculate dress and fine appearance, added to his undoubted wealth, he was a most welcome addition to the Bay City's leisure set.

Soon after entering upon his social activities, he became acquainted with Elizabeth Paxton, and—to put it wildly—he showed from the first a more than passing interest in her; just why, he could hardly understand, for in spite of her undeniable beauty and fascination, he never felt quite at ease when in her presence. There was always an indefinable something—a vague feeling that she was looking into and reading all the secrets of his inmost soul. This made him feel as if he must appear awkward and uncomfortable when conversing with her, yet he could not remain away from her presence.

Henry Paxton, Elizabeth's father, while not wealthy—as wealth is accounted in this day and age—was in more than comfortable circumstances, and his beautiful home was the scene of many enjoyable social gatherings.

Since the death of Elizabeth's mother, several years before, the

father had given free rein, and had left to the daughter's good judgment the entire management of the household. While there were many society matrons whose entertainments exceeded those of the Paxtons in lavishness, there were none who could excel the young hostess of "The Acacias" in beauty or power of attraction. Certainly Dick Brenton was of this opinion, and he was often a welcome guest in the Paxton home.

One rainy evening, Elizabeth and her father were seated in the library. For a long time it had been their custom to reserve one night of each week for an "Indian pow-pow," as Paxton called it, and at this time the various household affairs, if rumpled, were "ironed out." After this was done, they would plan for some coming afternoon or evening together—either a trip into the country, or a musical treat at some of the theaters. Tonight the conference between the two had progressed as far as this point, when the father casually asked:

"Elizabeth, you are still corresponding with Bob Seaton, aren't you?"

With a faint expression of surprise, she responded, "Why, yes, Dad,—of course, but why do you ask?"

"Well,"—and Mr. Paxton relighted his cigar—"If you will think back over the last few years, you will remember I have never pried into your private affairs much. I had my fling at this society business, but after your mother died—" Paxton paused, and gazed into the fire, mentally living over the happy years of the past—"Well, you see, my dear, after your mother's passing, life never seemed quite the same to me—not quite so worth while. But my inquiry about

Bob wasn't made just from an old man's curiosity. There's no use beating about the bush, so I'll tell you straight, Kitten, I wouldn't want you ever to forget good old Bob.

"That fact is, Elizabeth," and the old man laid his hand caressingly on hers, "this old world and its doings at the present time aren't calculated to breed the best brand of manhood. But a man like Bob—"

"Why, Dad, you dear old humbug, just as if I hadn't known Bob ever since we were kiddies together," and the girl's face held a trace of deeper feeling, as she reviewed her long friendship with her girlhood's playfellow.

"My girl,"—and the father's words carried conviction in every syllable,— "the woman's perspective regarding men is entirely different from the way a man sizes up his fellow-men. Take Bob for an example—while you no doubt recognize and respect certain good qualities in him, it's just possible that you miss seeing a lot of more worth while ones. Now for instance,"—and Paxton's lips curved in a whimsical smile,— "take Bob's handling a full cup at a pink tea,—mighty crude, I'll admit, but—" and into the speaker's eyes came a glow of pride at the memory—"that time of the cave-in at the mines—why, I can't remember ever seeing a pick and shovel used any faster or to any better advantage. As a rule," added Bob's champion, thoughtfully, "superintendents of mines don't personally help to dig out a few cholo laborers that happen to get themselves buried, but I can tell you he made the dirt fly."

Elizabeth did not interrupt her father's discourse on the subject of Bob's virtues, but as he ceased speaking, she looked into his eyes with that penetrating gaze that Dick Brenton found so disconcerting, and asked, "Come, Dad, why so much about Bob tonight?"

For a moment Paxton hesitated, and then replied with another question: "My dear, I'm going to take a father's privilege — how far has your friend-

ship with this man Brenton progressed? To the proposing stage?"

At this direct inquiry, Elizabeth nervously interlaced her fingers, and her voice took on a more serious tone than it had yet done.

"Mr. Brenton has tried to propose to me about once a week for the past year," she said, slowly, "but I have never let him quite come to the point. I know you don't quite approve of him—he doesn't come up to your idea of what a man should be, and I'm not exactly sure that he does to mine. Jack London would have called a man like Bob a 'he-man,' wouldn't he, Dad?" and a faint smile played across her face; "If he were to express his views of Mr. Brenton's type, they wouldn't be any more favorable than yours, I'm afraid. But then, as you said a minute ago, a woman's point of view is different from a man's. And then you know, Dad, he is a sort of mystery, and anything of that kind has a morbid fascination for some people, and I'm one of them, perhaps."

Paxton yawned, and looked at his watch. "Time to roll into the blankets," he said, "figure it out to suit yourself, my girl. You have a good level head of your own, but remember my money is on Bob, every time."

After her father had left the room, Elizabeth sat for some time, running over in her mind the events of the last few months. Was her attraction for Brenton merely a morbid desire to remove the cloak of mystery that seemed to envelope him, or was it a real liking for the man himself? And there was Bob's letter, received only yesterday—full of boyish enthusiasm, but between the lines she seemed to read all the pent-up love and longing he surely felt for her. Good old Bob—there was no one like the old friend, and yet—

With a slight impatient shrug of her shoulders, she snapped off the light and betook herself to bed. The time was coming to her, as it does to us all, when she would have to face life's issues, whether or not it were to her liking.

Earlier in the evening, Brenton had phoned to Elizabeth, asking permission to call. On being answered that this was "father's night," but that he might come on the following evening, he ran over in his mind the various distractions that offered themselves, but finally decided to pass them all up in favor of a quiet hour in his own quarters.

Lying back lazily in his chair, with a little sigh of contentment, Brenton slowly took in his surroundings. To him they hardly yet seemed real. Here he was, with all one could wish for—money, social standing, and that most pleasing prospect of all—at least a fighting chance to win the love of Elizabeth Paxton.

But still, and a shadow crept over his face, for mingled with these pleasing thoughts and plans for the future, there came to him most vividly the vision of that other existence, known but to himself—the eternal struggle for life itself as a boy—whose awful years up in the frozen north—he stirred the fire to a brighter blaze—God, he could still feel that damnable cold! It seemed to have driven itself into his very bones. Then, at last, the lucky strike—the joy of himself and his partner, Anderson, the latter's wild antics over the glorious thought that both could once again come out to "God's country," and live like white men.

That last night in the shack—let's see—yes, they had celebrated over their sudden riches by dividing their last bottle of whiskey, and later on that same night—here Brenton dug his fingers deep into the padded arms of his chair as if to tear from his tortured soul the memory of that last scene—the last savage blow—the hurried ransacking of the cabin, always with an eye to that shapeless heap on the floor—the stealthy closing of the door—the frenzied rush out alone into the night.

And yet, he wearily drew his shaking hand across his forehead, even if it had not happened in this way, poor old Anderson could never have stood

that terrible trip out. Had not he himself, though a much younger and stronger man, been found frozen to insensibility on the trail, and brought back to life by the efforts of some friendly Siwashes?

Brenton rose and paced the room with nervous strides. Somewhere outside a lonesome dog raised his voice in dismal serenade. Brenton shivered, and opening the cabinet, poured himself a glass of wine. As he raised it to his lips, a loose blind, caught by a wandering gust of wind, blew shut with a crash. His overwrought nerves gave way, his fingers relaxed their hold, and to his distracted vision, the spilled wine took on the appearance of tiny rivulets of blood—like those others—creeping, creeping slowly toward him.

To escape the sight he turned away—turned to face the figure confronting him in the open doorway, and gasped but the one word: "Anderson!"

In the early morning hours, as the fog slowly rose from its companion, the old Pacific, and covered the city with its damp mantle, Dick Brenton noiselessly let himself into his room. Wearily throwing himself across the bed, all dressed as he was, he fell into a heavy slumber.

That evening Brenton called upon Elizabeth Paxton. Their conversation, which at first dwelt upon minor happenings, was soon adroitly turned by the man into a more serious vein. Choosing his words with care, he was on the point of once more trying his fortune in love, when the maid announced that he was wanted in the hall.

Scarcely a moment had elapsed after his leaving the room, when Elizabeth was startled by a loud report, as of a shot. Rushing into the hall, she saw the man who had just quitted her lying upon the floor, and to her horrified amazement, a police officer was bending over the dead man.

"Oh, what is it? What has happened? Who are you? Why did he? Tell me what has happened,"

cried the frightened girl, shocked out of all her usual quiet dignity by the sudden tragedy.

"Why, lady, that's just what I'd like to know, myself," was the puzzled reply. "I just started to ask him—you see, late this afternoon there was a man found in the Bay; either fell off the wharf or was throwed off—I dunno which—but anyhow, we found a piece of paper in his pocket with this gentleman's name and address scribbled on it, and they thought at headquarters that maybe Mr. Brenton could identify him. They told me at his house that he was here, and so I came to ask him if he'd come to the morgue tomorrow, so as to see if he knew the man, but just as I says: 'Mr. Brenton, the Chief wants you'—he outs with his gun, and

shoots himself. It sure has got me guessing, lady. I didn't even get a chance to tell him a word about the guy that was drowned."

* * * *

"Elizabeth,"—Bob stepped a trifle closer—"Elizabeth, I want you—" but seeing her father coming into the room, he stopped, looking a little sheepish.

"Go on, Bob, don't mind Dad—he knows all about it, and besides—" for an instant there was a frightened look in her eyes—"I—I think I'm a little afraid of unfinished sentences. You were going to say—" and she laid her hand with a little caressing touch on his arm.

And Bob's sentence was finished.

THE FLOWER OF FAITH

Oh, Mourners. . . . you who fall beneath
The burden of your cross. . . .
There is an ample recompense
For ev'ry bitter loss.

There is a blossom shining there
Upon the lowly ground
That sheds the glow of love and truth
On ev'rything around.

A radiance awaits the heart
That sinks upon the way
More beautiful than anything
That seeks the light of day.

BELLE WILLEY GUE.



Stone Finds His Ideal

By Arthur J. Messier

STONE'S first glimpse of the San Joaquin Valley was gained from the deck of a Pullman, gliding smoothly over level ground. It was moonlight, but wonderfully clear, and the impression upon him was even more enticing than the descriptive Chamber of Commerce articles he had so religiously studied. The vision of effortless ease, to come after a reasonable struggle, conjured itself before him and he made up his mind that when the train stopped again he would get off and settle down in the haven chosen by nature to stop and hold wanderers in search of the ideal.

When the "Owl" slid into the siding of a little town a few miles out of Fresno and panted while a southbound train whizzed by, Stone slid down, between the cars and jumped clear of the track.

He had reckoned without the sheriff, however—for that dignitary was suspicious of the motives of any vagrant and was not slow in making it known.

Ordinarily, under similar circumstances, the approach of an officer would have sent Stone scampering among rods, gunnels or other places that harbor tramps when pursued by hostile sheriffs, but this time Stone did not bolt, he remained and faced the sheriff.

"I beat my way here, but I want work," explained Stone in an easy genial voice notwithstanding that he was glancing at the menacing cylindrical object that glistened in the hand of the sheriff. "Do you know anyone who needs a man?" he added.

"People here need men, but not bums," startly rejoined the sheriff. "Get on that train," he commanded as the train began to move.

Just then, there was a piercing shriek heard above the increasing roar of the moving train, and both the sheriff and Stone, moved by a common impulse, dashed in the direction from which the cry had come. When the shadow of the last car slid away, the bright moonlight disclosed the form of an old man lying helpless on the platform, and a young woman bending over him. The girl held a knife in her hand. For a second or two her eyes widened in increasing horror, then she flung the knife away and knelt beside the silent form and sobbed convulsively.

There was no one else there. They were about a hundred yards from the station platform and the dim light in the little alcove where the telegraph operator should be was the only other sign of life. Off, somewhere in the distance, came the sound of a dog yelping and ululating. The girl sobbed and shook as she moaned incoherent, unintelligible sentences.

"Well, get a move on," roared the sheriff to Stone. "Get the operator here to help us while I watch this girl."

She stopped sobbing abruptly and stared at the sheriff.

"What do you mean?"

"Aw—I saw you throw the knife away," said the sheriff swelling with the importance of his discovery.

The realization of implied guilt came over her—she shrank from the sheriff toward Stone, as if seeking protection. "Oh—please—don't let him ——" Then she was overcome by a torrent of convulsive tears.

Stone caught her pleading look and something in the intonation of her voice went straight to his heart.

There was a brief silence and the sheriff took a pair of handcuffs from a hip pocket and shook out the tangle in the chain.

"Not that, man—this girl never did anything wrong—Can't you see she's innocent?"

"Didn't I see her throw away that knife?—don't you interfere with an officer, young man," he threatened. Then he reached for the girl's arm.

Stone stepped between them; the girl looked up pleadingly, trustfully. "How do we know you're an officer?" he parried. "How do I know you're not a yegg and that you're not trying to bluff this girl so you can get her away and steal her jewelry?"

"I'll show you," he said angrily, and brandished his gun. He shot in the air three times and then held the gun leveled at Stone and the girl.

"Now march—you two—beat it toward the telegraph office."

She leaned on his shoulder, with the intimacy of an old acquaintance Stone felt, then, submissively, she started to walk toward the station, Stone at her side.

A light flashed at one window, then at another, and another. In a few minutes it seemed that half the town was awake.

And they had scarcely reached the telegraph office when a handful of people came rushing in. The operator was gone. The safe was wide open, a few papers and checks were scattered on the floor and the telegraph instrument kept tap, tapping as if eager to raise someone. The awed townspeople were aghast. The sheriff looked at Stone and the girl in undisguised astonishment. The dog, in the distance, resumed his barking and gradually worked up to a blood-curdling ululation.

The coming of a new day gladdened the heart of our wanderer. He had not slept. His vision of the San Joaquin was blurred by the night-marish events of the night before, but there was the girl. He had not learned her name and found himself wondering what it was. He tried to reconcile

one to her, then another, and another, but as each appellation came to his mind they failed to suit her faultless type of beauty. By the moonlight, he had seen that her eyes were of that shade of blue so often described but so rarely seen. Her hair was not brown—it was a chestnut brown, and was caught up by a thin band that lent the appearance of a crown and he fell to calling her his queen.

His queen! Ah! What right had he—a vagrant—in the eyes of the world—in her eyes. What right had he to expect even a single word out of her greatest kindness. Would that he had not come to the Valley in the garb of a tramp, but as his true self. But then, if he had not come as he had, would he have met her? Would the same circumstances that resulted in their meeting taken place? No—it was all ordained. That they should meet this way was kismet.

The sheriff came to the improvised cell and led him to the small room that served as a police court. The girl was there, still sobbing. She looked up and gave a sigh of relief as she saw him.

The little courtroom recalled past endeavors and a sudden resolve came to Stone. He was an attorney—had practiced law before the wanderlust had made a victim of him.

"Your Honor," he addressed the Court. "The charge against me is not that of robbery or implication in this shameful foul play—but merely of vagrancy."

"Resisting an officer," corrected the sheriff.

"As you will—" he smiled at the sheriff, "nevertheless, I have no connection with the charge this young lady is implicated with, and I ask for permission to act as her counsel."

The look of gratitude she gave him was ample to cover any fee he might exact.

"The young woman is a stranger—and does not appear to have friends in the courtroom," agreed the Judge, "and I see no objection; if she's willing."

The girl nodded.

"Then—may it please the court—I would like a few words with my client."

When he stepped to where she was sitting she extended her hand to him and he held it a trifle longer than customary at casual greetings.

"Client—What is your name?" he asked smilingly.

Curious citizens forsook the packing houses and filed into the courtroom, eager for first-hand stories of the robbery and murder of the night before. Stone and his client conversed in undertones for a few minutes, to the undisguised merriment of the auditors. The glaring contrast between the ragged Stone and the well groomed girl caused more than one wondering question, and then came the sharp order from the court to proceed with the case.

A thin-voiced, dyspeptic prosecutor opened the case and the sheriff related the events of the night before, losing no opportunity to dwell upon the fact that Stone was a vagrant and had been ordered out of town. The Justice skillfully brought him back from his digressions and made him stick to the story in hand, secretly admiring the coolness and confidence of Stone as compared with the nervous attempt at erudition by the blustering prosecutor.

Occasionally Stone glanced at the girl—she smiled confidently.

"Your Honor—In trying to dissuade the effect created by our learned brother, I want to show that the robbery at the station and the murder of the unknown old gentleman were committed by the same person. Second, that the guilty person is other than the operator, and Third—that my client has been the victim of cruel circumstances.

"I don't wish to appall you with the real name of my client, so I will not enter into an exposition of the character of her family. It suffices for me to say that the mere thought of her connection with anything criminal is an absurdity.

"But—we are digressing.

"Let us go back to the incident of

the shriek heard by the sheriff and myself—"

"I object—he's trying to testify," peeped the prosecutor.

Stone shot him a quieting glance—it had its effect, and some of the auditors smirked.

