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Overland Monthly

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Vol. L---Second Series

July-December, 1907

The OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

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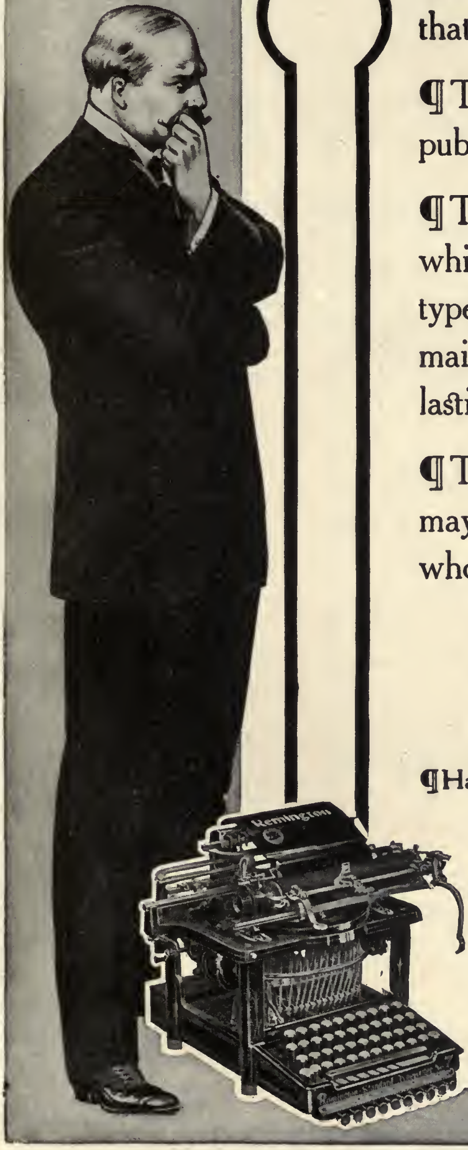

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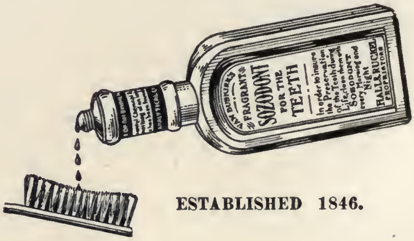

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Views of the
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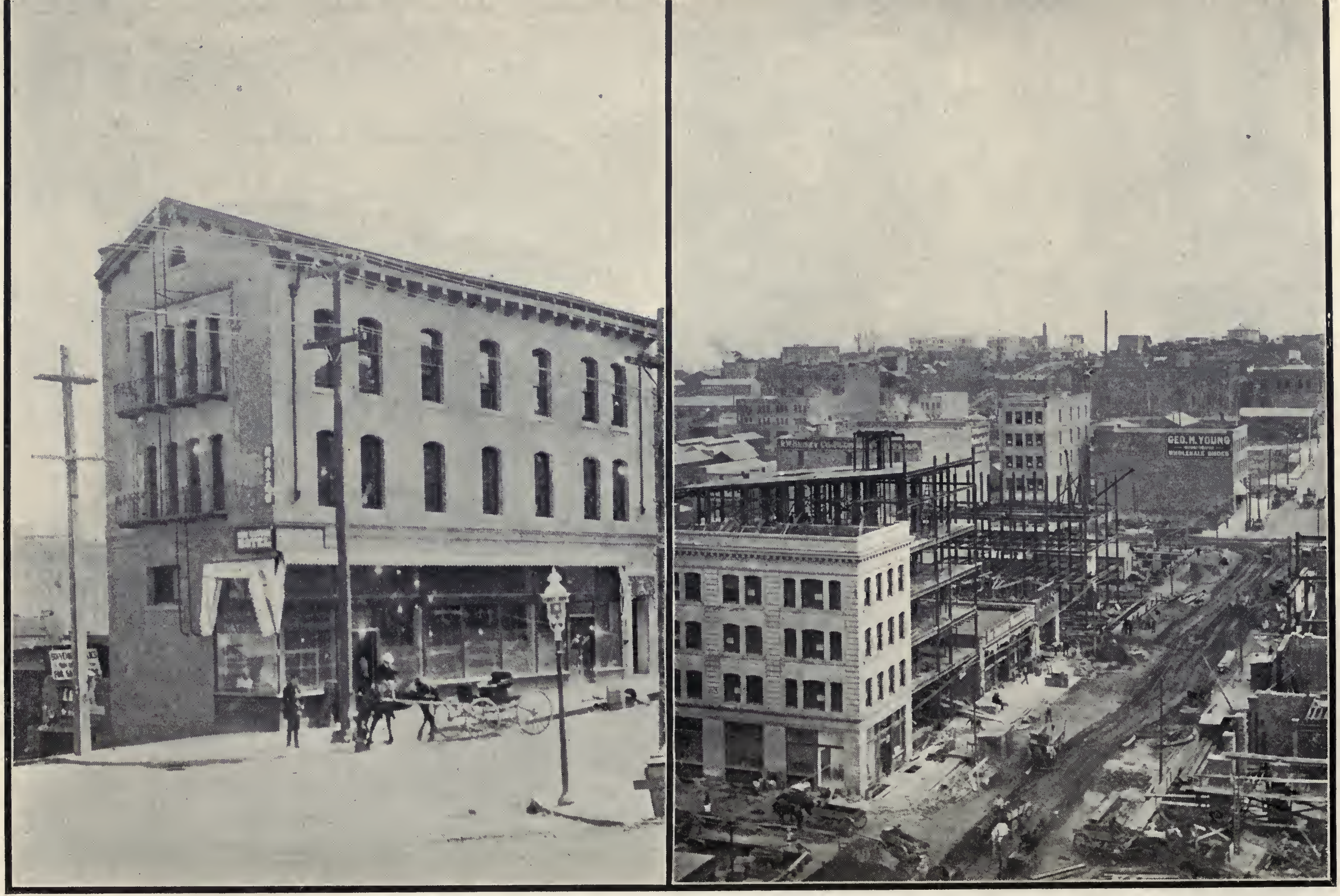
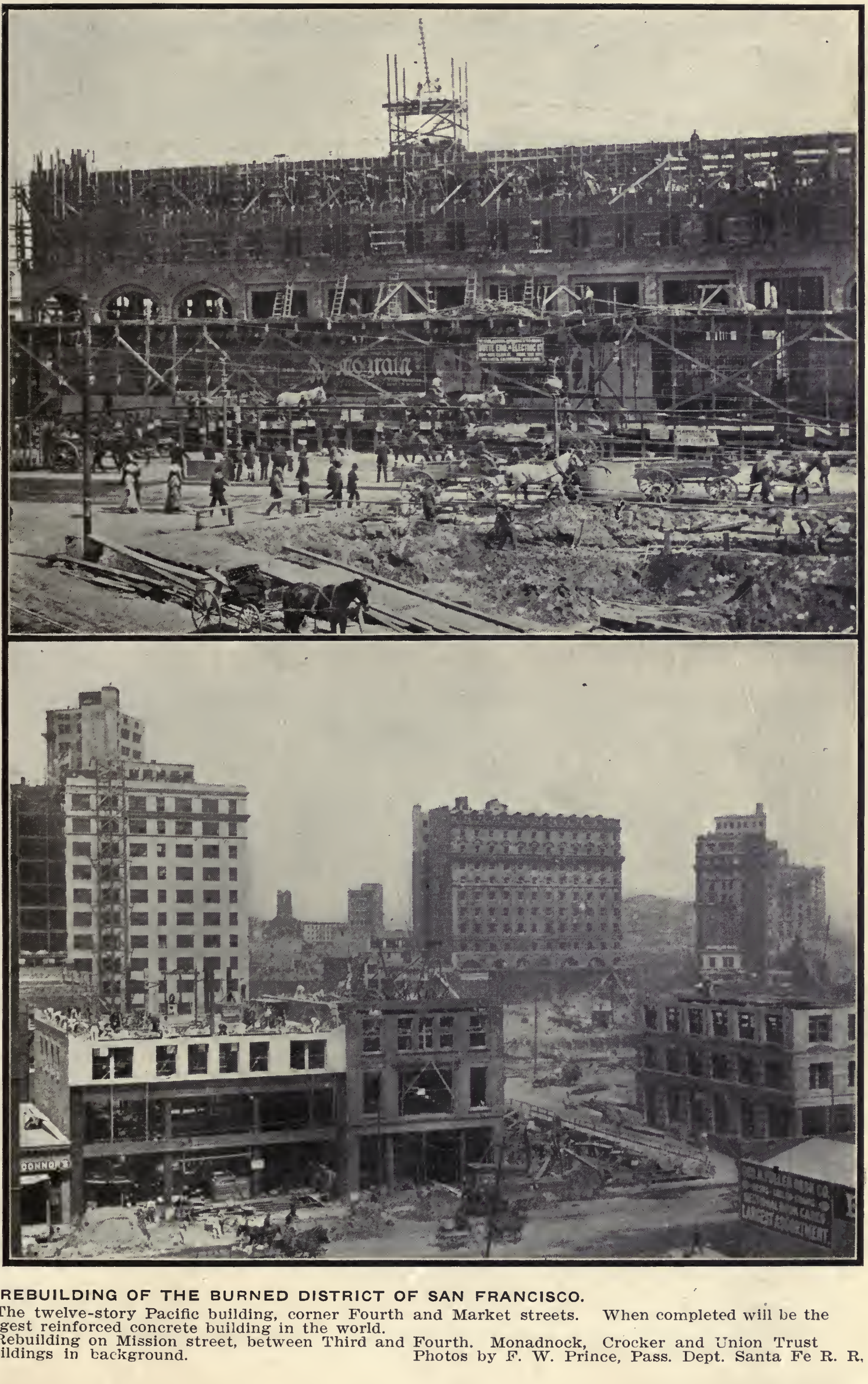


REBUILDING OF THE BURNED DISTRICT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

New Canton Hotel, California and Dupont streets, Chinatown.

Second street, near Mission.

Photos by F. W. Prince, Passenger Department Santa Fe R. R.

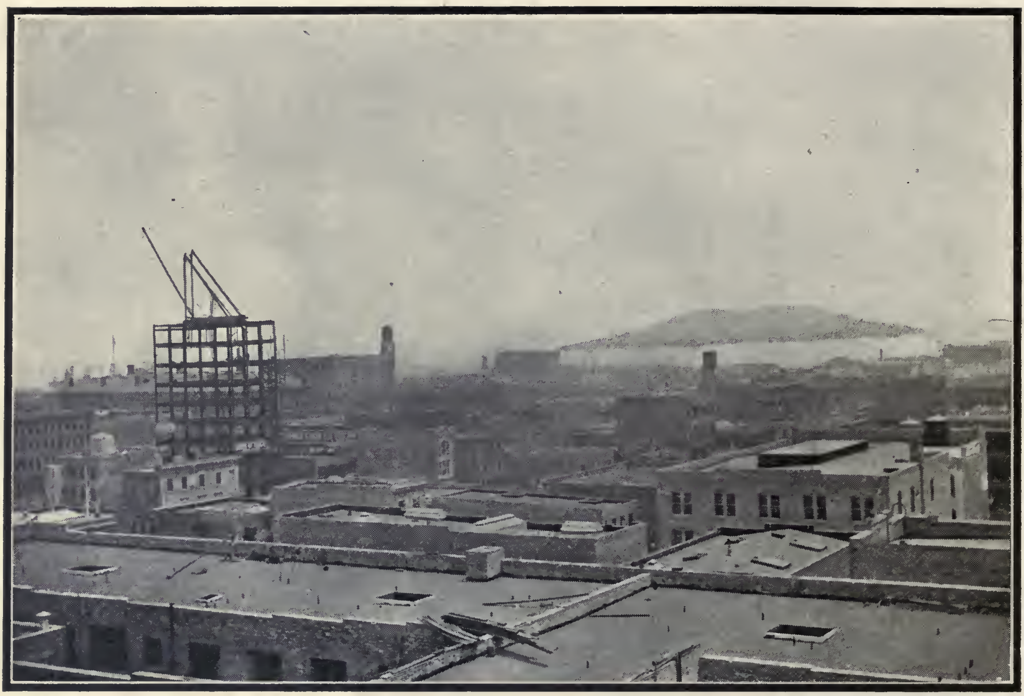


REBUILDING OF THE BURNED DISTRICT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

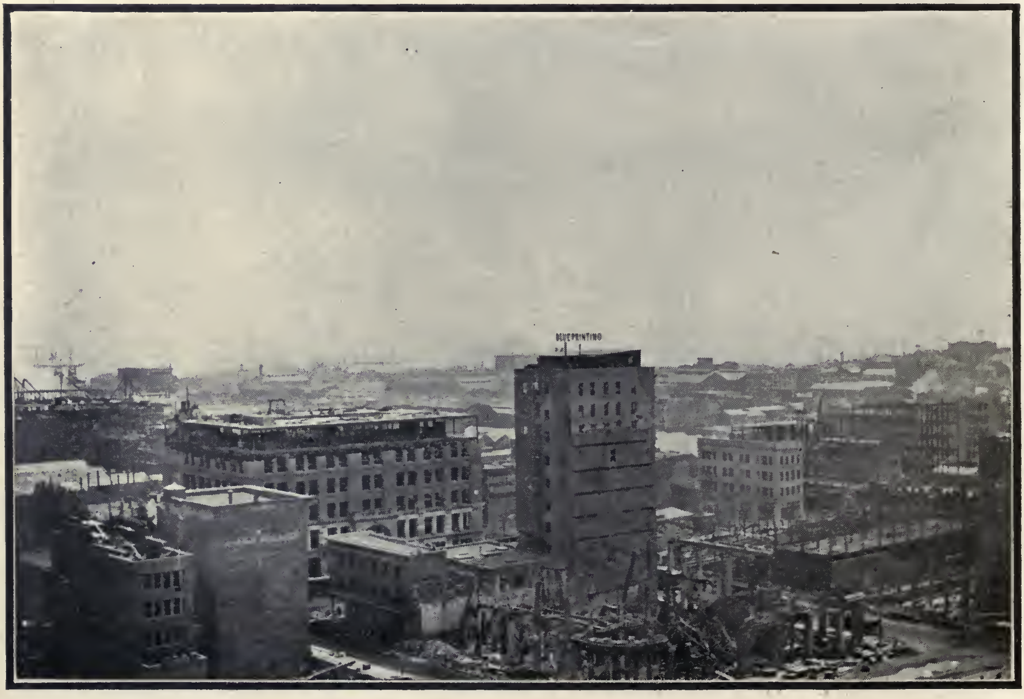
The twelve-story Pacific building, corner Fourth and Market streets. When completed will be the largest reinforced concrete building in the world.

Rebuilding on Mission street, between Third and Fourth. Monadnock, Crocker and Union Trust Buildings in background.

Photos by F. W. Prince, Pass. Dept. Santa Fe R. R.

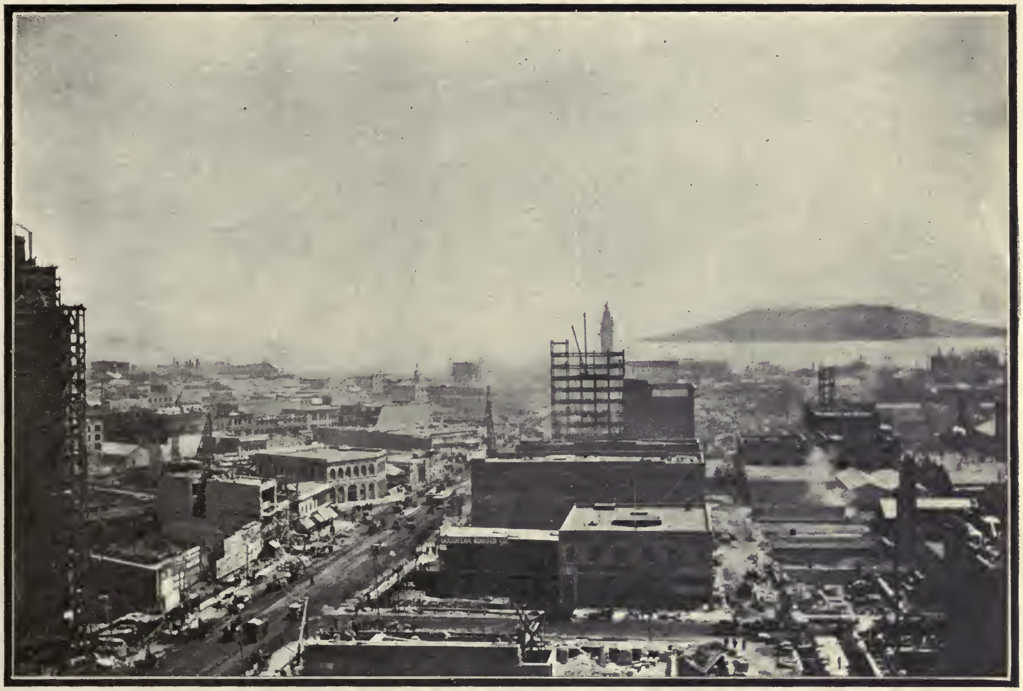


Looking east and north from Kearny, between Sacramento and California.

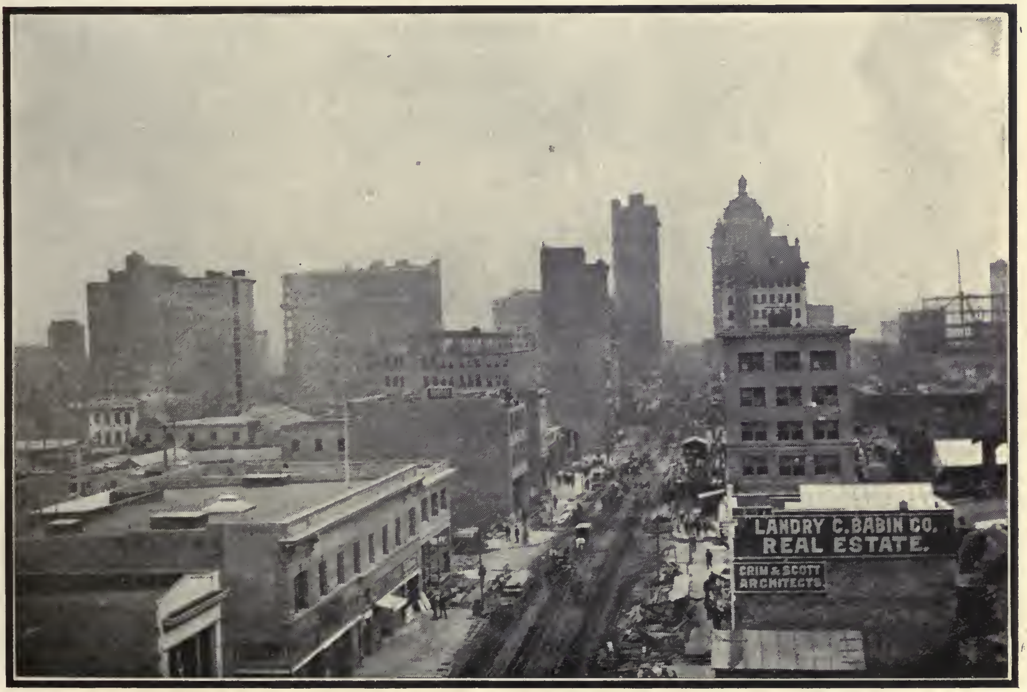


Wells-Fargo Building, Second near Market streets.

REBUILDING OF THE BURNED DISTRICT OF SAN FRANCISCO.



Market street, from Second to Waterfront.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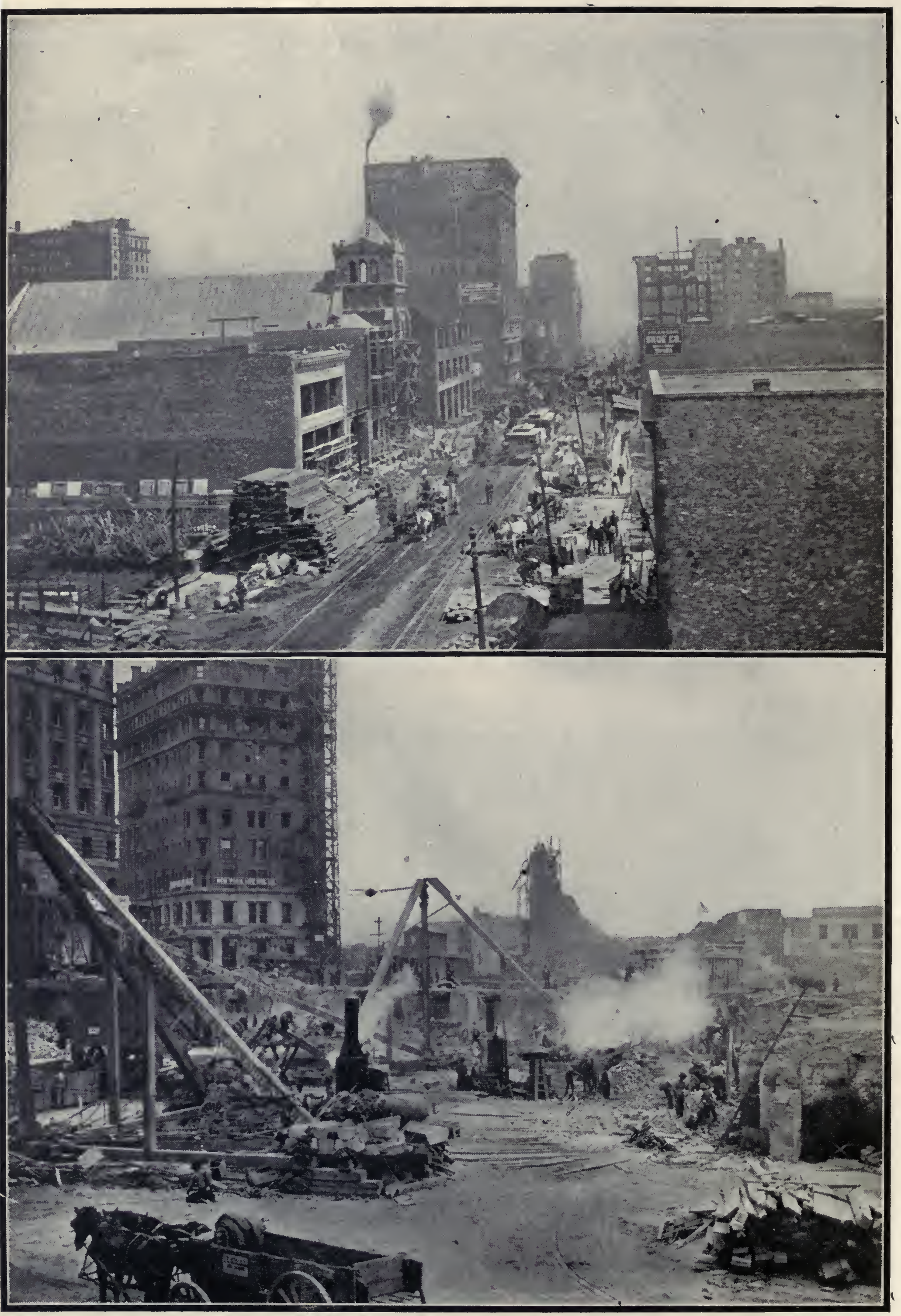
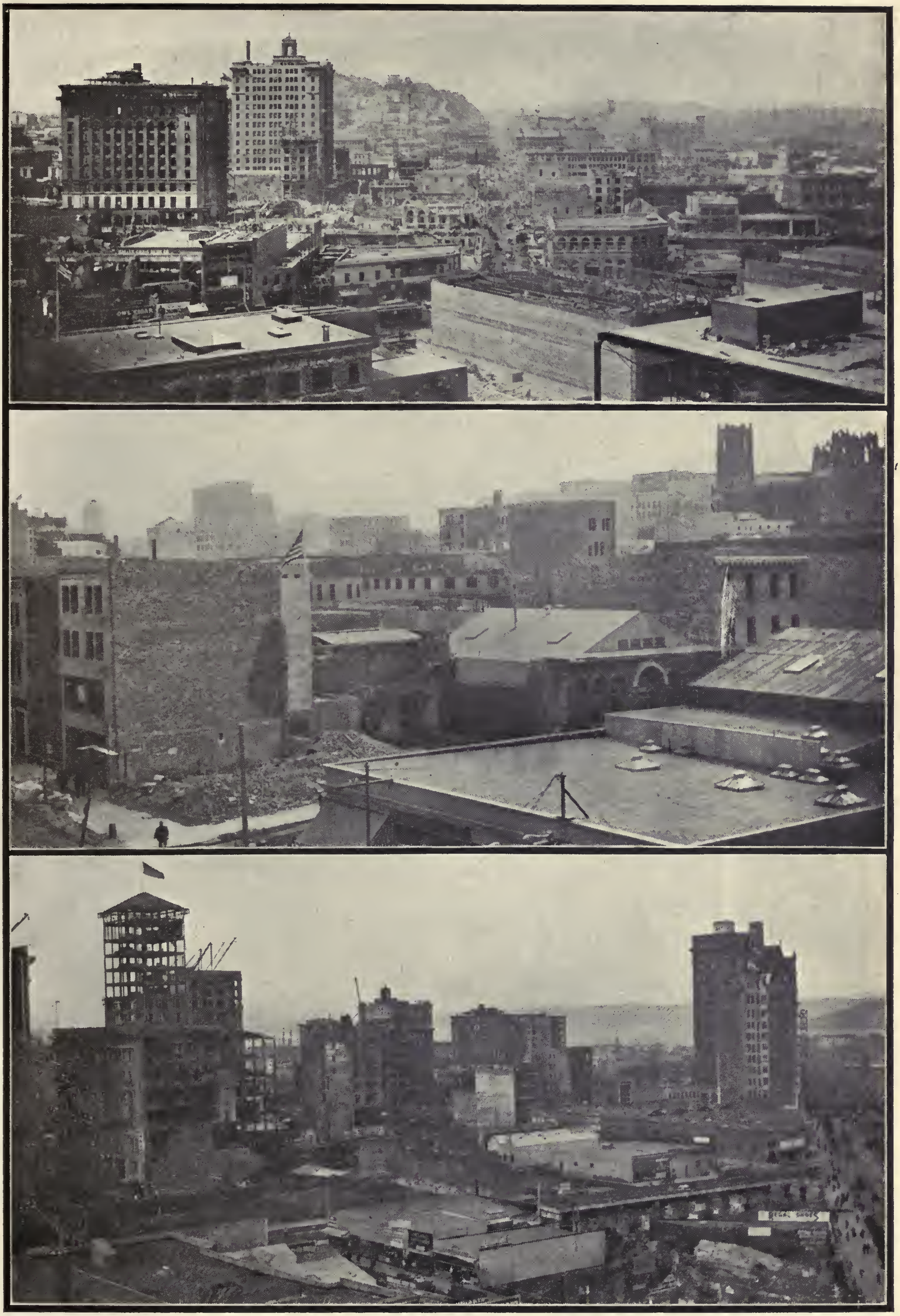
Geary street, from Stockton street to Market.

REBUILDING OF THE BURNED DISTRICT OF SAN FRANCISCO.



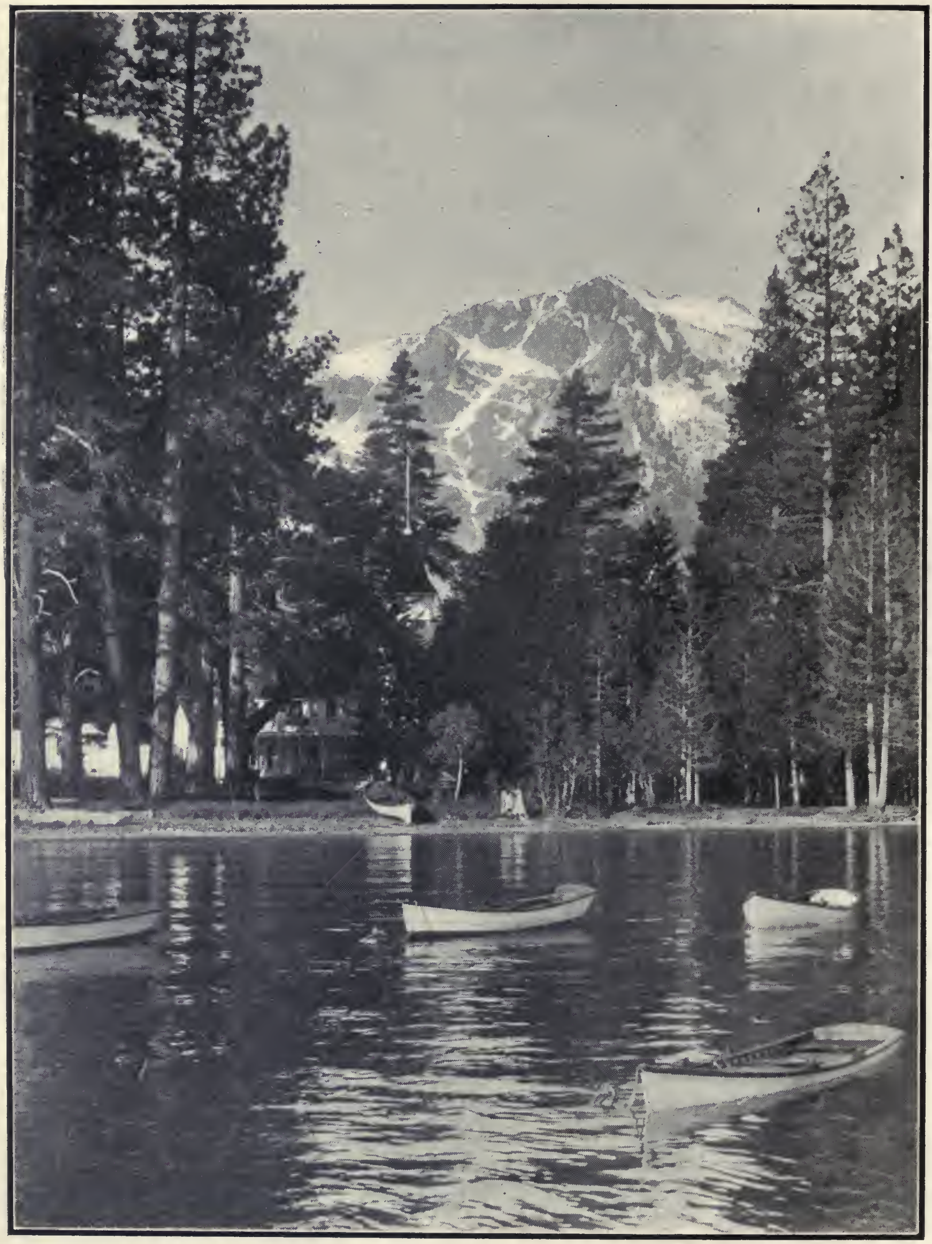
EBUILDING OF THE BURNED DISTRICT OF SAN FRANCISCO.
The rebuilding of Mission street from Fourth, showing St. Patrick's Church.
Removing the debris from the Palace Hotel site. The entire building was wrecked and removed by
Lennan in ninety days.

Photos by F. W. Prince, Passenger Department Santa Fe R. R.



REBUILDING OF THE BURNED DISTRICT OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Rebuilding of Sansome street, from Market.
Rebuilding of Chinatown and Italian section.
Looking down Market from James Flood building.

Photos by F. W. Prince, Pass. Dept. Santa Fe R. R.



Mt. Tallac, from Tallac Pier, on Lake Tahoe.

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NO. 1 July, 1907 VOL. L

The Theatre of Oscar Wilde

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

IN this age of topsy-turvydom—the age of Nietzsche, Shaw, Carroll, Wilde, Chesterton—criticism masquerades in the garb of iconoclasm; and fancy, fantasy, caprice and paradox usurp the roles of scholarship, realistic valuation, and the historic sense. The ancient and honorable authority of the critic is undermined by the complacent scepticism of the period. And the gentle art of appreciation is only the individual filtration of art through a temperament. The mania for certitude died with Renan, confidence had its lost leader in Carlyle, and authority relinquishes its last and greatest adherent in the recent death of Brunetiere. The ease of blasphemy and the commercialization of audacity are accepted facts; we have lost the courage and simplicity for the expression of truth, unvarnished and unadorned. "We know we are brilliant and distinguished, but we do not know that we are right. We swagger in fantastic artistic costumes; we praise ourselves; we fling epigrams right and left; we have the courage to play the egotist, and the courage to play the fool, but we have not the courage to preach." The symbol of art is no longer a noble muse, but only a tricksy jade. Criticism, once the art of imaginative interpretation, is now mere self-expression—the adventures of a soul among masterpieces. We are expected to believe that the greatest pictures are those in which there is more of the artist than the sitter. The *stigmata* of current criticism are well expressed by a brilliant Frenchman—Charles Nodier, was it not?—in the opinion that if one stops to inquire into the probabilities, he will never arrive at the truth!

The world has never seen an age in which there was more excuse for questioning the validity of contemporary judgment. It would be the height of folly to expect posterity to authenticate the vaporings of an appreciation which, in shifting its stress from the universal to the *personnel,* has changed from criticism into colloquy, from clinic into causerie. Indeed, it is nothing less than a truism that the experience of the artist in all ages, according to the verdict of history, is identical with itself. In the words of Sidney Lanier:

" * * * the artist shall put forth, humbly and lovingly, the very best and highest that is within him, utterly regardless of contemporary criticism. What possible claim can contemporary criticism set up to respect—that criticism which crucified Jesus Christ, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul for a madman, tried Luther for a criminal, tortured Galileo, bound Columbus in chains, drove Dante into exile, made Shakespeare write the sonnet, 'When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,' gave Milton five pounds for 'Paradise Lost,' kept Samuel Johnson cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield's doorstep, reviled Shelley as an unclean dog, killed Keats, cracked jokes on Gluck, Schubert, Beethoven, Berlioz and Wagner, and committed so many other impious follies and stupidities that a thousand letters like this could not suffice even to catalogue them?"

It was Mr. Bliss Perry who charmingly

revealed to us the shades and nuances of literary fashion. And yet—the dicta of literary cliques, the voice of literary predilection often ring false to the ears. The verdict of the *intellectuels* is a veritable stumbling block in the path of genius. "It is from men of established literary reputation," asserts Bernard Shaw, "that we learn that William Blake was mad; that Shelley was spoiled by living in a low set; that Robert Owen was a man who did not know the world; that Ruskin is incapable of comprehending political economy; that Zola is a mere blackguard, and Ibsen is Zola with a wooden leg. The great musician accepted by his unskilled listener, is vilified by his fellow musician. It was the musical culture of Europe which pronounced Wagner the inferior of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer."

It is not enough to say, with the brilliant author of "Contemporains," that contemporary criticism is mere conversation; it is often little more than mere gossip. One is often inclined to question, with Lowell, whether the powers that be, in criticism, are really the powers that ought to be. Especially is this true of a time uniquely characterized by its tendency to relentless rehabilitation. No diabolic sinner in literary history is now safe in his grave. He is in perpetual danger of being the innocent victim of our pernicious habit of sainting the unsainted, of saving the damned. The immoral iconoclast of a former age becomes the saintly anarch of this. The jar of lampblack is exchanged for a bucket of whitewash; and in this era of renovation the soiled linen of literary sinners emerges translucent and immaculate from the presses of the critical laundry. The True William Blake, the True Jean Jacques Rousseau, the True Byron, the True Shelley, the True Nietzsche, are risen from the dead. And we are darkly and irretrievably given over to the pernicious palaverings of those whom Mr. Robert W. Chambers has aptly termed "repairers of reputations."

I.

In view of the premises, it may appear at once paradoxical and perverse to attempt any criticism at all, especially of the works of a decadent like Oscar Wilde, whose mere name is a synonym for the appalling degeneracy of an age lashed by the polemics of Ibsen, the abjurgations of Tolstoy, the satire of Shaw, and the invective of Nordau. All that pertains to Wilde has for long been *res tacenda* in polite society; and he himself, to use his own phrase, has passed from a sort of eternity of fame to a sort of eternity of infamy. The current revival of interest in Wilde finds its source in many recent brochures and biographies. In general, these have been fatally marred by wrongheaded, unhealthy defense and attempted justification of certain indefensible episodes in his life. Only in Germany, in the hands of Carl Hagemann, Max Meyerfeld and Hedwig Lachmann, and in France through the balanced appreciation of Henri de Regnier and Jean Joseph-Renaud, has Wilde met with critical and discriminating judgment, not of his life and progressive degeneration, but of his mentality, his mind, and art. The fatal flow of current criticism, as Brunetiere says, is that we do not see our contemporaries from a sufficient height and distance. That we are unable to profit by what Nietzsche terms the "pathos of distance," is a deficiency that can't be remedied. But at least it is the prerogative of art, peculiarly of the art of criticism, to make the attempt, if not to fix the position, certainly to express judgment upon the work of our contemporaries. The grievous error of Wilde's latest biographer is found in the fact that, in his effort to reveal to us Wilde the man, he was forced into countless recitals and admissions which, despite any plea however speciously worded, could only prove damaging and disastrous to the already infamous reputation of his subject ("The Life of Oscar Wilde," by R. H. Sherard; Mitchell Kennerly, N. Y.) If there is any spectacle more disquieting than what Macaulay called "the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality," it is the spectacle of an Englishman speciously attempting an evasion of the fundamental precepts of just conduct and right living. Indeed, the only *raison d'etre* of any treatment of Wilde is the conscientious proposition of the question whether the work, and not the life, of Wilde, is worthy of genuine critical study. If we are to accept the judgment of the art centers of Europe, there is no mistaking the fact that their verdict is unhesitatingly in the affirmative. Many of Wilde's works have been translated into a number of foreign tongues; and certain of his plays have taken the European capitals by storm. In France, Germany, Austria and Spain, his essays have won a laudation little short of panegyric. "De Profundis" has already taken its place as a marvelous evocation of an *etat d'ame*; and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" is generally recognized as a great achievement, conspicuous alike for sombre realism and tragic horror. Wilde's fairy tales are unusually accepted as dainty mirrors of the imaginative, poetic artist at his highest and best.

The tendency of humanity, after a sufficient lapse of time, is to overlook many faults in the man who possesses the virtue proper to his own profession—to overlook dissipation in the brave soldier, intolerance in the compassionate priest, harshness in the successful ruler. One might even recall that frail woman in the Bible who was forgiven—because she loved much. In art, as in life, much virtue inheres in the professional conscience; and the peccable artist in all ages has been granted a hearing on account of his unfaltering love of art. "If one loves art at all," Wilde once wrote, "one must love it beyond all other things in the world, and against such love the reason, if listened to it, would cry out. There is nothing sane about the worship of beauty. It is something entirely too splendid to be sane. Those of whose lives it forms the dominant note will always seem to the world to be pure visionaries." And with all his affection of singularity, his assumption of the "dangerous and delightful distinction of being different from others," his joyous treading of "the primrose path of self-exploitation," his esthetic posturing, charlatanry and blague—Wilde was assuredly a personality of whose life art formed the dominant note.

II.

In any study of the works of Wilde—especially of his plays, which have not received any save casual and desultory treatment in English—it is desirable, in so far as may be possible, to isolate the man from his works. Thus one may be enabled to view them, not at all in relation to Wilde's life, but solely from the standpoint of their validity and authenticity as works of art. Bernard Shaw has naively confessed that the chief obstacle to the success of his plays has been himself! For totally different reasons, the chief obstacle to the study of Wilde's plays has been himself. The "insincerity" of this artist in attitudes was, in his own words, simply a method by which he could multiply his personality. "Man is least himself when he talks in his own person. Give him a mask and he will tell you the truth." There is no means of escaping the everlasting return of life upon art—art, the mirror which the Narcissus of artists holds up to himself. Let us, however, remember with Novelis that he who is of power higher than the first is probably a genius, and with Nietzsche, that "all that is profound loves a mask." And even if, occasionally and unwittingly, we traverse the circuit from art to life, at least we may have the satisfaction of making the attempt to dissociate the merits of the dramatist from the demerits of the man.

In 1882, Wilde wrote to Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, manager of the Savoy Theatre, London, that his play, "Vera; or The Nihilists," was meant not to be read, but to be acted. This opinion has never received any support from either critic or public. Written when Wilde was only twenty-two years old ("The New York World, August 12, 1883), this play early enrolled him under that *drapeau romantique des jeunes guerriers,* of which Theophile Gautier speaks, yet the time doubtless came when Wilde regarded "Vera," as he certainly regarded his first volume of poems, merely in the light of a *perche de jeunesse.* Unlike Ibsen, Pinero or Phillips, Wilde was fortified by experience neither as actor nor manager; there is no record that he ever, like Shaw, acted even in amateur theatricals! A cousin in near degree to W. G. Wills, the dramatist, painter and poet, Wilde may have derived his dramaturgic gifts in some measure from this source. In youth he learned the graceful arts of conversation in the brilliant salon of his mother, Lady Wilde; and his predilection for the dialogue form was early revealed in certain of his critical essays. The play "Vera" ushers us into the *milieu* of Henry Seton Merriman's "The Sowers," but it bears all the fantastic ear-marks of the yellow-backed fustian of the melodramatic fictionist, Marchmont. One might easily imagine it to be the boyish effusion of a romantic youth in this present day of Von Plehve, Gorki and the Douma. "As regards the play itself," wrote Wilde to the American actress, Marie Prescott, in July, 1883, "I have tried in it to express within the limits of art that Titan cry of the peoples for liberty which in the Europe of our day, is threatening thrones and making Governments unstable from Spain to Russia, and from north to southern seas. But it is a play not of politics, but of passion. It deals with no theories of Government, but with men and women simply; and modern Nihilistic Russia, with all the terror of its tyranny, and the marvel of its martyrdoms, is merely the fiery and fervent background in front of which the persons of my dream live and love. With this feeling was the play written, and with this aim should the play be acted." Despite these lofty and promising words, the play warrants no serious consideration —even though it won the admiration of Lawrence Barrett himself. A pseudo-*Volksdrama,* "Vera" images the conflict between despotism and socialism, between a vacillating, terror-obsessed Czar and a Russian Charlotte Corday. The "love interest" inheres in the struggle of the Czarevitch, in sympathy with the people, between his duty to the Empire and his love for the Nihiliste Vera. But instead of creatures of flesh and blood, looming solid in a large humanity, we see only thin cardboard profiles—bloodless puppets shifted hither and thither, as with Sardou, at the bidding of the mechanical showman. One-sided in the possession of only one feminine role, the play is largely taken up with interminable *longeurs* of pointless persiflage between superfluous characters; and this is destructive for a Wilde who has not yet mastered the arts of epigram, paradox and repartee. The denouement, in which Vera, chosen by lot to assassinate the young Czarevitch now become Czar, whom she passionately loves, turns upon her own breast the dagger meant for him, and then tosses it over the balcony to the ravening conspirators below with the cry "I have saved Russia" —this is the very acme of the theatric in its worst sense, the very quintessence of Adelphi melodrama. Not inapposite, perhaps, was the characteristic paragraph in "Punch" (December 10, 1881), under "Impressions du Theatre:"

"The production of Mr. Oscar Wilde's play 'Vera' is deferred. Naturally, no one would expect a Veerer to be at all certain; it must be, like a pretendedly infallible forecast, so very weathercocky. 'Vera' is about Nihilism; this looks as if there was nothing in it. But why did Mr. O. Wilde select the Adelphi for his first appearance as a dramatic author, in which career we wish him cordially all the success he may deserve? Why did he not select the Savoy? Surely where there's a donkey cart—we should say D'Oyly Carte—there ought to be an opportunity for an 'Os-car?'" (On the point of being produced in London in December, 1881, under the management of Dion Boucicault, with Mrs. Bernard-Beere in the title role, "Vera" was suddenly withdrawn, possibly for political reasons. Shortly afterwards, Wilde made his lecture tour in America and endeavored to place his play on the boards during his stay in this country, but without success. Produced in New York on August 20, 1883, with Marie Prescott, G. C. Boniface, Lewis Morrison and Edward Lamb in the leading roles, the play proved a complete failure, and was never afterwards revived. Compare Decorative Art in America (Brentanos) pp. 195-6, and R. H. Sherard's "Life of Oscar Wilde" (Kennerly), p. 221.)

In the Wilde of the "third period," as he described himself in 1883, is revealed a strangely different man from the apostle of aestheticism. If he has not learned to scorn delights, at least he has learned to live laborious days. He takes up his quarters at the Hotel Voltaire in Paris, and though still guilty of affectation in his assumption of the cane and cowl of Balzac, yet he takes the great French master for his model and disciplines himself to that unremitting labor which, in Balzac's view, is the law of art. Recall the precious anecdote of Wilde over his manuscript—deleting a comma in the forenoon and re-inserting it in the afternoon. In these days of the comet, the theatrical star, for whom parts are especially written—"Cyrano" for Coquelin; "Vanna" for Mme. Maeterlinck; "The Sorceress" for Bernhardt, and "Cicely" for Terry—Wilde thought to play his part in writing "The Duchess of Padua" for Mary Anderson. (This statement is made on the authority of Mr. R. H. Sherard, but Wilde himself once wrote (Letter to The Times, London, March 3, 1893): "I have never written a play for any actor or actress, nor shall I ever do so. Such work is for the artisan in literature, not for the artist.") This was a play laid in the 16th century—century of Paolo and Francesca, of Dante and Malatesta—century of tears and terror, of poetry and passion, of madness and blood. It is a tale, in five acts, of the love of the gentle Beatrice, Duchess of Padua, and of the young Guido Ferranti, sworn to avenge the inhuman murder of his noble father at the hands of the old and heartless duke, the husband of Beatrice. In *milieu* and accessories, the play is laid out along the lines of Elizabethan drama—of "Romeo and Juliet," for example—or more properly of Browning's "Luria," of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," of D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini." Its interest and charm consist far less in its subject than in its spiritual and emotional content—the violently transitional moods of romantic passion. Ferranti and Beatrice have just confessed their love for each other, when the prearranged message comes to Ferranti that the hour to strike down the Duke is come. He tears himself away from Beatrice in definitive farewell, with poignant agony, crying out that a certain insurmountable obstacle stands in the way of their love. That night, as he pauses outside the door of the Duke's chamber, meditating upon assassination, there comes to Ferranti the belated recognition not only that he can never approach Beatrice again with the blood of the murdered Duke upon his hands, but that such a revenge is deeply unworthy of the memory of his noble father. But as Anael comes forth from the murder of the Prefect to her Djabal, comes forth Beatrice to her Guido. Under the tyranny of her love for Guido, she herself has slain the Duke, to whom she was ever but a worthless chattel—the Duke, the sole obstacle to the fulfillment of her passion. Guido recoils from her upon whose hands is the blood which he himself had solemnly refused to shed. And although Beatrice is transformed, like Juliet into a very "Von Moltke of love," she cannot, with all the mustered array of her forces, storm the bastion of Guido's soul. So sudden and so supreme is her own revulsion of feeling that she denounces Ferranti to the passers-by as the murderer of her husband. Follows the trial of Ferranti for his life—a scene memorable for its undulation of emotional process, the conflicting fears and hopes of the heart-wrung Duchess, and the crisis, Ferranti's confession, against which the Duchess has fought with every available weapon in fear of the truth—Ferranti's false confession that the murderer is none other than himself. Visiting the condemned Ferranti in his cell, the heartbroken Duchess, in the excess of her spiritual agony, takes poison, and Guido, realizing at last the inner, essential nobility of her character, avows for her his undying love, and dies upon the point of his dagger.

"The Duchess of Padua" is remarkable for instrumentation of feeling, its glow of youthful fire, the delicate and rare beauty of its imagery. It links itself to Hardy and to Whitman rather than to Shakespeare in its intimation of "purity of purpose as the sole criterion of deed;" for here Wilde, concerned less with the primitive bases of individuality than with the fundamental impulses of human nature, reveals life as fluid and self-contradictory. "In every creature," writes Hedwig Lachmann, "lurks the readiness for desperate deeds. But when all is over, man remains unchanged. His nature does not change, because for a moment he has been torn from his moorings. The river glides back into its bed after the stormy waters, which forced its overflow, have run their course." Like Maeterlinck's Joyzelle, Beatrice is forgiven, not because "Who sins for love sins not," but because she has loved much. In Wilde's own dangerous words—in "The Soul of Man under Socialism," written some eight years later: "A man cannot always be estimated by what he does. He may keep the law and yet be worthless. He may break the law, and yet be fine. He may be bad without ever doing anything bad. He may commit a sin against society, and vet realize through that sin his true perfection." As Maeterlinck has told us, justice is a very mysterious thing, residing not in nature nor in anything external, but, like truth, within ourselves.

In "Vera," Wilde, with 'prentice hand, unsuccessfully attempted to picture the dramatic conjuctures and crises arising when

> " * * the giant wave Democracy
> Breaks on the shores where kings lay couched at ease."

"The Duchess of Padua," his next play, is endowed with poetic qualities of rare opulence, imbued with resonant emotional instrumentation. It is in this play, as Mr. William Archer has justly said, that Wilde reveals himself a poet of very high rank. Nothing is easier, and therefore possibly more misleading, than to say *ce n'est pas du theatre,* for the tests of its suitability for the stage have been inconclusive. It is true that, to Wilde's intense disappointment, this play was refused by Mary Anderson, but it was afterwards produced in the United States by Lawrence Barrett with moderate success. (Although announced as in preparation in the Publishers' List of 1894, "The Duchess of Padua" was actually not published until ten years later—in the fine German translation of Dr. Max Meyerfeld of Berlin. In addition to its production in America with Lawrence Barrett and Mina Gale in the leading roles, there have been two productions on the Continent. At Hamburg, Germany, in December, 1904, where it was produced under the most adverse circumstances, the play proved a failure. being withdrawn after three nights. And when it was produced in Berlin early in 1906 it was killed by the critics, resulting in a heavy loss for its champion, Dr. Meyerfeld. The play is now to be procured in the original English version (The Plays of Oscar Wilde, 3 vols., John W. Luce & Co., Boston.)

The play which, by reason of its imaginative coloring, naturally falls into the category of "Vera" and "The Duchess of Padua," rather than into that of the society comedies, is Wilde's meretricious one-act drama, "Salome," which furnished the libretto for the gruesome and perverted music-drama of the great composer, Richard Strauss, recently withdrawn from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. One may recall that it was Wilde's pleasure, during his frequent visits to Paris, to delight the French world of art and letters with brilliant *causeries.* The masterly ease and exquisite purity of his French were a marvel to all who heard him. Wilde once explained the idea he had in mind in writing the play of "Salome" in French:

"I have one instrument that I know I can command, and that is the English language. There was another instrument to which I had listened all my life, and I wanted once to touch this new instrument to see whether I could make any beautiful thing out of it. * * Of course, there are modes of expression that a Frenchman of letters would not have used, but they give a certain relief or color to the play. A great deal of the curious effect that Maeterlinck produces comes from the fact that he, a Flamand by grace, writes in an alien language. The same thing is true of Rossetti, who, though he wrote in English, was essentially Latin in temperament." (The Pall Mall Gazette, June 29, 1892.)

Wilde was strongly influenced by Herodias, one of Gustave Flaubert's "Trois Couts," in which the death of Jokanaan is the result of the insatiable hatred of Herodias; it is at her instigation that Salome dances for the head of the prophet. At the time he was writing this play, Wilde said to the Spanish critic, Gomez Carillo: "If for no other reason, I have always longed to go to Spain that I might see in the Prado Titian's Salome, of which Tintoretto once exclaimed: 'Here at last is a man who paints the very quivering flesh!'" And Carrillo mentions that only Gustave Moreau's portrait unveiled for Wilde the "soul of the dancing princess of his dreams." But whatever alien influences may have been at work upon him, certain it is that he has given the story an interpretation individual in its abnormality. Like Poe, like Bandelaine, like Maeterlinck, he has sought to reveal to us, with masterful, if meretricious artistry, *le beau dans l'horrible.*

Salome is a fevered dream, a poignant picture—it is like one of those excursions into the *macabre* with which Wilde succeeded in fascinating the Parisians. In it one discerns, as in a sheet of pale, quivering lightning, the revolting decadence of an age when vice was no prejudice and sensuality no shame. As in a piece of music, we hear the resonance of passion, and the reverberations of obscure, half-divined emotions; as in a picture, we feel rather than see the decadent genius of its tone and atmosphere; as in a lyric poem, jangled and out of tune, we shudderingly shrink from the spell of its mood—what Hagemann calls "eine bezwingende, satte Stimmung." The characters stand forth in chiseled completeness from the rich Galilean background like the embossed figure of the malady of that age; and insatiable, sensual Herodias, symbolic figure of the maladv of that age; and Herod, the Tetrarch, obsessed with profoundly disquieting inclinations to unlawful passion, who ultimately cuts at a single blow the Gordian knot of his problem, for the untying of which he lacks for the time being both courage and moral power. Like Hebbel's Daniel, Jokanaan is a wonderfully realized figure—the incarnation of a primitive, intolerant prophet—commanding rapt attention far less by what he says or does than by what he is. And then there is Salome—young, fair, impressionable, upon the very threshold of womanhood. Recall the young Syrian's descrintion of her, hauntingly reminiscent of the Maeterlinck of "Pel leas and Melisande": "She is like a dove that has strayed * * she is like a narcissus trembling in the wind * * she is like a silver flower * * her little white hands are fluttering like doves that fly to their dove-cotes. They are like white butterflies." At first, she is unmoved by any strangely perverse, nameless passion for the forbidden. But as in a dream, a memory of forgotten, yet half-divined reality, love wakens under the mystic spell of Jokanaan's presence, and his scorn, his anathemas, his objurgations, rouse to life and to revolt within her the dormant instincts of an Herodias. She will sing the swan song of her soul in the paean of the dance, and for the sake of revenge will so ensnare the weak, unnatural Herod in the meshes of her perilous beauty that he can refuse her nothing—even though it were the half of his kingdom. But when her revenge is sated and the head of Jokanaan in her hands, the world swims in a scarlet haze before her eyes; and though lust, scorn, revenge and death meet in that terrible kiss, the hour of her own fate has struck. Impressive, awful, imperial, Herod speaks the words: "Kill that woman!" Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judea, is crushed beneath the shields of the soldiers, and her death sounds the death knell of a decadent and degenerate age. A new epoch of culture is at hand.

In Salome, Wilde depicts a crystallized embodiment of the age, rather than the age itself. The influence of Maeterlinck is inescapable in the simplicity of the dialogue, in the iterations and reverberations of the *leit motifs*. As Wilde himself said, Salome is a piece of music—with its progressive crescendo, emotional paean and tragic finale. To the naturalism of sensation is super-added stylistic symmetry, and, in places, what Baudelaire called *la grace supreme litteraire*. But the effect of the play, even in the reading, is to focus attention upon abnormal states of feeling, indicative of decadence and degeneracy, and this impression is doubtless multiplied a thousand-fold by the "argument of the flesh," and the potent instrumentalities of music and the stage. (There seems to be no foundation for the statement of E. Gomez Carrillo, in his "El Origen de la Salome de Wilde," the preface to the Spanish translation of Salome, that this play was written for Sarah Bernhardt. The play was written in Paris at the turn of the year 1891-2; and Wilde himself said to an interviewer (June, 1892): "A few weeks ago I met Madame Sarah Bernhardt at Sir Henry Irving's. She had heard of my play, and asked me to read it to her. I did so, and she at once expressed a wish to play the title-roll." For information concerning the marvelous success of this play upon the Continent, compare "Decorative Art in America" (Brentanos, N. Y.); "Oscar Wilde," by Carl Hagemann (J. C. C. Bruns' Verlag, Minden in Westf); "Oscar Wilde, by Hedwig Lachmann (Schuster and Loeffler, Berlin and Leipzig); "Oskar Wilde," by Halpdan Langgaard (Axel Juncker Verlag, Stuttgart), and "The Life of Oscar Wilde," by R. H. Sherard (Mitchell Kennerly, N. Y.) See also Wilde's letter to Robert Ross (De Profundis, German translation by Max Meyerfeld, S. Fischer, Berlin, pp. 101-2) of date March

10, 1896, in which he expresses his profound appreciation for the production of "Salome" by Lugne Poe at the Theatre de l'Oeuvre, Paris. "Salome" was translated into English by Lord Alfred Douglas, and quite fittingly illustrated by the exotic artist, Aubrey Beardsley.)

III.

The four society comedies which Wilde wrote in rapid succession, which immediately gained huge success in England, and have since been played to vastly appreciative audiences in America and in Europe, are so similar in style, treatment and appeal as to warrant discussion as an unique *genre.* (These four comedies are "Lady Windermere's Fan," produced for the first time at the St. James's Theatre, London, on February 22, 1892, by Mr. George Alexander and his company; "A Woman of No Importance," produced for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre, London, by Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, on April 19, 1893; "An Ideal Husband," produced for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London, on January 3, 1895; "The Importance of Being Earnest," produced for the first time at the St. James's Theatre, London, on February 14, 1895, by Mr. George Alexander and his company.)

In the category of the great drama of the day *qua* drama—Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Hervieu, Schnitzler—they have no place, in that they are in no sense conditioned by the fundamental laws of the drama. They are utterly deficient in masterly portraiture of character, the play and interplay of vital emotions, and that indispensable conflict of wills and passions without which drama is mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. By reason of his esthetic idleness and luxury as a *faineant,* Wilde was incapable of sustained and laborious pre-occupation with his art work; it was true, though sounding like the vainest of poses, that even when his life was freest from business cares he never had, as he put it, either the time or the leisure for his art. In the deepest sense, he lacked what Walter Pater called the responsibility of the artist to his material; although this is not to say that he failed to recognize, from the standpoint of *style,* the beauty of the material he employed, and to use that beauty as a factor in producing the esthetic effect. Like Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, he sought to put into practice the theory that "life itself is an art, and has its modes of styles no less than the arts that seek to express it." And the great drama of his life, as he confessed to Andre Gide, was that he had given his genius to his life, to his work only his talent.

Indeed, there is no term which so perfectly expresses the tone of Wilde's comedies as nonchalance. The astounding thing is, that in his sincere effort to amuse the public, he best succeeded with that public by holding it up to scorn and ridicule with the lightest satire. One of the most self-revelative of his paradoxes is the opinion that life is far too serious ever to be discussed seriously. "If we are to deliver a philosophy," says Mr. Chesterton, in speaking of contemporary life, "it must be in the manner of the late Mr. Whistler and the *ridentem dicere verum.* If our heart is to be aimed at, it must be with the rapier of Stevenson, which runs through without either pain or puncture." If our brain is to be aroused, he might have added, it must be with the scintillating paradox and enlivening epigram of Oscar Wilde. Horace Walpole once said that the world is a comedy for the man of thought, a tragedy for the man of feeling. He forgot to say that it is a farce for the man of wit. It was Wilde's creed that ironic imitation of the contrasts, absurdities and inconsistencies of life, its fads and fancies, its quips and cranks, its follies and foibles, give far more pleasure and amusement than faithful portraiture of the dignity of life, its seriousness and profundity, its tragedy, pity and terror. His comedies are marked, not by consistency in the characters, continuity of purpose, or unity of action, but only by persistence of the satire vein and prevalence of the comic mood. Like Flaubert, Wilde gloried in demoralizing the public, and he denied with his every breath Sidney Lanier's dictum that art has no enemy so unrelenting as cleverness. His whole literary career was one long, defiant challenge to Zola's pronunciamento: *"L'Homme de genee n'a jamais d'esprit."*

While the dialogue of Wilde's comedies, as the brilliant Viennese critic, Hermann Bahr, has said, contains more verve and *esprit* than all the French, German and Italian comedies put together, nevertheless our taste is outraged because Wilde makes no effort to paint character and employs a conventional and time-worn technique. Wilde's figures are lacking in vitality and humanity; it is impossible to believe in their existence.

They are mere mouthpieces for the diverting ratiocinations of their author, often appearing less as personalities than as personified customs, embodied prejudices and conventions of English life. By means of these pallid figures, Wilde has at least admirably succeeded in interpreting certain sides of the English national character. The form of his comedies approximates to that of the best French farces, but his humor sounds a genuine British note. There is no escaping the impression, however, that his characters are automatons and puppets—masks which barely suffice to conceal the lineaments of Wilde. Here we see the *raisonneur* as we find him in Dumas *fils,* or in Sudermann. It is in this way that Wilde identifies his characters, not with their prototypes in actual life, but with himself.

As Bernard Shaw may be said to have invented the drama of dialectic, so Oscar Wilde may be said to have invented the drama of conversation.

Jean Joseph Renaud and Henri de Regnier have paid eloquent tributes to Wilde as a master of the *causerie.* A great lady once said of him: "When he is speaking, I see round his head a luminous aureole." The mere exaggeration of the phrase is testimony to Wilde's *maestria* in utterance of golden words. He was a slave to the Scheherazade of his fancy, and was unsparingly lavish in the largess of his wit. He realized that he was a past-master in the gentle art of making conversation, and he nonchalantly ignored Goethe's precept: "Bilde, Kunstler, rede nicht!" The result is, that he does not construct, but only sets off a mine. His art is the expression of his enjoyment of verbal pyrotechnics. To use Baudelaire's phrase, he wrote comedies *pour etonner les sots,* and the height of his pleasure was *epater les bourgeois.* The result in his comedies, while vastly diverting, is deplorable from the standpoint of dramatic art. For the conversations are disjointed, and, in the dramatic sense, incoherent, in that they live only for the moment, and not at all for the sake of elucidation and propulsion of the dramatic process. The comparison with Shaw in this particular immediately suggests itself, but the fundamental distinction consists in the fact that whereas in Shaw's comedies the conversation, witty and epigrammatic to a degree, is strictly germane to the action, with Wilde the conversation, with all its sparkling brilliancy, is in fact subsidiary and beside the mark. As Hagemann has justly said, in Wilde's comedies the accent and stress is thrown wholly upon the epigrammatic content of the dialogue.

What, after all, is the secret of Wilde's success? What is the quintessence of his art as a dramatist? For, say what one will, Wilde's comedies were—and are—immensely successful; and his plays, whether comedy or tragedy, are art even if they are not always drama. Hermann Bahr refused to consider Wilde as frivolous, maintaining that his paradoxes rest upon a profound insight into humanity. "Wilde says serious and often sad things that convulse us with merriment, not because he is not 'deep,' but precisely because he is deeper than seriousness and sadness, and has recognized their nullity." Perhaps the name with which Wilde's is most frequently coupled is that of his fellow countryman and fellow townsman, Bernard Shaw. And it is interesting to read Shaw's characterization of Wilde, with whose unique artistic views and literary methods he has many points of contact:

"Ireland is, of all countries, the most foreign to England, and to the Irishman (and Mr. Wilde is almost as acutely Irish as the Iron Duke of Wellington), there is nothing in the world quite so exquisitely comic as an Englishman's seriousness. It becomes tragic, perhaps, when the Englishman acts on it; but that occurs too seldom to be taken into account, a fact which intensifies the humor of the situation, the total result being the Englishman utterly unconscious of his real self, Mr. Wilde keenly observant of it, and playing on the self-unconsciousness with irresistible humor, and finally, of course, the Englishman annoyed with himself for being amused at his own expense, and for being unable to convict Mr. Wilde of what seems an obvious misunderstanding of human nature. He is shocked, too, at the danger to the foundations of society when seriousness is publicly laughed at. And to complete the oddity of the situation, Mr. Wilde, touching what he himself reverences, is absolutely the most sentimental dramatist of the day.—The Saturday Review, January 12, 1895.)

At bottom and in essence, Wilde is a master of the art of selection. He is eminently successful in giving the most diverting character to our moments as they pass. His art is the apotheosis of the moment; and what may not be said, he once asked, for the moment and the "moment's monument?" Art itself, he averred, is "really a form of exaggeration, and selection, which is the very spirit of art, is nothing more than an intensified mode of over-emphasis." Wilde was a painter, Neo-Impressionist. From the palette of his observation, which bore all the radiant shades and colors of his temperament, he selected and then laid upon the canvas many brilliant yet distinct points of color. When seen in the proper light and from the just distance, the canvas takes on the appearance of a complete picture—quaint, unique, marvelous. It is only by taking precisely Wilde's point of view that the spectator is enabled to synthesize the isolated brilliant points into an harmonious whole. Oscar Wilde is a *Paintilliste.*

Wilde called one of his plays "The Importance of Being Earnest." In his inverted way, he aimed at teaching the world the importance of being frivolous. Only from this standpoint is it possible to appreciate, in any real sense, Wilde the comic dramatist. Wilde is the arch enemy of boredom and ennui; we can always enjoy him in his *beau* role as a purveyor of amusement and a killer of time. "I took the drama—the most objective form which art recognizes," he said in De Profundis, "and made of it an individual *genre,* like the lyric poem or the sonnet; thereby I widened its scope and enriched it with new characteristics." This is true of "Salome," the exotic, decadent flower of that art which Maeterlinck tentatively initiated in 'La Princesse Maleine," but subsequently resigned in "Monna Vanna." It is also true that his comedies approximate to a new *genre,* peculiarly Wilde's own invention. But we are warned by his own confession not to take Wilde, as dramatist, too seriously. "The plays are not great," he once said to Andre Gide. "I think nothing of them—but if you only knew how amusing they are!" And the author of "The Decay of Lying" added: "Most of them are the results of bets!"

On San Gabriel's Banks

BY H. FELIX CROSS

Where the river rushes swift
Thro' the canyon's rocky rift,
Go I angling 'neath the tangling alder trees that skyward lift,
And with rod and willow reel,
Soft to some deep pool I steal,
Cast, and lo! the crystal waters yield a leaping, finny gift.

O the wild joy of it all
By the splashing waterfall,
While from out his piney cradle sharp the tree squir'l sounds his call;
While the sunshine thro' a rent
In the alder's dark, green tent,
Flashes, glancing on the dancing, swirling pool below the fall.

While the eagle, soaring wide,
Swift the roaring blast does ride,
Circling round sky-piercing peaks green-clad with pines on every side;
And the mocking-bird his song
Blithely warbles clear and strong;
And the locust sends his echoes ringing from the mountain side!

In the waning light of day,
Back to camp I wend my way,
And the shining sun reclining sends a slanting golden ray.
Stealing o'er the peaks it glides;
Pink and purple color tides
Softly fading, darker shading, and in the dying of the day.

Round the camp-fire's flick'ring gleam,
Smiling, happy faces beam,
In the glancing light the dancing shadows dusky spectres seem;
And old songs and stories old
Are remembered, sung and told,
While the fairies hold their revels in the moonlight on the stream.

Now the moon does vigil keep,
Twinkling eyes of heaven peep
Thro' the leaf-bow'r of the camp, around the peaks the night mists creep,
Song and laughter now are still,
Silence echoes from the hill,
And sweet dreams flit softly round us, for the camp is locked in sleep.

Monrovia, Cal.

The Forester and His Work

BY ALLEN H. HODGSON

A view of Mt. Lassen.

THE early forests of America were the result of nature's unaided forces working for countless ages. Their grandeur and magnitude were unsurpassed by any other country. This condition did not last, however, for with the coming of the early pioneers, whose only thought about trees was to cut them down, there began a gradual destruction of the forests. The indifference of the past Americans toward the preservation of the forests for the benefit of future generations is being realized. The great business and forest interests of the nation have been joined together. The American people have at last begun to value their timbered regions, and desire their protection. Forest reserves have been established, and the necessity of preserving the public forests permanently is leading to a national policy concerning them.

The needs of the nation demand that the forests should thrive and flourish, for the many national industries are directly and indirectly dependent upon them. The rain fall is increased, floods are held back, soil is kept in place and the flow of rivers equalized because of the forests, and were they destroyed the wild game could not live. These uses, in addition to many others, show the value of the forests to a country and its advancement. Since more wood is used in our own land at the present time than ever before, a timber famine is inevitable unless the present rate of forest destruction in America is checked. The cutting of timber, for whatever purpose, should be under the most careful supervision. Not only should the older forests be protected, but new ones started and cared for. The accomplishment of all this great work of saving the forests lies in the hands of the forester, and it is he who is and will continue to be one of the great influences ensuring the prosperity of this and of the future ages.

The forester of to-day is highly educated, not only along one line, but along several. He understands botany, geology, physical geography, chemistry, hydography, as well as technical civil engineering, and is able to handle all business dealings with lumber. It is for him to help the forest render its best service to man, in such a way as to increase rather than to diminish, its usefulness in the future. The demands which mankind have made upon the forest must be met steadily and permanently: therefore, it is the prime object of the forester to make the forest produce wood of the best kind continually. The essential condition for the best health and productiveness of timbered sections is the timely removal of mature trees, and it is the forester who knows just when certain trees are ready to be cut down, and how to cut them. Although the forester works from an economic point of view—in fact, he wishes to secure the greatest amount of the most useful material in the shortest time, he accomplishes his purpose by a wise use of the forest, and in no other way.

All life in the forest is under the forester's care—the game, insects, fungi and trees. As a bontanist, in order to rear and protect trees, he knows all about their life and habits; he understands the requirements of each particular variety from the time that the seed falls to the ground and germinates, through its various stages until in old age it dies, decays and falls to the ground. He is familiar not only with their lives individually but collectively, as most of his problems are connected not with single trees, but with great forests. For this reason the forester must be conversant with many of the laws of nature. The great struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest, are among the most important of these laws. To combine these and learn to make them bring forth the best possible results, is the art of science. It is also the art of the forester. Directly associated with his knowledge of botany, is the forester's knowledge of chemistry; especially as it is applied to the composition of wood and the transpiration of plants and trees. The forester looks after the reproduction of his crops systematically. He knows what trees are undesirable and removes them in order to make room for the useful ones. Artificial replanting of a forest is sometimes necessary, but natural regeneration is nearly always possible. In the reproduction of a forest, it is very important that the forester should know all about the various means of seed distribution, and how to transplant young trees. The tasks involved in the reforestration of sand-dunes and barren mountain sides are hard ones, and the forester who is able to successfully accomplish them possesses a marked degree of skill in his work.

A forest ranger.

Possessing a good working knowledge of physical geography, geology and hydrography, the forester is able to meet and conquer many difficulties. He knows the relation the mountains and streams have to the forest, and is able to note the influence the forest has upon the atmosphere and climate of a locality. He discovers in what way it affects the rainfall and evaporation, and can determine how the various earth and rock formations and constituents of the soil may increase or retard the growth of forests. The forester understands and is able to use all of the instruments for measuring the temperature and evaporation of water, and can describe or form maps of streams and lakes, showing, not only their geographical position, but their position with reference to the climatic conditions and forest growth, from which many valuable and interesting problems can be drawn.

As an engineer, the forester has much to do. If thoroughly competent, he is able to make line surveys, as well as topographical maps of forest property. Engineering ability is required in building roads, railroads, flumes and other permanent means of transportation. To get the forest products transported as cheaply, but as efficiently, as possible, is the forester's aim as an engineer.

The forester, as a practical man of business and executive ability, knows his forest thoroughly, and is capable of managing all work done by his subordinates in the field. He knows the lumbering business from beginning to end, and is fully competent to take charge of the saw mills and lumbering camps in the forests under his control. It is his duty to select sites for camps and to make working plans for the proper cutting of the timber. He does not allow valuable timber to be used in wasteful ways, such as putting it in skidways, and he also takes care that the trees are not cut too high. After the timber is cut, the forester knows how much per thousand feet it will cost to get it converted into lumber.

The work required of the forester of private, State or national property calls for practically the same amount of education and experience along the lines mentioned. Having sufficient knowledge of all the necessary subjects that come in his work, the forester is ready for business. After making a preliminary cruise of the land he is to take charge of, the first thing to be done is to make an estimate of the actual amount of useful timber upon it. The forester accomplishes this by conducting valuation surveys, which perhaps is the most important part of all his work.

In the logging camp.

The next important thing in the management of a forest is the analyzing of the stems or trunks of various kinds and sizes of useful trees. This work is done by parties of from five to ten men, and is exceedingly interesting, as well as instructive work for beginners in forestry. The condition of each tree, whether sound or not, the soundness of its trunk, and the length of the logs into which it could be best sawed, is recorded. It is the forester's object to find the average rate of growth and then compute how long it will take a tree, under certain conditions, to realize a desired diameter. The age of a tree is learned by counting the number of annual rings of growth at its stump. All points in the history of a tree are definitely found out and their characteristics learned.

The final success of a forester is largely dependent upon his knowledge of silviculture, which is nearly as important as the data gathered from the surveys and stem analyses. As a part of that knowledge, he knows under just what conditions the seeds of trees will best germinate and grow. Unless all of the forester's specifications concerning timber are upheld by a thorough knowledge of silvics, they are not likely to prove of value.

After the field season is over, the forester still has much office work, and from the conclusion he draws, a working plan is made for the lumbering of the forest. He also writes recommendations concerning the prevention of soil erosion, the best means of preventing and overcoming forest fires, which, by the way, is his greatest obstacle, and ways of fighting the many other enemies of the forest, such as insects and certain kinds of fungi. In addition, he also determines the methods for the grazing of stock, of various kinds, and at what seasons it will be most profit-

In the logging camp.

The virgin forest.

able and cause the least amount of damage. With all the data he has collected, he makes maps representing the rise in height of trees with their increase in diamiter, and also their rise in height with the increase in age. All this work is done before the real facts of the field survey can be determined. When this has been accomplished, the true results of the management of the particular tract or forest claim under his care is known.

The development of such practical forestry is universally a national question, and few governments are without a permanent forest commission. The benefits derived from the application of proper forestry principles, under the management of trained foresters in the Government service, is constantly leading private timber owners to seek the help of efficient men to take charge of their forests. Forest management, therefore, has opened a wide field for the employment of men of strong character and ability—men who are not afraid to meet difficulties and endure hardships.

Although the life of a forester is not an easy one, and requires constant mental activity, there is something about it that appeals to the nobler, finer self of every man. Not every one has the privilege of that enjoyment of the wild, which is so great a part of the routine of the forester's daily life.

There is always something new in his profession—something about the trees to discover—untrodden regions to explore. By continual association with nature and the spiritual influence and inspiration of the forest, he is made a better man—one whose life counts for something in the advancement of all humanity.

To this end his whole life is given, and there lives no one more worthy of our honor and respect or more deserving of a nation's pride and homage than the forester—the man of this and of all ages to come.

Admonition

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

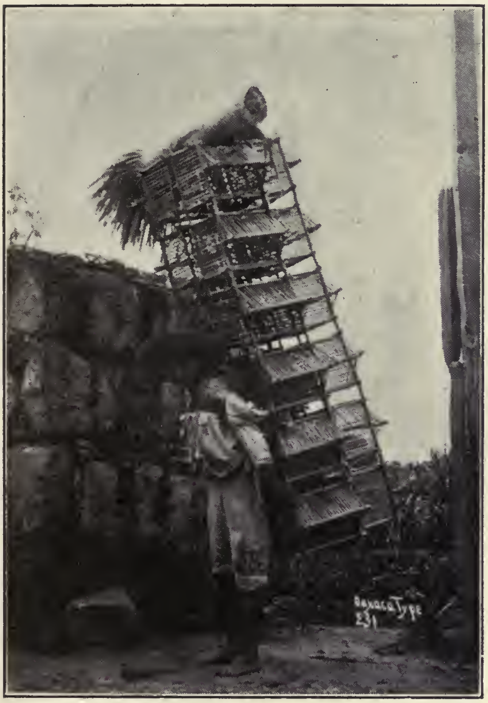
"Take heart o' grace." The counsel wise
Glowed on her lips and in her eyes.
"Never be downcast. Hear my creed:
'Who keeps on trying *must* succeed!'
Honest endeavor dignifies!

"Persist! I think you sure to rise,
When once your foes who criticise
Are proven wrong—no more I'll plead—
'Take heart!'" Oh, Grace!

Take heart I will! That word applies.
Just what My Lady doth advise
Will I achieve! In truth and deed,
What man could fail to win the lead
If she but let him—as the prize—
Take heart o' Grace?

Peddlers and Pack Horses in Mexico

BY G. F. PAUL



A mountain Indian.

THE traveler speeding southward through Mexico is roused at Irapuato by the cry of "Fresas, fresas!" and on opening the window, a dozen fragrant baskets of tempting strawberries are held up to tickle his eye and to tap his pocket-book. This is a daily occurrence the year round, and of course with the passing of the months, the venders learn that the largest berries should be placed on top, so as not to be crushed by the smaller ones. Twenty-five cents in silver will, however, buy enough berries to feed a family, while the unique basket that holds the fruit will answer a dozen purposes. As Irapuato is famous for its strawberries, so Aguas Calientes is the place for drawn work, Leon for leather work, and Apizaco for carved coffee canes. Queretaro, the place of Maximilian's execution, is the great opal town. Before the passenger alights, he is beset by a swarm of opal merchants, who carry their stores with them in little black papers, and cannot be held in check, even by the high iron railing.

Every toothless woman on the streets will try to rival Tiffany, the street car conductor will proffer a few opals as he politely collects the fares; the waiter will try to say a word about a few choice opals that a friend has just left with him, while the straight-haired "mozo" will let the light fall on his little assortment, as he leads the way to a longed-for resting-room.

But if Queretaro has more opals than fine-toothed combs, Celaya is the great candy town, where gallons of milk and tons of sugar are daily made up into *dulces,* and very toothsome are these sweets. They are reputed to be the best in Mexico, which is saying a good deal, when it is considered that most delicious candies are made at the extensive French *dulcerias* in Mexico City. In Puebla, sweet potatoes are turned into candies; at San Luis Potosi, the same thing is done to the cactus, while at Vera Cruz the squash is used to satisfy many a sweet tooth. A woman declares that dirt and *dulces* make a combination altogether too overpowering for an American stomach. "*Dulces!*" she exclaimed to a persistent vender of the dainties. "*Dulces* in all this filth!"