"The sheriff was ordering a vagrant to board a train that had begun to move. There was a piercing shriek—the train accelerated its speed and rolled out. The shriek was uttered by my client—there has been no evidence to that effect—but we'll so testify. In the shadow of the train from the position of the sheriff it was impossible to see anyone get on or get off the train. However, someone did get off. And someone did get on. My client got off—for a breath of air. Someone had preceded her—the old stranger who was killed. She observed the signal of the trainmen and was about to return to the train when she saw a form lunge at the stranger—she made an effort to go to his assistance and shrieked as she saw the knife glisten in the moonlight before it struck home. Then it was thrust in her hand—another man was giving chase—she fell to her knees beside the form of the stranger. The train was gone—she was in the presence of death and temporarily lost her wits. The sheriff was so engrossed with *the vagrant* that he did not see all this and when he saw my client throw away the knife he assumed she was guilty.

"The fact is—the operator was robbed just as the train stopped—he gave chase and the malefactor killed the old gentleman, because he tried to prevent his escape. Spurned by this brazen lawlessness—the operator boarded the train and with the assistance of the crew, arrested the murderer."

"Your story is vivid," commented the Judge—raising a restraining hand, "but we are to be governed solely by evidence. However, I'd like to ask how you came by those deductions—there is apparently nothing here to prove your interesting conclusions."

"The tap, tapping of the telegraph

instrument in the station last night—I caught part of the report of the operator as it went over the wire—the rest from my client and what I've seen."

"But we would have heard—it's true Billings was the only operator here, but the telephone," commented the Judge.

"Wire all cut down, Jedge," supplied the sheriff.

Just then a large automobile stopped in front of the small improvised court-room and Billings came in. Stone's story was confirmed.

"What makes vagrants of such men as you?" inquired the Judge, leaning forward in undisguised interest.

Stone smiled easily, glanced at his client.

"It's hard to say—" he began, "perhaps the cosmic forces catch us in swirling eddies and prevent us from finding suitable anchorage."

Mr. Stone—" commented the Justice, "We need young men such as you in the valley. There are splendid opportunities. Why don't you settle down?" He paused as if to note the effect of his words. "I'll take you in as an associate," he added.

"I will—if—" Then he looked toward his client and actually blushed.

The judge smiled knowingly and winked at the sheriff.

LOMALAND

Lingering lilac lies over Lomaland;
Hyacinth and heliotrope color the sky;
Snug in the sage-brush deep,
Rabbits and gophers sleep!
Indolent night winds, sage-scented, float by.

Solemnly San Miguel, ghostly with moon-mist,
Like a myth mountain, sleeps o'er the town.
Warm in the valleys low,
Sun-mellowed lemons glow;
Wide lie the ranches and reaches of brown.

MARION ETHEL HAMILTON.



New Year's Eve

By H. A. Noureddin Addis

MANY previous experiences with the wild and boisterous holiday madness that runs riot in the downtown streets on New Year's Eve, reaching its climax at the stroke of the hour when the new year takes up the burden of the old, induced me to leave my new runabout safe in the garage at home. For myself I find little enough pleasure in piloting a powerful car through streets thronged with masses of hilarious humanity; besides, the ever-present danger of accident is trebled, and more, through the sheer carelessness of numbers which is a part of the mob-psychology that animates the crowd. As usual our party consisted of Carter, Wainwright, Barton, and myself. Our gatherings were always signalized by the absence of feminine companions. A quartet of bachelors, which although all were well under the average marrying age of young men in our way of life, were none the less confirmed in our bachelorhood. Formerly we were a quintet—but that was before Foster's defalcation. For Foster, had some few years earlier, committed the unpardonable indiscretion of falling in love.

He did not marry the girl. In fact she married some one else. I had taken sufficient interest in the affair to discover that for myself. Yet, either because he felt the disgrace of his weakness too keenly—as I believed—or because, forsooth, his heart was broken—as Wainwright maintained (I always did suspect Wainwright of secretly nurturing a romantic strain, and this argument clinched it), we never saw Foster again.

So far as our party was concerned the evening was a decided failure. At



H. A. Noureddin Addis

first it started off very well, and the irresponsible gayety of our neighbors should have infused into us some of the care-free spirit of our surroundings. But about ten-thirty or eleven a feeling of gloom began to settle down upon us. Barton developed a decided grouch, Carter was morose—while Wainwright's contribution to the evenings pleasure was a sort of semi-maudlin sentimentality, a thing that was always hard to bear, and particularly so when the entire party was floundering about in a bog of depression trying to delude ourselves into thinking we were having a good time. As for myself I argued persistently with Wainwright. I hate one of those arguments worse than a mad-dog hates water, but I

knew from past experience that it wouldn't do to let Wainwright think he was putting anything over on the rest of us with his cheap romanticism and getting away with it.

"Say what you please about old Foster," Wainwright was saying in that irritating, soulful way he loves to affect, "but he deserves more credit than any of us. What one of us others would have done as he did for the girl he loved?"

Carter sniffed loudly, contemptuously. I looked at him as he lifted his glass by its long stem, and carefully studied its contents while twisting it between thumb and finger. I expected him to speak; evidently the others did as well, for there was a moment's silence and everyone looked at Carter. But he never raised his eyes.

Barton swore. So seldom does he indulge in profanity that the rest of us turned suddenly to face him—I, at any rate, in astonishment. But my astonishment did not end there for I looked into Barton's eyes—held his gaze as he spoke.

"You may well put your panegyric in interrogative form, Wainwright," he sneered. "Because in that form it at least tentatively calls for a reply. And in reply I shall make use of another interrogation: What one of us would commit the folly of falling in love with a girl, unless it was yourself, Wainwright? And if you did—" Barton stopped suddenly, a quick pallor overspread his features, and a noticeable tremor passed over his body, while with eyes in which I read terror as clearly as I ever read anything in my life, he turned and looked behind him.

At the table next to ours, which presented a corner toward me, a man and woman whom I knew by sight were surreptitiously holding hands and gazing ardently into each other's eyes, taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the interest with which the wife of the one and the husband of the other, who occupied the two further sides of the table, were enjoying the performance of the entertainers. Aside from this not unusual exhibi-

bition of marital happiness I saw nothing to look at beyond Barton's shoulder. Whether or not he saw more I do not know, but his speech ended there. He looked back, shivered again, and was silent.

"I heard that Foster had enlisted on account of it—gone to war hoping that an enemy bullet might soon put an end to his unhappiness," persisted Wainwright.

"Love is patriotism," growled Carter. "Unrequited love forces the disgruntled swain to do his duty as a patriot. Of course, if the boob should make a name for himself his intense patriotism will get the credit."

I laughed outright at this sally. Carter's conversation was never brilliant and sparkling, but when he spoke he usually said something. Barton, too, smiled—but there was something wrong with him. Perhaps it was another drink that he needed.

"As an incentive toward doing one's patriotic duty love may or may not be a *sine qua non*," countered Wainwright with a superior smile, "but if love is the element lacking in this bunch—let's have more love. Besides, it wasn't exactly patriotism either, for Foster went long before we entered the war. He enlisted in the French army."

Of course there wasn't much that we could say to that—especially since Wainwright was a member of the Home Guards, or something of that kind, and the rest of us hadn't joined anything.

"Oh, we'll help with our money," snapped Carter.

Wainwright laughed aloud. "And Foster will help with his blood."

"But if it enables him to forget the girl," I protested.

"Yes—if it does," exclaimed Barton in the manner of one who has inside information. Barton was by way of being our psychologist in spite of his periodical grouchiness. He had investigated spiritualism, theosophy, and many other kindred cults and isms, and could hold forth learnedly and at length upon such topics as "the continuity of existence," "life after

death," "excursions into the realms of the subliminal," etc. Excellent recreation for a pessimist, I always thought.

"Well," growled Carter, rising and motioning to the waiter, "I'm going to get out of this. And if this evening's pleasure is any augury of the year that's to come I guess I might as well be in Foster's shoes.

"Are the rest of you coming?" he continued, laying a bill upon the check that the waiter presented, "it's just five minutes to twelve—five minutes of the old year left. Then there'll be hell breaking loose here, and I want to be out of it. With my present temper I'd probably break somebody's head if I stayed; either that or get my own broken, and wake up in the police station in the morning. A fitting end to an evening of perfect enjoyment."

Silently we followed Carter, separating at the next corner. Wainwright took a street car, and Carter offered Barton a lift in his auto. He offered to drive me home as well, but I refused. I preferred walking. Barton accepted. Somehow it seemed that he disliked the thought of being left alone.

During the first few minutes I walked rapidly. Like Carter I wanted to get away from the busy cafe district before the beginning of the New Year. And although I succeeded in getting to a quiet street before "*hell broke loose*" to use Carter's expression, the streets were still thronged to an uncomfortable degree, and the tiresome playfulness of a holiday crowd of grown men and women is hard for me to bear under the best of circumstances.

My footsteps lagged as I passed into the more deserted streets, and I paused now and then to look about me. The heavens were glorious. Near the zenith a full moon rode majestically upon the azure concavity of her course, attended by a multitude of stars that vied with her in brightness. The air was warm and fragrant with the perfume of the sub-tropical winter. It was a night of nights—such a one as may be experienced nowhere but

in California or the Orient. And as I walked I seemed to throw off the sense of depression which had weighed so heavily upon our entire party in the cafe.

At first my intention was merely to walk until by the physical exertion together with the glamor of the night I might be able to throw off something of the mood that possessed me, but as I went on I resolved to walk the entire distance home. And, as I lived some distance out, one-thirty found me still walking.

Suddenly, as I was passing through the wider and more ornate streets of a high class residential district, I caught sight of a figure coming towards me. Out here everything was deserted, and the fact that I was not alone in keeping unheard-of hours, aroused a certain interest, definite though faint, in the personality of my fellow night-bird. The city was quite commendably taking advantage of the moon-light to economize on electricity, consequently the streets were as light in one place as another.

Thus it was that I remarked, although without particular surprise, that the features of the man stood out with remarkable clearness from their surroundings.

"The man must be ill," I thought, "desperately ill, for his skin to glow in the moonlight with such livid whiteness." Then I recognized Foster.

"Why Foster!" I exclaimed, as we both hesitated in the act of passing, "Where on earth did you drop from?"

Impulsively I extended both hands toward my former friend; then remembering Foster's conduct I as suddenly withdrew them. Perhaps it was as well that I did so for he made no movement to take them, only stared at me with a peculiarly penetrating gaze that was strangely unpleasant.

"Listen, old man," he exclaimed earnestly, and I noted a certain unwanted thrilling timbre in the voice at his first word, "Listen. I know how you feel towards me—how all the old crowd feels. That is why I thought it better not to try to see you again. But

now there is something I want you to do for me—a favor. Will you do it, Jones?"

I never like to promise anything until I know what I am letting myself in for—and Foster, seeing my hesitation, continued—and now there was a note of pleading in his voice that I recognized as belonging to the old days. Foster had been a peculiarly likeable chap, and one who always found it easy to have his own way. "Won't you promise, Jones? It's the last favor I'll ever ask of you."

"Perhaps," I replied, smiling. I wanted to draw him out.

"I want you to take your car and drive to Cranston. Go now—and make the best time you can. When you get there you'll see what you have to do. Will you go?"

"Cranston is a long way from here," I temporized. "Why not go in the morning? At best I would hardly get there before morning."

"No," he rejoined—still pleadingly. "You must go now, and hurry—hurry!"

"All right, Foster—old man," I said, "If it's going to make so much difference to you I'll go then. But I really would like to know why I'm going." Really it was no hardship for me, because I always did like to drive at night. And I went on; "But what do you want me to do, Foster? Are you coming with me?"

Then suddenly I caught sight of a stain—a spot of crimson on Foster's forehead just above his left eye. "Heavens man!" I cried, "you're wounded—bleeding! There's an injury just above your eye!" Then like a flash I remembered the night that it was—New Year's Eve—and Foster had been in a crowd of merrymakers. I laughed nervously as I sensed my mistake—laughed too hysterically for mirth. It would seem that I was developing a case of nerves; and there I was giving myself away—making all kinds of an ass of myself. "Oh, I see!" I went on, "you've been celebrating the New Year. But really, seriously, it seems to be carrying the

joke a little too far. Some one might have ruined your suit with that paint."

Foster smiled—a trifle sarcastically, I thought—certainly there was little enough of genuine amusement in the smile. And above all—throughout everything there was a permeating current of sadness.

"You'll go, then," he said.

"Yes."

"Hurry, then!" he cried, waving me off with his long, frail-like arms. "For God's sake, hurry!"

For an instant I hesitated, my eyes averted—thinking: "Was the car in readiness for such a trip? Did I have gas and oil—all that was necessary? Was every part in adjustment?" Then I looked back to ask Foster for the last time why he wanted me to make the trip—why it was of such overwhelming importance. Foster was gone.

My impatient, powerful car purred off the miles with all the ease and sweetness with which an expensively constructed, finely adjusted watch ticks off the minutes. And, once I got out of the city on the country boulevards, just about as often. On and on I flew, slowing up now and then in passing through a village, or when I fancied there might be speed cops about. In and out among the foothills the road wound, through precipitous-sided canyons, and up and down steep mountain passes. At last there came a time when as I flew on, breaking the intense silences of the mountain and desert solitudes with my roaring exhaust, that I seemed to be a part of the machine—the guiding genius—the brains—perhaps, yet nevertheless an integral part of the noisy speed-monster, from whose iron throat poured forth raucous and interminable, a song of triumph—triumph over the miles that lay annihilated beneath our speeding wheels.

"Cranston—Six Miles." I read the legend on one of the many guide posts with which the boulevard was lined, and came to myself with a start. My long, uneventful journey was almost over. Instinctively I slackened speed

as I turned the car into the road indicated by the sign. Here the country was more hilly, and the road quite rough. It wanted no experienced eye to see that the road leading to Cranston was one that was seldom traveled, surprisingly little even for so small a town. Certainly there must be another road—doubtless a better one—leading to Cranston from somewhere further down the boulevard. For a moment I hesitated, almost bringing the car to a stop while debating in my own mind as to whether or not I should turn back, but the feeling that I was on the road that I was destined to take still persisted. And again in response to my gentle pressure on the accelerator-pedal the sensitive car leaped forward.

More slowly now we ate up the miles—still at a speed that would certainly arouse the inquisitiveness of any chance speed officer that might be lurking near. From here on as I neared the town I kept my eyes about me, ready at the glimpse of a suspicious figure either to slow down to a crawl, or open the throttle wide, as the circumstances might seem to warrant.

Suddenly a pair of blazing headlights flashed in sight around a turn in the road some distance ahead, and swooped down a grade almost at right angles to the direction in which I was going. In the glare of their brilliant light I saw a bridge railing leap into view—then a distinct crash, a suppressed cry, and auto and head-lights disappeared as though the earth had swallowed them.

I pulled up where the bridge railing, twisted and splintered, hung limp and frail to its nearest remaining section, and turned my spotlight downward. There in the dry river-bed lay the bent and broken mass of steel that a moment before had been purring so luxuriously upon its way.

I had no idea that the river-bed was so far below the roadway, nor that its sides were so smooth and precipitous—but at last I came down to where the wrecked automobile lay. Under the tangle of machinery was

the twisted, broken body of a man. One look was sufficient for him. He was beyond my aid. At a little distance lay a woman. At first I thought she, too, was dead—but as I looked I detected signs of life. Also, I recognized the girl for whom Foster had forsaken his vows.

At a short distance I found a pool from which I carried water in an old rusty can. The woman soon came to her senses when I dashed it in her face. Then I gave her a swallow from the flask in my pocket—forced it between her teeth almost—and in a moment she was able to stand. Surprisingly enough her injuries were very slight in view of the fall she had taken. Almost a miracle.

As soon as she was able to walk I led her away from the scene of the wreck, hoping, if possible, to divert her attention from the mangled body of the man, but without avail. I banked upon the idea that her memory would be in a state of confusion, vague and blurred upon the subject of the accident. Also that the train of events leading up to it would come back to her slowly, and in easy stages. This was not the case. She remembered clearly everything that had transpired up to the very instant of the plunge from the bridge.

Still fearful of an outburst of the hysteria upon the edge of which she seemed to be wavering, I forced her away from the scene, telling her as gently as possible that her husband was beyond our aid, and that I would have his remains cared for as soon as she was safe.

In Cranston I stopped long enough to give instructions regarding the wreck, and the disposition of the man's body, then turned back toward the city.

It was afternoon when I arrived and delivered my passenger into her mother's care. Then I went home and tried to sleep, but in spite of the fact that I had been up all night, and was literally worn out, sleep would not come. In the evening I got up, dressed, and went down town. Carter and Wain-

wright had preceded me to our favorite cafe, and were sitting there, each trying to out-do the other in looking bored and tired of life.

Carter remarked that I looked as though I had been out all night, and Wainwright said I must have seen a ghost. And after three or four desolatory remarks upon my appearance—none of them of a complimentary nature—we lapsed into silence.

A little later Barton came in. He carried an open cablegram in his hand. There was about him an air of half-suppressed excitement. He dropped the paper unfolded upon the table. It was simple and to the point:

"William Foster killed in action early this morning."

"Assuming 'early' to mean about seven o'clock, and allowing eight hours for difference in time, it would mean that Foster passed out about eleven last night," Barton observed. Barton certainly esteemed himself something of a psychic. "I had an impression of something of the kind just about that time."

Carter laughed stridently. He had little patience with Barton's theories of immortality. Wainwright, also,

laughed a little, and contributed a facetious remark about "our tame witch-doctor."

But I did not laugh. In the light of the cablegram my experiences of the preceding night passed in quick and vivid review through my memory, and the strange sensation that I had noticed when talking to Foster came over me again with redoubled intensity. My head throbbed and things began to swim and grow misty before my eyes. Luckily I got hold of myself in time. By sheer force of will I controlled my wandering senses. Then for an instant I hesitated on the point of relating my experiences, but thought better of it.

"Poor fellow," sighed Wainwright, "I wonder if he has achieved the forgetfulness he sought."

Carter laughed again. His materialism was almost brutal in its literalness. "Of course," he growled, "his troubles are over and done forever."

Barton smiled and shook his head, screwing up his eyes speculatively as he did so as though he might tell a great deal if he wished.

But for myself—I only smiled. I knew.

MOUNTAIN TWILIGHT

Silver clouds, gleaming soft,
Sunset colors, changing oft,
Hills and trees of green and gray,
Peace that comes with the dying day.
Mountain shadows, broad and grim
Pine tree shadows, ghostlike, dim,
And you and I, hand in hand
As Night descends o'er the quiet land.

R. J. GALE.

The Gold Mystery at Sutter Bar

By Milton Barth

THE Storm King piled the white snow deep on the summit of the Sierras. The blue heavens beamed: yesterday a frown—today a smile.

Some forty miles to the westward in the low-lying foothills which meet the fertile Sacramento Valley, the quaint old mining town of Sutter Bar squats in a small canyon over a narrow river swollen by the recent flood.

The streets and alleys ramble around at their pleasure. The houses perch here and there like birds' nests on the cliffs and flats following the crazy road and paths. The main street of the village is by some accident level and crosses the creek over a new concrete bridge erected a few years ago by the generous citizens of the community.

Near the bridge on the left side toward the south stands a modern garage, and across from it a little church.

In front of this garage stood two figures—one a grizzled remnant of forty-nine—the other a youth of twenty.

"I tell ye," said the old man, "there's something wrong—something wrong in Denmark. I been here since the first gold was shoveled out o' the creek. I seen many a gold nugget taken outer these here hills, but I nary ever heard o' gold pieces bein' picked up in the street."

"Eh! What was that you was a-saying?" Mrs. Jeremiah Jones rounded the corner with a basket swinging on her arm. "Bless me! Gold pieces! They say the preacher lost them—and ain't it awful—the preacher and the beer checks and the poker chips!"

"You never kin tell," voiced the old miner, gold's where you find it and

even preachers sometimes go wrong."

"Well," drawled Mrs. Jones, "I've had my suspicions all along. When a man goes to the city to the conference and everything so often—and he seemed like such a nice old man. I do love to hear him pray; I seldom go though."

"You mean to say," said the youth, earnestly, "that he really goes off on a toot."

"Exactly! A double life, my son! No doubt about it! Where would a minister get all the gold they found in the puddle—and the poker chips?"

"It does look rather queer," remarked the young man. "Just who saw him drop them?"

"Who saw him!" snapped the old lady. "I saw him myself; so did Walt Peters and Jim Crow and Benjie at the garage. Rev. Carlo was on his way to church this morning. As he was crossing Main street by the bridge, he stooped suddenly and began looking for something on the ground. He appeared much agitated; the church bell rang, he knew he was late. He made a dive in the mud and picked up something; his bible fell from under his arm; he picked it up, brushed it on his trousers and hastily gazed at the puddle. He was late and started toward the church. Suddenly he returned to the puddle, made a rake of his right hand and ran it through the water. Then he hurried to the church. Walt Peters and Jim Crow went over and scoured the hole, thinking they'd help the preacher find his lost pearl."

"And they found all this money and the poker chips, did they?" interrupted the youth.

"Yes, they did," snapped the old

lady. "I went out to help but it was too late; they had the bag—eight hundred dollars in gold cartwheels; some of late date."

"So they took them to give to the minister. He wasn't home; his daughter was there. She's a sweet thing, tall, dark-eyed and rather clever with the music organ—plays at the church. Walt and Jim offered her the bag saying her dad lost it."

"He never lost anything, I do not think," she said. "He has not seen so much money, at once, all the time he has lived in Sutter Bar."

"They never told her about the beer checks and the poker chips."

"I found two twenty-dollar pieces by the puddle, myself; Father went to preach at Amador this afternoon," she said, "and I'm sure he never lost anything. I haven't seen him since service this morning."

"Well, the girl was sure lying hard for her dad or else the poor thing is innocent and thinks her old dad a saint. Poor thing! to be thrown upon the world—where will she go! Maybe she's in cahoots with the old man. Jim and Walt split it even. What do you think his sermon was about this morning?"

"You got me!" drawled the miner.

"I was there," voiced the youth. "He preached about Ananias; said Ananias was a liar and that King David says 'All men are liars.'"

"If I didn't know different," remarked the old lady, "I'd never believe that that heavenly mouth of his'n had ever tasted booze. It's hard to believe him a gambler and a tooter. Picture him below last week—gambling, drinking and raising Hell. What is this old world coming to?— And he said this morning: 'All men are liars', did he?"

"Yes," replied the youth.

"Jim and Walt can have the money they found, I warrant, said the miner, spitting a quid of tobacco into the gutter. He can! The Reverend will have to beat it if he claims it."

"But the girl," began the youth, "she isn't bad looking. I sort of feel for

her. I don't think she's guilty. She _____"

"She's a chip off the old block, said the miner— women take after their dads a heap and she's already made a good start at lyin'."

A week passed; the sabbath came. Rev. Carlo robed in black stood before his congregation. The church was full to overflowing. The crowd hissed; they jeered.

"What have you to say for yourself, Mr. Carlo? the Sunday School Superintendent said with a sneer. "You are charged with leading a double life."

The Rev. Carlo arose and stood before the altar, placed his right hand on the holy bible. "I know nothing of the charge," he replied.

"Lie! Lie!" came the cry. "How about the gold, the beer checks and the poker chips?"

"I picked up a new twenty-dollar-piece last Sunday. I will give it to any one claiming it," Rev. Carlo answered calmly.

"Mr. Carlo, sit down!" exclaimed the Superintendent. "You are the biggest liar Sutter Bar has ever produced. I have at least four witnesses who saw you drop it and saw you looking for it.— Come forward Mother Jones, Bennie Wilie, Jim Crow and Walt Peters!"

Triumphantly the four advanced.

"With the testimony of these honorable citizens, Mr. Carlo, do you admit the crime and resign?— Any one else see him?"

Rev. Carlo gazed at his accusers sorrowfully. A tear trickled down his cheek. He clenched his hands, closed his eyes and lifted his face heavenward as if in supplication.

Suddenly he arose and with arms extended, he quoted aloud:

"Tho an host encampeth against me yet will I not fear."

"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

The room was silent.

"Mrs. Jones," said the Superintendent, "take the platform and tell what you saw."

The Rev. Carlo sank heavily in his chair.

"I saw——" began Mrs. Jones, but she never finished the sentence.

The church doors swung open and up the aisle came Black Bard, proprietor of the Texas Saloon. He was a well known character and all caught their breath. Behind Black Bard followed the youth of twenty urging and pushing him forward.

"Hey, Reverend!" Bard exclaimed, as he rushed up the aisle. "I'm black and God knows it. I don't stand for no good man punished. That gold and them chips was nailed under Dead Jeff Coon's bar and fell out of the truck Saturday night, when the auto that was takin' the bar to Jackson swung 'round at the garage. I nailed them there myself after we'd skinned a

bunch of tenderfeet."

Some of the town people going home that night caught a glimpse of an aged man, tall and straight, walking with a light and springy step. Behind him, following slowly, a willowly girl with dark hair and eyes, leaned contentedly on the arm of a young man.

* * * *

Six months later the young man walked up the aisle of the little church. Black Bard was not with him as on the former occasion. Evelyn Carlo leaned on his arm, her long, white veil trailing to the floor. On her cheeks bloomed roses, red. She carried a bunch of purple violets. White lilies covered the altar in profusion, and green ferns carpeted the altar steps.

ELEMENTI MAGNI

Whosoever hath a sense of justice,
Him, Oh, God, give might
To overcome the evil
And protect the right;
For might devoid of justice
Tramples on the truth—
While might combined with knowledge
Makes a civilized brute!
But *justice*, *might*, and *knowledge*
Have a wonderful relation—
For taken *all together*
They make *civilization!*

J. B. CAMEO RUDGE.





Silver Peak Ranch

The Romance of Silver Peak

By Henry W. Mahan, Jr.

UIN the snow-clad foothills of the lower Sierras there lies a ranch of many acres. This ranch had seen its days of misery, growth, and prosperity, and, in fact, from every kind of a day that the ranch-hands could provide down to whatever sort of day the owner could imagine.

Carter Gleason, owner, superintendent, and range-boss stood at the lower gate. He was as cold in his countenance on this particular evening as the snow that crunched beneath his heavy boots. His old faithful pal, his seemingly one true friend, had carried him to where he had dismounted. There was no one about and the shadows thrown from the stately evergreens would have stealthily challenged a weaker man's courage. He patted his horse in a reassuring manner for the trip up the trail had been a hard one. He reached into his leather vest pocket, took out a lump of sugar, and slipped it into his horse's mouth. She shook her head and was obediently contented. He heaved a sigh, took the reins, and leading his partner, crunched his way over the snowy path to the dimly lit ranch house near by. At the rear door a ranch-hand chanced by and took in charge the mainstay of a mountaineer's success—the horse.

Gleason did not enter the house, but loitered in a thinking attitude slowly to the front veranda where he dropped easily into his favorite chair. He looked down the valley that was half-hidden with snow and fog and he enjoyed the panorama he had known since childhood. To the left where two peaks almost met, he studied the wonders and grandeur of the ever-same and still changing scene. There,

soon he knew the rain would fall and then through the mist many lights, like diamonds, commenced to appear below on the mountain side—it was Arrowhead. "They must be having a dance down there tonight," he murmured to himself. "It's mighty bright and cheery looking below there—haven't noticed it so dazzling in some time." He was half-whispering, murmuring and presuming to himself. He followed the lights farther down into the valley and then back up the base line trail, and then his eye caught the stage.

"There she comes—old 'Mark Twain,' a pounding and swishing her way through the pouring rain—she's a good old stage—never knew her to miss a trip, rain or snow." His vision traced the path of the stage with her seeming load of passengers bound for the gay hotel. It would wind, then switch back, then up and now down, until its headlights were fairly dancing on the soaking shrubbery. Its klaxon sounded and reverberation carried the echo to the ranch house, and Carter Gleason pulled himself together from a drowsy dream and sat upright and lit his pipe.

"I wonder if she's on it—I wonder," and his voice grew softer and he blew a wreath of smoke into the bitten air and half-shut his eyes again as he reclined in the easy chair. He was dreaming—he smiled, a sincerely dreamy smile. He pulled a message from his fur-lined pocket, opened it, scanned it again and again, and a tear could be seen dropping from his manly cheek—yes it was a big tear, too, for Carter Gleason *was* a man!

"Five days now—snowed in—thank the good Lord for food and warmth.

Seems funny, doesn't it? First snow-in in many years and right now when—"

The twang of the klaxon carried to his ears again—it seemed to sound like 'I-kout ahead'—'I-kout ahead'— "Sure enough, I think that's what he's saying all right—'Ames is a good driver—he's always looking out ahead—he wouldn't hurt his worst enemy. He's a good fellow, a native son of the low Sierras."

Gleason fell to deeper thinking—he was looking out ahead too. The many lights of the valley below flickered in the steady rainfall, like a jeweled cameo. The valley seemed so low to him just then. He glanced about his immediate surroundings, suddenly convinced of how high he really was situated in contrast to the valley. He was by himself now, and it was getting colder and he liked the snap of the air, and the steady falling of the flakes that were piling into drifts before his veranda. He thought on.

"Silver Peak, you're a good old ranch—and you're higher than I ever realized before—you're sort of a kingdom above the old valley, and a little nearer, yes, a little nearer to heaven." His voice was calm and steady and his tones as clear as the flakes that fell before him.

Silver Peak Ranch was the throne of Carter Gleason. He had harbored his dreams within its limits for many a day. As he pondered a voice from inside the house reached him.

It was old Marianela, his faithful Mexican guardian almost since babyhood. "Talking to herself again" he mused, and he smiled in contemplation. He puffed the last mite from his pipe, knocked the ashes from it on the arm of his chair, and rising strode over to the door. He gently turned the handle that she might not hear his approach, and then with a sudden jerk he threw the door open and let out a vibrant 'Buenas Noches.' He enjoyed a hearty laugh, as she quivered anxiously behind the long, oak table before the open fire.

"Senor!" and then she watched him,



Carter Gleason on the trail

as a dog would watch its master, while he crossed and stood before the fire.

"Just been down the line, Nela," the name he had learned to know her by, "and its snowed clear up past the range division—hear that wind?—the trail is as covered as a flour bin. We're snowed under for a day or so more, and we—

"Que es, Senor?" She shuddered and bent forward to look outside a covered grating, as a shriek sounded from a stage line below.

"It's Ames, Nela. The 'Mark Twain' has made the Springs safely. Three blasts. He told me a week ago, by 'phone, that when they pulled in under the roof at Arrowhead he'd sound three times for a safe trip, and five if she was on board and safely there. It's powerful slippery on the clay grade tonight, and listen—"

His arms were crossed and his brow knit, and he leaned in the direction of the klaxon below "Four," "Five," and he reached into his coat pocket and took a handkerchief with which he dried his eyes, for he was moved deeply. "Yes, she's on board all right, Nela," and he straightened up and

gave a noticeable sigh of relief.

Nela was still watching his every move.

"I think I'll drop up to the barns and see that they get the cattle in right tonight—I can't lose any more, and its mighty cold up there."

"Oh, Senor, I forgot. Manuel the ranger came here today and ask for you."

"What about? Did he leave any message, Nela?" Gleason was curious.

"He just say—'take this note, Nela.'"

"Well, what note? Where is it?" He held his pipe in his left hand ready to light, and held forth his other to take the message. Nela reached into her apron and took a worn bit of paper which she carefully passed over to her master. He drew closer to the oil lamp.

"Tell Mr. Gleason that we can force through from my side so he can pass through tomorrow, sure—Ned (Ranger)."

"How did Manuel get this message, Nela? He couldn't get through either, could he?"

"Manuel say Ned call him up and tell him, but not tell you."

"Not tell me what, Nela?" Gleason was uneasy in his desire to get the truth of the conversation, but her Mexican hesitancy was the greatest part of her make-up.

"You want me tell?" and she stared at him wonderingly.

"Why of course, tell me, what's wrong, Nela?"

"Your cattle below where trail is blocked have been taken and trestle over deep gulch burned."

Gleason stood erect, then gasped with fury. He muttered a man's oath and his fists were clenched. He dropped into a chair before the fire and then looked about at Nela who was following his movements, likewise aghast.

"Some coward's trick, Nela. Someone knows I'm snowed in here, with a blanket of sleet between me and civilization and they're double-crossing me. Taken my best herd, have they?"

Well, there isn't a hand on the range that'll see Carter Gleason's flock tricked that way." He was nervously watching the dancing blazes of the crackling fire and listening to the hail clinking against the sheet-metal roof as he sat turning the deed over in his mind.

"But deep gulch trestle Senor—what—

He had quite forgotten the trestle in figuring over his cattle. "Oh, yes, yes, deep gulch trestle, hm-m," and he half shut his big eyes as he contemplated, at the same time whispering to himself. "They did that to cut me off, Nela. They've planned to cache me in the backwoods while they reap a harvest on my herd, and the mean part is that," he hesitated solemnly, "that they stand a good chance of beating me. That trestle spans a dangerous grade—I'm cut off unless I get across that gulch, and its a quarter-mile wide and a thousand-feet into the ravine it crosses." He was nervously puzzling.

"Ranger's air wheel, Senor, you can cross 'em."

"Air wheel, what are you talking about Nela, what air wheel?"

"You fly 'em like a bird across," and she threw her arms in the air.

"By George, that's right!" He sat upright, and was gaining his points. "Ned's got that biplane there," he cynically smiled. "Take my herd will they?" He gritted his teeth. "But wait, that machine's below the snow-in, Nela. I can't get to that."