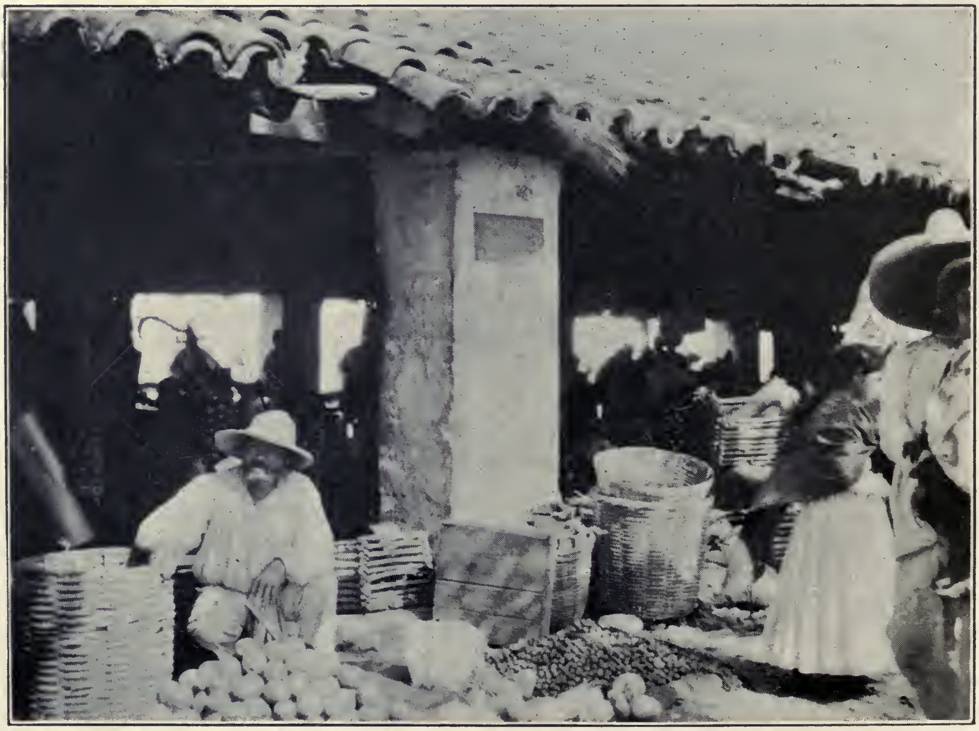
A fringe of beggars usually adorns the candy vendor. From these lugubrious creatures come continuous cries for *centavos.* The wonder is where they can put a penny in their ragged clothes after their eager fingers have clutched it. The term *pordioseros* is applied to these whining mendicants. In plain English, they would be known as "for-God's-sakers." And when their penny has been cast them for their song or grimace or mute appeal, they usually add with unintentional irony, "May God give you more."

Candy vendor.

If peddlers abound at the railway station, their number is legion at the market, the one institution, with the church, that furnishes the average Mexican town a reason for existing. In planning for market days, a pack of scrawny vegetables is culled with the greatest care. With this upon her back, the Zapotec woman starts for the market place, be it twenty, thirty or even forty miles distant. The trip is so planned that she may sleep after reeling off a score of miles at a fox trot; then on again shortly after midnight, that she may arrive on the scene of action with the peep of day. At these markets *chile* and charcoal vie with *tortillas* and *tamales*.

Little pyramids of peaches and pomegranates rise haughtily up from populous blankets, sandals mingle on friendly terms with sweets while the brooms and the beans fill the gap between a pepper and a pig. In many cities, vegetables, fruits and nuts are counted out in little heaps, and only by buying each pile separately can large quantities of a desired article be obtained. Wholesale dealings are stoutly over-ruled.

In Mexico, the burro is supposed to be



At the market place.

915 Hauling earth for brick making

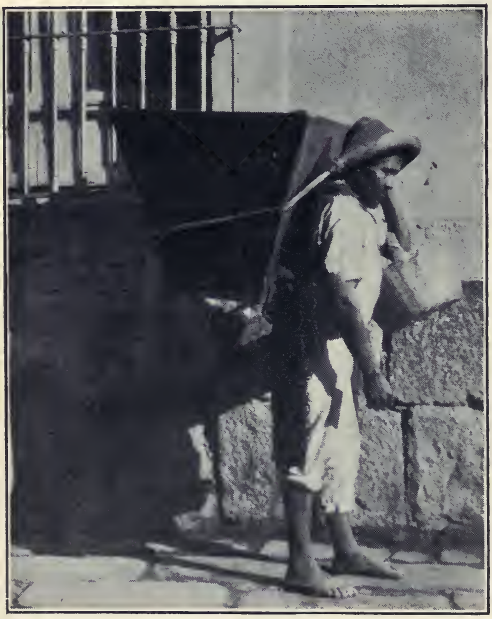
The national wheelbarrow.

the beast of burden, and on its back are fastened packs of every description. The Mexican is a past-master at doing up a load for his burro. Such things as bricks have a decided tendency to resist all efforts to tie them together into hundred-pound bundles by means of ropes, yet burros, or even boys, may often be seen plodding

Cargadores with piano.

along under such a burden. How the bricks ever hold together is a mystery. The burro's great rival as a pack-animal is the Mexican peon himself. That this omnipresent burden-bearing has been going on in Mexico for at least a century is shown by the statement of Baron Humboldt, who says of the *tenateros* in the mine he visited, that they were "carrying for six hours a weight ranging from 225 to 350 pounds on their backs, in a very high temperature, ascending eight or ten times, without rest, ladders of 1,800 rounds." The famous savant adds that this might well confute the belief that the tropics are enervating. History is dotted with instances where the equipment and many of the timbers of inland churches and other structures, were practically carried hundreds of miles overland.

The most notable feat, perhaps, was that performed by eight thousand Tlascalans. These trusty allies of Cortes carried on their shoulders timbers for thirteen brigantines many leagues across the mountains, that he might recapture the City of Mexico, then held by the prince, Guauhtemoctzin. No doubt, many descendants of these very Tlascalans work in the Pachuca and Guanajuato mines. What with a string of rickety ladders, where every foothold is slippery with water, and what with the *frontera,* or brow-band, pulled tight with the dead weight at his back, no wonder the peon's poor brains are molded into a pear-shaped peak that will not hold a hat.



Meat cargadore, City of Mexico.

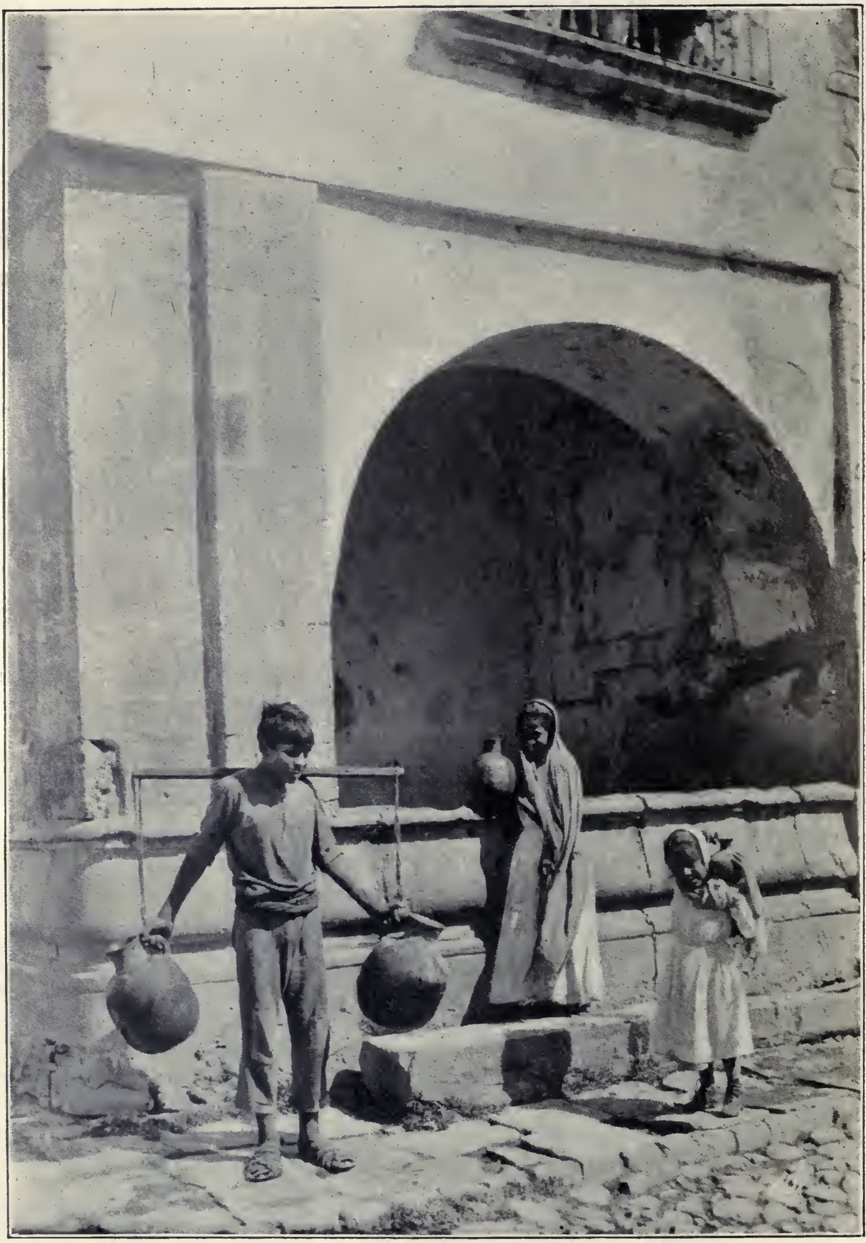
In answer to the query as to why some enterprising firm did not start up in the draying business in Mexico City, an American resident said: "It wouldn't pay them. These greasers would put them out of business in a few days. These men are old hands at the work, and can get around in out-of-the-way places where a big dray couldn't budge. Just the other day a man told me of one of these *cargodores* carrying a safe for half a mile that weighed nearly half a ton, and after he'd made the trip he lit a cigarette and tramped off, looking for another mountain to move. There's a story going the rounds about an American contractor at Zacatecas who tried to introduce the use of the wheelbarrow. The Mexican laborer loaded it and then managed to put it on his knotty head and carried it into the building. The contractor tried to show him how it should be run, and the greaser soon caught on; but after he'd dumped his load, he insisted on putting the wheelbarrow on his head and carrying it back to the brick-pile.

For personal appearance the charcoal vendors must be awarded the palm. These *carboneros* have a lucrative profession, for charcoal is in great demand throughout Mexico. Their bodies are usually so begrimed as to make perfect blackamoors of them. Some of them have a curious custom of wearing one trouser leg rolled high, revealing a slender, shining limb. If asked why he wears his trousers so, the carbonero will probably reply, *"Es costumbre del pais."* (It is the custom of the country.)

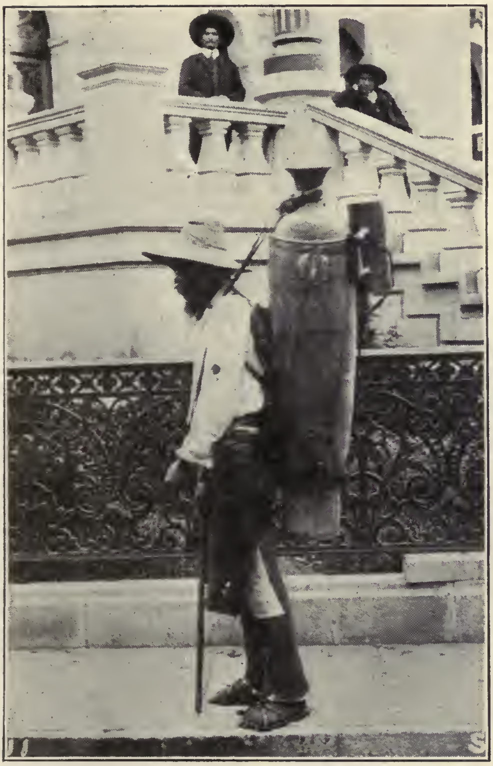
It is not to be expected that the hundreds of vendors will pass along the streets without crying their wares. Each call, or *grito,* is distinct from the other, and is an ancestral inheritance. Their common characteristic is the prolongation of the various notes, which are sung, rather than shouted. Whether it be the vendor of cut-straw or the milkman, the seller of sheep's heads or the more plaintive *tamalera,* each cry will have about it a charming originality. No more pleasing matin can be found than the melodious words of the gardener, *"Compra usted*

Pack train returning from market.

A light load.



Water carriers at Queratаro.



Water carrier of Guanajuato.

jitomate, chicharos, ejote, calabacita?" (Won't you buy tomatoes, peas, beans, pumpkins,)

Guanajuato has in its *aguador* or water man, the most picturesque provider in the Republic. While his usefulness is being narrowed by the laying of prosaic water-pipes, yet he will always play an important part in many Mexican households. The Guanajuato *aguador* tramps along, bearing on his back a four-foot jar, not made of earthenware, but of leather.

"The hills are so steep and the streets are
so narrow,
He can't carry earthen jars on a wheel-
barrow."

The water carrier in Mexico City wears such an elaborate armor of helmet, breastplate and thigh-pieces that nothing can work him injury except the sudden breaking of one of the two nicely balanced jars that he carries fore and aft. Sometimes he has a pouch of red beans with which to keep tally of his trips.

If there is a senorita in one of the houses he supplies with water, a coin and a smile may transform him into one of Cupid's postmen. It must be remembered that a strict censorship over such correspondence is maintained in many Mexican homes. It may be, however, that the *aguador* is made an unknowing helper in the love-match. The artful young don may fasten the missive to the bottom of the *chochocol,* or water-jar, by means of a little wax. Consuelo, previously warned, is in waiting at the gateway when the aguador appears, and is, of course, delighted to see him. She pays the postage with a thousand kisses, but the letter gets them, not the *aguador.* And then in secret she will read a hundred times the words of the ardent lover.

After several appearances of the lover a blissful telegraphy of signs and smiles

In a side street in Mexico City.

A Mexican senorita.

and countless sighs will be established. From then on, the *aguador* and the *carbonero* may play important parts in the courtship, being subsidized by the *novio* to carry to his mistress bouquets within whose depth a tinted missive lies concealed.

The evening hours are delightful in Mexico throughout most of the year, taking compassion upon such young men as have engagements during this period outside a grated window or just below a projecting balcony. Gradually traffic ceases along the narrow thoroughfares, the stars come out, and the moon smiles down serenely. Little is heard, save the rattle of a stray cab or the barking of a watchful dog. These sounds, too, die away and give place to the whistle of the slim policeman at the street corner, and the clicking tread of the night watchman going his rounds. And through it all, Consuelo listens to sweet nothings from Emilio, who stands dallying with his broad sombrero and inwardly execrating the immovable gratings or the dozen feet of space that separate him from his *novia*.

Wild Apple Blossoms

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

Among the rocks that bound the river's brawl,
The wild crab's straggling branches freshly teem;
Far o'er the bank its ragged shadows fall—
Its glad pink blooms rough-mirrored in the stream.

Not meet are they for this late age of ours;
Their strange, sweet fragrance speaks an earlier date;
The primal world is theirs; they seem the flowers
Wherewith some nymph might crown her satyr mate.

The Stuff that was in Him

BY ARA SHANE CURTIS

NO telegraph operator employed on the Rantoul district in the spring of '92 has forgotten Dispatcher John W. Rafferty, who handled the "second trick" at Rantoul from four o'clock p. m. until midnight, during that season.

I say this with more certainty because of the fact that he was exceedingly unpopular. He had been brought to Rantoul by Superintendent Thurston to succeed Dispatcher Brooks, who was discharged upon a quibble at the instance of the superintendent to make room for Rafferty—or so we choose to believe, and we were prejudiced accordingly. Then he was not favorably regarded by either Trainmaster Bement, or Chief Despatcher Lorton, who looked upon him in much the same light as did we.

But he had not been long at Rantoul before we discovered that he was a particular pet of Thurston's,—or we thought so when the latter pushed him to the position of second-trick man after barely two months' service.

"Got better stuff in him than any other man in the office!" growled the superintendent, when Bement remonstrated against this mark of open favoritism.

Thurston's argument was unanswerable. Rafferty's ability to get trains over the road was exceedingly manifest, and Bement said no more then. It was later, when talking the matter over with Lorton, that he waxed profane concerning the stuff that was in the second-trick despatcher, damning it roundly.

Rafferty's unpopularity seemed to trouble him little. He might have dissipated the prejudice against him had he made any effort in that direction; but he was silent and unsocial by nature; rarely speaking during the eight hours which he daily spent in the office. His competency only aggravated the situation. For, in spite of our dislike, we were forced to recognize that a better dispatcher than Rafferty never handled a key.

He had need of all his skill, for there were heavy rains in that section for weeks before the final catastrophe, and landslides were of almost daily occurrence, while, owing to the sodden condition of the road-bed, other accidents were frequent. In addition the wires were almost habitually "in trouble", because of the dampness, and the stormy winds.

But Rafferty was a fair electrician, as well as a train runner; and directly the first trick man's transfer was complete, he would go to work and patch up a decent wire circuit. In this respect, the wire-chief declared he could accomplish wonders. And, no matter how serious the condition of affairs, provided the track itself was intact, he managed to keep trains moving, and bring them through with no undue delays.

Though I was a mere lad of seventeen. I had been night-operator in the despatcher's office for some time; and, as I was ambitious to make an efficient train handler of myself, I began to study Rafferty's methods closely.

This did not long escape him, and he manifested a disposition to aid me, after a surly fashion of his own. He dressed me down savagely for any mistakes I was so unfortunate as to commit; but I soon learned that his reproofs covered valuable hints, by which I was not slow to profit, and grew to rather welcome them than otherwise.

Thus an odd sort of friendship was finally established between us; and, as I grew to understand him better, my liking for him increased proportionately. But it was not until the 6th day of May, when the curtain fell upon the last stormy scene of the tragedy of Rantoul, that I, in common with the rest, learned what Rafferty really was.

Rantoul was not a large town. It was a strange stage for a tragedy—that little division station, clustering in a flat just below the junction of the Champaign and Obion Rivers. Ordinarily, these were insignificant streams enough; but, on the date mentioned, they were swollen by heavy rains, and looked formidable and sullen. A rough levee held them in bounds, and protected the valley, which would otherwise have been overflowed. Back of the town rose a tall, ragged slope, bristling with trees and undergrowth—the last of the wavering chain of hills through which Champaign made its way to its junction with the Obion east of Rantoul. Ways Bluff, the last station on the Champaign division, was situated on this river at the point where it buried itself among the hills, some ten miles north of Rantoul. The railroad, entering Rantoul from the northeast, skirted the Champaign for some distance, partially rounded the foot of the slope, ran parallel with the switch-yard to its limit, fifty yards east of the despatchers' office, and bent sharply away over the Obion upon an iron bridge. Across the river it curved boldly away from the long bridge approach down a steep grade to a level plain over which swarmed Rocky Ford, the first station south of Rantoul; and then shot away south toward Forbes, the terminal of the Rantoul division.

The building in which the general offices were located, including the despatchers', was situated in the southwest quarter of the town, within a stone's throw of the Obion. Midway down the switchyard, stood the yard office—a tiny box car affair, but important, as it marked the junction of the Champaign and Rantoul divisions.

The work was heavy, as the operator was required to handle the telegraphing for both divisions—a rough enough place for an experienced man.

Consequently I was surprised when, early in March, I learned that a lady—a Miss Burke—had been ordered by Lorton to relieve Teague, the night operator at the yard, who was discharged for drunkenness.

Miss Burke was a newcomer on our division. She was young—not more than nineteen—exceedingly pretty, and we were all exercised by Lorton's locating her at such a point. She was a fairly good operator, but was unaccustomed to heavy work, and her inexperience betrayed her into many blunders.

Incompetency was an unpardonable sin in Rafferty's eyes, and she had trouble with him the first night after her installment. She reported No. 53 ready, giving the signature of the conductor to several orders.

Rafferty completed the orders, telling her at the same time to hold the train for another. She misunderstood him, and some minutes later, when he called the yard office to put out the order, 53 was already puffing over the Obion. Rafferty was furious.

"You've fixed it now—damn you!" he snapped, the instrument clicking angrily as he handled the key. "You've played—"

"Hold up, Rafferty!" I cried. "That's a girl you're talking to."

All the blood in Rafferty's body seemed to rush to his face. For a moment he glared at me speechless; then he bent low over his desk.

"Its d—d dirty of Lorton to put a girl down there!" he said, emphatically.

But I noticed that he used no more rough language in working with the yard office; and the next day, to my astonishment, I learned that he had called at the office on his way home that night, and apologized personally to Miss Burke.

Then it soon became apparent that, from the moment he first laid eyes upon Nora Burke's pretty face, it was all up with Rafferty. Though he remained crusty as ever with other operators along the line, he was never cross with her. Even did his best to shield her from the consequences of her manifold mistakes; and on one occasion when she failed to deliver a train order—thereby entailing a long delay at a "blind" siding upon a banana train—he went so far as to destroy the record of the order, thus tacitly taking the blame to himself; and was later severely censured. I alone was privy to this unheard of proceeding, and when I ventured to remonstrate, I was gruffly told to keep quiet.

The girl seemed strangely indifferent to his kindness. She was probably unaware of its extent. She certainly treated him with the utmost coolness; and a rumor soon crept through the office that she favored Jerry Mathis, a stalwart young engineer, in no small degree.

Matters stood thus on the 5th day of May. There had been a steady downpour of rain all day, and a black squally night had set in. Third-trick Despatcher

McGuire had been taken ill suddenly that day; and, as there was no extra man to relieve him, the chief despatcher had notified Rafferty that his watch would commence at seven o'clock that evening, and terminate at seven the following morning, when he would be relieved by Walker, the day man.

Seven o'clock was the hour at which I reported for duty, and Rafferty and I repaired to the office together. He was in a savage mood, and we walked the whole way in silence. All Rantoul was indoors, save those who, like ourselves, were compelled to exposure.

For some time a growing fear had been seeping through the town that the levee might break, and the gorged rivers flood the town. Within a few days, this fear had merged into a dread so positive that it had occasioned the exodus of nearly half the population; and we passed several lighted windows at which anxious faces were whitened against the panes.

We pressed forward with difficulty against the strong wind, and when we reached the office, paused a minute within the outer door to recover our breath.

It was not yet dark, but night was closing down in visibly deepening shades, and only those objects near at hand could be distinguished. The sky was heavily overcast, and the lights flickering down the gloomy length of the switch yard, showed like pale red smears through the dashing mist of the rain.

A ribbon of fierce lightning tore suddenly across the sky, and disclosed two figures making their way down the main track, the fitful gusts threatening to sweep them away with every step.

I recognized Miss Burke, and Mathis, the engineer, and I saw that Rafferty did too. The next flash threw his grim profile in strong relief against the dark background of the door.

"Callahan, they're engaged; I heard it today." His voice was a husky growl.

"That so?"

I looked after the pair with a feeling of indignation which it would have been hard for me to explain. There was a brief silence. It was broken by Rafferty.

"Look there!" he said, abruptly, pointing to the Obion, which stretched away on our right like a pallid mist, blending confusedly with the twilight. "If these rains don't hold up, we'll have trouble, kid. I walked down by the levee today, and the water was washing over it in places. If it should give way now, this town would be wiped off the map."

"You don't think there's any immediate danger, do you?" I asked anxiously.

"If this continues it'll have hard work to hold to-night," replied Rafferty.

He turned and went up stairs, I followed him, a chill creeping over me. Hitherto I had scouted the possibility of danger, and had met the fears of others with open ridicule. But I knew that it was almost impossible to excite Rafferty, and his opinion of the staying powers of the levee troubled me not a little.

It was half past six when we entered the office, though it seemed much later, owing to the gloom without.

Walker looked up from his train-sheet, and greeted Rafferty with a tired smile.

"You'll find things in a mess to-night," he said. "I was just getting 'em shaped up, when Sixty-two's engine died at Creelman, and I had to undo every blanked thing I'd done, and do it over."

"Things are always in a mess," growled Rafferty; "but I don't mind work—the more, the better. How are the wires?"

"We have had this wire patched with the No. 16 wire at Kosciusko. Its all right for moving trains," replied Walker. "You'll have all kinds of work, if that's what you're hunting for. They're going to Forbes to bring out a race-horse train; and there are all kinds of trains out on the pike—all of 'em late and getting later."

He turned over to Rafferty instructions from the trainmaster to run one of the engines—the huge 890—in charge of engineer Mathis and conductor Ryan, to Forbes as the first section of No. 53. The race-horses were due to reach Forbes at ten-thirty, and they wished to head them north without delay.

Within a few minutes after Rafferty sat down before his desk, he had "fixed" first 53 at Rantoul. At seven-thirty the powerful 890 glided majestically down the main line, and swept out over the Obion, on her way to Forbes.

Soon afterward, the operator at Rocky Ford, the first station south of the river, reported a very rough place in the track at the end of the bridge approach. Rafferty shrugged his shoulders, and put out a bulletin warning all trains to run carefully over the track in question.

He battled against fearful odds that night—bad track, swinging wires, and late trains; but he soon held his stupendous game well in hand, and, at nine o'clock, he closed his key, and leaned back in his chair.

"Got 'em straightened out sooner than I expected, kid," said he. "See if you can raise Champaign. I want some figures on Number 1. They are sure to be late."

No. 1 was the south-bound fast mail. They were due at ten-twenty, but for two weeks past had been arriving from one to five hours late, owing to washouts on the Champaign division. I began calling "CH", the despatcher's office at Champaign.

Rafferty arose and went to the window a large, black square, save when illuminated by occasional flashes from the darkness without. The wind was swooping down into the valley from the southwest, and the panes were slurred by long, slanting spits of rain.

He gazed anxiously toward the Obion. A flare of lightning disclosed the railroad bridge and the levee, still intact. After another lingering look, this time in the direction of the yard office, he returned to his seat.

"Can't you raise Champaign?" he inquired.

I shook my head. No. 16, the regular train wire was spliced with No. 8, which was a "through' wire, at Kosciusko Junction; and we were using No. 8 wire north. All other long-distance wires were grounded north of Rantoul; and No. 8 was evidently in difficulties somewhere south of Champaign; for, though Rafferty and myself continued calling Champaign at intervals until No. 1 was overdue, we received no response.

At ten-thirty, the race-horse train, with its cargo of living freight, was delivered to the Rantoul division at Forbes, and, almost immediately, the operator at Forbes reported them ready to leave.

"Tell him to sign up and hike," directed Rafferty. "No.1 not here yet, and I can't get any figures on 'em—the darn wires all down! I'll—"

There was a sharp flash of lightning. The giant switch-board cracked like a pistol, and the wire "went down."

Rafferty went to work on his instruments. The current was heavy, and he adjusted with difficulty. Some one was working—the sounder was ticking indistinctly, and under the despatcher's skilful fingers the confused clicking gradually resolved itself into his office call.

"RN—RN—RN— CH—" It was the despatchers' office at Champaign.

"I—RN", responded Rafferty, quickly.

"Unable to get you sooner account wire trouble," explained Champaign, unnecessarily. "No. 1 behind a landslide on this division, and will reach Rantoul four hours late—CH."

"OK—RN", replied Rafferty. He called Forbes and issued an order that No. 1 would run four hours late from Rantoul to Forbes. Scarcely twenty minutes later Martin, the first station north of Forbes, reported the race-horse special by.

A season of comparative quiet ensued. Now and then the wires would fail, and we had considerable difficulty in keeping our instruments adjusted, because of the fluctuating current. There had been no cessation of the wind. An uneasy fear possessed me, deepening with each tempestuous gust.

My apprehensions were not unshared. A spirit of general disquiet prevailed throughout the building. The operators in the adjoining telegraph office, grouped themselves anxiously near the windows during leisure intervals. The clerk at the trainmaster's desk moved restlessly, and now and then a pale-faced employee from the superintendent's office would come in, exchange a few words with the clerk, and gaze with perturbed face toward the Obion. All looked forward to the issue of the stormy night with evident uneasiness.

All but Rafferty. Save that he called the yard office once, and asked Miss Burke if she was frightened, to which she replied in the negative, he sat silent, apparently unmoved; occasionally taking up his pen when some station reported a passing train, and noting the time on the train-sheet before him.

Shortly after midnight, the operator at Rocky Ford reported water running over the dangerous section of the track south of the river. I looked at Rafferty. He was frowning.

“Isn’t it rather risky to run trains over that track now?” I ventured

“Its criminal,” he replied, emphatically. “But if I tied ’em up on account of the track, Bement—”

He did not finish the sentence, but I understood. A silence ensued which was broken only at long intervals, until two o’clock, when the little sounder on the train-wire abruptly raised its voice, and addressed Rafferty.

“Special 890 wants to know if you can’t give him more time on No. 1. He can’t reach Rantoul on what he’s got—KO”.

It was Kosciusko Junction. Rafferty looked up at the clock. The special had pulled into Kosciusko only a few minutes behind their schedule time. Mathis was a good engineer, and they were making an excellent run, considering the weather, and the condition of the track.

“Wait,—I’ll see,” said Rafferty. “CH CH—CH—RN—CH—”

“I—CH,” answered Champaign. “No. 1 running five hours late—CH”.

“OK—RN”” returned Rafferty, “to K O—Copy 3. Order No. 180 to Spl. 890, north, KO.

“No. One (1) Eng. 1120 will wait at Rantoul until three-thirty (3:30) a. m., for Special Race-horse train, Eng. 890 north. Sig).

F. G. B.”

Kosciusko Junction repeated the order and Rafferty made it complete.

“Tell him I want him here by three-twenty-five, sharp,” said Rafferty. “No. 1 may be right on the figures, and I don’t want him to fall down and block the game. Hurry’s the word!”

He commenced calling Rocky Ford, but before the latter could answer, the operator at Champaign took the wire abruptly, as follows:

“ To RN—Just got new figures on No. 1. They will reach Rantoul about 2.45—CH.”

Rafferty frowned savagely.

“That’s only 4 hours and 25 minutes late,” snapped he. “This is not good biz! I can’t run trains if you don’t give me good figures!”

“We,” began Champaign, but Rafferty seized the circuit. He called Kosciusko Junction, and ascertained that the special had already gone. He began calling Grand Pass, the only night office between Kosciusko and Rocky Ford, using “9,” the train order signal.

But the operator at Grand Pass was not prompt. Rafferty continued calling impatiently for ten minutes or more, before he finally broke in with—

“I GS—Spl. 890 by 2:22—GS”

“FD—FD—RN—9—FD—FD— RN” called Rafferty. “FD—FD—RN—9—”

“RN—RN—RN—WB—”

It was Ways Bluff, the first station north of Rantoul on the Champaign division.

“Get out!” flashed Rafferty furiously. “99—FD—FD—”

But the operator at Ways Bluff broke in again:

“To RN—WB—I’m holding No.1 here cloudburst just below, and water coming down river. Run for your liv—”

That was all—the wire circuit remained open.

Rafferty bounded to the switch board, and applied the ground wire north. It closed the circuit, but, before he could reach his key, Rocky Ford took the wire with:

“To RN—track washed away south of river to bridge-approach, and one span of approach gone. Section men trying to—”

Rafferty flung open his key and started to his feet.

“Everybody get out!” he shouted. “A cloudburst at Ways Bluff, and water coming down the Champaign!”

But the operators in the telegraph offices had heard Ways Bluff, and the news was already spreading like wild fire. The wildest confusion reigned. The clerks and other employes, rushed into the hall pell-mell. They poured down stairs and out of the building. The sound of hoarse shouts and warning cries floated up indisttinctly from below .

I had started up to follow the others, when I saw that Rafferty had reseated himself and was calling Rocky Ford frantically.

“Go on, Callahan!” he cried, seeing me pause. “I must tell that fellow at Rocky Ford to hold the 890—am afraid to take any chances.”

I grasped the situation at once. The track and part of the bridge-approach south of the river had been swept away. Rantoul itself would soon be under water.

The operator at Rocky Ford was inexperienced—Rafferty could not trust him to hold the race-horse train without instructions. And unless she was held at Rocky Ford she was doomed.

I sat down, a feeling of shame partly banishing my terror. Something was wrong—Rocky Ford did not answer.

"For heaven's sake, see if you can't get him on some other wire!" exclaimed Rafferty, without pausing.

Before the words were out of his mouth, I was in the telegraph office. But it was useless. I could get no induction on any wire except No. 16, and Rafferty was using that. I returned to the despatchers' room.

"FD—FD—RN—9" continued Rafferty. "FD—FD—RN—9! My God! FD—FD——"

At last:

"I—FD," replied Rocky Ford.

"Hold——"

A stream of lightning poured into the office. The switch-board was transformed into a huge, twisting sheet of flame. There was a terrific report, and long, crashing roll of thunder. It was as if a cannon had suddenly exploded in our midst.

I staggered back, blinded and deafened, mechanically raising one arm to ward off the white, intolerable glare. There was little need. It had vanished, leaving total darkness. That terrible flash had cut off the electric light and grounded every wire in the office.

A moment later, while I clung to my chair, dazed, a hundred vivid spots dancing against the blackness before my eyes, a hand grasped my shoulder.

"Come, kid—quick!"

It was the voice of Rafferty. But I could only cling to him stupidly, as I had clung to the chair, and he dragged me from the room.

The storm had at length reached its climax. The darkness was intense, and we could hear the rain without striking the building in driving, horizontal sheets.

We paused in the hall, and Rafferty lighted a white signal lantern—two or three were kept on hand in case of emergency. We hurried down to the outer door—the cold wind struck upon me sharply, and my stupidity vanished.

We made our way with extreme difficulty toward the crossing, east of the office. It was almost impossible to maintain our footing in the teeth of the gale, and we were half-suffocated by the flooding rain. Fortunately, it slackened abruptly. A glimpse of lightning gave me a fleeting revelation of the streets, filled with a drenched, frightened throng. At the crossing, Rafferty broke from my clasp.

"Make for the hill, and you'll be safe!" he shouted.

He fled down the tracks, through the yard. I followed.

"Where are you going?" I cried.

"Go back!" he answered savagely. "I am going to the——"

The remainder was carried away, but I understood. He was going to the yard-office—to Nora Burke.

"For one moment I hesitated. Then, in obedience to an impulse stronger even than the love of life, I set my teeth and tore after him blindly.

The switch-yard was transformed into a shallow pond. All of the tracks were partially submerged, and those nearest the river were totally obliterated. The yard skirted the Obion, and the lightning showed a thin sheet of water curling over the levee, as the waves were driven against it by the wind. All the lights were extinguished except one, which still glimmered—a mere bright blur—through the rain.

We dashed forward, clambering now and then over broken freight cars and other debris which blockaded the way—hurled down by the storm. I ran my best, but I could not keep up with Rafferty. He ran as I had never seen a man run before—as I did not know a man could run. We were both hatless and coatless, and a few large, scattering hailstones dealt us stinging blows. Luckily, the hail passed in a few seconds.

There was not a sign of life anywhere. The yard men had fled. We passed one of the deserted yard engines, steaming faintly. A moment later the little yard office was revealed by the lightning, near at hand.

In a second Rafferty was at the door. He tried it, but it was locked. He flung himself against it desperately. With a loud crackling, it gave way, and we entered.

At first we could see nothing. Then

Rafferty raised the lantern and we saw the girl—forgotten by all but himself—crouching by the desk, her white, fear-stricken face turned toward the door.

As he darted forward, calling her by name, she sprung to meet him, with a wild cry, and clung about him sobbing convulsively.

Flinging down the lantern, he gathered her up, and ran from the office. I caught up the lantern—fortunately it was not extinguished—and followed. Together we half-led, half-carried the girl around some refrigerator cars piled like crushed egg shells across the storage tracks, stumbled through a wide waste of wreckage, splashed through a ditch full of racing water, and paused at the foot of the hill for a moment's rest.

"We'll soon be safe now," panted Rafferty.

I could hear his heavy breathing. I myself was open mouthed, unable to reply. The wind had died down, except for an occasional huffle; but the black clouds overhead were again closing down, and it lightened with merely momentary intermissions. Miss Burke clung to Rafferty, and he bent over her, trying vainly to shield her from the ceaseless spray of rain.

Suddenly a long, deep, sad cry, faint and far distant, but unmistakable, was borne to us from the South.

Rafferty straightened suddenly.

"Good God! The special!" he exclaimed.

His words smote upon the senses of the girl, dulled by fear and exposure, like an electric shock. She started forward with a wail of agony, and then stood wringing her hands in helpless despair.

With the swiftness of the lightning itself, the awful peril of the special race-horse train flashed back upon my mind. They were trying to reach Rantoul by three twenty-five—Mathis had the mighty 890 on her mettle. If they were not stopped by the operator at Rocky Ford—

I was aroused by Rafferty. He had seized my arm and was pointing to Miss Burke.

"Take care of her, Callahan!" His tone was a command. "I am going back."

"Going back! What for?" I cried, staring stupidly.

"That was the 890 at Ford Crossing—she must be held at Rocky Ford!"

He caught the lantern from my grasp and turned. I laid hold of him in desperation.

"My Lord, Rafferty—it's too late! Even if you got there in time the wires are burned out! You shan't do it—it's death!"

He shook me off and turned toward the draggled, shuddering figure of the girl. The incessant lightning revealed his face. It was white and worn and beaten, but the iron look upon it was not the look of one who fails.

"I'll manage it," he said grimly. Mathias is pulling the 890. Good-bye, kid!"

He was gone.

I tried to call out words of further remonstrance, but something arose in my throat and choked me. The knowledge of his purpose overwhelmed me. He was staking his life on the mere chance that Rocky Ford might not hold the special. He was measuring his strength against that of the destroyer, which, hemmed by the hills, was rushing down the Champaign. And, whether the unequal race was won or lost, I knew that death waited surely for Despatcher Rafferty at the end.

I strained my eyes after him until the spark of the lantern disappeared. Presently it flashed out again like a star, only to pass out of sight, and I saw it no more.

The sobs of the girl recalled me to myself, and I remembered that I was exposing her to useless danger.

"Come! We must hurry!" I cried. She turned obediently, and passing my arm around her, I hurried her up the steep incline.

The ground was a mere sponge—the yellow mud inches deep. Our feet slid in the slippery mire, and our ascent soon degenerated into a desperate scramble. But we struggled on until we reached a small hollow more than half way up the long slope, partially sheltered by a clump of tossing, beaten trees.

We stopped here. Miss Burke sank upon the ground, panting from the arduous climb, and weeping convulsively.

As for me, I forgot everything but the queer, silent man, for whom until that night I did not dream that I cherished any particular affection. I groaned aloud, and flung myself down beside the girl, sobbing outright like the boy I was.

It seemed an age that we two sat there, sobbing in company; but not many minutes covered the time from the moment when Rafferty left us until the final catastrophe.

A deep, swelling roar, like the uprising of a strong wind, struck upon my ears. I was on my feet—my heart leaped to my throat with one great, suffocating bound. I gazed down the murky length of the Champaign, rendered plainly visible by the ceaseless glare from overhead.

The sound grew momentarily louder, more appalling in volume. There was a confused, shrieking noise, intermingled like the onrush of resistless waters. Then I distinguished what seemed to be a black, wavering line, far down the river. A minute later, a wall of water, widening as it came, shot down the Champaign, and swept into Obion river, carrying everything before it.

Some black blotches that were wreckage appeared upon the surface of the swiftly ebbing lake below. Well, Rantoul was deserted, with the exception of one grim, white-faced man, who ran a race with death that night and was victorious; who, to shield the life of his rival, flung away his own like a handful of waste.

For that night, Despatcher Rafferty achieved the impossible. How he effected a wire circuit, we did not know—we shall never know.

What we do know is, that at three-four, the operator at Rocky Ford heard the dumb-sounder on the No. 16 wire tick faintly.

He adjusted hastily. It was Rantoul calling his office, and he responded quickly: "Special by you?" clicked the sounder.

"Coming," replied Rocky Ford.

"Take this quick—make 7 copies," came the swift command. "Order No. 181 to Operator FD, & Special 890, north. Order No. 180 is annulled. Hold all north-bound trains.

(Sig.) F. G. B.

The operator repeated the order rapidly, gave his signature and waited for it to be made complete.

"Complete 3:08 a. m.—J. W."

The sounder stopped abruptly. Then there came a few unintelligible clicks, made by no earthly hand, and then—silence. Death had written an eternal "complete" to the life of Despatcher Rafferty. The Great Superintendent had called him in.

Hypocrisy

BY SAMUEL G. HOFFENSTEIN

How many a fane with Orient splendor crown'd
Its proud, marmorean beauty rears on high!
Sweet, sculptur'd shell of incense and sweet sound,
And sensuous ease, and gorgeous luxury—
What carven pride and flaunted pageantry!
As't were the magic triumph of a dream,
Or charmed haunt of enfin revelry
Ensconced in the midnight moon's pale gleam!

Aye, these are glorious to the ravish'd sight,
These lairs of vice, and their gold-garnished brood—
And Pomp can blind the eye of Virtue well;
But let them revel in their transient might—
They cannot stay Death's ruthless, rushing flood,
Or cheat the quenchless, fiery thirst of hell.

In Dagh.

Freed from the Despot of Dagh

BY FELIX J. KOCH

THINGS did look bad now certainly. When we had come into the capital, with the cordon of Turkish soldiery sent out to do honor to one who bore letters from that beloved of the Padi-shah, the Turkish ambassador to Washington, and the infantry had lined up either side of the way that leads to the door of the Pashalik walls, we felt we had entered some bit of Arabian Nights country, where genii might come on touching some talisman, and houris danced to castanets, and the fig and the pomegranate would drop at our feet. Out there in the bazaars the pomegranates were to be had, and figs likewise, and the houris did dance for the populace in the little theatre they had established up near the gilded Mosque—but as for talismans, it did seem as though we needed one badly.

The Despot of Dagh was feeling his oats, to quote an Americanism.

One of the most powerful vassals of the Sultan, practically absolute in his extensive domains, he had conceived the brilliant idea that some day Dagh should stand out alone on the map, without the color being blended with that of Turkey. To do this, however, meant just a few more troops and money than the Despot had.

So when Miss Stone was captured in his neighbor prince's estate of Bulgaria, and he saw how easily Uncle Sam paid hush-money and ransom and how completely the Macedonian Committee succeeded in convincing the world that the Sultan was not a fit ruler for that region, —since the lives of foreigners were not safe, he was resolved that—let any American come to Dagh and he would soon be an absolute monarch.

The only flaw in the plan was that Americans and Englishmen do not make a point of coming to Dagh. The people are yeoman peasants, who raise wheat and hemp, and some Turkish maize, a few sheep, and some of them horses.

These, after the tax-gatherers have taken a tenth for the Despot, and a third more, from the Christians, because they cannot serve in the army, and a goodly squeeze for themselves, are then taken by said peasants, in the one case, on the sides of their burrows, in long caravans, (as safeguards against the highway-men,) and, in the other, in hugh combined flocks, to the same end, and driven to the nearest town.

There some wealthy pasha corners the market, buys them up and, after seeing to it that the Despot gets liberal gifts, and that his spies too, are quite well appeased, sells where and when he will.

So you see, there is no cause for visitors.

You are altogether in too great danger to make tourist travel pleasant. The mountains are beautiful—but you see the same in the Alleghanies. The villages are picturesque, but if you want Oriental pictures, you get them in Bosnia in safety. And, as for an American commercial invasion, goodness knows, fashions haven't changed since the battle of Anslem, and the peasant wouldn't buy if he could, which he can't.

As to missionaries, they, too, didn't stir so far into the back country, and it would be only some correspondent who ever dipped into Dagh.

When he did come, the orders had long stood on file, his coming should not be interrupted.

Then when he was safely within the pashalik, the soldiers which the neighboring Vali, or province governor, had sent as his escort, should be ordered home with excuse that the Despot wished to do the honors himself and would provide an escort of his own on the return.

The very earliest night thereafter would find a letter thrown into the office of the American minister at Belgrad, (this is the nearest point where we hold diplomatic relations), that an American had trespassed on some religious ground and was held prisoner by the Despot of Dagh.

Nothing would be accepted short of absolute freedom from Turkey and immunity from arrest.

Didn't it sound easy and nice, though?

En route.

Courtiers.

Dagh, the capital of Dagh, lies in a secluded valley, densely forested and reached by a single trail. That trail was commanded by heavy cannon, and could hold huge armies at bay.

When the Sultan sent his forces to order his vassal to obey, the vassal would simply say: "One foot further and the American will be put to death."

That would bring on what he wished.

So, when, the next morning we wished to leave our bed chamber, not having rested particularly well on the divan that night, the sentry outside the leather portiere blocked our way.

"You cannot pass," he said in Turkish, "these are my orders."

Thinking it some local etiquette, that one might not leave the room until called for, I sat down at the window to fill out my journal..

By and by a liveried servant entered with the usual trays of Turkish coffee, in a beaker, sugar and hot water to dilute. This, and the soft, grey unleavened bread of which one becomes so fond, and the candied figs. That was my breakfast.

The sun was rising higher and higher, it must be ten by our time. Turkish time is different, there are twelve hours from sun-up to sun-set, varying according to season.

I had come to Dagh to go through their ceremonials, but I did not like this delay. More than that, the window looked down into an enwalled court where there was only a scullion, lazily washing the dishes from some previous banquet, careless whether the coating of lamb-fat, in which all things are cooked, adhered or not.

Then, by and by, there were foot-steps.

The sentinel put hand to mouth, eyes and brow and came to salute.

A higher officer in navy blue uniform, contrasting strangely with the threadbare brown of the private, entered.

He greeted in French, the official language of south Europe.

"His Excellency, the Despot, bids you good day, and desires to state that he wishes you personally, no harm."

The way the man said it showed he was of good breeding, probably some wealthy aga's son, who had gone through

A bridge.

the mens' schools at Salonica, and later Constantinople.

"Certain circumstances, however, have arisen, of which I am not permitted to tell you, which causes him to be forced to take you a prisoner.

"So long as you comply with his will, and your friends do your bidding, he bids me assure you you will suffer no ill. If, however, that is not done, you will surely be put to death—for to release you would then set a precedent, and, thereafter any attempt of the sort would be scoffed at."

Familiar with the Stone episode, I knew too well what he meant.

The only question in my mind was, what the ransom would be.

We calculated on that chance when we arranged with the newspapers sending us, —it was simply a business proposition. If we were captured, held, say a week, released, it might come dear, but it would put such a premium on our letters, that people would buy papers who never did before, and later, when it came to book publication,—well, they saw their way clear to reap a fortune.

Only, of course, it wouldn't do to let him know this. Furthermore, we recalled how Miss Stone had been dragged through the very mountains which we had crossed by burro, and the prospect was not overly delightful for us to contemplate.

So we put on an air of consternation, simulated innocence, and asked what he meant.

"The Despot, my master, is badly treated by the Sultan, he will have his revenge. Were he well treated he would not need to do this.

"You are a college man?"

I nodded assent.

"You took la logique?" (logic).

Again I answered affirmatively.

"Then you see the argument. Were Turkey well goverened, the local governors would not need to make foreigners suffer, to avenge their own wrongs. But Turkey is not well governed, and so they do this. What happens to you may happen to any American citizen, any foreigner coming here.

"You see the reasoning?"

"Perfectly."

He was quiet, sauve, unimpassioned, as are all Turkish officials, courteous throughout.

"Now then you, personally, have no interest in Turkey except as a traveler. What matters it to you if we are a number of small states, instead of this unwieldly one?"

I had to admit none, as he awaited my answer.

"Europe, however, will not help us to this. Not because she does not see how badly we suffer, but because each state of Europe is waiting to swallow us up. And all are so jealous of the others and so sure they will each get the *whole,* they will do nothing.

"Your country, however, would not care. We would get fair treatment. What is more, we know how powerful your navy is, and could be made. So, just a threat from you would do us as well as would actual war. And threats cost a government nothing, but the price of cabling, which the grateful Despot would certainly repay."

I followed him closely.

I was dealing with one of those subtle Oriental diplomats, of whom I had read and heard.

"Very well—"

He tendered me a cigarette, adding he didn't suppose that I cared for a hookah.

"Now then; here you are, absolutely in our clutches. Escape is impossible. The only way into the capital is that pass leading off and in through the canyon, and through it an army must come single file. Those mountains are well defended, look, and you will see the cannon here and there."

He pointed some out from the window.

"You haven't but one life to lose. Why lose it, to gain nothing? Write your government what we demand. That it force Turkey to give up Dagh, since its misgovernment is such that an American cannot travel without molestation. This, and to insure the Despot immunity.

"Or, if you prefer, write it to force Turkey to give up Dagh and pay your ransom, which we set at the original one of Miss Stone—two hundred of your dollars, payable in gold.

"Otherwise—" and he drew his finger across his throat, indicating the bowstring.

And from his tone I knew he meant it.

"Supposing, however, the United States government does not do what you ask. Am I to die—for no fault of my own?"

The Moslem in him sprang to his Koran.

"If Allah wills you to die, you may die this instant, though every physician in the world be about you. If Allah wills you to live, not the Sultan of Sultans can cause your death."

It was uncontrovertible, and besides,

The Despot's band.

arguments of theology are useless and dangerous.

I asked an hour to think it over.

"There is nothing to be thought over. You write your government, and tell them what we demand. Add that if they refuse, the penalty is your death."

"Come; here is paper and ink."

A soldier stood, noiselessly, just outside the portiere.

He entered and handed the little inkhorn with the purple inks, the salt cellar filled with sand to strew over, by way of blotter, and then filter back in the cup, and the thin Turkish paper.

There was nothing to do but write—and I did.

It would take two days by fleet courier to carry that letter out of Dagh, up through Rila and then Dupnitza, where Sandansky, who had planned the Stone capture lives, to Radomir—which was the point of railway connection. Then it would take another day to get to Sofia and on to the heart of Balkans railway transportation, and still another to Belgrade. In other words between five and six days each way was the fastest possible travel.

The answer would come a bit faster, since from Belgrade they could wire that to Sofia, thence to Dupnitza, where the telegraph ended, and couriers, riding day and night, could come in two days later.

But short of twelve days or two weeks, there was no hope of action.

Meantime, like an ox fattened for the slaughter, I lived on the best of the land.

And evenings the Turkish official came to keep me company.

Time and again he begged me to know that he was simply carrying out the will of his master, and trusted I bore him no hatred. He must be sure of spies at the walls himself.

We grew fast friends, and he told of Turkish rites and customs, while I filled him with the wonders of America.

Then on the eighth day there seemed pandemonium let loose at Dagh.

Contrary to all expectations, the Turkish army—not the vassal troops from here,—were pouring down the mountain sides, hundreds and hundreds strong.

The Despot's sentries, on the routes had been murdered in the night, the guns on the mountain sides had been suddenly spiked, and made useless.

The Despot of Dagh feared for his life, for the Sultan shows little mercy.

The passes were closed to him, there was no hope of escape.

Still, he would be revenged.

He suspected that some one had played spy, and sent the news to his arch enemy, the Governor of the next Turkish satrapy, who had sent it on to the Grand Vizier.

I must die!

Natives.

Despot of Dagh.

Breathless my friend, the officer rushed into my room.

"Come! Come! For your life, and be brave. They will kill you otherwise."

We passed through endless passageways, that led ever toward the earth.

Suddenly we began to ascend and reached a flight of winding stairs.

"Run, fast, fast as you can," he called. "Hurry, hurry!"

And we ran.

Upward! Upward! Upward!

At last we were on a narrow platform over-looking all Dagh.

Just beneath were the city walls, with the sentinels.

They saw us on these battlements, but by the blue they knew a superior officer, came to rest and saluted.

Then he pushed me in a chair.

"I am your friend—" he hurriedly whispered. "If worst comes to worst, do not forget me. It was I who summoned the Sultan's troops, for I do not love the Despot. He stole the throne from my cousin.

"You will be in safety in another moment."

He put me back in the chair, bade me hold for my life and turned a lever.

As from a catapult I was shot into air.

Off, off, off,—by some wonderful spring the chair was released. High into air, on parabolic curve, never once turning over, however. Then suddenly, there rose from the back of the chair, a bag, as of some huge balloon, that inflated itself from the suction of our passage. It had been calculated with nicety, and its power to hold up in air was just a bit less than the pull of gravity. So the descent grew easy and I reached the earth with just the slightest bounce.

Of course the soldiers on the ramparts saw us, and at first they might have shot.

But they had had orders, years before, under penalty of death to themselves and their families, to fartherest extremes,—and this a death by the noose, where the Moslem believes the soul cannot escape from the body, and so must perish with it,—no one was ever to interfere with

The homes.

what was flung from that tower.

I landed far outside the walls of Dagh, and in a nest of badly scared Turkish soldiers.

I was their prisoner instantly.

They led me to the colonel and I told my story.

They might have given up the siege, then and there,—so far as the Sultan cared.

But the Sultan had promised the post of the Despot of Dagh to whoever brought him the head of its present incumbent. So the siege went merrily on.

I, however, did not stay to witness it. The soldiers were but too eager to claim the reward for my release, to permit me to tarry.

Months later I heard from my friend, the officer in Dagh. Through the pressure brought to bear by the American embassy he had been promoted. He was the satrap of a province in Asia Minor, and extended an invitation to visit his court.

Some day, perhaps I will go. But I shall take good care of chairs that prove catapults, while there.

The guard.

Fame Turned Flirt

BY F. G. MARTIN

"NEVER heard how old Sim Newcomb just missed breaking into the Hall of Fame, did you?"

The speaker was Captain Winslow, for forty years master of a steamboat on the Tennessee River.

Despite his seventy years and frosted hair the Captain was no abandoned hulk. The fire of youth was still in his eye and the snap of virility in his genial voice. He knew, like a schoolboy his geography, every bend and depth and shallow of his river, from Chattanooga to Ohio. Besides he was a capital story-teller. The Captain re-filled his pipe as he put the question, a premonitory symptom of a good story coming.

"No, I never heard about it," I replied. "Let's have the story."

Captain Winslow sat back at his ease and the narrative flowed as smoothly as the current of a meadow brook.

"It was back in '63, just when the civil war was hottest in these parts. I reckon those were not halcyon days for the people in the little burg of Chattanooga. Rebs and Yanks were playing battledore and shuttlecock with the town. There's many an old house standing there yet ventilated by cannon balls in those days. Well, I was in my prime then and was captain of the Hiwassee, making two trips a week between Chattanooga and Bridgeport, Alabama.

"But to get down to Sim Newcomb. Sim was a young man then, a strapping, well-built, athletic piece of flesh. Nobody about Chattanooga ever knew his pedigree. Mrs. Grundy had it that he was a professor in some college down in Georgia and, becoming crossed in love, he soured on life and decided to turn his back on the world and go it alone in the woods and mountains.

So he came up to Sand Mountain, built himself a rude hut and made companions of the birds and squirrels.

"Well, along in the fall of '63 things were getting pretty lively at Chattanooga. A band of 'Fighting Joe' Hooker's men, sweeping up the Wauhatchie Valley one afternoon, passed close to Sim Newcomb's retreat. Sim got scared up. He feared Hooker's men would take him for a sharpshooter or guerilla. Without bag or baggage, he put out as fast as his legs would carry him. Rushing down the Tennessee river, out of breath, quicker than you could say Jack Robinson he jumped into a small skiff which lay under some willows. Without stopping to consider that he knew nothing about rowing, he shot out into the river.

"Now, the Tennessee is wild and ungovernable at that place as one of these untamed East Tennessee mountain gals. The water falls seventeen feet to the mile and is so swift it makes the hair of every river man who plies this stream, stand on end.

"A mile below where Sim Newcomb started across, the river breaks through the mountains. The water has cut a way through solid rock, and the south side shoots down like a mill-race and, striking the wall of rock, veers off in a sharp bend. It is worth a man's life to go in there in a light boat.

"Before he had calmed down from his scare Sim had drifted into this swift descent. He got his bearings too late to save himself. He was whirled along like a straw on a flood, helpless even to steer the skiff away from jagged rocks. Ninety-nine chances in a hundred he would hit the mountain side and go to Davy Jones' locker in a jiffy.

"Sure enough, the skiff, like a scared bird, fairly flew into the mountain side where the water turns. Sim was knocked unconscious and fell sprawling into the bottom of the skiff.

"How long it was before he came to his senses Sim never could figure out. He's told me about it many a time. When reason came back to him it was gloomy and dark about him, and the air was damp and stifling. He tried to remember where he was and how he got there. I reckon he felt something like Rip Van Winkle when he woke from his twenty years' sleep.

"Sim sat up and peered about. Through the midnight blackness shot a little gleam of light. It seemed to him a long way off. Groping about he found he was on solid earth on the edge of a pool or lake of water. He then recalled his perilous experience in the skiff. At the thought of his situation he shook with fright, like a darkey with the ague. He was in a great cave. The country about Chattanooga is honey-combed with them. But how he got in the cavern is what puzzled Sim.

"Feeling his way along, he went toward the little stream of light. He found that it trickled through a narrow aperture in the rocky wall. And there lay the skiff on the subterranean lake.

A little exploring cleared up the whole situation to Sim. After the skiff struck the rocky river bank and he had consciousness beat out of him, the skiff evidently had drifted swiftly on, hugging the mountain wall until coming to this opening. The water poured into this hole in a small stream, and the skiff was catapulted by the swift river current right into this cave, and, lighting on the lake in the cave, it sped across to the opposite side and dumped the unconscious Sim on the bank. Here is where he found himself when reason returned.

"Well, Sim thanked the Lord for saving his life, and started to find his way out. Robinson Crusoe had his troubles, but Sim soon found he could give pointers to that worthy adventurer.

"That cave simply had no beginning and no end. It proved to be a circular basin with no outlet except the small opening through which Sim had so unceremoniously entered.

"This underground Crusoe explored the cavern, groping through the slime, keeping close to the wall and picking every step of the way. He could see nothing, and the solitude was maddening.

"After walking, he judged, two miles, Sim came back again to the aperture. This narrow hole, then, was his only hope of escape. That hope hung by a hair, for the opening was ten feet above the floor of the cave, and the rushing current outside made him a helpless prisoner.

"But Sim was game. He would give Death a merry race. The big lake was swarming with fish, and the dank walls and bottom of the cave were covered with some kind of edible fungus. On raw fish and this fungus, Sim kept soul and body together, but it was no Delmonico fare, you will agree.

"Sim was of an inventive turn, and how to get into communication with the outside world now tested his talent in that line. The only hope, he decided, would be some means of hailing a passing steamboat. There was not one chance in ten thousand for him to do that. To succeed would spell rescue. To fail meant death in its most doleful form, far beyond knowledge of any human being. Sim had elected to be a hermit, but he was not quite ready to shuffle off this mortal coil.

"How long he could live in this damp and vitiated air on raw food was another problem. Sim knew a deal about science, and the discoveries relating to the properties of minerals. He began to experiment in the hope of finding some substance that would strike a light and throw his distress signal to the outer world.

"While striking stones together this way, suddenly there came a flash and a brilliant glare of light shot past him. Startled, Sim turned his face to the wall, and there, against the slime, stood a living image of himself, as if the very air had been fused by volcanic heat. Every feature was perfect, and it stood out in such relief, it looked so like a live man, it struck terror to Sim, and, turning, he fled from it, quivering like an aspen leaf. Not until he was on the opposite side of the lake did he dare look back. There stood that model of Sim silhouetted apparently in living flame against the cavernous wall.

"Sim was sick with fright. He became as nauseous as a land-lubber at sea, his knees smote together and he sank to the ground. That figure fascinated him. He began to doubt his senses. Was his mind off tack, he wondered? Or was he killed in the skiff accident on the river, and was this an ante-chamber of Inferno, and was his Satanic Majesty ushering him into torment by easy stages?

"Gradually the figure faded away, and with it Sim's fright. Then his thoughts turned to the cause of this hair-raising apparition. Plainly it was in the pulpy substance which he still held in his hand—for he had struck a flinty rock against this substance.

"Was it possible, he mused, that he had discovered some new mineral or element with strange, almost supernatural properties, which would not only be the means of his rescue, but make him famous as its discoverer as well?

"Again and again Sim struck that precious substance, and each time flashed forth a counterfeit of himself so strikingly life-like that he recoiled lest the phantom figure move toward him and speak.

"Sim now worked out a plan to escape from this living tomb. The plan hung on scanty support, you must admit. But, treasuring that bit in his hand like a precious gem, he stationed himself at a point near the opening into the cave and began throwing these spooky pictures of himself into the outer air.

"His eye could command a small stretch out over the river, and he kept it riveted on that stretch, day after day, hoping against hope that a boat would pass within the range of his vision, and by flashing out a living likeness of himself to the boat he could pave the way for his discovery and rescue.

"Late one afternoon, several months after Sim Newcomb had disappeared from his mountain hut, I was coming up through the mountains with the Hiwassee. The water was low, and the pilot kept in closer than usual to the south wall. I was on the hurricane deck, looking at some ferns growing on the steep, rocky bank. Quick as a wink, out of the solid rock a long, luminous stream of light, like a comet's tail, gleamed.

"I looked down to the water's edge, and there for the first time noticed a narrow opening into the rock. I thought strange of the mysterious light, but as we were nearing our landing place, it passed from my mind.

"We were at the Market-street wharf, Chattanooga, and the darkies were carrying barrels and boxes across the gang plank, when all at once I was startled by a negro deck-hand rushing into the cabin, his whole body a-tremble—the worst-scared darkey I ever saw.

"'For heaven's sake, what is the matter, Jim?' I asked.

"'Cap'n,' came from between his chattering teeth, 'dere's han'ts on dis boat. I wants my pay. I done tired of dis work anyway.'

"'Now, what bad whisky have you been guzzling?' I exclaimed in impatience.

"'Cap'n, I done tole you dere's han'ts on dis boat. Jes' you come and see.'

"I followed the negro to the gang-plank and he pointed to the side of the boat. Just above the water line, in the gathering darkness, was the perfect outline of a man, looking as if it had been burned right into the wood, and as if the fire was still burning. Every feature was there as plain as day. The hair was disheveled, the cheeks sunken, the eyes wild and appealing, and the whole ghostly figure had the appearance of a living man in the most abject distress. It looked weird and uncanny, and yet so life-like that I involuntarily expected the 'han't' to walk across the water and open conversation with me. I tell you I was as scared as any darkey about me—they had all run like stampeded cattle from the boat.

"I reckon old Belshazzer and his lords were not more worked up over that spectre handwriting on the wall than was I, and my darkies, at that ghostly picture.

"'I reckon dis is no place for me!' yelled one of the negroes, and away went the whole pack of them, pell-mell up the bank.

"I, too, shuffled up to the office on double-quick. There was nobody there. I went on home. Try as I would, I could not shake off that phantom picture. Its clammy hands, beckoning in pitiful appeal, haunted me all night. The next morning I was nervous and could not eat. I hurried to the office. I found Mr. Andrews, the manager, in a great rage.

"'Winslow, why in thunder ain't you unloading that boat?'

"I had to invent an excuse.

"'Came in too late last night, and I overslept this morning. I reckon the darkies are at work down there now.'

"'Well, I reckon they ain't,' grumbled Mr. Andrews, 'and that's what makes me sore. There's not a living darkey down there.'

"I pretended surprise and anger and started out to find my crew. Not a mother's son could I find. Coming across some negroes on the street, I tried to hire them to unload the boat, but they would not go for love or money. I found my darkies had filled the town with the story of the 'han't.'

"The situation was very vexatious to Mr. Andrews. Merchants were clamoring for their goods, but nobody could be found to unload the boat.

"I told Mr. Andrews the ghost story, and made light of it, not owning up that I had seen it, and was as badly scared as the negroes. Then I told him about the flash I had seen coming from the rocky shore in the mountains.

" 'There's the place to solve the mystery—if there is a mystery,' I ventured to suggest.

"Mr. Andrews scoffed and fumed, but as we could not hope to get a negro to work on that boat again until it was given a clean bill that there were no 'han'ts' aboard, he finally consented to take a party to the spot where I had seen the mysterious flashing and investigate.

"I went to pilot the party. In a small tug we picked our way close up to the opening. As we passed alongside it, out came another flash, just as I had seen it from the Hiwassee, and there, on the side of the tug was another picture of the same distressed, appealing figure, but dim in the daylight. The party all saw it and even skeptical Mr. Andrews bit his lip in perplexity.

" 'I reckon we'll have to hunt down this spook and put out his searchlight, if we ever get a darkey to pass here again,' he said. 'Let's try to get in there.'

"Easier said than done. Material had to be brought, piles driven and the water diverted, then with dynamite we blasted out a larger opening and entered the cave.

"The sight that met our eyes gives me the creeps to this day. There stood a figure—human, apparition or goblin we could not make out—emaciated, with its profile to us, and mechanically striking its hands together, at each stroke throwing out that luminous trail of light which made such unearthly snap-shots.

"We shouted to him—or it. Turning, the figure faced us, glanced at the opening we had enlarged, and—fell in a swoon.

"That settled it; this was a man. Neither ghosts nor goblins faint.

"We gathered up this creature, his face pallid and pasty, his hair damp and matted and white as a snowball, and his body so thin and gaunt he seemed a model for a statue of Hunger. His left hand clutched a small particle of earth or stone, which, I noted, fell to the ground as we carried him to daylight and the tug.

* * * *

"I met Sim Newcomb, bent and feeble with age, in the streets of Chattanooga a few days ago.

" 'Winslow,' he said, 'do you know the keenest disappointment of my life has been the fact that I lost that little particle I had clutched in my left hand when you found me in that cave. I would have ranked with Edison and Marconi to-day if I had not fainted then from weakness and excitement.

"Do you know what it was that threw out that life-line for me—that saved my life by throwing those ghostly pictures? I am sure it was radium, in more perfect form than yet discovered. I know that I just missed fame and fortune by fainting at the wrong time. Fame turned flirt, led me to the point of embracing—then jilted me.'

"This," said Captain Winslow, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "is how old Sim Newcomb came within an ace of breaking into the Hall of Fame."

Fighting A Forty-Pound Weakfish

BY F. L. HARDING

FOR any other purpose than fishing, it was disgustingly early to be out and afield. As red dawn began to tint the grey horizon, I was telling my grievance to a sordidly sympathetic boatman. How two years before my line had been wet daily for four unbroken months in pursuit of a rare species of fish known to Southern California only—and was granted never a nibble. How, too, I had planned, explored, experimented, prayed and finally cursed my luck when departing in defeat.

The elusive quarry was a sort of weakfish, much like we Eastern chaps round up in Jersey waters. But this odd fellow had forgotten to stop growing when he properly should have, according to Jersey standards. He often scaled a half-hundred-weight—all grit, muscle and devilish temper.

I wanted one as a child wants the moon—and my chances of success seemed about equally promising.

The fish were erratic, capricious, with a chronic reserve of manner that froze the warmest overtures of well-disposed anglers. They spurned a juicy bait on principle, except at dawn or early twilight, when a wayward member of the tribe would at times fall from grace. 'Twas a halcyon day when the good rod felt the steel on their onslaught and the tussle was invariably heroic.

My launch captain had somehow drifted West with the proverbial "course of empire," from Yorkshire, bringing his under-done speech with him. On hearing my tribulations, he shook his grizled head resignedly, impaling a fresh, still-living sardine upon my hook. He glanced around at the Catalina hills as though seeking consolation within their tawny heights. He threw the bait over and fastened his keen eyes upon me. They were the kind of eyes that go right through you and button up the back.

"Aye, lad, thee has fared ill, thee has. This bein' early April, like as not a bonny stretch o' weather will bring 'em around. Thee'll be fair amongst 'em an' I canna bethink as thee'll miss the bleedin' beggars again."

I exhorted him to do his utmost. "Make good, Jerry, old man; cut out the preliminaries—get busy."

"Aye, lad, that's so. Mayhap a few stragglers is in already. Yon sends a sprinklin' of scouts afore the crowd shoves aroun' the island." That sounded good to me, and that shadowy attribute that "springs eternal in the human breast" began to look up a little.

The spring at Catalina is the "springiest" weather one ever lived in—it makes the sober citizen feel like standing on tiptoes, shouting. The air felt like wine to the lungs, the water, sky, mountains, were fresh and clean as though the creation of the world had just been finished. In the exquisite half-moon bay we were alone. the other anglers were bustling about the beach in the grey haze of daybreak, preparing for the day's sport.

Leaning over the boat-side, I could, from my seat in the stern, see a lively army of sardines darting and shooting about in pale green water, transparent as plate-glass to a depth of thirty feet. Now a seal or a diving shag would suddenly cut a wide path through the panic-stricken ranks. At once, they re-assembled, to continue their frantic, futile game.

While thus idling, my reel gave tongue. Instant as this had been, a premonitary tremor of the sensitive rod had anticipated it. Bracing myself involuntarily, I struck back while recovering my position, and then braked down upon the whirling core of line in the reel with the leather thumb-pad. The Cuttyhunk streamed irresistibly out upon the arched rod, a gray live-wire whipping viciously through the guides. It dipped down like an arrow—yards and yards of it—into that innocent face of the bay beneath which a mighty animal had been electrified to desperation by a stinging fire in its cheek.

The battle was on! Expecting the customary tactics of a Yellowtail, I settled back for a royal tugging match, a long contest of give and take, with little fancy work or trimmings.

But this clever fish—for his wit showed early to extraordinary—veered off at an acute angle and struck out across the surface under forced draught. With an abandon bordering upon hysteria, he raved all over the place, plunging like a rocket. For three hundred feet he galloped away, towing our heavy launch at a perceptible pace.

The strain was cruel, but the tackle did better than it knew how! Galled to a frenzy by this new check upon his freedom, the marine free-lance grew delirious with pain and fright.

The launches are well adapted for the sport in every detail of construction.

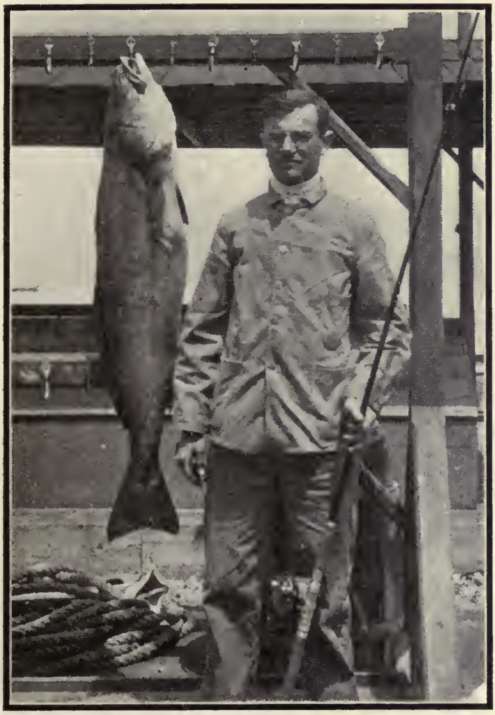
The angler must now act like a flash, guessing at every move, anticipating each violent burst of flight. So speedy were the dashes at times that he won a space of slack line, it must be confessed. But the hook was in the gristly jaw, and his advantage proved fruitless.

Old Jerry got out his oars, endeavoring to keep our launch stern on to the contestant in the water. His work was cut out for him, the doublings were wonderfully sudden, and the old fellow was soon puffing and profane.

I sat facing the stern, the rod butt thrust into a leather cup between my legs. When the first dazzling spurt had been somewhat controlled, the old trick of pumping the fish was tried. Reeling in a few turns until the rod tip neared the water the fingers of the right hand left the reel-handle and grasped the rod below the reel-seat with the thumb tight upon the leather brake-pad. Throughout the whole maneuvre, the left hand remained at its position about six inches above the reel. It raised the rod until the tip pointed skyward, the motion being as even as the fish would allow.

This has quietly dragged the puzzled quarry some four feet nearer the boat without greatly exciting him. Still at hazard, vibrating in air between agate-tip and water, was this precious span of line. Now to stow it safely away upon the reel bobbin. Gradually lowering the rod with left hand, the right took in the line inch by inch on the descent, and I was again ready to "work the pump handle."

Patient repetition of this is a death



Forty-one pound Catalina weakfish caught on rod and reel.

warrant to any fish,—if the rig holds out. This analysis of a few simple movements looks like child's play but the practice is terrifically complicated by the pitching of the boat, the snapping nerves of the fisherman,—the bewildered terror of the fish.

Gad, what a fight that old fellow put up! He was in a sprinting mood and a pack of fox-hounds would have found a maze in his trail. Circling entirely around the boat, he forced me to scramble to the bow, pass my sorely straining rod about the mast and battle with his fury on the other side. Our launch was now at sea; he was seeking deeper water.

"Thee'll snub 'im now, lad," councilled Jerry, the acute, "Thee's had a quarter hour, 'tis time enow. Have done, 'es failin' fast." His failing symptoms were not apparent to me as yet. In fact, the puffing at my end augured well for his escape. But Jerry was wise in his day and generation.

The next run melted away to a dead halt under steady pressure. Now to force the fighting!

Five attempts at rushes in confusing rapidity of succession were each nipped in early youth. A half circle was then tried but it lacked the early brilliant vigor. Now indeed the fish began to weaken but the outcome was no certainty. I was far from as fresh as twenty minutes before, before the whirlwind had begun.

Pump. Pump. ZEEEEEE! Pump, now a brief respite, then at it again. A huge pink, white and brown form of graceful strength rose slowly through the clear water. The huge jaws closed viciously upon the hook shank. He bore off in a curve, his body pulsating with excitement and distress. Up, up under the merciless rod work,—up to the side of the boat. The sun threw off brightly from five feet of rare magnificence,—a bar of opal.

Ah, steady, Jerry, boy! Such a beauty! With a last dash of despair, the great fellow strove to flash downward. But in a splash of spray, the gaff shot out, and the steel hook sank home.

Reminiscences of San Francisco

The Adventure of the House of Lamentation

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

IT was ten o'clock, a foggy, lowering night, as I strolled up California street from Dupont, arm in arm with the ghost of the late Sherlock Holmes of blessed memory.

In the midst of our animated conversation, shop-talk of royalties, copyright laws and the profits and losses of authorship, we paused suddenly, for out of the lighted upper windows of a shabby mansion, but a few doors ahead, proceeded that most blood-curdling of sounds, the voice of a woman wailing in the night.

The voice was very piercing and feline in quality, the pitch ranging from a shrill scream to a low, hollow moan. Its flow of lamentation was seemingly interminable, nor was there any slight pause for catching of breath; just one continued plaint of countless variations.

Immediately before the dilapidated portal, two carriages waited at the curb.

In the days of gold, when the mansion had occupied the center of San Francisco's fashionable neighborhood, scene of lavish entertainment and new-found opulence flung to the winds, many a smart equipage must have stood before those doors of a night, but surely never so strange a coach as the two we saw that night waiting before the house of lamentation.

They were mere hacks, of the shabby variety that stand all night at the plaza corner, waiting for any disreputable adventurer or tipsy prodigal who may stumble into them, and the drivers were taciturn, seedy fellows, with frayed ulsters and slouch hats; but the scarlet bunting that draped their vehicles was of the brightest new silk, caught into rosettes and adorned with bouquets of gilt paper flowers.

The coach lanterns were huge paper spheres, through whose oiled and vermilion-inscribed surface glimmered the flames of red candles. A little cypress tree, growing in a pot, stood on the seat by the driver of the first hack.

All these details were hastily scanned by my ghostly companion, whose fondness for the lucrative profession of deducing saleable plots was not dimmed by death. These piteous wails, the coaches adorned as for a sacrifice, the grim and silent coachmen, all appealed to him as first-class "copy."

"Watson," he began—"I beg pa'don, me deah fellah, Edholm, I meant, of course, I would be alone. Come to me chambers at 'ahlf after seven to-morrow morning, and I will hand you a typewritten solution of this mystery ready for publication, at current rates of payment, of course."

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes," I answered, "go to the devil. I'm not your faithful Watson, and I'll not be patronized by a dead one; furthermore, I'll stay here and see the plot thicken."

"Spoken like a man!" exclaimed the ghost of Sherlock Holmes, as he sought to grasp my hand with his foggy fingers, and his misty outline became luminous as a searchlight in a cloudbank, so excessively did he beam upon me. "Watson was really getting to be a deuced bore, doncherknow; I daresay you've guessed that I died to be rid of the fellah. Beastly thing to say, but it's a fact."

A wail of unusual poignancy interrupted our little love-feast, and we craned our necks and listened. We were not the only interested ones: from every be-grimed window and doorway in the neighborhood peered clusters of oval faces toward the lighted upper room. Dark-eyed, saffron-hued women and girls were these, moved by the curiosity which is shared by all the daughters of Eve, whatever their color.

Maidens in rainbow garments, striped and silken-pieced tunic, and trousers adorned with bands of various delicate hues, lingered and eagerly chatted along the curb, anon inserting their elaborately coiffured and garlanded heads into the dark passage-way, whence the uncanny sound of distress was now proceeding.

Suddenly the heart-rending cry increased in volume; a rapid crescendo of grief that was drowned by a fusillade in the hall, accompanied by a whiff of burning powder. Then in a cloud of sulphurous smoke, a little fat woman clad in a dark blouse, and with white socks peeping from beneath her shiny black trowsers, rushed out of the doorway and stationing herself just outside, opened a gay paper parasol with an upright bunch of peacock feathers, projecting from the ferule, and held it above the threshold.