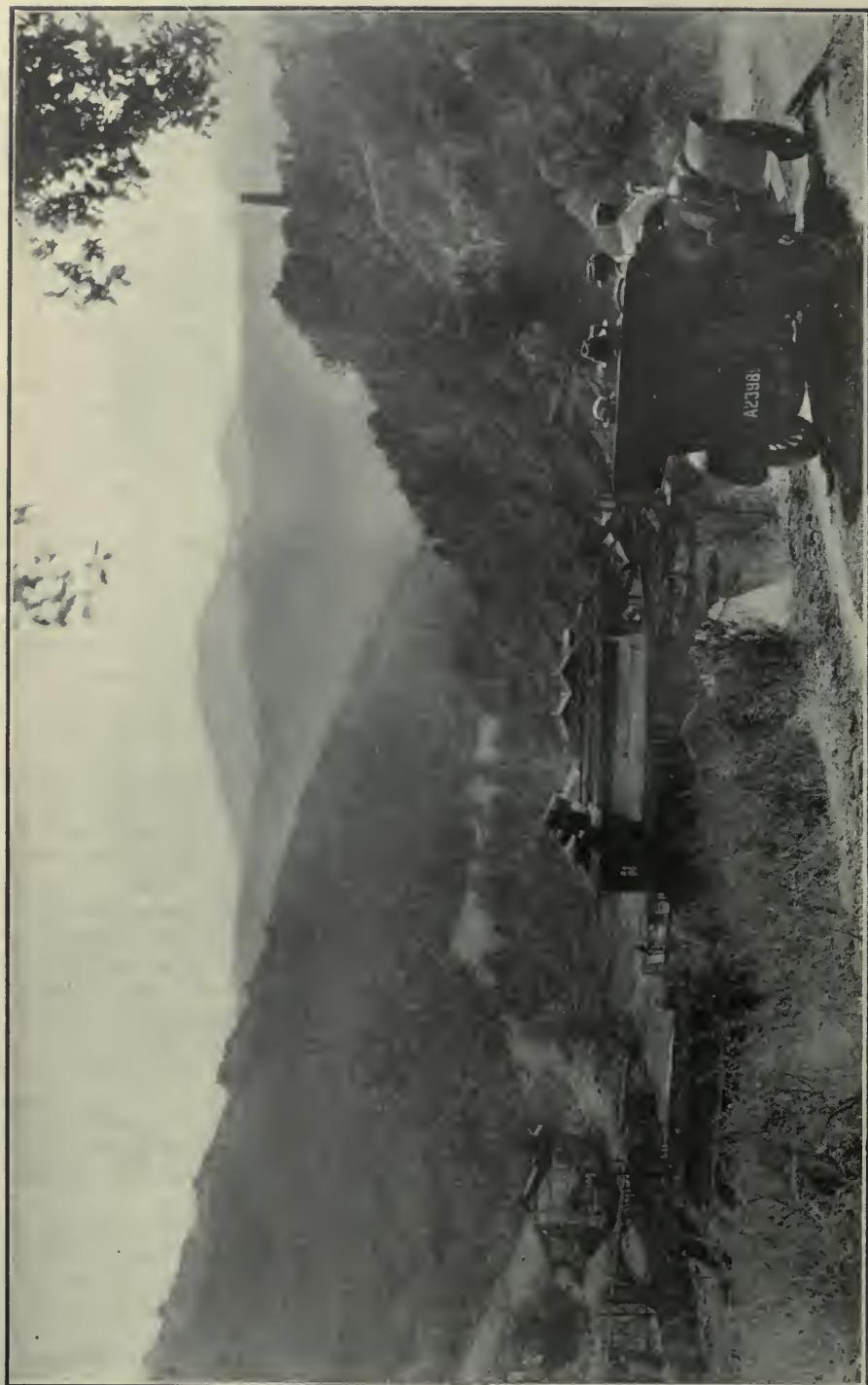
"Manuel tell me how. You get to 'em all right."

"Tell you how?" It was slow work to get the answer to his problem from her, but she was faithful in her hesitancy.

"Si, Senor. Manuel say take red torch to top of Silver Peak at midnight and burn. Ned see red light, he blow 'em through trail bang-powder, you go by tomorrow."

Gleason was alert. "You mean he'll cut the trail open with dynamite when he gets the signal from Silver Peak?"

"Si, Senor, he make 'em through."



Automobile Stage Coach

"I take the torch to Silver Peak at midnight, burn it, Ned gets the signal and sends a low explosive across the grade where the division is under with snow and timber. That'll cut it all right and the light'll give the neighboring ranches the word that the trail is being forced open. Great." He let out a shout, for his youth was still subject to spontaneous action and adventure. Then his face sobered down again and he arose and pulled his coat about him.

"Where's that torch, Nela?"

Nela sprung to her feet at his command and went into the kitchen, immediately returning with the precious article. "I fix 'em up lunch too, Senor. Long trip to Silver Peak. You find 'em cold ride, whisky flask inside too."

Gleason took the package she had fixed for him. He looked down at her with his manly being alert for action. He smiled and patted her on the shoulder, then stepped to his desk in the corner and threw his six-shooter into his pocket.

Nela was in the opposite corner of the room and pressing the button that connected with the main stable. "Pablo get horse for you Senor, I tell him already you go out tonight, he be here soon."

Gleason buttoned his coat about him warmly, threw his package into a knapsack, that he swung about his manly shoulder, relit his pipe, and adjusted his leather cap about his ears.

A knock on the door and a neighing of his horse gave Gleason the starting word. He swung it open and a blast of hail and snow swept in across the navajo rugs, and a lightning streak with a vivid flash of light lit up the covered hills. There stood his faithful partner, seemingly acquainted with his errand and prancing in the snappy air.

Gleason lost no time in getting across the veranda and onto his horse. "I'm off for Silver Peak, Pablo. Help Nela get my stuff ready, for when the dawn breaks I'll be heading for below."

"Si, Senor."

Another crash of lightning, crackle of the brush and the rain poured down in torrents. Carter Gleason was hitting the trail for Silver Peak.

When the "Mark Twain" was sliding with its heavy load over the clay grade, and snapping its burden against the slippery banks, a girl sat nervously gazing ahead into the shaft of light that the powerful headlights afforded. It was all that could be seen. The side curtains of the heavy stage were flapping against the doors and the whirl of wind and rain lent confusion to the passengers as well as the driver for they were all bent on winding their way up the mountain without accident.

"How we makin' her, Driver?" queried an old man that was having a hard time to keep himself on an improvised seat.

"Fine as silk. We'll make the Hotel in time for dinner. It's a wet old grade tonight, but we can be glad we aren't in the snow storm up above. They're in ice and sleet up there."

"How long's it been a snowin' up this way?"

"Nigh onto two weeks now, and its lucky they've got their winter canned goods in or they'd all a-been starved out 'afore now."

"What's the lights over there?" and the old man pointed to some twinkling lights on a lower foothill.

"Just a power station. That's the boundary line of the Angeles National Forest there."

"Any snow there?"

"Nope, its too low. You can see the next station above up there though on the next turn and its in five feet of snow right tonight."

The powerful Packard spluttered ahead, engine pounding faithfully and guiding itself strenuously through a couple of muddy ruts. Two of the passengers were asleep, a third whistling with fright to approve his brave spirit, the old man trying to continue his conversation, two women assuring each other that they would skid into a ravine, and the girl in the corner gazing straight ahead, consuming the con-

versation in snatches and managing to hold a bunch of odd pieces of baggage that had bounced into her lap. She was almost asleep with the jolting of the stage, when the driver sounded the klaxon.

"Oh-h-h," she muffled an instinctive scream. And the driver smiled to himself, while the old man let forth a hearty but unnecessary laugh. The stage was making time.

"There you are now, Sir. See that light ahead up there, well that's the other power station."

"Yes, I see, so that's it is it? Well what's those little string of lights just above there, must be a heap of snow at that place."

"There sure is. The Boss-Range lives there. He's been snowed in now for a couple of weeks. Got the swell-est ranch in these parts, and he's the pride of the ranching folks up this way."

"That so? What's his name?"

"Carter Gleason. Fine man Mr. Gleason."

The girl in the corner would have spoken spontaneously, but a lump

jumped into her throat and her heart seemed to gain throbs as she attempted to say something. "Is that Mr. Gleason's ranch, Mr. Driver," she managed to say.

"Sure enough, Carter Gleason's ranch, and he's a waiting on the veranda up there right now—waiting for me to shoot him a signal. See that light that keeps a-flickering — well, that's the main stables. His ranch house is just below there where you see the last row. Got a string of cattle barns there that'd drive a stock-yards crazy, and he knows how to manage 'em too, you bet."

The girl was sitting upright now and taking account of the conversation. She had unfastened a curtain in the back and was stretching her head in the direction of the row of lights. A drift of rain blew in onto the old man and he hollered. "Hey there Miss, shut that curtain, you're soakin' us all up!" She pulled the curtain to and fastened it.

"Did you say you were going to shoot up there?"

(To Be Concluded Next Month.)

THE NATION'S SOUL

Grey 'neath the sodden sky lies No-Man's-Land,
And grey and bitter-stoled my every thought.
Grim lie trench-fretted fields so dearly bought
With flowers of youth tossed with a lavish hand;
Each rood of earth a sanctuary, spanned
With blasted dreams and lives that might have taught
The pulsing world God's truth—a treasure fraught
With world-old, earth-wide glory, ever grand.
And all is lost, and searing husks alone
Are ours to garner on the harvest day,
And we, lulled in the dreams of our desire,
Danced through our sunlit meadows, blossom-sown,
Nor saw the stalking horror 'o'er the way—
Thank God we woke—The Nation's Soul was fire!

R. R. GREENWOOD.

Golden Jubilee of the Pacific Railroad

By Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D.

(Continued From Last Month.)

In the appended article Dr. Hunt continues his story of how "The Pacific Railroad," the most momentous event in California's history, came into being.—*Editor.*

THE origin of the idea of a railroad to the Pacific Coast is surrounded with obscurity: The idea itself must be regarded as an evolution.

Whatever claim Senator Thomas H. Benton may have to being a pathfinder for Pacific railways rests upon certain essays which he wrote at St. Louis at the early date of 1819. In the "American Railway Journal" for 1836, there is an item concerning "An Atlantic and Pacific Railroad"—an item of special interest as being one of the earliest definite expressions of the Pacific railway idea. It would seem, however, that as early as 1834, Doctor Samuel Bancroft of Granville, Massachusetts, had written certain newspaper articles, advocating a Pacific railway and proposing that the Government undertake the work of construction.

In a memorial to Congress, presented in 1849, Doctor Hartwell Carver claims to have been the first to conceive the plan for a railway to the Pacific. He states that as early as 1837 he had spoken and written on the subject, presenting several sworn statements in support of his claim.

In 1845 Asa Whitney uttered this bold prophecy regarding railway building: "You will see that it will change the whole world, allow us to traverse the globe in thirty days, civilize and Christianize mankind, and

place us in the center of the world, compelling Europe on one side and Asia and Africa on the other, to pass through us." The editor of the "American Railway Journal" said, March 6, 1845: "We meet this magnificent project in almost all our exchange papers." Similar expressions from other sources, made previous to 1850, are not uncommon.

In a memorial to Congress in 1845 Mr. Whitney presented a scheme for a railway from Lake Michigan to the mouth of the Columbia. In the following year George Wilkes presented a memorial seeking measures for the construction of a national railway from the Missouri River to the Pacific. Thus Wilkes was the first man to propose definitely to Congress and to advocate the building of a Government railway to the Pacific. Senator Benton passionately pleaded that the great line "be adorned with its crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from the granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains, overlooking the road, the mountain, itself, the pedestal, and the statue a part of the mountain, pointing with outstretched arm to the western horizon, and saying to the flying passenger, 'There is the East! There is India!'"

Senator Rusk of Texas in a letter to the Philadelphia Railroad Convention, in 1850, referred to the Pacific Railway as the "Colossus of Rhodes;" and another dignified Senator, with less originality, afterwards referred to it in the course of debate as the "Colossus of Rail-Rhodes."

In the spring of 1850, according to D. K. Minor, writing in the *Alta California*, the average expense of getting to California was \$400 in money and 120 days of time—or, “making for 50,000 persons in a year an expenditure of time equal to 600,000 days, or 164 years! and of *twenty millions* of money.” By railroad, he pointed out, the trip might be made in 20 days, for \$150, “or a total saving of 500,000 days for labor and \$12,500,000 of capital to work with here.” This was made the basis of an appeal of people in California to Eastern friends to favor Congressional action.

By the mid-century year 1850 the idea of a railway to the Pacific had become somewhat generally accepted in the inner circles, though it was still looked upon by many persons in California as a wild dream. Doctor Haney says: “It was clear that the construction of a railway to some point on the Pacific Coast was generally accepted as a work of the near future by the close of the first half of the nineteenth century. . . . In the debates over the various plans the question had come to be not, is a railway to the Pacific feasible, but, what means for constructing such a railway shall be adopted and what route pursued.”

With these interminable debates in Congress we are not now greatly concerned. It is not at all difficult, in the light of subsequent development, to understand that members of Congress had had no experience adequate to the demands of the colossal problem of constructing a trans-continental railroad, and that it was quite inevitable that they should mingle passion and interest with reason in those days of ominous strife.

Should the project be under extensive government control, or should a hands-off policy be pursued? Or, should the road be built and operated by the Government outright? What was the correct policy with reference to financial encouragement and direct subsidies to insure the consummation of the enterprise? What land grants were advisable? Long did Congress

wrestle with these many-sided problems; and little does it avail in our day to have nothing but unmitigated condemnation for the way they were settled.

Meanwhile, California was not to remain wholly without railway facilities. Her first railroad to be put into actual operation was known as the Sacramento Valley Railroad, a short line between Sacramento and the town of Folsom. This road was opened auspiciously on Washington’s Birthday, 1856, thus marking the dawn of a new industrial era for the Golden State.

Electric Telegraph in California.

Even before California’s first railroad the telegraph was introduced. As early as 1853 messages were flashed between Marysville and San Francisco. During that year, also, wires were strung on trees, enabling enterprising men to telegraph from one mining camp to another. In the *Alta California* for September 23, 1853, we read of the opening of the first telegraph system for regular business in California. The opening ceremonies were performed at the Marine telegraph station at Point Lobos, eight miles from San Francisco.

“A magnificent dinner was given by Messrs. Sweeny and Baugh, the proprietors of the line, to which about 300 of our citizens sat down. After dinner a meeting was organized at which T. H. Selby, Esq., was called to the chair. . . . The English, French and Danish consuls were present. . . . Many toasts, etc. During the festivities many messages were sent into town and answered. The party separated about six o’clock, in good spirits, and very much gratified with the opening ceremonies.”

The inter-oceanic telegraph line was completed in 1861 and the first message flashed across the continent October 24 of that year. This was signed by Horace W. Carpenter, President of the Overland Telegraph Company, who addressed to President Lincoln

these significant words: "I announce to you that the telegraph to California has this day been completed. May it be a bond of perpetuity between the states of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific."

Railway Route to California.

What route should be followed for the Pacific Railroad? This was one of the most puzzling of all the difficult problems. A southern route was warmly advocated as early as 1852 by southern interests—but the proposal came to nothing. Senator Gwin attempted to satisfy conflicting sectional interests in a bill proposing a main line from Fulton, Arkansas, to San Francisco, with branches to Dubuque, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, and Matagorda, and an Oregon branch northward from California.

After much fruitless debate, an appropriation of \$150,000 was voted in 1853 to make explorations and surveys for determining "the most practicable and economical route between the Mississippi and the Pacific."

The outbreak of the Civil War brought the feeling of necessity for better connection with the Pacific Coast to a focus and induced Congress, by the memorable act of July 1, 1862, to make large grants in favor of the Pacific Railroad which, however, proved to be an insufficient inducement to the capitalists until they had been doubled by the amendments of 1864. The Civil War likewise put an end to the prospect for a southern route.

In the meantime the Central Pacific Railroad Company had been organized on June 28, 1861, with Leland Stanford, chosen as president; Collis P. Huntington, vice-president; Mark Hopkins, treasurer, and James Bailey, secretary. It remained for the enthusiasm and courage of chief engineer Theodore D. Judah to plan and carry into effect the engineering ideas that should put to final route the jeers and ridicule heaped upon the "crazy notion" of building a railroad over those mountains!

Thus, for good or for ill, the construction of the first trans-continental railroad, while doubtless excessively aided by the Government, was left to be constructed by private initiative. In this great work Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins will always be remembered as the "Big Four." Lincoln advocated the road both as a military necessity and as a means of holding the Pacific Coast in the Union. The name itself is explained from the belief that the Union Pacific would bind the Union together—the maintenance of the Union was the chief concern of the Nation.

The Eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad was established by President Lincoln on the east side of the Missouri, that is at Council Bluffs, Iowa, although it is usually regarded as being at Omaha, Nebraska. From this terminus it was to build westward. The Central Pacific was to build eastward from Sacramento, California.

Actual building operations were begun at Sacramento in 1863. The natural obstacles that presented themselves were huge. The Central Pacific was compelled to have machinery and supplies sent to California *via* Cape Horn or Panama, at enormous expense of time and money. The Union Pacific must drag its heavy materials overland from the Iowa terminals, or depend on the river boats of the Missouri. The greater part of the route to be traversed was not only in a new and uninhabited region without foundries, machine shops, or other conveniences, but likewise through desert, or mountainous country, which presented almost inconceivable difficulties to engineer and workmen alike.

If the Sierra Nevada presented a barrier more serious than any known to previous railroad building, they at least bounteously supplied the Central Pacific with timber for ties, trestles and the long stretches of snow sheds, a resource that was sadly lacking to the Union Pacific, over the wide expanse of western prairie.

The first stretch of eleven miles of the Union Pacific was completed by

September 25, 1865, and on October 5, of the following year, the total mileage was two hundred and forty-seven miles. The first construction work on the Central Pacific had antedated that on the Union Pacific by more than a year. By September, 1865, the road extended fifty-six miles eastward from Sacramento, that is, far up into the Sierras.

For labor the Central Pacific depended chiefly upon thousands of Chinese "coolies" imported for the purpose, while the Irish immigrants proved to be the main reliance of the Union Pacific. After Appomattox many discharged soldiers followed the impulse to go west, and naturally they engaged in railway construction. The last months of the construction period found as many as 25,000 workmen employed.

Everything proceeded with military precision. The description found in a newspaper of the day reflects something of the animation of the scene:

"The whole organization. . . . is, in fact, semi-military. The men who go ahead, locating the road, are the advance-guard. Following them is the second line, cutting through the gorges, grading the road, and building bridges. Then comes the main line of the army, placing the sleepers, laying the track, spiking down the rails, perfecting the alignment, ballasting, and dressing up and completing the road for immediate use. This army of workers has its base, to continue the figure, at Omaha, Chicago, and still farther eastward, from whose markets are collected the materials for constructing the road. Along the line of the completed road are construction-trains continually pushing forward to 'the front' with supplies. . . . The road is graded a hundred miles in advance. The ties are laid roughly in place, then adjusted, gauged, and levelled. Then the track is laid.

"Track-laying on the Union Pacific is a science. . . . On they

came. A light car, drawn by a single horse, gallops up to the front with its load of rails. Two men seize the end of a rail and start forward, the rest of the gang taking hold by twos, until it is clear of the car. They come forward at a run. At the word of command the rail is dropped in its place, right side up with care, while the same process goes on at other side of the car. Less than thirty seconds to a rail for each gang, and so four rails go down to the minute! . . . The moment the car is empty it is tipped over on the side of the track to let the next loaded car pass it, and then it is tipped back again, and it is a sight to see it go flying back for another load, propelled by a horse at full gallop at the end of sixty or eighty feet of rope, ridden by a young Jehu, who drives furiously. Close behind the first gang come the gaugers, spikers, and bolters, and a lively time they make of it. It is a grand 'anvil chorus' that those sturdy sledges are playing across the plains. It is in triple time, three strokes to the spike. There are ten spikes to a rail, four hundred rails to a mile, eighteen hundred miles to San Francisco, twenty-one million times are those sledges to be swung, twenty-one million times to come down with their sharp punctuation, before the great work of modern America is complete!"

As the gap between East and West narrowed the spirit of rivalry between the "armies" of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific grew in intensity. It was a friendly battle of the giants. The world's record in railroad building for one day was established April 29, 1869, when between daylight and dark the forces of the Central Pacific, under the brilliant leadership of Charles W. Crocker, laid 185 feet, more than ten miles of track.

The gap between East and West grew less and less, while the spirit of rivalry between the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific grew more and

more intense. Under the amendatory act of 1864, every mile meant a prize of many thousand dollars for the "contending giants." From Omaha the stretch of 305 miles finished and operated by January 1, 1867, was augmented by 240 miles during that year and 425 miles during 1868. In 1867 the Central Pacific built 46 difficult miles, while 1868 saw 363 miles completed. The early months of the memorable year 1869, closed the gap forever—the Union Pacific added nearly 125 miles, while the Central Pacific covered 186 miles, and the final junction was effected at Promontory Point, Utah, 1086 miles from Omaha and 689 miles from Sacramento. By joint resolution Congress decreed that a Promontory Summit "the rails shall meet and connect, and form one continuous line."

The Last Tie and the Golden Spike.

A great day in our annals was the 10th of May, 1869. It was on that day, on a desolate spot in Northern Utah, that in the presence of several hundred witnesses the impressive ceremony was performed uniting with bands of steel in indissoluble union the East and the West of the United States of America.

Doctor Stillman, one of the Californians participating, has only recently given us through the medium of the *Overland Monthly* his personal observations on that occasion. His description closely resembles the earlier one of John P. Davis, which it will probably never supersede, and from which I now quote:

"The last spike remained to be driven. Telegraphic wires were so connected that each blow of the sledge could be reported instantly in most of the large cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific; corresponding blows were struck on the bell of the City Hall in San Francisco, and with the last blow of the sledge a cannon was fired at Fort Point. General Saford presented a spike of gold, silver, and iron, as the offering of the Territory of Arizona; Tuttle, of Nevada,

performed with a spike of silver, a like office for his State. The tie of California laurel was put in place, and Doctor Harkness, of California, presented the last spike of gold, in behalf of his State. A silver sledge had also been presented for the occasion. The driving of the spike by President Stanford and Vice-President Durant was greeted with lusty cheers, and the shouts of the six hundred persons present, to the accompaniment of the screams of the locomotive whistles are the blare of the military band, in the midst of the desert, found hearty and enthusiastic echoes in the great cities East and West.

"After the last spike had been driven, the Central Pacific train was backed up, and the Union Pacific locomotive, with its train, passed slowly over the point of junction and back again; then the Central Pacific, locomotive, with its train, went through the same ceremony.

"The 'driving of the last spike' was announced simultaneously by telegraph in all the large cities of the Union. . . . Wires in every direction were 'hot' with congratulatory telegrams. . . . Business was suspended and the longest procession that San Francisco ever had seen attested the enthusiasm of the people. At night the city was brilliant with illuminations. Free railway trains filled Sacramento with an unwonted crowd, and the din of cannon, steam-whistles, and bells followed the final message. At the Eastern terminus in Omaha, the firing of a hundred guns on Capitol Hill, more bells and steam-whistles, and a grand procession of fire companies, civic societies, fraternities, citizens and visiting delegations from surrounding places echoed the sentiments of the Californians. In Chicago a procession four miles in length, a lavish display of decorations in the city and on the vessels in the river, and an address by Vice-President Colfax in the evening, were the evidences of the city's feeling. In New York, by order of the mayor, a salute of a hundred guns announced the culmination of the

great undertaking. In Trinity Church the *Te Deum* was chanted and prayers were offered, and when the services were over the chimes rang out *Old Hundred*, the *Ascension Carol*, and national airs. The ringing of bells at Independence Hall and the fire-stations in Philadelphia produced an unusual concourse of citizens to celebrate the national event. In the other large cities of the country the expressions of public gratification were hardly less hearty and demonstrative."

The telegraphic dispatch announcing the event consummated conveyed this historic message: "*The last rail is laid! The last spike driven! The Pacific Railroad is completed!*" In San Francisco the celebration began, prematurely, on the 8th of May and continued practically without interruption through the 10th. At Sacramento the bells and whistles of thirty assembled locomotives led the general chorus of all the bells and whistles of the city in "one prolonged demonstration of joy." The same jubilee spirit was manifested in Chicago, New York, and

other cities, while the ringing of bells at Independence Hall lent an air of national celebration to the demonstration in Philadelphia.

And right good cause had the people to celebrate! For in the completion of the Pacific Railroad fifty years ago there was accomplished what some have pronounced the "mightiest work of utility ever undertaken by man."

And today we who face an era of world reconstruction, as our fathers faced national reconstruction a half-century ago, if we but possess the vision of our fathers, may enter, in our time, as they did in theirs, upon a destiny commensurate with theirs. Before our eyes the Lincoln Highway becomes a reality for a perpetual stream of travel and traffic by automobile, wonder-wagon of today; and tomorrow we shall find the very air charted and mapped for human flight through the upper currents where neither mountain nor desert shall interfere, and where scorching sun and pelting hail have lost their terror.

MOMENT'S MEMORY

A song of wandering, with crystal chords
Across the silence of a room, which gleams
Rose-red with firelight, dim with shadow hordes,—
How real the memory seems!

Without, the rain beats down, the storm's aroar;
Within, the last clear notes through silence ring,
And your gray eyes are raised to mine once more,
Filled with the dreams these hours so surely bring.

Do you forget? for it is far away,
The hour, the quiet room, the joy and pain:
And yet,—our hearts will find again that way,
And love, unending, wait for us again.

F. S. PUTNAM.

Afterwards

By G. V. Alliston

In this skillful summary of events, at the close of the war with Germany and their sequence, there is much food for thought. It is a study in psychology that goes deep below the surface of things.—*Editor.*

“Leave him to his thoughts.”

THE well-meaning and merciful among the people had ordered the cathedral bell to be tolled when the emperor died; but the heritage of hate that he had left to his subjects found its expression when the soldiery insisted upon reversing the order; so that peals of joy-bells, noisy and jangling, rang out from every church and cathedral belfry. The emperor heard them as he passed, for death's coma is not always death; and in bitter anger he recognized their purport.

When the people heard that he was dying they said awesomely:

“What must be his last thoughts? How terrible must be his regrets!”

Thoughts?

Many a man whose past has been a white and unstained page will yet look back in his latest hours, and discern at least some desert spots along his life's way whereon the flowers of altruism might and could have bloomed, and will pass out with the prayer of the Publican upon his lips!

Regrets?

Many who have selflessly spent themselves in work and service for their dear ones, aye, and for strangers, will yet look back and say:

“If I could re-live my life I would do better!”

But, except for dreadful paroxysms of fear—fear of the myriad hostile presences he might meet in the Life

To Come—this emperor's thoughts were what they had been always—petty thoughts of self, self, self and again self!

As for regrets—

He who had strewn his own country, not to mention others, with famine, pestilence, and death; who would have girdled the world with blood to compass his own ends had no regrets except that he had failed in his purposes! Among the resentments he carried with him into The New Conditions of Spiritual Existence was a huge contempt for the mistake of the chaplain who had interceded with The Almighty for him as a sinner profoundly in need of Divine Mercy. What an abject coward this same chaplain was now that he, the emperor, lay helpless! Always before he had introduced him to God as a haloed saint for whom eulogies not supplications were the fitting presentment. After the prayer his remaining friends had left his bedside. These had been followed by the attendants, and he had died alone!

After his passing he disengaged himself from his time-withered earthly integument as easily as one shakes off a loosened cloak; and, moving to an accustomed chair, began at once to realize The New Conditions of Life. He felt his intellectual powers to be heightened incomparably. He felt well, strong, and boundingly active, with intense clarity of mental and actual vision. So far so good! He had come into his own at last; but. . . .

Spirit must have covering of course. He examined his new appearance carefully, and decided that it was by no means appropriate to One of The Elect. His earthly flesh had been re-

placed by an enveloping form that possessed a shadowy visibility, great etheriality, and a recognizable resemblance to his mortal ego, but strangely repulsive, and unhandsome. Of what did this dreadful spirit-covering consist? A momen't keenly awakened thought, and he knew: The brain, the organ of thought, the seat of mentality, the director of the human spirit had been busy during earthly life in making provision for him after death. His new guise was a tissue woven of thought, or rather thoughts—a guise that he must bear throughout eternity, or until that spirit were born anew. The mirror opposite showed him the garb in all its repulsiveness. Vanity, conceit, unholy ambitions were the warp; violence, evil tempers, cruelty, and disregard of the rights and feelings of all other creatures the woof of the strange covering the color of which was greyish black, and filthy looking. It served as clothing also. Thought filaments indescribably finer than corn-silk enringed his head and face, and fell around him a shadowy cloak, the whole being part of the new integument and unremovable. He realized at once that it would be the raiment of convictism in the spirit world, and he tried with a mighty effort to tear it off. He might as well have tried to rend the Infinity into which he had passed. His chaplains, and other sycophantic people had always given him to understand that he was one of The Elect; indeed he knew the fact without assurance from outsiders; but how could he possibly enter Heaven in this outrageously unsuitable attire?

The shimmer of gold, and rainbow colors caught his eye. It was from the fabric of his dressing-robe that hung across the framework of his bed. The robe was a priceless creation, one of the gifts of a sultan. Something like that now! He made a movement towards it.

The entrance of attendants attracted his attention. They proved to be the lesser members of the household staff—the servants of the servants, in fact.

Their entrance into his august presence unbidden would have offended him hugely at any time. At this time they had entered without salutes, laughing and talking jovially, and they commenced their duties without ceremony. To his horror and fury they began to handle the poor, helpless, mortal remains of him with anything but reverence. They tossed the clothing he had worn in his last hours, the dressing-robe among them, to the floor, and kicked them into a heap, and he knew that the contemptuous usage of their feet for the purpose was the expression of their derision, not of the clothes, but of the late wearer of the clothes. He admonished them angrily. They continued their task roughly, unheeding; then, overcome with rage, he flew at them, and struck, and buffeted, and tore at them furiously. All to no purpose; his smashing blows fell upon the empty air. He learned then that he had passed into dimensions other than those of length, breadth, and thickness; that he had crossed the Boundary beyond and outside of mortal ken; meanwhile the servitors continued their work roughly, coarsely, utterly indifferent to what he had been in mortal life. That they might have accorded such treatment to some low-class, criminal malefactor was conceivable, but his sacred, imperial remains!

He heard one of them remark that he hoped the old dog was not anywhere about; whereat another replied:

"Be at ease. This old carcass is the end of him. Dogs have no souls, especially dogs of his breed!"

This was too much. He was powerless it seemed to avenge their insults. He must go.

His last look was at the mirror. He noted with a passion of regret that was torment that his face showed the loathly hue, and texture of the rest of him. Vanity had been one of his strongest weaknesses since his pampered childhood at which time an aged relative had remarked of him that he was the handsome and clever

child of the family. He had no wish to meet this aged relative now, for more reasons than one. . . . He passed out into the night.

His power of movement seemed unlimited. He traveled easily and swiftly, being piloted by a Force to which he, perforce, responded as if he were a mere mechanism. He found himself traveling towards the scene of one of his earthly triumphs, a great battlefield. Straight and swiftly he journeyed with a propulsive movement like a shell from a cannon's mouth, or some other mere thing; meanwhile he experienced the sensation of hunger and thirst with a keenness characteristic of all his newly found senses. He decided that these sensations were strange and marvelous indeed. If The New Conditions involved hunger and thirst they furnished food also. He became highly curious to partake of this unknown sustenance.

His wish was to be gratified it seemed. He came to rest in the vicinity of some huge vats, the appearance of which was entirely new to him. He hovered around them curiously. He found that they were two-thirds full of some yeasty, brown, partly fluidic substance. The very sight and thought of food set him ravening for it. Undoubtedly, however, this was human food. Would he be allowed to touch it? Remembering his adventure with the attendants he felt uncertain, and reached for it dubiously. To his great relief he found he could touch the side of one of the vats. He thanked God who had granted this marvelous and special favor, and had made him free of both worlds. God had been his friend always.

A rough, metal dipper hung near. He filled it from the contents of the vat. A great piece of food floated in it. In his voracious hunger he took it out of the fluid, and, crouching, tore it to pieces like a cave-man.

But he could not eat it. Starved, and choked with thirst, he could neither eat nor drink. The stuff was putrescent, and indescribably horrible. Moaning with the torture of the fam-

ine-stricken, he moved around the vats despairingly. On one of them the formula of the contents was inscribed in rough lettering:

Water, 200 gallons.

Meat, 10 pounds.

Potatoes, 2 bushels.

Other vegetables as may be spared.

He looked around curiously, and recognized the place. It was one of the prison camps of the enemy soldiers. He searched the place carefully, but could find no other food; meanwhile he deduced the reason for the dreadful flavor of it: The prison officials systematically, and of a purpose had neglected to cleanse the vats. They would argue that any filth was good enough for enemy prisoners. Undoubtedly, but any filth was not good enough for their emperor who had fared sumptuously every day. He raged vainly. No creature but himself was in sight; but he would have those prison orderlies brought out and shot, wherever they were. Then the urge of haste grew upon him. He was to travel again it seemed. Again the unknown Force speeded him on his way as if he were a football of destiny.

He found himself standing upon what had been a battlefield. All was silence then—silence and the poor, mortal remains of the glorious souls who had given all for country and kindred. Their number was so great that the earth of this last resting-place was covered with them. Some lay in heaps where the huge guns had mown them down; some lay singly, resting as if asleep; some were mere grisly fragments imbedded in dreadful ooze. He noticed how thin and emaciated were many of the bodies of his own soldiers—as if they had marched and fought many a weary time without sufficiency of rationing.

The emperor became indignantly sorry for himself. Horrors such as these were not for his august vision. The spectacular and glorious aspects of the battlegrounds had been the only sights deemed suitable for an All-mightiness such as he. Throughout

the war he had directed the military operations from a safe and pleasant distance; now here he was in the very midst of the sicknening stench of battle unable to remove himself, and with his olfactory sense supernaturally and agonizingly intensified!

Another discomfort was causing him unspeakable rage and humiliation: He who might have been emperor of the world found himself infested with swarms of parasitic life. He was yet detained in the region of material things — very material, and very deeply ignominious things! What was the name given them by the enemy soldiers? Cuties? No, cooties! They were tormenting his sacred person as if he were a common private in the ranks!

Black-winged terror enfolded him. He knew that the poor sacred remains strewn all about him were powerless to harm him, but the spiritual entities of them also had passed into The New Conditions. Suppose he were to meet a great host of enemy spirits? That they had been called in a different direction to a different reception, did not occur to him.