More explosions followed in the passageway; we could see the red flashes back in the gloom, and just as the hubbub of shots and screams reached its climax, a second fat little woman, counterpart of the first, dashed through the volley, bearing on her back a bundle of shrieks and groans.

Whatever else she carried under the scarlet silk that hid her burden could only be conjectured by the two human feet that projected below the veil. Cramped in a strange shape and stuffed into embroidered baby-shoes with pointed toes, they were several sizes too small for the scarlet figure humped over the back of the panting beldam, but they were undoubtedly living, kicking, human feet.

With all haste, the girl—for she sobbed like a girl—was dumped into the hack, the door slammed upon her groans, and the churlish driver whipped up his nags.

The second hack followed, but not before the ghostly eyes of my companion had noted that two elegantly-clad gentlemen (or villains), had taken places therein.

As the door of the mansion banged to, and the neighboring windows were emptied of curious faces, I said to my familiar spirit:

"Is it an abduction we have witnessed, kidnapping, New Arabian Nights adventure, or just a fancy nightmare we are sharing in common? And furthermore, is this the Western metropolis of our great and glorious United States or mayhap the city of Haroun-al-Raschid? Sherly, my boy, it's up to you!"

"Nothing like this has occurred before in all my experience," answered the ghost of Sherlock Holmes, "although my ex-client, the Baroness Sapphira of Munchausen, often related adventures almost as strange. I have no clew, no conjecture. But let us approach the two vagabonds chatting at the corner—opium users I judge by their emaciated figures and sallow visages—their remarks may throw a light on the horrid mystery."

They did.

"Say, Joe, wuzn't the gal's brothers togged up regardless?"

"Sure! Them Chinks know how to blow in the coin fer a funeral or a wedding, same ez anybody."

"But say, Joe, on the square now, don't it make you think of a white gal, hangin' back an' lettin' on she don't want to tie up, the way them Chinese brides squall an' take on when they leave home? You'd think they wuz bound fer the slaughter house!"

"That's straight, Bill. As Shakesbeer sez, 'Wimmen is the riddle of the universe.' "

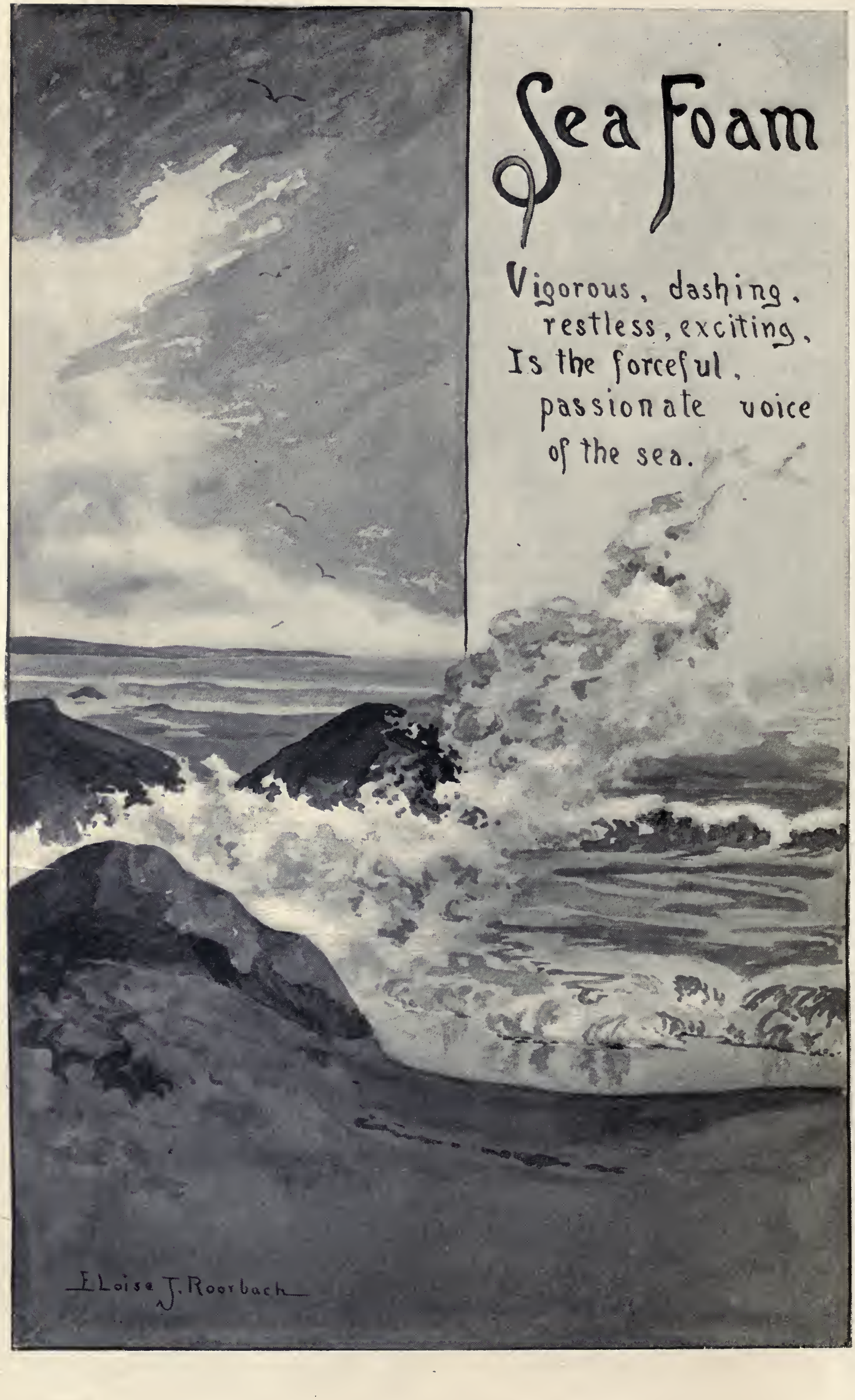
When I turned, the ghost of Sherlock Holmes had vanished.

Letters

BY DONALD B. TOBEY

The world awaits with wistful, wond'ring eyes
  The tidings of their constant carrying;
For one is bringing thrills of glad surprise
  And one at Sorrow's door is tarrying.

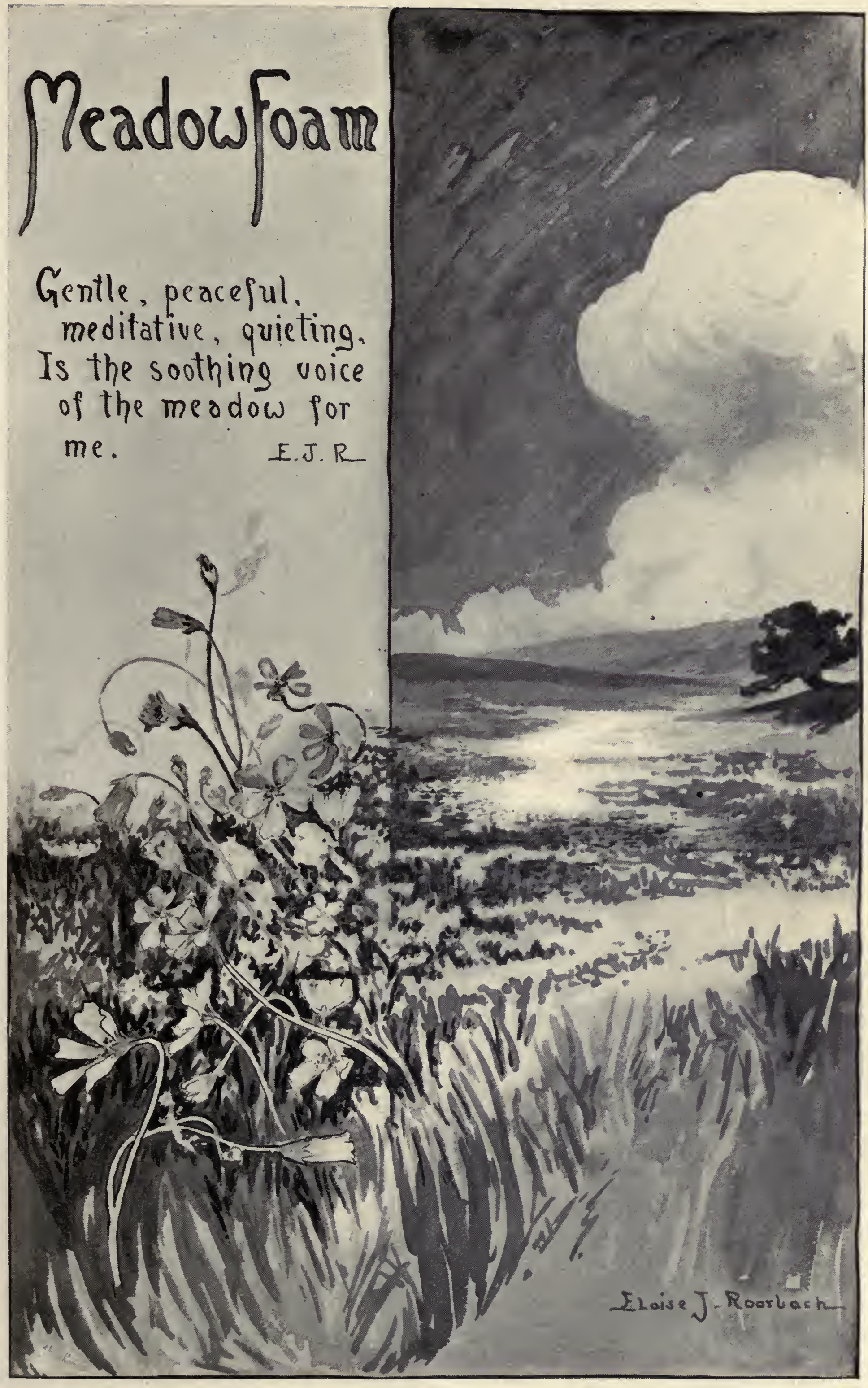
I often think that we are much as they—
  Brief messages that neighbor-lives affect.
How are we missives written, grave or gay?
  And those that read—what shall their eyes reflect?



Sea Foam

Vigorous, dashing,
restless, exciting,
Is the forceful,
passionate voice
of the sea.

Eloise J. Roorbach


Meadowfoam
Gentle, peaceful,
meditative, quieting,
Is the soothing voice
of the meadow for
me. E.J.R.
Eloise J. Roorbach

The Sheepherder's Nemesis

BY COLIN V. DYMENT

A BLACK figure from the night loomed suddenly down the track; my feet stopped instantly their listless swinging over the platform edge. My own apparition must have been quite as startling to the figure, for it shied like a scared cougar.

"Good evening," I said, to reassure us both, and the figure halted, seemed to gather confidence, then advanced into the light of the station doorway.

A man in the sheepherder's uncouth garb stood there. He had the look that comes so often to his class, when months of loneliness in remote range districts have unbalanced them. But this one was not even a respectable looking herder. His semblance of felt hat let a narrow forehead line show a streak of white above bushy brows. Two months' growth of black beard roamed from his bare throat almost into his eyes. A ragged shirt, gaping trousers and shoes of which the worn-out toes let sand and cactus in, completed an equipment unusual even in the desolate Nevada lava beds.

A full minute I gazed at this strange individual. The station agent had gone to a belated supper. There were no passengers beside myself waiting the late Overland, unless the bearded native, sitting just out of sight around the corner of the station, might be one. Except to pass a gruff "evening, stranger," when he first appeared, the Nevadan had said nothing for an hour, and I promptly forgot his silent presence as the new desert product stood blinking beneath the station lamp.

Three times the herder tried to speak; each time he seemed scared at his own voice. He tried to peer into the dim outlines of sage and sand that blur away by day toward the Sierras, on the west, and Great Salt Lake Basin to the east, apparently saw nothing to alarm him further, then turned appealingly toward me.

Broken, trembling words came first, more to himself than me: "Romany—ah! It is far."

"'Tis a long way to be walking," I assented finally. He shuddered; I wondered why. Perhaps because the night air had blown up chill from the Sierra. "Going that way?" I added.

"Oui, anywhere," and down he went in a half-faint, beside my drummer's cases.

* * * *

In trips through my desert territory of Idaho, Nevada and Utah, I had listened to many strange experiences, but none so weird as the one this herder told me when whisky had revived him. Neither thirst nor hunger had brought him to this condition. That was apparent, for his herder's wallet looked half full, and I could hear the swish of water in his can. "Something funny here," I thought, as he slowly opened his eyes and seemed to want to tell his troubles.

"Boss's band of sheep—back in the desert." He straightened to a sitting posture and at first spoke haltingly. "Yah-ah! Their throats all tore now."

"Who is your boss? What's your name?" I stooped to catch the answer.

"I—I—Pierre, Pierre Gaston. My boss Winnemucca man, he tell me go out Black Rock way with the band, an' it is, ah! you not know, so lonely back there. The only two times I see a man them whole four months was the campboy, when he bring me one bag of grub. When he throw it down an' ride away, I feel like my head she whirl, whirl, like this."

"What's the matter with the Black Rock country, Pierre?" I asked listlessly, for want of something better. "He's only a crazy herder, after all," I thought.

"Ah, Monsieur! she go so fast, so still," he cried, half getting up in excited strength. Sweat drops ran through the thick dust on his face; his arms began to gesticulate.

"I see her first last summer, Monsieur. I bed the band for night, then I say: 'Jacques, Garcon, good dogs, watch the nannies,' an' I climb a little butte an' lay down an' look up at one star. I think about Romany, 'way off there, an' I say: 'Jean—Pierre, I mean—maybe—you never see Romany any more.' Then I cry up there on my blanket an' go to sleep.

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur! Something make me jump straight up. I look, three ways, like this, an' I see one great big eye, 'way in the desert. It come for me, an' I not know what. No one live in fifty mile, an' no one ever go this way. I say: 'Maybe some homesteader man, he lose the trail. Where he get that big lantern, I guess.' Then she get bigger an' bigger, that eye does, an' throw light in the coulee, this way and that way. Ha! I run fast down to the band.

"I am not scared yet, Monsieur, no, no, I think of them sheep; just how I save them, an' I say: 'What for you not run, you sheep? What for you not bark, you Jacques an' Garcon?' All time she keep come so fast, so still, an' I stand by the nannies an' start shake, like this. What you think? Not one lif' her ear, just that little bit.

"Then I not see the nannies, nor the two dog, nor rock nor anything, only that eye; she look big as tub, and she not seem more as three stone throws. I try turn me to run. Sacriste! Something hold me fast, an' I scream: 'Go 'way; go 'way'—my gracious. I make them nannies jump. Ha! I scare that eye, too. She stop, no, she turn—she miss me, she go past, but Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

"What was it, Pierre?" I asked incredulously.

"Face at them windows."

"What windows? Red-eye windows?"

"Ah, Monsieur! No laugh at me. She was one train, an' those face——"

"Well, you fool, you must have bedded down by the railroad track, and didn't know it," I said, and burst out laughing in reality.

"Ah, I do wish, Monsieur! but there is only one track, two days' drive down that way from Black Rock country. She is one spirit train, an' those face——"

"Well, Pierre," I laughed, "all trains have people, haven't they, and people must have faces."

"Oui, but these wear—pity me, Monsieur—they wear white grave-clothes. Mon Dieu! I shall never forget me! One sit at every window. Their face is very white and their hands very skinny, an' they rest the face on the hand. They look like they feel awful. My heart, he jump so loud! I make my knee take me up the little butte again, clean to the top. I look all round, like this, and I not see that train any more. I go back to my sheep, an' they are all settle down, so I say: 'Sacre, Jean, you like one drunk man.'

"Next night I bed that band down quick an' roll up tight. I sleep in half a jiffy. All to once, quick, my eye stare up straight again, this way, an' something seem like it lif' me right up. 'Sacriste! them wolves again,' I say, an' I start for the nannies.

"Ah, Mon Dieu! She come again.

"I shake an' shake, Monsieur, for she come over the desert like last night, out Devil Coulee way. I put my hands in front so I not see, like this. I think, maybe, she not come near to-night. Then I peep just a leetle through my fingers, an' Mon Dieu! she close up by the band. 'Oh, Virgin, save me!' I think the boss maybe he not believe I speak true by those sheep when I tell him how they get kill. He not know how the great big eye scare a man, 'way in the lava beds—he only think why you not bring in the band safe, Jean.

"Ah, good Virgin; she turn an' we are all save. I put my hand behind my ear. Listen! Ha! I not hear even the wind blow. What? Then face again! I see maybe fifty, maybe hundred, one in each window. I feel so happy they not look at me. Ah! the last of them—no, he not gone, he take his skinny hand an' he point it, Mon Dieu! straight for me. Then I speak. Ha! I scream an' scare the nannies again, an' all at once, just like that, Monsieur, I forget. The sun high up again when I wake. My face like in the sand, an' the nannies are 'way off, eating.

"I not feel like breakfast, Monsieur, an' I say: 'Jean, you better go down Red Butte country. Sweeter grass. You sheep need moving anyway.' I say to myself like that, an' I start ten, twenty mile. Sometimes I look back, an' ha! them coyotes come too. They sneak by rocks when I look, but all day they keep come, come.

"That night I find homesteader man shack an' stop. When it get dark, I keep my two dogs close an' go in an' hide. Up run them coyotes after a while an' I hear the nannies bleat, bleat, an' the throats tear, tear, like this. I not let Jacques an' Garcon get out to drive them 'way. No! No! I say: 'Lie down there, Jacques; lie down there, Garcon; be still, I tell you,' an' when them dog scratch one door an' howl 'cause the wolves tear sheep, I strike. I not shoot my gun at them wolf, either. One noise tell that spirit train man, maybe, where I hide.

"Next morning, sacriste! half boss's sheep dead. I get fresh meat, what them wolf lef', an' we all hurry. The nannies are scare like as me now. The sun he melt me, an' the dust choke me, an' the nannies' tongues hang 'way down, but I keep say 'Shoo, there! shoo, there! Jacques, Garcon, why for you not make them sheep go quicker?' I go on like that, Monsieur, till it get dark again, an' I hide in a pothole. I say: 'You dog, you two, mind them sheep to-night, an' when them wolf come up, Jacques he run him off; Garcon, he run him off, too. An' I roll my head right up in my blanket so I not see something, if it come. 'Ah!' I say next morning, 'you safe now, Jean. It is good you lef' back there!'"

* * * *

My late train, the bill of goods I had not sold, my tired condition, all had been forgotten as I listened, almost breathlessly, to the herder's story. While he was telling me, with many a gesticulation and much pantomime, of the midnight spirit train, sweeping noiselessly across the desert with its load of ghostly beings, his face was at times convulsed, as if by some great pain. Even I felt spooky chills at portions of his tale, and caught myself glancing involuntarily out toward the measureless arid area, to see if the creation of his disordered imagination were not just showing its "great big eye" out of some coulee mouth. I did not notice that the third man, whom the herder could not see, and of whose existence I had long been oblivious, had come close to the station corner and was standing where he, too, could hear all that was said:

"Did it come again?" I asked.

"Ah, pity me, Monsieur. She come again that night, an' the next night, an' the next night. She come a leetle closer every night, an' I never hear one sound like the wind. One night all them faces begin to look at me, an' I bury my head in the sand, like this.

"Last time, Mon Dieu! they all point finger at me. Ha! how I run. I put my hand over my ear an' close my eyes, this way, and never feel when I fall in them cactus beds. I run till my head she near bust. Oh, Virgin! I fall over one rock an' them cactus spines stick in all over, an' when I wake up, my gracious! that sun he high up again an' my sheep and my dog Jacques an' my dog Garcon, they all gone."

The herder stopped short and began to look doubtfully at me, like a man who has told too much. His wildness had gone. His eyes gleamed bright; the unburdening of his ghostly story seemed to have relieved him. A look of craft began to take the place long occupied by a hunted look of fear.

I did not want him to stop now. "Then what? You came here, Pierre—Jean! Say! You told me your name was Pierre and you call yourself Jean!"

He looked a trifle defiant and said nothing.

"Is your name Jean?"

He sprang up without a word and would have passed into the night.

"Just a minute." It was the bearded native behind the corner speaking, and I rose in bewildered astonishment as his big frame emerged from beside the shadow of the station wall and his handcuffs went around the herder's wrists.

"I'm the sheriff of Elko County, Jean Brantigne," he said. "I was just going up Black Rock way myself to look for you. I heard you'd gone in there."

"What's he done?" I asked the giant sheriff, when his prisoner was safely handcuffed to the station bench inside, and he had stepped out to see if the headlight of the Overland was visible.

"Oh, last spring he unspiked a rail and threw a train into a gully over in Humboldt County. Ten poor devils were killed right out, you remember, and half a dozen more were burned up. This ghoul was robbing bodies when they chased him off, but he got away. That's what he dumped the train for, damn him. Funny how them passengers all come back to haunt him, ain't it?"

Charles Dickman at work in his Monterey studio.

The "Barbizon" of California

Some Interesting Studios of Old Monterey

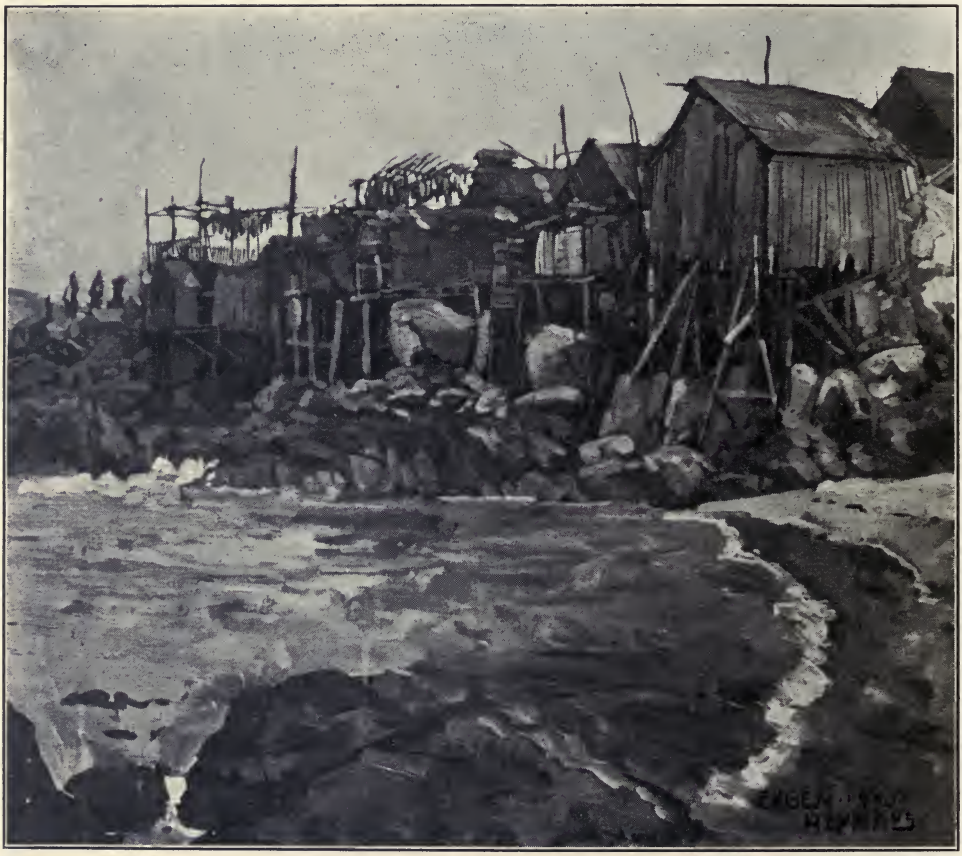
BY JOSEPHINE MILDRED BLANCH

JUST as the French artists, at a certain season of each year, leave their studios in the crowded Quartier Latin, and, with easel and paint box, find their way to quaint Barbizon or some other picturesque environment of Paris, so the California artist feels that he must spend a few weeks at least of the year in the historic old town of Monterey—seeking subjects offered by the inexhaustible wealth of beauty existing all around—for truly an inspiration to every beauty-loving soul is this crumbling old adobe town. Like an old and priceless jewel in a modern setting, it lies by the crescent bay. The grayness of age overspreading its ruins greatly enhances its beauty, in such perfect harmony do they blend with earth, sky and sea, while around them, too, is wrapped a mystery of romance and tradition that gives wings to the imagination. As the after-glow of a sunset or the aroma of fading flowers do these crumbling adobes appeal to one.

Both in and around Monterey the artist sees on every hand subjects that fascinate him—for Nature here is prodigal of her allurements. The time-seasoned rocks, the wind-tossed cypresses, their gnarled trunks bleached into ghost-like whiteness by the strong, salt winds; the sturdy live-oaks breathing vigor and warmth, the restful grain fields with their back-ground of dark pines, the glistening whiteness of the sand-dunes, vivid with light and color—all as subjects attract the artist to the place.

About thirty years ago, such men as Tavernier, Julian Rix and Joe Strong came with brush and palette to reproduce on canvas its beauties, mixing with the pigments of their paint their rare appreciation. About this time came also those of literary ability; here Gertrude Atherton spent some time, and it was here that Robert Louis Stevenson, storm-tossed on the ocean of life as he was, ill, "a stranger in a strange land," and awaiting a literary fame yet to be won, found comfort and inspiration. His notes of the life in this early Spanish town are among his choicest bits of description. When such rare natures have sought Monterey, we cannot wonder that so many noted California artists have pitched their studios here.

In a picturesque adobe over which a rose-bush of enormous size reaches, and which is called "The Adobe of the Rosebush," made historic by a romance of the long ago, Francis McComas had his studio for many years. In this quaint place he has painted some of the pictures that have found an admiring public not only in California, but in New York and Europe, and given him a world-wide reputation as a water colorist. Farther over the hills, we come to the most beautifully located studio in all Monterey, that of Charles Rollo Peters. It is a spacious studio, built "far from the madding crowd." From its windows one sees the sapphire bay stretching miles below, and the sleepy old town nestling in the valley. Here, surrounded by nature, undisturbed by sound, save song of bird or whispering of pines, Charles Rollo Peters is king in his "castle of dreams." It is here that he dreams, on canvas, those beautiful moonlight effects of sleeping adobes upon which the moonlight falls as gently as the blessing of a nun. Charles Dickman has one of the most charming studios in the old town. He seems to revel in sunlight



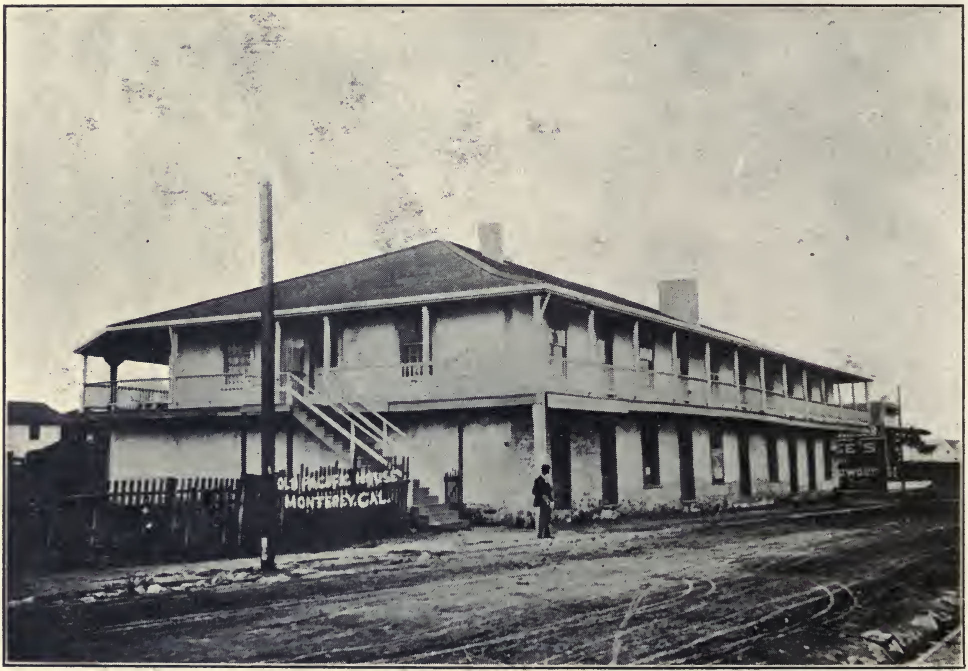
A very recent picture of Eugene Neuhaus—"A Gray Day in Chinatown."

The gate-way of William Adams' studio.

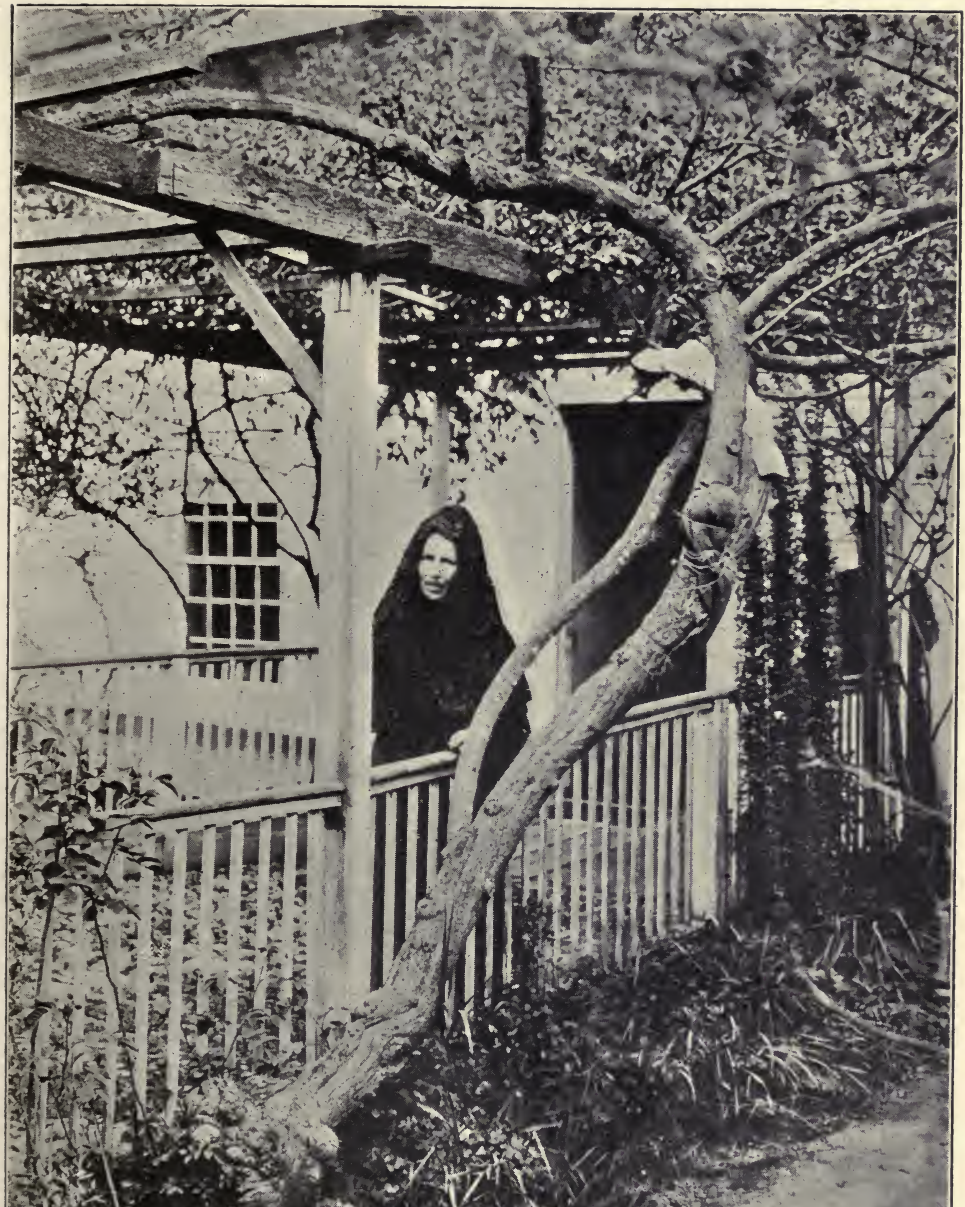
effects found here. It can be said of Dickman that he is the painter of California sunlight. His canvases teem with light and color, yet so true are his values and such harmony of tone prevails, that one is convinced of the exquisite refinement that may exist with color. If he paints an adobe wall, the sunlight gleams against it, making it a mosaic of rare beauty. If he paints the sea, under his brush it becomes a tremulous rainbow full of prismatic changes; if a field of grain, over the yellow slope you see long, pulsing waves of heat and color. The subject of one of the most beautiful canvases he has painted is a country road scene near Monterey. Long evening shadows tone the canvas to the low key of the late afternoon, the lowering sun sending through passing clouds one glorious shaft of light—the day's good-bye.

Up a creaking flight of steps and around a seemingly never-ending veranda of the old historic hotel, "The Pacific House," in a quaint room made most artistic by hangings of rare old shawls and furnished with many interesting antiques, we find the studio of Evelyn McCormick. After her return from Paris some years ago, Miss McCormick sought Monterey as a field for work, and so conscientiously has she applied herself to nature here that her work is full of the character of this locality. It is full of feeling and vibrant with life and color. Evelyn McCormick ranks with those California artists who paint with intelligence and seriousness.

Among the studios recently added to the list are those of William Adam and Eugene Neuhaus. Eugene Neuhaus comes from Berlin, and though having been in California but a short time, has found a place among the prominent painters. His work is strong and virile, possessing that most essential quality, spontaneity. He has done much strong work in and around Monterey, and has chosen the "gray days" as the key-note to most of his pictures. One of his most characteristic sketches is "A Gray Day in Chinatown." William Adam, formerly of Scotland, and a member of the Glasgow Art Club, has a charming studio filled with interesting work. Mr. Adam chose California as his home about six years ago, though during that time having revisited



The historic "Old Pacific House," in which Evelyn McCormick now has her studio.



The "Adobe of the Rose-bush," owned by Signorita Bonifascio, in which Francis McComas paints his charming water colors.

England, Scotland and France. He has brought with him excellent work. You can wander with him in his sketches over Scottish Moorlands, purple with heather, through quaint English rural scenes and charming bits of France.

These are but a few of the many interesting studios dotted here and there on the hill slopes around the old town.

In a few years, "the old Monterey" will have passed forever; it will live only in art, immortalized by those who have told her story by word or picture.

The West

C. S. COLEMAN

Beside the mountains and the sea she stands,
While o'er her watch the kindly, happy skies,
A queen of mighty peoples, noble lands,
The glories of the future in her eyes.

For her no gods of dim, forgotten days,
No kings a-slumber where the long years smile—
The past knows naught of her or of her ways—
She dwelleth not in lang'rous lotus isle.

The East may keep the mysteries of the dead,
For her the secrets of the years to be,
She does not stand 'mid ruins with bowed head,
But gazes far into futurity.

The stars look kindly on her, and the sun,
While wide before her waits the joyous sea,
For well they know her way and Fate's are one—
The Queen shall be the bride of Destiny.

And we, we children of the regal West,
Our toils are hers, our dreams are all of her,
For in our souls (thus we are trebly blest)
We feel the spirit of an empire stir.

'Tis true we dream, but we are workers, too,
And this the lesson through the years we learn—
We build an empire such as no man knew,
We gem a crown a Caesar would not spurn.

The Patience of Job

BY JAMES WILLIAM JACKSON

"UNTIL Wednesday, at two o'clock, then; and I think my promotion to the superintendency, with fifteen hundred a year, will be one of the wedding presents. Good-bye!"

Wednesday morning had come, and the young engineer looked up for a moment from the drawings on his desk and gazed out of the shack window toward the curling smokes of the far-away city chimneys. There, in the distant valley, was the dearest girl, and within a few hours he would marry her.

Houghton was a fledgling engineer. Away up here in the hill-tops his firm was building a reservoir for the city. It had been a long summer, miles away from the girl; but the reward was coming now, and on this crisp autumn morning Houghton felt the jubilation of maturing happy plans.

He resumed his work with as much industry as his truant thoughts would permit. Just now his mind persisted in dwelling on the coveted promotion. He had found favor with his chief, his work had been eminently satisfactory, and he knew somebody was going to get that promotion very soon. He had no grounds on which to prophesy his own elevation, but the conditions were very favorable.

His meditations and work were interrupted by the opening of the door. Looking up he found his chief standing there.

"Houghton," Mr. Smalley began, and Houghton afterward remembered that the chief seemed a little embarrassed, "Thornton is not in this morning. I must ask you to finish his drawings. I want you to hurry them through before night."

For a moment, Houghton was speechless. Then, with a sudden sense of relief, it occurred to him that Mr. Smalley must have forgotten the day. Houghton almost laughed to think how funny that was.

"Why, Mr. Smalley," he expostulated, with a genial air, "you know I go off at noon. This is my wedding day."

Mr. Smalley's brow contracted in a large, unsympathetic frown. "I realize that perfectly," he said, with a trace of testiness. "But, my dear fellow, you know the wisdom of work before play. I can't lay off half a hundred men just because the drawings are not ready."

"But," and Houghton's voice rose to a high pitch of protest, as he stood up and faced his employer, "think of my situation, sir. I can't finish those papers before six o'clock to-night, and I am due for the most important engagement of a man's life at two. I simply can't stay here all day. It—it—would be——." He couldn't think of any better term at the moment than "highway robbery," so the sentence broke in the middle.

"Very well," Mr. Smalley commented, easily. "If you think it is out of the question, I have nothing further to say. I can command you only so long as you stay in my employ. You understand."

Mr. Smalley turned to the door, leaving Houghton in a figurative heap beside his desk, his mind troubled with a drowning man's lightning-like review of the situation. Only Sunday he had said that he hoped one of the wedding presents would be a promotion to the superintendency at fifteen hundred a year. Now he was on the verge of throwing over a situation at ten hundred. True, he felt justified in such a course after the preposterous demand; but—could he think of marrying without a situation. Love in a cottage was all very well; but a thousand dollars or fifteen hundred was much better. He was just about to plead for a little time to think when his employer forestalled him.

"Better take a little time to make up your mind, Houghton," Mr. Smalley suggested from the doorway. "Then if you feel that you can't stay, say so."

Houghton went savagely to work for an hour before he allowed himself definite thought on the subject. He knew, however, that it was useless to think of finishing his task at two o'clock, and at the end of an hour he threw down his pencil and considered the situation.

"Great Scott," he moaned, "where did I ever get the notion that Smalley had any milk of human kindness in his heart? And as for giving me a raise, he is as likely to cut down my salary in pure contrariness. But I can't help myself. Nettie will have to wait until I can get there, after the work is done."

He drew a sheet of paper over on top of his drawings and wrote enough of the story to indicate an unavoidable change of the wedding hour from two to eight o'clock. "Believe me," he concluded, "I can't help myself."

He took the letter into the office of Mr. Smalley, and found that ogre busy at his desk.

"I've decided to finish the drawings," Houghton coldly explained.

Mr. Smalley merely nodded, without turning his head.

"May I ask you to have this note sent over to the town, sir?"

Houghton laid this note as he spoke at Mr. Smalley's elbow. There was no acknowledgment, no word. Apparently it was too trivial a matter for the attention of such a great man. Houghton stood by irresolutely an instant. He was half-minded to take the note back, put on his hat and coat, and then leave the office. If he could have telephoned, there would have been no need of a note, but the only means of communication with the city was by carrier.

Houghton ended in leaving the note on the desk. Then he went back to work. For several hours he lost himself in the intricacies of lines and plotting; but after a while a dispirited mood took possession of him.

"To think of a man's wedding being spoiled in this fashion," he told himself, "and Smalley supposed to be a close friend of Nettie's father. Ugh! He makes me sick."

The hour of two struck as he came to a point in the drawings where some blunder had been made with the figures. There was a short-line telephone in the office, connecting with the work on the reservoir; and he crossed the room to call up the field for the necessary figures.

He was just about to explain his difficulty, after receiving an answer to his call. Instead his lips closed with a snap, as if he had been struck suddenly dumb. He was unable to speak until the voice at the far end again demanded his attention.

"Thornton, what the dickens are you doing over there? I thought you were home, sick. Who sent you there?" and there was both vehemence and undisguised irritation in Houghton's tones.

"Say," came back a good-natured drawling voice, "how long you been boss on this ranch? You don't mean to say that old Smalley has died since this morning and willed you his job? Otherwise you better change the tone of your commands, or I'll lick you the first chance I get."

"I beg your pardon, Thornton," Houghton murmured over the wire, too ruffled to be gracious. "But I was so surprised by your voice. Smalley won't let me off! said you were not in and that I would have to do your work; and here you are down in the Superintendent's berth. What does it mean?"

Thornton's voice was heard chuckling in unfeeling amusement. Houghton clenched his disengaged hand as he listened.

"Sorry, Houghton," Thornton drawled back, complacently; "I really thought you were going to get this. Imagine my astonishment when the old man sent me here and told me to say nothing about it. I haven't said anything, either, mind you." But Houghton waited to hear no more. With manifest irritation he preferred his request for the needed figures.

The long afternoon dragged out. It was not until half past six that Houghton breathed a sigh of relief and muttered another malediction on the head of Mr. Smalley.

Gathering up the drawings he took them into the inner office and laid them on the chief's desk in front of the empty chair. They were well done, he knew; at least there was that satisfaction to redeem the spoiled day.

"When I get a chance to work for a more reasonable master," he muttered, "I'll take advantage of it and spoil your miserable career. Your conscience will smite you for losing such a talented subordinate, see if it doesn't."

Smiling grimly at his own vanity and

somewhat refreshed by his apostrophe to the empty chair he was about to leave the office when his eye lighted upon a familiar object. It was the note he had written at nine o'clock that morning!

"By all the furies," Houghton ejaculated; "this is the limit of endurance. Not another stroke of work will I do for this man."

He snatched up the note with a half-formed determination to seek out his chief and wreak out a satisfying vengeance.

"Before I take my tools away from this place," he promised himself, "Smalley shall hear from my lips what a low down, miserable creature he is. The demons take him, if such a small soul is worth the trouble."

He had torn the note into a hundred pieces and thrust them into his pocket. He threw on his coat with an angry gesture that nearly ripped it up the back. Jamming his hat on he passed out and sprang into the waiting carriage.

"Drive!" he commanded; "drive as if the .... No!" he mentally thundered to himself; "I won't swear on my wedding day. I haven't lost my temper yet, either; though I will when I meet that conglomerated caricature of a—Oh! what a poverty stricken language this is!"

He gave himself up to speculation. What must the people think of him; what must the poor girl be enduring all this time? "Due for a wedding at two o'clock. Here it is nearly seven and—and—neither of us married yet," he concluded, lamely.

All his personal preparations for the wedding had been made before he left the office. When the carriage drew up at the house he jumped out and ran up the steps without loss of time.

There were no acclamations. He was admitted, without any tearful demands for an explanation. shown to his room and left alone.

After a little while he was ushered into the presence of the waiting guests. The unruffled minister was there; so was the fiendish Smalley. Unconscious of the damning denunciation that was to come when there should be time, the wretch posed as an honored, happy guest.

Then came the bride on her father's arm; and the radiant picture drove from Houghton's mind all uncouth and untimely thoughts.

It was long after the ceremony before leisure and quiet came to the young people; and meanwhile Houghton, the hypocrite, had smilingly acknowledged the congratulations of the hard Smalley.

But now they were alone and Houghton allowed himself to look into the blessedest eyes. They met his with the fullest reciprocation.

"Dearest," she said, "wasn't it too bad the Bishop should be delayed and have to telegraph us that he couldn't be here until evening? You must have been dreadfully disturbed when Mr. Smalley gave you my message."

She stopped for a moment to compensate him.

"See," she added, then, holding up an envelope; "a wedding present that we haven't opened. Let's look."

It was a business letter he had, dated and so forth. But the gist was:

". . . . It gives me pleasure to enclose a check and a two months' leave of absence for your husband. I have taken the liberty to test him; and I know he will make me a good and patient superintendent. I am keeping the place for him."

And it was signed by that contemptible caricature of a Smalley.

Houghton sought an adequate ejaculation, but the poverty-stricken language proved as ineffective as he had found it earlier in the day. Like the brave, patient man he was, he took refuge in action.

"You'll make a sterner-looking superintendent with your mustache shaved off"—was her irrelevant observation.

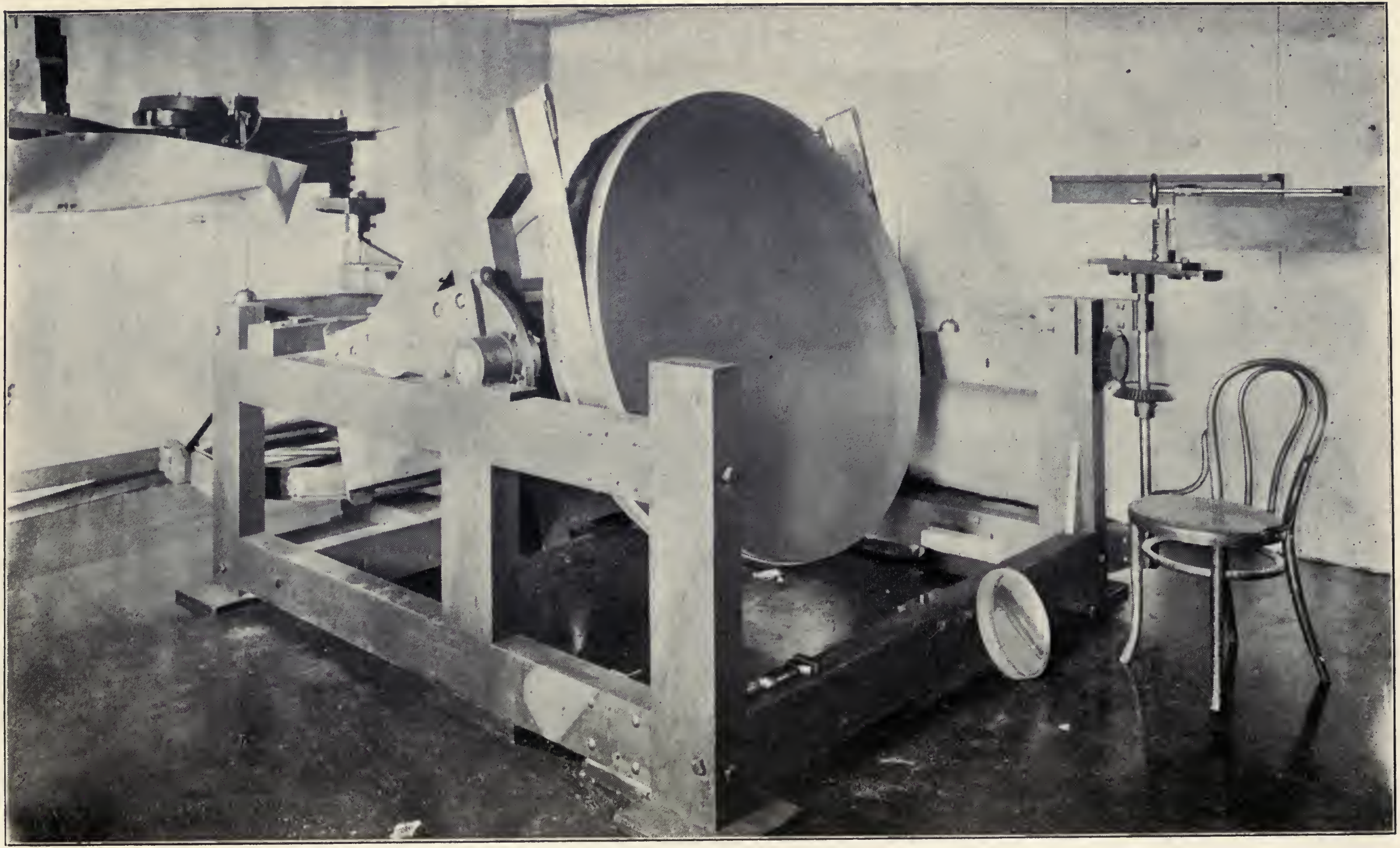


Photo of great glass turned on edge in testing machine. The greatest reflecting lens in the world.

The World's Greatest Telescope

BY FLORENCE CROSBY PARSONS

WITHIN recent years, many honors have come to the great commonwealth of California, none of which outrank in splendor or in prophecy the crown she has won as Queen of climatic conditions, furnishing a superior vantage ground for the sweep of the "magic mirror" when it shall swing to the motion of the universe—the largest telescope the world has ever seen.

To the far south, the ramparts of the Sierra Madre lift their serrated heights forever to north and east above the famed San Gabriel Valley, where, upon its loftiest peak, Mount Wilson, at an altitude of 6,000 feet, has been erected a fine solar observatory 230 feet long, with steel frame and canvas cover, giving it the appearance of a splendid ship about to sail out over the crags and steeps and voiceless canyons, above the vast pine forests that clothe the mountain-sides, away over the fair valley with its vineyards and orange groves; away, away, into the limitless blue of the vaulted sky.

This white-winged ship contains not only a horizontal telescope, but is equipped with a variety of other instruments—clocks, short and tall, photographic machinery and an array of scientific paraphernalia that seems, indeed, the work of a magician to the ordinary poor mortal who follows the professor about in a dazed and confounded condition, secretly hoping he looks wise, and can manage to stammer: "Oh, certainly!' "Ah, yes!" in the right places.

The situation is relieved by the fact that the courteous conductor, Professor George E. Hale, never by word or look assumes that you cannot understand his explanations, or are not perfectly familiar with astronomy throughout its heights and depths.

The observatory is in charge of this genial professor, a man still young in years, possessing rare charm of manner, so modest, in fact, that he seems unaware of his rank as one of the foremost astronomers in the country; that his fame has gone abroad as inventor of the spectro heliograph, an instrument for photographing solar phenomena, and for his recent discoveries upon the sun.

When Mr. Carnegie gave ten millions to establish the Carnegie Institution of Washington, the largest grant accorded to any one department, amounting thus far to over $300,000, was allotted to astronomy.

The observatory shops, built and maintained from this fund, and wherein are made all the instruments for use upon the mountain, are located in Pasadena, that beautiful city whose name means "the Valley's Crown."

Astronomers, especially, seem so filled with a sense of the immensity of the universe, and of their own comparative insignificance, that they are very modest men, and oft-times retiring, keeping much within the realm of their own thought.

All this wonderful work in the shops is under the superintendence of Professor George W. Ritchey, who possesses both of the above-named attributes. Apparently unconscious of the boast he might make as standing among the leaders both here and in Europe, in his chosen field of astronomical photography, and the construction for this work of reflecting telescopes.

The great center of attraction just now is the huge glass that was cast in St. Gobain, France, remaining in the Yerkes Observatory optical shop for five years awaiting funds for its completion, when it was brought to Pasadena, where for two years it has been under the eye of Professor Ritchey during the long and careful process of "grinding and figuring."

Do not suppose that the public are admitted, even on visiting days, into the very presence chamber wherein this splendid mirror rests upon its iron throne. They must pay their court through the medium of a glass panel.

Mt. Wilson Observatory.

The impression is of looking into an operating room, rather than into a shop. The walls and floor are carefully washed—above the mirror is stretched a canvas; directions are given through a speaking tube, the workmen don surgeon's caps and aprons, performing their labor behind closed doors—all these precautions lest dust from the Everywhere, the very motes in the sunbeam, should gather upon the delicate surface.

Notwithstanding constant vigilance, particles will float upon the forbidden ground.

This mirror is 60 inches in diameter, 8 inches thick, and weighs one ton. As it rests upon the turntable it resembles a huge wheel of ice into whose green depths you can look as if it were a frozen block.

This lovely coloring in green is a surprise to the beholder, who thinks to see the mirror clear or about as white as a window pane.

In the work of grinding, fine emery and water are placed between the grinding tools and the surface of the mirror.

When the surfaces are properly smoothed, they are coated with pure silver, that metal furnishing highest reflective power. The concave front is the optical surface, the other side being polished approximately flat, and silvered because the changes effected by the temperature would otherwise be unsymmetrical.

Before it was decided where to place this great telescope, various points were visited and their merits considered. The severe winters at Yerkes make the astronomer's work difficult, and as the San Gabriel Valley has a large percentage of cloudless days, it is hoped to find much advantage in the clear atmosphere and altitude of Mt. Wilson, a peak destined to be no longer unknown to fame.

And now the 60-inch mirror is to be outmatched upon its own grounds. A citizen of Los Angeles, Mr. John D. Hooker, has placed at the disposal of the Carnegie Institute fifty thousand dollars wherewith to purchase and prepare a disc of glass that shall be one hundred inches in diameter—the largest reflector lens in the world. This mammoth wheel will be eighteen inches thick, and weigh four and one-half tons.

Professor Ritchey explains that "this thickness is necessary that the glass shall be sufficiently rigid to retain its perfect form, and even then it is necessary to support the back and edges by an elaborate system of plates, levers and weights to prevent the flexure of the mirror when the telescope is in use."

The great French manufacturers of St. Gobain have agreed to undertake the casting. Prof. Hale says: "It will be an extremely long and difficult operation to cast and anneal such an immense mass, but in view of their experience, we confidently count on a successful outcome."

Meanwhile, larger shops must be built, machinery for grinding and polishing be designed and constructed, together with apparatus for lifting the glass.

Prof. Hale asserts that this 100-inch telescope will give seven and a half times as much light as the most powerful photographic telescope in use, and two and a half times as much as the 60 inch reflector now being made.

He further declares, "We cannot tell whether atmospheric conditions even on Mt. Wilson will be perfect enough to meet the demands which will be imposed by the great size of the telescope."

Although the 60 inch lens will be ready within this year for its mounting, it will require about four years to complete its marvelous successor.

The work is by no means done when the glass receives its coat of shining silver.

Think of taking 250 tons of metal, huge iron castings, up a narrow mountain trail, at its widest only twelve feet, previous means of transportation having been the backs of sturdy little burros.

Even the stoutest of these strangely wise and sure-footed creatures could hardly be expected to climb eight miles up those perilous steeps with the precious mirror, weighing a ton, strapped upon his back!

For months the famous trail has been in process of widening and smoothing, at a cost of $25,000, under the skillful hands of Japanese laborers, who deserve unlimited praise for the marvel they have wrought. But at its best it is a dangerous road, subject to disaster from mountain rains and from boulders falling from above. To carry such heavy materials to that altitude, a special truck has been constructed by the Couple-Gear Freight

Wheel Company of Detroit.

Much interest and enthusiasm was shown when the long, red-painted automobile car appeared for its trial trip upon the streets of Pasadena. A storage battery could not furnish power for four motors, so a gasoline engine of forty horse-power is connected with a dynamo which generates the electric current.

The direct transmission of power to each wheel is effected by a series of electric motors, one in each wheel, which is operated on its own axle so that shortest possible turns may be made.

There is a separate gear for each set of wheels, or the four may be steered together. The weight of the truck is eleven thousand pounds. A trap door in its center allows portions of the castings to sink within its depths to bring the center of weight as low as possible.

The 60 inch glass is not to be mounted in the observatory now in use upon "the peak," but will be placed in a metal building having a steel dome 60 feet in diameter, to be erected the coming summer by men sent from the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, where all the heavy castings were made. The fine attachments and delicate machinery for adjusting the telescope, together with the driving clock, have been fashioned in the Pasadena shops. Next April the auto truck will begin carrying up materials for this dome, and last of all, some time in the autumn the famous glass will make the ascent. If the four years' work upon the 100-inch lens proves successful, another and larger building will be prepared upon the mountain top to receive it.

Since that day when "the morning stars sang together," men have striven to interpret the symbols blazoned upon the vaulted sky by Him who sitteth "above the circle of the earth."

Throughout the ages they have groped amid the splendors of astronomical science —now and then discovering a marvelous law, a rolling planet, a burning sun.

The work of the astronomer is but dimly comprehended, to a very large extent unappreciated. Who stops to think of him up there in his lonely watch tower fairly wrestling with the spheres for science's sake?

He knows much of severe midnight, yes, all-night toil, of solitude, oft-times of bitter cold, of terrible stress upon nerve and brain and muscle, as with the world asleep, he sits motionless, yet with every sense alert, his keen eye upon the great glass which shall perchance reveal ere the sun comes again from out his chamber in the east, the path of some new star, the orbit of some whirling planet.

Powerless to "loose the bands of Orion, or to bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades," nevertheless, he can do his heroic part toward swinging this old world up into clearer light, into fuller knowledge.

"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." The faint, far sound, mystic as the music of the spheres, fell upon the ear of astrologer, magician, divinator, among the ancients, gathering volume when heard by astronomers in Egypt, in Greece, in Chaldea, vibrating yet louder as Copernicus, Galileo, Herschel, bent their heads to listen.

Yet none of these ever dared to dream or prophesy or picture to the imagination the wonders that may be within the grasp of modern research, when away up among the solitudes of the hoary mount, the mighty lens turns its shining eye of silver upon the starry heavens declaring the glory of God, the firmament showing His handiwork.

In Sanctuary

BY CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS

The wind broke open a rose's heart
And scattered her petals far apart.
Driven before the churlish blast
Some in the meadow brook were cast,
Or fell in the tangle of the sedge;
Some were impaled on the thorn of the hedge;
But one was caught on my dear love's breast
Where long ago my heart found rest.

The Tangent of a Tiff

A Tale Wherein Mrs. Hill, Yip Hung and a Beauty Doctor are Concerned

BY LIZZIE GAINES WILCOXSON

WHEN it became a settled fact that Mrs. Dutcher Lombard-Hill's sister was coming to visit her, Mrs. Hill began to look for a house. During her two years' residence in San Francisco she and her husband had occupied apartments in a semi-private hotel. Now, to find a house to suit her, and be within her means, became the haunting occupation of her life. After three weeks of search she gave up the idea of being suited, and the question narrowed down to something that would possibly do. Rent agencies were her daily haunts. The clerks thereof came to know her and wanted to run and hide when she came in.

At last, in sheer desperation and weariness of body, she chose a house on a "twenty minutes' walk" recommendation, and an assurance from the agent that he would be most obliging in the matter of repairs and sundry coats of calcimine.

The morning following her decision, Mrs. Hill visited the place again. This time she was unpleasantly impressed with the nearness of a dilapidated little house on the west side, and a double flat on the east side. She had been so weary the day before that these details escaped her, in view of the fact that the house itself presented as few objectionable features as any she had examined.

"Dear me," she sighed, "I hope the people in the flats will not have more than half a dozen children to each family."

"They are very nice people," assured the agent soothingly.

"Possibly," rejoined Mrs. Hill, wearily, "but that is no guarantee against large families of small children."

As they made a tour of the west rooms, Mrs. Hill again noticed the dilapidated cottage on that side.

"That place is vacant," she observed. "I do hope when it is let only quiet people will live there."

"I am sure you will find this a very desirable neighborhood," rejoined the agent, with a slightly aggrieved air.

"I hope so," sighed Mrs. Hill.

At any rate, to hope for the best was all she could do now, and the work of preparing the house and furnishing it began and went briskly forward for a week or ten days.

In the matter of cheap pianos and children the double flats proved less of a nuisance than Mrs. Hill's fears had anticipated, and it was with a feeling of real satisfaction that she began to settle in her new home.

"I like it much better than the hotel," she confided to Mr. Hill one morning at breakfast.

"I always told you that you would, if you would only try it," was the husbandly rejoinder.

"I don't remember your saying anything of the kind," answered Mrs. Hill.

Then Mr. Hill cast some reflections upon the unreliability of a woman's memory, which, in turn, brought forth an acrimonious retort from Mrs. Hill, and the result was a smart tiff. When Mr. Hill left the house, he shut the front door with a bang that demonstrated that, after all, a home is never really a home unless it connects directly with a front door.

Mrs. Hill was too self-centered to be more than temporarily unsettled by a domestic difference, but nevertheless, the disagreement had its aftermath. This came, first, paradoxically enough, in the form and likeness of a beauty-doctor.

Mr. Hill was a man of decided prejudices, but "prejudice" is far too mild a word to apply to his utter detestation of this feminine humbug. Mrs. Hill was abundantly aware of his attitude, and up to then had respected it, not so much, it must be admitted, from a sense of wifely duty as from the circumstance of having an exceptionally fine complexion, bright eyes and beautiful hair.

But the past strenuous month had told on her. Miles of hard pavement, more miles of noisy, wearisome street-car riding, had combined to haggard her. As she raised the window shades, letting in a harsh glare of sun, she caught a view of herself in the sideboard mirror and noted the pallor of her complexion and dullness of eye. Peering in, she discovered with a shock two tiny wrinkles under her eyes, and another threatening her neck. To look old Mrs. Hill considered the most terrible affliction that life could possibly hold for any woman. Owing to a good constitution and a life of comparative ease she had so far preserved herself from alarming symptoms of age; therefore, she was all the more overcome by these signs of advancing age.

It was at this psychological moment that the doorbell rang, and the maid brought Mrs. Hill a card bearing the legend: "Mme. Loraine, representing Mme. Lippette, dermatologist; facial blemishes successfully removed; traces of age obliterated; consultation free."

What took place at the interview between Mrs. Hill and the representative of Mme. Lippette would not have been hard to guess the next day as Mrs. Hill stood before a small cabinet and carefully placed therein one large bottle containing a whitish liquid; one medium-size bottle of pink buttermilk appearance; one fat tin box of grease; one squatty white jar of pomade; a package of medicated chamoise, and last, a flat, small box, containing a limp, crawly little square, to which was attached four little tapes. It was a Face Beauty Mask. Mrs. Hill took it out and gingerly unfolded it. As she spread it lightly over her face and looked at the effect in the glass, she did have a vision of Mr. Hill when he should come to kiss her good-night.

"Gracious me! I wouldn't blame Dutch a bit for getting a divorce if he should see me with this thing on. I will have to take my treatments and wear it some time during the day while he is down town. It would be a crime for any woman to let her husband see her looking like this."

This was the day after the tiff, and Mr. Hill had brought home theatre tickets and a new fan for his wife the evening before as a peace-offering, and harmony was once more restored. So Mrs. Hill locked the cabinet door, and instead of boldly presenting the bill for the beauty paraphernalia, as she had intended doing, she took the more pacific course of charging it up to housekeeping sundries, and keeping her transactions with the blonde dermatologist a secret from her husband

* * * *

It was perhaps a week later as she lay in bed late one morning that she gradually became aware of an odd bustle and a wordy vibration without her west window. The sounds were singularly choppy and unintelligible. They were accompanied by slamming of doors and banging of heavy articles. She arose and looked out. What she saw filled her with amazement and anger. The dilapidated little house so near her west window was inhabited. Its tenants were scurrying here and there in night-shirt-looking garb and sandaled feet. Pigtails of varying length and glossiness switched and undulated as they moved and chattered. They appeared like a colony of insects, each intent on some individual task, and yet all working together. Before the steps stood a black-covered wagon and a bony, rat-tailed horse. Over the door was already inscribed: "Yip Hung, Hand Laundry."

At the window directly opposite Mrs. Hill, and into which she bent her astonished and wrathful gaze, stood a gaunt Chinaman in a white, scant garment, bare legs and sandaled feet, busy at an ironing board. Verily, a full-fledged laundry had sprung up in the night and was now in operation.

"This is an outrage!" exclaimed Mrs. Hill. "I shall speak to the agent about it *at once!*"

The agent was attentive and full of sympathy, and promised to do what he could. But the next day when she called again, he expressed his sorrow that he was unable to influence the unworthy citizen who owned and rented that particular little house.

"Everybody ought to move off the block!" angrily opined Mrs. Hill.

The agent gave a shrug indicative of the futility of such a course.

"Such a thing is possible to occur anywhere in San Francisco," he commented.

Thereafter Mrs. Hill's life became one great protest directed against things in general, and one fat, placid, sphynx-like Yip Hung in particular. She felt anew a sense of outrage every time she looked out of the west windows. Now and then strong whiffs of opium smoke and gushes of steam rose up to her angry nostrils. At such times, it but added fuel to the flame to see Yip Hung sitting on a box in the middle of the room, drawing deep, contented puffs from a long-stemmed pipe, serene, prosperous, giving one an impression of an immense, sleepy, fat, motionless spider.

On Sundays another exasperating feature obtruded itself on the west view. It was the shady side of Yip's laundry, and a long line of Celestials would come out and sit there the live-long afternoon and comb and queue their hair.

In spite of Mrs. Hill's baneful looks and ill wishes, Yip Hung's laundry throve and prospered, and ever and anon a new ironing board was added. In time, it required two black covered wagons to convey the laundry, and Yip Hung, full of peace and plenty, daily grew fatter and richer.

After a period of this tranquil prosperity, the tide turned. It may have been that Yip was forgetting his gods; it may have been an ill luck in that in his greed for American dollars, Yip ground his poor workers down to a point that forbade bodily nourishment, and for this cause Li Wo quite suddenly fell down beside his ironing board one hot day and quite as suddenly died.

This untoward incident necessitated a total suspension of operation in the laundry for at least twenty-four hours, for though callous indeed had prosperity made him, Yip would not defy the traditional superstition that one must allow a spirit time to take a leisurely departure from the scene of its labors, from whence it is unable to go as long as its customary work is being performed by others. So the fire died down, and most of the workers went off to Chinatown and others went to bury the dead. Yip waddled about the deserted ironing room, feeling ill-used and cursing his luck. He paused in front of the mantel, and stood observing himself sulkily in the stationary mirror built above the shelf.

So stood Yip; and his thoughts were upon his tribulation. Suddenly, like a flash—a wink—there lept into the clear surface of the mirror a terrible face. A most terrifying face. A ghastly, dead face from which rolled two eyes like balls of fire! A horrible dead face without a body.

Yip gave a strangled scream, and as the face did not vanish, he screamed again, and sank down from sheer weakness of terror, and hid his face in his flapping sleeves.

From that day disaster pursued Yip Hung. Evil days fell upon him. Valuable pieces of wash became variously miscarried. Several aggrieved customers took away their patronage. Others threatened arrest if the missing articles were not produced. Some refused to pay for large washes from which alleged articles were missing, but gave him additional large washes for which he sadly suspected he would likewise get no pay. Families moved out of his ken, leaving from two to five weeks' bills unpaid. His helpers struck for higher pay.

It was a chastened Yip who sat drawing long puffs from his long stem pipe one afternoon some three weeks after that terrible day. Since the incident of the awful dead face, Yip had kept a cloth pinned across the mirror. Now as his dull gaze rested unseeingly on the cloth, quickly, as if an unseen hand had snatched it loose, the cloth dropped from a dislodged pin at one end. Yip uttered a hoarse cry and half arose, pointing a palsied finger at the undraped glass. A dozen pairs of startled, beady eyes followed the movement. They saw nothing save the reflection of the ugly wall, the door space, the stove pipe, and their own yellow visages. Nothing unnatural in that. Nothing to so agitate their placid boss. In obedience to a hoarse command to replace the cloth, half a dozen of them sprang toward the mantel. Lo! In that second flashed out and faced them—the dead face!

Every Chinaman in the room had a glimpse of the horrible thing as it hung a moment and then vanished.

Twice more, even before the terrified workers could make a move, it flashed back and re-vanished. Then like possessed creatures, the Chinese clung together and chattered like monkeys.

Oh, that ghastly face! Its living eyes! Its awful dead flesh.

Some of them fled without ceremony. Others fell to the floor calling upon the gods—among them Yip.

An hour later, Mrs. Hill heard an uncommon activity among her detested neighbors, and went to the west window to look out. What was her astonishment to see half a dozen Chinamen tumbling things out of the house in a conglomeration, while another lot of Chinese gathered them up and pitched them promiscuously and frantically into the two laundry wagons. In less than an hour more, the last queue, the last ironing board, had vanished.

"It looked like some forcible ejectment," commented Mrs. Hill to Mr. Hill that night at dinner. "But thank Heaven, they are out! I wonder what the next will be. It can't be worse, that's one consolation."

The next day—now no longer having a prejudice against sitting by the west windows—Mrs. Hill re-arranged her west chamber furniture, and in doing so, she destroyed the angles the other position had created with the mirrors in her room, that, by the aid of a hand mirror—occasionally held in a certain position—had thrown her reflection across the way into Yip Hung's mirror when she sat at her dressing table taking her treatment and wearing her beauty-mask.

The Daisy Field

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

Morning—a daisy field, ripples of laughter,
  Children asport like the fairies, with flowers.
Bobolinks bubbling their melodies after,
  Childhood and beauty engarland the hours.

Gold and white daisies, tinted with clover,
  Sky of azure, an afternoon;
Clouds like foam flakes flickering over,
  Balm and breath of the fragrant June;

Merry groups in the ambient glory,
  Scattering leaves of the daisy, in glee,
Telling each other, the sweet old story,
  "He loves, she loves, or he loves not me."

Daisy field in the dusky gloaming,
  Evening star and the late birds' trill,
Groups of twos in the daisies roaming,
  Telling the sweet old story still.

Hush and the moon, and the soft June weather,
  Daisies and clover, and summer and dream,
Souls drifting out to the future together,
  With sails of gossamer-love supreme.

Death Valley

BY ALFRED DAVIS

DEATH Valley is ugly, ugly and utterly desolate. Cactus and sand, sand and cactus as far as the eye can reach, to the north, to the south, to the east and to the west. Not a single tree or green bush is there in all that dreary waste to vary the great monotony. The sun above, usually riding in a clear sky, pours down its fiercest rays upon the sun-baked plain with unrelenting force. Here and there a rattlesnake lies stretched out in the torrid sand, while now and then a skinny prairie dog will pop up from the yellow dirt and then dart down again with the rapidity of lightning. Once in a while a buzzard wheels its dizzy flight along the misty horizon. Save for these no signs of life are found in all that vast solitude.

Far to the north a great cloud of dust might have been seen on a certain day in mid-summer, hurrying along before a breath of wind, lost probably in that desolate land. Out of the cloud as it swept over the brow of a hill, the form of a man appeared outlined against the deep blue sky. He paused on the crest and seated himself. A tall fellow he was, dressed in a manner typical of the place, calculated to render the heat bearable, while his searching eyes that looked out from two narrow slits bespoke the frontiersman, through and through. He surveyed the barren stretch before him with the easy manner of one familiar with the scene, and as his eye roved over the plain it rested upon a dark spot which seemed to be emanating from the haze of the western horizon.

The figure moved irregularly, frequently pausing as if bewildered, then again moving on, on, until coming to another abrupt pause.

"A man," thought the plainsman, "a man as sure as hell, and coming from the Funeral hills." And as he started down the hill in the direction of the traveler, he cursed the creature for a fool thus to tempt the Almighty.

The wanderer, his head bent toward the ground and his eyes red and blistered from the intense heat, stumbled on, now in one direction, then in another, as if uncertain of his way. Then of a sudden, he threw his head back and laughed long and loud, but the laugh ceased when he beheld the plainsman. He started towards him, mumbling incoherently, then paused and gazed unsteadily upon him. Again he laughed, wild and hoarsely, and broke into a tottering run, away from the approaching figure. Finally he stopped, turned again, and again started on, but his strength seemed suddenly to leave him and he fell face downwards in the sand.

The plainsman rolled the wanderer upon his back and pillowed his coat beneath the head of long unkempt hair. Then, taking a flask from his pocket, he poured the contents into the mouth of the sufferer. The eyes opened slowly, as if in pain, and when they fell upon the other's face they seemed to start slightly, then closed again.

"Which way was you headin', friend, before you got mixed?" and the plainsman repeated his question twice before the feeble answer came.

"Never mind me, never mind. Let me alone. I'm about ready to pass in and there ain't no use of you staying here. You know where there is water; get there yourself; you can't take me."

"Sure, I know where there is water," and he gazed closely into the other's face. "Water enough for both of us."

"But ain't you Jack Young?" The eyes of the other opened half in joy and half in pain. "There, I knowed you was. And didn't you save my hide a dozen times from the Vigilantes, and wasn't it you that I done on that mine deal?"

"Never mind, Lou; that's ancient history, and it wasn't all your fault. Lou, we will call it square," and as he tried to offer his hand, he sank back again into a swoon.

Lou Tobin stood for a moment looking

upon the man. "I reckon that will be quite a bit of a pull," he muttered, glancing at the sun. "But, Jack, I played you dirt once when you did the square thing," and he was silent again, the scenes and days of other years crowding fast upon him.

The sun's rays beat down with all the intensity of their force when Tobin gathered the mere shadow of a man in his arms and started at a brisk pace across the desert in the direction of the sunset. Hardened as he was to the toil and the heat, yet the burden caused the sweat to fall in great drops from his face and hair. Now he would fix his eye upon some distant knoll, and then with unceasing effort, he made the summit and again his eye caught upon a sand hill, but he never allowed it to survey the valley between. His feet became hot and swollen and he tried to spit, but it was a failure and he smiled. "I reckon this would make a pretty decent grave yard for Jack and me,' the man remarked aloud. "We lost our grub stakes here and I ain't been doing much more since then, but losing grub stakes." A snake rattled ominously at his feet, but he passed over it, not thinking. On, on he traveled until his arms became cramped and he had to pause in his way. Depositing the body carefully upon the ground, he took off his hat and mopped the flowing sweat from his brow.

The sun was still to live some minutes but it was the great pile of black clouds in the east upon which Tobin riveted his gaze, and he yelled in sheer delight, but the cry was strangely muffled and weak.

"Rain, damn you, Jack, it's rain; do you hear?" but the man heard nothing, and Tobin looked down again. "I'm a fool, Jack; maybe it's rain and maybe it ain't," and he raised the body from the earth, but the burden seemed twice its former weight. A mysterious haze covered the landscape, while the eastern heavens were a mass of dark and rolling clouds. Two coyotes followed at a safe distance behind the wanderers, and like shadows stopped when they paused and went on again when they continued.

"You ain't got no soft feet to deal with here, you cyoteroes. Git out, both of you," and Tobin hurled a handful of gravel toward them, and laughed to himself when it fell only a few feet from him.

"I reckon we better wait right here for that rain, Jack. I might make it alone; but I don't believe I would find you here on the way back. I reckon we better wait for the rain," and taking a piece of bread from his pocket, he ground it into powder and poured it into the mouth of the man.

The haze had grown thicker, and the sun had dipped out of sight behind the hills. A small pack of coyotes squatted on their haunches back under the heavy clouds. The heat was most oppressive, and the plainsman's arms were strangely stiff and sore while his tongue was growing parched and dry.

Suddenly the black pall was rent asunder by a great blaze of light, and a deep peal of thunder rolled over the solitude.

"It's coming, Jack, old pard, it's coming," and he turned the man over that his face might receive the first drops. Then, rising to his feet, he lifted his hands in silent supplication to the great storm.

He could see the rain falling in torrents above him, and there just out of reach it wasted away in vapor. His brain was muddled and confused. He rushed to a little rise in the land, and there, too, the rain seemed only a few feet away, but never reached the earth.

"Damn it all, can't you see that we're dying," cried the man, again raising his hands toward the tantalizing clouds that rolled on and on until at last they passed down beyond the western horizon, and the calm twilight, horrible in its very serenity, rested upon the earth. Without a word, Tobin turned back to his friend, and with difficulty raising him in his arms, he struggled on. He shook his head violently when an unnatural darkness fell before his eyes, and once he paused and gazed intently upon the sand at his feet. He sank to his knees. Yes, there rain had fallen, a scanty bit indeed, but rain had fallen there.

A new life thrilled him as he struggled on, and the sand began to show signs more and more of having been moist. His head was bent to the ground, his arms were shaking violently, when of a sudden and without realizing it, he came to a hilltop. There in a basin in the valley below, a pool of water lay, brightly sparkling under the light of the moon that had now risen. The heavy earth clung tenaciously to his feet. Twice he fell and lay for a moment, pressing his lips to the damp earth. He pointed to the water hole ahead. "Water, Jack, water. The old frog-hole; you remember the old frog-hole, Jack, where you held 'em off for me. Remember the time, Jack?" and he patted the breast of the man as it rose and fell like a child's in sleep. "But never mind; I almost fergot what we come after," and he tried to rise to his feet, but the burden was too heavy. Again he tried and the struggle was continued. Once he stumbled on a cactus bush, and fell, the needles piercing his flesh.

The night was bright and sultry, even for the valley. The pack of coyotes followed noiselessly a few yards in the rear, but Tobin saw nothing save the water, which sometimes seemed only a few feet away, then fully a mile. He realized how precious each moment was to him, but try as he would, his stiffened joints refused to obey him, and his arms seemed to have been pulled from their sockets.

Suddenly, a dense darkness came over him, and he fell to the earth. A huge rattler passed over the prostrate bodies, and Tobin watched it with a grin of hatred. "We ain't good enough fer you, eh?" the man whispered huskily, "but we're too good fer you, you sneakin' devils," and he shook his fist at the pack of coyotes, the silent spectators of many a tragedy in Western life.

Again and again he tried to raise his companion, and again and again he failed. All at once his senses became most clear. The moonlight bathing the landscape was real, all that vast waste was to him as it had been for years past, and there ahead and swimming before his gaze, lay the frog-hole.

He tried hard to get to his feet but sank to the ground with each effort. At last he lifted the body to his back, and started on all-fours; a painfully slow journey to the hole. Unseen castus pierced his hands, and one was so badly torn that he wrapped his hat about it.

Foot by foot, yard by yard, he lessened the distance to the water hole.

Again the deadly black was coming before his eyes, and his breath came hard. He tried to raise a hand to his face. The stars seemed shooting in fitful showers about him, his brain became confused. Then, with a shudder, he pitched forward, forcing the body down upon the sand. The coyotes cautiously approached, and there about them set up a lonely howl that shivered back and forth across that mighty solitude.