He must try to get away. His purpose was to return to his own palace, but he was caught like a straw in the wind, and propelled in the opposite direction by the unknown Force that held him in its mysterious and fearful guidance.

He journeyed slowly this time, while strange and terrible earthly scenes unfolded scroll-like to his keen vision; ruined cathedrals, their sacred contents overthrown and destroyed; roofless nunneries, the holy sisters lying slain by shell-fire beside defaced altars; shattered homes showing wanton wreckage and defilement; foodless market-places; empty barns; barren fields—he saw all these for the first time; saw them with the keen and flawless vision of an immortal. What dreadful mistakes his military commanders had made! What need of all this wreckage?

He found himself free to remain beside what once had been a fountain of

purest water in the deserted market-place of one of the beautiful cities he had swept out of existence. No living creature was near; no sound broke the awful silence. The dim light might have been the emanation from a charnel-house. He and war's ruin were alone together.

He longed with an intense longing for the sound of a human voice—cries, shrieks—anything that told of life!

As if in answer to the longing he became aware of a faint moaning. It proceeded from the ground near his feet. The sound was the cry of a child—of a slender girl thing, very small and young. It was a peasant child of one of the countries he had conquered; it was well dressed. He remembered contemptuously that the peasant parents would expend the earnings of many days to dress their children.

It had been under the hoofs of a passing cavalry-horse apparently, for the little bonnet—and of course the pretty head inside the bonnet—was all crushed, and gory. Its starlike eyes were ringed with dark shadows, its face was corpse-like, and its faint cry was the moan of starvation hunger.

He must feed and succor this child; but how? With what? He well knew that in all that ruined city was no means of succor. He tried to enfold and hush it; but he was not permitted to touch it. While he still tried to do so two people ran into sight—a woman pursued by a soldier. Then the supreme crime to womanhood was enacted before his eyes. For one terrible moment as he glanced at the woman's face he thought it was his own daughter; but, no; as beautiful as his daughter; delicately bred and nurtured, but not his daughter; a woman of the masses. He reflected that women of the masses would not be likely to suffer greatly from insults that would mean death to the high born classes. He reflected too that "soldiers in war time must have diversion."

The emperor became more and

more deeply sorry for himself. War's worst horrors brought intimately to the vision and hearing of him who had all but reigned conqueror of the world—a master of the destinies of the human race. It was unseemly; it was appalling; unfitting.

He MUST find God.

During his life on earth this emperor had been many-sided in his capacities. True those capacities were of a mediocre kind that would never have interested his fellow men in any marked degree had he been of less exalted station. Still he had prided himself upon his ability to do creative work. He could paint pictures, preach sermons, write books—all better than the best—or so his flatterers had assured him. Withal he had been a deeply religious, and magnificently devout emperor. The study of The Sacred Scriptures, very especially the life, and death of The Great Founder of Christianity, had interested him greatly. Unfortunately, however, he had read the Divine History through the devil's spectacles; naturally, therefore, he had esteemed it faulty, and puerile in the extreme compared with what he, himself, could have done, had he himself set about the work of saving mankind. The basic error of the Christ Creed, in his estimation, was the Doctrine of Free Will. For this blessed and priceless mortal privilege he would have substituted the Doctrine of Force. Manifestly absurd also was the tenet that in God's sight all men were equal! Then the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount; of the Golden Rule! of the power of Love Divine; all these, according to the emperor, were far too feeble, and inadequate. He had other formulae in mind for the guidance of the Human Race. He intended to conquer the world by the Doctrine of Force at no matter what cost of blood, and tears, and death. Then, having attained to the heights supreme of world rulership, the settlement of mere religious questions would be easy. The point of view of the great

masses of the people were to be kept centered rigidly upon their natural and fitting destiny—servitude! Give the common herd a working day of twelve hours; keep them at it strictly officered, and very little would be heard from them on the subject of religion; very little indeed.

As for the privileged classes—the real people of the world as differentiated from the common herd before mentioned—he himself intended to be their religion on all points; but the lives of these higher classes would be so happily removed from the usual incentives to wrong doing that they would have very little need of religion at all—which would be as well perhaps.

In the meantime death had removed him from the scene of his prospective triumphs and sent him to the Wrong Side of Things—to the sort of No Man's Land—to the chosen haunt of the Doctrine of Force—the Mysterious Force that conveyed him where It chose. He pondered these matters as he waited beside the ruined fountain, and the urge grew upon him to seek The One Being in the Universe Who was greater than he. He must find God!

He made a great leap upwards, and the world of finite things became lost to his view. So! He was in the right path at last.

But what seemed to be the star-strewn cosmos proved to be an inaccessible dead wall. He waited in an agony of longing, a shadow suspended in the void of Infinity. He prayed then; prayed with his whole consciousness merged in his great desire—only to find God! Years, ages, aeons? Time was not. Only God and God's Universe remained, and still he prayed.

At last a distant light; a power vouchsafed to him to journey toward that light. At last; at last the fruition of his desire; the fulfilment of his one remaining hope. The light grew nearer steadily.

But it seemed a very earthly light, a very lurid glow. He approached it

awe-stricken and afraid.

It was only a brazen statue of himself as he had been at the height of his earthly power. It had been his favorite piece of sculpture. That expression of imperial might carven so truthfully into the face of brass? His awakened and intensified consciousness recognized it now for what it was—a callous contempt for all humankind. Was it possible that the world of humanity had been able to read and interpret the expression also?

The statue fell into the void below, the deeps of which seemed to be the haunt of The Foul Fiend. The statue fell a thing insensate yet not insensate, for the mockery of demons looked out of its eyes, and, as it passed him close, it seemed to whisper:

"Come! We who pass through the Gate of Destruction are a merry company of murderers. Join us and be our chief supreme."

But because he had been a mortal the blessed right and privilege of free-will remained to him even in that awful No Man's Land between earth and hell. It constituted his one superiority over the devils. It gave him right and power to refuse them; then, because he had exercised that right and power they left him; and again he waited, a baleful shadow in the Void of Infinity.

A light-ray through the semi-darkness of that awesome anti-chamber of the worlds journeyed towards him, increasing in brilliancy as it came. Speedily the blessed source dawned upon his vision: A marvelous galaxy of worlds surrounding a central sun. His enormously increased powers of vision enabled him to discern the glory of the sight, and it was drawing nearer.

He recognized it for what it was—the abode of the spirits of the blest. So! Heaven, it seemed, was drawing nearer to him.

It was given him to discern the light celestial of that central sun break into its own colors of loveliness, the beauty of which no terrestrial hue can

afford the feeblest conception.

He found himself speedily in the path of that wonderful light. It shone directly upon his repulsive covering, so that the thought filaments showed more unspeakably hideous than ever before. Slinkingly he tried to place himself in the shadows from whence he had emerged, but the power to do so was denied him. The shadows were dispelled. The light grew ever nearer, and more magnificent, he himself the only blot in that region of purity, and beauty.

He was caught in the atmosphere of one of the worlds, and regained a sense of direction. He was descending not as a stone or a meteor would descend, but lightly, as a straw, or a dust atom. It was an atmosphere not of violence but of gentleness—a fitting encompassment for a world so blest. For it was a world. Again he had touched a region of material things, but in another and a fairer existence than ours.

He waited where he had descended. The waiting part seemed to be his eternal destiny. In the far distance he could discern living creatures. Some of these had been human, others the denizens of planets beyond human ken; but, whatever the material form, all were clothed as he in raiment of thought.

Only their attire was construed in lines of beauty, grace and brilliance, and all were touched with the fair hues of the celestial light so inconceivably splendid—the self-same light that revealed his own garb in all its gruesomeness.

These favored people seemed to glory in their power of unrestrained movement. Some walked with incomparable ease and swiftness; others ascended into the distant heights of their atmosphere, and were lost to his view. He had no doubt that they were free to travel throughout the whole divine galaxy of worlds that made their home did they choose to do so.

Especially he watched the children. These ascended, and descended in crowds just for the sport of the new

occupation exactly as mortal children would do. The children! The sight of them filled him with misery unspeakable. He knew why. His fellow mortals had called him the murderer of helpless women and little children.

As if he were responsible for the misdeeds of the low-lived soldiers and sailors in his service. The accusation was too gigantically absurd.

A woman with children attending her was approaching him. Attending her was the right description of their attitude. They had joined hands, and were encircling her as she moved, after the manner of the galaxy of their worlds attending the central sun. All moved swiftly, the children joyously, and with the abandonment and elan of mortal children at play, to which were added an indescribable grace and purity.

If he could only get away, and hide from this woman. Hell's depths would be a welcome refuge, for he had known her, and she him.

Shame sometimes is salutary, and often is excusable; but the shame the emperor felt had its source in the very small, and paltry in human nature. It was merely caused by the fact that the woman was more splendidly attired than he. Her raiment of thought filaments enringed her fair head in the same manner as did his own; but there the resemblance ended. Her cloak was light and of a purity transcendent; and throughout its warp and woof shone the glories of those celestial colors never yet envisioned by mortal sight.

Some savage beast—a wehr wolf—a fabled monster of the wild places—was what he most greatly resembled. His thought raiment, repulsive beyond compare at first, had become thickened, tangled, age-worn, and unclean. He tried to slink into the shadows again, but was powerless to do so. The Force—the Doctrine of Force! whose chief Exponent he had been in mortal life—held him still as a statue—the Statue of Sin, uncleaned and unshriven.

When he had last seen this woman she had been classed among the lowest of the fallen. Dressed in mud-splashed man's attire, and fastened between the traces of a dog-cart, her bitter lot in life had been to save by her own strenuous, and laborious work the output of labor of the men and horses of the emperor's native city. The load she had dragged had been far too heavy for her worn shoulders; and, as his splendid car had passed her sorry equipage, he, clothed in uniform white, and more splendid far than those of the medieval knights of chivalry, had smiled in self-satisfied scorn; for he had been her enemy, and the more bitterly so because he was the enemy of her country.

Both remembered that last occasion, as they faced each other, he inexpressibly abased, and mortified, she with the look of one who has turned back a forgotten page of unspeakable sadness.

In describing the wonderful spiritual intercourse that followed, the words "said" and "replied" are used for the sake of clearness. Theirs was thought converse entirely, and the spoken word did not pass between them. In that place thought was open and revealed, rendering the lie, and the speech of hypocrisy not useless only but impossible.

"You and I are not strangers," he said. "You are the woman who left your own country, and took up residence in mine to conceal an unfortunate event in your past life."

"To endeavor to conceal it," she amended.

"My imperial car ran you down one day as you attempted to cross a street," he continued. "I drove fast and furiously in those days, and was far above the speed laws of course; but I had you taken to a hospital, and cared for. Also I caused every detail of your past life to be searched out. You were a woman who had been repudiated by your husband in favor of a mistress, and you, remarkable to relate, had allowed the lie to stand unchallenged, and had left your native

country branded with undeserved dishonor."

"Because of the child, his and hers," she answered. "Always I had loved children greatly; and I could not see this one with the blot of undeserved disgrace attached to its innocent life. For this reason, and this only, I went away, and made no sign."

"The story filled me with incredulity," the emperor said. "I could not believe any woman's nature capable of ascending to such a height of sacrifice—especially a woman of the masses; but I had the story proven true—with incredible difficulty, I remember, but proven indubitably."

"Then I offered you wealth and position if you would work in my service, but you refused."

"You wished to install me in the Secret Service of your country," she replied. "If I had accepted I should have been sent as one of your chief spies to betray to you the political and social secrets of my own beloved land."

"Your services would have been tremendously valuable," he reflected, "and I was bitterly angry at your refusal. My reprisal was to have your husband's contemptible lie against you spread broadcast throughout the city, and elsewhere. You then were held as a woman of the underworld, and granted no higher work than that of sweeping the streets."

She made no reply. As in her mortal life, so now. Not hers to condemn a fellow creature, but to uplift. She was true to her nature, even as he had been to his.

The emperor noticed that a little child was sheltered beneath the folds of her cloak—a child whose eyes looked upon him with a timid shrinking in their wonderful depths.

"Is that the child for whom you sacrificed your all on earth?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she answered. "That child still lives the mortal life in safety and honor; this little one is one of earth's murdered children."

The emperor flinched at the word murder.

"When the children of earth die by violence and murder," she continued, "the shock to their budding lives is so terrible as almost to destroy soul, and spirit also. They come to us the weaklings of The New Conditions, needing special care, and deeper tenderness than all the others. Because of this need they are given into the charge either of the mothers who, having had children, have lost them, or of the women who, loving children, have never borne them." She smiled happily, the mother love and the Love Divine together beaming from her glorious eyes.

The emperor looked at the child again, and recognized it. Its mortal counterpart had lain dying at his feet in the deserted market place. He knew it transfigured though it was now, by the transcendent child loveliness that marked the other children who played near.

He looked around him longingly. Oh, to be free to live in this glorious place! He saw that it was a transition world, one of many perhaps between earth and Heaven—a place where life was attaining to its highest perfection. Masses of flower blooms near him evidently were endowed with sentient life, for they uplifted their wonderful heads in response when the children touched them caressingly. He saw quadrupedal life, the wild creatures tamed and gentle, holding thought converse one with another as they roamed the distant hills unyoked and untrammeled. He saw men and women in deep and unhindered spiritual communication—all the life of this favored ante-room of Heaven brought on and up to loftiest heights of intellect and understanding—and he outside and beneath it all.

He turned to the woman in an agony.

"Spirit of Greatness," he besought her, "tell me, oh, tell me how to find God! I have honored God always. I want Him to rid me of these filthy rags."

"You must pray," she told him.

"Pray!" he repeated with angry impatience; "I have prayed! For long I have been praying for deliverance from the terrible bonds that hold me."

"You must pray," she repeated. "It is the only way to draw near to Him. You must pray, but not for self—for others. The prayer for self lies where it falls; the unselfish and sincere prayer for others ascends to the Heights wherein God Himself is the Light."

The glorious transition world was receding from him. The shadows that had claimed him were approaching fast. Again he cried in soul agony:

"What shall I do?"

And again her answer reached him through the swiftly widening distance:

"Pray! but not for self; for others."

Again he waited a shadow among the shadows in the void of Infinity; but the influence of the blest life he had glimpsed had struck at the very root, and basis of his nature. The change in him had begun. For whom should he pray, he asked himself eagerly? For all the fellow creatures to whom his baleful life had brought injury, misery, disgrace, pain, loss,

torture and death! In thinking out the long, long tale of suffering he lost sight of his own needs completely for the first time since his passing. He must—he would—pray for all! Only by this means—the only means left to him now he remembered with unutterable anguish—could he find God! Only by the road of Prayer for Others could he approach Him! To him the once mighty potentate, had been given the task and way of a little child. Only by utter self-effacement—he who had lived for self always—could his filthy raiment be changed into the Wedding Garment.

He began by praying for the poor prisoners—the soldier captives, who had sacrificed their all on earth for their country's need; and whose earthly reward had been hardships inconceivable—starvation, stripes, fiendish tortures, insults and death! His first, his very first, sincerely, earnestly unselfish prayer was for all such as these.

The Change had begun. A single strand of his terrible cloak now glowed with the radiance of The Light Celestial. The spirit of humility had begun its transcendent work.

A VANISHED HAND

Often at night, when the stars come out,
And the sun sinks low in the west,
I feel your hand, its gentle touch,
Soothes me, and lulls me to rest.

It smoothes my forehead, and o'er my face,
Passes its finger tips,
It closes my eyelids, strokes my hair,
And lovingly presses my lips.

Many years have come and gone,
And I am growing old,
Yet each night, I feel that vanished hand,
As I did, when your love you told.

—Marion Evans Herold.

The Whistling Telegraph

By Frederic H. Sidney

These two thrilling incidents in the life of a tower signalman show how a man can at one time be a brave clear headed hero and at another as timid as a woman screaming at a mouse.—*Editor.*

WHEN Signalman Jones came to "WG" signal tower, he brought with him his pride and joy, the instrument which hovered about his lips on most of his waking hours when his big fingers were not pounding the telegraph key, or throwing back and forth the heavy levers. This instrument was the simple tin fife which had given him his nickname. Paderweski never felt for his piano nor Kreisler for his violin such joyful enthusiasm as "Tootie" Jones for this simple emitter of sound.

"She can say anything I tell her to," he boasted to Sam Green, the station agent at "WG" Junction, when after hours he strolled into the station. "She's better'n the telegraph to ease a man's mind when he's riled up. I can just sling it out and never stop to hear what the darn fellow on the other end has to say about it."

The station agent was irritated by the mention of the telegraph, which had been removed from the station to the new signal tower, thus saving the salary of an assistant agent.

"Huh!" he grumbled. "Its all very well for you; you've got both machinery and whistle. The road's saving a pile by having the wires up in the tower, but how am I going to keep in practice on the Morse? Some time I want to leave this blasted wilderness and work at a station where I'll see more than three passengers a day. I'll never get the job if I'm rusty on telegraphy."

"Too bad," commented the kind hearted Jones, and fell to whistling "I Love a Lassie."

Early the next morning, he appeared with a smile on his broad, brotherly face.

"Say," he cried, "I've an idea that this little fife can help you some."

"I'd like to know how that ten cent bit of tin can do all you claim for it?" grinned Sam, with a contemptuous glance at the inordinately prized whistle.

"Sure—I'll demonstrate. In five minutes I'll be up in the tower, and when you hear me tooting on my tin wonder, you just hustle out on the platform and cock your ear for what's coming."

On the dot of time, Sam heard the call of the whistle and running to the end of the platform listened agape to the Morse alphabet done into ringing musical tones.

"Bless my skin!" he cried to the somnolent station. "If that isn't an O. K. message that engine 3648 is at Mountainview."

After that Jones transmitted all messages from the tower to the station by means of the "Whistling Morse." This kept Sam in practice in telegraphy, and made the two men fast friends. It was not business messages alone that Jones whistled. From his mateless aerie he tooted that the day was beastly warm, that the sun would never go down, that a girl named Lucy was a peacherine. Jones tooted everything that one lonely man would say to another.

As Jones sat in his tower one June day, whistling "The Campbells Are Coming, O Ho!" he idly surveyed the railroad track. That dreary and fa-

miliar stretch was all he had to look at. From his high seat he could follow the shining tracks as they leaped away between the deep sides of the cut until they vanished in the pines. A movement in the underbrush arrested his attention. "Cows?" he asked himself for there was no wind. Then he saw a man's head beneath the swaying branches. Then another and another. "Wi! sound of trumpet, fife and drum," he whistled martially, but one hand reached for the powerful field glasses he always kept on the telegraph desk.

When he looked again the men's heads had disappeared and the struggling bushes were quiet. Slowly he swept the tracks. The three men emerged from the lower end of the cut and began to cross. Now one stooped and drove something into the ground between the rails. "Red flag stakes, wonder what they're up to?" thought Jones, not whistling now. He remembered the section men were working miles away down the road.

Quick as a flash his mind spelled the answer. "Train robbers planning to hold up Number 34, and get a rich haul from the mail and express cars." He leaned over the desk and opened the key. "I'll catch 34 at 'NA,'" he muttered, "and they can bring a sheriff and posse."

The operator at "NA" informed him that 34 had just left.

Jones set his lips grimly, determined to beat the robbers for all that. Again he directed his glasses on the cut. The three robbers were evidently holding a consultation. Then they walked into the woods. Picking up his tin whistle he began whistling the signal "CY" which was the one he used to signal the station agent with whenever he had any messages to communicate to him. "The chump is out in his garden," he fumed. He began to grow nervous. Jones did not dare to leave the tower for he did not want to lose sight of the movements of the men down at the cut.

Then Sam appeared around the corner of the station out of breath

and perspiring from his work in the garden which was his hobby. He looked up inquiringly at the tower and Jones whistled the following message: "There are hold-ups in the cut. They'll hold up 34 if we don't stop 'em. Phone Mountainview, send sheriff and posse cross lots to cut."

That was a long message and Jones panted when he finished. Sam stared, then pulled himself together, and sauntered into the station, all was as quiet as before.

Jones now directed his field glasses on the cut. A curve in the road, and the wall of the cut hid the tower from their view, but Jones could look over the tops of the scrubby trees right down on them. All unconscious that they were watched, they dragged heavy logs from the woods and piled them on the tracks. They evidently intended to make sure of stopping 34.

"Almost time for 34," thought Jones. Would the sheriff never come? Impatiently he looked along the village road. To his great joy an automobile rushed along the road, and turned and sped in the direction of the cut.

Jones knew the sheriff by the glittering star on his coat that tightly fitted his bulky form. A horde of tramps passing through the hills that summer had showed such ingenuity in collecting chickens, eggs and fruit from the farmers that the irate inhabitants pounced on the biggest man in the county and elected him to the office of sheriff. Cautiously he and the four deputies who attended him crept through the trees and crawled along the top of the cut. Throwing themselves on their faces, they peered over the brink. The sight of the men hauling logs across the track was evidently too much for the new sheriff. Jones could almost see his smooth fat face grow crimson. He started up on his elbow and the movement loosened a small stone. It rolled halfway down the wall of the cut, gave a bound and landed on the bent neck of an absorbed robber. The fellow leaped to his feet and caught a dissolving view of the five heads stretched over the

top of the cut. Instantly he whipped out a revolver. The sheriff though he had not been sheriff long, had been a sportsman thirty years, and before the robber could fire, he put a ball from his automatic 44 through his leg felling him. The other two men answered his command to throw up their hands by oaths and shouts of rage; and wild shots. As they fired, they moved down the track toward the shelter of the woods. One robber assisting the wounded one, and the third man trying to cover their retreat. Once they reached the woods, they could hold the officers at bay until darkness set in and then make their escape. The sheriff and his posse were determined to prevent this, and they crept rapidly along, sheltering themselves behind boulders at the top of the cut. All this time they kept up a rapid fire with their automatic, which the robbers returned shot for shot.

"If I were there, I'd wing those fellows so they'd drop their guns," cried Jones, like a Napoleon on his island watching the world at war. He caught up his whistle and signalled the station agent who was pacing restlessly to and fro on the station platform.

"Leave the blame old station to me," he whistled. "I don't think there's any danger of any more 'hold-ups' coming from this way to help the gang down the track. If any show up, I'll throw my gun on 'em from up here. You run down the farther side of the track and get behind a tree in the woods and stop the robbers before they get 'under cover' and make a 'get away.' You have your gun haven't you?"

Sam made an expressive movement toward his hip.

"Run like the devil, then," called Jones, "I'm afraid they'll get away."

Sam gave a joyful wave and disappeared.

Just to encourage Sam, Jones started "See the Conquering Hero Comes." It was a happy thought sending Sam.

Meanwhile the robber who had been shot fainted from loss of blood. His companion slowly dragged him toward

the scrub. Once in the cover of the bushes, they could no doubt hold their own with the officers and eventually escape.

Then, suddenly out of the woods, with a yell calculated to send the shivers galloping along the stiffest spine, the station agent with his gun in his hand sprang out of the woods. One of the robbers saw the agent, and with an oath he fired point blank at him, missing him by a narrow margin. Before he could fire again, a bullet from the station agent's gun had crashed through his shoulder, and his body crumpled up and he fell face downward. The robber who had been covering the retreat of his comrade trying to drag the wounded one along seeing Sam's entrance into the fray, now turned his attention to Sam. Before Sam could shoot, he had shot a hole through Sam's station agent cap, spoiling the glittering badge and singeing Sam's hair.

The sheriff and his posse up in the rocks hearing Sam's yells peered from behind the boulders in time to witness Sam's sensational entrance into the fight. Just as the robber was about to take another shot at Sam, who was more or less dazed by the effects of the bullet that had furrowed through his hair and grazed his skull, the sheriff leaned on a boulder, took a quick and careful aim, and though the distance was rather long for a pistol shot, he sent a bullet between the robber's shoulder blades and he topp'd over with a groan.

Just then Number 34 whistled (—) twice in answer to the red flag signal in the cut. Jones ran over to the train and explained the situation to the train crew who assisted in loading the wounded robbers into the baggage car to be unloaded at Mountainview where the county jail was located.

The passengers were very much startled at the sight of the wounded men and armed posse.

"It was 'Tootie' Jones and his tin whistle that saved your train from being held up in the cut today," said the station agent to the conductor. Jones

climbed into the baggage car while one deputy said behind to drive the sheriff's automobile back to the village. On the way to the Junction Sam gave the conductor of 34 a full account of the affair in order that he might account for the delay of his train which was a very important one, on account of the mail and express which it carried. When 34 pulled by the tower, the passengers crowded out on to the platforms of the cars and gave "Tootie" a mighty cheer. Jones then took up his whistle and fell to playing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

SIGNALMAN JONES HEARS STRANGE SOUNDS.

"That's the most grawsome story I ever read," exclaimed Signalman Jones as he threw down the Telegraph Age he had been reading. "I hate murder stories anyway," he cried.

The story Jones had just read told of how a telegraph operator had been cleaning out a closet in his office; and happened to pick up an old dust covered box relay lying on the floor with other rubbish. This operator adjusted the relay spring while he held the instrument in his hand; the most natural thing in the world for a telegrapher to do. No sooner had the relay been adjusted than it ticked off the following message:

"My name is Brown. I was operator and agent at 'XY' office in Texas, near the Mexican border. Just as I was about to close the station one night after the last train, three Mexicans entered the station, shot me and left me dying on the floor while they rifled the cash drawer." Then the instrument stopped ticking.

The story went on to say the young man swooned as the message ended because this Brown was his brother of whom nothing had been heard of for a number of years. The mystery of his disappearance was now solved. The young operator was found unconscious on the floor of his office by some trainmen, the relay was clutched in his

hand. After he was revived he told them the story.

Jones was very much affected by this narrative. He paced the floor of the tower rapidly for several minutes trying to work off his nervousness. Then he sat down at the telegraph desk and listened to the "OS" (train reports). The nearest train was an extra freight, and it would not reach him for two hours. It was then midnight, the night was warm, and Jones had the tower windows open. After a while a gentle breeze sprang up, and strange and mysterious sounds were wafted down off the mountain top. The wires were quiet and Jones could hear distinctly every sound from the outside. It was in the springtime and the river was in flood, he heard the roar of the waters as they rushed along under the bridge, and sped toward the distant sea. The hoot of a night owl and the baying of a hound sent the shivers chasing up and down his spine.

"What ails me?" he cried aloud. "These sounds never affected me before. It's that damn grawsome story. I wish I had never read it." Just then a distant station "os'd" the extra freight as having departed at one fifteen a. m., then the wires were quiet again.

"That extra will reach here about two fifteen. I wish to goodness they were here now. They'll stop for water, and maybe Jim Hall will drop in and shoot off a little hot air about the tariff; and how Martin's extra is always delaying him. Perhaps his line of talk will help me work off this fit of blues."

Just then Jones was conscious of a faint ticking coming from the lower room of the tower. What could it be? There were no telegraph instruments down there. All that was kept in that room was coal and oil. The room was unlighted. Jones picked up his lantern and started down the stairs to investigate. Then the ticking grew louder. The lantern dropped from Jones' hand, he nearly fainted with fright.

"My God," he cried, "it's some one telegraphing the same message I read in that story tonight. It's probably the murdered operators' spirit haunting this tower."

The ticking continued, and repeated the same message over and over again.

"If I knew it was a live man," said Jones, "I'd take my gun and go down those stairs mighty quick. But I'll be hanged if I want to tackle a ghost."

Jones thought of firing his pistol down the stairs to see if it would frighten the spook away. He took his pistol from the drawer, but his hand trembled so he put it back. The mysterious ticking continued sometimes faintly and then louder. Poor Jones was on the verge of a collapse. Just then there came a long blast of a locomotive whistle. It was the extra freight whistling for his signal.

"Thank God," said Jones, as he sprang at the levers.

The extra freight pulled up to the water plug, and Jim Hall, the conductor jumped off the engine and ran up to the tower for his customary chat. As Jim opened the door, Jones ran down the stairs to meet him.

"What ails you Jones?" he cried. "You're as pale as a ghost."

"Oh, I read a story that upset me," replied Jones.

"Stop reading the *Yellows* at night, kid, or they'll give you the horrors. Why they are almost as bad as rot gut

whisky," said Hall.

Just then the ticking began again. They both cast startled glances around the room, which was now dimly lighted by the freight conductor's lantern.

"There," said the keen eyed Hall. "That's what's been worrying you," and he pointed to the window on the opposite side of the room, on the sash of which was a piece of tin about six inches square, such as telegraphers use when writing manifold carbon copies of train orders.

"See, it's only a piece of tin," said Hall. "It's balanced in such a way it rattles every time the wind blows a little strong. I suppose you thought that was the ghost of some dead operator trying to send you a message?"

"That is just what I did think," replied Jones, "and it has been worrying me for three hours, and I was mighty glad when you whistled in."

"Don't worry about dead people, kid," replied Hall. "They won't hurt you. Good night, Jones," he said, as two long blasts from the locomotive whistle told him his train was ready to move.

Further adventures of Signalman Jones by F. H. Sidney will appear next month. Mr. Sidney is a second Cy Warman, the late writer and poet of the Rocky Mountains, whose railroad stories made him famous. — *Editor.*



Cactii of the New Mexican Deserts

By Felix J. Koch

IT is a fact probably never brought to the attention of that class of our American citizenship who are readers of magazines, that there are scores of persons, men, of course, principally—away down in the far Southwest, whose only living companions, from week-end to week-end, and in certain isolated cases, from month-end to end, are the cactii of the desert.

West of the Pacos they do not use the word *cactii*. It is *cactus*, singular and plural. These men come to love the cactus as others do pet animals. It is almost a revelation to ride out, desertward, and hear them dilate on their wonders.

Everywhere in the lone New Mexican deserts there are vast stretches of greasewood, the low shrub with the leaf like the myrtle; that is the one saving bit of color to the scene. Hidden by these patches are mines, some of them never worked, but simply bored and tunneled—some of them with the finest machinery installed. The money of the several companies, however, may for the time being have given out, and so mine watchers are employed to pitch camp at these shafts and live, maroons on the Great American Desert until released. Only once a week do these fellows come to town, the rest of the time they are out with the cactus.

There is the tall dagger cactus, so much like the yucca of our gardens. Ubiquitous on the desert is the corn-cob cactus, sweet reminiscence of better days to its folk. A thousand miles from a corn stalk, and with nothing better than canned succotash to recall it, the desert blossoms with a cac-

tus that was named for the somewhat similarly shaped maize.

Up beyond the combs of low, blue mountains that rise over in the desert grows the soto-weed, likewise very tall, and with the great spire-like dried blossoms standing anywhere from ten to a dozen feet above ground. Thorny bushes, possibly cactus of some future ago, now in course of evolution, grow beneath in its shadows. The okatare, too, is there, just a set of pokers, as it were—green, though and armed with spines, rising in a clump from the earth.

If one drive out farther in the beautiful rolling desert, over the beds of prickly pear and among the white sage brush areas, the devil's pin-cushions, a low, yellow-seeding variety of cactus may be found. There is no taste to that seed, but it is eatable and will sustain life, so that many a miner has been saved from utter starvation by taking to this insipid diet.

Nature seems to have provided for man in the cactii of the desert. Remove the spines, and only man can do this, and not a few contain a sap that will substitute water admirably. The fruit of other varieties is splendid, in fact, it is much coveted in the desert towns. Then there is the crackling fire, yielded by the cactus. What more would you desire?

The long spines serve for needles in time of pinch, the endless tough fibers for thread. This plant sends up a stack often ten or fifteen feet in height, from which there comes the splendid waxy flower of our own home yucca. The love of the aesthetic then bubbles up in the heart of the mine-watcher on the desert, and he will cut down

the half dozen of these stalks and bear them to his home, simply for the pleasure of having them about him. Not that they are few and far between. There are stretches along the railway where, for mile on mile, rise these blossoming heads of cactus. Only, the desert folk are ungrateful.

Hot as it may be in the daytime, the nights are cold. The sun has parched the dagger, so the lonely prospector or the miner strikes a match and set fire to the plant. It burns almost without smoke, one elegant red glow, until the flames strike the stem, and then they leap upward as a torch in the night-time.

It makes you think of old Indian times, to see these flaring torches over the desert. Another purpose too is served, besides giving heat and serving as fuel to cook the meal of the

miner, the fires ward off the coyote—*kiote*, it is, out West, and also the little red desert foxes, that may bear off bits of food in the night-time.

In the shadow of the dagger grows the *clap-weed*, famed for its medicinal properties. Get stuck by a cactus and apply the *clap-weed's* juice and you will be healed, say the miners. Is it a wonder that the miners love the cactus?

Someone has suggested that the plants be analyzed as clue to what ore might obtain in the soil beneath, but the suggestion has not yet been tested. Perhaps then, some day the cactus will be the lode-stone, too, to indicate hidden fortune.

Until then, however, the vast beds of the green wave in the sand storms of the wastes, breathing perfume on desert air.

N O W R E S T

In Memory of HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Now Rest—

When Humility yet was the key-note
 In the heart of this man who has trod
 Through all bigness that this world can offer,
 And yet retained thought for his God—
 Small wonder that he should be given
 In this turbulent world of complaints
 That comforting solace from Heaven,
 That has sweetened the lives of the Saints.

'Neath the shade of *Humility's* grandeur;
 In the scope of its wonderful span—
 His heart felt the simple requirements
 That surrounded his plain fellow man,
 And led his affection to children;
 They were rest from the world's scathing rod—
 May his good deeds now place him forever
 With those whom he loved—and with God!

—Anna A. Tansey.

Fate Spins the Web

By Mary Moore Hickey

THE late afternoon light came filtering through the crimson window of "Our Saviour's Chapel" and touched the purple casocked figure of a kneeling priest, who with white head raised to face the golden altar cross and arms leaning on prayer-rail, hands folded, seemed to be thinking of memories rather than of prayers.