B.J. Hemphill

The Ships

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

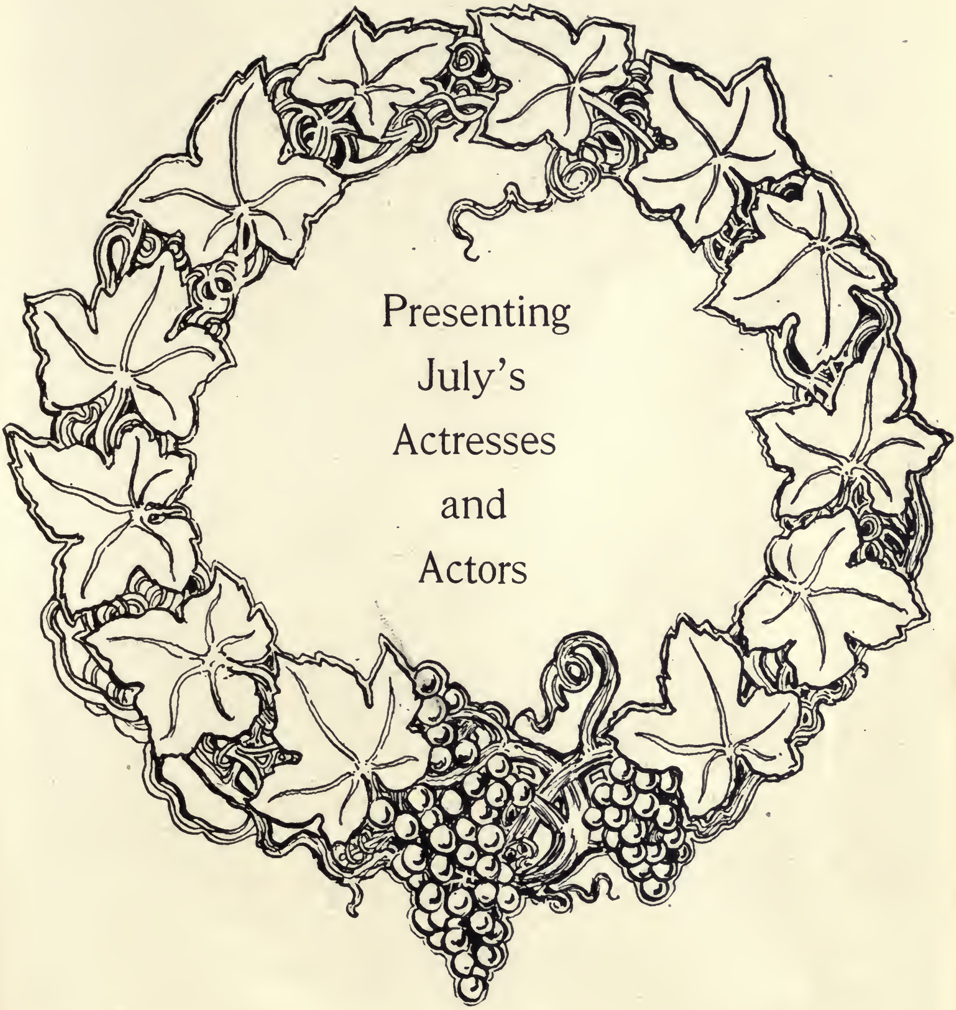
Look on my studded bulk of steel,
The dent and painted scar!
Is this the drab intent of wrath,
The shadowy lust of war?
Nay, I am built for noble peace,
And kings have given me
A holy charge—to guard and keep
The covenant of the sea!

Look to my tiers of mated guns
That gleam from deck and port!
Is this the challenge of the strong
To battle's deadly sport?
Nay, this is freedom's ponderous task—
To train the bold and brave,
That love may bloom in every land,
And peace on every wave!

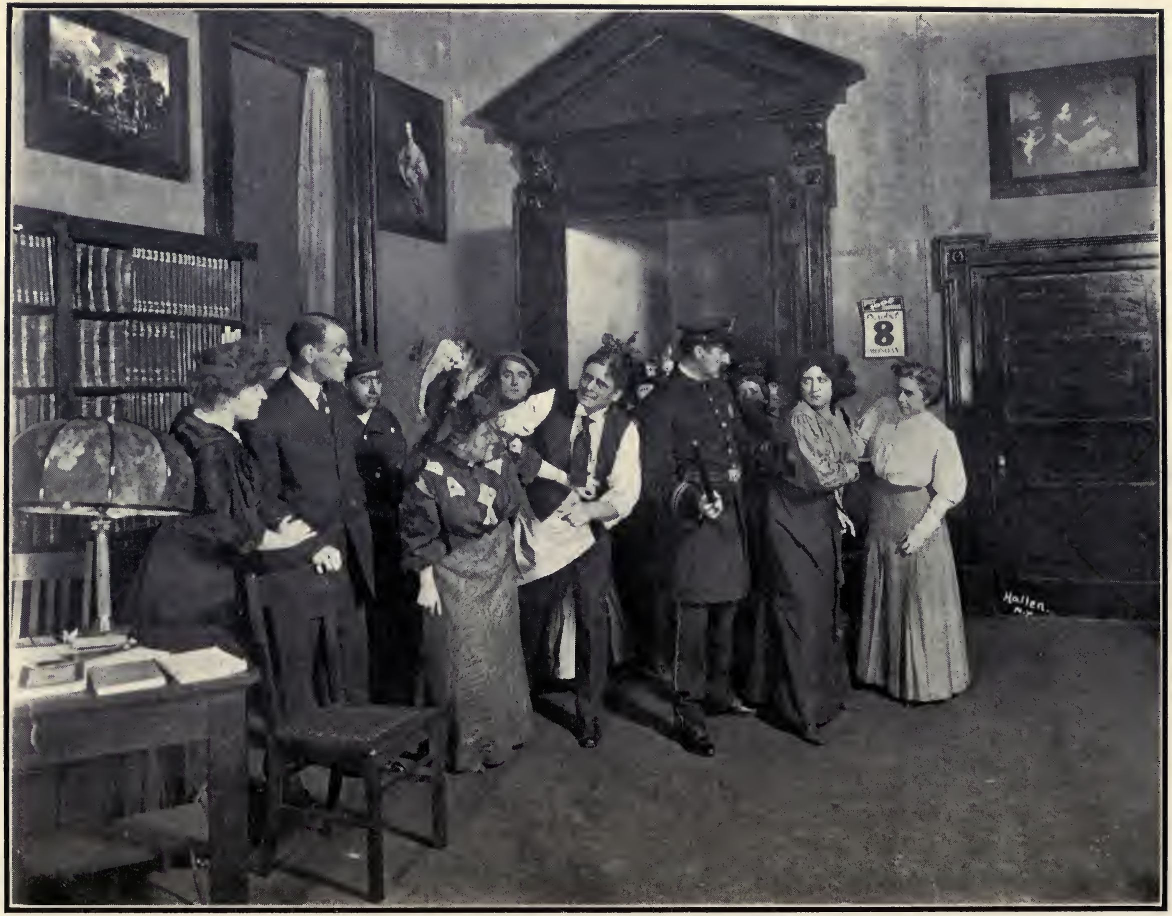
My voice a driven thunderbolt,
That tyranny may hear;
My glance the flash of lighted clouds,
That every foe may fear;
And every shell that blurs the targe,
A rainbow on the sea
That winds of blood shall break no more
Over the world, and me!

A threat in every port, a mute
Volcano in my keel,
A thousand leagues of surging foam
I fling my risk of steel:
Yet never a cannon lifts a toast
Of water from the barm
But drains a silent pledge of peace
To every gathering storm!

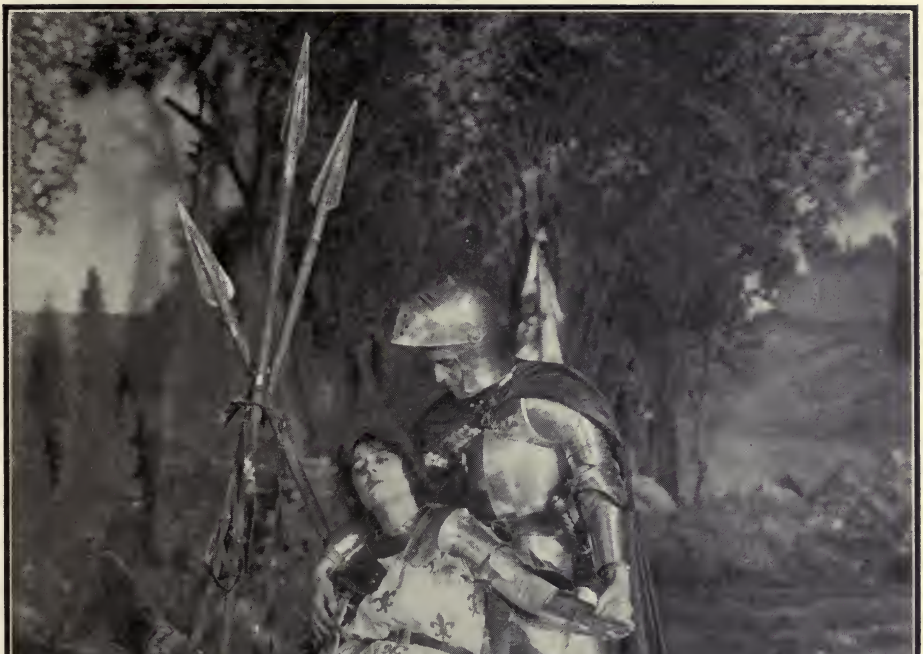
Latin and Hun, and Turk and Don,
Shall crowd the far-off strand,
And hear my thunders preach the price
Of war in every land—
The blood of sons, the mothers' tears,
The woes that never cease—
And, taught the awful scourge of war,
Will keep the gift of peace!



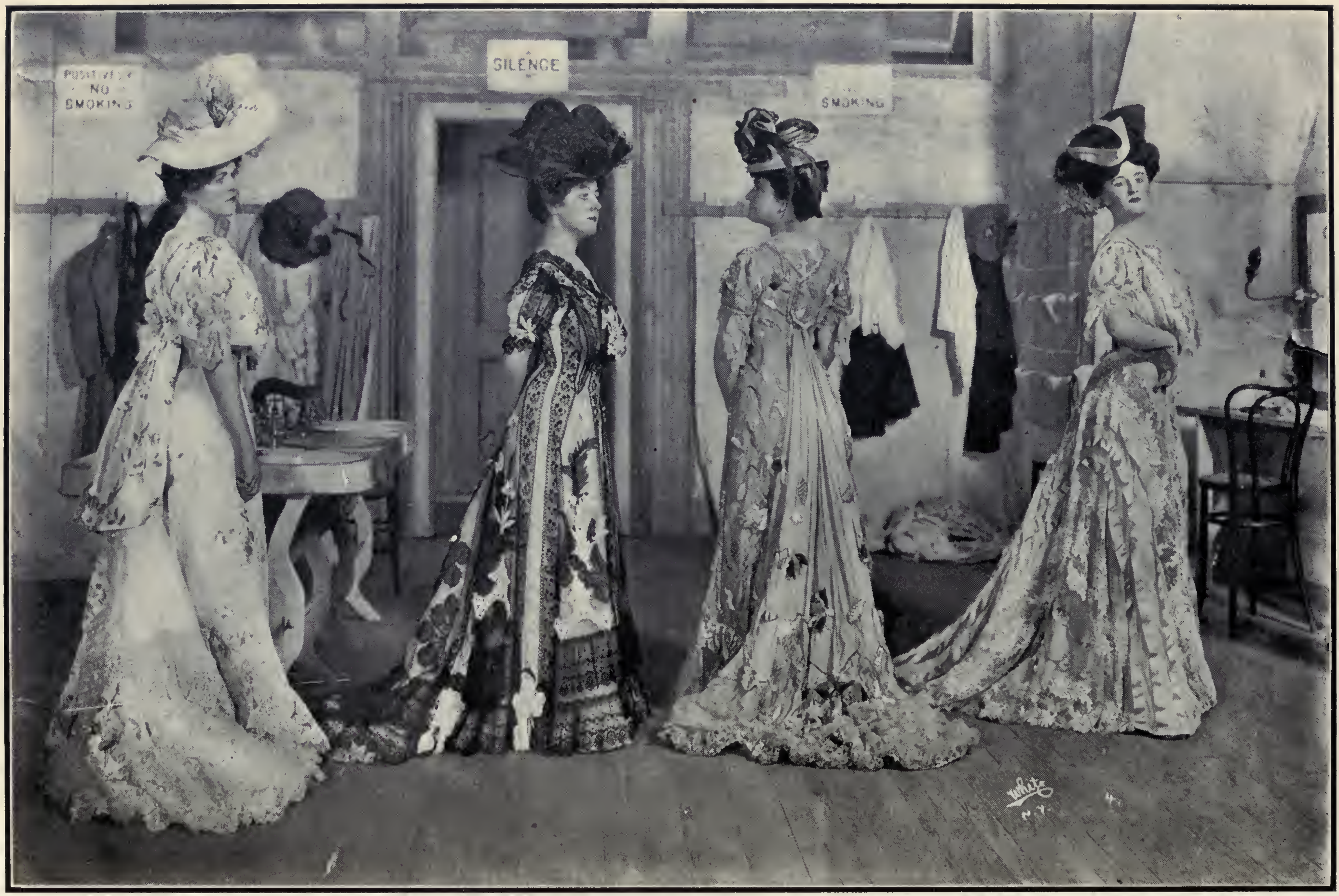
Presenting July's Actresses and Actors



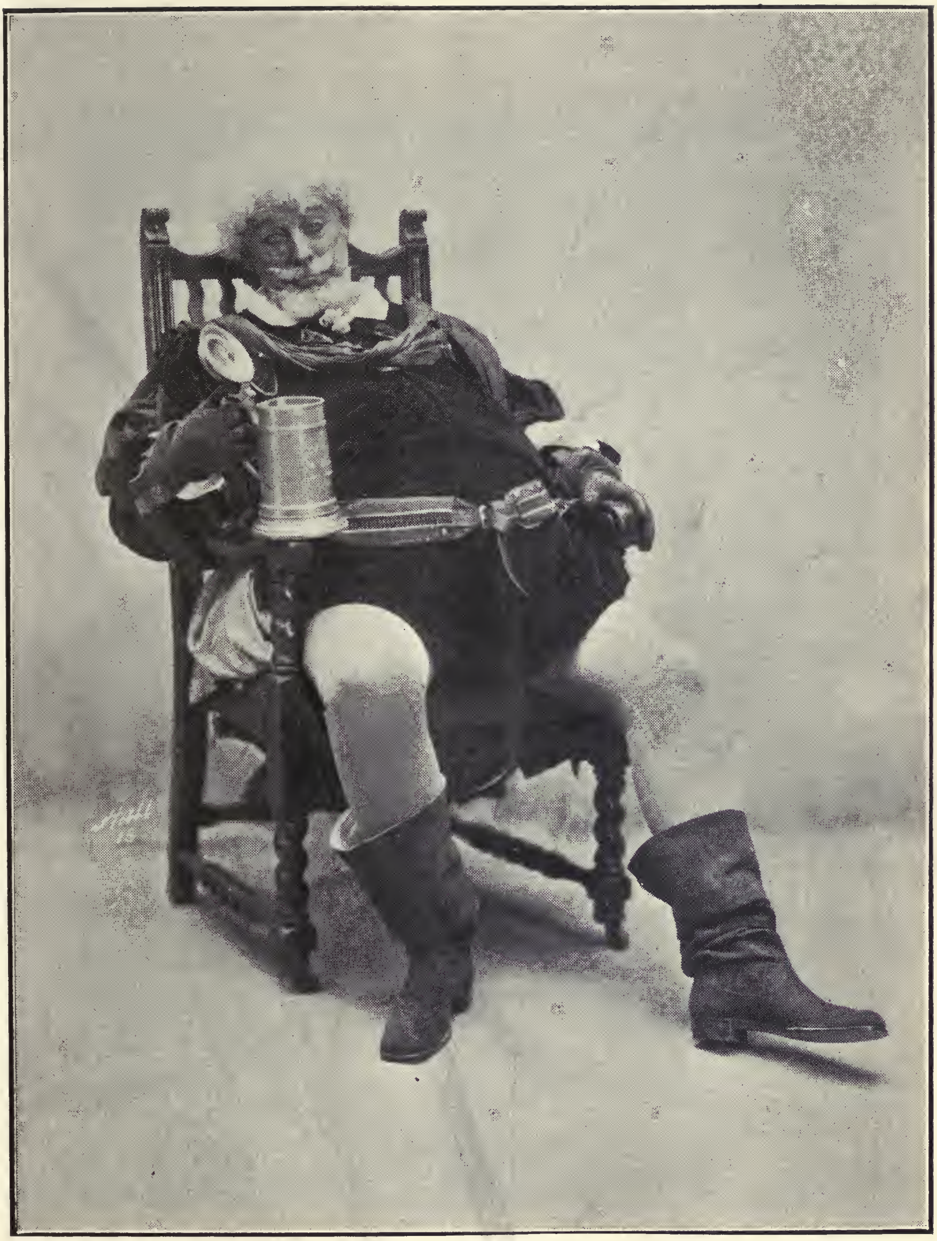
Blanche Walsh in Clyde Fitch's "The Straight Road," Astor Theatre, New York.



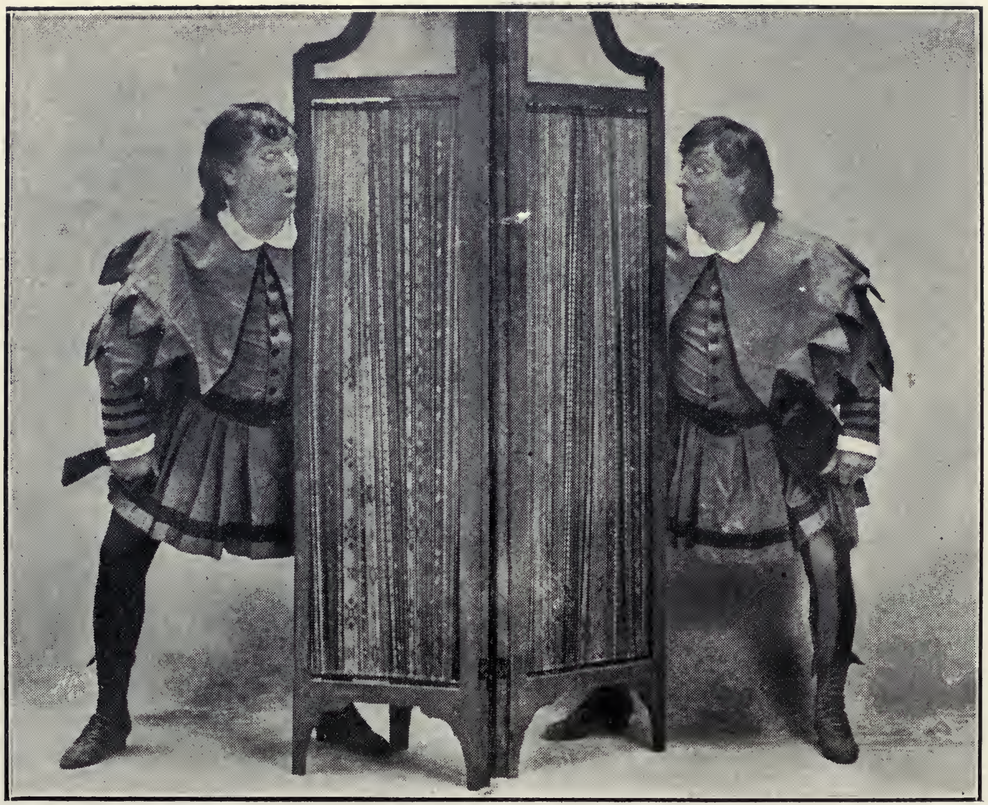
Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern in "Jeanne d'Arc" at the Lyric Theatre, New York.


POSITIVELY NO SMOKING
SILENCE
SMOKING
White N.Y.

Gorgeous costumes worn in "The Chorus Lady," by Claire Lane as "Inez Blair;" Maude Knowlton as "Sylvia Simpson;" Helen Hilton as Evelyn Rue.



Louis James as "Falstaff" in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Hall, N. Y., Photo.



Louis James as "The Two Dromios," in "The Comedy of Errors."

Aphie James, with Louis James.

Aphie James, with Louis James.

Geo. Parsons, in "Daughters of Men," at Astor Theatre, N. Y.
Photo by Kirkland Studio, Denver, Colo.

Charlotte Tittell.

In the Lair of the Bear

Divorce

BY M. GRIER KIDDER

MARRIAGE, without divorce, is condition without the possibility of change. I may want no change, but if I do, I want to know just where to lay my hands on it. As the Texan said of the pistol: "I mout never want it, but ef I do, I'll want it wus'n h——ll." Telling my wife and me that we shall live together unhappily, is giving us hell to guarantee us heaven. Marriage is a contract, and until mortality puts on infallibility, contract without reservation is risky. I burn no bridge spanning a river I can't swim.

I believe in the "sanctity of marriage" until it conflicts with the sanctity of common sense; and if my wife and I cannot insure sanctification without a series of mutual bickerings, we shall drop sanctification for separation. Forbidding divorce to the married who do not want to live together is as absurd as forbidding marriage to the unmarried who do. As to the right of divorce impairing the respectability of marriage, it is the only right that marriage wants to perfect its respectability. The old marriage was all *rite* and no *right*.. A proclamation of emancipation never hurt anybody.

The male sex is the oldest trust on earth and woman has ever been its prey; but, after all, slavery is more to blame for tyranny than tyranny for slavery. Arrogance rarely comes uninvited by humility; meekness is an eternal invitation to insolence. Let the wife keep her individuality, for as long as she knows that the twain that became one can become twain again, she will understand that "peaceable secession" can do more to abolish slavery than "war for the union."

Woman's body has been wrestling with everything; her brain with nothing. She proves her "domesticity" by the size of her family; her "amiability" by her meekness; her "masculinity" by talking sense; her "unwomanliness" by "talking back"; the rudimentary state of her brain by her inconsistency. Philosophy may be "adversity's sweet milk," but the solace of famininity is tongue. And after ten thousand generations of tongue have sung the lullaby of the female brain, who wonders that it sleeps? And, mark me, woman will be a "grown child" until she asserts her equality with him to whom she has given life. Man's most difficult task is bearing with her who has born him and giving her a chance in the world into which she has ushered him "with the sweat of no vulgar agony and with groans that cannot be uttered." He who stands by her in that holy and fearful hour without honoring the sex, good and bad, is one "whom it would be base flattery to call man."

Of course, woman's freedom will come and be followed by a social reconstruction, compared to which our political reconstruction was a pleasant surprise. But we shall have the destructive cause before the reconstruction effect. In the dark days of my childhood, "woman's rights" were man's wrongs; no respectable woman dared to seek refuge in divorce. Until lately, I abhorred the thought of divorce and woman suffrage, but I have changed my mind. I may rechange it; there is no telling anything about my mind except knowing I mean what I say when I say it. An opinion formed on impression may justify a change, but when anchored to conviction, nothing but mental weakness condones variety.

Loveless marriage is a contract to people penitentiaries; an incubator for hatching idiots. There may be no marriage in heaven, but there is heaven or hell in marriage. I object to any union that counterfeits that second place and raises the devil and children together. A large number of marriages are mistakes making more mistakes. If you have been foolish enough to make a mistake, don't be too foolish to remedy it. We hear that "divorce disgraces the children." Does parental squabbling confer especial honor on the offspring? anything particularly elevating in one of these matrimonial duets whose refrain embraces everything from flattery to flat iron? What do you expect when tyranny begets and hate conceives? As to knowing each other before marriage, you cannot do it; you must marry and pray that the introduction be not too abrupt.

Experience is the only thing that starves simpering sentiment and nourishes common sense. Courtship is intoxicated theory; marriage, sober practice. And though the first introduces to the second, only association breeds familiarity. Until you serve an apprenticeship to the thing itself, you are just so much theoretical cross trying to usurp a practical crown. I should rather be chained to the devil's grand-mother with a cold chisel in sight than be united to an angel with no possibility of release. Tying me is tiring me unless I can shift my anchorage when the spirit moves me. Better hell with a return ticket than heaven without a necessary furlough. Whether this arises from my contrariness or my love of variety, I have not determined.

I do not want marriage to die out, but I want several to die out before marriage. Too many marriages mean too many children; too many children, too many paupers; too many paupers, everything bad. Divorce has its evils, but the evils of liberty are evils trying to be blessings. License is counterfeit liberty, overgrown freedom, runaway rights, and breeds wondrous wickedness. But when license springs from liberty, that very liberty has been wrung from slavery. To prevent immoderate liberty, we must moderate restrictions; expansion is born of contraction; revolution is only evolution making up lost time. If I have to halter my wife to guarantee her domesticity, I shall let her go. Now, along comes a certain prominent man and charges the social evil to divorce.

As long as a demand for anything exists, it will exist. We cannot cure this thing, but we may, in a measure, prevent it. But sentiment is no preventive; there is no more romance in this curse than in the poverty that causes it. The social evil is one of the many children of destitution; its mother, poverty; its father, man. The "poverty, not the will, consents."

If I were a woman, I should prefer one divorced husband to ten children. Until I kept house and did my own cooking, I laughed at woman's trials. I thought "woman's work is never done" because her talk is not. I had a bed room and a kitchen, and the more I cleaned the more they needed cleaning. "Good Lord," I said to myself, "what a wise provision it is that keeps an old bachelor from having a baby!" Yet how many women cook for a large family and keep a house and a half dozen children clean. The majority seem to think that as motherhood is sacred a woman's sanctity increases with every baby. Now, I don't think so; I think feminine sanctity neither increases nor decreases with children. I have given the matter my prayerful attention, and I believe the old maid is just as abounding in grace as the sister who has multiplied and replenished. An abuse is dignified by age and custom, two almost invincible allies. Most folks think an abuse stands because it deserves to stand; when, in fact, it stands because they don't understand it. True veneration halts short of venerable humbug. Conservatism as naturally opposes the new as it revives the dying, resurrects the dead and baptizes the stillborn; but there is little knee-crooking before the healthy recent.

Divorce is woman's new and only friend; the only thing that arrays itself on her side without design on her pocket or virtue. And she is beginning to see it. Of course, when that idea gets fairly into her head, it will feel mighty lonesome till it breeds others. It won't take much abuse to make the coming wife the going wife. She is going to belong to herself; she is going to see that while motherhood is pretty good evidence of womanhood, it is not all the evidence.

Of course, the improved woman won't be perfect; at least, I hope she won't; I have no fear of the future letting loose upon us a flock of wingless angels. But I look for a marked change domestically, socially and politically; I believe that when woman has the power, she will improve several things in her own precipitate way. There will be just as many mean women, but fewer meaningless ones, less sentiment, less nonsense, too. Of course, for a time, she will abuse her new liberty as much as she abuses spasmodic liberty she now tastes so rarely. But her arrogance will be only the temporary reaction born of slavery. She will act like all the newly emancipated, till familiarity with freedom teaches her that doing everything she pleases may become as irksome as doing nothing she pleases.

As she now is, I should rather be ruled by old Nick than by her. In the first place, he is used to authority, and goes only so far; then, from long association with him, I understand him and can to a certain extent anticipate his wishes. Besides, as the negroes say of an indulgent over-seer, "he gives me time to ketch my breff." But when a woman starts to drive, God pity the driven; be he man, dry goods clerk or horse. My greatest pleasure is serving a woman till she confounds civility with servility. Woman has little sense of personal responsibility, and what her mind finds to do she does with all her tongue. This is because everybody takes her side. Nobody blames a woman for anything until some man ruins her character; then she is said to "have encouraged him." Her every fault is the natural and necessary result of her outrageous treatment; her virtue, a sweet flower that blooms in spite of it.

As to honesty, she is, when dishonest, negatively so; man, when dishonest, is positively so. Her dishonesty lies in keeping; his in taking. Where one woman cashier purloins money, fifty men cashiers do. But a contract signed by a woman is prone to sink to the dignity of waste paper. As she is in business, so she is in love. I have tried her in both. She never approaches a conclusion gradually; invariably jumps at it, and he who would argue her out of an "impression" has more time than judgment. Her conviction does not depend on the logic offered, but on the receptivity of her mind. In love she must be carried by assault, "flags flying and drums beating." Think of arguing an indifferent woman into matrimony; reason has no more place in love than mathematics have in romance. Do I know that to be a fact? I should smile! I have always attributed my single state to the profundity of my logic. Her mind is all anchor; her imagination all sail, and the mental pap that nourishes the infant sustains its mother. Her brain has been digesting trifles so long that a sound idea gives its owner intellectual dyspepsia. Her mental gastric juice is like man's moral gastric juice—somewhat diluted.

No breathing thing lacks the tendency to tyrannize. Strength abuses weakness as naturally as rascality bunkoes foolishness, and the temptation to sit down on something soft is one of the cardinal characteristics of human nature. Woman will as certainly equal man mentally as she now surpasses him morally. "Keep her from liberty till she learns to govern herself" has ever been the slogan of tyrants, the motto of masters.

Slavery as a preparation for liberty suggests lying as a kindergarten for truth; pocket-picking as a guarantee of future honesty. We Southerners claimed that God started negro slavery, as a necessary step toward the conversion of the negro. And the result? Nine hundred and ninety negroes in a thousand will steal and all the black women have the morals of white men.

Man is divided into the caught, uncaught and afraid-of-being-caught, and when you hear one of these bepanted vestals hurrahing for his moral reputation, attribute it to "good luck rather than to good company." I do not claim that a man may not be morally pure and alive at the same time, but what is the use of being anything good if you can't make folks believe you are it? Woman's safeguards are her natural purity, her training, and the merciless penalty following her transgression. That divorce imperils these safeguards, I most emphatically deny. Simple separation, on the contrary, with no marriage in view, I hold to be different. The isolated wife occupies a position peculiarly conducive to temptation. Driven from one home and forbidden another, she is a social exile, a domestic queen without a kingdom.

'Tis to such as this that desperation, that fierce consoler of the friendless, appeals. I may be short on grace and somewhat deficient in reverence, but I hold that a divorced person, by marrying again, evinces a desire to profit by experience. That good children may come from discordant parents I admit; heredity is not infallible; the son of a cat may not catch a mouse. I presume a prize puppy may be bred from two mad dogs. But when such takes place, I charge it to reversion, rather than to immediate descent.

As to divorce tending toward free love, you might as well charge infanticide to marriage. The anti-divorce advocate looks upon a fractured marriage as just so much negative adultery ready to assume the positive phase. I remember when divorce was considered by everybody, but the divorced as a disgrace. In those days, the married quarreled until death did them part; whom God joined together the devil himself couldn't separate. Yet I don't believe that the old folks were better than we. Coerced love is half sister to hate, and if perfect freedom is not the essence of affection, I am greatly in error. Two people living together because they have to are hardly an improvement on two who won't live together because they don't want to.

Divorce laws can't warrant morality any more than religious persecution can guarantee religious unity.

Thousands would to-day be good husbands and wives if they had remedied unhappy marriage with divorce and remarriage. Is marriage so sacred that the correction of its blunders is a sacrilege? Should any contract be aught but a rope of sand whose stipulations are adverse to the happiness of the contractors? In my judgment, happiness is the only aim, and only what conduces to it is sacred. Wherein lies the reason in legislating two people endowed with cat and dog proclivities into lasting matrimonial "bliss?" Marriage should collapse with the love that suggested it. It may have its trials, but it should not be a trial. Think of a couple priding themselves on their fortitude in enduring forty years of married hell with the divorce heaven in sight, with its offer: "Come unto me, ye who do labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

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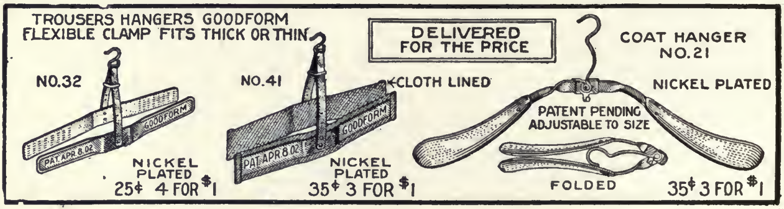
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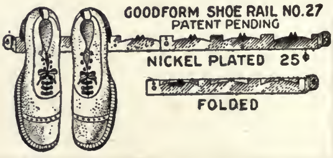
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I HAVE been reading the "Reminiscences of a Sportsman," by J. Parker Whitney, and I have enjoyed the book, for it is more entertaining than its title would indicate. It is a large volume, printed in clear type, and written in excellent English. Mr. Whitney is more than a sportsman. He becomes at times a philosopher and an historian of no mean merit. The book possesses the additional advantage over books by sportsmen and others who write "nature" studies because it is written in the language of a man who does not write of any period or of any event of which he personally has no knowledge. You cannot help feeling that everything that Mr. Parker has written is truth, and because of this, some of the episodes that are detailed in this volume, and which might be garnished with much sensationalism by a less careful or conscientious writer, possess a remarkable charm in the reading.

Mr. Whitney's experience has ranged through far territories, and beginning at a time when little or nothing was known of the country and up to the present of which we know so much, he has been a leader of men and an observer of events. Tales of these men and these events he has reduced into a sort of autobiography and this is the volume he has called "Reminiscences of a Sportsman." I should say that the book would form one of an anthology of the West, and its development, and while much that is there written is of the sport of the wide outdoors that much is merely a piquante sauce to make the rest appetizing to the reader. I have read many books of travel and have rarely, indeed, found a book by any one afflicted with the "wanderlust" that has held my attention throughout as did this volume.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co., N. Y. 1906.

* * *

The Overland Monthly is in receipt of the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1906. This volume is simply an index to the work done by the Institution during the year, and a recapitulation of the additions made to the U. S. National Museum. It is issued by the Government Printing Office.

The Treasury Department has just issued the report of the Life Saving Service for 1906. We find an extended report of the work of the life saving crews, located near San Francisco, during the strenuous days of the great fire. There were 425 days' succor afforded to an average of sixty-six persons a day at the stations at Point Bonita, Fort Point, Golden Gate and South-side. During the nights of April 18th to 21st, there were one hundred and fifty people sheltered by Keeper Varney. From April 19th to May 31st the station at the beach issued some 30,000 rations for applicants for food. The life saving crews mentioned were of great service to the city during the fire.

* * *

"The Great American Pie Company" is one of those little skits, the product of a brilliant mind, dashed off in an idle moment, and brimful of cutting sarcasm, trenchant, quiet wit. Ellis Parker Butler will be accused of having written the story for the purpose of belittling the methods of some of the very top-heavy industrial concerns in the country, in their attempt to "hog" everything that there is around that is not nailed down. It is true, the comical ending of the great trust does not carry out this idea, but it is full of fun and logic. It is a little bit of a book, printed in large type, and containing only fourty-four pages, but it is worthy of thoughtful consideration by young and old. It is illustrated by pen sketches, by Will Crawford, and is published by McClure, Philips & Co., New York.

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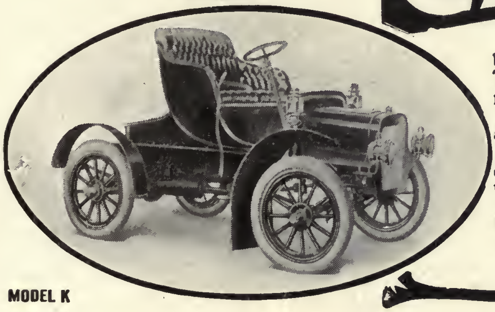

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"The Shameless Diary of an Explorer" is an unusual book, dealing mainly with an account of the recent ascent of Mount McKinley, and it may be called a fairly spirited account and an absolutely frank record of the happenings of the journey. Nature books and books of travel are, as a rule, written from the vantage ground of a cozy seat in some comfortable library. The spirit of the "trail" may be found in Mr. Robert Dunn's new book. It is profusely illustrated with splendid photographs taken by the author. There is a good map of the Mount McKinley country as well as a sketch map showing the route traveled from the coast.

Outing Publishing Company, N. Y.

* * *

George Alexander Fisher, who is a student of the question of the eradication of tuberculosis, has written a very interesting book on the subject. He has called it "The Labyrinthine Life." He says truly that "the white plague, tuberculosis, has invaded every family of this country," and his theme is the exposition of the life of the camp in the desert. He advocates a Government camp for the cure of the dread disease. He says in his preface that he wants the co-operation of the newspapers in the work, and adds:

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Paid-in Capital	3,000,000
Profit and Reserve Fund	450,000
Monthly Income, over	200,000

ITS PURPOSE IS

To help its members to build homes, also to make loans on improved property, the members giving first liens on real estate as security. To help its stockholders to earn from 8 to 12 per cent per annum on their stock, and to allow them to open deposit accounts bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

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George Sylvester Viereck, author of Nineveh and Other Poems, was born in Munich, December 31, 1884. His father, Louis Viereck, for years a prominent member of the German Reichstag, came to America about ten years ago as the New York correspondent of a Berlin newspaper, and is now the publisher of a New York German monthly, "Der Deutsche Vorkampfer." His mother, Laura Viereck, is a native of California, and her husband's first cousin.

Coming to America at the age of twelve Viereck attended the New York public schools and graduated in 1906 from the College of the City of New York. In July following he joined the staff of "Current Literature," under Edward Jewitt Wheeler, and is now associate editor, conducting the dramatic department.

He began to write for newspapers in German at the age of thirteen, and has contributed a great deal of prose, verse and fiction to the New York Staats Zeitung," as well as to the Berlin papers. He continued writing in German until three years ago, when he definitely adopted the English language. He collected his German poems in 1904 and published them under the title of "Gedichte." The edition was a very small one, and had little sale, but it instantly made him celebrated. His genius was recognized at once throughout Germany, and to a less extent America, and he became the subject of many articles in reviews and critical journals on both sides of the sea. He began to receive personal letters from men of celebrity, finding himself within a few months after the book's publication, in correspondence with a growing circle of rare minds.

Within a few months after the book's publication, the celebrated house of Cotta at Stuttgart, the publishers of Goethe and Schiller, expressed an interest in the young poet, and Ludwig Fulda took the manuscript to Germany to show it to them, the result being their publication of a larger work, made up of the original book, with many newer poems. This appeared at the end of 1906, under the title of "Nineveh und Andere Gedichte," Moffat, Yard & Company, of New York, at the same time having in preparation the English edition, with the further addition of poems written originally in English for American magazines. The first American magazine, by the way, to publish a poem by Mr. Viereck was the Century.

In the autumn of 1906, Mr. Viereck published a small volume of plays entitled "A Game at Love," and there will appear in the late autumn a psychological romance of a very unusual kind and quality. All his books will be published simultaneously in English and German.

Nineveh and Other Poems bears the imprint of Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

* * *

One of the most useful of the Government books issued this year is the Official Congressional Directory. This book contains an infinitely large amount of detailed information of value to the general public. There is no branch of our Government upon which it has no knowledge to impart. In its pages may be found a biographical sketch of every Congressman of the 59th Congress, 2d Session, as well as a similar list of the Senators. There is a complete directory of the Federal Judiciary, and a list of every foreign representative and attache.

* * *

Another very valuable volume has reached the reviewer's desk in the shape of the special reports of the Census Bureau, issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor. These treat of "Wealth, Debt and Taxation." It is hereby suggested that no student of sociology and practical science of politics has his library complete without a copy of this exhaustive statistical treatise on, or compendium of, our laws. This is a large volume of 1234 pages.

* * *

"Prisoners of the Temple" is a pathetic story of the children of the unfortunate Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette of France. It is to be translated into French by the student in that tongue, and notes and a vocabulary are given to facilitate such translating work. It will be an exceedingly interesting effort to the pupil, and valuable.

Arranged by H. A. Guerber, Boston; Published by D. C. Heath & Co.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association.

The Continental Building and Loan Association, Market and Church streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1907, a dividend of four per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and six per cent on term deposits. Interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

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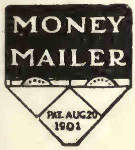

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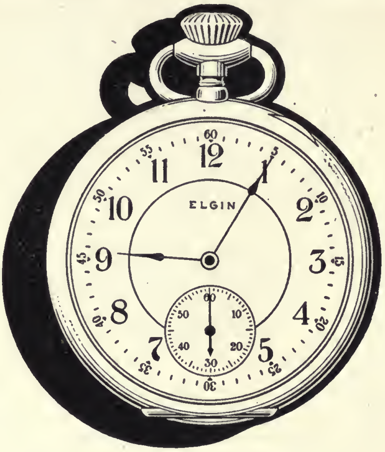

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Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco and New York.

* * *

Robert Luce's "Writing for the Press," the eleventh thousandth of the fifth edition, is a handy book for the beginner or for the writer who has not gained his knowledge through the hard experience of actual work. It is just what its name implies, and is an invaluable aid to the newspaper man, the would-be author or the advertiser. It was originally written many years ago when Robert Luce was on the editorial staff of the Boston Globe. It was meant to get better work from reporters or correspondents, and to save time all along the line. The book has grown with the varied experiences of the author as newspaperman, editor, publisher, business man and legislator. It is now seven times as large as at the start.

Clipping Bureau Press, Boston, 1907.

* * *

Those that love the great outdoors, with a healthy, every-day practical love, cannot help but appreciate the book that Ernest McGaffey has just given to the reading world. It is appropriately called "Outdoors," with a sub-title of "A Book of the Woods, Fields and Marshlands." There are several chapters on fishing, and some few on hunting, one or two of simple description, and all of them redolent of woods, marshland, fields and lakes. Mr. McGaffey is unusually happy in his phraseology, sometimes reminding one of Thoreau. No follower of Isaak Walton, no disciple of Nimrod, can afford to pass by this book of real experiences without stopping to investigate its fine claim to recognition as an authority.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

* * *

"The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," by George Wharton James, easily overshadows all other volumes published on this entrancing subject in point of vast research and as regards illustrations and text. Mr. James has given us a text book on the great American desert that is as interesting as a great story, an epic description of an extraordinary age or as of some poem of the sagas of the Northland. He takes you along step by step, and before you have gone far, you, too, are chasing the mirage of the Southwest, or studying at close hand the sensations and emotions of the desert chuckawalla. Mr. James, in these two volumes, has not only given us a truthful description of the desert and its people, but has told of all the natural phenomena, its flowers, its cactus growths and the story of every little living thing that grows or crawls in the arid immensities of God's forgotten land. Fakers like Lummis will strive to tell you of the desert, but these men are not students. James towers head and shoulders above the crowd of the dilettanti that have attempted to paint the glorious colors of the Colorado, or the grandeurs of the Grand Canyon. Monsen knows the desert, but he is no such historian as George Wharton James. There is a woman prose-poet in Los Angeles, named Strobridge, who knows the unfathomable mysteries of the land of alkali stretches, but she, too, is no student. She is a mere writer, recording in fittingly weird language the sensations she and others have felt, when confronted by the "I forbid" of Death Valley. George Wharton James has stopped at no such denial, and his knowledge of the dead land where so much there is that lives is as sentient as life itself. He has fathomed the unknowable of the illimitable horizons of sand and sage brush.

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You don't mind the barking of your neighbor's dog so much when you have a well-loved puppy of your own.

A guest may carry away an umbrella from your hall, not because he is a thief, but because he recognizes it.

It is graceful, even chivalrous, to kiss a lady's hand, but may not such a kiss properly be spoken of as out of place?

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True consideration is that self-restraint which enables a man to ignore the presence of a pretty bride and her bridegroom.

If it be true that the average of honesty among fat men is higher than among lean, may it not be because the stout fellows find it harder to stoop to low things?

Few men can be cheered from depression by a new tie or waistcoat, but there is seldom a time when a woman cannot be distinctly revived by some new and pretty thing.

Words are misleading. An autoist may be arrested for scorching, and yet be far from warm, while it is no proof that a fellow is a business man merely because he happens to be in business.

* * *

Matter of Funds.

Salesman—Let me sell you this coat, sir. Very becoming to one of your figure, I assure you. Just sold one like it to a short man. Only fifteen dollars!

Fuinches—Well, it's evident that he wasn't as short as I am. Show me a cheaper one.

Overlooked the Greater Criminal.

D. W. F.

"I see that they sentenced the fellow who robbed the guests at that summer hotel to five years in the pen."

"Yes—and let the proprietor go Scott free!"

* * *

What Pleased Her Best.

Fair Parishioner—That was a lovely sermon you gave us this morning, Mr. Lengthly. The Rev. Lengthly (flattered) —Ah, I am glad to hear it, Mrs. C. And what part of my discourse did you particularly enjoy?

Fair Parishioner—Oh, the closing sentence. I never was so glad to hear anything in my life.

* * *

The Reason.

"So," growled the newly-married man,
"You call this angel-food;
I s'pose because who eats of it
Is changed to one for good!"

* * *

Going Carnegie One Better.

Why give such credit to a man
Because he should elect to
Express a wish that he die poor?
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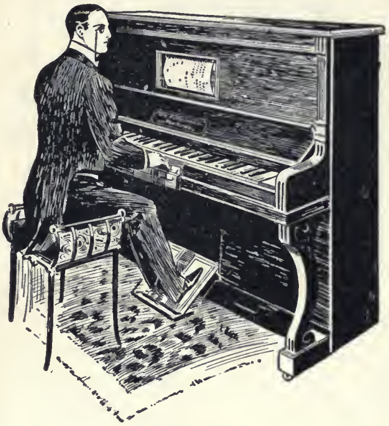

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88 88

4. Because every one of the 88 pneumatic fingers of the Apollo player piano strikes a key on the piano. No couplers are used. The orchestral tone thus attained permits the performer to interpret, in an impressive manner, the larger musical compositions, and to gain a mass of sensuous tone color that adds greatly to their beauty.

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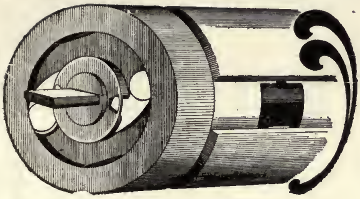

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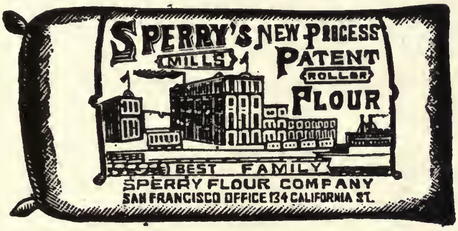

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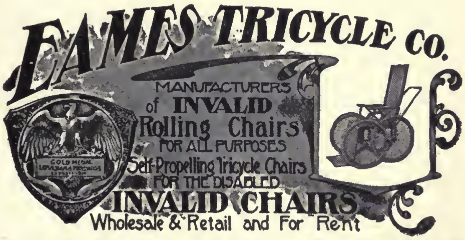

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The story of the convention of the National Educational Association to be held in Los Angeles during July

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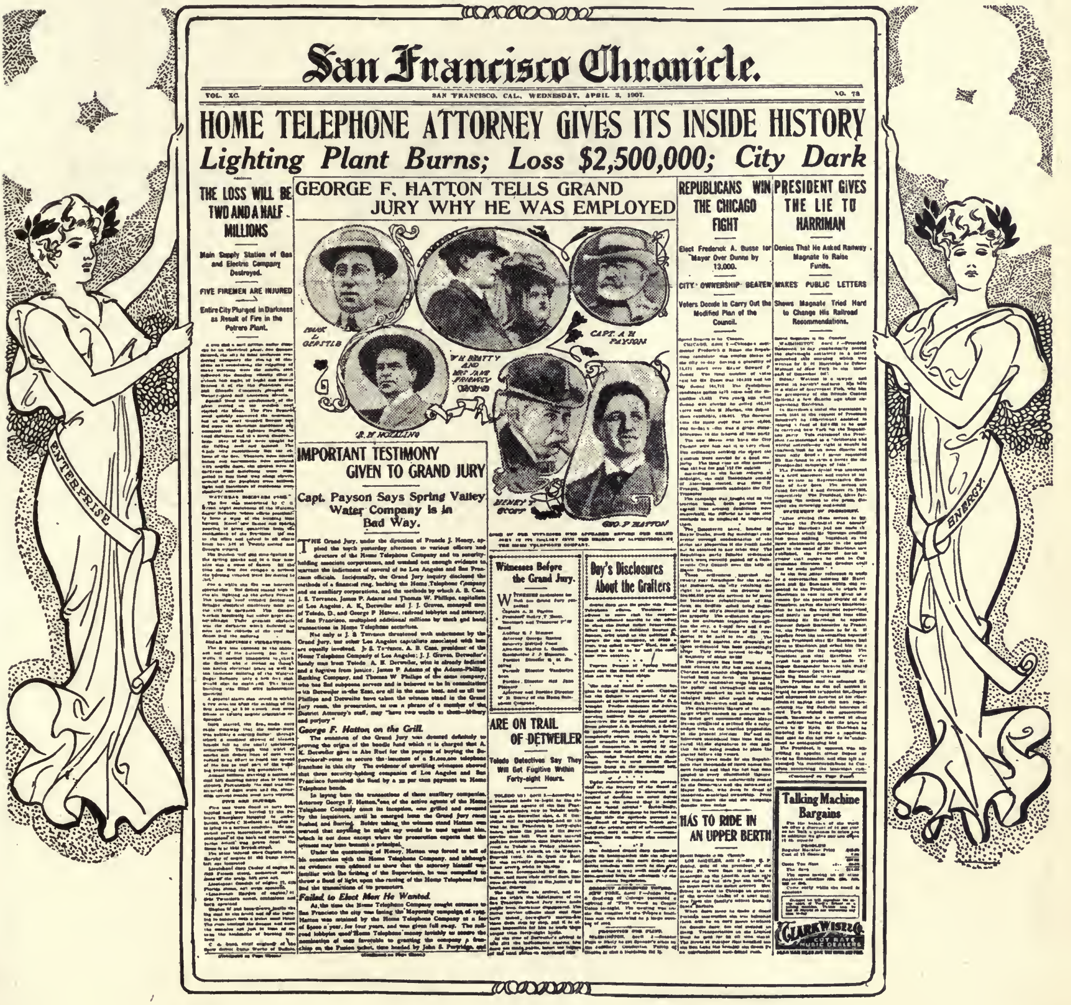
The San Francisco Chronicle
M. H. de Young



San Francisco Chronicle.

VOL. XC. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1907. NO. 78

HOME TELEPHONE ATTORNEY GIVES ITS INSIDE HISTORY

Lighting Plant Burns; Loss $2,500,000; City Dark

THE LOSS WILL BE TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS

Main Supply Station of Gas and Electric Company Destroyed.

FIVE FIREMEN ARE INJURED

Entire City Plunged in Darkness as Result of Fire in the Potrero Plant.

GEORGE F. HATTON TELLS GRAND JURY WHY HE WAS EMPLOYED

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY GIVEN TO GRAND JURY

Capt. Payson Says Spring Valley Water Company Is in Bad Way.

Witnesses Before the Grand Jury.

Day's Disclosures About the Grafters

ARE ON TRAIL OF DETWEILER

Toledo Detectives Say They Will Get Fugitive Within Forty-eight Hours.

REPUBLICANS WIN THE CHICAGO FIGHT

Elect Frederick A. Busse for Mayor Over Dunne by 13,000.

CITY OWNERSHIP BEATEN

Voters Decide to Carry Out the Modified Plan of the Council.

PRESIDENT GIVES THE LIE TO HARRIMAN

Denies That He Asked Railway Magnate to Raise Funds.

MAKES PUBLIC LETTERS

Shows Magnate Tried Hard to Change His Railroad Recommendations.

HAS TO RIDE IN AN UPPER BERTH

Talking Machine Bargains

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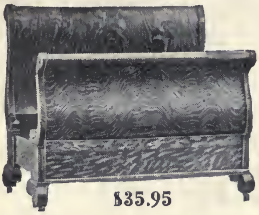

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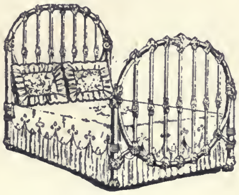

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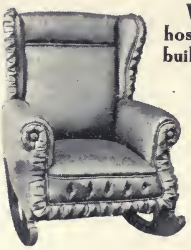
Freight prepaid to San Francisco or Los Angeles buys this artistic Iron Bed No. 04081 (worth $15.) Finished any color enamel desired. Vernis Martin $2.00 extra. 46 other styles of Iron and Brass Beds from $2.40 to $66.00 in our FREE Catalogue.



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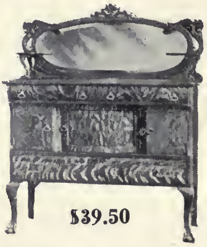

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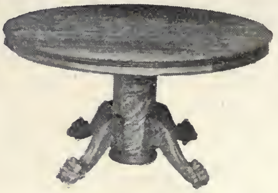

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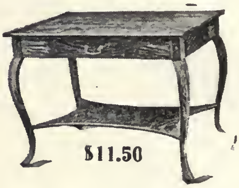

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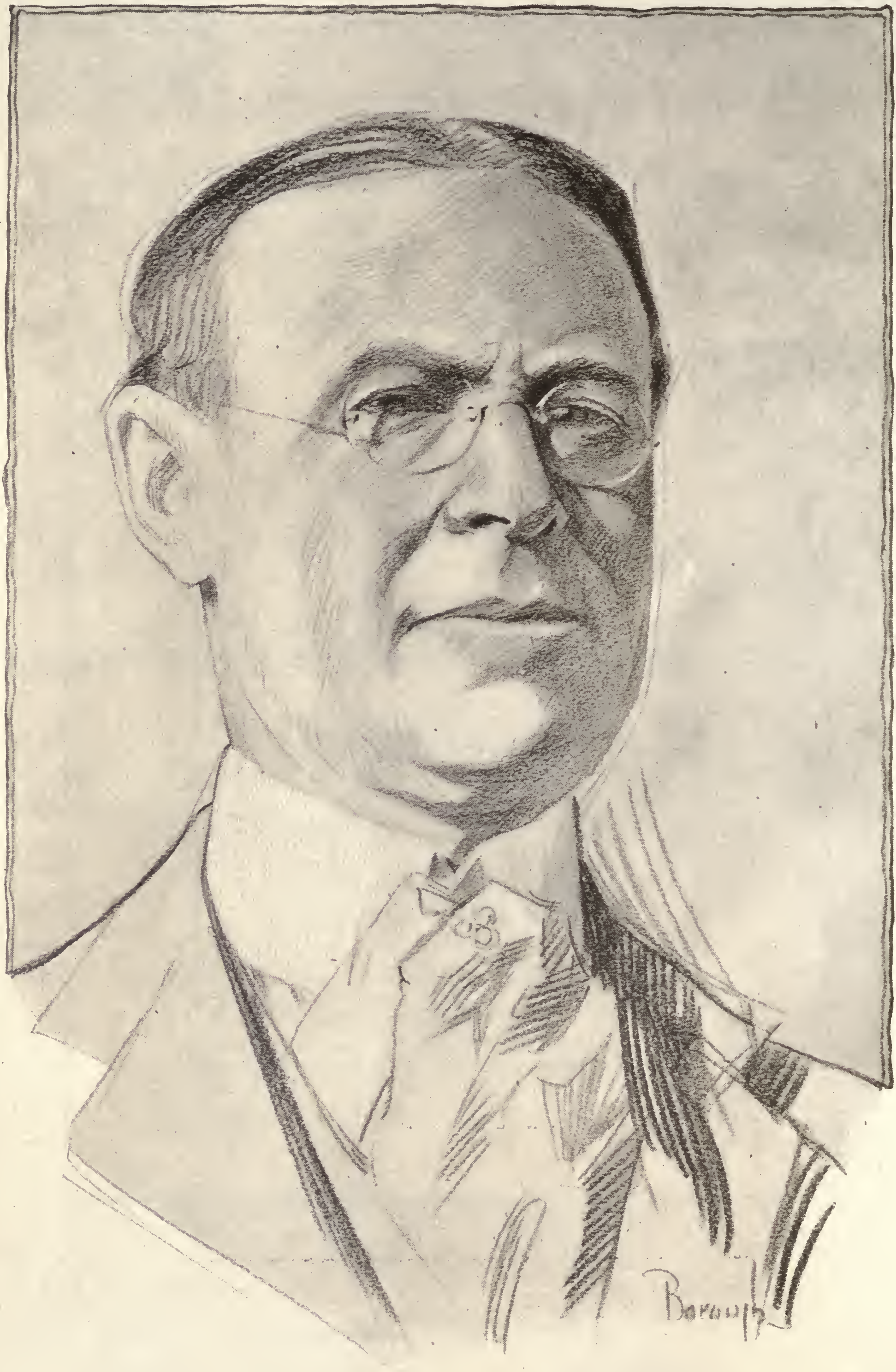
The Grafter's Motto:

Raise Hell---It will be nearer to you when you have to go.



FRANCIS J. HENEY

Drawn by R. W. Borough

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Overland Monthly

No. 2 AUGUST, 1907 Vol. L.

CONFESSIONS OF A STENOGRAPHER

BEING AN ANALYSIS OF THE GRAFT IN SAN FRANCISCO AND THE UNDERLYING CAUSES THAT LED TO IT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE HALEY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO "CALL."

DURING the days when Abe Ruef and Mayor Schmitz were carrying out their systematic plan of extortion and bribe-taking, there was one man in San Francisco who was intimately associated with the leading figures in the graft scandal. This former confidante of Abe Ruef was able to perceive from the inside the real motives which actuated the Curly Boss and the Mayor as he climbed to fame and opulence. The following story is the story of that man, told from a close personal knowledge of the inner workings of the graft, and it is published here because it best analyzes the downfall of once-respected American citizens, and treats of their ruin from its most vital standpoint—that of intense, absorbing human interest.—EDITOR.

THE story of the graft scandal in San Francisco, so far as I have observed it from the inside and intend to relate here, is different from that of similar tales of graft in other cities of the United States. The graft was not the result of an organization which has existed for practically no other purpose for years, as is the case of Tammany Hall in New York. It has not come from the preponderance of one party in power for many terms of office; nor even from the indifference of the people to the dishonesty of their rulers, as in Philadelphia.

The men who, representing the city administration, are under indictment for

Langdon Cobb Heney Oliver

THE PROSECUTION.

grafting in San Francisco, did not intend to be dishonest when they assumed office, and—strange as it may seem from first to last—from their advent to power to their ruin, the results have been just the opposite of what might be expected from the underlying causes which produced and determined them.

Before the first election of Schmitz, the city had been, as is usual with municipalities, under the control of the politicians, the citizens taking but little interest in politics—which is also unfortunately usual—and the choice of Mayor had been much a matter of which party proved the more energetic and adroit at the polls in its manipulation of the voters. Phelan had been several times Mayor, and at one time had been extremely popular, but during his last administration a strike of teamsters had broken out, and in the handling of the difficulty, he had managed to displease both sides, the Labor Unionists by protecting the "scab" drivers with policemen, and the business men by not suppressing the trouble with more force and energy. As his administration drew to an end, and the nominations for his successor were in order, the Democrats felt that there was no use in making a fight, so they hunted up a young man, who was willing to contribute handsomely to the campaign funds for the honor of the nomination, and allowed the Republicans to name a man who not only had no personal popularity, but who it was generally believed would be a pliant tool in the hands of those who controlled his nomination. Dissatisfaction was general and widespread, and several of the Republican papers openly supported the Democratic candidate.

The Labor Union party had been organized as a result of the teamsters' strike, but it was without leaders or influence or political sagacity, and it may be added that from the ranks of labor unionism has never yet been evolved a leader. The party was looking for a candidate for Mayor, and had discussed a number of possibilities, many of most radical character, including one Casey, who was the leader of the Teamsters' Union. At this psychological moment, Abrahàm Ruef appeared upon the scene.

Abraham, or, as he is better known, "Abe" Ruef, is a native Californian, who made one of the best, if not the best, records of any graduate of the State University. He speaks fluently seven languages, is well read, does not smoke, never drinks to excess, and if he has had any scandals with the other sex, they have never attracted public attention. Pleasant of address, kind and courteous in his manner, he was popular even among those who might have had any race prejudice against him, though politically he was looked upon solely as an astute district leader, and was not classed with the inner political circle which lunched at the Palace Hotel, and which pretended—and to a very large extent did—to regulate San Francisco politics. Ruef saw that there was a chance for success politically in the conditions which prevailed in his native city. If he could find a candidate who would at once appeal to the labor union enthusiasts and the disgruntled voters in the community of the Democratic and Republican party, he might win the election and control the politics of the city. Casey, of course, was not such a candidate; he was too radical, too coarse, the business element would not vote for him; but there was a well appearing musician at one of the local theatres, a man who could make a fair speech, who knew how to eat with his fork, who had some idea of how to dress, from having seen good dressers at the theatre, who, with a little experience, could be made to present a very decent deportment when called upon on public occasions, and who was, with all that, perfectly willing to "take orders" and belonged to the Musicians' Union. It must not be supposed that Ruef thought of Schmitz when he first began to look for a candidate for Mayor. His attention was accidentally attracted to the availability of the Mayor for the place he has since filled while watching Schmitz at his fiddle during an entreact. Ruef thought the matter over, talked it over with others, and finally suggested it to Schmitz. No man was more surprised than the prospective candidate himself when the proposal was first made to him, but Schmitz has

Fairall
Schmitz
Barrett
Drew
Campbell

SCHMITZ SURROUNDED BY HIS ATTORNEYS DURING HIS TRIAL.

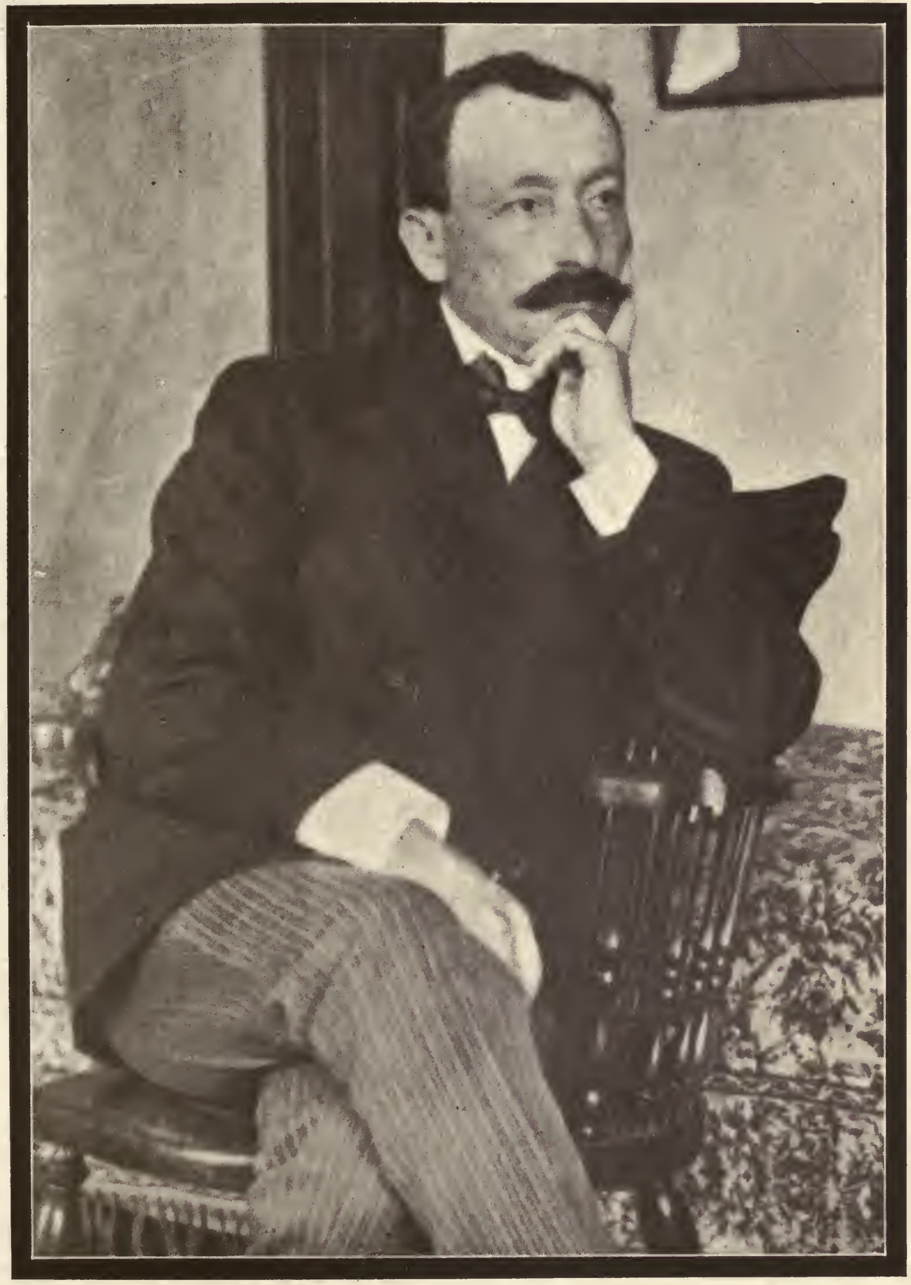
never lacked self-confidence, and he readily accepted the honor, was nominated by Ruef and the campaign began.

The Labor Unionists were asked to support him, because he was a labor unionist, and with all the enthusiasm of novices, they not only pledged themselves to vote for the ticket, but they turned in to elect it to a man. Meantime, Schmitz went about making speeches. They were all revised for him by Ruef, and were intended to accomplish exactly what they succeeded in doing—pleasing both sides. The business men were told that Schmitz was conservative, and that if there appeared to be anything radical in what he said, it was simply intended to catch votes, and meant nothing. If the unionists objected that the pledges were not radical enough, they were told that they had purposely been made mild, so as not to alarm the business men, who were willing to support the ticket. Thus Schmitz was chosen Mayor the first time as a protest on the part of many of his supporters against bossism in their own parties, and as an exponent of the new element in politics—Labor Unionism. Ruef had shown his shrewdness by taking hold of the campaign at exactly the right moment, and had secured the support of the thousands of voters who desired to down the bosses and to give the city an administration free from bossism and ring rule.

In view of what subsequently has happened, that, of course, may seem very remarkable, but its peculiarity does not alter the fact. Mayor Schmitz, recognizing that to Ruef he owed his sudden prominence, wrote him a letter which, if poor politics, yet showed that he was able to appreciate the help Ruef had given him, and was grateful enough to publicly acknowledge his obligation, a virtue which it is doubtful if all his critics possess.

AWAITING THE VERDICT.

When Eugene Schmitz first took office as Mayor of San Francisco, he had not the slightest intention of doing anything dishonest, and it was his earnest desire to give his native city the best administration it had ever had. As for Ruef, he had been actuated only by ambition, the ambition his race has ever shown, to rule when possible, and it was love of power and not of dollars which actuated him in his *coup*. He had not time to fully decide upon his



ABE RUEF, "THE NAPOLEON OF CRIME."

future during the progress of the campaign, and his mind was entirely centered on an effort to win. When the victory was won, however, he found himself at once a very important character. His office was thronged at all hours by the most polyglot aggregation of place hunters that ever assembled in a politician's anti-room. He was flattered, praised, and pointed out as the great man of the town. While he absolutely controlled the labor union party, he was too shrewd to resign from his position as a member of the Republican Central Committee, realizing that the Labor Union party was merely local, and that it was only valuable as a political asset to any man who could throw its votes for either of the great parties. But the flattery and applause did not come solely from his international following of wage-earners, and would-be office holders. He at once—strange as it may seem—became a great potentiality in the ranks of the Republicans, and no one had more influence and power in their local councils than he. Naturally, he bethought himself whereby he could personally profit by all this power and importance, and his eyes at once rested upon a seat in the Senate, which, considering his personal ability and the men whom this State, as a rule, has sent to represent her in the upper chamber at Washington, was not an extravagant ambition. More than that, one of his race had been, was, in fact, at the time, a Senator from Oregon, and that increased his ambition and hopes. He took for his model Hanna, and his intimates—so far as any one can be called an intimate of Ruef—will tell you that he constantly alluded to the Ohio leader and expressed intense admiration for him.

The first administration of Schmitz, therefore, started in under the most fortunate circumstances. Everything was before him, absolutely nothing politically behind him. He had been elected really as a reform Mayor, and had the confidence of both the business classes and the labor unions. Of it little need be said. It was neither surprisingly good or strikingly bad.

He undoubtedly prevented or adjusted many labor troubles and strikes, and his appointments would compare favorably with those of his predecessors. His failures were not conspicuous, nor his administration corrupt. But with his new position came quite a different point of view of the world from that which he had had from the orchestra box of the theatre. People who would never have thought of chumming or dining with a fiddler in an orchestra, were delighted to be seen with the Mayor, and of course, as the chief official of the city, he was a guest of honor at the banquets with which the city greeted its distinguished visitors, from President down. The fact, too, that he was "a labor union" Mayor had attracted more than the usual amount of attention to him all over the country, and those who fancy that every wage earner eats in his shirt sleeves on all occasions, or that overalls are the dress suits of unionism, were surprised, and frankly said so, when they met him. Schmitz made an excellent impression, was popular with the notables whom he met, and in that lies his undoing. When a man associates with railroad Presidents, United States Senators and prominent foreigners, he naturally desires to do what he sees his companions doing. Schmitz ceased to eat at "the creameries," and was to be seen nightly with large and more or less distinguished parties at the most fashionable restaurants. Poached eggs on toast and a small steak disappeared before pate-de-fois-gras and Welsh rarebits, and when he traveled, he must needs stop at the very best hotels, and have the very best accommodations, such as his millionaire friends, Harriman or Dingee, are supposed to enjoy. But all these luxuries take money, and even the six thousand dollars of a Mayor of San Francisco were not enough to "keep up the pace," and therein lies the secret of the graft, of the dishonesty, of the holding up of first this and then that business or institution.

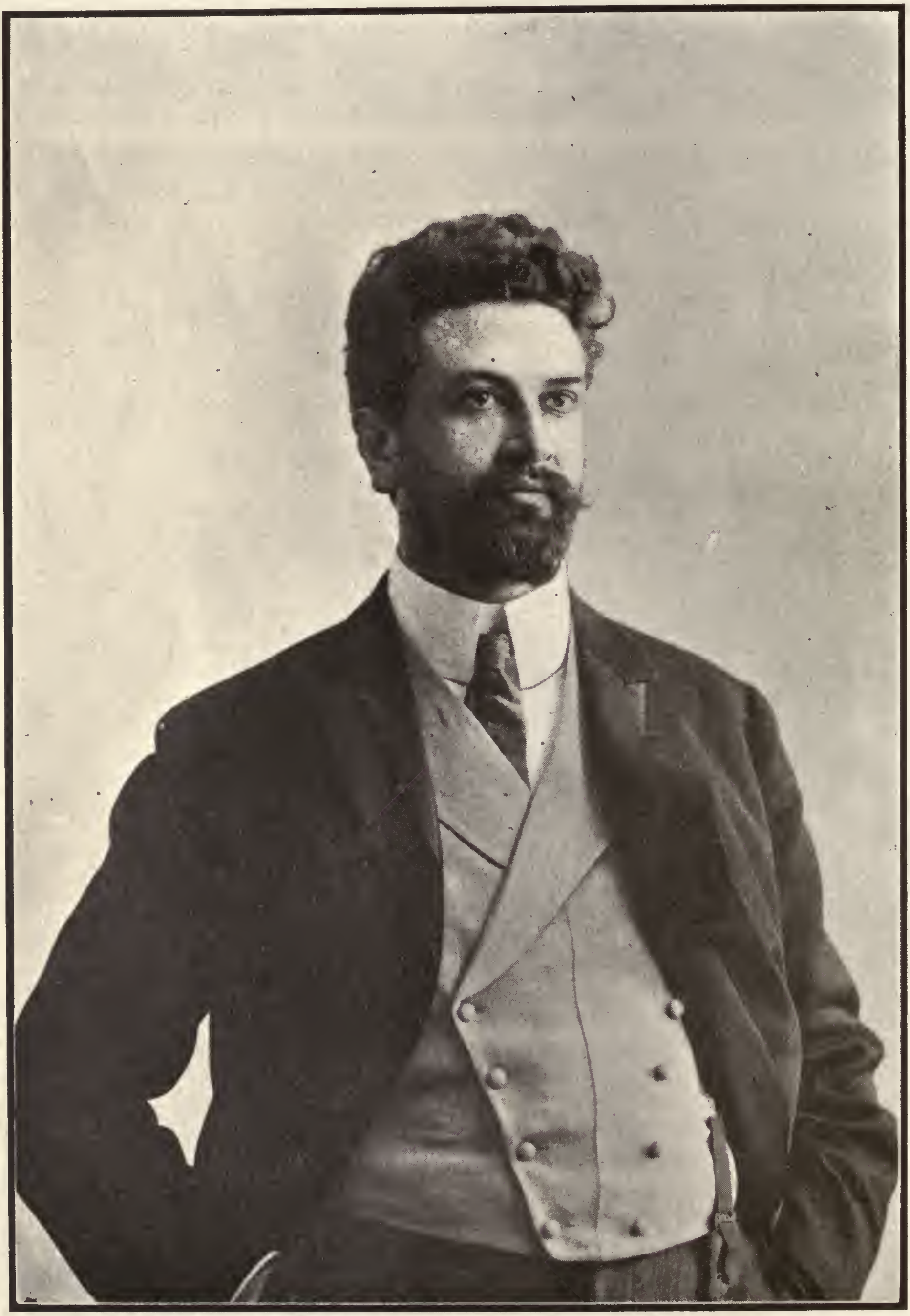
With Ruef the same causes produced the same results, with the further fact that, of course, he had a natural tendency to make money, and had acquired several pieces of property by more or less questionable methods before he became the chaperon of Schmitz, if rumor speak true. He wanted to be a Senator, and Senators, he knew, were generally men of means. So far as the rabble was concerned that yelped at his door and cheered his every act, he despised them to a man, and looked upon them as simply a means to an end. Schmitz was in the same category with the other office seekers. He was useful, nothing more. When the Mayor talked of becoming a candidate for Governor, Ruef discouraged him, and secretly made an alliance with a San Jose millionaire to boom the latter for the executive chair. Ruef did not care so much for the display, the intimate friendships with millionaires, the social elevation as Schmitz. He wanted money, and he wanted power, but he did not care whether he dined with McCarthy or Herrin, with a labor leader or a Southern Pacific official. His family had no desire to lead the fashions, and he would never have made the mistake of occupying the bridal apartments at the Waldorf Hotel, or of going to Europe as though he were a newly created Nevada millionaire. He saw the folly of the pace that Schmitz was setting; he urged him not to build his elaborate home, which every one knew could not have been erected out of the proceeds of the Mayor's salary; he begged him not to make the ill-advised trip to Europe, where Schmitz went to receive the applause and laudation of crown heads, and with an insane fancy that he would even dine with the Kaiser before he returned home. But Ruef's wise advice was disregarded, and the Mayor even accelerated his pace.

He had been twice re-elected Mayor again, owing to other combinations of circumstances, the first re-election being due to the unpopularity of his Republican opponent on the one hand, and to the treacherousness of the politicians who secretly formed an alliance with him and threw down their own candidate in his favor. As for the Democrats they nominated a strong candidate—Franklin K. Lane, the present Interstate Commerce Commissioner—but his party proved even more treacherous to him than the Republicans were to their candidate, and having refused to bear the yoke of the would-be dictator of his party, he was "knifed" so badly that he only carried one precinct in the city. Two years later the opposition endeavored to unite, but jealousies were allowed to prevail, and every leader had his hand raised against his neighbor, until finally an inconspicuous young man was suggested as a candidate for Mayor, and was, of course, defeated.

Thus, events and circumstances which had absolutely nothing to do with Schmitz, which were in no wise controlled by him, and to which he contributed nothing, have twice re-elected him Mayor. Foolishly he arrogated to himself the success which had attended his candidacy, and with pride coming before a fall, he has continued upon his course, until it has accomplished his ruin.

The exposure of the graft in San Francisco politics is due to causes as far-removed from those that led to the expoures in St. Louis, Minneapolis and Philadelphia as the corruption there differed in its characteristics from the graft in San Francisco. In those cities, the exposures came either on the initiative of some honest official who was elected to office, as in the case of Folk, who became the prosecuting attorney of St. Louis, or else through the indignation and uprising of the people as in the case of Philadelphia. But in San Francisco neither motive produced the results that to-day attract the attention of the world. No public official undertook of his own initiative to begin and carry on the investigation; neither was there any public demand for anything of the kind. If the people were being robbed, they certainly did not complain, and it is worthy of note that in San Francisco the usual means of graft, such as street contracts, or public buildings, have not figured in the illegal gains of Schmitz and his fellow boodlers at all.

The initiative of the San Francisco investigation belongs to Rudolph Spreckels, son of the Sugar King, and one of the numerous millionaires of the city, who was influenced by business reasons, and who associated with himself several other wealthy citizens in the subscription to a large fund, which they raised for the purpose of carrying on the exposure. It has been the policy of the Spreckels family for many years—in fact, they have made most of their money by the method—to take up some public enterprise, associate themselves with it, under the plea that they were helping the public, and then at the proper time to drop out, always with a handsome profit to the good side of their bank account. In that way, they years ago built a sugar refinery in Philadelphia, which they subsequently sold to the sugar trust, with an agreement that the trust would not interfere with their trade on this coast.



MAYOR SCHMITZ, FOUND GUILTY OF EXTORTION.

Later they took advantage of public indignation against demands and extortions of the Southern Pacific, and started a company to build a railroad down the San Joaquin Valley, which it was pledged would be a competing line for the farmers of that valley, though, as usual, it was sold years ago at a profit to the Spreckels, to the Santa Fe. Again a competing electric light company was formed, and in due time sold out, and still later, even to-day, there is much gossip about their manipulation of the Oceanic Steamship Company which has gone almost into bankruptcy, its shares falling from a handsome figure to almost nothing.

Just before the earthquake of a year ago, the Spreckels—Rudolph in particular—had organized a street car company, which was to have put an underground trolley system on several of the streets of the city, and which would have been quite a rival to the present United Railroads, until it followed the usual route of the Spreckels companies, as outlined above. But the earthquake came, and the company never completed its organization. The United Railroads had been busy fighting for a franchise to turn most of their cable lines into trolley systems at the time of the great disaster, and the Spreckelses were among the most active opponents of the measure. After the fire, however, the United Railroads secured their franchise, and of course that very seriously impaired the value of the proposed Spreckels road. Just at this point Mr. Spreckels suddenly announced that he would guarantee a fund of $100,000 to prosecute the city boodlers. The money was raised, and the brilliant Francis J. Heney (who had distinguished himself in the prosecution of Senator Mitchell and other prominent persons in Oregon for land frauds) was engaged to take hold of the investigation, and it was begun. Among the charges was one that the franchise to substitute the trolley for the cable by the United Railroads had been obtained by fraud and bribery, and of course, if that can be proven, it may be possible to successfully attack the franchise and to have it rescinded. This would certainly be of immense advantage to any rival road, especially as in many cases the cable road has been torn up, and it would mean the suspension of all traffic over many lines if the United Railroads were forced to return to the inadequate cable system of the past decades.

The reader is as capable of deciding as the writer, whether under the facts as here set forth Rudolph Spreckels is a patriot or no. No one will dispute that the statements here made are absolutely true. It is only fair to say that besides Mr. Spreckels's interest in the street car franchise there were several other interests, including the water supply, for the city, which would profit by a conviction of the city administration in the granting of franchises, and the action it has taken in granting privileges to companies which proposed to supply different public utilities; and it is worthy of note that the actual bribe receivers, with the exception of the Mayor, have all been granted immunity from their confessed dishonesty, while the gentlemen who, in the interests of the public, have been exposing them have even held them in office, while at the same time every effort has been made to convict and injure the business rivals of Spreckels and his friends. Thus it can be seen that the nature of graft in San Francisco is entirely different from the graft situation in the other big cities of the United States.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF MOUNT SHUKSAN

BY ASAHEL CURTIS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

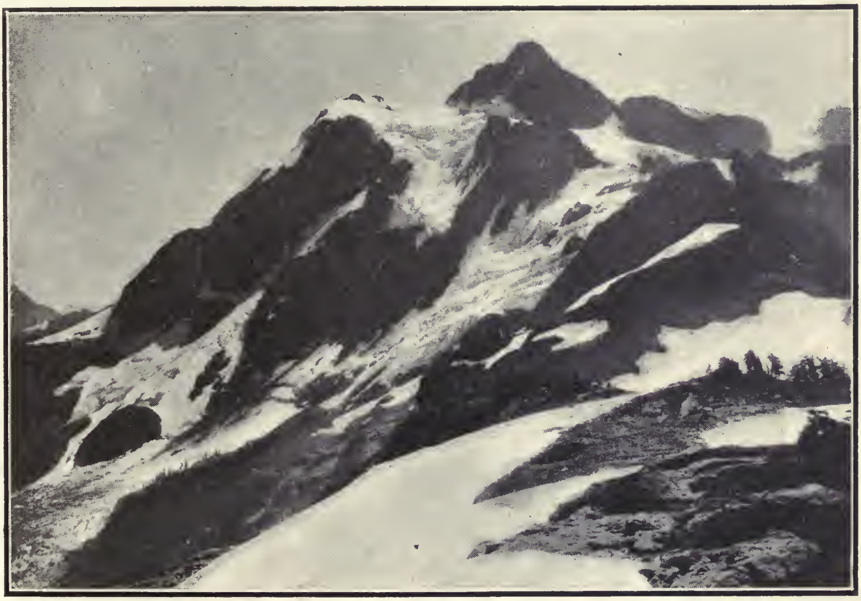
NO CLEANER, fairer sport can be found under the heavens than the ascent of some unclimbed peak, and he who plays the game must needs be patient, sound of wind, and strong of limb. After days and nights of tramping, when the last grim obstacle has been overcome, and some pinnacle of rock or ice, untrodden since the dawn of creation, has been reached, no enjoyment can be keener. This is the first of a series of articles on scaling the world's peaks, told by those who have succeeded. Mr. Asahel Curtis tells in the following vigorous article how he reached the summit of Mt. Shuksan. In September we will publish the second, a strong and keenly descriptive account of the ascent of Mt. Fuji, the famed peak of Japan. That article will be followed by vivid stories of mountain climbers of Sunset Mountain, an extinct volcano of Northern Arizona, and of the Matterhorn.—EDITOR.

THE lure and challenge of the unclimbed, unconquered mountain, with its wastes of rock and ice, leads one into untrodden countries, by strange trails, where deep blue valleys wind away to the ends of the earth. No finer or better sport can be found than this contest with nature. It leads one into the wilderness where nature is seen at her grandest. Where rock and snow pile highest, swept by the winds of heaven, where every obstacle of nature has to be overcome, there the keenest sport will be found. The challenge is always there, but the season is short, for with the first approach of winter these towering crags of earth withdraw into a solitude. It is a sport that all can enjoy, and from which all can gain strength, learning the ways of falling rock and sliding snow, and how to avoid one difficulty and overcome the next, until success greets one at last.

It was such a challenge that led Mr. W. M. Price and I to attempt the ascent of Mount Shuksan, which we made during the Mazama outing to Mount Baker, in August, 1906. We had planned to make the ascent even at the cost of the official climb of Baker, for Baker had been climbed many times. Shuksan is a remnant of the great plateau from which the Cascade range has been carved, and is the highest point left of the original upheaval. It is situated in the northern part of Washington, some fifteen miles east of Mount Baker.

We could find no record of an ascent, and were warned of the danger of an attempt. Major Ingraham, who climbed Baker some years ago, cautioned us particularly of the danger of avalanches which their party heard, across the fifteen miles that separates the two mountains. Glasscock, who climbed Baker alone in the spring of 1906, reported that the ascent would be very difficult, if possible at all, as the mountain was a mass of great pinnacles sheeted in hanging glaciers.

Curious to see the mountain, and assure ourselves that its very presence was no myth, we started soon after breakfast to climb the western slope of Table Mountain, which lay between our camp and Shuksan. In an hour we were on top, watching the strange pigmies that were moving in the little patch of green with the white spots which we knew was camp, but which, through the clear mountain air, appeared but a few hundred feet away. After many wild hallos we made the sound carry to those pigmies, and were greeted with cheers and wild waving of handkerchiefs.



MT SHUKSAN, 10,600 FEET HIGH.

To the eastward a wall of snow still shut us in, but above its crest there rose, into the blue sky, the point of a distant finger of rock. Hurriedly we climbed the snowfield, to see what lay below that finger, and, once on top of the crest, saw the mountain in all its forbidding grandeur. Stretching away to the southeast, almost from our feet, lay a long rocky ridge, cut through by deep gorges, filled with snow. Each succeeding peak of the ridge rose higher and wilder, until a great black mass of rock barred the way.

Down the sides of this, streams of ice

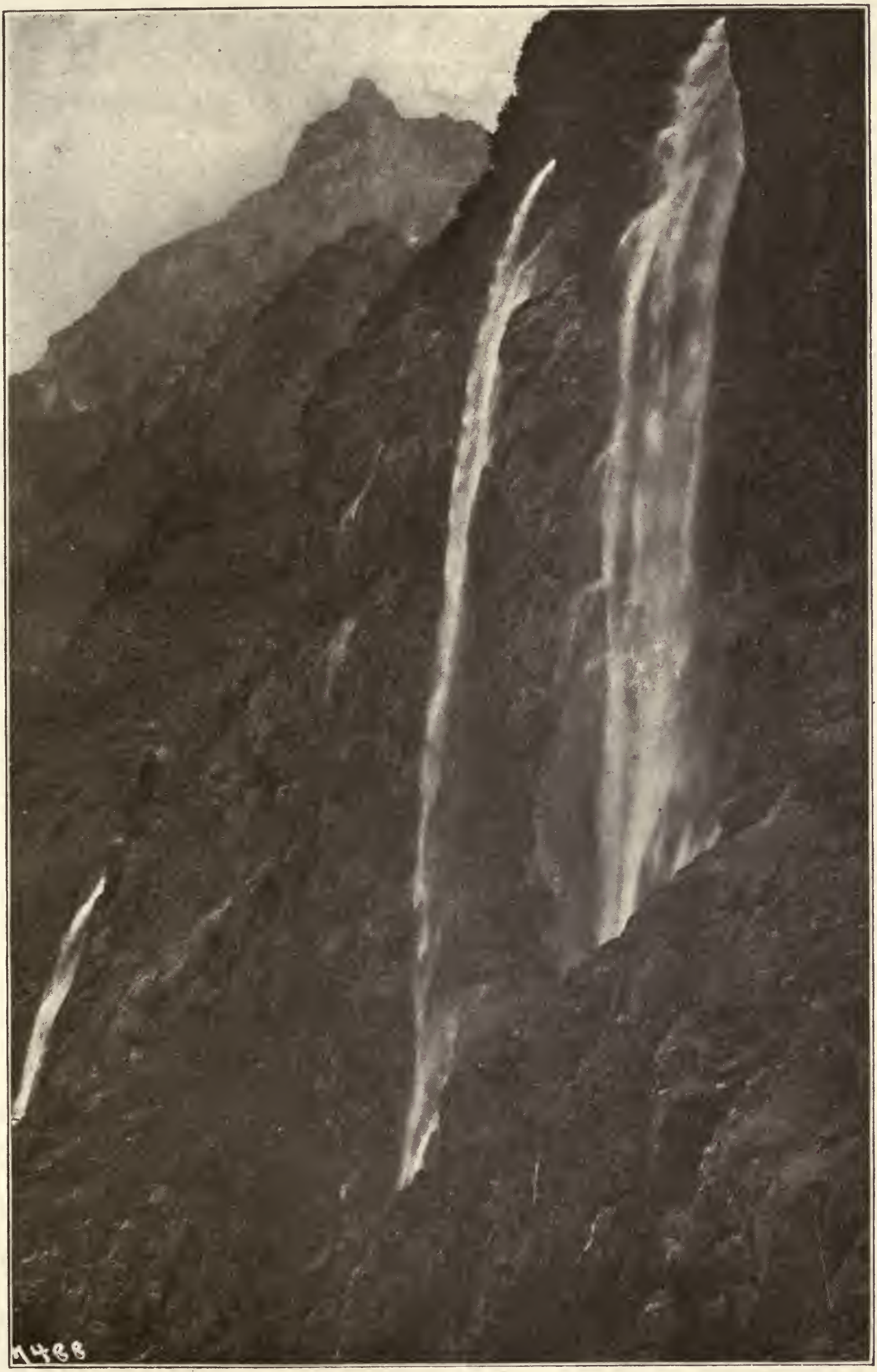
were flowing, falling from ledge to ledge in their descent from the summit snowfields. Between the two upper snowfields rose the rock finger we had seen from below, a thousand feet above the rest of the mountain, black and forbidding, too steep for snow to cling to. Resting on the very top of this finger we could clearly see a rock weighing tons, so balanced that it appeared to overhang by thirty feet. This rock at once became our goal, and the challenge to make the ascent was accepted as our own.

The first attempt to ascend the mountain was made along this ridge, with a hope that a way could be found from shelf to shelf of the hanging glaciers and thus out onto the snowfields, at the base of the pinnacle. These snowfields must be reached some time in the ascent; it was only a choice of routes. Hour after hour we toiled up the peaks of the ridge and into the gorges between. Each peak rose higher than the last, timber growth dwindled to sprawling shrubs, and we were still not on the main mountain. Where the ridge ended and the real bulk of the mountain began, a deeper gorge scarred the rock, like a great gash, and we were able to get into it only because of the snow that lay deep on the northern side. To the south, loosened rocks rolled from sight in a cloud of dust, but the roar sent up from the void was ominous.

At many places we found tracks of mountain goats, and had been keeping a sharp lookout for a sight of one, but had not been successful. Coming up the slope, over soft snow, we made little noise, and came out on the shoulder of a crag, when suddenly a goat sprang from his bed not fifteen feet away, and in curiosity, stood for a full minute, broadside, with head turned to see what curious animal had invaded his home. Before a camera could be unslung from the pack, he had vanished up the mountain side with a speed and ease that seemed marvelous. Later on his tracks were seen on a snow slope at an angle of 60 degrees, where we had to chop steps in the frozen snow, but he had gone apparently with ease.

SNOW FIELDS NEAR THE SUMMIT.

After fourteen hours of ceaseless effort a crag was reached, between two of the glaciers, almost directly beneath the main summit, but separated from it by great glaciers, seamed with deep crevasses. A way might be found through this maze, but it would require days of work. No camp could be made on the sheer crags, and it was then five o'clock, with the summit hidden in rolling clouds, so reluctant-



THE SOUTHEAST SIDE OF SHUKSAN, WHERE THE ASCENT WAS MADE, SHOWING THE PRECIPITOUS CHARACTER OF THE PEAK.

ly the attempt had to be abandoned.

Our work was not useless, however, as we found what we thought would prove an easier but longer route of reaching the snowfields at the base of the pinnacle.

After a day in camp to rest, we started once more for the mountain, planning to try the southwest slope between two of the lesser glaciers. We could not hope to reach the summit in a single day, so made a leisurely trip across the beautiful valleys that lie at the base of Shuksan ridge. Blue-berries, just ripening, led us many times from the trail; the sweet incense of mountain grass and flowers charmed us, and we were loath to leave, but over the top of the ridge, faint in the afternoon haze, hung the same grim mountain mass, its challenge still unanswered.

Turning to the eastward, up a tributary, we climbed a spur of the main ridge, and from the pass saw the whole mass of the mountain, which here rose 8,000 feet above the valley. Directly in front of us a cascade glacier crawled down the mountain side. From its front, blocks of clear blue ice broke away and fell until they were ground to dust. Beautiful threads of water fell over the cliffs, becoming wreaths of spray in their descent, while on the protected points of the ridges a stunted growth of mountain trees grew up to the 6,000 foot level.

Here every possible route was traced, every glacier and snowfield searched for a route up the mountain. We finally determined to try a crevice that seemed to cut across the whole face of one of the rocky spurs.

Going then to the southward along the base of Shuksan, steadily climbing, over talus and the moraine of a glacier, under a water-fall that plunged down from its icy birthplace, we rose above the valley. The route we had chosen appeared to be the favorite one of goats, for many had traveled it. It may have been their main thoroughfare, but they are surely not fitting engineers to run lines for humans.

AMONG THE CRAGS OF MT. SHUKSAN.

Sunset found us on a spur at timberline, the lower world lost in the haze of forest fires. The ridges of the mountain disappeared in the smoke, and we felt that our camp was suspended above the world. Across the valley, the rounded shoulder of a foothill broke through, while dimly outlined in the west the mighty dome of Baker appeared like some fairy creation in the heavens, rather than a mountain of earth. Its foothills were gone and the soft haze magnified the icy slopes behind which the sun was setting.

In the last light of day a brush shelter was built and wood gathered for an all-night fire. We had no blankets, the weight of camera and food being all we cared to take on such a trip, and the nights were cold. The stars were out before our shelter was finished and supper cooked, so with shoes for a pillow we fell asleep. Countless times we were awakened by the cold as the fire died down, or by sliding into the fire. There was no difficulty in telling when morning came, and no reluctance about leaving our improvised beds.

Thus far everything had proven favorable, and refreshed by a fair night's sleep, we started up the snow slopes between the glaciers. Ridges of rock divided the snow, each succeeding one steeper than the last, but the rock cleavage afforded fair hand and foot holds. The snow slopes were soon too steep to be trusted without cutting steps, and there was no time to do this, so we were forced to follow the rocks wherever possible. The slope ended finally, just below the crest, in a clear field of snow, and steps had to be cut to the top. Once up this, and we knew that the ascent could be made, for before us stretched the great snowfields that cover the main plateau, and which feeds a system of glaciers flowing out on all sides except the north. Across two miles of ice and snow appeared the same black pinnacle that we had been seeking so long, with nothing between to prevent our approach. The rock itself looked formidable enough; only one small patch of snow found a resting place on its side, but it did not appear impossible.

In spite of the smoke the view was magnificent. To the eastward a group of lesser pinnacles, unnamed, unknown, broke through the ice capping. Beyond, seen faintly through the haze, a thousand snow-capped peaks or ragged rocky pinnacles too steep to hold snow, rose into view. This mass of mountains, the Cascades rising to meet the Selkirks, is the highest point left of the primary upheaval in Washington, and probably the most beautiful in the State.

PRICE BUILDING THE CAIRN.

Our way now lay along the crest of the ridge, near the northwest side, and we could see, far down below, the crags we had reached in our first attempt. Once at the base of the pinnacle, the real rock work of the ascent began. There was a hundred yards of easy going, then straight up the rock face, clutching a hand-hold here, a foot hold there, we worked our way. We were following the crest of the ridge, little more than a knife edge, which fell away in a dizzying descent on either side. Crevices in the rock were scarce and insecure, and in many cases pieces of rock had to be chipped away with the back of a hand axe to give any hold at all.

These gave a very uncertain hold, but enough to take one up. We were next barred by a smooth face of rock, and I lifted Price up until he could get a grip on a shelf above and slowly drag himself up onto it and drop a line to me. Our greatest danger lay in some piece of rock giving away when our whole weight was on it. This happened in spite of the greatest caution, and in one case both a hand and a foot-hold broke at the same time, giving a quick, hair-raising fall to the shelf below. A few moments' rest was necessary to quiet the nerves, and greater caution was exercised to prevent a second occurrence. Price told me afterward that he spent the time thinking how he could have taken me back to camp had I missed the shelf.

PRICE AND CURTIS ON THE SUMMIT.

It was here that we first saw the beautiful moss campion, unknown on the lower levels, which splashed the dark rocks a beautiful pink with its flowers. Masses of the moss clung in the slightest crevice, with so little to nourish them that they were already wilting in the sun.

A thousand feet of such climbing, and we turned a corner of rock beneath the last crag of the summit. On its very top rested the overhanging rock we had seen from below. For thirty feet its huge bulk overhung, and it seemed marvelous that such a great mass could have been left balanced on such a small summit.

We searched the entire summit for some trace of a previous ascent, but found none. There was no record of any kind, no cairn had been built, as is the custom, and we could find no rocks disturbed. Along the entire summit the rocks lay so loosely, so nearly balanced, that the slightest touch would send them down the mountain, and it seemed impossible that any one had ever trodden on that summit. In many places the rocks were fused and burned, apparently by lightning.

Both felt that the return by the route we had come would prove unsafe, and we determined to try some other way. Cautiously dropping from rock to rock, we worked our way to the head of a chimney, west of the crest by which we had climbed, then down it, clinging to the sides as we dropped from crevice to crevice. It was necessary to keep very close together to avoid the danger of falling rocks. With only two this danger was not as great as with a larger party, but the shower of rocks never ceased. The descent was made very rapidly, and in fifty minutes we were once more on the snowfield.

A day's tramp still lay before us, and it was then after twelve, so not a moment could be wasted. Snow slopes that had

BEAUTIFUL HANGING GLACIERS OF MT. SHUKSAN.

taken a half hour to climb were coasted in less than a minute, and no matter how steep the slope, we felt that we had to go down. Long shadows lay across the valleys, but their charm was not for us; it seemed impossible for our exhausted muscles to drag us up the steep slopes, but we had nothing to eat, and felt that we must make camp that night, so kept on in the gathering twilight. Just as the stars came out, we stood on a ridge above the valley taking a moment's farewell look at the mountain we felt in some way to be our own, its dim bulk showing faintly. As we stood thus watching, there came to us the distant roar of an avalanche that seemed to us like a farewell gun from the conquered mountain.

A WARNING

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

THINK you, when the russet luster
Of the autumn in your hair,
Fades away, and winters cluster
In the ashen embers there,
Then that love, to you returning,
Shall revive the springtime glow,
And, her sweet young blossoms spurning,
Dig your dead wish from the snow?

Think you, when the merry laughter
From your lips has died away,
And the echoes that come after
Fade to silence all the day,
Then that love shall set the blunder
Of your aching heart at rest,
And, in tones of mellow thunder,
Rouse the dead wish from your breast?

Think you, when the days have banished,
On the mists of doubt that rise,
Every smile, and mirth has vanished
From the mirrors of your eyes,
Then that Love, all unbeholden,
Shall return to kiss your mouth,
And to give your lips the olden
Sunshine of the smiling South?

Think you, maid—when now the summer
Paints your cheek with fragrant bloom—
All too soon the bold newcomer,
Winter and his touch of doom!
Watch for Love; when first you meet him,
Bid him welcome at your door—
For if once you scorn to greet him,
He may come again no more!

LAGUNA DEL REY AT DEL MONTE.

DECORATING DEL MONTE HEIGHTS

BY WASHINGTON DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

ALL who seek enchanted spots where they can make the most of happy days at reasonable prices, or who may be driven from the troublous cares of business or office toil to find relief where seabirds spread their lazy wings in the fragrant ocean breeze; where nature keeps a tryst with flowers, fields, orchards and forests overlooking the sea to soothe and revive the weary heart and hand—all men and women who long for such a spot will rejoice to know that this place has been found for them, and is now being prepared by experienced men who are real builders of California's greatness.

Charming, indeed, through winter, spring, summer and autumn is Monterey Bay and its beautiful surrounding crescent of mountains, hills and fields, stretching so gently down to its miles of glistening, velvety, white sand beach. Here the rhythm of the waves has a peculiar fascination, for there is never a storm. It is all gentle, yet invigorating, bracing, bringing a cheerfulness that has no aftermath. The evening wind brings ozone from the rising, falling bosom of the Western sea, where float the ships in plain view at their moorings, while the morning land breeze returns the delicate mountain air. So attractive are the scenes, beauties and advantages of living at Del Monte Heights that my pen is tempted to run to almost endless lengths and breadths of poetic coloring, yet a few brief touches must suffice.

Whether gathering up the mosses, shells and things put out by the sea upon its bordering sands; whether seeking historic relics, sketching and painting from nature, trailing through real sweet-smelling old pine forests, following a lover's bridle-path to shady nook or enchanting solitude, drinking at the many invigorating mineral springs, viewing the Government military parades as they face the morning sun from the presidio, dining with a ravenous appetite and a splendid menu set before you; whether you are grave or gay, young or old, Del Monte Heights, one mile east of the famous Del Monte Park and Hotel, as a seaside resort, winter or summer home, offers a splendid welcome and a perennial charm to all who love and appreciate nature's bounties embellished by the arts of man.

Within a few minutes' walk of the upward slope at Del Monte Heights you may reach the beach and see a great fleet of small sail busy dragging salmon into their boats. You may do this yourself before breakfast if you like, for there are 652 kinds of fish more or less in Monterey Bay, and nearly all of them are eatable. It costs you nothing to try it, and if you put in your hook or net you are almost sure to get some kind of a bite. Of course, boating, bathing and all the seashore accessories are there in nature's perfection.

Then to the west, south and east are the mountains, hills, valleys, ravines, canyons, caves and trickling streams. One of these famous canyons is called the "King's Orchard," just south of Del Monte Heights, where one hundred years ago the Spanish priests settled and planted fruit trees. An old pear tree is still growing there. Other vegetation from palm tree to live oak adorns the landscape and makes the homes for big and small game, which in these days are represented by species of quail, squirrel, rabbit, coyote, wolf, mountain lion, deer and bear. You may hunt these in the canyons, foothills and mountains, if you are too restless to fish. All that is necessary is the most ordinary hunting equipment and observance of the game laws. Then go up through the odorous pines, where stayrs sang in the long ago, after you pass the groups and hedges of the celebrated Monterey cypress, which is abundant, grows anywhere, is formed into any shape, and has a fragrance all its own.

Particularly beautiful is Laguna Del Rey (the lake of the king), lying midway between the Del Monte Hotel and Del Monte Heights. This lake is being put into enjoyable shape for the pleasure of those who are fortunate enough to live in this neighborhood. Popular field sports, such as golf, polo, tennis, baseball and other outdoor amusements have many devotees here. The Del Monte race track is only a mile south of this.

Riding, driving and automobiling are in vogue nearly the year round. The famous seventeen-mile drive around the point of the peninsula has a different interesting feature for every mile. The Carmel Mission church is one of these features. It was the home of the founder of California missions, Father Junipero Serra. Around to the west of it, on the fine drive, is the town of Pacific Grove, thence to the east is Monterey, Del Monte, and last and best of all, Del Monte Heights.

Best of all is Del Monte Heights, for the very good geographical, topographical and historical reasons that the people who laid out and built up the other places along the north side of the peninsula knew practically nothing about city building. They pitched their tents in fine localities, but so limited in area that the available ground for building has long since been taken up, and it is next to impossible for these towns to expand.

But modern methods of building a town are now being applied to Del Monte Heights, which is to be decorated by all the latest methods of building homes and houses for public and private occupation.

Smart are the gentlemen who are doing this—wise are they who are decorating Del Monte Heights with a fine modern town. Among them are George W. Phelps —who was one of the pioneer builders of the University town of Berkeley, and perhaps had more to do with its upbuilding than any other man.

J. Hall Lewis, who organized and founded the bank of Half Moon Bay, was the mainspring of the activities at that place.

A. D. Bowen has already completed two systems of railways, and is now engaged in completing the Monterey, Fresno and Eastern. He is one of the most successful railway builders on the Pacific Coast ,i not on the continent.

H. W. Postlethwaite, a prominent capitalist of San Francisco, is interested in a several important local enterprises.

These gentlemen chose for their location a tract of five hundred acres of land, part of which was formerly called Vista Del Rey (view of the king.) Around Del Monte Heights is the king's country. The Spanish fathers knew it when they named it Mont-el-rey (Monterey), mountain of the king; Laguna Del Rey, lake of the king; Vista Del Rey, view of the king; Huerta Del Rey, orchard of the king. But as every man in a free country can be king for himself, he can go to this former king's country, and put up a castle, mansion, plain home, or bungalow, and his home

AN AUTO RUN TO DEL MONTE.

life and surroundings will be good enough for *any* king.

Why is this? Well, if the reader of this will pardon me, which he ought to, I will answer this question with one sentence, which may sound exactly as though I were running a real estate boom, but I am not, though this is the concrete truth:

Del Monte Heights is next door to Hotel Del Monte; it overlooks Monterey Bay, Monterey City and Pacific Grove, facing the United States Presidio; it is within five minutes' walk of the finest fishing on earth or in the sea; the climate is cool in summer and warm in winter, with no fog and no wind, only breeze; it is alongside the Southern Pacific, and on the other side is a new railroad being built on an old survey. This is the fine location which these gentlemen have chosen on which to build a city with oiled streets, modern schools, churches, water supply, light supply, transportation, including a complete electric railway system throughout the tract, and other facilities of latest civilization; and these men have the ability and experience to properly decorate Del Monte Heights.

POLO AT DEL MONTE.

THE SKY AND THE SEA AND THE EARTH

BY S. M. SALYER

I LOVE you, city of the thousand clouds,
With your proud-sailed ships in shifting crowds.
And your floods of sun that ever pour
Their currents strong to some unknown shore.
I love you, sky, for the mystery,
That calls my spirit up to thee!

I love you, sea of the thousand smiles,
Whose laughter sounds o'er changing miles,
With your low-sung songs of tenderness
Which only the wide heart can express.
I love you, sea, for your sympathy,
That rests the weary heart of me!

I love you, earth of the winding ways,
That lead me on thro' the endless days,
For your plan of hope and struggle and strife,
And your zest in a toil-begotten life!
I love you, earth, as you beckon me,
On your paths of opportunity!

dog follow you, and keep an eye on them ——guides."

The herd, which had been driven into a spot somewhat clear from underbrush, was nearly all lying down. The animals seemed quiet, but now and then you could hear a long snoring breath, which meant mischief. The two guides were awake, seemingly intent on their duty. The white men were almost asleep. Suddenly the old bell-cow started pell-mell across the clearing, half a dozen others after her. The Indian guide was on hand to stop the incipient stampede. For a moment it seemed that the danger was over; then there was a startled movement in another part of the herd. Hartley and Harris started toward the disturbance, but it was too late. A roar as of thunder resounded through the timber. Above the sound of trampling hoofs rose the hoarse bawling of the calves and their mothers. The herders, dodging behind trees, watched the confused mass of crowding bodies and tossing horns. The ground rocked as in an earthquake. The forest trees seemed moving as fast as the terrified cattle. It was over in a moment; the herd disappeared in the timber, leaving the men staring at each other in helpless anger. There was not a hoof left except the mooly cow, which had been tied up to milk.

"Well, boys," said Hartley, "let's go to bed. No use staying here to herd old mooly."

The advice was sensible. For the first time in weeks, every member of the party went to bed; but their slumbers were unsound. Before daybreak the camp was astir. When the sun rose, breakfast was already over, the horses were saddled and the men were ready to round up the cattle. Jim stayed in camp to look after things and to care for the herd as it should be brought in. He was not much afraid, for he knew that the Indians were cowards in daylight; but he loaded his shot-gun and stood it conspicuously by the wagon. All morning the men brought in bunch after bunch of cattle, until by noon they had rounded up at least five hundred head. They then concluded to cross the river and push out on the open prairie beyond.

At three o'clock, the herd was on the prairie, where a count showed that thirty head were still missing. Jenkins favored abandoning the lost cattle and getting out with what they had. It was fifteen miles to Muskogee, and he was out of tobacco.

Hartley laughed. "No, Jenkins, you'll have to suffer for a while longer. Tobe and I will make one more effort. We'll go back to where we hired the Indians, while the rest of you stay here and herd."

Jenkins groaned, but succumbed.

"Come on, Tobe!" said Hartley, "we'll get those cattle or we'll bring back a dead Injun or two."

Reluctantly, Tobe climbed into the saddle. Both men were already wearied beyond measure. Fifteen miles lay between them and the cabin where they had hired the guides. When they reached there, the sun was already low in the west. As Hartley dismounted, he noticed on the back porch a tub of fresh beef.

"Look here, Tobe," he laughed, "we've found one of the thirty."

In response to Hartley's rap, the white woman came to the door.

"Where are the boys?" he enquired confidently. "I've come after the rest of the cattle."

The woman turned pale under her sunburn.

"They're out huntin' fer 'em," she answered. "They h'aint bin here sence morning."

Hartley knew that she lied. Feeling that not only the Indians, but the cattle, were not far away, he turned away irresolutely.

"Say, Hartley," said Tobe in a low voice, "there's a house over east a ways where a Kentuckian lives. I found it the other day huntin' fer a spring. Let's make him keep us over night."

Hartley assented. He felt tired enough to go into camp for a week. They found the Kentuckian to be a hospitable fellow, ready enough to entertain strangers for the mere pleasure of their company.

"Yes, siree," he declared with emphasis, "if you'd a lived among these Injuns as long as I have, you'd be glad enough to see anybody ez would talk. Kain't they talk English? Of course they kin. Talk ez good ez anybody when they want to. But the pesky varmints 'ud rather set aroun' an' grunt than to say anything like white folks."

Tobe and Hartley found that Mrs. Jepson was as hospitable as her husband. She was gaunt and unlovely. They knew that she smoked a clay pipe and more than suspected that she used snuff, but the supper which she provided for them gained for her the reverence that the ancient Greeks might have paid to Vesta.

Jepson listened with interest to the story of the Indian guides. There was no doubt in his mind that the lost cattle were hidden somewhere near.

"We'll find 'em in the mornin'," he assured Hartley. "Them Injuns has hid 'em in the bresh."

Jepson proved to be a prophet. The cattle were found in a corral not a mile away. Three Indian ponies were tied near the corral, but not an Indian was in sight. Hartley decided to take the cattle into camp at once. They traversed without further adventure the weary miles back to the river, where Jepson joined them. He had not thought it best to accompany them on their drive lest he get into trouble with his Indian neighbors.

The little bunch of cattle did not want to cross the river. The rays of the afternoon sun turned the ford into a path of dazzling light before which the timid brutes, unable to see the further shore, huddled together obstinately. At length the three men, by dint of much shouting and an unmerciful use of their heavy goads, forced the poor creatures into the water. Just as Hartley had feared, the cattle began milling in the middle of the stream. Frightened and dazed, the leaders turned with the current; then the entire bunch began swimming in a gradually narrowing circle, which drifted rapidly down the stream. All that could be seen above the turbid water was a revolving group of horned heads that might have been covered by a good-sized blanket. Occasionally one of the terrified brutes would climb almost out of the water on the backs of the others. Then a head would go under. The men rode fearlessly among the cattle with yells and blows, trying to break up the mill. If only one of the leaders could be made to start for the opposite bank, the others would follow. Jepson rode clear of the struggling cattle, slipped off his pony and struck it a smart blow with his whip, starting it for the shore. Then he swam around the herd until he was directly below it. The poor brutes looked at him piteously. The big Kentuckian seized one powerful steer by the horns, at the same time striking him a vicious blow on the jaw. The creature made a lunge which Jepson narrowly escaped. That lunge broke the mill. The steer, turned from his course, struck out for the bank. Jepson, still swimming among the struggling cattle, turned one after another toward the shore. Losing his whip in the melee, he still fought on with his wet sombrero. Tobe and Hartley stuck valiantly on the flank. At last they gained the shore. Two cows, weakened by the long struggle until they were unable to make a landing, were swept on down the stream. The rest soon stood dripping on the bank one hundred yards below the ford.

Hartley wrung Jepson's water-soaked hand.

"Well, old fellow," he said, "we certainly owe you the whole bunch. If it hadn't been for you, they would all be at the bottom of the Canadian, and we might be with them."

When they finally reached the herd, a careful count showed that one animal was still missing. It was a fine red cow belonging to Jenkins. Then Hartley remembered the beef.

"I thought we had them all," he said; "but that must have been Jenkins's cow."

Jenkins swore.

"Sich ongratitude," said he. "I was the only man in camp that treated them Injuns white, an' now here I am without my red cow and fifteen miles from any terbaccer."

THE MRS. AND I VISIT PISA

BY WALT INGERSOLL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

"THE MRS."

WE WERE doing one of the most eventful things of our lives—gazing out of the car windows upon the Mediterranean. It was evening, and the sun was dipping behind the watery horizon. The sea was a blaze of light—a dream of colored crystal.

Our companions spoke Italian, which was natural, but we heard them say Elba. I said to the Mrs.: "We must be in sight of the Island of Elba, where Napoleon was exiled and from which he cleverly escaped."

The island is five miles from the coast of Italy, and rising to our feet the view obtained abroad the undulating sea was that of a gradually sinking piece of land.

There was a young man in our compartment who was not an Italian—we settled that point!

"But what is he!' 'expostulated the Mrs. with a frown.

"Well, he's not a German, 'cause he's no beard. He looks and behaves like an Englishman—watch him!"

And Cockney-bred he was, for just then he introduced himself. He had heard us babbling in English. He said that he was employed in Italy and was on his way home to spend the Christmas holidays, and was extremely glad of our company.

He turned toward the window.

"This is where the Cararra marble quarries are located," he began. "It is, as you know, the finest marble in the world, and for centuries sculptors have preferred it to all others. Most of the great statues in Europe have been chiseled out of marble extracted from these vast quarries. Do you see the men up there!"

He was the first Englishman I had met who could tell me something I did not know.

Our guide-book had alluded to Cararra marble whenever it expatiated on a statue—but I didn't know where they got it—now I knew!

The workmen take their time in extracting Cararra from the loins of the earth. They use no machinery of any kind. Everything is done by hand. They have never heard or read of Carnegie and his wonderful steel accomplishments. Nor do they understand that huge machines can do a week's work in a day, at much less cost. It is not plain to these Roman heirs that anything can be gained by living a week in a day.

But a sculptor never telegraphs for

Cararra marble and says: "Rush one block Cararra. Quick—oh!"

"There she is—look!" exclaimed Mrs. excitedly. I turned and saw a brown-eyed maid of Italy washing waists, petticoats and handkerchiefs in the winding brook by the embankment. In a moment the train had carried us beyond the sight of her.

Choo, choo, choo went the little toy-like engine along the moonlit banks of the Mediterranean, and as the town clock was tolling the bed-time hour of ten, we choo-chooed into Pisa, the seat of the famous leaning tower. As we tumbled through the door into the waiting room, an Italian shouted, "The Washington Hotel! Two doors from the station. Hotel for Americans."

Says I to the Mrs.: "Hear that! Washington Hotel two doors away! It sounds like home. Let's investigate, but don't look at him. Pretend you don't see him. Then he won't want to collect a fee for the information."

Down the street we ambled, and soon saw the sign dangling out over the pavement. We entered the door, and I tried to tell the proprietor that we were from America, and that I had once picked a souvenir pebble from George Washington's grave at Mt. Vernon; that we had a State and a city named after him, and that I was pleased to learn he had christened his hotel in George's honor, but he seemed never to have heard of George Washington. My design was to impress him with my importance, and have him startle me, when we were ready to leave, bv saying, "Great man! You doos owe me no-ting."

In this, however, I was sorely disappointed—but disappointments are rather common with me.

It was at the Washington Hotel that the waiter confided to me this very important fact as we were about to depart. "You won't forget that I am the head waiter!"

"No, indeed, I won't as long as I live—I congratulate you on the promotion!" Which all the more strained our relations.

The head waiter speaks the Queen's English. He attends to the wants of English guests and he expects a tip—a great big one.

This waiter had no doubt been forgotten before, and he was not going to be overlooked again by so amiable looking a gentleman as I am, but through his importunity such was his fate. He hadn't done a thing for us, anyway, except pour out the madam's tea on his own initiative, which became cold before she was ready to drink it.

I had demonstrated to my own satisfaction that tipping was bad for my purse, so I usually had the Mrs. settle for all bills or I dropped the ready change on the table and ran as if tardy for my train. The Mrs. was by nature not a tipper.

I had read about the leaning tower of Pisa, and copied a picture of it in my Physical Geography. I was now within half a mile of the original.

We ate breakfast, and set out to see the wonder.

My geography teacher did not exagger-

"I."

ate—the tower really leaned as much as the old elm on our farm, under which I took shelter so often during the summer showers, and at which spot Miss Vernon found me when she called to see papa concerning my grades.

We scanned the tower, walked all around it several times, and then felt an ambition to climb it.

After climbing a long, dark and winding stairway, we got to the top—the Mrs. was breathing heavily. There was a railing round the landing and we didn't get giddy nor afraid. The wind was blowing at the rate the Empire State Express travels, and the Mrs. let on she could feel the tower wiggle and shake. I asked her to prove it, whereupon she got mad—the first time in a month.

I stretched over the marble balustrade on the leaning side, as I had a craving to see the base of the tower.

Whereupon the Mrs. gave an "Oh!" and screamed so that the Italian workmen below came rushing up to see what was wrong.

I didn't succeed in spying the base. After we descended I found that I could stand on Mother Earth thirteen feet from the base and still be protected from the rain by the leaning body.

As I was busily making the ground experiments, the Mrs., standing at a distance, took occasion to remark that if the tower should topple over while I was in the shadow of its brow, why, she'd have to go home alone.

But I answered: "No, you wouldn't—only I'd be with the baggage."

The tickets admitting to the tower were on sale a quarter of a mile away. In this manner they control the traffic. To prevent the tower's losing its equilibrium, they allow only a certain number of pounds to ascend to the top at one time. It's a sane precaution, although occasionally inconvenient. As I weigh five pounds less than Shakespeare and the Mrs. about as much as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, our combined weight being less than that of James J. Hill, they did not bother to weigh us before handing over the tickets.

The tower is comely and built of colored marble, but other towers of Italy are comely and composed of the same material. The tower of Pisa owes its fame to the fact that it leans. No one knows why it leans. Some think the builders designed the tower to lean, while others contend that the foundation settled on the leaning side. I have not yet made up my mind how the tower came to lean, but I have made up my mind that the leaning tower of Pisa is worth going to see without delay—who knows but that the next earthquake may crumble it!

TO MT. TAMALPAIS

BY RUTH PRICE

THE sunset lights and deepening shadows fall.
A sky of burnished gold around is hung,
Gilding the veil of rainbow mist, wind-flung.
To thee the Western breezes softly call,
Singing their way through thy Sequoias tall;
To thee the song of ocean deep is sung
By whispering voices in an unknown tongue;
And every heart thy beauty doth enthrall.
Alone thou art above the rolling hill,
And mystery in every shadow lies.
Ah, silent goddess of this Western land,
Each swiftly passing day some heart grows still,
Some question asked of thee returns and dies,
But thou through changing years unchanged doth stand.

THE LOVE OF CHANCE

BY A. E. LONG

THERE WERE various reasons why Jerry Lull was not popular in the Cummins County settlements. The primary reason was that he was not a sociable man, and desired no large acquaintance. He carried his tall, sinewy form about the streets of Littleton with his measured and tiger-like tread, and deigned to speak to few who passed. His heavy jaw was set like a vice. When he spoke at all, he spoke through his clenched teeth. He never laughed; he never grinned—he never even smiled, and from under his heavy, dark brows his hard, gray eyes sent only a stony stare. The single spur with one broken point which was always worn on his left heel, designated him as a man who spent much of his time in the saddle.

And this was one of the factors that rendered him a suspicious character in the eyes of the settlers. That a man should be spending so much of his time on horseback and yet have no definitely known occupation was a matter to attract attention. But the most noteworthy objection to Mr. Lull was that he made his home with old Stub Jones, who was believed to have been formerly in league with the Curly Grimes band of horse-thieves of the Upper Sand Hill country.

And so it was that, whenever Lull came to town, he was critically eyed by men on the streets. Little groups scattered as he approached, then closing in as he passed, they watched his slowly receding figure, while they commented on his slender form, his raised shoulders, his slow, determined gait, and his perpetually clenched teeth.

From the time of his first mysterious arrival at Littleton, when he had unceremonicusly kicked three local bullies out of the Prairie Star saloon, he was regarded as a man to be prated about at a wholesome distance rather than openly disputed. It was about this time, also, that two of Littleton's professionals had invited him to a poker game, the result of which game was that the gamblers packed their belongings next day and walked out of town, leaving their board and laundry bills unpaid.

Some there were who appreciated the expurgation the town had undergone in the losing of the gamblers and the silencing of the bullies; but others, more cynical in their calculations, declared that the village had a substitute for these evils in the mysterious personality of Jerry Lull.

Thus, with a shadowy suspicion lurking about him, did this young man of iron reticence spend two months in the settlements about Littleton.

It was Saturday afternoon in December. All day a silent snow had been falling in great flakes, and the ground was uniformly covered to a depth of ten inches. In the Prairie Star saloon Mr. Lull was engaged in a quiet poker game with some of Littleton's amateurs. A half-dozen patrons and loungers stood around the bar-room stove, smoking and discussing the condition of the weather, when a sudden swish of wind threw open the door of the building, and sent a white spray of snow over the bar. The proprietor stepped to the door to close it, and as he did so he announced a change of wind and a blizzard.

Some of the loungers stepped to the window to observe the storm. Already the street was in a gray whirl of snow so that the blacksmith-shop across the way could not be distinguished.

"'Spect it's going to be one of Nebraska's old-timers," carelessly remarked the bar-keeper. The men spat on the floor and passively agreed with him. There were a few casual remarks about the possibility of any exposed person surviving the storm, when one of the men suddenly remembered that Eddie Starling had ridden out of town not a half hour before.

"Eddie Starling of the Starling Ranch?" excitedly asked one.

"Eleven miles against this storm!" exclaimed another. "A twelve-year-old boy on a pinto in this weather!"

Other excited remarks came in confusion from the crowd. Some wondered whether the boy could get back to town. Others thought he might reach Patterson's ford in safety, where he would gain the hospitable shelter of Richard Patterson's house. Some talked in an indecisive way of a rescuing party, while still others could do nothing more effective than to rehearse accounts of similar storms and accompanying fatalities.

It was at this moment that Lull, who with his accustomed equanimity had been quietly playing his hand, arose from his chair. Without a word of apology for thus abruptly quitting the game, without even a significant look from his cool countenance, he slowly shoved his roll of bills and a handful of ivory chips into his pocket and turned away from the table. As he approached the door with his decisive step, his raised shoulders and the steady, clock-like swaying of his arms, the little group of men stepped aside to let him pass. They watched him as he left the room, for this man's every movement was of interest to Littleton.

A few minutes later he passed before the window with a tight roll of woolen blankets. As the men from the window watched him leaning into the battling blast, they could only wonder and guess. From the livery barn, a short time after, he led his tall bay. The roll of blankets was securely strapped behind the saddle. The horse pranced restlessly in the storm as Lull's foot sought the stirrup. Then with a bound and a plunge, the horse and rider disappeared in the gray fury that raged through the street.

The group of men in the saloon had all but forgotten the predicament of Eddie Starling in the intensity of their interest in Lull's actions. What could have prompted the man to ride away into this storm, they wondered? Had he been the loser in the game he was playing? Or had he over-heard the conversation about Eddie Starling's danger, and was he possibly undertaking a rescue?

"Oh, bosh!" exclaimed one of the men, "reckon that man would care if the whole State of Nebraska froze to death to-night? Not much. Sentiment don't trouble him as much as other people's horses do."

The laugh that followed this remark produced such general optimism that all were willing to believe that Eddie Starling was safe under shelter at Patterson's Ranch, and the matter was dismissed from their minds.

At the Starling Ranch that evening Jack Starling was pacing restlessly back and forth in the house and trying to convince his wife that their son had not started from Littleton before the coming of the storm. But Mrs. Starling only shuddered as the storm continued to wail and to tear at the rattling shingles. With a sudden thump the door opened, and Jerry Lull, his left cheek frozen into a white disc, walked in with a great bundle wrapped in new blankets. He laid his burden on the floor.

"He'll be all right soon, I hope," he said as he unwrapped the blankets and revealed the unconscious form of Eddie Starling.

How the mother expressed her joy and the father his gratitude is here of no consequence. Let is suffice to say that the boy was duly resuscitated with the help of Mr. Lull, and that Lull would give no account of the rescue, save that he found the boy asleep and half buried in a snow-drift some six or seven miles down the trail.

Nothing could induce Mr. Lull to accept the hospitality offered by the Starlings; but when he was assured of the boy's safety, he led his horse from the barn, mounted, and turning in the direction of Stub Jones's ranch, gave the animal a loose rein, and rode away into the awful night.

The story of this rescue soon spread abroad and furnished the topic for much conversation and gossip throughout the settlement. Much wonder was expressed at this unexpected conduct of Mr. Lull, but more wonder still was expressed a month later when it was found that the Starling boy had actually succeeded in making friends with this stoical man. For when Eddie had again been able to be out he had frequently ridden over to the Jones ranch in the hope of becoming better acquainted with his rescuer. It had been a slow process, but gradually the two had become friends. Often they spent the day in a joint antelope hunt. As Mr. Lull was a clever hunter and a matchless marksman, both with rifle and pistol, the boy readily became his disciple.

Once or twice a week, through the winter, they met and hunted together. But often Lull was gone from the settlement for a week at a time, and when he returned he invariably came from the direction of the Upper Sand Hill country.

Eddie soon learned not to question the man about these trips, or in fact about anything relating to his personal affairs. Indeed, their friendship was a silent one. Few words were spoken. Only now and then, when they sat about a camp-fire did this man of few words express fragments of his stoical philosophy.

"There's only one thing in this world to be feared, Eddie," he would say, "and only one thing that's worth living for. The thing to be feared is whisky. It won't fight you fair, son; don't meddle with it. It won't give you a fair chance. And that brings me to the thing I was goin~ to say —it's chance that's worth living for. Take chances, boy. The life was never worth living that never got into a pinch. If you can't find chances, make some. But take chances, boy, take big chances."

And Eddie would watch the light in the gray eyes and wonder what big chance this quiet man was taking, but he dared not ask.

In January the snow had disappeared. The Grimes band of horse-thieves began to make occasional midnight expeditions into the country. Without snow it was impossible to track these men into the wilderness of sand hills that lay to the north, so the ranchmen merely muttered helplessly at an occasional loss of a small bunch of horses.

Then the old suspicion of Mr. Lull's secret alliance with the thieves was revived, and his actions were watched more closely than ever before. Jack Starling was especially zealous in his efforts to find convicting evidence against him, for although he felt a debt of gratitude toward the rescuer of his son, he could not ignore the mysterious visits Mr. Lull was making to the Sand Hill country.

"Tell you, Ann," said Starling one evening at supper, "I'm convinced there's something secret about that fellow Lull, and I'll bet a horse he's in with that Sand Hill gang."

"Why, Jack Starling!" exclaimed his wife, "how can you talk that way when you know how much Mr. Lull has done for us?" Jack stirred his coffee excitedly and continued:

"His kind is apt to do anything for a fellow, but that don't clear 'em of horse-stealing. You remember the time we hung Handy Charley down at Patterson's Ford. Well, we never would have got that rascal if he hadn't stopped like a fool to give back a ring to that Patterson girl before crossing the river—and the whole blamed country a-chasing him, too. Why, if he had ever got across the river there, we would never have seen him again. But he did that little fool thing, and we swung him. And you mark my word, if that Lull don't be the next to swing from Patterson's oak."

It was in the latter part of March when a great raid was made on the Collins pastures, and thirteen of the best horses were run off. It was this that stirred the settlers to action. The pasture was closely searched for any sign that would furnish a clue to the identity of the thieves. And then it was that in the pasture, near the spot where the horses had been rounded up, the men found the broken spur of Jerry Lull.

When Jack Starling came home that night he told his wife about the spur, and about the plans of the Vigilantes for the next day, but he carefully avoided letting Eddie into the secret.

The next morning Mr. Starling had ridden away somewhere before Eddie arose. Tears came to Mrs. Starling's eyes as she refused to tell her son where his father had gone. Eddie decided to question her no more, but the mystery remained unsolved.

In the afternoon the boy was sitting in the barn door, just finishing the mending of his saddle, when Jim Wilson came galloping by, his horse blowing with the warmth of spring.

"Hi there!" called Eddie, "what's up?"

Wilson halted and breathlessly explained: "We've got him cooped up in Patterson's barn. I'm out rounding up more men. Going to burn the barn tonight."

"Who's cooped up?" demanded the boy, as he rose to his feet.

"The horse-thief, Jerry Lull—we chased him as far as Patterson's crossing, shootin' at him all the time—got him one in the hip, I guess; anyhow, he rode into Patterson's barn instead of tryin' to ford the river. River's up, you know—ice a-floating down. Oh, he's a bad one. He's found all the knot holes in the old barn and he's taking a shot at every man as shows a finger out of shelter. They're going to wait till night to sneak on him and burn him out. Good-bye!"

Eddie would have staggered at this news, but he thought of what Mr. Lull had told him about a life of chance.

"Is my father there?" the boy gasped, as Wilson was riding away.

"Jack Starling?" the rider called back. "Sure; he's the man that shot him in the hip."

The boy's head grew heavy and seemed to swim in a warm, throbbing haze. But again there flashed upon him the words that had made such an impression on his youthful mind: "The life was never worth living that never got into a pinch!" He straightened up, and assumed the steady, decisive walk of Mr. Lull as he strode into the barn. He would ride to Patterson's crossing. If he could then cross the river with Mr. Lull, he could hold the Vigilantes back while the man he admired escaped.

Without a word to his mother, he led his pinto from the barn. The wiry bronco wheeled on his haunches as the lad leaped to the saddle. A moment later a long gray screw of dust was whirling down the road after clattering hoofs. A little rise of ground, a small vale, and the rider swept out of sight of the Starling Ranch.

Nine miles away, at Patterson's Ranch, the dull, heavy feeling that comes with a critical situation weighed upon thirty souls. The few shots that had come from the cracks and knot-holes of the old barn had spoken the determination of the besieged, and little groups of armed men were concealed behind a haystack and several outbuildings. Within the barn was a wounded and desperate man, and a man whose life had been spent in tantalizing every device of death.

The scene was one that might have caused a Napoleon to pause and muse on the significance of a human life. It was one of those soundless spring days when the very air seems awed into silence. Here and there the grass was just peeping green in response to the mighty pulse of spring. The rolling prairie spread away to the north, and the outline of the distant hills quivered in the warm sunshine. From the river a hundred yards to the south came the rasping sound of floating ice, mingled with the gurgling of turbulent water. Just where the trail dipped down over the river bank to the ford stood the ominous Patterson's oak, which had been the scene of Handy Charley's chastisement. Gray and old, with two crows awkwardly flapping about its bare branches, it stood awaiting its new victim.

The besiegers about the barn had grown dogged in their determination, and were sullenly waiting for night, when they would accomplish their incendiary purpose. While they were waiting, some one called attention to a rider on a spotted pinto coming down the trail from the north. Ordinarily such a sight would have attracted little attention, but the frantic speed with which the horse approached, caused all to stare.

The rider disappeared in a hollow, then re-appeared over the summit of a hill, dipped out of sight in a small ravine, and descended to the level stretch of road in the river valley. Now the rolling sputter of hoofs could be heard as the pinto sent a stream of dust behind him.

"Eddie Starling!" some one exclaimed.

"And bare-headed," joined others. "Wonder what's up."

As the rider thundered past the haystack, Jack Starling called out in the authoritative tone of a parent: "Stop, son! The barn—the barn! There's danger!"

But twenty feet from the barn the boy had halted the pinto in a whirl of dust, had leaped to the ground and disappeared within the barn.

Men stared stupidly at one another. Some who were of the more explosive nature announced their hopes to be seen in the infernal regions if they had ever known the like. Others who saw the new situation in its complicated light, cursed at their blighted hopes of burning out their victim. And others grouped about Jack Starling for an explanation of his son's conduct.

A few moments lifted the suspense. The barn-door that faced the river swung open with a bang, and Lull's big bay plunged forth toward the ford.

Thirty rifles flew to thirty shoulders, but not a shot was fired. In the saddle were two riders, and the one in front was the son of Jack Starling. Behind him, the lover of chance was half-turning in the saddle, while his threatening pistol held the crowd in check. The danger of his situation and the pain of his wounded hip found no expression in the changeless composure of his face. He was taking one of the great chances that had made all his life worth living. He did not curse humanity, as is the custom of desperadoes at bay; he did not waste vain pistol shots in empty space; and when the horse bore him over the steep bank and into the unruly stream, he did not split the air with a shout of defiance.

The Vigilantes hastened to the river. A shout of mingled fear and hatred went up as they saw the gallant horse striving to evade the crashing ice chunks, and vainly battling against the resistless flood. A heavy cake of ice struck the horse's hip and half turned him round in the swirling torrent, but still he toiled on under his double load.

Jack Starling's face was pale with fear as he thought of his son's danger. Then a new thought brought determination to his eye. If the horse were relieved of its greater burden it might yet bear his son to shore. Jack had great confidence in his own marksmanship. He brought his rifle to his shoulder—but as he did so, another cake of ice struck the horse, and the boy was thrown from the saddle and whirled into the main current. A murmur of dismay mingled with curses on the shore; then of a sudden followed the silence that comes with amazement. The man whose life was being sought, the man with the unwritten death warrant of border law staring at him from the shore, had turned his horse about in the stream, and faced his enemies. With a blow from his pistol he forced the unwilling brute back into the main current, and pursued the helpless boy. In three frantic lunges the rider had swung in front of the vast raft of ice that was floating toward the drowning youth. The men on the shore were breathless when Lull's big hand clutched the boy's shoulder. Then the silence gave place to another murmur of distress as the great sheet of ice struck the horse and turned him on his side.

There was a sudden sinking of horse and riders, followed by a violent slapping of waves against the ices' edge, and the innocent boy, side by side with the iron-clad character, who loved chance dearer than life, was tided away into the unknowable sea of silence.

THE WESTERN CALL

BY MADELINE HUGHES PELTON

'TIS the Western air,
'Tis the Western "dare"
Of the Western sons of men;
With their songs of cheer
And their scorn of fear,
That will call me back again.

'Tis the Western style
Of the Western smile,
And the wholesome hearts of men;
'Tis the mountain ways
And the "golden days,"
That will win me back again.

EVEN "MY NAVAJOS" WERE PARTIES TO THE SCHEME.

KELLEY OF THE TRANS-MOJAVE

BY FELIX J. KOCH

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

IT WAS down in San Diego that we heard the story. Friend, with whom we'd crossed the seas four years before, when Friend considered himself almost a Yankee, had invited us in to tea, and realizing that there is nothing so refreshing to a globe-trotter as to drop in beside a real human fireside, we spent the evening telling stories which smacked of the West, obviously.

The moonlight streamed in through the open windows, and the balmy March winds, off San Diego bay, brought with them the odor of the climbing roses there on the veranda.

There was something in the perfume of those jack-roses that started the suggestion, probably.

"Ever run across the story of Phil Kelley of the Trans-Mojave?" our host asked, for we were out in the golden West in pursuit of what the newspaper man calls "stories."

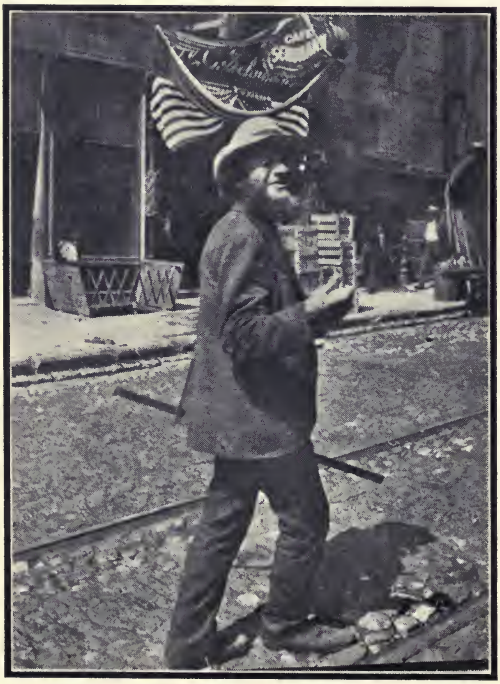
We admitted we hadn't.

Friend's wife brought his old meerschaum, which always helped the mental process, and we settled ourselves down to listen.

"Kelley's just dead and gone, so you've timeliness for your story. He was a character down here in the Southwest, for many and many a day. Latterly he was a queer old fellow—always wore a soft, slouch hat of grey, and loose-fitting suit of dark color. Wherever he went, he carried a staff, to what end no one ever knew.

What added to his picturesqueness was a long, swarthy beard, glasses with gold

THE STREET IN TUCSON WHERE THE INSTRUMENTS WERE BOUGHT.



PHIL KELLEY.

rims of the olden style, and best of all, a grin of the sort that makes the world run smoothly.

"Where he'd come from, of course none of us knew. You know the spirit of the West—to take a fellow at hundred cents on the dollar and never inquire where the metal *now* in him was coined!

"Well, it happened that one day Kelley took sick, and they sent him over the hills to the county hospital.

"There in his delirium he told a most remarkable tale.

"It seems that a few years before, he had driven a stage on the Trans-Mojave route out here into the West."

Every time Friend spoke of the West, his eyes kindled and sought the jack-rose trellis out there through the window.

"One day, crossing the desert plains without a passenger, and so taking his ease, he stopped to chat with a prospector who had pitched his tent on the mesas and set up a claim monument right on the edge of the trail.

"The man, too, had come out of the nowhere, and with next to nothing. He was, however, more buoyant than the rest

"TARNAL STRANGER, GIT OUT O' HERE! THIS YERE CLAIM WAS MINE, AND PHIL KELLEY MURDERED ME!"

of the claim-hunters—seemed most confident of success.

"Somewheres over-seas he had obtained a magnet that possessed peculiar powers. Applied to any plant growing on the desert, he could tell from what substance that plant derived its nourishment, and also what other rock was present down below, by the degree of attraction made on the magnet.

"We've all heard of the roots of trees making their way through iron and the like, and that seems to have been the principle involved. The roots of the plants took up minute particles of every metal beneath them, whether this was soluble ordinarily or no, and these this queer touchstone revealed.

"Given an indication, therefore, that there was gold in a given plot of soil, the man had only to dig down to that layer or strata, and if there were metal enough to pay, to 'stake it out.'

"To cut a long story short, Kelley sold out his share in the stage line and put the money into the venture of finding the gold with the touch-stone.

"From the trail, they came down into the heart of the Mojave country and staked it on the real *desert*. There, by and bye, they were amassing a fortune.

KELLEY PEDDLING GLUE.

"THE YOUNG INDIANS WERE DRAWN UP INTO LINE."

"What it took other prospectors hours or even days of good, solid digging to determine, these men could find out in a minute or two.

"The Southwest, you know, is willing enough to let every man attend to his own business, but by and bye, Kelley went a step beyond this State; got uppish and took to deriding, good-naturedly, those not quite so successful as he.

"Then the other prospectors arranged their revenge and reprisal. It would be expensive, of course, but they didn't care. When you're at the work of finding gold in the desert sands, and getting it for the picking, you're not quite as particular with money as some of the rest of us are.

"There was a fellow in Tucson who had just put in his store window a new invention of which some of them knew.

"They sent him an order for about three dozen of these implements, and then bided their time to wait. Meanwhile, however, they paid a visit to Uncle Sam's neighboring Indian school, and having laid their plan before the director, and used the soothing oil of graft, against which scarce any of our officials are proof, they had [illegible] young Indians drawn up into line and given certain directions.

"Then it was fixed that for a day Kelley and his partner should be lured into Tucson and kept busy, until all arrangements were completed. Arrived at the city, Kelley and his friend soon found themselves in the midst of the convivials among whom a prospector usually takes his place on his visit to town—a crowd which is ever ready to welcome him, since he stands for all of the drinks.

"They fell to telling stories—desert stories, always. By and bye the stories began to take a peculiar turn. They were dealing with the "Haunt" or the "Spirit" of the desert.

"There is an old, old tradition on the Mojave of a tenderfoot who started to prospect, struck gold, and was murdered by jealous rivals, whose spirit is supposed to ride the desert and to wail and cry in no uncertain tones betimes.

"This story, in a dozen different versions, from a dozen different sources, was repeated in the saloons.

"Then Kelley and his partner went back to their camp.

"Meantime, however, the desert had been over-run with young Indians, taken out in a wagon to Kelley's camp, and diverging from this afoot to his innumerable claim monuments.

"A day or two later a stranger came out to Kelley's camp to look over what he had to sell.

"They went to one claim, believed to be particularly rich.

"Idly, as they stood surveying it, the newcomer raised a boulder off the corner monument.

"As he did so, a voice floated out on the clear desert air, a gruff voice, pitched in no uncertain tones:

"'Tarnal stranger, git out o' here! This yere claim was mine, and Kelley murdered me!'

"If you can imagine yourself out on the lonesome, without another soul excepting Kelley within sight or hearing, and nothing but the sand and the stingaree and the yuccas, and heard a voice like that come from the very earth, you can perhaps imagine the consternation of the two lone men there on the desert.

"The one dropped the boulder, but the voice had ceased.

"The stranger, however, had had enough. So, too, had Kelley. They took to their heels and fled into the desert.

"When once they stopped for want of breath they looked at each other for explanations.

"Neither could offer any attempt of these. The newcomer, however, was bound to admit he'd have nothing to do with *that* claim.

"They went, then, to another.

"'Sure, this ain't haunted too?' the prospective buyer asked, and without awaiting the reply he moved a boulder of the monument.

"Again the voice, the same gruff one:

"'Get off of stolen ground, d——n you! I was murdered for this land, and no one else 'll have it, I say!'

"That finished him. The tenderfoot wouldn't buy any claims of the sort. Kelley, too, wouldn't have anything more to do with them himself.

"'Say, let's get back to Tucson quick as we can,' was his only comment, as the startled pair fled again from they knew not what into the sand wastes.

"TAKE A FELLOW AT A HUNDRED CENTS ON THE DOLLAR AND NEVER INQUIRE WHERE THE METAL NOW IN HIM WAS COINED!"

"'I'm more'n willing,' his customer answered, 'but we'd both best shut up and not say why we're coming, or we'd never be anything but laughed at.'

"Kelley saw the logic in the suggestion, and acquiesced immediately.

"Pretty soon it was learned in Tucson that Kelley had pulled stakes and was going back East. He'd got tired of the desert and was homesick, it was said.

"The train had hardly pulled out of Tucson before a dozen squatters had decamped on his property.

"Then they upset the claim monuments and took out of each a little instrument—an instrument with a cylinder and a black funnel at one end.

"This they destroyed or else buried deep in the sands.

"What was it? Why, a graphophone, of course. They had had the Indian kids hide these, one in each monument, all wound up and the spring set, so's the minute you'd move the boulder, you'd set it off.

"The buyer of claims, of course, was only a dupe of their's, standing in with the bunch."

"What became of Kelley?" we asked, interested.

The meerschaum had gone out, and Friend's little ones were rubbing their eyes, bespeaking bedtime.

"Last I heard of him he was up in a Northern city. Had one of those stands for a glue that holds everything under the sun. You've seen 'em—with the plates, once-cracked, jointed together by chains. Said he'd stick to this through thick and thin, even if he couldn't stick to his first love, the desert. Now comes the word that he's gone."

IN THE CANYON'S DEPTHS

BY AD H. GIBSON

WHERE shadows linger, and the rays
Of sunlight fall in lace-like showers,
How pleasant in the canyon's depths
To loiter through the summer hours!

The dew still gems the ferns and flowers,
The limpid brooks, 'twixt mossy braes,
Along the depth of canyon sings
A symphony of lyric lays.

The mountains wild, in purple haze,
Frame in a rift of cloudless blue,
And walls, steep rising, interpose
A screen between us and the view.

We gather flowers damp with dew,
And weave them into bloomy sprays,
And perfect rest and soothing find
Within the canyon's sheltered ways.

AN EPISODE OF THE FLOAT LANDS

BY ERNESTINE WINCHELL

YESTERDAY morning, when Edith trudged along the narrow levee-path in the wake of her younger sister and small brother, her mind had had no more serious occupation than speculation as to the probable number of yellow-jacket stings awaiting her defenseless little legs.

The pathway to the school house was worn deep in the fibrous peat sods of which the levee was built. On the river side the bank was soaked and compact to the tide level; on the land side the drying of the sods left crevices and cavities in which scores of mouse families and of yellow-jacket colonies were happily established.

Of the former the children saw little; and the latter had given them no concern till, one unfortunate day, a certain settlement had been accidentally disturbed. Since then those particular colonists had fiercely resented every footfall in their domain, and the last of the little procession of three never escaped punishment—no matter how fast the pace set by the leader.

This morning, by the system of turn about which they observed, Edith's pink sunbonnet bobbed serenely in the van, while six-year-old Lester trailed along in the rear, a disconsolate prospective sacrifice. His long overalls gave his chubby legs complete protection and relieved his sisters' minds of excessive sympathy with his wordy distress, but to him there appeared no consolation.

A summer morning is nowhere lovelier than along the San Joaquin river, where the regular tides ebb and flow, silent and unfailing as the hours themselves; where, between the high green walls of brown-tasseled tules, the blue, rippled water takes its quiet, devious way to the Pacific—to be forever beaten back by salty waves; where the treacherous float-land, protected from the tides by earth embankments lies level and fair, bearing upon its false bosom the emerald glory of the native grasses, and the wealth of the tilled crops of men.

Again the child wondered why all the books told only of the beauty of grass—or rock-bordered streams; of hills and valleys and mountains; of lofty trees. She looked to the left across regular ranks of dark potato vines breaking into white and purple bloom, to the snowy field of buckwheat where the bees were humming; and to the right, beyond the tule tassels, where white sails, filled with the fresh west wind, carried the river schooners gayly up the stream.

As she looked, charmed by the riot of exquisite color and form, Edith's mind began to drift from one thought to another. For a space it touched upon the lessons awaiting her at the weather-gray little school house. Scraps of Lester's plaintive prophecies regarding yellow-jackets held faint attention for an instant. Then, in a flash, everything was forgotten but a bit of conversation that she had overheard that morning. After the indefinite rumble of her father's voice had come her mother's sympathetic answer: "Yes, I know it's almost a vain hope. The snow water is coming down so fast, and this west wind keeps the tides in. Still if the Chinamen make their appearance in time——"

Why hadn't she paid attention? A sense of gravity impressed her now as it had not then. And she remembered the pale, anxious face of a neighbor as he said to her father: "Four more tides before the highest."

Into her troubled speculations broke a frantic cry from Alice: "*Edith!* oh, run, now *run!*"

Instantly she grasped the details of the familiar situation. At the other side of that tall weed lay the stronghold of the little yellow enemy. Scouts were out, and the only hope lay in the swift running of the gauntlet. Tule wall on the right and water-filled ditch on the left made flank movement impossible. So—a rushing of pink-topped brown pinafore!

Another—followed by active blue overalls, skipping mightily to the tune of anticipatory wails. Safely passed! But no! A *forte* note signaled the discomfiture of the rear guard!

Well out of range, the forces were reassembled, first aid to the injured administered in the form of kisses and condolences, and then the single file march to school resumed.

Looking from the riverside window soon after the bell rang, Edith saw three boats in mid-stream, all filled with Chinamen and piled high with baggage and tools. In each, four men at the oars forced the craft rapidly up the river with the peculiar, short, jerky stroke of the coolie. Later, a gang of the coolies following the levee path filed past the open doorway—each immobile, yellow face crowned by a broad splint hat like the lid of a basket; each wiry form clothed in clean blue cotton garments of varying shades. Some bore across their shoulders thick poles of bamboo weighted by covered basket or corded bale at either end; many carried queer but familiar implements, and all jogged rhythmically in a patient trot. These, too, were bound up river, and all were levee-builders.

The air was full of indefinite disturbance and a vague sense of expectancy.

Another file of blue-clad Chinamen trotted by, and the teacher closed the door.

Going home after school in the faint, shimmering haze that veils all this moist land under the afternoon sun, Edith tried to sum up the impressions of the day. Alice pranced lightly along in the lead. Suddenly she stopped with a startled exclamation, and Edith, following her indication, saw where dry and cork-like sods on the river side of the levee, and above the usual high-tide level, had been shifted from their places. She saw, too, where Alice excitedly pointed it out, a stretch of path that was wet.

Further on, they reconnoitered the ambush of the yellow-jackets. To their surprise there was no angry buzzing of frantic little fighters. A few of the guards flew aimlessly about in the unwonted silence. Cautiously the girls drew up, while Lester, at a safe distance, waited for dramatic developments.

At length, side by side, the pink sunbonnets peered over the edge of the levee into the entrance of the nest. Not an insect was stirring. Then they saw what they had been too absorbed to notice before, that here, for several feet, the levee was wet nearly its whole width.

One of the high tides had come and gone! At its flood point it had trickled, unresisted, into that stronghold so valiantly defended—so fatally pregnable!

Half-exultant, half-pitiful, the girls walked on, and Lester, valorously kicking at the spongy sods, followed with hands in pockets his small being intent upon the control of a very young whistle, which was now beautifully piercing for a note or two—now faintly sibilant, now but a breath, in exasperating inconsequence.

"Here's more sods been moved!" Alice exclaimed, her voice quivering. And a bit further on: "See! the water almost went over there!"

Tingling with apprehension, Edith looked, half-fearfully, over the rank potato rows and on to the distant snow of the buckwheat. Yes, they were still the same. But beyond the buckwheat, active, pale blue figures, scattered in squads of four or five along the course of the river, were cutting peaty rectangles from the soil, dragging each from the oozy embrace of its neighbor, flinging it to the levee top, fixing it in close contact with others—every yellow-faced automaton doing his appointed part with the established rhythm of Chinese concerted movement.

At the early supper table, the conversation of the older members turned to the impending flood. Would the levees hold? Which sections might be too weak? Which were too low?

"I think I can hold my fields," remarked the father. "By to-morrow night all my levees will be made high enough and strong enough."

"But there will be three high tides before then," Frank suggested, his eyes on his father's face.

"I'm remembering," a little grimly. "And the night tide is the highest. Well, I will watch that weakest place myself, with one gang. One of you boys take the north bend, and the other watch the headgate. I'll tell Ah Tong to give each of you four Chinamen."

"Everybody else is sending out patrols, too," said Percy, with a tremor of excitement in his young voice. "Johnson thinks his land is all safe—and he's right, I guess, but he's putting out three men. And Wallace will have five."

"Wallace will need five," decided Frank. "His levees haven't been proved like Johnson's. Those old levees have stood for years and years—haven't they, father? They are high and solid, too; no loose sods about them. Say, Percy, did you see that new horse he brought back from the city his last trip?"

And so the conversation drifted from floods and levees. But Edith's dreams were haunted that night by visions of green fields where leopard lilies bloomed, changing to desolate tangles of dead tules through which she struggled endlessly.

When the family met at breakfast the older faces were weary and anxious. The father's words were confident as ever, but his eyes belied them. As he rose from the table, he said, briefly, to Edith: "Go to school in your boat to-day."

They started early—before the turning tide should have gained too much opposing force, and Alice noted, with a little shriek of surprise, the new high-water mark so far above the old one, a silty ring on every shining tule.

At the school house an excited group of children exchanged news.

"Mr. Price's levee broke in two places last night!"

"Oh, say! Lucy Jones says the water comes clear up to their porch floor, and they just stepped off the porch into the boat, and then rowed right over the levee when they went to look after things in the night. Wasn't that funny?"

"Johnny! The water in on you yet?"

"No," reluctantly. Then, hopefully: "But papa says he don't think he can keep it out another tide."

In the irresponsible childish minds the unformed terror of the day before had reacted into keen appreciation of a novel situation, delighted anticipation of new sensations, and delicious apprehension of impersonal dangers. There was little study in the gray school house that day, for even the teacher was not calm. Often she looked out on the placid, merciless river, and then over her father's carefully tended fields. Sometimes the children saw tears in the gentle eyes, now so sad and heavy from the weary vigil of the night.

Out in the sunshine, all along the river's tortuous course, groups of imperturbable Chinamen labored unceasingly, some knee-deep in mud-thickened water; some trampling in their work the lush grass or the cultivated crops. Did they remember—did they ever know?—or, knowing, did they care, that fearfully near, beneath all that beautiful, smiling, gloriously prolific land lay awful depths of dark, tideless water? Had they heard the weird, true tales of futile efforts to fathom those mysterious deeps?

Closely watched by many apprehensive eyes, the day tide rose to the fullest swell, pulsed there for a seeming hour, then gently, softly, slowly sank away.

There came no word of new breaks from above nor from below. Most of the men went home and to bed, to prepare for the strain of the coming night. And many Chinamen, at word of the foreman, crawled into tiny tents for a few hours of sleep.

With the ebbing tide full against them after school was out, Edith and Alice had the prospect of hard work to reach home. The current, brown now with the drainage of inundated acres far up stream, carried them many boat lengths below the school house wharf before they could unship their oars, and all the impetus of their four sturdy arms could give the light skiff seemed lost in its force. Edith, who was "stroke" (and therefore captain and pilot), bent all her strength to the port oar again and again, till, at length, the little craft swung free of the current. But even close to the bank the resistance was disheartening, and it took minutes to pass each separate point.

Lester, lolling indolently in the stern seat, gave himself up to renewed struggle with his refractory whistle.

Finally, weary stroke by weary stroke, the distance was measured off. Moist, warm and rumpled, with burning palms and aching shoulders, this tired boat-crew welcomed the haven of the gabled white house, and the sympathetic ministrations of mother. Never did water feel so soothing! Never did simple supper taste so good!

Alice went out to see her brooding bantam hen. Edith rested quietly on the floor at her mother's knees, and the shrilling of Lester's cheerfully erratic whistle floated in through the open window on the soft, persistent west wind. The peaceful quiet deepened as the day faded. The sun grew greater and redder as it neared the blue, undulating line of the Coast Range. As the blue turned to black, the flaming sun dropped suddenly, splashing the whole western sky with a glory of scarlet and gold. The gold slowly changed to canary—to green—to palest amber; the scarlet faded to pink—to pearl. Amber and pearl blent and deepened to purple, and then the splendid summer constellation sprang into place, blazing in violet and red and gold like reincarnations of the sunset.

Reluctantly Edith yielded herself to sleep; drowsily she heard the voices of her father and brothers answering the mother's call to the hard night watch.

It seemed but a moment till, startled into wakefulness by a ray of warm light falling on her face, she sat up in bed and stared out of the window. The morning sunshine bathed the pasture lands, the tule wall, the glimmering bits of river, and all her sight could reach. Alice slept tranquilly beside her. It was late—very late, and no one had called them. What strange thing had changed even the home routine?

Shivering with apprehension in the soft, warmth of the sunshine, she dragged on her clothes. With hurrying heart and reluctant feet she went down the stairs and along the hall to the open dining room door. At the threshold she stopped, looking wildly from one white face to another.

Words were held at sight of her, but her mother put out a welcoming hand; with a sob of nameless fear the child sprang to the refuge that never fails.

"You may as well go on, Nathan," the mother said, quietly. "They will hear about it anyway."

Sadly and haltingly her father continued the story of the night. During the hours of the high tide, when a wave from a passing steamboat might undo all the work of years, every mile of levee had been patroled in sections by squads of Chinese under vigilant white men.