It was the habit of Father Galbraith, with the glowing brown eyes to spend an hour whenever possible in this spot and as things creep from tongue to tongue even in the seclusion of cloisters, the younger priests and students—favorites of the soldier-priest—had decided that from this hour was derived the refreshment for the priest's vitality which spent itself so vigorously and gloriously, like a torch of good-will, comradeship and leadership, among his people. As to his meditations—it was enough for them to believe that if inspiration was given by divinity, here was a clear case to prove it; and theirs was a secondary inspiration to behold the clean-cut face, to feel the vibrant personality, to hear the deep, full voice before the high altar.

Older priests remembered the year after the war when a bowed, iron-grey head had entered their church; they remembered a dark, drawn face, full of the beauty of sadness; they remembered the eyes, sunken and hidden under lids so often closed; they had seen the figure, quiet, restrained; they had heard the voice toned to low key in the church school; in contrast, they remembered ordination of the black haired youth who had gone, the chosen from among them, to be

chaplain to his state's volunteers. Hearing of his mission accomplished, they had prayed for his continued success. With the coming of each letter of enthusiasm, sympathy and human-heartedness, they had looked forward to a joyous return. The letters had ceased and had begun again with tales of wounds and of a delightful convalescence but they had contained a new tone—the Dean, who had read them before open gatherings, had termed it "more finished, with the keener edge to the niceties of discrimination."

Then there had been renewed battle activity, the report of death, the report denying death and, at last, the return of the boy changed to a man. With the loss of youth there was loss of the old time glow; the loss of the latter they had not expected but they respected his attitude and awaited health to bring back the old power and strength.

Ten years went by before Father Galbraith was himself again; it had been at an evening service that his voice had really seemed to become alive, and from that time on his work had resumed its encouragement and inspiration.

All had been thankful, all had reverenced the return; a boy's heart, seared by the sorrows of the battle-fields, a body, wrecked by shell and gas has arisen to do its part once more; the brotherhood rejoiced.

With the sound of rapid footfalls on the stones outside the chapel, the priest drew back from the shaft of evening light and watched a boy stumble into kneeling position at the end of the prayer-rail. Stifled sobs

shook the slender body and a black head tossed restlessly on arms folded along the rail. The priest waited; abruptly, the sobbing ceased, and a voice of peculiar beauty, fine timber and modulation gasped:

"Ma mere, ma mere, pourquoi estu morte? Pourquoi, pourquoi?"

Father Galbraith placed his hand on the boy's shoulder—the strain had been too much; evidently, spent by worry, his sorrow at last released, the boy at the touch of a kindly hand, lost the little consciousness left him and fell into arms ready to receive him.

Consciousness too soon returned but not until the priest had carried the body into his book-lined room and had laid it down on the great couch which, drawn up in front of the windows overlooking the city and the sunset, lighted the boyish features in sharp relief. It was then that the priest drew back, it was then that over his quiet face there crossed a look so self-absorbed, so stricken with love, surprise and recognition that had one known the story, one also might have traced the steps of memory.

"Confession, father, I have come to confess," a woman's voice had interrupted his noon-day walk along the sunlit spring pathways of the church garden ten years ago, and without raising his eyes the priest had said:

"Perhaps you are accustomed to some especial confessor?"

"No, any priest who will have the kindness to hear me will be the one. I am a stranger here." Something in the quiet way in which she spoke had put out of the priest's mind any further fancied hesitancy and, opening the church door, he had led the way to the confessional.

As the low voice had proceeded on an evidently planned account, he had become strangely stirred; he had forgotten the words in listening to the music of the tones which had suddenly ceased; horrified at his predicament he had been about to ask humbly for a repetition when the voice had continued with these words:

"I had a son, my first born, and I

named him 'David' after his own father; my husband, not liking his own name, was perfectly willing for he, too, liked the name I chose."

Then the poignant details had come back to him:

"As a graduate nurse in 1914, I sailed for France to help in a hospital located in the chateau of a friend of my aunt who lived in Paris. One day, after this country had entered the war, a chaplain seeming to be wounded in every part of his body save about his face, the rare beauty of which seemed sacrosanct, was brought in. It was a bad case which needed undivided attention; I gave it, and in the days of convalescence, I could not forget those brown eyes, the black hair, the very soul of the man that even in unconsciousness and in delirium had clung to life so purely; a vivid personality in sickness, in health, he became more than that.

"It was an off-hour when I went into the one lounging room reserved for the staff, empty in the late afternoon; the sun was sinking, spring was just slipping into summer, and my thoughts strayed home across the sea; there was an open piano near one of the long windows, and seating myself before it, I played one of the pieces scattered along the top; the music was faint and well suited to the mood of the evening; so engrossed was I that I did not hear the sound of an approaching wheel-chair which, self-propelled had glided in the direction whence the music came, and it was not until I had finished that strange, alluring 'L'allee est sans Fin' and had lifted my eyes from the keys to look out through the hazy distance of the sun that I realized that two had been listening, I and the chaplain. A second's glance into each other's eyes had spoken more than an hour's talk would have told.

"At last we grasped at the commonplace: he informed me of his approaching departure for Paris on sick leave; I mentioned my aunt and her house where so many of my former

patients had been made welcome. The chaplain thanked me and asked if it were not possible for us to meet there. I told him that there was no sign of leave for any of the nurses. He gained permission to write. Time pressed me toward duty and we said 'Good-bye.'

"While at dinner that night I collapsed. A transport of trucks was going through and I was shipped with them, arriving at my aunt's with orders to remain until fit for duty. It was there that the acquaintance between the chaplain and me was renewed and was extended into an engagement with prospects of an early marriage at the American Church. The night before the issuing of the license, word came of a concentrated effort along the front lines over which David held charge; he felt he should be there—men whom he knew urged his return with them, their leave being shortened by the order—it was very evident that he should go—what sacredness would those intimate days have held for either of us had we not obeyed the call by laying aside the order of the conventional world which we had almost forgotten existed? We parted in the knowledge that we had sacrificed something personal and we left each other joyous and courageous. As soon as he could, he would return; I would have the license and the good father would marry us. I was not to return to the hospital unless it was absolutely necessary. That very night the prefecture where our papers were signed was demolished by air raid. Seven days later, I was back at the hospital with the watch, the ring, and the book of prayer that David had left to be sent to me in case he should be killed.

"My work meant everything to me, and everyone tried to allot me unconcernedly the tasks I liked best to perform. So it was that I again was given an especially severe case which needed minute attention: the boy was the son of the owner of the chateau; he was in his own home, yet he hardly

knew it, and if efforts could be doubled to save lives, ours were in this case; the mother of the boy, the friend of my aunt, had been a mother to us all; and she had become indispensable to the staff; we loved her very dearly and the boy had to be saved! The crisis came. In his poor mind remained but one idea and that was to link himself before he died with the one face that was familiar to him during those fever, gas-stifled days of misery. He wanted me to become his wife; he begged the doctors to call a priest; he became frantic; the words of his mother were those of the staff:

"'He is to die, will you but have the ceremony it may quiet him, and his mind may be at last at rest. You will not be ashamed of the name.' Plainly here lay my duty.

"There seemed no hope for his recovery; by his bedside we were married; the marriage was a fact before the eyes of the law and no more. The boy began to change, gradually he returned to health, and his love for me remained the same. The mother was distressed and her distress was very real. It was then that I seemed to gain strength to see clearly that as long as the one for whom I cared was dead and as the position in which I found myself was not unbearable, it would be far better to make two people happy than to go away and live alone, knowing what misery I had left behind. So I made the dear lady believe that on account of my bereavement, I was only too glad to have my thoughts taken from myself and that I was sure that the situation which should be one of the happiest, would be so for me.

"We left for Switzerland where we were to live until the war was over. Etienne was entirely incapacitated, having developed a tendency toward tuberculosis and needing care at all times. My aunt came to live with us in our little Swiss village and the mother stayed in her chateau. During the first year I had a son, my first born, and I named him David after

his own father; my husband, not liking his own name, was perfectly willing, for he, too, liked the name I chose."

And the voice had gone on: "Three other children, girls, were born; all are under the care of my aunt with my husband at present. We are now back in the hospital-chateau where we returned to take care of my husband's mother in her last illness. It was she alone, beside myself, who knew that her son was not the father of my son; it was she who arranged and planned with me that no one save ourselves should know. Our plans were very successful. In five years my son will come here to complete his work that he may proceed upon the career which was his father's. His name is 'David Galbraith Arnauld' and you will guide him?"

Memory always stopped with this

finishing of the story, and, today a knock brought the priest more hurriedly to the present; he turned to open the door, and a French officer stood before him.

"David Galbraith, I am Etienne Arnauld. Virginia Eustace was thrown while riding over the old trenches where we held ground. She is dead."

The men grasped hands; eyes met eyes; the boy had half risen.

"Father, the father is so like the mother's portrait."

The Frenchman strode to the couch and slipped an arm gently about the boy:

"My son, this is the good friend of your mother. To his care I shall give you for the coming winter months. Then in summer, it may be arranged that he will return with you to France where he and I met many years ago. N'est-ce pas, mon ami?"

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"Twelfth United States Infantry, 1798-1919; Its Story — By Its Men."

The story of the Twelfth U. S. Infantry is unique in so much as it is the only book written and published by the men themselves. The "Twelfth" was for a time quartered at Camp Fremont, California. Then it was sent East and South. It was while in a Southern camp that the men did their writing. "Keeping Faith," one of the chapters, which we append, is by Frederic W. Ganzart, a California boy.

Keeping Faith—

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

The great privilege of going overseas was denied us. To others was given the glorious opportunity to grapple with the forces of Evil, to others was granted the right to battle for the sacred principles to which we dedicated our minds, our bodies, and our souls. It was not ours to traverse shell-plowed fields, to brave the perils of combat in the cruel light of star-shell, amid the pelting hail of shrapnel. Nor was it vouchsafed us to fall on gory field, our only dirge the roar of artillery and the shriek of projectile; not ours to lie beneath the lilies with the heroic dead long after the kindly years have healed the scars of today.

All this was for those who went before us. It was their appointed work and they did it well. We revere our warrior kindred who rest beneath the sward in Flanders field. We glory in their deeds and we hallow their mem-

ory. As long as man shall live, the epic of the Marne, Verdun, and the Argonne will inspire the quill of poet and the brush of painter.

To sing their praise were not enough. A greater task awaits us. We must carry on. Not in the tumult and carnage of battle as did our brave brothers, but in the furrowed fields and busy marts of a land blessed by peace. Ours to hold aloft the brand which fell from their dying grasp; we must keep aglow the altar fires of Freedom and Democracy; we must guard well that heritage rendered thrice sacred by the blood ransom paid on Flanders field. A solemn trust, a stern obligation ours—to keep the faith with those who wrote in their own blood the most glorious anthem in the Psalter of Humanity.

The Twelfth U. S. Infantry will be reviewed as a whole in our July issue.

From the press of G. P. Putnam, New York.

"The American."

Mary Dillon has caught the popular fancy by writing a love story that is typically American. She evidently realizes that we are a bit tired of dukes and nobles so she has given us "The American," a charming tale drawn from the picturesque life of our own people. The heroine of the story is a very winsome girl who leaves a life of luxury to devote herself to settlement work. She goes into the slums of a large city and lives in a settlement house. From thence on the story moves rapidly. How she meets and grapples with the problems that beset her in her new environs and the chain of events that follows are studies genial with humor and pathos. The blending of the old life and the new is well worked out, so well that we are kept wondering which man will win her heart, the rich man, a part of her old life, or the great hearted boy of her new life. Then comes the war and both men go overseas. But read it. It is all there and you will like it. I am not going to tell you any more.

The real secret of being a bore is to tell everything.

"The American," The Century Company, New York; cloth 12 mo. 299 pp. \$1.50.

"The Mystery of the 13th Floor."

The very word mystery is fraught with meaning. What subtlety lurks behind it. No story gives such a wide play to the imagination as the mystery one. When you link the number 13 to it there is a momentous psychological significance under it all and we are going to get at it. We are going to find it out for ourselves. Whoever reads the clever title which Lee Thayer has given to her latest book "The Mystery of the 13th Floor," will read that book. The story opens in an office on the 13th floor of a New York building. It is the office of a rich and famous old lawyer. He has just completed a new will. His stenogrphaher and private office clerk have witnessed it and just left it with him, when he is murdered in the most unaccountable way. The unfolding of the story is most absorbing and baffling. There are some stories that you can make a good guess of the end before the last chapter comes, but this mystery story is not one of them; it eludes you to the very end. Woven into the mystery is a strong and beautiful love story.

"The Mystery of the 13th Floor."—The Century Company, New York; cloth, 12 mo., 395 pp.—\$1.50.

"A Little Gray Home in France."

It is the purpose of the author of this charming narrative "A Little Gray Home in France," Helen Davenport Gibbons, to tell how our boys felt and talked over there and to give the bits of wit and wisdom they let fall, as they sipped hot chocolate before her open fire. It is a well written book and a kindly spirit glows all through it. Mrs. Gibbons with her husband and four children lived in a little chateau near St. Nazaire during the summer of 1918. The little cha-

teau was always open to the American doughboys of the nearby camps. It became a sort of home to many of them. With versatile ability the writer brings us into close harmony with "her boys." It is a revelation of their spirit and character and all good Americans can well be proud of them.

"A Little Gray Home in France," The Century Co., New York, cloth, ornamental 12 mo. 258 pp. \$1.50.

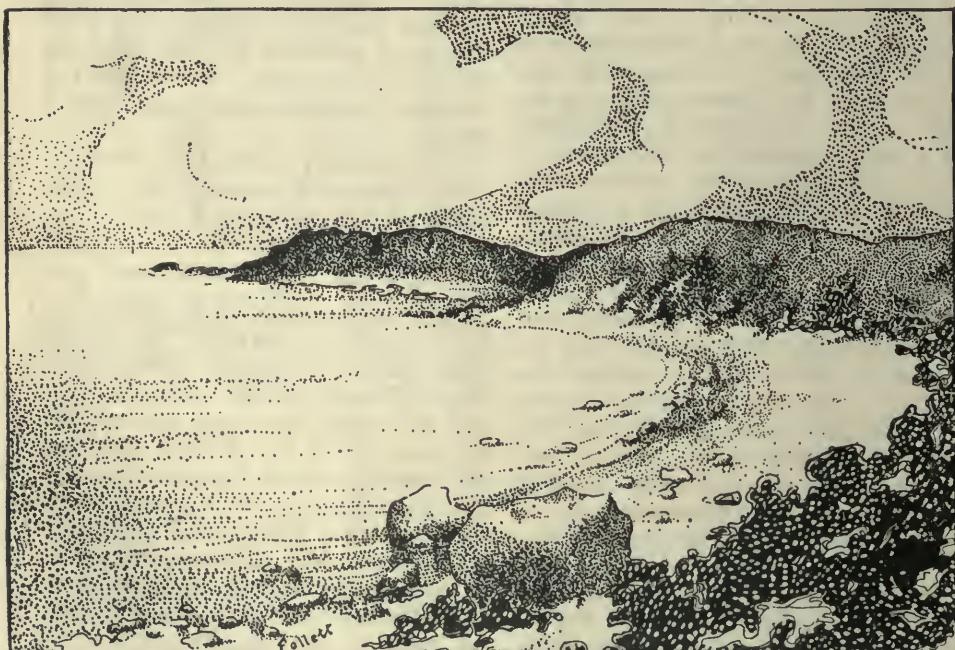
"The Long Years Ago Stories."

One of the most charming little story books, for the wee folk, that we have seen in many a day is Alice Ross Colver's new work, "The Long Years Ago Stories." It is no easy task to write children's stories. The small people are critical and it requires skill to catch their fancy, to keep them amused and to satisfy them. The author of these little tales of the birds and the animals that lived in the

"Sunshine and Shadow Forest" certainly has that rare faculty. "How Miss Kitty Cat Learned to Purr" and "How Mr. Peacock Colored His Tail," are among the prettiest of the collection. You see Mr. Peacock was a very plain kind of a bird until he found the pot of gold, at foot of the rainbow, the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow that so many of us look for, but so few find.

"The Long Years Ago Stories," Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia; paper, illustrated in colors, 63 pp. 50c.

Sidney C. Topp writes us that he will be unable to fill orders on his book, "The Secret Sins of the Bible," as the government has excluded it from the mails, "not because," he says, "it is an immoral book but because it deals with sin in too plain terms. This ruling does not affect my other books on the Bible, however," he continues.



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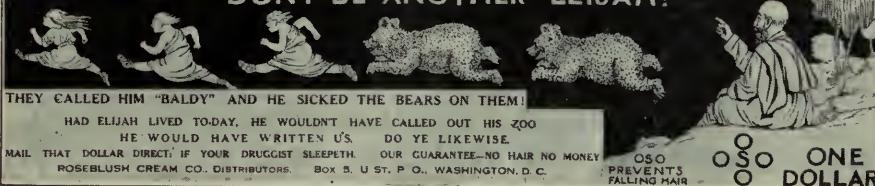
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State of California,
County of San Francisco.—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Frederick Marriott, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulation, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, F. Marriott, 259 Minna St., San Francisco. Editor, Mrs. Blanche E. Heywood, 259 Minna St. Business Manager, F. Marriott.

2. That the owner is Frederick Marriott, 259 Minna St., San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

FREDERICK MARRIOTT,
Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1919.

MARTIN ARONSOHN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
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