The tide—the highest and the last to fear—had begun to fall. Men were lifting glad faces in the moonlight, thankful for the reprieve that was theirs—when the night was cleft by a hoarse, strangled cry in the near distance which hushed every voice.

Into the stillness rang a thin clamor in Chinese, swelling to a Babel of sound as the Chinamen gathered. Upon the uproar crashed Fred Johnson's stern word of command and inquiry. For a moment he contended for explanation; then impatient with the unintelligible, frightened jargon, he turned and ran as the frantic gestures indicated—ran along the top of his firm, dry levee, racing to meet—yet dreading to see—the unknown horror that lay before him. Scarcely had he gained strong headway than he stopped with a backward leap. One hundred yards of turbid water rolled and tumbled where the levee had stood!

He chilled in sudden comprehension of the coolies' tangled phrases. A patrolman and a Chinaman had gone down with the levee. He shouted and shouted again, but there came no answering cry from the flood.

Rapidly the men gathered on either side of the fatal gap. Question and answer were flung across the torrent. Boats were brought, and desperate search and watch held every man till the tide went out at dawn.

With the day came confirmation of the fear of the night. The treacherous floatland, for the protection of which had been lavished all this nerve-racking care and body-breaking labor, had mysteriously parted, plunging the heavy embankment with the unsuspecting guard into the awful, tideless, unmeasured depths beneath!

All day the faithful watchman lingered, hoping against dread certainty. Clearcut against the blue and the green loomed the black jagged ends of the broken levee, and between, the silver crinkled tide flowed in over Johnson's fertile fields.

All day the terrified Chinese scattered red paper invocations and petitions upon the waters. And at night the air was perfumed with propitiatory incense; while upon the river's bosom countless sacred tapers glowed and glimmered and twinkled—weirdly starring the darkness.

THE SUCKERS' SATURDAY NIGHT

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

WILL THE streets of new San Francisco, the stately City Beautiful of our dreams, ever know the piquancy and the picturesqueness of Dear Old San Francisco, the metropolis of joyous memories? I wonder! Will it know again the same eager current of humanity swirling down the gaily-lighted thoroughfares of a Saturday night? A living river whose tributaries flowed from teeming Europe, the two Americas, Africa, mysterious Asia and the islands of the seas.

Now that it is a thing of the past, this brilliant street pageant, it seems as though we had not actually seen it and formed a part of it, but merely had read in some fantastic Arabian tale and dreamed of what we had read.

There was Market street, with its nightly illuminations, fit welcome for visiting prince or rajah; Kearny street, with its pleasure-seeking crowd, gay spendthrift youths, women gorgeously attired, of a full-blown exuberant beauty like the women of Titian or Veronese; Dupont street, with its stalls and bazars, crammed full of the wonders of the Orient, its exquisite aestheticism, its unutterable squalor, and finally that unique feature of our tolerant, easy-going city, Grant avenue, packed from curb to curb with the auditors of yelling fakers and phrenologists, medicine-men and ministers of the two-and-seventy jarring sects, reformers and rascals, each more blatant than the other.

Grant avenue was the Pisgah from which one overlooked promised lands flowing with milk and honey, to say nothing of more invigorating fluids. You might begin with the telescope man on the corner, who would show you for only five cents the mountains of the moon, over which, as is well known, runs the road to El Dorado.

The ever-present white-bearded kidney-cure vender might claim your attention next, and sell you the Fountain of Youth (with an alcoholic tang), done up in six-bit bottles.

Next in line were the social reformers of all shades, from the pale pink of the believer in revolution by evolution, to the blood-red advocate of confiscation and extermination—and Utopia day after tomorrow.

Further along was a little gray man brandishing a greasy, much-bethumbed Bible. He had the whine and drone and twang of a backwoods preacher, and an occasional outburst against "damnable doctrines" and "accursed licentious teachings" sounded like a good old-fashioned invective against Ingersoll or Tom Payne. Not a bit of it! T. P. was his God and Ingersoll his prophet, and the book against which he hurled his fervid rhetoric—in shockingly bad verse sometimes—was the well-worn pocket Bible in his hands. The morals of the Old Testament heroes horrified him, and he dwelt lovingly on the lapses of David and Solomon.

Although the Salvationists, the Volunteers, the Flying Scroll Evangelists, the Holy Jumpers and an assortment of independent seers and sages put the atheist clearly in the minority, yet so perverse is human nature, his tirade drew the biggest crowd.

Even that spectacular prophet who donned sack-cloth, let his forked blonde beard grow to his chest, and his tawny hair to his shoulders, like a wandering fragment of Oberammergau, could not compete with the iconoclast here, for was not Grant avenue the hammer-swingers' heaven!

Yes, indeed, here one could learn more of the abuses that stoop the workers' shoulders, slant back his brow and loosen his jaw—especially the latter—than from a whole year's subscription to any of the popular ten cent muckazines.

My good friend, the doctor, a man who had seen humanity from many angles in his long life, strolled down the line with me one Saturday night. He was immensely pleased at the hundred voiced oration, and claimed that there was no other city in the country that kept a midway in full blast all the year round. "Let's hear what Mary's little lamb has to say."

A short, swarthy man, with a huge mustache like that of a traditional Texas gunfighter, was roaring with the voice of a bull. He clenched his big, hairy fists; he swung his over-long arms; he paced back and forth in the close circle of his auditors; he hunched his back and fixed his glittering eyes upon some by-stander as he hissed: "*Who* do you drudge for? *Who* fattens on your sweat? *Who* sucks your blood? *Who* is your master?" Then suddenly jerking himself erect, he bellowed his own answer: "THE CAPITALIST."

"The Capitalist sprawls in a palatial office with a bottle of champagne at his elbow and a blondined stenographer on his knee. He dictates a notice that you have to go to work three hours longer because he is going to lay off some of the hands.

"And you wage slaves stand for it!

"Next time the notice reads: 'Pay will be cut ten per cent.' That gives him another hundred thousand for his salary as president of the company.

"And you wage-slaves stand for that, too!

"Or mebbe you get sick of the job and say you'll quit. What does your master do? He gits an injunction from his friend the judge, making it a crime to strike. He gits a raft of special police from his friend the Chief of Police; he gits the militia from his friend the Governor. What else did he elect him for?

"Oh, you wage slaves, when will you git together, a class-conscious army, and demand the full product of your toil? Bullets and ballots, that's what you need to exterminate the drones and seize what belongs to you.

"Bullets and ballots! That's it, bullets and ballots! Exterminate them! *Exterminate!*"

He was frothing at the mouth in the frenzy of a zealot preaching a new religion.

"That fellow would make a fine surgeon," smiled the doctor, "the kind who would decapitate a patient to cure a toothache."

"It's a wonder they don't lock him up."

"So they would in Germany, doubtless in France, too, but in this country the people can be trusted to judge for themselves. The phrase, 'Hot air,' was gold-coined to put just such flimsy paper money out of circulation, and it does the trick, too."

The next circle was very small, and constantly disintegrating and forming anew. It surrounded a tall, gaunt man, with smooth-shaven face and a monumental forehead, from which the long hair was brushed up and back. That forehead was evidently his main asset, and oh, the wonder of it, that from such a lofty dome such a thin trickle of thought should proceed, beaten into a froth of sweetish rhetoric. His lecture was a mixture of sociology, vegetarianism, new thought, physical culture, and platitudes on the conduct of life, all delivered in academic phrases and leading up to the inevitable collection and hawking of ten-cent booklets.

The honk-honk of an auto car further down the line scattered his small audience before he had secured his full quota of nickels. With bitter resignation he watched his auditors flocking around the big red machine that halted at the corner with a flurry of fluttering ensigns. These banners were inscribed with letters of gold, "Professor Tom Manley," while a big sign on the sheet of plate glass in front bore the painted torso of a Hercules bunched with muscles like a sack full of cobble-stones, and advertising "Viricult."

Professor Tom stood erect on the back seat and allowed the mob to gaze upon his vigorous beauty, a combination of the ideals of Michelangelo, Buonarruoti and Charles Dana Gibson.

To the former he owed the chunks of beefy muscle that stretched his clothes in places; to the latter his dress suit, new and well-fitting, his half-acre of shirt-front adorned with tiny pearl studs, his silk hat, this season's shape, and all the little details of dress which mark the man who assiduously strives to resemble a gentleman.

The depression on the bridge of his nose he owed to an artist in another line, so he informed the crowd, his boiled-red face glowing with pride. No other fist than that of the redoubtable John L. could have reached him in his young days, he affirmed.

But now he had retired from the ring, and it was his pleasant duty to give to the world his precious secret of how to get strong in eleven days, without too much sacrifice of the pleasures of life, without too much exertion, with absolutely no detention from business; in fact, the pallid youth who would only read the dollar-fifty book of Prof. Tone's authorship would be prepared to cope with the masters in the arts of self-defense, from Queensbury rules to Jiu Jitsu.

And then if any one should speak rudely to the lady friend of the enlightened one, what joy to annihilate him on the spot! And so easy!

And the professor, waxing anecdotal, described with great gusto an encounter he had had with three sidewalk loafers in Seattle, who had rasped the tender feelings of his lady friends. Of course, he defeated them single-handed in one round, after which he treated them royally to drinks sufficient to drown all ill-feeling. Great was his surprise, so he averred, to read in the next morning's paper in huge scare heads: "Professor Tom Manley Puts Out Champion Spider Mike Grogan and His Two Trainers."

"I got the clippings right here in my pocket—at least I think so. No, I left 'em in the office. You can see 'em any time you wanta call—number one-steen Grant avenue."

"His book ought to be worth one-fifty as a literary curio," I said, "and I presume that a man like that is more competent to write a get-strong-quick book than a flat-chested student in rubbers and flannels."

"Yes, and by the same token, a prize ox from the country fair is just the best sort of an authority to write a text book on stock raising," commented the doctor.

The next group was perfectly quiet, except for two youths in the center who were arguing in earnest tone. The crowd hung on their words. This was the problem: If a mathematical point has no dimensions, will an infinite number of such points acquire dimensions? We left before the question was argued to a finish.

"When a man has learned to fence with such weapons," said the doctor, "there is no problem he cannot solve by sheer word-and-wind power."

"Yes; I have heard the immortality of the soul, the theory of socialism, the Panama Canal, the personality of our President, and a score of other weighty questions settled here—in several ways every night."

"And still the sun rises in the same place," replied the doctor. "Listen to my colleague."

" . . . And this, gentlemen, is the celebrated Asiatic turtle, called in China tung-ki-see, which produces seventeen thousand fertile eggs in a single season. It is caught by the natives, killed in the light of the moon by the Chinese physicians, sun-dried, powdered and mixed into a paste with the grease from the bones of the Royal Bengal tiger. Hence we call it tung-ti-kang, or turtle-tiger-strength, for its use gives you the marvelous vigor of the one and the muscular strength of the other."

The speaker held up to the light of the gasoline torch a dried mud-turtle, and turned it around and around for the gaping crowd to admire. He was arrayed in a fantastic combination of Oriental and Occidental costumes, tricked out with the emblems of Christianity and Buddhism. He had a bold, handsome face, keen eyes and the transparent complexion of a boy, and the tones of his voice were exceedingly magnetic and persuasive.

"Oh, men," he continued, "friends and brothers (for the One God of many names is father of us all), why will you continue to suffer? Why forego the joys of life? Why waste your money on quacks who have neither the power nor desire to heal you, when one box of Turtle-tiger-strength will make you feel like new men and six boxes will effect a permanent cure?

"Thousands, yes, tens of thousands, of afflicted ones have used my remedy, on which we promise to refund the price if it fails to relieve, and not one, I raise my hand to heaven and swear by all I hold sacred and holy, *not one* has got his money back."

"I can believe that," chuckled the doctor.

"Turtle-tiger-strength, dollar a box, dollar a box while they last," barked his companion, moving in pink kimona among the crowd. "Tung-ti-kang, only one dollar, or six for five, and your money back if it fails to cure."

"And this is the twentieth century!" exclaimed the doctor. "Human nature changes little! I had a call some time ago from a class-mate who struck town dead-broke. He had his diploma, for the fellow was brainy, if he *was* a trifle unsteady. Well for some reason he couldn't work up a practice; people didn't trust him, but he had a glib tongue, and when he told me his hard luck story I could not refuse him five dollars.

"Well, sir, he took that money, went around to a paper-box factory and ordered a thousand green boxes, one ounce size, and shaped like a star. A small deposit set them working on the order and secured him three or four dozen boxes. Then he went to a credit grocer and secured a hundred pound sack of—well, I'll tell you later.

"With the balance of my money he got a shave, a hair-cut, a shine and a supper.

"After supper he went out on the corner, mounted a soap-box, proclaimed himself as Professor So-and-So, M. D., told of a marvelous spring he had discovered (Spring Valley, I guess), and when he had his crowd, produced his little green boxes.

"They contained a preparation of his own (so he claimed), a whitish, translucent, saline mineral, used in every part of the world; good for man and beast; a positive relief for diseases of many kinds. When diluted with one quart of water and snuffed up the nostrils, it relieved catarrh and cleared and cleansed the mucous membranes. As a gargle it cured sore throat and prevented that dread scourge, diphtheria. As a lotion it relieved sore eyes. It was sure death to germs and prevented decay.

"None guaranteed unless done up in green starshaped boxes under the name, Astral Saline Crystals. One dollar the box, six for $5.

"Well, the public had often bought little red boxes and little white boxes, little round boxes and little square ones, but a green, star-shaped box was something new. They kept him busy handing out Astral Saline Crystals for two or three evenings, after which time he suddenly left town.

"The following week I received a statement for a bill of goods from my grocer. He said the goods had been ordered for my use by my colleague, Professor So-and So, M. D. It read: 'To one sack rock salt, $2.00.'"

THE ROMANCE OF TANKY GULCH

BY ELIZABETH LAMBERT WOOD

SHE FOUND the water hole down in the gulch where the sand was loose and coarse. The water was less than six inches deep, and was scarcely two feet across. But she could see that there was an undeniable seepage here—a rare thing in this land of little water—which the unclaimed bands of burros of the surrounding mountains as well as the wandering range cattle had not been slow to appropriate for the cooling of their thirsty throats.

Marian, the girl of nerves, shuddered at sight of the alkaline, hoof-riled water, and dismounting, smiled to herself to see with what avidity her pony dipped in his nose and drank with long, satisfying quaffs.

Marian sat down on the clean sand beside the pool, with the merciless sun of mid-day beating down on her head, and wondered whether she ought to wait till the water settled again, or if the mere sight of the pool, shared by man and beast alike, was sufficient to quench her thirst until she had covered the long ride back to the settlement.

Over her head swung a hawk in wide circles, and Marian raised her head quickly at sight of his sweeping reflection in the pool. Something in the sight seemed to stir her blood to action. Leaping up, she threw the dragging reins back over Spruce's head, trying to remember as she did so each separate injunction that the foreman of Double Box O had given her about mounting. First she carefully took into her left hand a goodly tuft of staid Spruce's mane, and a shortened left rein; then lifting her left foot to the big wooden stirrup and taking a firm hold of the horn, she managed to hoist herself up, but it was not without an effort of considerable pains. The foreman, in teaching her, had told her to swing up, carefully illustrating his words as he spoke. But Marian did not exactly swing up; in fact, she almost plunged head foremost over the horse, but luckily managed to check herself in time.

And then with a deep sigh she settled into the saddle, while Spruce, who had been knowingly braced for the encounter, quietly recovered himself and ambled off. He shook his wise head protestingly when Marian headed him toward the path leading diagonally up the hill. To her inexperienced eyes this cattle trail seemed to promise the shortest way home, but Spruce knew better.

The figure—the horseman—who had disturbed the hawk into flight, had been watching the girl's unwonted exertion with keenest interest and amusement from the top of the ridge above the water hole.

"The new teacher, by gum—boots and all!" he soliloquized.

Marian, all unconscious of any one's proximity, was riding up the sloping trail all intent on her own thoughts. She was a new arrival from Iowa—her old-fashioned mother still called it I-o-way—where, throughout Marian's life-time, she had been pinched by the many petty primpings and savings of her environment, until a single reading of Wister's "Virginian" had sent her awakened blood reeling through her veins with the sudden splendor of her vividly imagined picture of freedom on the Western ranges. She had horrified her family into firm-lipped silence by her sudden departure alone and unacquainted into the wilds of Arizona. On her arrival she had taken the school examinations in Florence, and having successfully passed them, was lucky enough to receive a situation in the sparsely settled cattle country in the foot-hills of the Catalina Mountains.

The cowboys there—fine chivalrous fellows all—could not help taking her coming as a huge joke, especially her top boots, short skirts and brand new revolver and cartridge belt, in which she had invested much of her scanty horde of pocket money. How she would have blushed and how her eyes would have blazed had she overheard the round of chuckles at her first attempts to mount gentle old Spruce, all booted and spurred and armed as she was!

To-day, Curl Raley was a bit amazed to see how lightly she sat the leather once she was up. Touching his horse with the spur, he struck across a sharp ravine to cut off her direct path. "I wonder if she thinks she's going home?" he said to himself. "She's headed straight for Araivapai, sixty miles away. We fellows will have to rope her to keep her from straying."

Marian kept straight on, all unconscious of the disturbance of her solitary ride. She was wrapped in a reverie of delight. Before her, in the distance, mountain range succeeded mountain range until the last slipped away into the dim and hazy blue of the horizon. The yellow grass beneath her pony's feet lay over the multitude of surrounding slopes like a sheet of mellow sunshine. Here and there about her grew scattered live oak trees—giant fellows—who scorned the paltry growth of a short century or two, they who had already felt the weight of a half thousand years. Marian's heart began to beat lightly once again in spite of the heavy burden of her thirty-one years. "After all," she thought to herself with a sudden thrill, "I *am* young; I don't care what the folks at home think. Even the oaks feel young on a day like this. I am young, *young*," and her thought grew into a silent song, singing in her heart to the tune of the outpouring ecstacy of a thrush who had appropriated the topmost bough of the hackberry near at hand, and was heralding to the world that he also was young—young.!

Life pulsed up and over Marian in a rush of delight. The glorious air was drawn down into her quivering nostrils with wondering exhilaration.

Back in Iowa nothing was wasted, thought Marian now with contempt. This lesson had been thumped into Marian's revolting brain again and again throughout her uninteresting life. Even every scrap of potato paring must be cooked into an evil-smelling mess for the chickens and pigs, which they, the people, in the natural course of economy, would consume again. The very flesh of the ever-present pork was flavored with table scraps. Ugh!

Out here in this glorious, mountain-scented country everything was waste—waste of land, waste of rocks, and waste of sky. Whole seas of acreage lay in unused waste all about her, the very sight of which sent dizzy sparkles of delight dancing through Marian's rejuvenated brain. She loved it all—she, the old maid of the Iowa hamlet, was young again here and could ride and dance and sing to her heart's content, and as if in echo to the thrush, she burst out into melody—just a scrap of a Nevin's lullaby—but to Curl Raley, below her in the oak-lined ravine, it had all the charm of an angel's song.

Suddenly the voice ceased, and Raley glanced warily up the slope to where she sat, quite still, on her horse. She had caught the stroke of his horse's hoof on the granite strewn ground, and had checked her horse, fear for the instant rampant in her heart. She might be awaiting a Mexican or Indian ruffian's advent into her world—she knew not what!

Raley could see her quite plainly now, with eyes dilated, her hand on the pistol, which she had half-slipped from its holster. She was not to be caught napping.

Then as Curl Raley swung into view on his horse, the defiant fire burned out of her eyes, leaving only the soft glow of their warm, brown depths. Her voice was still trembling as she said chokingly: "For a minute I didn't know it was you, Mr. Raley. I am just going home."

He said not a word to her about the strange direction of her trail homeward, but fell in beside her, and after they had crossed a ravine or two, she was facing the settlement again, and had not a suspicion that her horse's head had been turned short about.

At last she said, giving a funny little squint at the sun as if she were already enough of a Westerner to tell the time by its elevation:

"Do you know what time it is?"

"Two o'clock!"

"Two o'clock! Not really! No wonder I'm so hungry. I've got bacon, crackers, cheese and tea for lunch. Won't you help me eat it?" Her invitation was cordial; it was really very nice to have the escort of a resourceful man in this untried wilderness.

Now, in a cattle country, a man seldom

or never takes a snack of lunch to eat at noon, not even on a rodeo, when he may be out from sun-up to long past dark. To-day, Curl Raley had only been out for four hours, and had expected to have nothing to eat for many hours more, but suddenly he found himself seized with an unconscionable appetite.

Before she expected his answer he was off his horse and had come to her side to lift her down.

But she motioned him back with grave earnestness. "I want to learn to do it myself," she said, very seriously, "because most of the time I will be riding alone, and I want to learn how."

Raley privately doubted the truth of this statement, but she was so honest in her thirst for knowledge that he answered her with all the seriousness he could command, and a minute later she was on the ground without the help of a hand.

"Good!" he said spontaneously.

She was so thoroughly pleased with herself that she smiled gaily up into his face as she thanked him, and on the instant, he threw off his mask of dignity, assumed in her presence, and laughed with her with all the pleasure of a boy again.

He hurriedly gathered together bits of dried cactus and oak twigs for a tiny fire, while she arranged the tiny slices of bacon on the wee broiler she produced from the pocket of her saddle bag. The little tea-pot was filled from his canteen, and was soon singing a merry little tune of its own over the blaze, while the two, the girl and the man, made the discovery that they would both have to drink their tea out of the only cup in camp—Marian's pretty silver folding one.

"I never thought of having company," Marian said ruefully, taking her sip, which was by common consent to be the first, with her pretty red lips daintily touching the cup's rim. "I'll have to send to Tucson for another one."

"Not much!" protested Curl with emphasis. "I like this heaps better."

For an instant Marian made no answer. Her mind had been carefully trained to have a serious turn. She looked at him doubtfully; then, with a frank, open smile, she said:

"Well, do you know, I believe I do, too." At the half-serious simplicity of her words, Curl threw back his handsome head and laughed with genuine relish. "I believe we'll agree all right," he said, still laughing.

Never was there such bacon as these two broiled that day over that little fire. Marian was quite sure by the time the meal was ready that there was not another man who could coax a fire into such a steady, glowing blaze. And the crackers! Who had ever before tasted such delicious crackers, flecked with tiny mites of strawberry jam from a wee pot that Marian fished out of her saddle bag. The tea, sipped sociably together out of the one cup, was nectar itself.

And then, all too soon, the tiny fire died out, the crumbs lay scattered about their feet, and the tea-pot stood empty and cold.

Long after this the two sat silent. At last, with a pang of surprise, Marian realized that the sun was going down. To-morrow there would be school again, and all of its manifold duties. To-day held youth and life and laughter; to-morrow sober age and arduous tasks. In spite of herself a shaded sadness fell over her, veiling the beautiful deep softness of her brown eyes.

Curl Raley, watching her from the shelter of his big hat, saw the weary lines begin to settle over her face, where he saw with pity that they had long before this traced a path of patient protest against this life of unmated loneliness with all its pinching economy, which only a woman can know. Sitting there, he no longer thought of laughing at her coming into this unsettled part of the country—he understood.

Hadn't he himself known much of this same feeling that he saw she was now suffering, in those days when as a boy he lived in Chicago? When he was fourteen, not half her age, perhaps, he had struck out into the world for himself. As he sat there his only wonder was that she had been so patient, that years ago she had not taken up the shears and snipped the lines holding her to the old prosaic life she instinctively loathed. He knew what she must have endured—the lines of her face told that—stifling her natural longing for big things, for freedom. And he also saw that, having suffered so long, now that the fragrance of freedom was fairly in her nostrils, she still had moments when she doubted the truth, the beautiful truth of it all.

As he lay there, relaxed full length on the sand, he saw a vision forming—a vision of liberty for both. It was so near that he could almost touch it. He felt an unaccountable intuition that all the forlorn loneliness of his hard life was nearing its end. It was for this that he had been laboring and hoarding for years. He saw now that never before had he been fully ready to appreciate life and the mystery of its wonders. He wished he might tell her, might lift the sad, patient lines from her face; but not yet, not yet! That glorious moment in all its fullness would come.

He stirred restlessly, sat up, and then suddenly got on his feet. She started violently as if roused from absorbing thoughts.

"Come," he said, gently, reaching down a helping hand to her. It was a strong, well-formed hand, deeply tanned with wind and sun.

Laying her slim hand confidingly in his warm clasp, she allowed him to lift her to her feet where she stood silent, her eyes still abstracted, while he brought the horses. There was no word of protest now when he lifted her to her saddle. She was learning a lesson of a different kind now—a lesson of widely different import. A gentle flushing of pink stole up into her cheeks as her eyes fell on his face—the strong, noble face of the kind of men she had dreamed about and was now to know in her daily life.

AUGUST

BY

CLYDE EDWIN TUCK

THE dust-drooped bushes stand beside the road
That winds along the meadows brown and dry;
While in the brook's bed where but lately flowed
A wildly gushing stream, the butterfly,
With gorgeous wings half-ope'd, rests there serene
Upon the moist, dark ground in nooks of shade,
Near where some sunbeam frescoes mosses green,
And rainbows formed where once leaped the cascade.

The weary hours plod by with leaden feet
While nature slumbers 'neath a wizard's spell;
The golden panniered bees seek their retreat:
The birds are mute, far in the stilly dell
Where sylvan sounds and scents are strangely faint;
The silk-soft hollyhocks, moon-tinted, bloom.
And 'neath the trees where crows make their complaint,
The asters stand with tender eyes of gloom.

Yon field of golden tasseled corn, where strays
No fresh'ning breeze among their withering blades,
Stretch out beneath the sun's fierce, torrid rays:
Now comes a sweet, cool breath from out the glades
Just when each gasping plant seems death to woo;
A shadow spreads its wings and o'er the plain
And hill all nature hastens to renew
Her green robes in the life-restoring rain.

A PART OF THE BAND THAT WAS SOLD TO THE "WILD WEST SHOW" IN 1903.

THE PASSING OF THE BUFFALO

BY JASON J. JONES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE HISTORY of the American bison or buffalo has been written and re-written many times over by able writers, until to-day the reading public is thoroughly familiar with each and every trait and characteristic of that lordly animal.

At the same time, the singularity of its habits, its massive frame and the picturesqueness of its physical appearance ever tend to increase our admiration and to arouse an eagerness within us to know more, still more, regarding the noblest beast that is indigenous to American soil.

Had our fore-fathers taken some precautions to protect the buffalo, instead of lending their aid to the ruthless slaughter, even to the very verge of complete extermination, we would not of necessity to-day be compelled to provide recruiting stations in the way of parks and reserves to insure the preservation of at least a remnant.

The accounts of the earlier explorers of North America, especially those of the Spaniards, tend to prove that the buffalo formerly ranged over the greater part of the country lying between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi River. But civilization gradually pushed them westward, encroaching more and still more upon their domain, until at the beginning of the nineteenth century no buffalo were to be found east of the Mississippi. They then took to the great plains, ranging westward to the Rocky Mountains and from Texas northward into central Can-

A PORTION OF THE PARK HERD CALMLY BROWSING UPON SHORT SAGE-BRUSH AND THE SCANT GRASS UPON ONE OF THE BARREN HEIGHTS OVERLOOKING THE SILVERY YELLOWSTONE.

ada. Over this vast pasture, as late as the seventies, they roamed in such numbers that the enumeration of them seems incredible.

The Indians, also, were crowded westward by their white enemies, and owing to their nomadic mode of living, they naturally followed the big game, realizing that it afforded them the easier means of gaining a livelihood. But the Indian rarely, if ever, maliciously destroyed the game until he was taught by the white man. When he wanted meat, he killed a buffalo, his squaw dressed it and prepared the robe for future use. The red man in the early days never troubled himself about where the winter's provisions for his tribe were to be secured. Though it often happened that the lazy, ever-negligent bucks would let the opportune time slip by, when they would be compelled to make long journeys in severe wintry weather to procure a supply of food for their half-famished people. The meat appeased their hunger, the great, shaggy robes shielded their persons from the most intense cold; therefore, the buffalo was doubly dear and valuable to them. In after years, when the whites began to encroach upon the Indian's most precious hunting grounds and to wantonly destroy his most precious game, the latter looked upon it with awe and suspicion and anger was at once kindled in his heart. We must agree with the red man to-day when he says: "The white man has taken our hunting grounds and destroyed our game."

When we realize what enormous herds of buffalo roamed the plains even as late as 1875, it is a mystery to us to know how they could have been so completely exterminated in less than one short decade.

In 1868 began the wholesale slaughter of this animal, and from the above date until 1881, or a period of thirteen years, a ceaseless war was waged against these helpless brutes. And to what purpose?

When the Kansas Pacific Railroad had been extended far enough west to reach the buffalo country, the carbon works of St. Louis and other places began paying $8 per ton for all the bones that might be shipped to them. The natural consequence was that the hide, horn and bone-seekers formed brigades in partnership against these vast herds. The hide and horn seekers were naturally very welcome fore-runners of the bone seekers. In such numbers did they slaughter the buffalo that in particular localities, it is said, one might have walked all day upon the carcasses without stepping upon the ground.

Kansas alone, in the thirteen years of extermination, received $2,500,000 for bones. It required eight carcasses to make a ton of bones, so it would have required 32,000,000 buffalo skeletons to bring the above sum of money.

Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was the expert buffalo hunter. But he never carelessly massacred them, except in rare cases, and then to have a little fun only, or to show his skill as an expert. He was employed as hunter by the construction company of the Kansas Pacific in 1868, and in eighteen months' time killed 5,000 buffalo, which were consumed by the 1,200 track layers.

The great herds often delayed trains for several hours at a time. Colonel Henry Inman, author of "The Old Santa Fe Trail," gives an account of the Westbound passenger on the Kansas Pacific being delayed from 9 a. m. till 5 o'clock in the evening by the passage of one continuous herd. To the north, west and south, as far as the vision could scan, surged a solid black mass of affrighted buffalo in their irresistible course.

A party of horsemen rode for three consecutive days through one continuous herd, which must have numbered millions.

At first appearance, these vast herds grazing on the plains seemed to be one intermingled mass, but on a closer inspection the whole was found to be composed of hundreds of lesser herds. Each of these miniature groups were guarded by sentinels, which were composed of the champion bulls, while the cows and calves grazed toward the center. The little yellow calves looked very awkward, yet they were agile as lambs and almost as playful. Nothing was more dangerous than a buffalo cow with a young calf. She would fight with the energy of despair when her young were endangered.

These immense herds were often the best objects of sport for the tourists, who were out most generally for the mere novelty of the trip. In many places on either side of the railway track, the ground was lined with the carcasses of buffalo which had served as mere targets for the folly of the pleasure seekers.

The buffalo were animals of migratory habits. Very seldom were they to be found on the barren plains in winter, yet in some favored places in the mountain meadows, where food and shelter could be had, small herds were often found in the winter season. But the regular winter rendezvous of this animal was far to the south, on the sunny pastures of Texas and Indian Territory.

On the appearance of the first verdure of spring they would begin their annual journey northward, where, on the wide-extended plains, they would spend the long, bright summer days in perfect peace and contentment until the cold blasts from the north drove them south again.

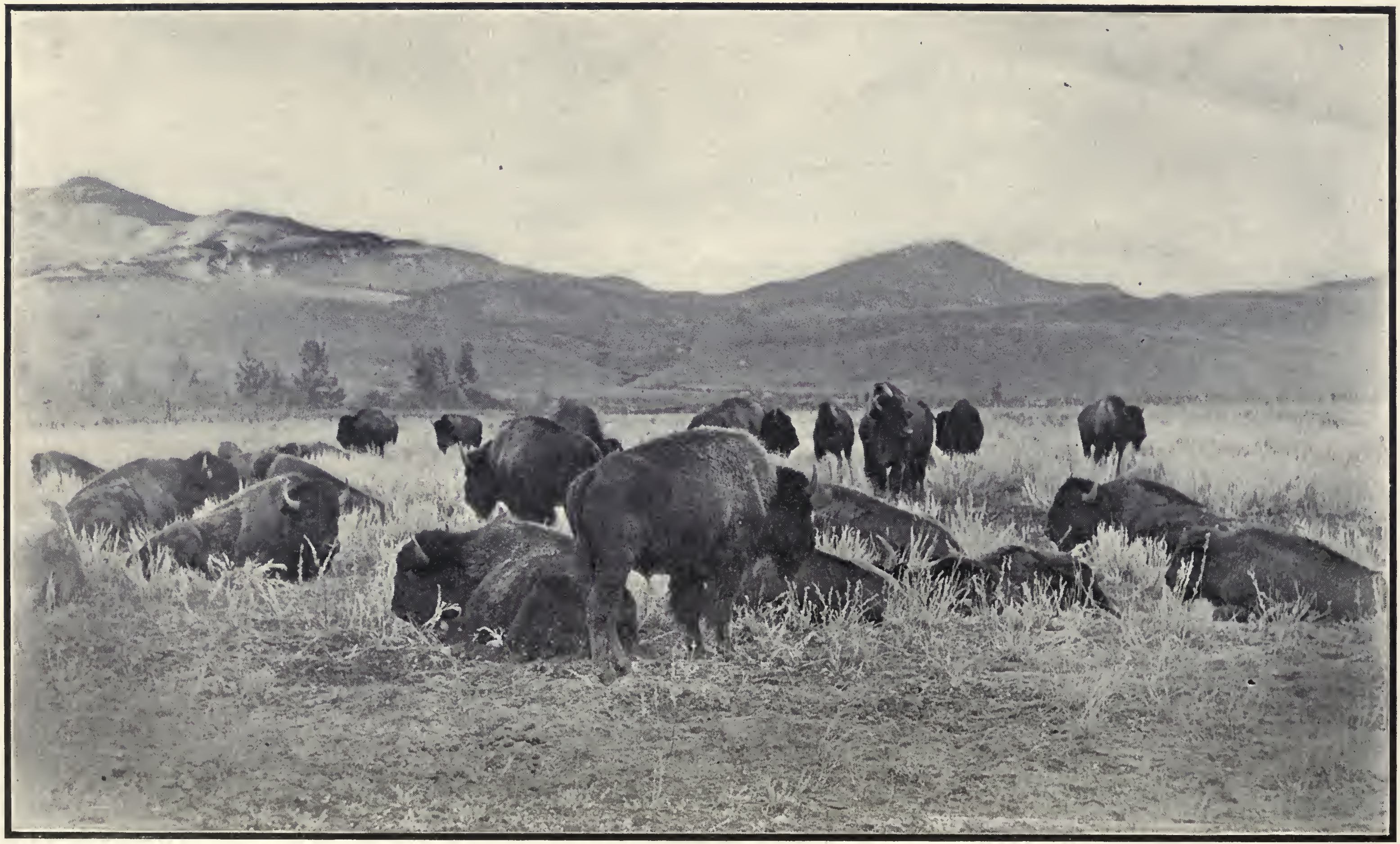
Some Indians believed that all the buffalo that went north each summer perished there, and that just as many more came from the south the next year. Satanta, chief of the Comanches, claimed that all of the buffalo came out of a big cave in Texas, and that none of the vast multitudes which went north in the spring returned in the fall, but all perished that year, and that year after year the magic cave would hatch out just as many more to meet the same fate as they journeyed northward.

But just how the old chief accounted for the scarcity of the buffalo in after years we are not prepared to say. But he must have surmised that the ever-increasing whites had molested his never-failing incubator in the south-land.

Stampeded buffalo were very dangerous. They ran with a mad fury that was simply irresistible. If hunting parties or emigrants were caught within the course of one of these wild onsets on the open prairie it meant certain death to them, except that something could be done immediately to divert the terrible momentum of the affrighted mass. When no other means of escape were possible, hunters would seek the weakest point in the front rank and shoot down the oncoming buffalo, which were quickly used as the only means of protection. Often-times these great stampedes lasted two or three days, and many thousands of buffalo were killed in the awful jams in their panic careering over the broken country.

When the Kansas Pacific was completed

THE MONARCH OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK HERD EATING HAY. PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY CREEPING UP TO THE HIGH FENCE WHILE THE BIG BULL WAS BUSILY ENGAGED.



A GROUP OF THE PABLO-ALLARD HERD TAKEN IN EARLY SUMMER JUST AFTER SHEDDING TIME. THE BIG FELLOW WITH HIS HEAD RAISED IS READY TO MAKE A DASH AT THE ARTIST. THIS PICTURE IS VALUED VERY HIGHLY BY THE OWNER.

it cut the buffalo country in twain and divided the many millions into two enormous herds—the northern and the southern. The southern herd shrunk the faster under the blood-thirsty array of pelt, horn and bone seekers, because of the more openness of the country over which it ranged, and by the close of the year 1878 scarcely a land-mark remained to show that its countless numbers ever existed. Yet the northern herd survived the southern but five years, being completely destroyed in 1883. An occasional small band was encountered some years after this in the wild, broken country, whither they had taken refuge, of necessity adapting themselves to the habits of their more wary cousins. But before the close of the eighties, some of these were slaughtered and the remainder taken into custody.

But, alas, the buffalo are gone from the great plains of the West. No more will their huge frames dot the unbroken horizon. No more will they beat the deep-trodden paths to a welcome nucleus, the clear running mountain stream.

Could the old trappers and hunters again wander over the once rich lands of the buffalo as they traversed them thirty years ago, they would sigh to find that welcome beast of the plains no more. Their hearts would ache when they realized the desolation that has been brought about in that short period of time.

No more could they defy the wintry blasts with the great, shaggy robes as of old. No more would their tents be stocked with jerked buffalo to feed them and their companions until the long-looked-for spring appeared.

And again, let us glance briefly at the red man's position to-day. He stands alone. Though he has donned to some extent the garb of the white man, yet he is, properly speaking, the same savage to-day as when our ancestors first knew him. He has been driven from place to place, or wherever the white man has seen fit to send him. He is to-day scourged to a narrow strip of country and compelled to live there by a power which he knows he dares not resist. Within his own limited borders the game of every description has become almost extinct. By necessity he is compelled to make long journeys in pursuit of provisions. He remembers, too, the many pints of whiskey obtained with buffalo robes in days gone by. Beautiful robes! dressed and nicely ornamented, which had cost the squaws many hours of labor, were bartered for one pint of whisky each, four-fifths of which was water, but no matter, just so it had the taste of "fire-water." Whisky being such a powerful incentive, each robe the Indian possessed generally received the very significant name of "a pint of whisky."

There are at the present time about 1,800 buffalo in the United States. They of course, are to be found only in reserves, parks and private herds. The largest of these, perhaps, is the Pablo-Allard herd on the Flathead Reservation in Northwestern Montana. It numbers over 400 head and they are as nearly in their native state as any in our country to-day. In 1892 this herd numbered only 75. They would perhaps exceed a thousand at this time had not several been sold from time to time. Four years ago some fifteen or twenty head were sold to the "Wild West Show," and two years ago fifty were shipped to the "101" Ranch in Indian Territory. This herd ranges in the foothills within the reservation. The owners value them at thousands of dollars. They are closely guarded to prevent their straying too far away. It is a pretty sight in summer to watch them from a distance, calmly grazing upon the verdant slopes. Yet one does not dare venture close to them, except he be well protected, for they will make an attack without giving him warning. A number of them were exhibited at the Missoula County fair five years ago, but they were very hard to manage. One of the big bulls broke through every enclosure and ran back to the reservation, a distance of twenty-five miles, against all resistance or obstacles.

There are also between thirty and forty head of "cataloes" or half-breed buffalo in the herd. The cross is between the native bull and the buffalo cow. "Buffalo" Jones (Col. C. J. Jones), recommends this hybrid form, claiming that the "catalo" is harder, more able to stand the blizzards, and digs and roots in the deep snows for sustenance where ordinary cattle would perish. Besides, its robe represents more value than a common steer, being far superior in quality even to the genuine buffalo robe. The hair is not so long, much finer, and the hide not so thick and stiff. They are large in frame if well bred, the horns being perceptibly longer, but of about the same curvature and color—jet black—very sharp at the point, and thick at the base.

The herd in the Yellowstone National Park numbered 107 old ones and five calves last summer. They graze over a five thousand acre pasture which is enclosed by an eight-foot fence of extra-heavy wire netting. This pasture is in the northwest portion of the park, near Mammoth Hot Springs. A new pasture is being constructed near Soda Buttes, some miles east of the present one, and the herd will be divided. The land within these pastures is broken and barren, and therefore does not produce much grass. "Buffalo" Jones is the tender of the Park herd, it being his duty to feed them when necessary, and it is necessary even in summer, for the pasture becomes very dry and destitute of feed at times. Another duty which devolves upon him is to protect the young buffalo from the gray wolves and mountain lions, which have become quite numerous, owing to the protection of game in general around the Park.

The United States Government has heretofore offered to buy all the buffalo extant, but without success.

For the sake of preserving at least a remnant of the once familiar object of the plains, and for the object lesson it would teach posterity, we believe that our Government should own and protect all the buffalo now living.

Those now owned by private individuals —which constitute possibly five-sixths of all in existence, are most likely, in years to come, to fall into the possession of careless hands, those who would let the last vestige of them be annihilated.

Our public domain is extensive enough and will be for years to come for the buffalo to run at large without molestation. The grazing lands of our Western States, which our stock-raising public have so completely appropriated to themselves, might, in part at least, be used by the Government, and protected by each and all of us, as a place of both refuge and recruit for the noblest animal that is native to our country.

Nothing could be more beautiful than to have the numerous herds once again grace the verdant slopes of our lofty mountain ranges in spring time. To protect the buffalo against all encroachments is a duty that should pervade the mind of every American citizen. They could never be so numerous as they once were, yet the increase in one short decade would be almost incredible, if properly fostered.

"Preserve inviolate the scenes of days
agone, our nation prays;
Yet nothing is sadder than past joys remembered in unhappy days."

THE RED-HEADED TWINS OF DOS PALOS

BY FRANCES LA PLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. DAVENPORT.

THIS HERE thing of bein' a twin ain't all it's cracked up to be, specul if each durned twin is as like t'other as a lookin' glass reflectun of himself. My brother Jim's as like me as I'm like myself, freckles, green eyes an' all, an' his head ain't none lighter an' none darker. They is no other twins in Dos Palos scept me an' Jim. When we was kids, my mother used to say to the one what was handiest, "If you're Jim, tell Bill I want him, but if you're Bill, come here—I want you." Sure pop, it was alwus me she wanted, 'cause Jim sorter petted himself round the ole lady. Well, anyway, atween us the ole lady didn't have no tapioca, for when we savied why we was alwus the other feller.

If you never yet met Jim you'll know him soon as you meet him; that's providin' you don't give him the glad hand thinkin' he's me. The only thing what's diffrunt about us is our ways an' habits, an' so forth. Jim's as quick to spend money as I'm willin' to save it, an' Jim's as full of raisin' the devil as I'm fond of peace an' the mountains, an' Jim's as fond of borrowin' as he is of spendin', an' him havin' a lot of family pride an' affecshun, why, it's just natural like as he'd come furst to me for a loan. "Just a tenner; if you can't spare it, a five spot 'll do," he begins easy like, an' then winds up willin' to take any ole durned thing I kin give him, even if it ain't no better 'n fifty cents or a quarter.

Once down to Firebaugh he got playin' sorter heavy at faro bank, an' bein' short of funds an' me far away, he borrers of a man down there by the name of Peters, an' then tells Peters, durn his soul, to ride out to the Double X ranch and get it back. Jim goes range ridin' the day that there Peters was to visit, an' me, innucunt as a yearlin', meets this here Peters kinder welcum like at the gate, never aseen him afore, an' says, "Howdy do, stranger, what kin I do for you?"

"Stranger!" he growls, sorter down in his throttle an' squintin' up his eyes like he didn't like my looks. "Stranger, hey? It wasn't stranger down to Firebaugh when you borrered that ten spot of me, was it, you freckled-faced, green-eyed, redheaded lobster?" He keeps his big mouth open like he's goin' to say a heap more, but just friendly like I puts my hand back where I alwus finds my six-shooter, an' strange-like, he shuts his big mouth an' starts for the road, hasty like, an' keeps a-goin' that way.

Jim comes in that night lookin' some timid like, an' 'quires 'bout my health an' so forth, an' then he says, off-hand like, "All 'lone to-day?"

"Ain't I alwus alone, when you ain't here?" I says back, innucent.

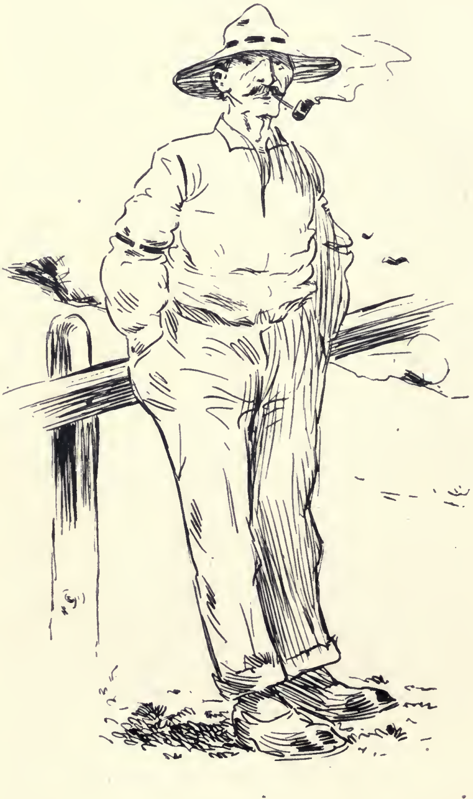
"Sorter thought you might a had compuny," gurgles Jim, lookin' round the camp some interested.

"Maybe I did," says I, "and maybe you 'll help to bury him this evenin'. Some plaguey fool comes ridin' round here mistakin' me for some durned fool what looks like me, an——"

Poor Jim was that scared that I plugged Peters for sure that he begs me to hide him 'cause the boys what seen the deal'll think he done the shootin' 'stead of me. I let the truth out easy like after he got good and scared, an' then he makes me a solum promus never to borrer from anybody 'ceptin' me—a promus none to my likin', you 'bet.

You see what's libul to come to a man what's got a twin what looks more like himself than he does himself; but if I begins to tell you all what come to me through Jim, why I keep a talkin' till the end of the week, an' wouldn't be none through then.

The worst ever was the time Jim got stuck on a littl' half-breed Mexicun-Portugee gal what he meets at a dance down to Los Banos. This littl' gal was a sky farmer's gal. Guess you know what's a sky farmer. No? Well, a sky farmer's a feller, usual like he's a Portugee, or a Dago or a Mex, or all three mixed inter one, what has a ranch 'long the San Joaquin River where it's good for farmin' about six months a year. He watches the sky a plenty, an' when things don't look his way, he ups and takes his furnootur an' his horse, durned old plugs, you bet, an' his pig, ain't never got more'n one, an' his cows an' with his famulle follerin' ahind, he moves, leavin' the old shacks there. Sure pop, when it's rained all over the place, an' the Joaquin's flowed over his land some, back he comes an' plants hay, an' off he goes agin, an' then time for hay cuttin' an' balin' back he comes agin. The sky farmer reasons like it's time for nothin' to lay down an' bake awaitin' for the rain, so he's makin' money in other parts. But you bet when it's rainin' lots an' his land's lot rich for hay, he's alwus back on time.


"BILL."

No sky farmin' in mine. I don't hanker, somehow, to kill six months with this here neck of mine twisted up like lookin' at a sky what don't alwus look to suit.

This littl' gal what Jim gets stuck on was a sky farmer's gal, an' 'cordin' to Jim, was purty as a colt's what curried. I'm no judge, so I says nothin' 'bout her looks an' so forth, but when Jim took to ridin' down to the valley to see her every day or so, I gets some anxus an' sorter hint around makin' 'quires. I didn't hanker to help feed a gal as well as Jim—that's what it means for me if Jim takes to double harness, 'cause Jim can't feed himself, let alone a gal, even if she ain't no more'n a sky farmer's gal an' used to nothin'.

"Jim," says I one day, "what's that gal's name an' where's her ole man's shack?"

Jim's freckles turns sorter red, an' he gets inturested in his boots, lookin' at 'em like he's never seen them afore. "Who?" he says, some foolish.

I tells him what I thinks of him then, an' him bein' some rattled, he tells all about her, what her name was, an' where she lived, an' how they loved each other.

"Rot!" says I, but sorter to myself, not so's to hurt Jim's feelin's, 'cause Jim's sensitive like, an' can't stand much hard talk, specul 'bout his love affairs. Jim had a lot of them afore this sky farmer's gal come along, but none never took so bad what he couldn't eat his three square meals a day.

"Bill," he says after a while, an' sorter snuffles, "could you let me wear your best close to-morrer, an' might you put a twenty in the pockut? I'm broke, honust, I am, an' kin I take your horse an' saddle an' bridle? There's a friend I know what's hankerin' for a ride on a good cayuse for a spell back, an’ this here friend won’t harm nothin’ ’cause this here friend rides like a full-fledged bronco buster what served time at the busnus.”

Jim kept a-goin’ right on but I couldn’t stand for any more just then, an’ says “yes” to everything. I never could go them snuffles o’ Jim’s.

“What time’ll you be wantin’ them?” I asks, after sayin’ “yep.”

“ ’Bout two, an’ if——” He snuffles agin.

I stampeded, an’ didn’t hear, not to this day, what else he was thinkin’ I wouldn’t be needin’ an’ he would be wanting pretty bad.

Sun up the next day, Jim gives me a hand breakin’, a two-year-old what I means to keep handy while Jim was a borrerin’ of my best outfit. About one erclock Jim, bein’ down by the crick takin’ a wash up, I jogs off down the road sorter intendin’ givin’ the colt some exercise like, an’ off-hand to visut the sky-farmer’s gal an’ tell her how Jim stood ’cordin’ to finances. I alwus hates to see people cheated, cards or matreemony specul like.

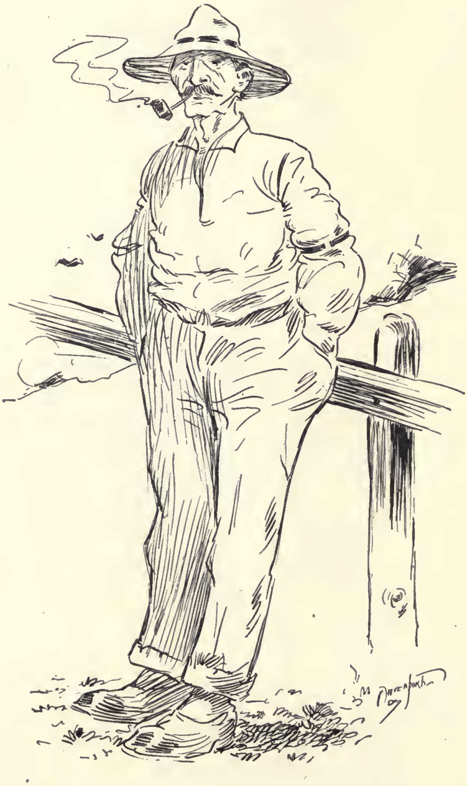
If Jim had a tole me how that there gal of his couldn’t talk no lingo but Portugee-Mex, atween us we’d a saved a pile of trouble, but Jim didn’t, an’ me never mixin’ much with forreners, can’t talk nothin’ but good Unitud States.

I lopes up to the shack pretty fine, an’ out she comes, jabberin’ away an’ smilin’ an’ blowin’ me kisses, like I could savey. She was tickled to death to see me, but didn’t listun to nothin’ I was tellin’ her ’bout Jim—just kept a talkin’ an’ smilin’ an’ blowin’ kisses. By-un-bye she runs in, an’ then backs out agin with a big bundle under her arm what she takes sud-like an’ throws at me, an’ me like a ninny, thinkin’ it was for Jim, ties it on front my saddle, mighty secure.

I tells her a lot more ’bout Jim, just to sorter relieve my mind, but she don’t lisun to nothin’, but climbs right up aback on me on that colt an’ there she sits grippin’ me by the ribs with her hooks an’ grippin’ the colt by the ribs with her hoofs, never asayin’ a word agin that colt what’s buckin’ like blazes an’ tearin’ round that yard like a bee stung him.

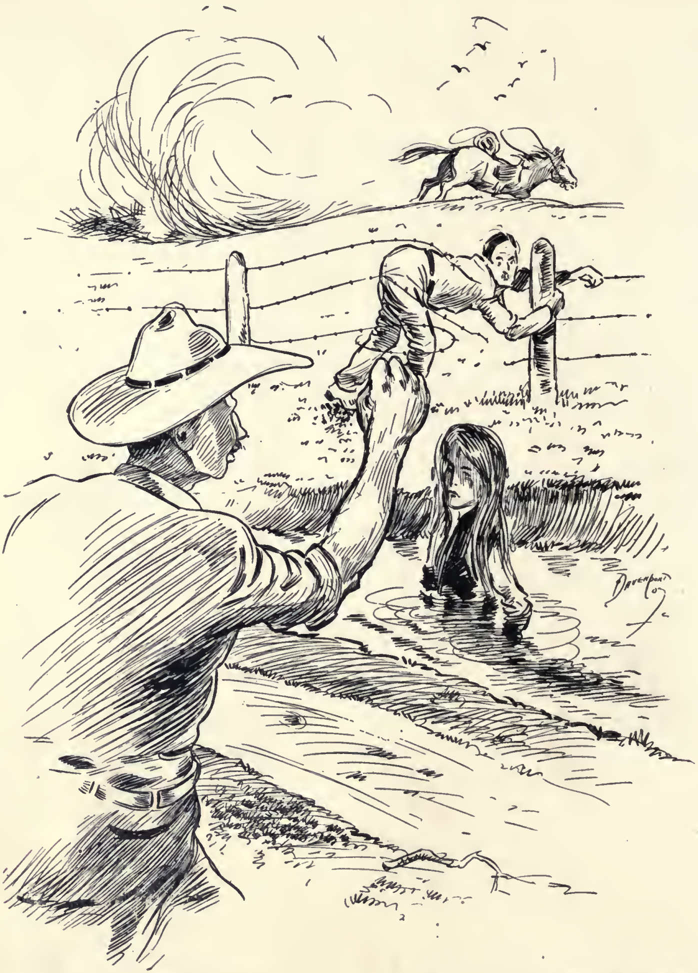
“Slide!” I yells, me only ridin’ with a hackamore an’ her there ahind me hoodooin’ things an’ givin’ that colt, what thinks a lot of himself, a mighty big chance to think a lot more. Well, that gal stuck to me like a fly sticks to fly paper, an’ I just natshul like stuck to that fool colt, what gets so durned stuck-up that he quit the yard. He took us down the road for home, goin’ like he owed somebody money back there at the shack. We dusted moren’t a mile of that road, when I sees comin’ along at a nice friendly trot, leadin’ my horse an’ best saddle an’ bridle ahind him, my brother Jim, all slick an’ shiny in my new close. The gal, bein’ pretty snug aback of me, sees nothin’.

My intentuns bein’ good to middlin’, I means to say “Hullo!” when we gets close to Jim, but that durned colt, takin’ one sad, disgusted look at Jim in my close, turns offer the road an’ after jumpin’ mighty high over a crick an’ a barbed wire fence, takes a short cut for home, leavin’ the gal in the crick an’ me atop of the barbed wire fence.



“JIM.”

"You grass-eyed, lobster-jawed, turkey-egg-faced, green-eyed jealus thief," yells Jim, comin' close as he could, furst lookin' at me an' then at the gal, what was in the crick up-side down. "You stole my gal, you did! You forced me to take your close an' your other things to throw me off the track, you did. You wanted to alope, you did—just to cheat me out of matreemony to-day." Jim snuffles when he thinks of what I done, an' snuffles agin when he looks at his gal in the crick. "You be a nice brother, cheatin' my gal. You told her you was a millunare, you did." Jim stops for want of wind, an' me still bein' a-straddle that barbed wire fence what ain't none too pleasunt, I says nothin', but keeps right on undoin' myself from that there fence. The gal by this time gets right side up, but can't see nothin' cause her eyes is full of mud, just chuck full, an' she can't say nothin' 'cause her mouth is chuck full of mud, too.



"YOU GRASS-EYED . . JEALUS THIEF," YELLS JIM.

By-an'-bye, Jim gets wind agin an' begins to say some more 'bout my looks an' ways, an' so forth, an' by then that gal has her eyes some clear of mud, an' looks at Jim sittin' there all slick an' shiny on his horse. "Jeem," she says, in a voice sad like an' some muddy, an' then round she turns an' spots me, who don't look none slick or shiny, my hat bein' some half mile back an' my "chaps" bein' some friendly with that barbed wire fence. "Jeem," she yells, spittin' out more mud. "Jeem, Jeem, J-e-e-m!" An' then she gits outer that crick an' takin' one good-day peep at Jim an' anuther at me, she starts down that there road, runnin' like she seen spooks an' yellin' like the spooks was after her.

Jim was some surprised when he sees her runnin' off like that, but me atop of that fence was none inturested.

"Now Marietta's mad," snuffles Jim, lookin' at me like I done him dirt on purpus.

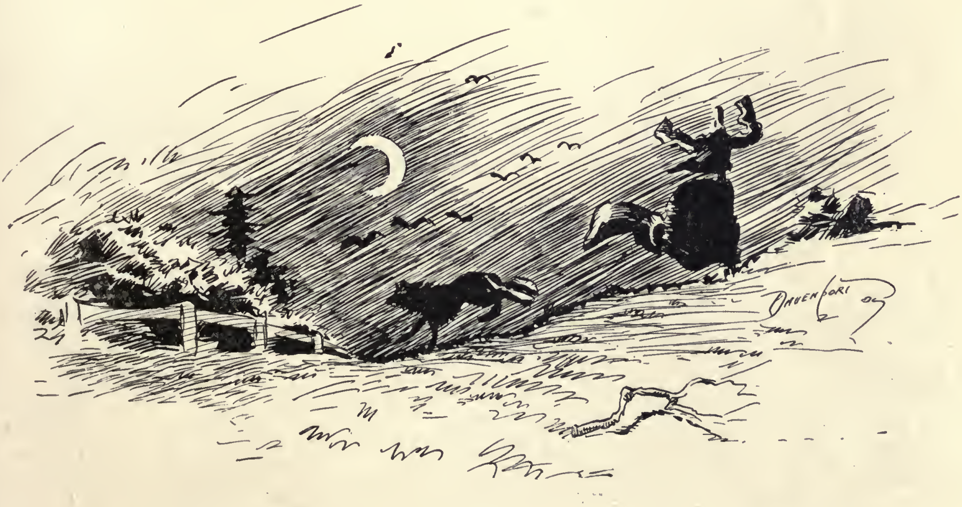
"Mad, is she?" I says, some angry. "She ain't got no reesun for to be mad. If there's anybudy round here what's got a right to be that, why, that persun's me. Ain't it bad enuff to be taken for a fool like you without bein' left a straddle of this here fence, tied up wit hit like a yearlin' what never seen it afore? You shut your mouth till I'm off this here fence, 'cause if you don't I'll shut it for you when I get off."

That there speel shuts Jim's mouth pretty quick, an' then leavin' my horse there in the road for me, he rides off home snufflin' like he was sorry he lost that little gal.

It took more'n two days to catch that colt, what was runnin' round pretty fresh, a-carryin' that bundle with him, what belongs to the sky farmer's gal, not countin' my saddle an' hackamore.

Jim an' me decided we hankered none to give that gal her bundle, seein' as that fool gal thinks Jim a double spook, so Jim an' me not able none to use what's in that there bundle, makes a furst-rate scarecrow outer it. We ain't seen a crow round the place sence; asides it scared a coyote most to death one night. Mr. Coyote comes round soft-like in the moonlight an' sees that there scarecrow blowin' in the breeze. That Mr. Coyote's seen scare-crows a-plenty afore, but not with women's frilly trappin's a-wavin' in the breeze. The old feller gives one mighty scared yell, an' runs home an' we ain't seen much of him sence, you bet.

Jim snuffles some for a week, but cheers up sudden-like when I sends him for a time to Firebaugh, lettin' him wear my new close an' doublin' that twenty in the pockut. It alwus costs money to make Jim quit that there snufflin', but it's lots worth it to me, what hates snufflin' worse 'n rattlers, an' 'sides that, Jim forgets 'bout matreemony for a spell, an' that's worth a heap to me, too.



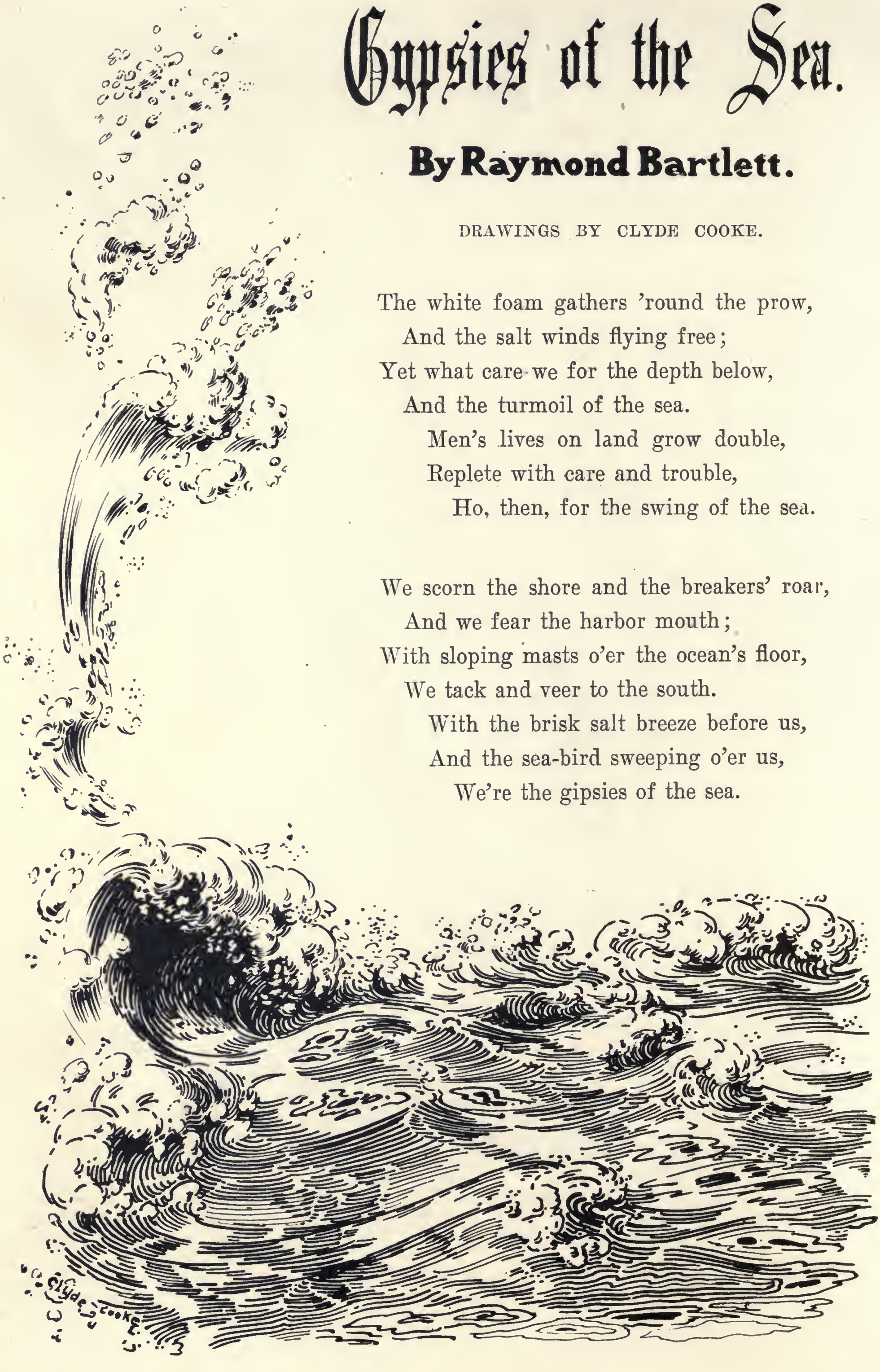
Gypsies of the Sea.

By Raymond Bartlett.

DRAWINGS BY CLYDE COOKE.

The white foam gathers ’round the prow,
  And the salt winds flying free;
Yet what care we for the depth below,
  And the turmoil of the sea.
    Men’s lives on land grow double,
    Replete with care and trouble,
      Ho, then, for the swing of the sea.

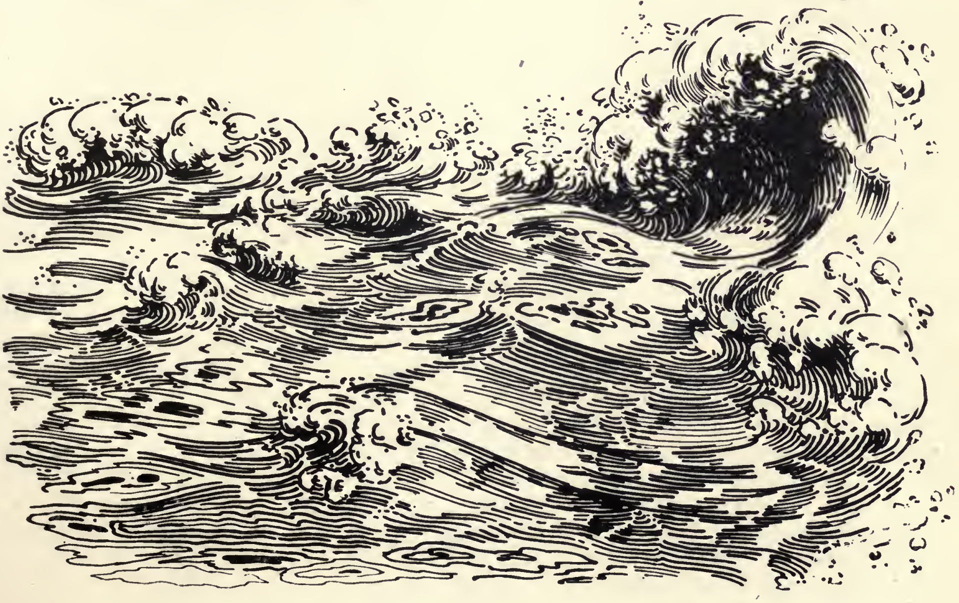
We scorn the shore and the breakers’ roar,
  And we fear the harbor mouth;
With sloping masts o’er the ocean’s floor,
  We tack and veer to the south.
    With the brisk salt breeze before us,
    And the sea-bird sweeping o’er us,
      We’re the gipsies of the sea.



In the teeth of the gale, we laugh at the hail,
And the whitecaps seething under;
When the lashing swells beat o'er the rail,
And the smoking seas asunder.
With dipping prow we labor,
We beat round cape and harbor,
We're the children of the storm.

We hear the bells o'er the rising swells,
And we see the lighthouse gleam;
We skirt the caves where the foam maids dwell,
And the idle mermen dream.
For wealth and names we care not,
A monarch's crown we'd wear not,
We count ourselves as free.

O'er reef and woe, with never a blow,
In howling wind and weather,
'Neath tropic vine, through frigid snow,
Our hearts beat one together.
On land they count to-morrow,
Its pleasure and its sorrow,
We count and live to-day.



IN DEL GADDO PLACE

BY EDITH KESSLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLYDE COOKE

IT WAS a narrow, irregular, cobble-paved street. No, it did not attain the dignity of a street, for "no thoroughfare" was proclaimed by a squalid rookery set squarely across its width. It was steep with the grass-grown steepness of some San Francisco streets, and obscure in that it was not exactly down town, and still not out of its reaching clutches. Jutting flags and treacherous cobbles marked its forbidding way; a shrinking, tortuous way, that yet had no shame in the flaunting dinginess and squalor of its unpainted, weather-beaten houses; climbing, scrambling one above another rudely shoving those below, leaning upon those above.

Del Gaddo Place is a habitat of Italians, not of the very poorest variety. These dwellers rather scorn the common day-laborer. They are artisans of various sorts, skilled workers or helpers; makers of images, proprietors of small shops; flower-vendors, and all are musicians by right of birth. For more than a few it is a profession, and among these was Carlo. Carlo was a boy of sixteen, sullen and stooped with weary years of enforced practice. The hours upon hours he had stood, dully, endlessly reiterating difficult passages, while without his comrades shouted and played, these were things he remembered, and would not think of. For his father was a musician, a composer, and it was his vow his son should be a great man—a *maestro* of the violin. There were rankling memories of a former time in another land that bit into his present poverty as a corroding acid. His son was to be his salvation, the magic hand which was to make bright a distant, long-intended future. This little unctuous oily man cared nothing for his daughters. "Let them go," he said. And they were going.

Lotta, handsome and twenty, was making the parental roof one of her transient visits. She and Carlo were alone in the room. The old man had gone out on her entrance. He was always uncomfortable when with her, and she frankly loathed him.

"Carlo, why don't you cut the whole thing and get out?" She was American-born, and her accent was scarcely noticeable. The morning was warm and bright, with the hazy, heavy brightness of a San Francisco clear day. She sat by the open window, and leaned her chin moodily upon her upturned palm. Her clear olive face was hard, the eyes veiled in a smoldering resentment. Lines were already about them, and unnecessary traces of paint showed garishly in the morning light. The two were very plainly brother and sister, but in the boy's big black eyes were added an acute sensitiveness that had utterly disappeared from his sister's.

"If I left him, I'd smash the violin into a thousand pieces. It's fierce—it's a nightmare. You do not know."

She laughed derisively.

"Don't know! Smash it; *smash* it over

his head. Come to me. I've got some good friends. They'll get you something to do, for me."

"How do you like the place where you are working now?" He looked up with a fond affection.

"Oh, all right," she answered hastily.

"And, Pippa, could you take her till I got started? I can't leave her here. She is the plague of the block now when I am practicing." A worried frown gathered over his eyes.

"Oh, no!" she ejaculated hurriedly. "Pippa'd have to stay here. There—wouldn't be any place for her."

He sighed.

"Well, I can't go yet, then. Besides, this is the only thing I can earn money with now, and he gets all he can squeeze out of me. Beppo don't tell him all he gives me. If he should——"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You're a big boy now. You can take care of yourself."

"Yes." He glanced over his shoulder. "But Pippa——"

"Does he do that, then?" She scowled, and an ugly temper showed in her eyes. "Well, if he does again, you let me know. I'll—— Poor Pippa!" Her wrath went out in a sudden dejection. She shook her shoulders as if to shake off all unpleasantness. "Well, you'll come to it. I'll see what I can do." She rose and bent over him, kissing his forehead. The eyes of both were wet. She readjusted the fur about her neck, straightened her white chiffon hat, and crossed the room with a rustle of silken skirts whose frayed edges were soiled with much contact with the street.

On her way out she passed Pippa swinging on the sagging gate. The slender, elf-like child looked up with awe and stretched one thin hand timidly toward the rustling finery. The older girl stopped.

"Want to smooth the kitty, honey? See the pretty, long fur." The little hand buried itself in the soft mass.

"It's nice," she ventured, gravely. Lotta laid a hand caressingly on either cheek, and turned the little face up to hers. She said earnestly:

"You must be good, very good, Pippa, and do exactly as Carlo tells you, always; and some day I'll bring you a kitty like this, all for your own."

"Yes, I will," she answered solemnly. "I won't tear Carlo's music, or scare old Rossi's monkey, or make his parrot squawk or push little Pietro into the gutter when it rains, 'cause he's a cry-baby or anything again—ever!"

Lotta laughed and sighed again, picking her way down the precipitous street, and the child's eyes followed her with a look of holy ecstasy. A vision, a dream transcending the possible, had stooped to her.

That same afternoon, old Garcia entered the room where his son was practicing. There was a peculiar narrowed look about his eyes, and he smiled softly as he rubbed his hands tentatively together. He was quite a little man, and he moved noiselessly, his heavy fat chin thrust rather upward, his gray brows always slightly lifted as though to clear his eyesight. An unpleasant person at best, this afternoon even accustomed Carlo shrank inwardly at the almost caressing tone of his smooth, purring Italian. He sat down quite close to the rickety music stand before which Carlo stood, and for a moment drew thoughtful marks in the dust of the window sill with his finger. Suddenly he looked up.

"Your sister, the little Pippa—where is she?"

This, although both could hear her crooning over house-wifely mud pies in the little yard outside. Carlo shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. The voice flowed on, smooth, hideously pleasant.

"She is becoming a torment to all Del Gaddo Place, is it not so? Certain complaints from Signora Mata have grieved me."

A picture of fat, dull Signora Mata came before Carlo. She was a great friend of his father's, and none of his. He grew perplexed and apprehensive.

"Ah, yes, my Carlo, another little thing. I had almost forgotten. The wages the good Beppo gives you, far beyond your deserts, but a help to our present needs. So you bring them all home always—my Carlo?"

Now Carlo knew. His face grew sullen and stolid. His quick fingers ran interminably up and down liquidly flowing scales. His shoulder was toward his father.

"Silent one," the voice grew plaintive,

"is it not unjust to me who loves you, to deceive so one who is to make you great—and happy, as I shall." He paused and smiled softly again. "Carlo, Beppo is a good friend, but over the red wine many things come forth. It is many dollars, you foolish and spendthrift boy, you have with-held. And Pippa eats so much—Pippa who is also so ungrateful; and whom it grieves me so to punish."

Monotonous arpeggios accompanied this monologue, nor ceased at its ending. The nervous fingers flew, for it was this occupation kept them from things more to be regretted.

"It was much money for so young a boy, my son. Some is perhaps spent. If but twenty-five dollars remain, we will forget the mistake. It was wrong to me, but I am a good father, not brutal as some are, and I will forgive. Also, I will collect the wage from Beppo now."

Carlo half turned.

"Beppo lied. I have no money."

"Yes? Ah, Carlo, believe me, it is wise to have the money. Pippa is such a bad child! I cannot have so much trouble." He had risen, and laid one hand on Carlo's arm.

"It was a lie. Of course you don't believe. I cannot help it." The boy shrugged his shoulders again, turning away and bending his drooping head over the notes, that his father might not see his eyes.

"It is a pity not to remember you have the money. And Pippa also such a bad child, who grieves me so that I must punish her."

He crossed the room with a shuffling tread, pausing at the door.

"You perhaps may remember—now?" A stubborn silence filled the room. He sighed as he turned away. "And Pippa such a bad child, too!"

Carlo heard, with set teeth, the slam of the outside door, the sudden ceasing of Pippa's crooning song, the bewildered protest, the angry, frightened cries as the two came down the empty ringing hall, a steady shuffling tread, and scrambling, dragging footfalls.

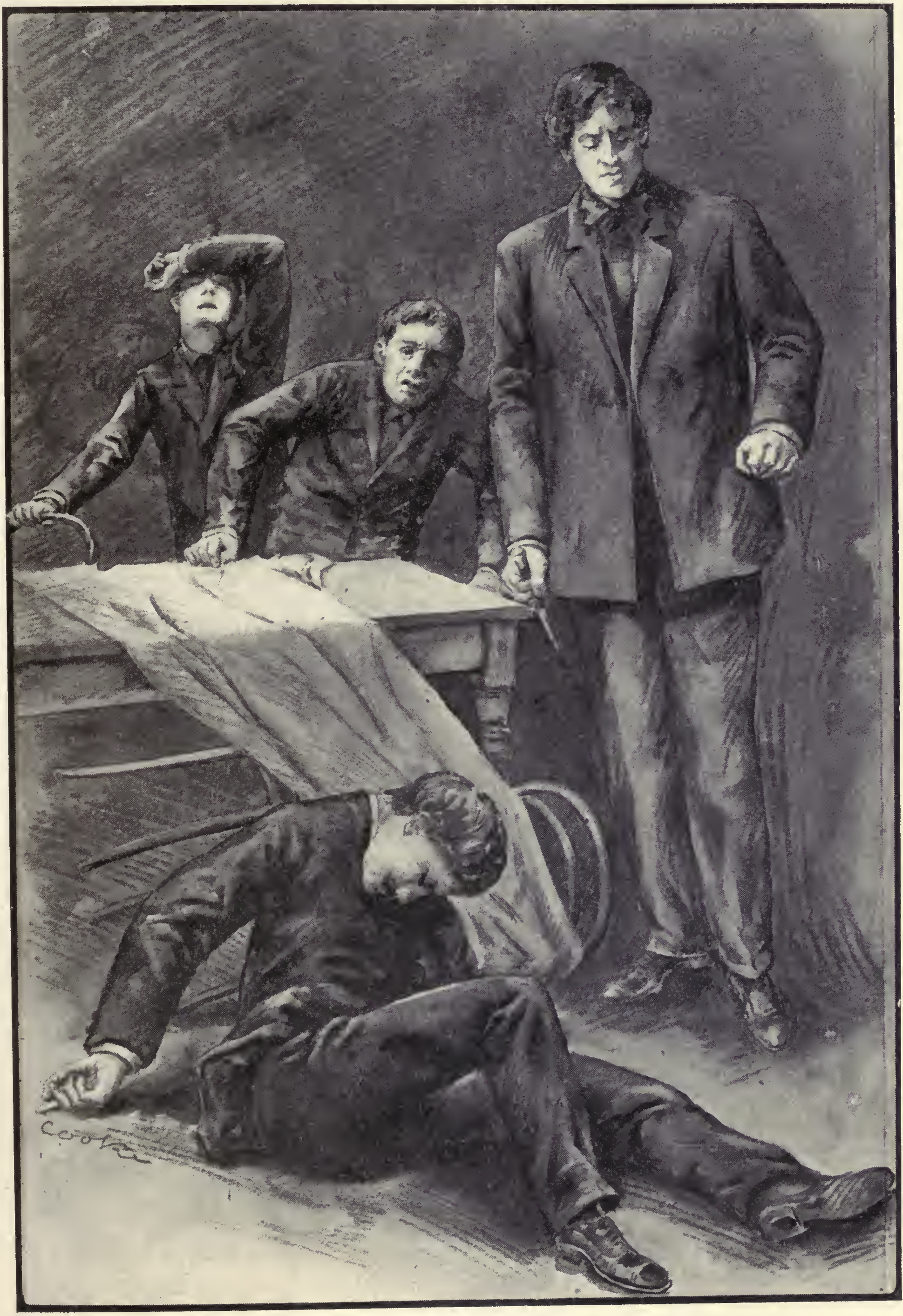
He ground his teeth, and played high, fierce airs to drown the dismal wails. And long after these had sobbed themselves to a final silence, he played, white faced and tense, for he knew his father, and he was facing a new future. He did not hear the sounds he brought forth. It was a mechanical performance, the visible sign to his father that he did not care. An iota of relenting, one quailing move, would redouble his malignance, and put both himself and Pippa in much worse case. For both of them it was to be gone through with, and he emerged, old, bitter, purposeful. Something had been killed in him, and something born. The last of the boy had gone; the boy with a sense of duty, with a latent desire for affection. The germ of the man who hunts and is hunted, the man in the thick of the struggle for existence, had been implanted. His father was no longer a father, one of the family clan; he was one of the enemy; one of the hounding, harassing, threatening powers, to be thwarted, circumvented, taken by the throat.

Pippa was very happy. With the buoyancy of childhood, she was living in the joy of the present moment. The prospect of a rare treat was before her. She was going down town with Carlo.

She skipped by his side down the steep streets, her long black eyes dancing, her two little braids bobbing up and down with her ecstasy. It was difficult for her to keep with Carlo's sober trudge, and her continuous conversation bristled with exclamation points.

The slow grey twilight was fading into the many-lighted dark. Electric signs, red, yellow and white, flared across the sidewalk below them; scattering windows hung brilliant squares in the dimness above. Dark figures hurried or slouched in and out, back and forth through the halos of shop windows. Pippa clutched her brother's hand ecstatically, as they passed open shops, from which issued the much-tried voice of a phonograph mingling with the stentorian tones of an attendant hawker. Her eyes opened wide at the fragrant florists' windows, and grew round as they passed gorgeous bare-headed Chinawomen.

They turned down many streets, they skirted Chinatown; in a district where the men were mostly dark and foreign-looking, they paused. In this quarter the streets were illy-lit and furtive, and their dinginess is hidden by obscuring shadows. Their population was scattering, and



"THE MAN FELL WITHOUT A GROAN."

empty vistas yawned between blank frowning walls, whose dull spaces were lit by occasional gleaming slits, which only accentuate the forbidding aspect. It was all in striking contrast to the busy thoroughfares and teeming Chinese quarter from which they had just emerged, and Pippa was glad when they paused before the streaming lights of the low, red-curtained windows, and descended the shallow flight of stone steps that marked the entrance.

Here was life in plenty; a garrulous cigarette smoking, gesticulating life. The upper air under the low brown rafters was hazy with floating blue vapor, the sawdust sprinkled floor bore imprint of many passing feet. About the oil-cloth covered tables it was trampled and shoved into billowy heaps, and stained with the lees of wine. Deft, white-aproned waiters passed about, and from group to group sauntered a taciturn man, slender in build, and rather taller than his fellows. On occasions, as he paused, a slow smile would lift his pointed mustaches. As he caught sight of Carlo making his way across the room this smile faded, and a conscious, almost shame-faced expression took its place. He started vaguely toward the boy, then leaning back against a pillar, he folded his arms and waited.

He had not to wait long. Carlo deposited his violin box upon the floor of the raised stand, which was his nightly post. Then he lifted the half-timid, half-smiling Pippa to the wooden chair upon it, and turning, came straight down to the man.

"Beppo, after to-night I quit."

The man started.

"Quit! Oh, come now——"

"I quit!"

He turned on his heel, and the man watched him as he carefully tuned his instrument, rubbed a lump of resin the length of his bow, and swung abruptly into a popular waltz. The man whistled softly between his teeth, and his eyes grew speculative.

Pippa pulled at Carlo's coat, and as he turned, pointed to the door with a bright-eyed anticipation. Two girls and a man were just coming in. One girl was a little in advance of her companions, standing straight and handsome, as she swept the room with a brilliant roving glance. The magnetism of her full-blooded personality drew the eyes of the occupants to her, and among them the man leaning against the pillar. She evidently saw what she sought, and more, for a half-startled look came into her eyes, as they dropped from Carlo's to the bright, eager little orbs beside him. She turned to the other girl, an admirable foil of over-dressed insignificance, and after a whispered word and a nod they made their way to a table near the musician. Before seating herself, the girl walked over to Carlo, saying in a low voice:

"So you've done it?"

He nodded, and in his eyes was an odd reflection of the timid eagerness in Pippa's by his side.

"Well, I'm going to do the best I can. I don't know, though." Her tone was dubious, and her worried face a contrast to the gay, ultra-mode of her attire and artificially radiant cheeks. It changed quickly, and its hardened vivacity came back like a mask.

"We'll pull it off together, though. It's up to me now."

She went slowly back to the table, and as she was seating herself her heavy eyes met the interested ones of the man by the pillar. A smoldering flash lit them for a moment before they were lowered.

Her friends were having a gay time over the menu, and she joined them with zest. She ignored the man who was watching her. The feast was set before them, strange concoctions redolent of garlic, spaghetti, ravioli, anchovies, and a couple of bottles of vin ordinaire —"Dago Red." The man left the pillar and sat down at a vacant table near by. Two, three times the girl glanced sidewise at him, a slow, lingering glance over the red-brimming edge of her glass. The man's mustaches lifted ever so slightly, and then the party became four. Waiters were obsequious, the "Dago Red" was changed to Chianti, laughter flowed with the wine, and eyes sparkled with both.

But a good time always comes to an end. Finally, two of the party rose, and with many adieus the party became two parties. Lotta and the man called Beppo, the thrifty proprietor of the restaurant, became very quiet. They talked in low tones and without gestures. His eyebrows rose as she talked, and he was serious.

"Yes, I can do it," he said, "but——"

He smiled, a slow smile that lifted his mustache, and he looked at her across the table.

She leaned back and said nothing.

"Yes, I can do it," he repeated, deliberately, "but——" This time he did not smile as he looked steadily at her.

Then she awoke in a torrent of low Italian. Scorn lighted her eyes. He shrugged his shoulders. Then he answered with a few slow words. She broke into English.

"Friend—there's no such thing as friend—in this world!" She threw back her head, and the hardness in her eyes was painful. "So this was your friendship, after all."

She fell silent, and her eyes rested upon the waiting, dependent, trusting brother and sister. The gloom in her face intensified. The man also was silent. She rose slowly from the table, her eyes still upon the patient, huddled little form of her half-asleep sister.

"Well?" said the man, as he held out his hand. Her eyes did not leave the child, but with a twisted smile she laid her hand in his. Then she went to the little group, and he did not follow her.

"Come, Pippa, sister will take care of you now."

The little girl scrambled off the chair in haste, broad awake and apprehensive on the instant.

"Carlo, it's all right now—I guess."

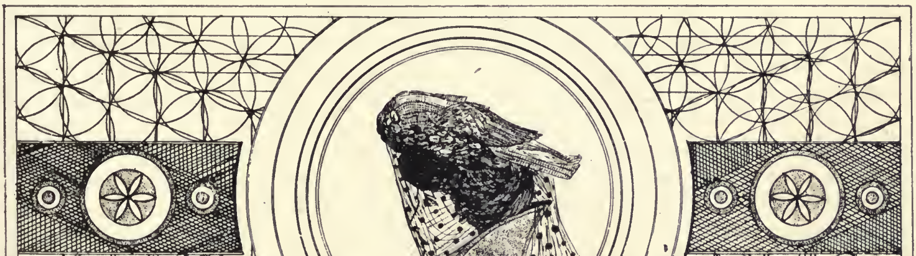
She nodded to him, and led Pippa away, abruptly.

As the two disappeared through the open doorway, the voice of the violin rose in a joyous burst of melody.

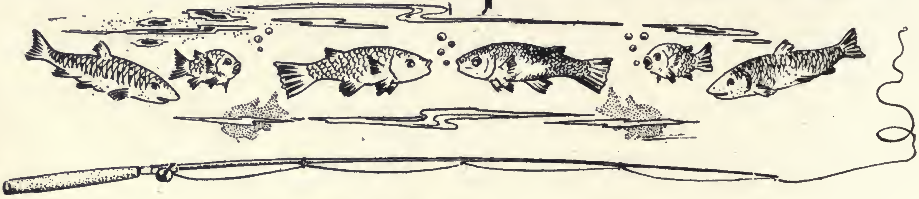
Beppo beamed on his customers, wandering from one table to another, and as the hour grew late, finally settled with some cronies at a side table. Wines of yellow and red flowed freely, and as Carlo—at peace with the world—approached to settle with his employer, he smiled in sympathy with their revelry. He stood just behind Beppo, as with unsteady hand the man lifted his glass. The thick words of his toast brought a quick, checked hilarity to the lips of his fellows. In the sudden silence the blue-white arc light above their heads sizzed with a spasmodic splutter. A gleam of steel flashed in its glare, and a boy's unsteady voice broke shrilly:

"Devil of a liar!"

The man fell without a groan. The boy stood back, looking down at him. On the floor, a red widening blot that was not wine, spread into the sawdust.



The Land of Art Sport and Pleasure.



BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

RIGHT at our doors, it may be said, is a region, not difficult of access, which is a paradise to artist and athlete, to fisherman, sportsman, tourist, to every lover of the beautiful and the grand, to every one interested in man and nature. A part, but only a small part, of this region is known, and this small part is fast losing its novelty, the greater and more attractive part being as yet nearly virgin to the sightseer and traveler of the white race.

The region is in Southeastern Alaska. This general region has been much written about, but principally from the standpoint of those who have skimmed over the beaten paths of the Southeastern Alaska travelers; those who go over the usual route, which, while undoubtedly one of the most attractive anywhere, is surpassed by neighboring districts.

It was my good fortune to spend a summer recently as an officer on the little steamer Gedney, belonging to the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, which had been detailed to explore and survey Chatham and Sumner straits, Christian sound and neighboring waters about Kuiu, Baranoff and adjacent islands. Here I saw sights and had experiences and pleasures that I little anticipated. We had enjoyed the trip up, over the route ordinarily followed by the steamers which make the so-called inside passage to Alaskan ports, but we did not meet with the gems until after leaving the beaten path.

It is a land of primeval forest and medieval man. Here the degenerate Siwash is not so far civilized as to be the hopeless individual he is in such tourist-ridden places as Ketchikan, Killisnoo, Sitka, Juneau and other towns. On Kuiu island he still has some relics of the ancients of his race. He is certainly not content to while away his life in idleness, varied only with drunken potlatches. On the contrary, he still resents the coming of the white man, whom he will slay if he can catch him unawares and without fear of apprehension. He still lives on fish and game, and still wears many garments of ancient design and manufacture. The forests are as grand as the snow-capped, rugged mountains that over-tower them. One may walk, or rather climb, over them for hours, their silent majesty impressing one with the grandeur of nature when left alone by man.

The most striking feature of this beautiful region is the closeness with which varieties of scenery are assembled. First there is the deep strait, on either side of which are islands, most of them spined with tall, white-tipped mountains. The shores are indented with beautiful bays and coves, whose mere existence is not suspected until their entrances are reached. It is these that the average tourist misses. It was our duty to find them and to explore and survey them. We entered many. Some are wide, dotted with islets. Others are little lagoons, innocent of all life except fish and game, even the

Indians seldom visiting them. In the larger ones there are occasional camps of Indian fishermen and hunters—during an entire summer we found not half a dozen traces of the rare white prospectors who have visited the region.

Streams pour into these bays and lagoons, deer and bear wander along their shores, the latter sweeping up fish by the handful. We entered a harbor once—it is now called Patterson bay—where we saw two families of bear, one a pair of big brown bear, the other two parent black bear, with three cubs. The two groups were some distance apart, and failed to discover our approach until we rounded a bend and saw them, the sound of our boat being drowned by the roar of a magnificent cataract. These cataracts are among the most beautiful features of the place. They are to be found every few miles, coming from mountain streams of more or less size, which are but the overflows, in most cases, of beautiful fresh-water lakes, which are plentiful in the higher plateaus and valleys farther inland.

The landscape artist can find ample field for his art in this wild and inspiring country. Its aspect, both general and detailed, impresses even the prosaic layman. The poet may be carried away in rapid flights in its contemplation. As a health resort, the islands on both sides of Chatham and Sumner straits and Christian sound are magnificent. A summer lodge or shooting box, built of the heavy, enduring timber that abounds, its masonry of the varied rocks or the fine marble which may be found in profusion and easily quarried, could be located in few places so beautiful. Sheltered from bad weather, surrounded by the fairest prospect in good, they would be even attractive winter houses, for the climate of South-eastern Alaska is no more rigorous than that of Massachusetts or England. It is cooler than either in summer, and no colder in winter.

The harbors, coves and bays are simply alive with fish of great variety. Cod, salmon, halibut and many other food fishes are present in vast numbers. When the Gedney would anchor in one of these lovely harbors, the fish-lines would go overboard as soon as her "mud-hook" was down. The fish would fall over themselves getting caught and hauled aboard, to be eaten at our next meal. In the streams and the interior lakes there is an abundance of gamey trout.

Bear, deer, plover, grouse, ptarmagan, ducks, geese and swans are but some of the game animals and birds to be found with little difficulty, although the black bear are timid, and the deer, partly owing to the Indians, are rather wary, and patience and skill must be practiced to get near enough for a shot, except in some of the little outside islands, such as Coronation Island, where they have not been much disturbed by any one and may be driven and cornered, owing to the steep hills and crags characteristic of the island.

I can imagine no better way for healthy men and women, lovers of the grand and of the beautiful, fond of sport and an out-of-door life, to spend a few months—years, I should personally say—than to make headquarters in a sturdily-built lodge in some of the coves and bays which line the islands named, and thence to sally forth on trips into the surrounding neighborhood after game and sport and exercise. The parties should go armed at all times, for there are not only wild animals that might, in a pinch, be ugly, but there are still Indians in some places who do not look kindly upon the white man's invasion. But they are no more dangerous than the perils of the mountains and the plains of other more familiar parts of the country, and add the spice of danger which makes the whole experience more enjoyable. The timid may stay nearer their base, with ready refuge in the house, for the animals and the Indians never approach too near to the white man's settlement.

I may suggest a few of many spots where such a lodge might be built easily and favorable. Such are Tebenkof bay, Patterson bay, Port Malmesbury, Port Conclusion, Egg Harbor, Port Armstrong, Gedney Harbor and Port McArthur. Were more known about these wonderful resorts, I am sure that they would not long be left to Indians, a few surveyors and an occasional prospector.

THE REVENGE OF THE BLUE HORDE

BY CLARENCE HAWKES

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. DAVENPORT.

THE WARM SOUTH wind is dancing a jig down the aisles of the forest. He has been so long exiled from his beloved fields and woods of New England that he is making up for all he has lost in the winter months that have passed. His boisterous cousin, the North wind, has had it all his own way too long. It is time he was taught his place, so the South wind is pushing him rapidly back towards the poles, and he is so glad that his hour has come again that he whistles a merry tune upon his pipe as he goes.

How sweet the woods are now he has passed. He was fresh from a race through the orchard and had filled his wings with crab-apple scent and scattered it lavishly through the woods. The wild azalia, too, he has gently swayed in passing. He has brought a whiff of arbutus and wild cherry, and the pugent, wholesome smell of balsam and pine needles quickened into fragrance by the warm May sunlight.

What an important air the South wind has to-day, as he dances through the forest, blowing lustily upon his flageolet. You would really think he owned the whole universe.

What a thrill of life is stirring to-day in the half-grown leaves and the bursting buds, in the groping fronds and the germinating seeds.

Now the South wind has passed, the forest is as still as though enchanted. Not a leaf rustles, not a breath is stirring. Hark, what is that? A song in the top of a spruce, low-keyed and liquid. A wonderful love ditty, now it is repeated softer and more exquisitely than before. What bird in all the forest sings like that? It is not an oriole or thrush, but quite as sweet as either. Then a bough bends, and a wonderful blue coat flashes in the sunlight, and the most strident, querulous, rasping voice in the forest cries: "Jay, Jay, Say, Say. Didn't know I could sing like that, did you? Well, I can when I am a mind to, but I won't for you. Jay, Jay, Jay!"

He flashes out of the tree and across the fields, and is gone. A veritable bluecoat, but altogether a noisy, quarrelsome fellow, the spy of the woods, always squawking and calling when you want to listen, and many times drowning the sweet songs of other birds with his hideous squawking. A gay garmented rogue, all show and bright feathers, but at heart a saucy, shallow fellow.

The song we heard this morning was the jay's spring love song. His one musical attempt, that only his mate on the nest with the warm eggs under her can inspire. You did not suspect him of such sentiment. Neither did I until I heard him with my own ears.

But when you stop to think of it, that miracle going on in the top of the spruce is enough to make a crow or any living thing that has warm blood in its veins sing.

But there was one menace that May morning to the feathered folks of the woods. It was a silent, stealthy, gliding danger that was always with them. No matter how fresh and green or inviting a grassy plot or a bunch of brakes might look, this stealthy, creeping danger might be coiled in the sweet green depths.

There was a peculiar enmity between this subtle something and the jay family, for the jays were the spies of the woods. Many a bird's plumage had been saved by the strident squawl of the jay. Whenever any of these gay-liveried, saucy spies saw the black snake creeping upon its prey, or lying in ambush along some favorite path, or coiled in the trees, the jay would at once set up a great squawking, and alarm the whole forest for a quarter of a mile about. Then birds and squirrels would be upon their guard, and perhaps the black evil would go hungry, thanks to the jay's vigilance. So there was a particular hatred between the jay family and the black snake, who made the swamp above the old mill pond and some of the neighboring woods his headquarters.

Down into the peaceful valley by the old mill pond the black evil went creeping, his head raised about a foot from the ground. Whenever he stopped to consider, his head swayed rhythmically from side to side, in that peculiar motion so common with snakes.

But down in the valley there lived still another crawling, gliding marauder, who was feared and hated by all the little water-folks in and about the pond. This danger usually lay coiled up in the lily pads, or on the bank near the water, always silent and always watchful. A danger that young muskrats and frogs were especially fearful of.

The same morning that the black snake left his headquarters in the swamp and went on a journey, a huge, dark water snake crawled out on the bank and took a nap in the warm May sunshine. He was larger even than the black snake of the swamp, and this morning he felt quite contented with the world in general and his own lot in particular, for he had dined the morning before upon a half-grown musk-rat.

Up, up, from the swale the black snake came creeping, and the young grass wriggled at his coming, while the terror of the mill pond slept upon the muddy bank. Finally the sleeping water snake awoke, raised his head and looked cautiously about. Something was coming his way. There was a tremor in the grass, and this meant a snake. Then a slim head, blacker even than his own, was lifted high above the grass, and two eyes glittering and terrible, burning with hatred and glowing with malice, were riveted upon the water snake.

But what cared he—was he not the terror of the mill pond? Who was this stranger that dared to invade his kingdom, defy him and even appear contemptuous of his sway? So he made one or two extra coils in his long, powerful form, and glared back at his enemy, darting out his tongue with lightning rapidity and returning hate for hate with steady, glowing eyes.

The black snake lifted his head still higher above the grass and came on, circling about his rival and seeking to take him off his guard, but the water snake always turned to meet him squarely, and neither got any advantage from their position. Seeing that this maneuvering was futile, and being angered that any one dared dispute the path with him, the black snake finally sprang his length, at his rival. Then there was a quick succession of lightning passes, so fast the ugly heads flashed that the eye could hardly follow them. Their ugly forms writhed and twisted, squirmed and lashed the grass along shore. Over and over they went, till at last the fury from the swamp, who was quicker than his antagonist, got the hold he wanted, and then something happened.

The black snake had caught his rival with a firm grip two-thirds of the way toward his tail. Then with a lightning motion, the black snake wound his own tail about a small elm that stood upon the bank. With a convulsive contortion he raised his own ugly form in the air, and with it that of the water snake. Like a long, black rope the double length of snake rose and fell, beating the earth, but the third time the black rope made a graceful half-circle, then shot forward with a lightning motion. With a report like the crack of a whip, the head of the water snake rolled into the pond, while his body writhed and twisted in the grass.

Then the black snake unwound his coil from the water elm and watched the dying contortions of his enemy.

When the wriggling of the water snake had ceased and it was apparent that he was quite dead, his enemy gloated above him and swelled with pride over his great victory. Then he swam the pond and went into the woods beyond in search of more foes to conquer.

It happened this same morning that a partly fledged jay had fallen from the nest. He was not ready to fly, and his parents were in a great dilemma. The old snake heard their cries afar off, and knew quite well that some one was in trouble. Trouble for the birds at nesting time usually meant plunder for him, so he hastened in the direction from which the squawking and cries of distress came.

So swiftly and silently the black destroyer came that the first knowledge of his presence that the jay family had was when his ugly head shot like lightning through the ferns and grasses, and his terrible jaws closed upon the fledgling.

The poor victim squawked once or twice, fluttered feebly, and was still; the life had been crushed out of it by the destroyer.

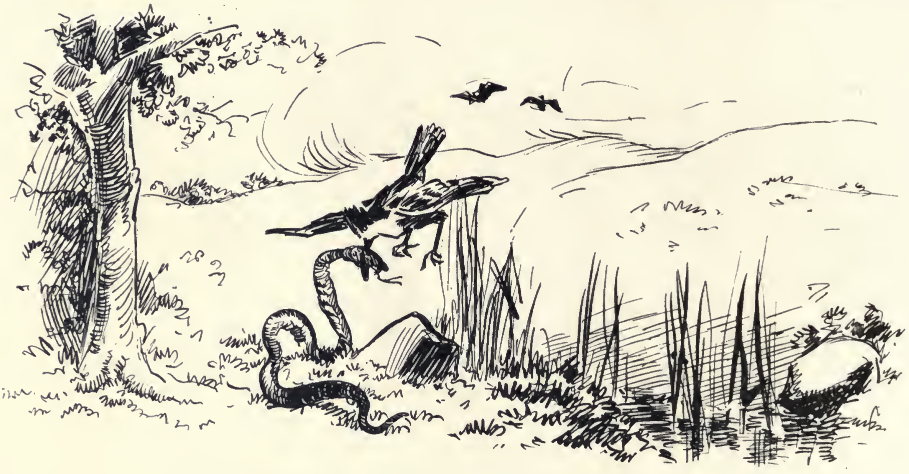
Both of the jay parents darted viciously at the snake, but he paid little attention to them, and began leisurely swallowing his prize.

Then the male jay rose in the air high above the tree tops, and flew rapidly away, calling at the top of his strident voice as he flew:

"Jay, jay, pay, pay, flay, flay!"

Another jay in a distant tree-top took up the cry and flung it far on into the woods. Soon another was heard calling and still another and another. The call was answered from across the mill pond, and from far and near the blue-coated rogues came flying, calling as they came, "Jay, jay, pay, pay, flay, flay!"

The outraged father led them hurriedly back to the spot where the deed had been committed, and where the grieving mother still watched the greedy snake swallowing her fledgling. One would not have imagined there was as many jays within ten miles as soon flocked above the snake, all squawking with rage and fear. Each moment the cries grew louder, and soon the birds began darting viciously at the snake. There was something ominous in this cry of fury that steadily grew in volume and intensity. The black destroyer had frequently killed young jays and the offense had gone unpunished, but now something very much like fear came over him and he slunk into the grass, feeling actually afraid for the first time in his life.



"HE COULD ONLY THRASH AND WRITHE IN PAIN."

As long as he faced them and struck at them, whenever they came too near, he had been comparatively safe, but now he had turned tail and was fleeing, it was different.

At the moment he showed the white feather, the whole angry horde fell upon him like furies. A half dozen darted down at once, picking at as many places in his wriggling black coils. He turned and struck, and his motions were so quick that the eye could hardly follow him. Two wounded jays fluttered down into the underbrush, but what cared the rest. The horde was aroused and nothing but blood would atone for the murder that the snake had done.

The black fury could not strike in a dozen places at once, and some of them were sure to wound him. Soon his skin had been broken in many places, and he was covered with blood, but none of his great strength was gone. A half dozen beaks tore at his tail, and he turned, writhing with pain, to strike at these tormentors. At the same instant, a jay struck him fairly in the right eye, and that organ lay out on his cheek and was useless. This was the beginning of the end, but his end was terrible, as was his desert. Never punishment fell from heaven upon the guilty more swiftly or surely. In a few seconds more his other eye was gone, and he could only strike blindly and thrash and writhe in convulsions of pain. Slowly and relentlessly they picked and tore at the writhing mass. In five minutes after the battle began, the snake's skin was stripped to ribbons, his entrails dragged upon the ground, and he was so torn and pecked that his own mate would not have known him. Thus was justice meted out, and the black destroyer went the way that he had sent so many helpless fledglings.

STAGE OF THE WOODS

BY

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

I SIT unnoticed in a woodland spot
And touch my golden lyre.
Its notes are plaintive with a world of sighs,
Or bright with rhythmic fire;
I sing a song, a happy winged song,
That echoes my desire.

Ah, what a perfect stage! no ears to hear
My voice lament, or troll,
Save those most friendly critics of the woods—
The blossoms on the knoll,
The trees, the purling stream, the flying birds,
And my attentive soul.

A TRIP TO CUERNAVACA

BY MARY E. SNYDER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

Mexico City, March, 1907.

MY DEAR FLO: In this I am going to tell you of my trip to Cuernavaca, considered here one of the most interesting places in this part of the Republic.

We rise early and are away before the business of the day begins. Half circling Mexico City, we view historical Chapultepec Castle, the summer home of President Diaz, from three sides, pass several of the quaint suburban towns, then traverse miles of maguey plantations. Let me explain here that the maguey, a member of the agava family, closely resembles the century plant, and the juice extracted from it is the pulque, an intoxicant drunk by men, women and children of the lower classes, much to their detriment.

The morning, like nearly all here, is perfect, and soon spread before us in the bright sunshine is a panorama of the whole Mexican basin, near the center of which the spires of the metropolis glisten, and forming a background for the sparkling waters of Lake Texcoco, are the snow crested "Popo" and "The White Woman," as the grand old peaks of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihautl are commonly called, standing guard, as it were, over the country for miles in every direction. A little later only a great bank of fleecy clouds marks the location of these mountains.

Up, up we toil until Cima (summit), 10,000 feet above sea level, is reached. As our starting point is considerably more than a mile up in the air (a little less than 7,500 feet above sea level) slightly more difficult respiration is the only effect we feel from our elevated position.

We make short stops at Julia, Olivar, Toro (bull), Tres Maria (three Marys), and other places bearing such euphonious appellations, which usually consist of a box car for a depot and a few straw or adobe huts, as residences. The whole population is at the train, one or more heavily armed Rurales (country police) pacing up and down, the Indian women with offerings of fruit, ensalades (a mixture of chopped vegetables, chile always being one of the important ingredients, wrapped in tortillas, turn-over style) and other edibles, with "pulque," served in little brown pottery pitchers, to drink. These venders are well patronized by the "Segunda Clase" passengers, as the Mexican seems always hungry, at least he never loses an opportunity to eat. Many of these articles of food have an appetizing appearance, but the women offering them are so disgustingly dirty that foreigners have little inclination to buy anything except fruit. At one station we secure some of the most delicious strawberries I have ever eaten.

Leaving Cima, we begin the descent, and drop down something like five thousand feet in twenty-five miles. We look down upon the clouds, then pass through them, and the view for most of the distance is very pretty. Away below us in the valley we see Cuernavaca, first on one side of the train, then on the other, as we gradually approach over our tortuous route.

At the station there is a scramble to secure one of the antiquated looking "coches," which convey those who do not care to patronize the mule trams to the town.

I have heard much of the beauties of this old Mexican town, but this is one rare instance where reality surpasses anticipation. All is so quiet, peaceful, primitive and quaint, as we pass through narrow, crooked streets, with low, tiled roofed, adobe buildings on either side, the colorings, which were no doubt harsh when new, having been reduced by time to such delicate blues, greens, creams and terra-cottas, all blending to produce a most mellow, harmonious effect. The setting seems so appropriate for the moving figures—the men with the usual white cotton suit, sandaled or bare feet, and immense sombrero, guiding a train of diminutive burros, which are nearly hidden beneath great panniers, bales of hay, sacks of charcoal, etc., or themselves balancing heavy loads on their heads; the women, sometimes in the cheap cotton skirt, sometimes in the more picturesque hand-made wool ones, consisting of one long strip of cloth drawn straight across the back, with deep plaits laid in the front, and the ever present rebosa, which serves not only as a head and shoulder wrap, but also for carrying the baby or great bundles of merchandise, often both together. The peon women may not be the bread winners, but they certainly contribute their share toward the family supply of tortillas.

After much jolting over the cobble-paved streets, wielding of whip and uttering of the peculiar whistle employed by native drivers, my sombreroed "cochero" deposits me at the hotel, where new surprises await me. Following a broad corridor, I find myself in one of the most beautiful patios I have ever seen, and that is saying much—there are so many beautiful ones in Mexico. Properly speaking, the corridor separates two patios, a fountain almost hidden by flowers and foliage playing in each, diffusing myriads of diamonds in the sunshine. A part of the building was commenced in the time of Cortes (about 1535), and happily the antique features have been preserved. The great hand-hewn timbers and massive masonry show few evidences of the spoils of time. Flowers are everywhere, set in quaint Mexican pots (jardiniers sounds altogether too modern), and an old stone image, a relic of pre-historic times, occupies a position near the entrance. From the roof garden, where are also plants in

1. A PORTION OF THE OLD BUILDINGS ON THE CORTES HACIENDA.
2. MAGUEY PLANT, FROM WHICH PULQUE IS OBTAINED.
3. FRANCISCAN CHURCH, SEVERAL CENTURIES OLD, IN THE SAME ENCLOSURE WITH CORTES CATHEDRAL. A NUMBER OF TOMBS EITHER SIDE OF ENTRANCE.

great profusion, a fine view of the city and surrounding country may be had.

But, attractive as this hotel is, I must not neglect other places of interest.

After lunch we ordered horses, and accompanied by an ex-member of the London Guards (I only quote his word for this, for his riding gave no evidence of the fact), we set forth. The Falls of San Anton hardly seem worth the climbing necessary to get a view of them, so we ride on, between rows of fruit laden trees, with here and there the red coffee berries showing among the green to the potteries. The pottery made here is among the prettiest in Mexico, but unfortunately for us, little of the work is done during the rainy season, and we did not see its manufacture. However, we see evidences of it about the little nuebla, composed of adobe huts set picturesquely among the trees, and we find many pretty pieces for sale in the town.

The next visit is to the "Victory Stone," a huge boulder with a flag design carved on one of its faces. I have been unable to learn anything definite about this, but it is supposed to be commemorative of some long passed battle.

In the evening, resting in the great easy chairs, with the electric stars gleaming out from among the foliage, we are regaled with good instrumental and vocal music by a native orchestra, and I feel that I am in a happy dream, my only care being the fear of waking.

In the morning we mount again and start out through the narrow, serpentine streets toward Atlaltemulco, a sugar hacienda founded by Cortes, and still owned by his descendents. Sugar was being manufactured here about a hundred years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and the same crude methods are employed to-day. The old buildings, forming a hollow square about a patio, look as though they might serve their present purpose for a thousand years to come.

4. A PART OF THE WALL SURROUNDING THE CORTES CATHEDRAL, SHOWING SEVERAL TOMBS.

5. A STREET IN CUERNAVACA, SHOWING THE CORTES PALACE ACROSS THE END.

6. A MEXICAN PATIO.

To reach this hacienda, we pass over the remains of one of the old stone paved roads, hundreds of miles of which were built during the Cortes regime, now practically impassable for any style of vehicle. It is to be hoped they were kept in better repair in those early days, otherwise El Sr. Don Cortes must have suffered some severe joltings.

Returning, we make a detour through more of the beautiful fruit-lined lanes to Acapacingo, the country home of Maximilian. A most picturesque little chapel stands near the entrance to the grounds, where fruit trees of various kinds, coffee, etc., grow in wild profusion, and what once served as the home of an Emperor is now devoted to the practical occupation of chicken raising. "Thus are the mighty fallen."

Cuernavaca boasts a number of old buildings, the most important of which are the Cortes Palace, now the State Capitol, and the Cortes Cathedral, which is the most imposing of the many churches of the place. I was shown through the former building by a genial old native, who pointed out with apparent pride portraits of many of Mexico's great men, and explained the use of each room, my knowledge of Spanish being sufficient to enable me to understand most of what he said. Much to my surprise, he refused a "propina," which is about as un-Mexican as anything I can imagine, but I have since learned that guides in the public buildings here are not allowed to accept gratuities.

A chapter should be devoted to the churches of Mexico, and I will leave them for a future letter. Many are several centuries old, quaint in architecture, outlines and colorings softened by age, and to me very beautiful. No Indian puebla is too diminutive to have its chapel, and many small towns possess church buildings that would grace a large city. Cuernavaca has her full quota of these interesting old structures.

A well kept plaza is found in every village, the larger places usually designat-

7. THE SIMPLE LIFE.

8. PORTION OF PATIO OF MORELOS HOTEL.

9. GENERAL VIEW OF CUERNAVACA CORTES CATHEDRAL AT THE LEFT.

ing their principal park as "Alameda." Besides a number of parks, the Borda Gardens, on which were spent $1,250,000 by a miner who had more money than he knew what to do with, constitute one of the principal attractions of Cuernavaca. They have been and still are beautiful, but show signs of neglect and decay. The "casa" just inside the entrance was occupied by Maximilian and Carlotta during their sojourn in this place.

An end there is to all things, and far too soon the time comes for my return to the city, but my visit to Cuernavaca will ever be one of my pleasantest memories.

In my next I shall tell you of another of my several little trips taken to various parts of the Republic.

Hasta luego,
MOLLIE.

OVER THE HILLS

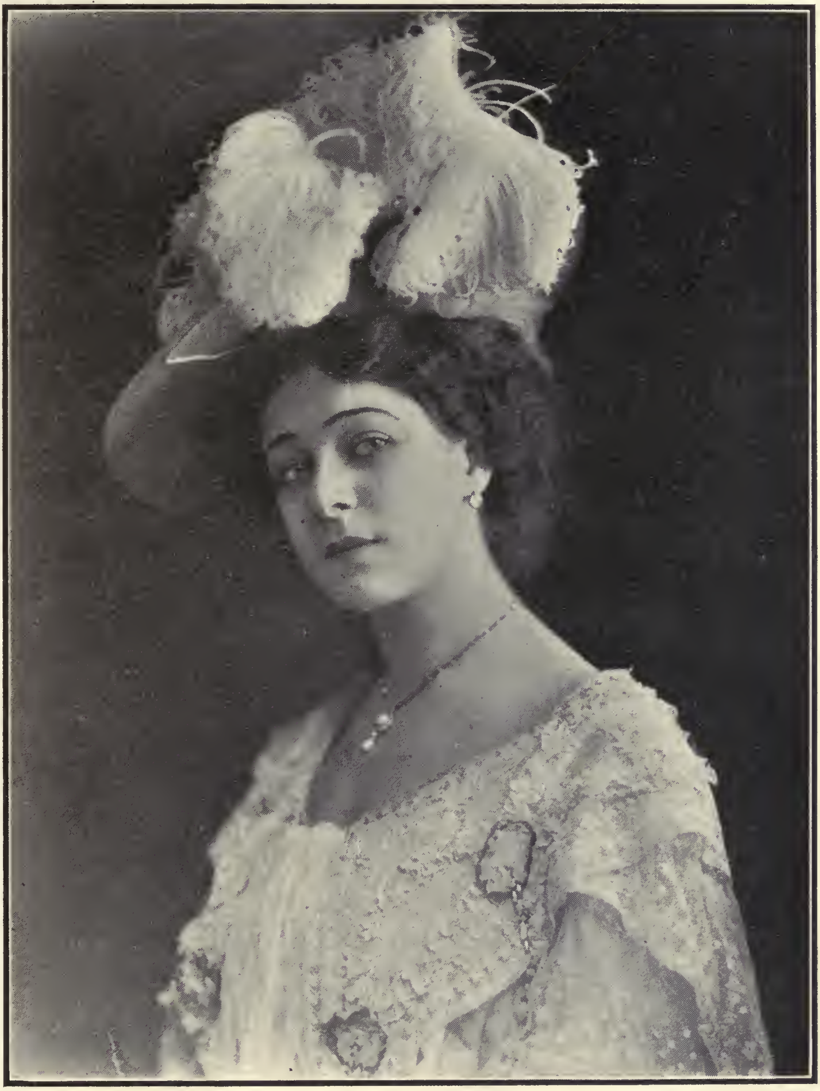
BY

HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

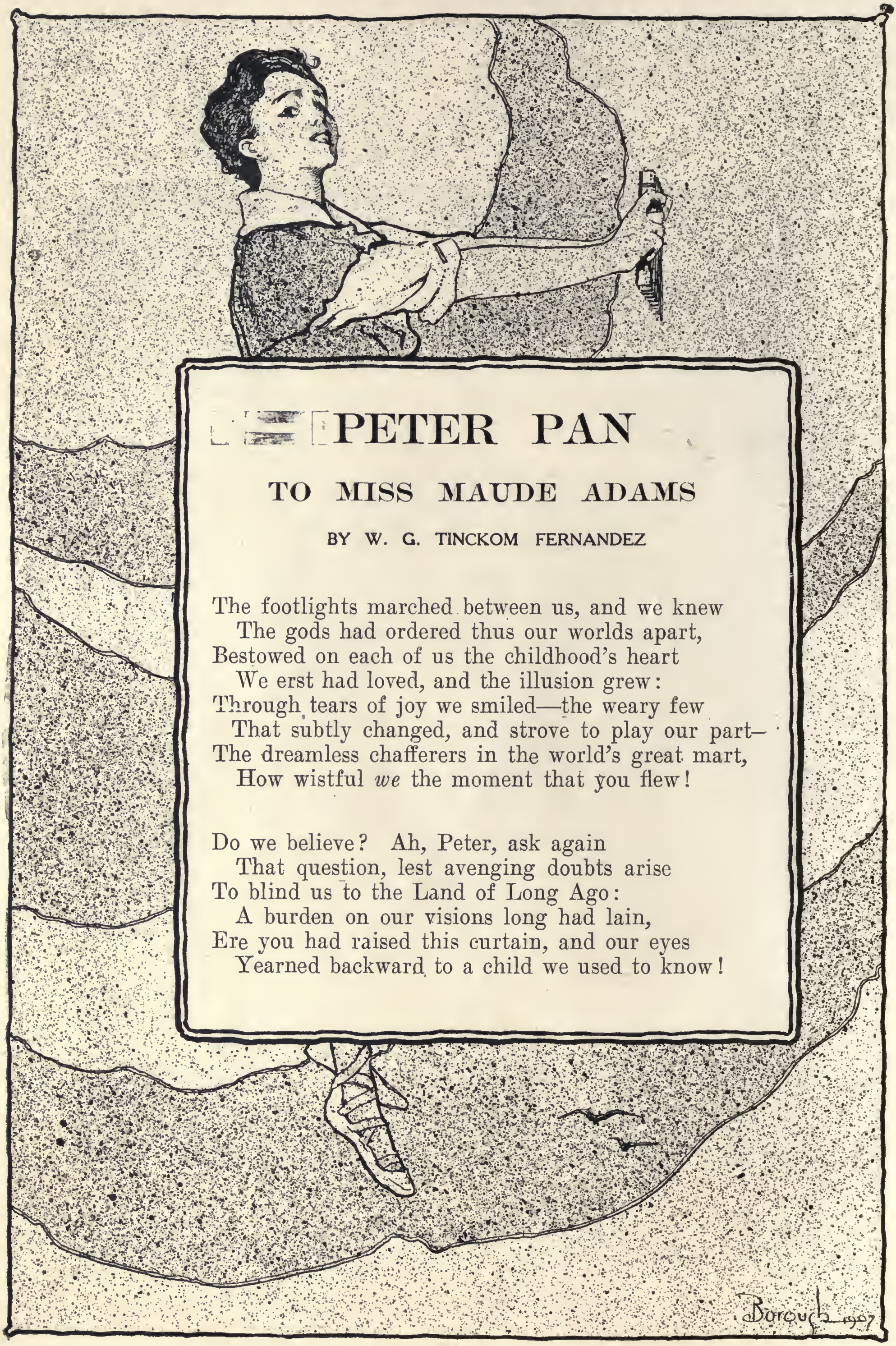
OVER the hills to meet the dawn,
Chasing the night, a frightened fawn,
Fleeing with star-gemmed hoofs away
From sunbeam darts of the huntress, Day!

Over the hills in the quiv'ring noon,
Where purple mountains fade and swoon,
The goddess, Summer, doth enfold,
The am'rous earth in cloak of gold.

Over the hills to greet the night!
With crescent bow, the black-veiled sprite,
Mounts the sky while the dying day
Doth ebb her crimson life away!



ALLA NAZIMOVA, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN ACTRESS WHO HAS MADE HER DEBUT IN ENGLISH IN SPECIAL MATINEES OF "HEDDA GABLER," UNDER DIRECTION OF HENRY MILLER, AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE, NEW YORK.



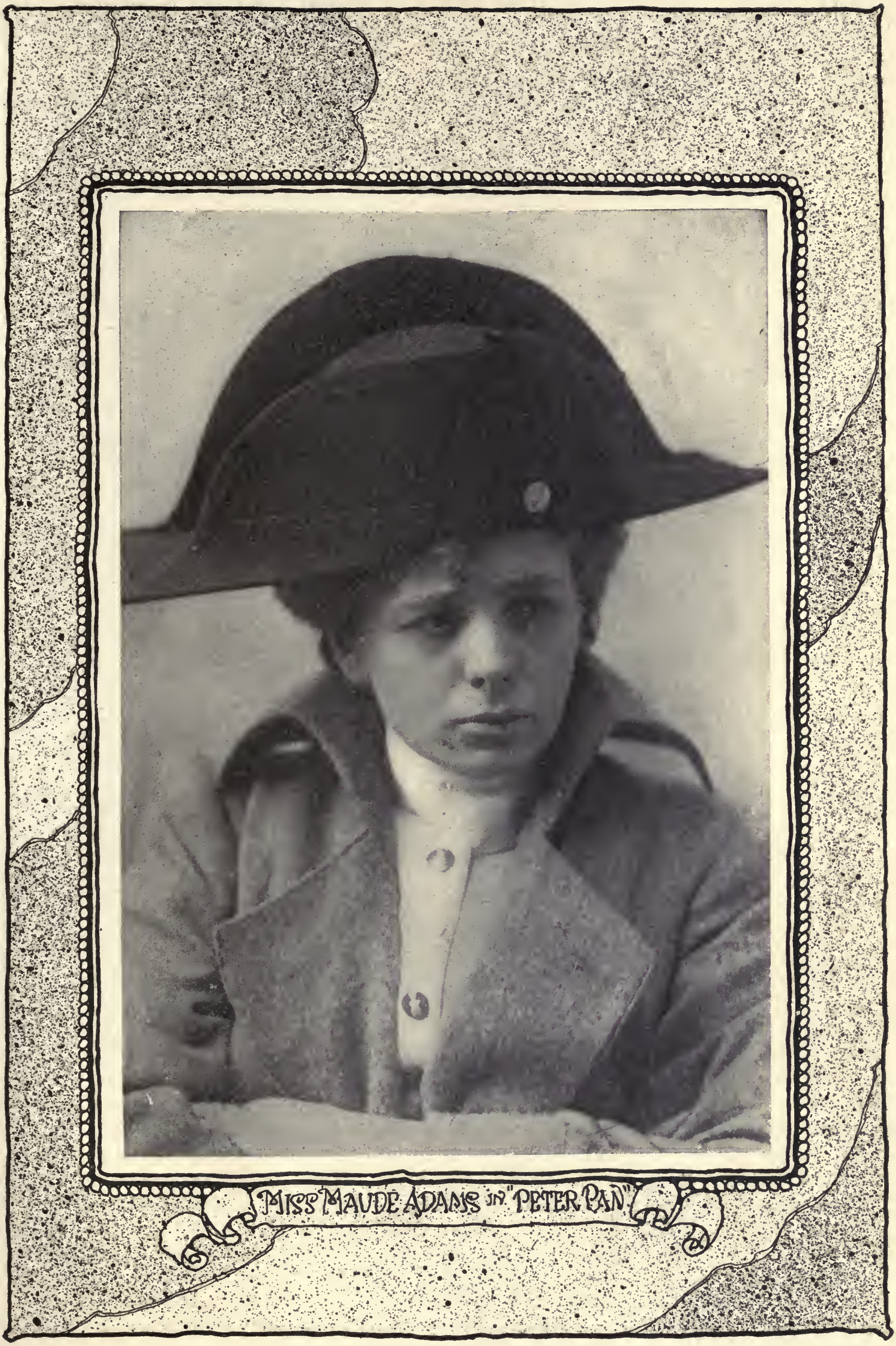
PETER PAN

TO MISS MAUDE ADAMS

BY W. G. TINCKOM FERNANDEZ

The footlights marched between us, and we knew
  The gods had ordered thus our worlds apart,
Bestowed on each of us the childhood's heart
  We erst had loved, and the illusion grew:
Through tears of joy we smiled—the weary few
  That subtly changed, and strove to play our part—
The dreamless chafferers in the world's great mart,
  How wistful *we* the moment that you flew!

Do we believe? Ah, Peter, ask again
  That question, lest avenging doubts arise
To blind us to the Land of Long Ago:
  A burden on our visions long had lain,
Ere you had raised this curtain, and our eyes
  Yearned backward to a child we used to know!



MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN "PETER PAN"

"PERSONALLY CONDUCTED"

BY W. GILMORE BEYMER

ILLUSTRATED BY R. E. SNODGRASS.

WHEN I ALLOWED myself to become "Personally Conducted" for a trip from Pennsylvania to California, I went home rejoicing at my usual stroke of economy.

The agent had been suave and convincing—well, why *shouldn't* I go in a tourist car? "Lots of the best people, the very best, I assure you, sir—— The cars, while not ostentatiously ornate," (how he rolled those words out, that agent, confound him), "are more than luxurious; upholstered in——" But probably you yourself have heard all that before.

When I told mother I had already begun to economize and had saved twenty dollars, she was proud of her boy, and told the minister's wife that she "just *knew* there were very few boys who would be so economical and sensible."

I didn't tell her what I had got with the money I had "saved," but it was a "pippin." It was my misfortune to be able to hold on to a dollar just so long as I can find nothing for which I can possibly spend it—understand, I say *misfortune,* not fault—some people are born to be extravagant, and in that respect I surely am twins.

Many sad experiences on my last journeys with penny ante in the smoker have taught me, well, not much; and the problem which confronted me was how to hang on to my money, with which I proposed opening a checking account at the bank as soon as I reached college.

To carry legal tender is, with me, to court trouble; it produces a feeling of flushness in the glow of which my wad lasts with the enduring permanency of a snowball in—June.

Together with my appreciation of the value of money is a knowledge of the ways of business that is the delight and amusement of all my friends. I laid the matter before my chum, who is a bank clerk.

"I'd take all but my necessary expenses in a 'Chase National,' if I were you, Bill," he said. Awfully sensible fellow, Ben is, and he can get more out of five dollars than any fellow I ever knew. Why, he generally gets enough to give him a headache that lasts him a week.

I hailed the proposition with joy; here was economy with a vengeance—I didn't even ask what a "Chase National" was, but put all my money into an iron-bound draft, reserving only twenty-five dollars cash for my meals while en route. I had certainly saved twenty-five dollars by having my money where I couldn't blow it; twenty plus twenty-five—forty-five dollars saved already, a fine beginning for my college year.

Shall I ever forget that ride to Chicago? Good Lord! Fourteen hours of it —and hot! It was this way:

I was to take the tourist car at Chicago, and I completely forgot to get my Pullman ticket from Pittsburg to Chicago.

Not until I had come through the gate, with only a few minutes to spare before train time, did I realize I was without a chair. "I can get one on the train," I thought. "Hope she isn't crowded."

The porter assured me there was plenty of room, and I comfortably settled myself in the smoking compartment to await the coming of the Pullman conductor.

We had traveled twenty-five miles when he came to me. I told him I had been too rushed to reserve a chair, and handed him my ticket.

He looked at me oddly, and said: "You can't get a chair on this ticket."

"Why can't I?" I asked in astonishment.

"It's a second-class tourist ticket from Pittsburg to San Francisco, isn't it? Second-class aren't honored in the Pullman."

"Great Scott, I hadn't thought of that. In vain I offered to pay the difference between Pittsburg and Chicago; I offered a bribe, and at that he got mad—small blame to him. I was rattled, or I would not have offered it, and told me quite roughly to go forward to the day coaches—he could do nothing for me.

The August morning was hot and stifling sultry; the day coach swarmed with babies; the air was heavy with the scent of oranges and bananas. I hate them both—when other people are eating them.

All the windows were open, and the dust and cinders swirled in in clouds.

I'm no squealer, so I won't give the details of that trip, but it was the longest I ever made in the same length of time, and I arrived in Chicago at 9 p. m., grimy, hot, stiff and savage.

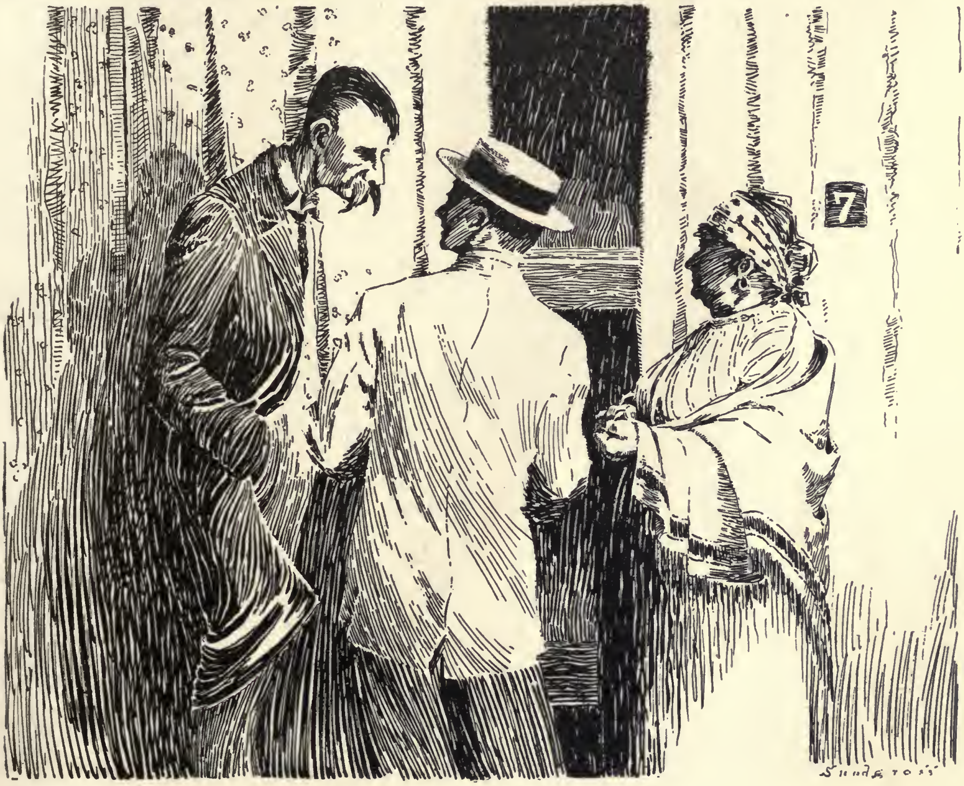
My train west left at 10:45, so I set out for State street, and the rest and refreshment I got there made a then unnoticed hole in my twenty-five.

Returned to the station at 10:15, and for a long quarter of an hour waited in a motley crowd for the gate to open. Finally it did open, and I boarded the tourist car in eager curiosity.

No subservient porter took my suit case at the steps, and I struggled in with it myself. This seemed rather odd, and I heartily cursed his negligence in being absent.

Then I saw a sight that filled me with wrath and dismay—three negroes, two women and a man, boarded the car just ahead of me. Suppose one of them got the upper berth of my section! I, a Southerner born and bred! The thought was intolerable, and I balked on the platform.

A huge, perspiring German, with a squalling baby on one arm and a great wicker basket on the other bumped into me and cried wrathfully: "Mein Gott! Vhy der donder you don't get der gar in!" I went slowly down the aisle. Ah, here was the porter at last—a new style—



"SIR AND MADAM," I BEGAN.

no, a Western porter, a Chinaman—and I wearily thrust my suit case into his hand with the brief order: "Lower seven. Make it up at once!"

For a moment the wondering Celestial looked at me—then he "savvied."

With a yell he dropped the suit case and jumped for me. I jumped, too, but not for him. With the help of a sunburned, flannel-shirted young man in the next section, who seemed much amused, I learned that my Mongolian porter was also a "Personally Conducted," and a very haughty one at that.

I found lower seven for myself and savagely flung my suit case in, when from down the aisle came a feminine voice, "You got-a ma bed! that's mine!" while a second voice, whisky-laden and ominously deep, growled from my left elbow, "That there's my bunk, young feller."

I turned and looked at my future section mate.

On my right stood a daughter of sunny Italy, short, fat and greasy, her head bound up in a bandana kerchief; on my left scowled a tall, dark-faced Westerner; a long black mustache drooping over a sullen mouth, seedy Prince Albert and a dirty "boiled" shirt—clearly a broken-down gambler.

"Sir and madam," I began—the confounded Chinaman had got on my nerves—"there is plainly a mistake; let's compare the tickets."

All three were for section seven. I did some tall thinking. It was a toss which one got the upper berth, Dago woman or gambler. I'm no quitter, but I know when I've had enough.

"There is certainly a mistake," I said. "I will go to the office and see if my ticket is right." I don't know how they fixed it between them. I never went back.

I had six minutes before the train left; there was a long line at the ticket window, but I stepped up to the window and began to talk very fast.

"Here, you! Can you do that?"

"Line up here!"

But I was busy, and the clerk was hearing language which made him turn a fiery red—he seemed a modest little man; the line gnashed its teeth and blasphemed.

At first the clerk refused to exchange my ticket for first-class, but I finally convinced him that it would not only be the courteous thing to do, but also politic for his future welfare; and as the porter lifted his stool onto the steps, I swung aboard a Standard with a sigh of such blissful content that the porter's kinky hair waved in the wind of it.

I suppose my exertions of the night before gave me an appetite; anyway, at breakfast I felt ravenous, and the bill showed it—one dollar fifteen cents.

I had my hand in my pocket and produced just four dollars and eighty-five cents. Then I remembered.

Twenty-five dollars less two-forty (refreshment in Chicago) less eighteen seventy-five (the price of solid comfort) left four dollars eighty-five cents. Four eighty-five minus one-fifteen left me just three seventy with which to supply my daily bread from Chicago to the Pacific.

Truly, I was learning a lesson in economy—the Alpha and Omega of which was "never try it again."

"The 'Chase National' would be just the thing for you, Bill; you simply can't spend it on the way." Oh, Lord! I repeated over and over the words of my business-like chum.

I went back to the Pullman, the allurements of which had proved my undoing. I gloomily compared myself to Esau and felt that Esau was a mere amateur at selling out; I had sold by mess of red-pottage for a starvation ride in a palace.

An idea struck me, and I hunted up the conductor.

"For how much is it?" he asked.

"Two hundred and fifty," I told him.

He shook his head. "I can't come near that," he said, regretfully—I had offered a fabulous discount.

"First call for the dining car!" Breakfast had been quite late, and doing without luncheon was no hardship. At dinner I ordered a bowl of chicken soup, which is very nourishing, I've been told. While I ate it, I figured that at that rate my three-forty would last for thirteen meals. I took hope.

Chicken soup may be very nourishing, but it is not filling. When I had finished I was simply ravenous.

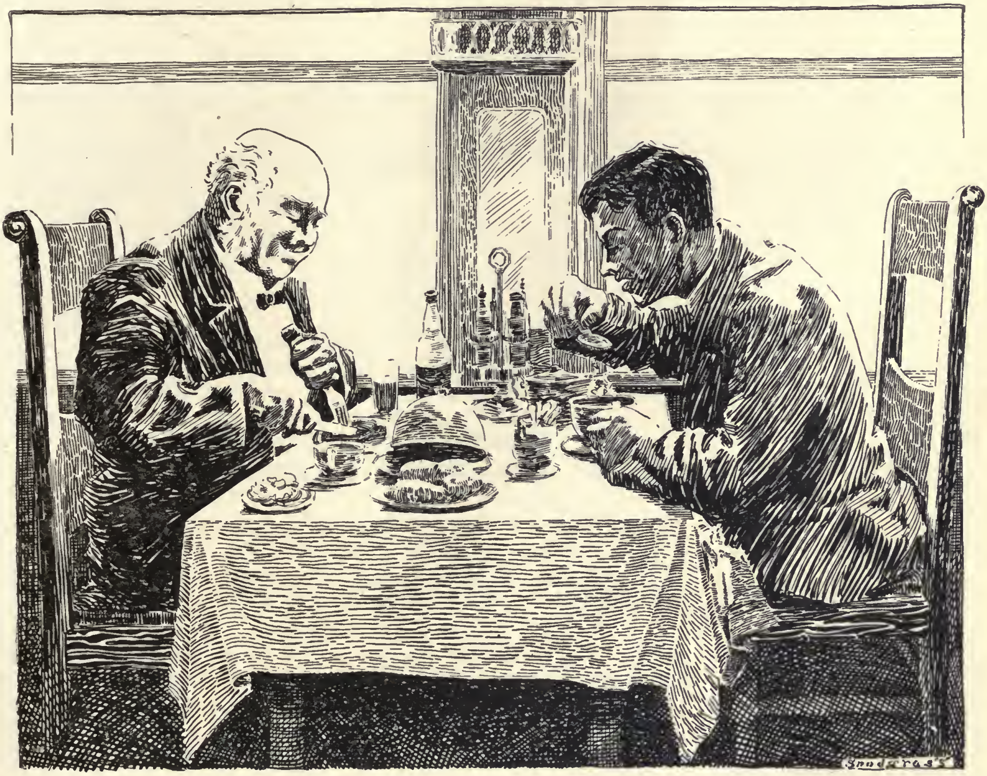
"If I must starve, it will be better to do it all at once and have it over with, rather than by slow degrees," I thought. My dinner that night cost me sixty cents.

As I rose from the table, my neighbor in the opposite seat—a fat, jovial old gentleman—remarked familiarly, blamed familiarly, I thought, on my poor appetite. "I never eat much on the train," I said. "Besides, I'm going West for my health. Colossal lies, both of them.

At each station where we were scheduled to stop more than three minutes, I would rush into the ticket office and tell my tale to the agent and show my Chase National. The result was always the same. "We don't in the least doubt your story, Mr.—ah—Burton, or that this draft is a good one, but we have no means of identifying you, and—well, business is business."

At Omaha the agent was a kindly man; he hoped it was not so bad as all that, and that I wouldn't really starve. I showed him my ninety cents.

"Your watch?" he suggested tentatively. A ray of hope. "My nearest uncle—how far?"



"I ORDERED A BOWL OF CHICKEN SOUP."

"About four blocks."

"I can't do it," I wailed. "My train leaves in three minutes," and I gloomily boarded the car.

At Denver, where we should have made close connections with the Rio Grande, I found to my unutterable joy that we had missed connections, and the next train would not leave for three hours.

With grim determination I took a car for the main office of the company which had sold me my tourist ticket. (I had spent my last nickel for carfare.)

I sent in my card marked "imperative" to the head passenger agent, and after waiting in a big, soft arm-chair for a few moments I was shown into his office.

He seemed surprised to see me, and seemed more surprised as I vehemently poured out my tale of "steerage passengers," "misrepresentation" and "immigrants."

"I never knew our road to carry such a class of tourists as you describe—never knew it to happen before," he said, rather tartly.

I assured him I didn't doubt it had never happened before, or that it would never happen again—to me.

Then, after a mile or two of red tape, which included the reading of all my private correspondence for "purposes of identification." (Three letters in the same handwriting, I considered sacred, but dared not protest. He read them with an expression of lively interest. "They're very nice," he said, as he laid them down.) I got my money. And never before did two hundred and fifty dollars bring with it such relief. "Where is the best hotel?" I asked at leaving.

The waiter took my order with approval—here was a man who could appreciate good living and would probably tip well.

"And waiter," I said, as I slipped half a dollar into his hand, "perhaps you'd better bring me two of everything."

REFLECTIONS

EDITORIAL COMMENT

BY DENISON HALLEY CLIFT

FORTY YEARS ago in July the first number of the *Overland Monthly* made its appearance in San Francisco to chronicle in artistic form the early life and achievements of the pioneers in this far-flung land by the Western sea. It was well for the *Overland* that the man who guided the magazine through its first years of difficulties was an artist by nature, who looked through sympathetic eyes into the hearts of that rugged fragment of civilization that had crept over the Alleghanies and across the wild plains of the Middle West, as the American frontier was forced westward. Bret Harte, in this historic first number, wrote thus of the magazine that was to reflect more truly than any other the life of the West: "Why is this magazine called the *Overland Monthly*? . . . Where our people travel, there is the highway of our thoughts. Will our trains be freighted only with merchandise, and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle, inflowing current of Eastern refinement, and shall we not by the same channel throw into Eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the name of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The early pioneer life has passed away, but the Broad Highway remains, and the

Overland to-day goes out upon this Highway as the truest exponent of the West. Other magazines have come and gone, but the *Overland* has remained. It exists for its own sake. No mercenary corporations own its columns, nor control its policy. It has but one aim: that which Bret Harte gave it. The pages of the *Overland* reflect the West, with its rugged strength, its cosmopolitan atmosphere, its breezy genius, its vigorous, healthy philosophy. That is the secret of its wide-spread success. That is why it has been able to pass through vicissitudes and reactions, and emerge unscathed in ambition. There is something of the pioneers infused into the make-up of this California magazine, something big and vital and invincible, something distinctly Western, and which no other nation on earth can produce. It is the Spirit of the New West.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST.

All through its eventful forty years, the *Overland* has been in close touch with the people who have moulded the liberal atmosphere in which we Californians live In the year that the *Overland* was founded occurred the great earthquake of that time. From 1868 to 1906 is a wide span, for those years were not the fast-flying years of the present generation. In the great temblor and fire of April 18th the offices of the *Overland* were completely wiped out. Editorial rooms, composing rooms, press rooms—everything was swept away, and nothing remained to mark the material effects of the publication but a heap of twisted iron and smoking ashes. But the Spirit of the *Overland* remained, vigorous in the hour of darkness, and after a brief period the Earthquake Edition appeared, the first regular number of a San Francisco magazine to continue publication. Mr. Pierre N. Beringer, of the San Francisco *News Letter,* wrote the graphic story of the great disaster, and so urgent was the call for copies that a second edition was immediately run off the new presses, and exhausted. Thus out of the greatest catastrophe of the century, the *Overland* arose upon its ashes to tell the story of calamity and new ambition to the eager, waiting world.

FAMOUS CONTRIBUTORS.

With such energy and enthusiasm behind it, no magazine could help but stand foremost for forty years. Out upon the Broad Highway has poured our civilization to inspire fresh ideas and happy optimism at the other end of the world. The *Overland* is representative of our people. It records their life and their achievements. I said it was well for the *Overland* that Bret Harte was the first editor. He saw the life of that day, and immortalized it in the exquisite gems that he gave us, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and "The Heathen Chinee." These tales of the Far West went out upon the Broad Highway and took the East by storm. The days of Bret Harte passed, the *Overland,* so auspiciously started, thrived in the hands of Rounseville Wildman and Howard Bridge. In these latter days, a story, "To the Man on Trail," came into the editorial sanctum. It was a remarkable story of the Alaska gold fields, reveling in the crude strength of the great North. The story was written by Jack London, who has since become famous. The first stories of that brilliant but impetuous Western writer, Frank Norris, appeared in the *Overland*. They were crude as to form and construction, but they possessed the promise of that bigness and heroic element that we got afterwards in "Moran of the Lady Letty" and "McTeague." So, too, others have come: James Hopper, Herbert Bashford, Edward W. Townsend and Wallace Irwin.

THE WORLD OF ROMANCE.

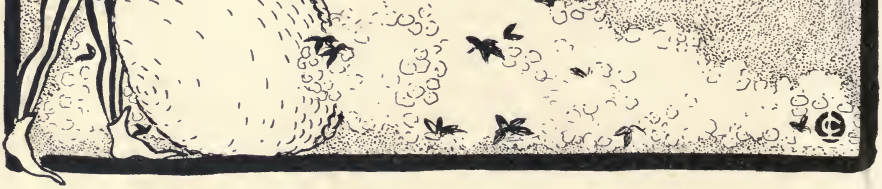
The first productions of these men found their place in the *Overland Monthly*. They dealt with the life of this new country in a fresh and interesting manner, and their work found acceptance everywhere. A people's literature begins when their life and achievements come to be worthy of artistic treatment. There was and is something about the atmosphere of this far West that savors of pure romance and thrilling adventure. Frank Norris felt keenly the big element of the West. " . . . the day was young," he writes in "Blix," "the country was young, and the civilization to which they belonged—teeming there upon the green, Western fringe of the continent was young and heady and tumultuous with the boisterous red blood of a new race." This perhaps accounts for the popularity of the so-called "Western story." There is romance out here by the great, tumbling Pacific, and a spirit of youthful recklessness that breathes forth adventure. And adventure always pleases and thrills. As the *Overland* has always recorded the changing eras of our State, so now, beginning with this issue we will give especial attention to this phase of Western civilization, and our articles will show the phases of the West in vivid pictures and our fiction portray the types and scenes that make the literature of the Pacific unique among the literatures of the world.

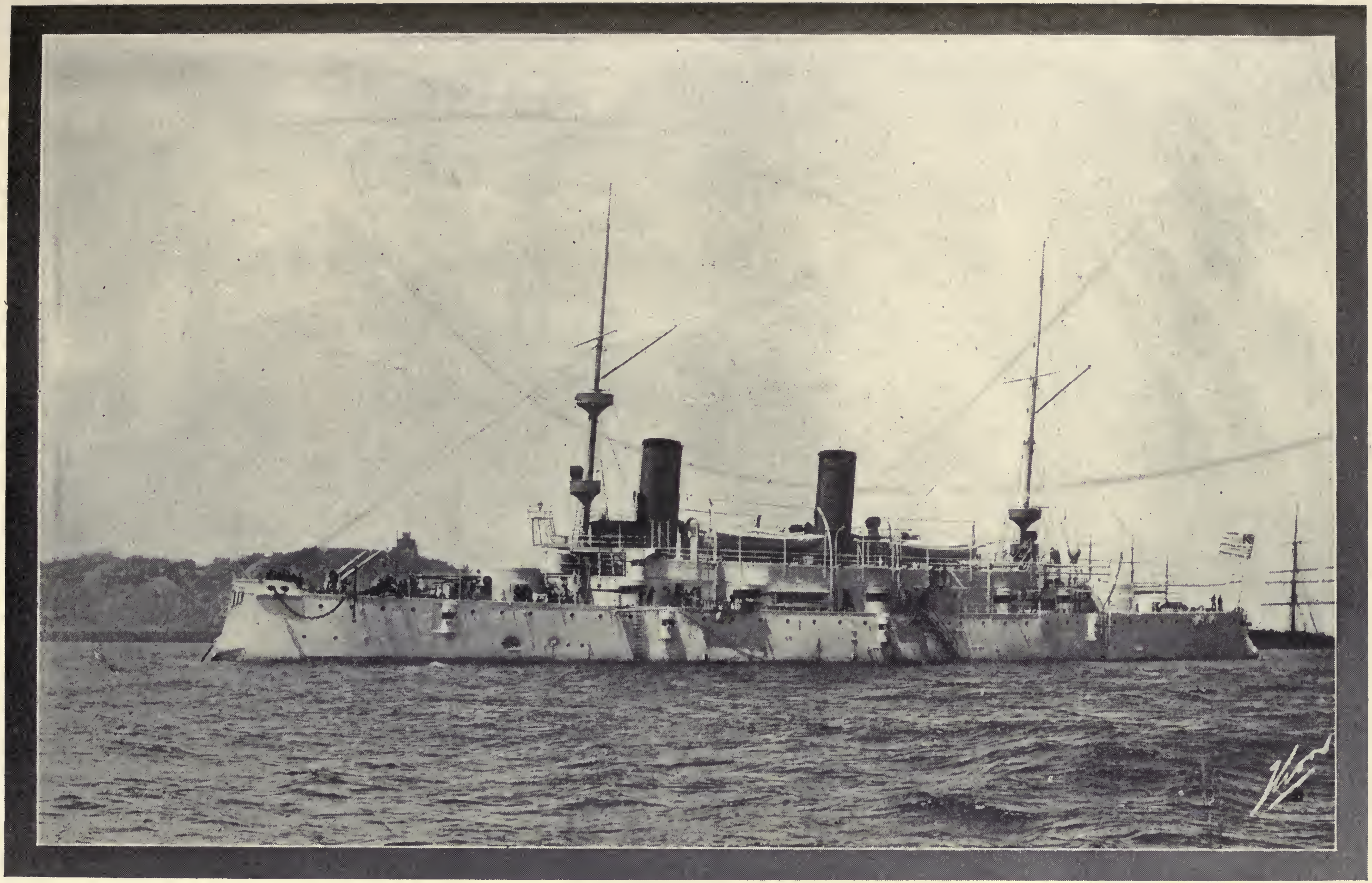
THE NEW CITY.

Our leading article this month, "The Confessions of a Stenographer," written by the man who has, perhaps, the clearest insight into our past bad Government, is worthy of some attention. We print the article because it gives some facts in a strong, unbiased manner. The conditions attending the graft in San Francisco is apt (as the earthquake was) to be misrepsented abroad. That San Francisco's Government has not been the cleanest, every one knows. But we are not the worst city in the world, and we are now struggling to install ourselves once more among the good municipalities of the nation. The growth of San Francisco during the past year has been little short of marvelous. Everywhere the ruins are disappearing, and in their place are springing up frame residences and giant steel structures of re-inforced concrete. Our industries, too, are increasing and thriving. In the near future the *Overland* will publish a series of articles dealing with California industries that will be of interest to the whole country. The first will treat of the Union Iron Works.

OUR COVER DESIGN.

Our new cover is the work of a California artist, Mr. Randal William Borough. Mr. Borough has been able to catch the spirit of California scenery, the great mountains, and the sunny hills covered with scrub oak and chaparral. The first cover of the magazine represented a grizzly bear crossing the track of the railroad and looking up as he saw the engine approaching, representative of the new civilization. Curiously enough, Bret Harte predicted that in fifty years the grizzly would be extinct. Ten years remain in favor of the first editor. Meanwhile the *Overland* will retain the bear as its trademark, and will continue to reflect the strong, rugged young life of California, and the labors of the great gray city of the Pacific as it builds for itself a new metropolis at the edge of the World of Romance.





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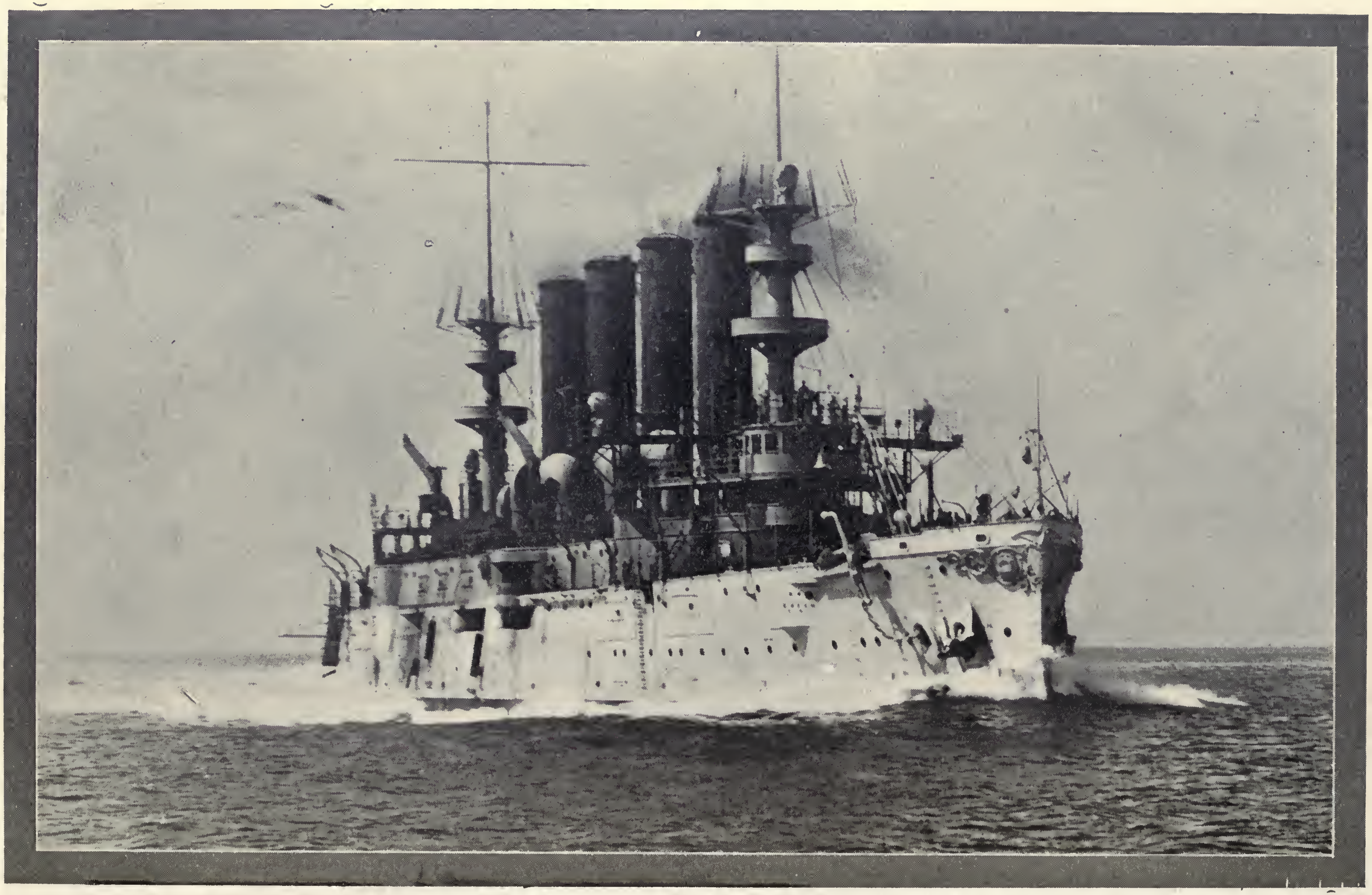

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SEP 10 1907

Overland Monthly

No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1907 Vol. L

BATTLESHIP OHIO.

DEFENDING THE PACIFIC COAST

AN EXPLANATION FOR THE GREAT MILITARY AND NAVAL MANEUVRES IN THE WEST

BY

ARTHUR H. DUTTON

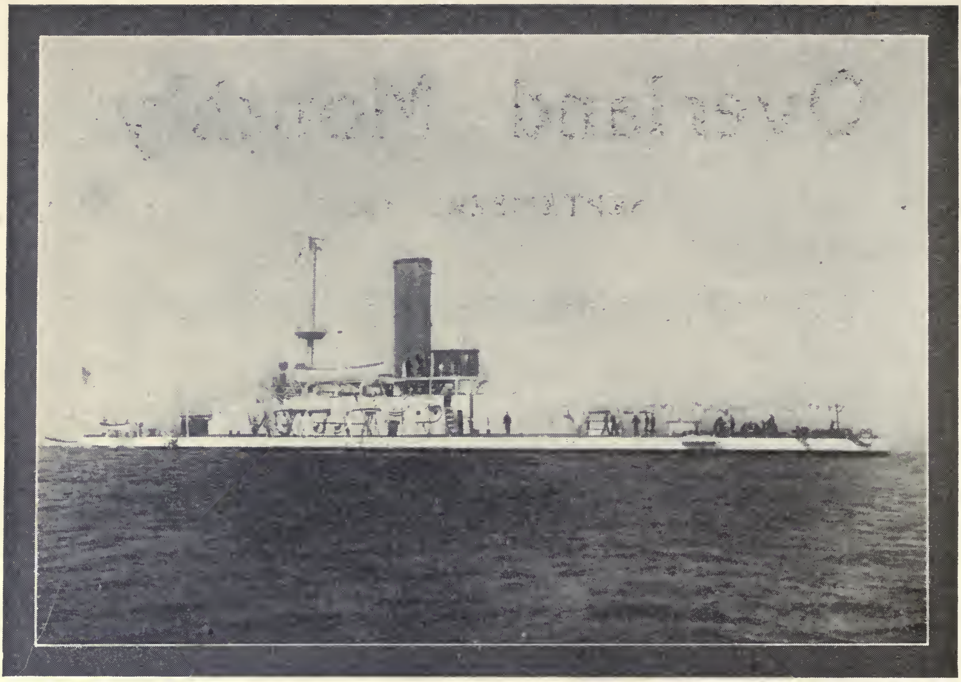
Late Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

STRANGELY enough, the misnamed Pacific Ocean is now the scene of the greatest military activities in the world. Far from being pacific, this ocean promises to become the scene of the world's greatest struggles of the future, just as the Mediterranean sea was their scene in the past.

The immediate cause for this is the long-predicted awakening of the Orient from its lethargy of centuries. This awakening has already commenced with Japan which, within two generations, has taken her place among the great powers. China will follow next, and when that leviathan reaches the stage of progress reached by Japan, events passing the power of the imagination to conceive will take place.

That the Pacific Ocean is destined to play the leading part in the coming great wars is fully appreciated by the United States, which will naturally be the first to feel the awakening. The Navy Department at Washington has long foreseen the imperative need for strengthening our



MONITOR MONTEREY.

Pacific fleet, and exactly a year ago it was well known that a force of battleships was about to be sent to this coast. Then came the Japanese school incident, and it was deemed impolitic to reinforce the Pacific fleet until that incident was closed. Now, a sufficient time after the settling of the school incident, it is officially announced that the main battleship fleet of the Atlantic, together with an armored cruiser division, with numerous smaller auxiliary vessels, will reach the Pacific Ocean this winter. This will at once give the United States the vitally important military command of the Pacific Ocean, for no nation in the world save Great Britain can muster a fleet sufficiently powerful to defeat this Atlantic fleet, which is composed of the flower of our navy, as regards both *material* and *personnel*.

The Atlantic battleship fleet which will come to the Pacific is composed of the modern, up-to-date battleships Connecticut, Louisiana, Maine, Missouri, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia, Alabama, Illinois, Kearsarge, Kentucky, Ohio, Minnesota, Kansas and Vermont, to which will be added the Nebraska and the Wisconsin, already in Puget Sound, making a fleet of eighteen first-class, modern battleships, in excellent condition.

Already in the Pacific, in Oriental waters, are the fine armored cruisers West Virginia, Colorado, Maryland and Pennsylvania. Their two sister ships, the California and the South Dakota, are now on this coast, and the still more powerful Washington and Tennessee are on their way from the Atlantic to join them, making eight powerful armored cruisers to add to the eighteen battleships. Of course, there are already in the Pacific several protected cruisers, gunboats and other lesser craft, but still more will accompany the battleship fleet hither.

This concourse of warships will of itself be more powerful than the entire Japanese navy, which is the navy in the Pacific which has a fleet of any strength. In a word, with the arrival of the Atlantic battleship fleet in the Pacific Ocean, that great body of water will be dominated by the United States, for as every tyro knows, command of the sea is the key to success in war between maritime nations.

Even with this great movement of war

vessels from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the former will not be left unguarded. There will still remain the new Mississippi and Idaho, the old Iowa, Massachusetts and Indiana, on the Atlantic station. But what is of greater importance, new battleships of greater and greater power, are being steadily turned out from Eastern shipyards, to be added as completed to the Atlantic fleet, which, in addition to the five relatively weak battleships already named, will have, within a year, the great Michigan, South Carolina and New Hampshire, and within three years, the three monster 20,000 ton vessels of the new Constitution class, which will be even more powerful than the much-vaunted British Dreadnaught and the Japanese Satsuma and Aki. More armored cruisers are also being constructed in the East.

The Atlantic fleet, which will soon become the Pacific fleet, has been undergoing severe and unremitting drills, manoeuvres and target practice for many months, until it is now in the highest state of efficiency. The marksmanship of the American navy is better than that of any other nation of the world, some of the record shooting being little less than marvelous.

Taken altogether, the new disposition of the ships of the American Navy means security for the Pacific Coast from attack by any nation. An important point, which seems to have been missed by most writers on the subject is that the presence of a powerful fleet in the Pacific will insure the retention of our outlying coaling and repair stations, such as those in Hawaii and the Philippines. If any of these were threatened, the fleet could be despatched to them to drive off the attacking ships. Even if they should fall before a sudden onslaught, they would not remain long in the enemy's hands, for we could retake them in a short time. However, these depots are now being fortified so that they would probably be able to stand off an attacking fleet until the arrival of our own.

It must be admitted that in torpedo vessels, the United States is inferior to Japan. In the Japanese Navy there are 54 destroyers, 79 torpedo boats and five submarines, while the American navy possesses but sixteen destroyers, 33 torpedo boats and 12 submarines. All of the

MONITOR WYOMING

Japanese torpedo fleet are in the Pacific Ocean, where the United States navy has but eight destroyers, four torpedo boats and two submarines.

Still, it must be borne in mind that the experiences of the Spanish-American war and of the Russo-Japanese war prove conclusively that the torpedo boat is a much over-rated weapon. They are of great value for certain things, such as reconnoitering, making sudden dashes under cover of fog or darkness, and for giving the coup-de-grace to large vessels already disabled by gun fire. They are but auxiliary to the larger ships, just as light cruisers, gunboats, colliers and repair ships are auxiliary to them. The battleships and big cruisers are the mainstays and backbone of a navy. Our inferiority in torpedo craft is far more than compensated for by our superiority in all other classes of vessels. Japan's whole navy, now afloat, comprises but 17 battleships, many of which are old, such as some of those captured from Russia and refitted; 34 large armored or protected cruisers, not one of which is the equal of any of the eight American armored cruisers now destined for the Pacific fleet; a few small cruisers and gunboats and the torpedo fleet mentioned.

The United States Pacific fleet alone, when the vessels ordered here arrive, will consist of the following:

Battleships (18)—Connecticut, Kansas, Louisiana, Vermont, Virginia, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Alabama, Illinois, Kentucky, Kearsarge, Ohio, Maine, Missouri, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska.

Armored cruisers (8)—West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Colorado, California, South Dakota, Washington, Tennessee.

First class protected cruisers (3)—Charleston, Milwaukee, St. Louis.

Second class protected cruisers (9)—Chattanooga, Cincinnati, Galveston, Raleigh, Denver, Cleveland, Chicago, Albany, New Orleans.

Gunboats, sea-going (3)—Princeton, Helena, Wilmington.

Armored coast defense vessels (3)—Monterey, Monadnock, Wyoming.

The battleship Oregon is now undergoing an extensive overhauling, and within

GUARD MOUNT AND INSPECTION AT THE PRESIDIO.

PRACTICE WITH MOUNTAIN HOWITZERS

a year will be added to the Pacific fleet, making nineteen first class battleships in all. Excluding the Oregon, however, it will be seen at once that before the end of this year, the Pacific fleet will consist of 29 armored vessels, most of them heavy, modern, powerful battleships and armored cruisers, the entire fleet, exclusive of torpedo and other auxiliary craft, numbering 44 sea-going fighting ships.

That the total battery power of this great fleet is enormous may be realized when it is considered that the fleet carries 74 12-inch guns, 12 10-inch, 118 8-inch, and several hundred guns of lesser calibre. The weight of metal that the combined fleet can throw is a matter for the imagination to attack.

So much for the naval factor of the defense of the Pacific Coast.

As for the army factor, it is comforting to know that San Francisco is, with the exception of New York, the most strongly fortified city in the country. Its batteries are ample, well placed and heavily armed. and its harbor is divided into fields, which can be strewn with submarine mines at two days' notice. At the Presidio, Fort Miley, Fort Baker and Point Bonita, guns of the heaviest calibre—12-inch—are mounted on disappearing carriages; 12-inch mortars are placed at several places in pits, where they cannot be reached by an enemy's shot, however powerful; 8 inch and 5-inch rapid-fire guns are mounted in advantageous places for engaging at close range, and an admirable system of range finding and fire control has been installed. Puget Sound is also thoroughly fortified, its narrow waters being fringed with batteries carrying guns of high power. Forts Flagler, Worden, Columbia and Casey are strong strategic positions, well armed. At the entrance to the Columbia river is Fort Stevens, up-to-date and well armed, but it is thought that other batteries might with advantage be placed at this important entrance. San Diego is defended by Fort Rosecrans, and with this the list of Pacific Coast ports which are provided with fortifications ends. Puget Sound, Portland, San Francisco and San Diego are the only ports on the coast which can stand an enemy off until the arrival of a relieving fleet. An enemy, in the absence of a fleet, can land anywhere on the Pacific Coast he likes, except at the places named, provided, of course, that our navy permits him to reach our shores.

At the principal ports along the coast plans have been perfected for the speedy laying of submarine mines, the great efficacy of which was so well demonstrated during the Russo-Japanese war. Hundreds of mines are stored away in secure places, and there are torpedo companies included in the coast artillery, composed of men specially trained in the handling of mines.

One manifest weakness of our coast defense, particularly on the Pacific Coast, is the scarcity of trained artillerymen. Modern ordnance is complicated, and requires expert artisans and mechanicians not only for its use but for its preservation in a high state of efficiency. Although the artillery corps was increased by Congress at its last session, the increase was still far below the needs of the service. Even with the increase, the coast fortifications are barely manned when every company is called out. In time of war, when reliefs must be furnished for the guns, there would be no reserve upon which to call.

It was due to an appreciation of this fact that the War Department has called upon the National Guard to act as a reserve for the coast defenses. For several years, in the East, the experiment has been found successful, and within the last two months the National Guardsmen of California have been mobilized at the fortifications of San Francisco and at San Diego, where they have received instruction in the handling of the artillery, large and small, at the various batteries.

The Second, Fifth and Seventh regiments of infantry of the California National Guard, were called out and for over two weeks had practical exercises with modern ordnance. The zeal and proficiency they displayed won for them the highest praise from the regular officers and men, who were pleased to find that such good material existed for them to call upon should hostilities occur. Day after day, the militiamen participated in all the acts that would be performed should an attack be made upon San Francisco. There were simulations of attacks from seaward, both by day and by night, during which the heavy guns were brought into play, and the mortar batteries discharged at proper times.

These mortar batteries are among the most interesting details of the coast de-

MACHINE GUNS IN ACTION.

fenses. They are in pits, and are used for high angle fire. No shot can strike them, for they are far below the surface of the hillocks in which they are placed. So remarkable is their accuracy and so refined the delicate instruments used in aiming them, that the great 12-inch shells they discharge can be dropped with precision in any chosen spot. There are usually four mortars in each battery, all of which may be discharged simultaneously, and it means disaster for any vessel to receive one of these deadly projectiles, falling from skyward, upon unarmored deck and plunging down into the vitals below.

OFFICER DIRECTING MOVEMENTS THROUGH FIELD TELEPHONE.

The harbor and its approaches are divided into a large number of rectangles, each of which is numbered and its exact distance and bearing known to the officers in charge of the mortar batteries. When a ship is seen entering, say, rectangle 365, that number is telephoned to the mortar batteries commanding the rectangle, and the mortars are quickly aimed so as to fall upon that spot, which they may be depended upon to do.

Throughout the coast defense, there is an elaborate system of inter-communication between the various batteries, range-finders and other important points. By means of telephones and visual signaling, the commanding officer is in constant touch with all of his subordinates, and with every gun in the defenses. Fire-control, which does not mean suppression of conflagration, but control of the firing from the guns, has been elaborated until now the entire method of fire is actually under the thumb of the commanding officer. There is no firing at will unless he so desires it.

Recently it has been decided to enlarge the Benicia arsenal, with a view of carrying on there the manufacture of ammunition and other military supplies on a larger scale than ever before. This arsenal, on account of its central and convenient location, will then be the main ammunition depot of the Pacific Coast.

VISUAL SIGNALING—"WIG-WAG" SYSTEM.

FIELD ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH.

At the present time, there are stationed in the States of Washington, Oregon and California, twenty-seven companies of coast artillery, of which one is a torpedo company; three batteries of light artillery; two batteries of mountain artillery; one company of the hospital corps; one company of the signal corps; ten troops of cavalry, and four regiments of infantry. There are also two battalions of infantry in Alaska and one in Hawaii.

This represents a total of about 11,000 regular troops now stationed on the Pacific Coast. In time of war, this number would have to be increased to 100,000 at once, for defensive purposes alone; to man the permanent fortifications and to have an army to repel an invasion until the navy could arrive to defeat it.

It is almost impossible, however, to imagine any serious attempt being made to attack any Pacific Coast town, unless by a sudden raid, which might do damage, but would not last long enough to work any permanent injury to the coast. The arrival of the great Atlantic fleet of battleships insures that no formidable expedition can reach our shores in a short time, if at all.

There is, too, that great factor of warfare, wealth, on our side of the Pacific Ocean. Money is needed in vast quantities in war, and no nation has quite as much wealth, actual and potential, as the United States. The only hope that another nation could have in the way of recouping its treasury would be by securing a great indemnity from the United States, but that would mean defeat for this country. Defeat can only come if we neglect our navy and permit it to fall into inefficiency. As long as we have a strong, alert, efficient navy, we can retain the command of the Pacific Ocean, and having this command, we can regard any warlike demonstrations in the Pacific with composure.

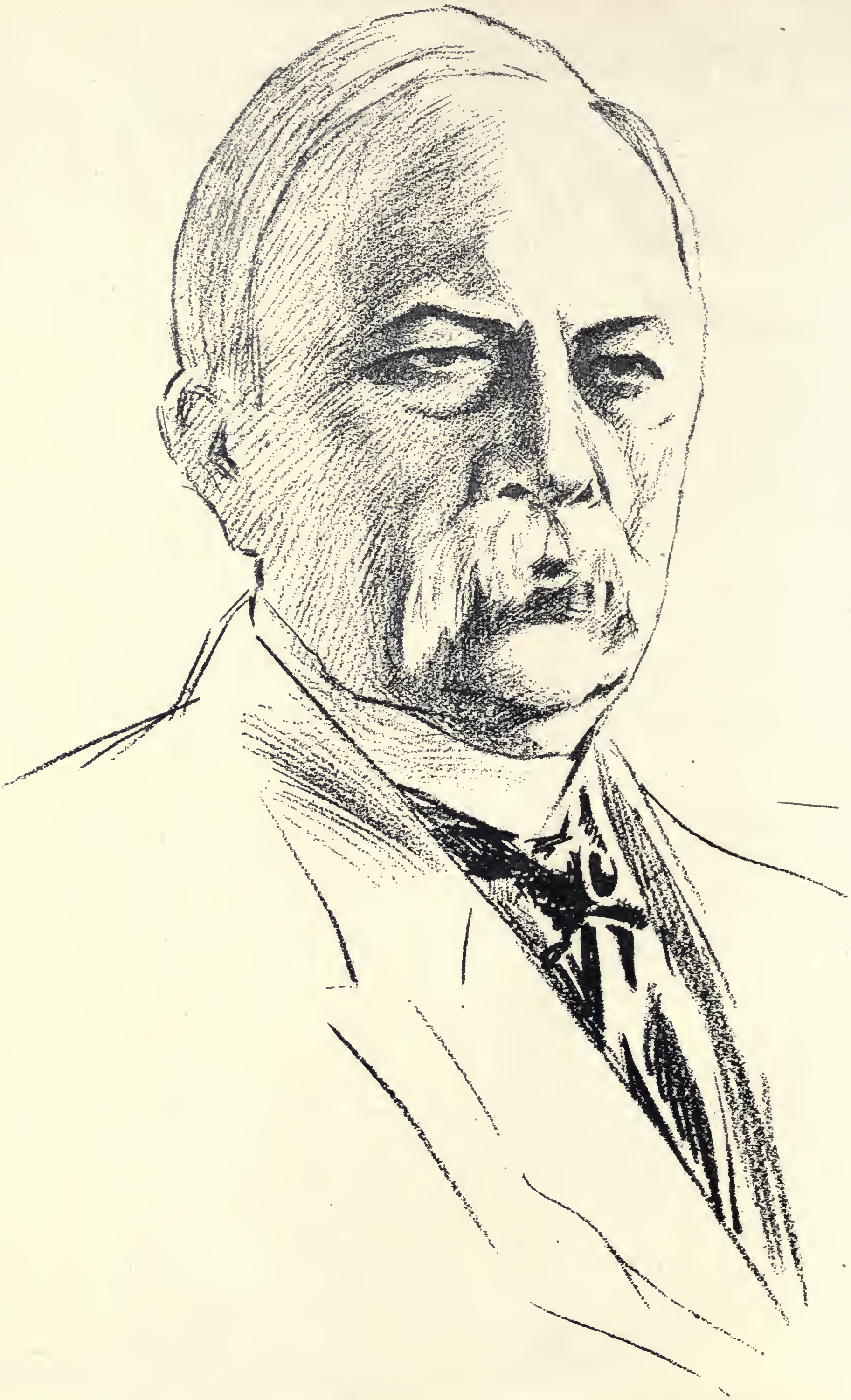
It is another important and fortunate fact for the United States that we are self-reliant in every military sense. We do not have to go abroad for ships, guns, food or money. Every kind of arm and munition of war is found right in this country. We have our own shipyards, our own armor factories, our own gun foundries, our own ammunition depots. We can build the largest ships and guns and do not have to go abroad to float our public loans. Our own people quickly snap up our war bonds.

Doubtless there will be great wars waged on the waters of the Pacific Ocean in the future, with the great changes brought by the awakening of the Orient and the competition between Occidental nations for the Orient's trade. Doubtless, the United States will take a hand in some of these great conflicts but by maintaining our naval supremacy the conflicts will be fewer and shorter, and above all, it is not probable that the severe fighting will be on our own coast. It will take place farther West.

MY PLACE

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS

I watch the sunshine on the distant fields,
I feel the glory of a moonlit sky,
And know by vague desire which through me steals
That not a cause, but pensioner am I.



HON. JOS. B. FORAKER, UNITED STATES SENATOR OF OHIO.

Drawn by R. W. Borough.

HIGH POLITICS IN OHIO

BY

WASHINGTON DAVIS

Author of "Camp-Fire Chats of the Civil War," "The Syndic," and
Literary Associate of Hubert Howe Bancroft.

DRAWING BY R. W. BOROUGH.

IT'S GETTING warm in Ohio politics.

California's view of the Foraker-Taft fight there may be expressed in a few blunt words, based on the positive facts of the personal political history of the United States Senator as compared with that of the Secretary of War. One short paragraph will do for each. Both are natives of Ohio.

"William Howard Taft, born in Hamilton County, Ohio, 1857, was appointed assistant prosecuting attorney in 1881; appointed collector of internal revenue by President Arthur, 1882; appointed by Governor (now United States Senator) Foraker, Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, 1887; appointed Solicitor-General by President Harrison in 1890; appointed president of the United States Philippine Commission by President McKinley in 1900; appointed civil governor of Philippine Islands by President McKinley in 1901; appointed Secretary of War by President Roosevelt, 1904."—*Congressional Directory.*

Now, with due respect to the Secretary of War, let us look at the record of the United States Senator:

"Joseph Benson Foraker was born July 5, 1846, on a farm near Rainsboro, Highland County, Ohio; enlisted July 14, 1862, as a private in Co. A. 89th Ohio Vol. Infantry, with which he served until close of war, at which time he held rank of 1st Lieutenant and brevet Captain; was graduated from Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., July 1, 1869; admitted to the bar and entered on practice of law in Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1869: was elected Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati April, 1879; resigned on account of ill health May 1, 1882; was the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1883, but was defeated; was elected to that office in 1885, and re-elected in 1887; again nominated and defeated in 1889; was chairman of the Republican State Conventions of Ohio for 1886, 1890, 1896, and 1900, and a delegate at large from Ohio to the National Republican Conventions in 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896, 1900 and 1904; was chairman of the Ohio delegation in the conventions of 1884 and 1888, and presented to both of these conventions the name of the Hon. John Sherman for nomination to the Presidency; in the conventions of 1892 and 1896 served as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and as such reported the platform each time to the conventions; presented the name of Wm. McKinley to the conventions of 1896 and 1900 for nomination to the Presidency; was elected United States Senator January 15, 1896, to succeed Calvin S. Brice, and took his seat March 4, 1897; was re-elected January 15, 1902, to succeed himself. His term of service will expire March 3, 1909."—*Congressional Directory.*

Thus, while the Honorable Secretary of War has always been *appointed* to everything, *never elected* to anything, the Honorable United States Senator has been Governor of his own State twice; is now his own state's senior senator, serving his second term; nominated McKinley both times, and *appointed the present Secretary of War to a Judgeship.*

These are the facts. From this side of the Great Divide, it appears like a case of Foraker vs. No. 2. Taft has always played second fiddle, even when President Roosevelt did all he could to take him from the Philippines and put him upon the Supreme Bench of the United States.

High politics in Ohio and some other places are now being cut and dried for the next national Republican nomination, and whoever gets it is to be supported by all good Republicans; but California often skips a lot of details when wishing a desired end. We were made a State without going through any territorial process, and we like Ohio all right, but we prefer to deal with men who are and have been *elected* rather than those who have been *appointed.*

It's Foraker vs. No. 2. Though Taft might make a good president, he would still be No. 2, for we've had one Fat President already.

Senator Foraker, as the facts of history prove, has always been No. 1 or nothing, generally No. 1. I think he ought to be President of the United States.

California wants no No. 2's either in National, State or Municipal administrations.

NEGLECT

BY

W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ

IF Time the reaper brushed his sleeves of gray
Through this old garden, bidding me request
Some trifle of the weeds that all unguessed
Long flourished here, I know what I would say.
Into this garden on an autumn day
There came a man bound for the weary West,
Who spake me fair, and paused to be my guest,
Grew warm beside my fire, and went his way.

But never more I saw him: Dark years fled,
And often I recalled the pleasant hour
We lonely souls had spent; and soon there grew
Regret upon regret, for then I knew
We might have been good friends—But now that flower
In my garden blooms, and—he is dead.

NEW HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM ON THE ALMSHOUSE TRACT.

SPENDING $9,181,403.23

THE FIRST ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF THE SAN FRANCISCO RELIEF FUND AND ITS ACTUAL DISBURSEMENT

BY

WINNIFRED MEARS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

There have been many published articles on the distribution of the funds which flowed so generously into San Francisco immediately after the disaster of April, 1906. But the actual account of how every dollar was spent has been until now withheld from the people of this city. We are glad, therefore, to publish the following account of what was really done with the nine million dollars subscribed by the world for the relief of the city's sufferers.—EDITOR.

MUCH HAS been written and read of San Francisco and its disaster of April 18, 1906. The calamity, unparalleled in history, the indescribable mass of fugitives made homeless by the fire, the exceptional bravery of these 200,000 men and women, confronting an uncertain future with smiling and determined faces—*all* have had their share of wonderment and commendation.

The resumption of commercial and business activities of the city has been of equal interest and importance, but of the actual work done by the Rehabilitation Committee, and what was accomplished by the disbursement of the Relief Funds, the public at large has had little, if any, account of.

Never in history have greater demands been made upon the sympathy and generosity of this nation, and the methods to be used in disbursing the millions donated in such a manner as to accomplish the most good and least injury to the self-respect of families hitherto independent, needed wise and grave consideration, and called for a committee endowed not alone with necessary finances, but with a keen knowledge of human nature and much experience in dealing with men.

This "Relief" comprised the relief supplies, the Congressional appropriation, and the direct and local subscriptions, with those of the Amercan National Red Cross and its branches—in all, $9,181,403.23 (of which $312,035.82 was foreign.)

The first important problems of food and clothing solved by the distribution of the relief supplies to the long lines of patient and hungry refugees, the next essential feature presented was the providing of adequate shelter in the relief camps for these homeless thousands. The $2,500,000 Congressional appropriation was disbursed by the United States army, under the direction of the Headquarters of the Pacific Division, during the emergency period of April and May, 1906, and also in the following months of June and July, 1906, during which time it was possible to administer relief in a more systematic way. This money provided food and clothing, bedding, tenting and medicinal supplies for the relief camps and for the transportation of them, and for the moving of troops.

On July 20, 1906, the "San Francisco Relief and Red Cross Funds" was incorporated, with a board of twenty-one directors and an executive committee of five, with James D. Phelan president, F. W. Dohrmann vice-president, and J. Downey Harvey secretary, which has carried on the work to the present time, through its fire departments.

Commencing in the month of September, 1906, the thirteen camps which had been "under canvas" were changed from the "tent" to "cottage" camps. These cottages, size fourteen by sixteen feet, contain two rooms, others three rooms, and were erected by the Lands and Buildings Department. The maximum population of these permanent camps has been about seventeen thousand.

In all the camps, the cottages are occupied by self-supporting families or widows with children. The small sum of $2 per room per month has been paid by the occupants, not as rent, but *held* by the *corporation,* and now being refunded to the occupants at such time as they move their cottage to a lot, either leased or owned by them. These camps were established mostly in the public parks and on leased land.

BARBER SHOP

SOME REFUGEE SHACKS NOT UNDER THE CORPORATION.

In some of the camps the element is

JOHN E. EMERY. RABBI VOORSANGER. FATHER CROWLEY.

largely Italian, in others Oriental. No single men were granted cottages, as the existing high wages were considered sufficient to afford room rent and have ample funds for living expenses.

The occupants of the camps could be called "certified refugees"—those who were burned out, those shaken out, and those raised out by excessive rents; basements which formerly could be had for $10 to $12 now demanding $40 to $50.

Each camp was supplied with sterilized water, wash-houses with hot and cold running water, and bath-houses with shower baths of both hot and cold running water. In a few camps, bath-tubs were also placed. The sanitation of the camps was excellent, the sewer, water system and drainage being carefully arranged. Ample numbers of fire extinguishers, ladders, axes and hose wagons are visible as a precaution for frequent small blazes. In fact, they are model camps.

An amusing incident is related of an Italian family who, although they insisted that they had been "burned out," when they appeared to take possession of a camp cottage, had *eight* express-wagon loads of household goods. The comfort and cleanliness of the cottages had appealed too strongly to them!

The thirteen camps of self-supporting families are of especial interest and exemplify a harmony of organization and discipline. Probably never before had some of this class lived in cleanliness and comfort, nor were able to earn such high wages. In place of ill-ventilated tenement houses, each family had its own tiny cottage, with the ultimate hope of owning not only a roof over their heads, but the lot on which it will eventually stand, for among the poorer classes the problem of rent (whether for house or room), sometimes takes precedence over the amount to be used for food and clothing. Truly, a great calamity is not without its compensation—at least to some.

The Park Commissioners have requested that the Relief Corporation assist in moving the refuge cottages from the public squares to permanent sites between August 1st and 17th, 1907, or as soon after as possible. This notice, printed in seferal languages has been distributed through the camps. About fifty per cent of the refugees already own lots, upon which to move their homes, and about seven hundred have already done so. The total number of cottages has been reduced to about five thousand five hundred at present. What arrangements will be

FIRST REFUGEE COTTAGE BUILT IN SAN FRANCISCO BY FATHER CROWLEY AND JAMES RALPH, JR.

made for those who *cannot* move is one of the problems left for the corporation to unravel; however, the issue of meal tickets was reduced in six weeks' time from twenty thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven a day to one thousand four hundred and ninety-seven a day, and thus will all the relief camps be closed and the parks be cleared.

The Ingleside Home for Aged and Infirm, of all the camps, is the most unique, with its twenty-four adjacent buildings to be used gratuitously by the corporation for the purpose of housing refugees, so old or infirm that they could not work, or those who were temporarily unable to work as a result of illness or accident. There were about one thousand inmates, but less than six hundred now, some of whom will eventually become public charges. These buildings, formerly the shelter for the finest of race horses, were changed into very comfortable abodes. Each stall was floored, and the dividing walls covered with unbleached muslin, and in each building hot and cold water was installed, also one or more large stoves for heating purposes. Several buildings were devoted solely to the poor old ladies, some to the aged men and others to married couples. Still other buildings were converted into a chapel, an assembly hall, a store-house, a butcher shop, blacksmith shop, cobbler's, dining hall, dispensary, hospital and laundry, each and all well heated and supplied with electricity. The chapel has its organ, the assembly hall its stage and piano, books and tables. Several times a week the different charitable organizations hold various entertainments for the refugees. The sewing cottage has five or six machines for the use of those able to make their own garments. There is even a cobbler to mend their old shoes, who receives $1 a day and material.

The food furnished is good and well cooked. Each building is perfect in its order and cleanliness, and regular inspections are held every week. New inmates were furnished with changes of underwear, as well as the outside clothing, and on Wednesdays the old men receive a given portion of tobacco. While some resented the idea of going to Ingleside at first, as synonymous with the Almshouse, yet *when* there, are quite content, and spend much time roaming over the fields of beautiful golden poppies and basking in the glorious California sunshine. The Ingleside improvements cost $26,737.95.

The maintenance of Ingleside camp has been a little less than 50 cents a head per day. By October 15th or November 1st, the refugees will be moved to the new Home for the Aged and Infirm, now in process of completion on the Almshouse tract. To many this move will be the last fall of pride, and some *few* who are able to work even a little are saving their pennies, so that when the dreaded day arrives they can again face the world as self-reliant citizens.

This new Home for the Aged and Infirm will cost about $200,000, and is built in the form of an exact "E," on the crest of a hill flanked by the Sutro forests, with the Twin Peaks in the distance, and facing a magnificent view of the Pacific to the west. The building will be 502 feet long by about 350 feet wide, contains ten wards, arranged in five buildings to a side, each accessible to the other. There will be two hundred and forty rooms, and the building can house about two thousand people.

The expense of water and plumbing has, perhaps, been sacrificed to "view"—a fact which the inmates of the future will enjoy, because of the chosen site on a hill.

There will be two dining rooms, one 40x150, and the other 36x96, and a kitchen 76 feet square. Besides this, there will be one thousand feet of covered porch, seven hundred feet of it enclosed with glass. This building will contain, probably, the most complicated plumbing construction of any building in the city.

The operative expenses of the camps and warehouse was $566,370.14, including Ingleside and South Park. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels was chairman of the Camps and Warehouses department.

From a rough census, taken in April, 1907, approximately twelve thousand people (of which 20 per cent were single men) were found housed in shacks and tents, outside of the permanent camps. The greatest number were found in the Mission district. The sanitary conditions were shocking, and in striking contrast with the camps under the supervision of the Relief Corporation. Some of these houses are fairly comfortable, and have been built on leased land, signifying the occupants' intention to remain indefinitely. The Relief Corporation ceased on April 1, 1907, to grant money monthly to the city for the payment of sanitary inspectors under the city department of public health, only continuing contributions for the permanent camps.

The money spent by the Lands and Buildings Department, Thomas Magee, chairman, was $1,690,604.60, of which about $490,000 was used for the "bonus plan."

(A bonus was offered to any one building in the burned district, the bonus to be a third of the cost of a house, but no bonus to exceed $500. No stipulation was placed on the cost of the house.)

The eight hundred applicants for the last one hundred thousand proved the success of the plan.

The improvements on the Ingleside buildings, the erection of the new Home for the Aged and Infirm, the building of the cottages on the public squares and the nineteen apartment houses at South Park, reflect great credit on the "Lands and Buildings" Departments. The cost of the nineteen apartment houses at the South Park camp was $38,627.24, averaging $2,000 each.

The six thousand cottages were built at an average cost of $100 for two rooms and $150 for three rooms, including plumbing.

The buying and transporting of the lumber to the city for the cottages was accomplished with great difficulty under the conditions existing at that time. Ground was broken in September, 1906, and there were enough cottages to house the refugees in camp before the winter rains commenced.

The Department of Relief and Rehabilitation, F. W. Dohrmann, chairman, disbursed $3,020,000 for rehabilitation of individuals and families.

The work of this bureau was divided among seven sections, one member of the Relief Committee acting as chairman of each section. The expenses were $331,430.73.*

A large number of men and women who had been connected with charity work before the fire volunteered their time and services to this committee for the administering and apportionment of the special relief funds. Their assistance was given untiringly and unselfishly, for one long year, *totally without compensation of any sort* whatsoever, except the gratitude and appreciation of the citizens, and their own vital interest in relieving suffering and want; or civic pride in work well done. These sections handled twenty-eight thousand five hundred and four applications for aid, which were passed upon by at least one member of the Committee of Seven. The grants ranged from $20 to $300. The average was $100.

To some of the applicants, "investigation" was looked upon as an injustice; nevertheless it remains a necessary evil, for this system prevented possible duplication and imposition, and secured to the needy necessary aid

Pleas varied, from the old woman who wanted "a piano to rest her soul at night," after a hard day's washing, to the woman who appeared with a soup tureen, having heard that something was to be given away; she did not know whether it would be wet or dry, so came prepared.

To some it was a temptation to deceive, and the investigators were necessarily careful in eliminating frauds. Few grants were made to those able to find suitable employment, unless death or illness had proved an additional burden.

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*This $331,430.73 includes the $165,144.88 for the Bureau of Hospitals; the $58,330.30 for the Bureau of Special Relief; and the $35,902.52 for the Industrial Centers.

The arduous duties of the Transportation Committee, O. K. Cushing, chairman, can be realized in the days when the line of applicants extended more than half way down the block. In one instance a man appeared who had the day before been granted transportation to Seattle, and when asked why he returned, replied that he wished to return it to *purchase* a half-fare ticket, money having been received by him in the morning's mail. He had stood patiently, the additional four or five hours, in line waiting a second time for conscience sake.

LOBOS SQUARE CAMP.

This section supplied aid in case of illness or emergency, when the relief required a grant of money instead of clothing or groceries.

During the "emergency period" $166,831.02 was disbursed, including freight, under "Transportation," and but $4,639.51 under the regular administration.

The section on aged and infirm, unsupported children and friendless girls, Dr. Gallwey, chairman, disbursed $253,833. About two thousand applications were received, and the average grant made was $127. Most of these were from people over sixty years of age, about sixty per cent of whom enjoyed good health, and could be rehabilitated in a small way in order to become self-supporting. (Less than three per cent were sent to Ingleside to be cared for.)

Homes for the homeless or unsupported children were found with families—sometimes relatives, on payment of a small sum per month for support—the grant usually placed in trust with the Associated Charities. Friendless girls received assistance by providing them with grants for clothing to equip themselves suitably for positions. Some were aided with money to complete their education as bookkeepers, stenographers and training for nurses. Many elderly people were made comfortable by granting furniture and necessities during the winter months, until their condition improved—such as those who owned their homes, and previous to the disaster had small incomes from rentals, most of which was lost in the fire.

Under the section on "unsupported and partially supported families," many were the pathetic tales poured into the ears of Mrs. Merrill and Mrs. Scott, and not once did these women of character cease to listen to the cry of "make me glad again." Tales of a woman's hands tied by care of large families, with sick, dissipated or deserting husbands—cases of patient waiting and of suffering, calling not only on the committee's sympathy, but executive ability to plan a practical solution of pressing needs. Each and every one was met with listening ears and helping hands irrespective of color, race or religion. The sad case of a handsome young woman (of the half-world) who was given a grant for medical treatment at a hospital, where after the operation she died of heart failure. The funeral expenses and hospital bills were paid and her personal effects sent to her mother.

The amusing and pathetic case of a Swedish widow, whose sons had built a neat three room cottage, only to find that they had placed it upon the lot next their own. The small wages earned by the sons was scarcely sufficient for the installments on their lot and their frugal meals. A grant for furniture, clothing and the moving of their house was given them.

A refined old colored woman and daughter were found living in a shack made from waste lumber and boxes; the roof tipped to one side so they could not stand erect. They were sleeping on wooden bunks with insufficient covering, and with a broken camp stove to cook upon. The mother suffered from cataract in both eyes. The grant supplied the necessary needs of clothing and furniture and patched up their house.

The Confidential Section, Archdeacon Emery, chairman, expended about $150,000. This work reached cases only to be discovered through a parish priest, minister or a family physician. The tuition for the six remaining months of a senior year was paid for a young Californian taking an M. D. in an Eastern college; also for an expert librarian.

Another case provided special treatment until cured to a young lady afflicted with melancholia and confined in a public ward of an asylum in a foreign country, to which city the mother and daughter had sought refuge with relatives after the fire. Money was sent to a private charity which cared for poor children, convalescent from typhoid fever, and insure for them rest, fresh air and proper nourishment through the summer. Relief was given an aged scientist whose collection was burned, and his only means of a livelihood taken from him. Professors, dentists, lawyers and physicians were assisted to purchase libraries and instruments.

The section on Housing and Shelter, Reverend Father D. O. Crowley, chairman, have nearly completed 1400 houses at an expense to the corporation of $600,000, the other half of the expense being paid by the owners.

Never before in the history of San Francisco have so many of the working classes owned their homes. They are scattered all over the city limits, from Telegraph Hill to Ocean View, and from the Richmond District to the Potrero. The committee did not limit the cottages to the burned district, and this wide scattering will for generations to come prevent the former congested districts where the families of the "great unwashed" lacked living space and "soul space."

Many of the hard-working laborers with families of five to eight children are living at present in comfortable homes of three, five and six rooms with bath. Formerly they occupied one or possibly two rooms, either in basements or at the rear of their small shops. Their children now play among the sand hills or grass and flowers, in the pure, clean air, where previously these poor little wharf-rats played in the dark alleys or cold cellars. Some of these modest homes have already pretty gardens of vegetables and flowers started by the children, while the bread-winners are at work, for there will be no lack of employment of unskilled labor for many years.

Mark Twain has wisely said, "No man shoulders a gun to fight for a boarding house."

About one thousand six hundred applications were adjusted for business rehabilitation, the appropriation $500,000. Charles F. Leege, chairman. Grants were made for the purpose of rehabilitating numerous boarding and lodging houses.

JEFFERSON SQUARE CAMP.

metal and marble works, restaurants, delicatessen stores, wicker works, a tamale restaurant, patent medicines, laundries, a church supply store, a phonograph store, horses and wagons for junk peddlers, groceries, butcher shops, a sausage and pickle factory, florist, an artificial flower shop, one application for a washing machine was granted, Christmas tree venders, antique furniture stores, fish-nets and vats supplied; one woman started in the real estate business; bake shops, one years' installment on pianos for music teachers paid; a dog and bird store, instruments for physicians and dentists and a cosmetic shop. Among the applications came one to establish a "hair-restorer business," the applicant even offering "to try it on" the bald-headed investigator. History does not record the result.

One street sweeper wanted to become a scavenger, and his ambition was gratified. Do not let me forget the Chinaman who was re-established as a cigar manufacturer, to the amount of $250; nor the veteran of the civil war, who was given tools for a small carpenter shop—as he was too old to compete with younger carpenters.

About three thousand applications for furniture were received, and the average grant made was $100.

The committee, believing that general relief was no longer needed, the taking of applications was ended on February 15, 1907, except in cases of dire want, and on March 15th, the Application Bureau was closed, and the Bureau of Special Relief attended to all emergency claims. By July 1st, all cases were adjusted, and active work stopped, the committee leaving any further relief to the regular charitable societies, and for whom there will be work for many months. Even the Housing Committee is winding up its affairs.

The Bureau of Hospitals supplied care to three thousand five hundred and seventy-one patients, for the total expense of $167,229.10, from April 18, 1906, to July 1, 1907, which includes the cost of supplies given during the emergency period to hospitals as part payment for medical service rendered.

The payment of $2 a day per patient to the seven accredited hospitals was of great assistance to these institutions, and helped them to meet expenses. At present there are about 200 patients in the hospitals, at the expense of the relief fund. The care of patients in hospitals at the expense of the fund must of necessity be continued as long as the permanent camps are maintained, to avoid the spread of contagious diseases and because the camp cottages do not afford sufficient room for the sick ones. The general health of the laboring classes has been greatly improved by the outdoor life.

The Bureau of Special Relief opened August 15, 1906, and have disbursed since then $58.330.30 to eight hundred families in distress, for clothing, fuel, food, medicine and repairing shelters; also the applications for sewing machines were investigated, and one thousand six hundred machines, at an expense of $36,000, were quickly distributed.

The Bureau of Industrial Centers comprised many sewing centers, where over seventy-five thousand garments were made, mostly by volunteer workers. Several cutters were in paid employ. This bureau had charge of all the social halls in the camps, and superintended the kindergartens in the camps in the mornings, the sewing classes in the afternoons, and arranged for lectures, concerts and various entertainments given for the camp refugees in the evenings.

The social halls served alike for club and reading room, and were used impartially for divine service by all denominations. The kindergartens and sewing classes for the camp children were a great factor for discipline during the absence of the parents at work, keeping the little ones busy and out of mischief. Amount, $35,902.52.

The Department of Finance, James D. Phelan, chairman, and William Dolge, auditor, was the machinery and backbone of the corporation. The receipt and collection of all the relief moneys, and the filing of numerous letters demanded expediency and accuracy.

Among the letters is one filed from a sympathetic citizen of the South, enclosing seven cents and stating that this special donation would have been larger but for the fact that two weeks previous to the disaster he had taken unto himself a wife, (an expensive proposition.)

While this subscription was small, it was not without its "strings" also, to quote "for a poor widow with three children, the oldest three years of age." Messrs. Lester Herrick & Herrick, Certified Public Accountants, maintained a continuous audit. The expense of this department was $63,421.43.

It is not without interest to notice that the entire cost of administration has been less than four per cent—a fact that speaks for itself.

The Department of Bills and Demands, M. H. de Young chairman, adjusted nearly eleven thousand claims, amounting to $2,717,170.33 for the sum of $1,501,781.52 for relief supplies confiscated by the authorities during the emergency period, and for the expense of feeding, sheltering and transporting the refugees, as well as the expense for sanitation and restoration of the water supply.

A few more figures are of interest by contrast: The relief of the hungry during the emergency period following the disaster for three weeks, cost $729,752.39, while under the regular regime the maximum cost for four weeks (July) was $75,756.30. Again, under the emergency, the relief of the sick and wounded, and for transporting them to hospitals, cost $46,088.43, but during the typhoid epidemic in September only $17,335 was used for this purpose. Clothing (emergency) and boots and shoes, cost $29,272.55; while only $2,500 a month for clothes for the Ingleside refugees was spent under the corporation's rule. The amount of $23,033.36 was used for the reorganization of the city, a small sum after so great a disaster.

The relief and Rehabilitation of Hospitals and Charitable Institutions cost $355,798.05.

The merging of the relief funds with those of the National Red Cross was a most wise decision, in light of the recent municipal graft exposures, for it is certain that the money was used to the best advantage, absolutely irrespective of religious denominations. Of the members of the San Francisco Committee from Mr. Phelan down, it must be said that the selection could not have been improved upon, for they are men of ability and integrity. This committee came together, forgetting their own individuality and personality, in a humane interest for the relief of the needy and civic pride in the betterment of their city and the relief policies adopted, proved a test of these men. The committee and employees went right into the homes of the poor people as well as those of better circumstances, and *worked,* and accomplished a great amount of good without the blare of trumpets.

"The good men do lives after them." Let this be the monument to the Relief Fund Committee.

Their motive was protection of the poor, not patronage, for relief is *indemnity,* not *charity.* The plans to devise, methods to employ and difficulties to overcome, often seemed as difficult problems as the "squaring of a circle," and have shown a blending of love and law. Mr. Phelan and the committee proved that a wise and careful administration of relief should be a part of good government.

The amount of red tape in some instances was slow, but was probably unavoidable. One claimant remarked that "she earned her grant through time lost before getting it."

One great difficulty was discriminating among applicants who were not actually destitute, and where investigation and refusal caused much complaint. There were, of course, some mal-contents, who wanted to get something for nothing whether they were in need or not. It was mainly on this account that the committee made every effort to close their work as soon as possible.

Of the four thousand nine hundred and seventeen subscriptions recorded, there is still about one million dollars outstanding, of which $700,000 is held by the American National Red Cross, all of which money is needed for the closing of relief affairs. On account of the removing of all the refugee camps, there is some chance that many individuals will remain in need for some months yet to come, and in case the camps are not successfully moved within a few months the committee feels that the $700,000 will be needed to relieve those still in distress.

For generations to come, the blessings of the people of San Francisco will rest upon the heads of the donors of the relief fund, whose generosity has helped them toward *faith* in their city, *hope* for their prosperity, and *charity* for their losses and mistakes. "But the greatest of these is charity."

A COTTAGE BEING MOVED.

POST OFFICE

CLIMBING FUJI

BY

ANNIE LAURA MILLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE MOUNTAIN stands alone, majestic and beautiful, dominating land and sea. In summer it is veiled in a thin blue haze, and in winter it rises snow-covered and clear-cut against the sky. The Japanese love Fuji; the common coolie has its outline stamped on the towel that he wears twisted about his head; it is painted on tea cups to sell to foreigners; it is painted on the walls of the Kyoto palaces; it was the favorite subject of Hokusai, the master, and about it have grown myths, fairy tales and poems until the mountain is sacred to the people of Japan. We foreigners share in some degree the feeling of the Japanese, and, here on the Bluff, we climb to our attic window, sure of an inspiring view when a chill wind blows on a winter's morning, or when the sky is red at sunset. A favorite way from the Bluff to the Settlement takes us past the historic tea house of O-kin-san, down the 101 steps. Here a carpenter's apprentice may be coming up and a house coolie going down, but we all pause and stand together at the half-way place to gaze at the "Honorable Mountain." When we meet our friends, it is often "Good morning! Isn't it a fine day? Fuji is glorious." Only during the *nyubai*—that incessant warm June rain which makes the rice grow—do we feel certain that all looking is useless, that Fuji is hid behind a curtain of gray mist.

So the mountain on the horizon made a part of our lives each bright day until a friend said: "Would you like to climb Fuji?" Then we remembered a man who had refused to make the ascent, saying he feared to lose his respect for the mountain; we remembered tales of exhausted people being pulled to the summit by

ROOMS AT THE YONEYAMA.

coolies, tales of people, snow-bound in the huts, who never reached the top, and tales of pilgrims blown off the slope by the wind and dashed to pieces; nevertheless, we made the ascent in August of last year and all this winter, when we have seen Fuji from the attic windows or from the 101 steps, we have recognized, in spite of the chill wintry aloofness, a much loved friend whom we would like to visit again.

In the middle of July, when the snow is quite gone, the huts are opened on the mountain side, and they remain open until the middle of September. We planned to go on the 25th of August, and forthwith began taking long country tramps, that our flesh might be willing, and began reading what we could find about Fuji that our spirits, too, might be prepared for the climb.

First, there were facts to learn. Fuji is 12,365 feet high, a volcano, not active, yet not extinct, for steam still comes out of holes near the crater, although the last eruption was in 1707-8. A hump was formed then on the south side, the one break in the otherwise perfect symmetry of the mountain, and showers of ashes covered the country for miles around. There are several paths for ascending, each divided into ten stations where one may stop for food or to spend the night. In the old days, women were not allowed to climb beyond the eighth station of a sacred mountain, and the first woman to reach the summit of Fuji was Lady Parkes, the wife of the British Minister to Japan. She made the ascent in the autumn of 1867.

Having learned these few facts, there were myths that delighted our legend-loving souls. Near Kyoto, where Lake Biwa is in these days of 1907, there used to be many hills grouped together. One night there was a fearful rumbling and the morning light showed a lovely lake where the hills had stood. News came in a few days—it traveled slowly on foot along the Tokaido then—that a beautiful mountain had sprung up that same night miles and miles away from Kyoto, near the shores of Suruga Bay. All the little hills had hurried by subterranean ways and bursting forth had formed Fuji. The mountain remains symmetrical because the stones and scoriae that are brought down by the pilgrims' feet as they descend all creep upwards of themselves by night. On the summit, to this day, lives a Shinto

NEAR ONE OF THE LOWER STATIONS.

goddess, whom the Japanese call: "The Princess who makes the Blossoms of the Trees to Flower." I think myself that she is the very same goddess whom our poets love and our artists paint, only we call her spring.

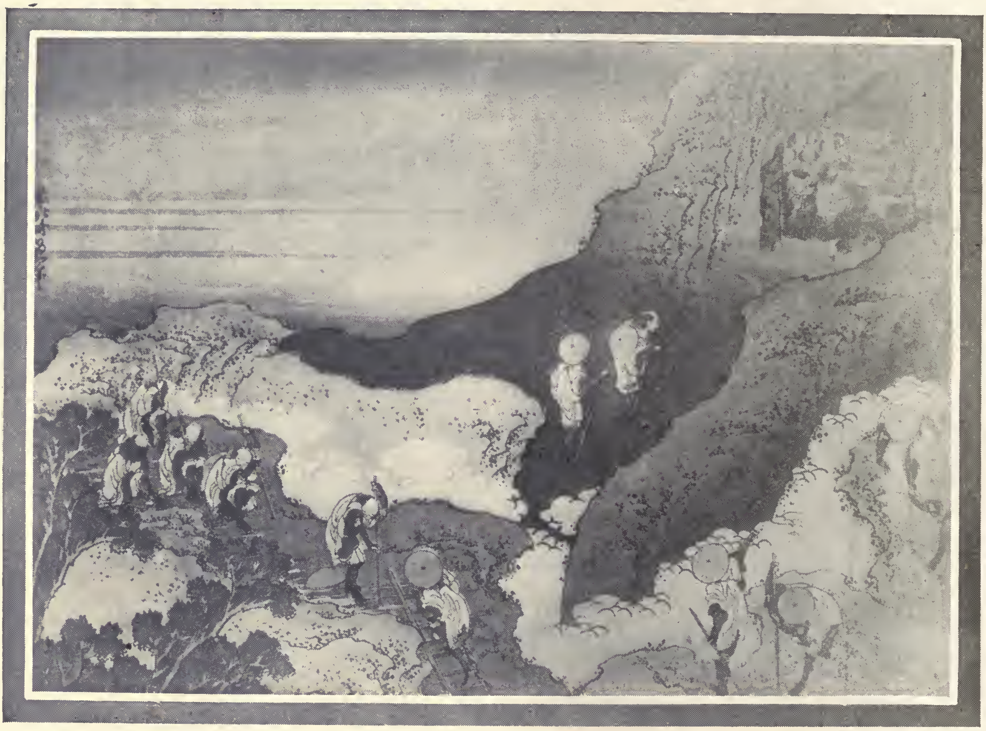
On the 24th of August such a typhoon raged that we sat looking at our short skirts, our big hats and leggins and stout American boots with dismay. Fuji seemed absolutely unattainable. But the 25th was clear and bright, and we took the train for Gotemba, picking up members of our party at Oiso and Kodzu. Two had made the ascent the year before, and their pilgrims' staffs bearing the stamps of the different stations drew murmurs of admiration from Japanese passengers. It was late in the afternoon when we reached Gotemba. The first sight to greet our eyes as we left the station for the tea house near by was a throng of pilgrims, coming down the street, real religious pilgrims, in white, with rosaries about their necks, straw mats hanging from their shoulders, great round hats on their heads and staffs in their hands. After tea a little tram car drawn by one poor mountain horse was hired, and we started for Subashiri, a town some miles away at the foot of the mountain. We went with a clatter through the long street of the village, catching glimpses now and then of rooms heaped with cocoons before we got out into the country among the mulberry trees and paddies where the early rice was headed, and finally out on a grassy moor dotted with lavender scabious and white clematis and other late summer flowers. Back of us stood the Hakone mountains; on our right were the mountains of the Oyama Range, and to our left was Fuji, cut by a long line of white cloud, a somewhat ghost-like Fuji in a hazy atmosphere all its own. The surrounding haze seemed to separate the mountain from the rest of the world; we felt that we were getting no nearer and that Fuji was shrinking from us. Occasionally our conductor wound a pewter horn, an answer came from across the moor and we waited on a side track while another little tram-car, filled with returning pilgrims, went rattling by.

It was dark when we reached Subashiri and found our rooms at the Yoneyama—"The Rice Mountain"—inn. Neisans trotted about, taking off our shoes and carrying our wraps and bags to an upper room. We dined in state on cold roast chicken and other home foods, for while a Japanese meal can carry a Japanese soldier for many hours on a campaign, it cannot carry a foreigner up Fuji. Japanese food has a way of filling a foreigner's stomach, while it leaves his mouth still hungry for more. Then to a wing of the house we three women folk went, climbing up a steep, winding stair by the light of a quaint old lamp, held by a giggling neisan. Then when the neisan had bowed herself away, wishing us good-night, we saw our three little beds in a row on the floor, while all about the room the shoji and amado were shot tight, in true Japanese fashion, lest a breath of air should reach the honorable foreigners. We slipped the amado back and stood looking out into the night; the moon and stars were shining down on Fuji, and Fuji, wrapped in a silver veil, was beautiful, majestic beyond words, but unsubstantial as a dream, a veritable ghost mountain.

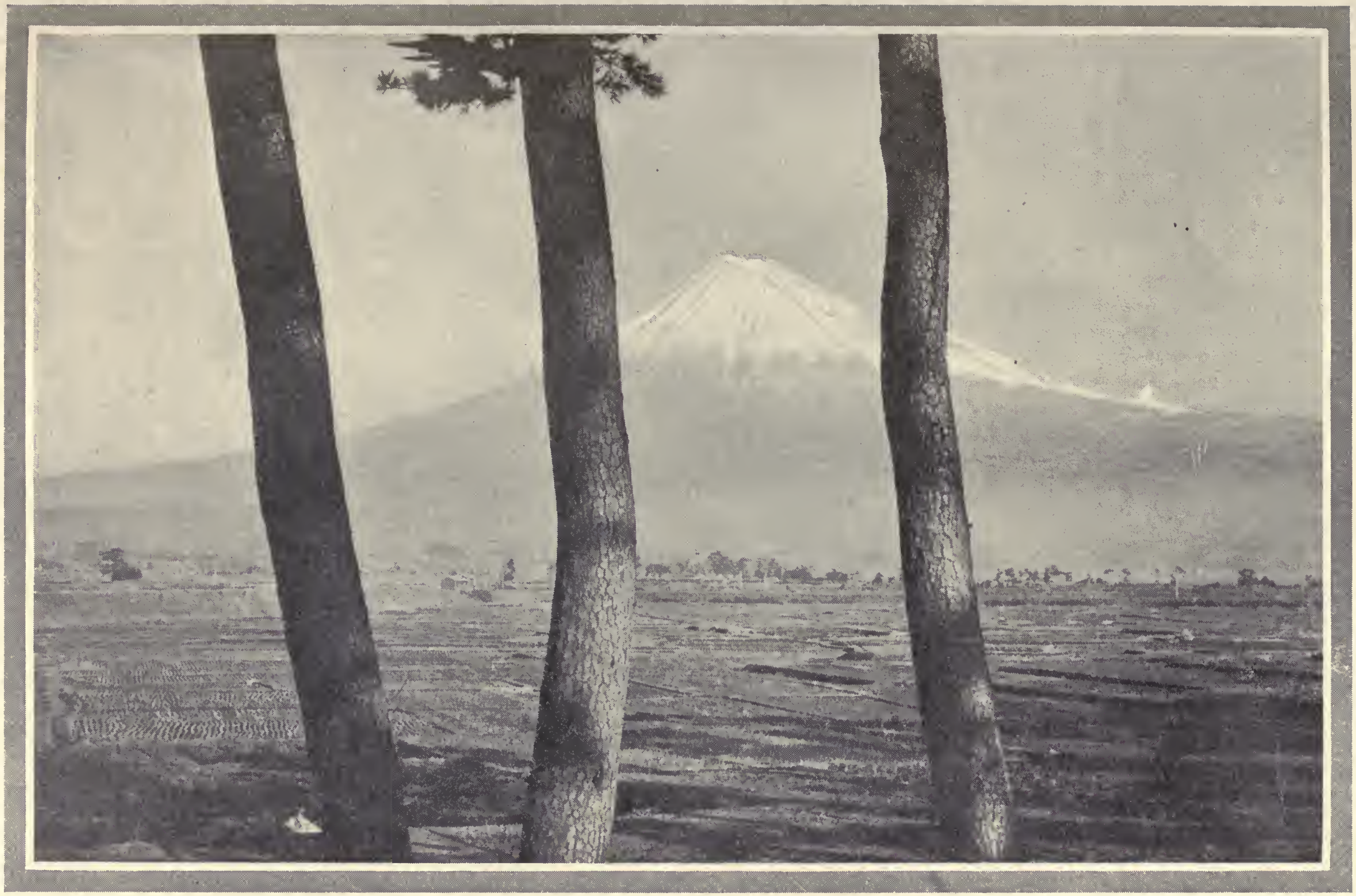
THE STREET OF SUBASHIRI.

At three we arose, and at 4.30 left the "Hoteru Yoneyama." Lamps were burning in the great gray stone lanterns in front of the inn, and off in the East was the first blue streak of dawn. In the uncertain light we saw four mountain horses with old saddles of such curious shapes and styles that we have never ceased wondering where they came from. So we started, one in a kago, swung on a stout pole and carried by two coolies, four on horse-back, with a coolie woman walking as betto beside each horse, and two coolies walking, carrying foreign food, rugs and wraps. The village was still asleep, and we could see very dimly the torii at the entrance to a temple in the outskirts. Low bushes and trees by the roadside grew more distinct as the light grew brighter and the mountain as we approached seemed to grow always flatter and smaller until it looked a mere hill to be overcome in perhaps an hour. Back of us, between Subashiri and the Oyama Range white clouds lay like the waves of the sea, and the sunrise glow was red above the hills. Ahead of us Fuji changed from red to purple, then red with purple shadows and bright green slopes with the dark green of the forest below. We could see flags flying and three stations on the slope. Then sunlight struck the summit, and turning in our saddles we saw that the sun was up, a red ball, above the Eastern hills.

So we came to Umagaeshi—"horse send back"—where we were supposed to dismount and send away our ponies. Every way up, Fuji has its Umagaeshi. This one was a big open shed, with benches, tables, and, wonder of wonders, table cloths of thin muslin. Fluttering from the roof were hundreds of bright colored pieces of cotton towels printed especially for the Fuji pilgrims and left by them as business cards are left. Or these towels are often the cards of some association. Many villages have pilgrims' societies, to which each member contributes a sen a month. Then lots are cast, and the fortunate go on the pilgrimage, led by some one who has been before, who tells the stories of sacred spots and escorts his followers to the inn most favored by his association. A short distance back of the



FROM A PRINT BY HOKUSAI. ONE OF THE THIRTY-SIX VIEWS OF FUJI.



FUJI BEYOND THE RICE FIELDS.

tea shed stood a torii, marking the beginning of the ascent and framing a view of the sacred mountain peak beyond. Then we plunged into a forest of evergreens and larches, with other trees growing from a carpet of fern and grass and strange flowers. At a small tea shed we left our horses and the walk up the mountain began.

Presently we came to a little temple place with a font where pilgrims washed their hands and left cash and prayed for fair weather. Here, too, were towels for sale, neatly folded to tie about one's forehead, and the keeper of the shrine pressed them upon us, predicting headaches when we reached the summit.

Next we came to another shrine, a sort of shrine and shop combined, for here we bought our staffs of white wood and had them stamped with a hot iron by a priest who sat enthroned before a shrine where the sacred Shinto mirror and paper strips were hanging.

Each tea shed, we thought (and there were several at convenient intervals through the forest) must be the first station, for the way was steep, and we had climbed long. At last as we left the wood and came out on a slope of bare black lava. "Here is the first station," our guide said. There it had been, and there to the Japanese mind it still was, though to our foreign eyes not a stick nor stone of it remained. Then the toil began; slow climbing on a path of cinders and scoriae for an hour until we saw far above us the rounding shoulder of the mountain and came to the second station. Such a primitive hut it was, with a low lava wall before it, the hut's walls of lava, too, with a shingle roof held down by lava. Japanese tea, bovril with pea soup and crackers, cheered us on to the third station, and so we climbed ever steadily and slowly upward through scant shrubs and hardy flowers. At station 4½ we lingered only a few minutes, for the white flags of the sixth station seemed just above us hurrying us on. We were an hour climbing up the steep slopes of grey and red scoriae and ashes before we reached that station. The sixth is one of the largest and best built of lava, as are the others, with a high lava wall in front; but the room is bigger. In the corner on the floor were piles of quilts and round pillows, and up in the rafters were a few of the high wooden rests that Japanese ladies use for the backs of their heads, that their hair, dressed for several days, may not become untidy while they sleep. There are no chimneys in the huts, and the smoke of the charcoal fires is allowed to wander about choosing its own outlet. They brought us cushions and a low Japanese table, and we dined from the box of provisions that one of our coolies carried. Some students were having dinner, and so were two young girls. The girls interested us; they seemed about twelve and fourteen, very young to be alone climbing Fuji, and they were very pretty, with their rosy, smiling faces and picturesque dress. Their blue and white cotton kimonos were tucked up in their obis, showing bright red petticoats; they had towels bound about their heads with straw hats tied over them, framing the fresh, young faces; they wore leggins and waraji (straw sandals), carried staffs, and had bundles tied to their shoulders all in orthodox pilgrim style. Dinner finished, we saw a peasant pilgrim buy some brown roots to rub on his blisters, then stood gazing in amazement at the great heap of worn-out waraji outside the door. Our coolies bound waraji over our boots, and we started on again.

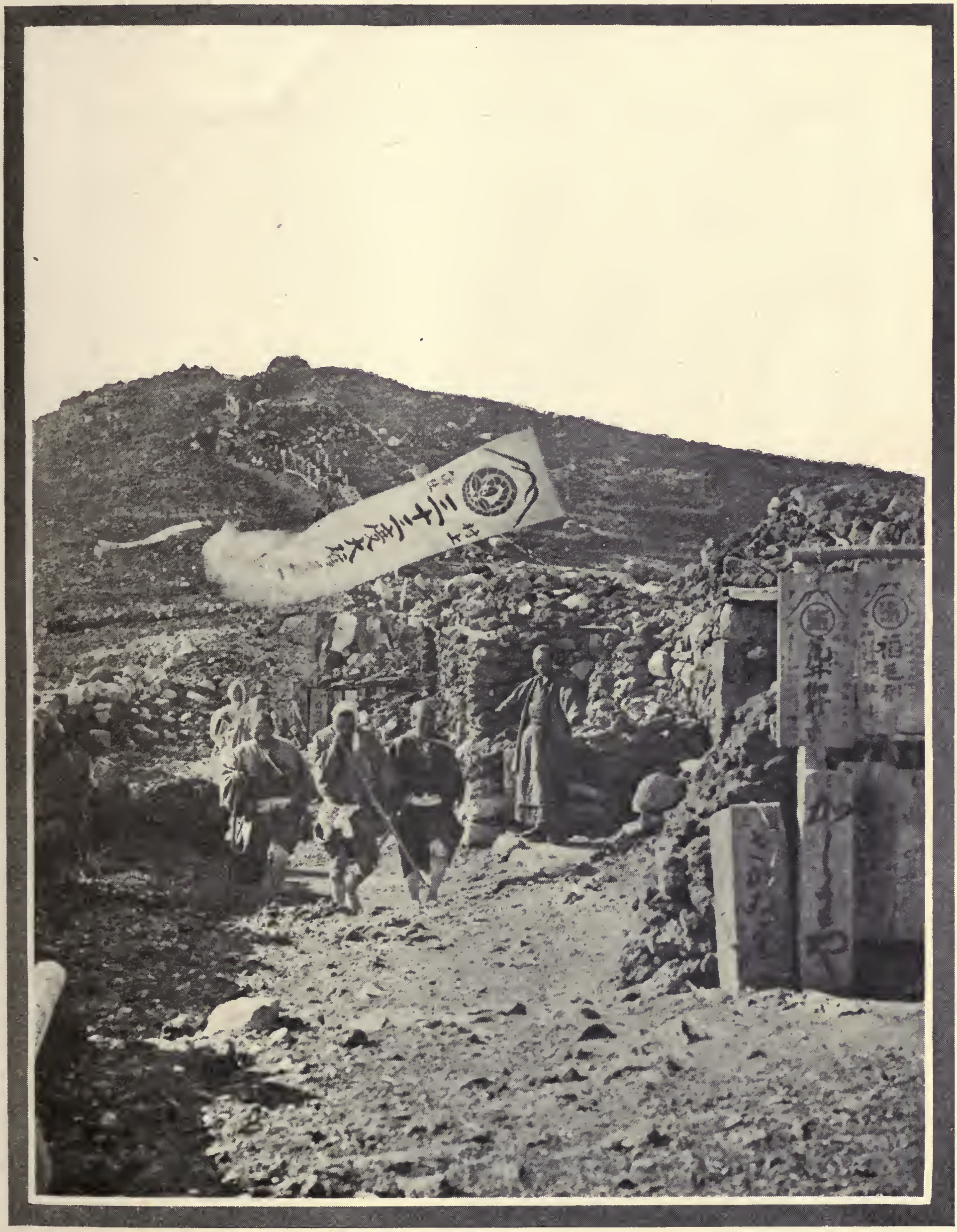
Here there was no path; one coolie led and we followed wherever we could gain a foothold on the surface of a grey lava stream. To our right was a slope of red scoriae; to our left pilgrims went running and leaping down a zigzag path of loose cinders; far above us were other pilgrims, mere white specks in the distance; below us we could see little, for the day was cool, and clouds and mist advanced with us up the mountain side. It was hard climbing then for two hours without a stop, for there was no seventh station, only an abandoned hut at 7½, and it was a weary stretch to the eighth. Here was a post-office, a tiny little place built in the mountain side, where a thriving business was done. Another path comes in here, and as we started on again chanting the pilgrims' song, "I am not tired; all is well," a party of people coming up from Yoshida, some young men, a woman of middle age and an old man, joined in the song and passed us. Before we reached the ninth station every one of us saw that

PILGRIMS RESTING.

the other members of the party had lost their natural color and looked pale and yellow. It was a trick of the altitude, our leader told us. So leaning on our staffs and going always slowly, we reached the summit at 3.30 in the afternoon. Few go so slowly, but few perhaps arrive at the top so fresh. I have walked a mile and felt more tired than I felt then. We were wisely led, and there was none of the wind that often forces travelers to give up the ascent and put back.

At the summit, we chose one of a row of primitive huts to spend the night in, put on our heavy coats—for the thermometer was near freezing—and set out to walk around the crater. Through the clouds far below us we caught glimpses of the outlying slopes of the mountain, the chain of lakes about its base, and the far-distant Tokio Bay. We came to a spot sacred to Jizo, the compassionate, the god of travelers and little children, and we added some to the heaps of stones that marked the place. The Japanese believe that the poor dead children are condemned to pile stones in the dry bed of a river, and as the stones are piled, a hag comes to tumble them over; then the children cry and begin again. In the world below only Jizo helps them, and on this earth only the pious who heap stones here to save the baby hands some labor in Purgatory. We came to holes where hot streams come out. The mountain is not dead; perhaps it is only sleeping. Not far away on the edge of the crater was a torii, with a Shinto mirror and a cash box dedicated to the goddess of the mountain. There was a good view into the crater, which sloped down steeply some 400 feet with rock walls and one long drift of snow. At the "Silver Well" were bottles of water which the pious buy and take home as a cure-all for their ills. A group of peasants stood about the well, and some distance away climbing the steep, red incline of Kengamine, the highest point, were other pilgrims dressed in white, all the color and their toil making a picture like a Hokusai print come to life. A temple and inn, the most pretentious on Fuji, stand at the top of the Gotemba ascent. Quartered here were some foreigners who had climbed to the summit before sunrise, and got the glorious view of the

THE TEMPLE AND INN AT THE TOP OF THE GOTEMBA ASCENT. BACK OF THEM IS THE CRATER EDGE.



A HUT NEAR THE SUMMIT.

country about that was denied us.

Yet I wonder if the panorama of country could have been more wonderful than what we saw from Kengamine. The mountain rose straight like a volcanic island above a restless sea of clouds, and such clouds, luminous, shining with a lustre like pearls, rising and falling, changing incessantly. Over the edges we caught far glimpses of the real sea, and through the cloud sea, sometimes we saw bits of country and lakes and distant mountain peaks. But for the most part we felt that we had dropped many centuries from us, and were back in those remote geological periods before life was on the globe, before we human beings began to be. The sun did not set; it slipped away without

SUNRISE FROM THE SUMMIT.

splendor. The air grew colder, and we hurried back around the crater to our primitive rock hut.

That hut! Perhaps our ancestors back in the dim ages would have found it their ideal of comfort, but for us, though we went to bed at seven, there was sleep from only one till four. It grew so cold that the amado could be opened a crack; smoke from the fine charcoal filled the room; at a late hour our coolies had a meal of fish and rice and tea—and their mothers had trained them well, for they ate with noisy politeness—while we wrapt in rugs and quilts, lying on the board floor, remembered that our friends had warned us against fleas. At four—unspeakable hour for arising from a spring bed—we got up joyfully.

Lines of pale green and blue showed above the sea of cloud which was broken by other darker clouds that looked like mountain peaks till the light grew stronger. The morning star faded away, and a flush of red came in the sky. Pilgrims hastened past our hut to reach a higher point to watch the sunrise. Pilgrims were coming up, led by a man who had his head draped in a cloth and wore a bell that rang as he climbed. He was the headman of a village, leading the lucky ones of some association. They were chanting. The sun rose, and all the pilgrims on the mountain faced the East, clapping their hands and praying to be purified by the first rays of the rising sun.

Down at the sixth station, where we had breakfast, there were students, two sailors, a coolie with a load of charcoal, the two little girls whom we had seen the day before, and two aristocratic girls with their father, who wore foreign clothes. Breakfast finished, we went running down the slope of loose scoriae as we had seen others running when we went up. Down in the forest we rested while the two girls of the red petticoats, there before us, ate a meal of rice and beans and pickles. Again at a tea shed we rested, and here we found the little pilgrims again; one had taken off her hat and leggins, let down her kimono, and presented herself as a demure little neisan bringing us tea. The shed was her home, while her friend came from a village not far away.

Did you ever feel that your knees had turned to blocks of wood and that they were about to split, that your feet below the wooden joints were going of themselves, quite regardless of your will, while you, somewhere aloft, looked down at them wondering helplessly if they were going to stop, go on at a funeral pace, or dance an Irish jig in the pathway, the fact that you did not know an Irish jig making no difference; if your feet wanted to dance one they would? That is the feeling two of us had; but much to our surprise, our feet, like trusty servants, carried us on to Umagaeshi. The horses met us there, and it was a joy to climb into the queer old high saddles and let the horses walk.

One picture at Umagaeshi remains in my mind; an old white-haired man with two younger ones, kneeling in the torii facing Fujisan. Bowing reverently and praying, they did not heed us as we passed. All their thought was of the sacred mountain.

So we came, weary in body but exalted in spirit, to Subashiri and back to Yokohama. While we who went hope that old age will bring no such pains and aches to our muscles as we felt the next few days, yet we want to climb again for the view that eluded us. As for us, give us not the artist's snow-clad Fuji, Fuji of the winter, cold and unapproachable, far away on the horizon, but give us the summer time Fuji, known to the peasant pilgrims and the keepers of the rock huts, and to those foreigners who find a pleasure in the life on the "Honorable Mountain."

THE ENDING

BY

JENNET JOHNSON

I WAS very glad that the invitation to spend the week-end on Scott's yacht came when it did—very glad indeed. For besides the usual pleasure of a cruise through the summer waters of the Sound in the "Lurline," I had a special reason just then for wishing to get among a lot of gay people, and I am sure Helen had too. You see, when a man has given up a rather cherished plan for his wife's sake, and she has declined the sacrifice (I don't like to use that word, I'm no martyr or model husband, Heaven knows!) when, I say, he has decided the matter in the best way for her, it is not the pleasantest thing in the world to have his wife refuse to accept his reasons, and finding him of decided mind also, to go about with set lips and miserable eyes.

You will grant that under a week of such circumstances a *solitude a deux* is to be fled from at the earliest opportunity. From the night, a week before, when Helen had congratulated me upon being invited to be attorney for the Denver and Rio Grande, and I had briefly told her that I had no intention of accepting it and asking her to begin a new menage and make new friends in the sage-brush wastes of Arizona—from that very argument which ended in my request that the subject should not be alluded to again, life at home was a nerve-racking series of attempts to be natural.

The idea of Helen's continued protesting! As if I hadn't grown up with her from youngster-hood and seen the things which her nature requires just as the rest of us need air. It would kill Helen to have to live more than a hundred miles from her mother—she would lose all interest in life away from these girls and men she had grown up with—and the babies to whom she is godmother and silver spoon giver. To say nothing of leaving properly built and heated houses, and the opera and ocean. Why, it was out of the question. Of course she would object, trust Helen not to consider herself first—but her insistence and blindness to reason, to say nothing of her final injured coolness—well, as I said, I was glad enough to get away to the gayety of Scott's yacht for a breathing space.

Helen didn't bubble over when I handed her Scott's note, but she seemed willing enough to go, so on Friday afternoon I left the office early, met her at the Grand Central at four, and by dinner time we were at Bridgeport on the white deck of the yacht lying at anchor off Black Rock.

We were the last arrivals, and a jolly lot we were who sipped our coffee under the stars and watched the great eye of the channel light-house blink and disappear and blink again. Scott always knew the right kinds of people to put together; that is, if there were to be any gunpowders on board, there were no matches invited. On this occasion I decided that we were largely of the soda water variety. The remarks were all surface wit—you know the kind—a pop and froth of laughter that is all over in a minute. Only worth a nickel, too, but it was pleasing and refreshing somehow, after those intense days at home. Besides it gave me time, when it wasn't my turn to pop, to think—I had a lot of thinking about Helen to do. She sat over by the rail facing me. I could only see her hands in her lap and the white outline of her coat against the black sky. She didn't laugh very much—I wondered if *she* was thinking, too.

Heaven keep all my friends from a diet of soda-pop—especially if they are afloat on the deep, cut off from fresh supplies! By the third morning we had all tacitly admitted our weariness of that form of intellectual nourishment—and each one of us had retired to his or her deck chair, to try for a while "the gentle art of enjoying oneself."

I smiled as I noticed the various forms the art was taking. Mrs. Armand, the plump, vivacious matron in black and diamonds (not more of the latter than are good taste on a yacht, of course), was yawning over a green-covered volume with purple trees and gold letters on the front and more purple trees on the back. (I wish I had the designing of book covers, but that is in passing.)

Carlton Brier was napping in the shadow of Miss Greville's deck-chair. He is forty-five, and as handsome a man as ever was made on the big dark lines, a rousing good fellow and as poor as a mouse. And if Carlton napped in the morning, you can depend upon it there was "nothing doing."

Harricott, the blonde English lad whose life is gold-lined and automobile-trimmed, was walking up and down, smiling at the sallies of black-eyed little Miss Van Dyne.

Weedon, the cynic and dyspeptic, was reading a fat book—probably statistics on proper and improper mastication—Helen and Kitty Scott weren't in sight—Scott was aft, talking to the captain.

Well, this quiet state of things lasted about half an hour, then presto! Somebody produced a brand new, shiny, uncut magazine from somewhere, and we all began to quarrel. We were matching for it when Scott sauntered up and suggested like a tactful host that some one pick out a good tale and read it aloud to the crowd. So we matched for that, and it fell to Miss Greville. She picked out a story, and we all drew up our deck chairs in a circle.

I haven't the faintest idea what the name of the tale was, but after all, that doesn't matter. It was a good piece of work—at least it began so.

The hero was a young lawyer of the promising, hopeful kind that. I guess Helen thought I was when she married me. I looked at her once or twice when the story began, but she didnt' turn in my direction, and her mouth hadn't gone up much at the corners.

Well, as I said, the hero was an ambitious young idiot, and was especially anxious to make a start at law, so that he could hurry up and ask a certain girl to preside over his coffee pot. They were engaged, but the coffee pot picture seemed a long way off. But one day, just as the man was getting discouraged, a case was offered him that looked mighty fine to a beginner. A certain old gentleman had left an interesting will which his niece was trying to break, and if the hero could win for the other side and defeat the girl's lawyer (who was one of the biggest men in the State) his fame would be pretty well clinched. All his friends congratulated him on getting the chance, and the best (or rather the worst of it, as he found out later) was that he felt perfectly sure he had the *right side*. So he threw his hat up in the air, treated his friends all round and accepted the case.

Then he found out that the niece, the girl he would be fighting, was his fiancee! Naturally, his first impulse was to withdraw his acceptance, but just as he was hunting round for a pen or stamp or something, a note came from the girl, a nice, ambiguous note, telling him that it was a business matter and that he mustn't be influenced by any unbusiness-like feelings he might have in regard to her.

So the hero's professional ambition sprang up again for a minute, and then his feeling for the girl began to fight with that, and he began to pace the floor and ask himself what he should do.

I tell you we were all pretty interested Helen was leaning forward and Weedon's mastication book had fallen under his chair. Miss Greville's voice went on, following the conflicting thoughts of the poor chap.

"Suddenly there was a loud cry in the stern, and we saw the sailors all rush to one side. "Man overboard!" some one shouted; a life-preserver was thrown out, and orders began to be shouted "to put her about into the wind!" We all sprang up and rushed to the rail. I tell you, nothing less than a man overboard would have stopped that story. We hung over as far as we could, and watched the life preserver go out into the white wake, and we saw the sailor strike out for it. Of course he got hold in time, and was hauled in, mad and shivering. Then we turned back to our deck chairs for the rest of the tale—that is, all except Miss Greville.

But Miss Greville evidently hadn't seen many rescues, and she got pretty well excited. Just before the man grabbed the rope, I had heard her breath coming fast, and I noticed that her hands which still held the forgotten magazine were clasped so tightly that the nails marked her flesh.

After the rest of us had turned away she still stood there, watching the thing to the very end. Then when the last dripping foot was safely deposited on the deck, she gave a little cry of relief and clapped her hands.

Imagine our horror! Out into the wind and down into the sound it went—our magazine—rustling away like a yellow-winged bird—and with it went our poor hero still pacing the floor and wringing his hands!

Well, it wasn't any use. Some one rushed madly for a boat hook, but at the rate we were clipping along, we had lost sight of the thing in the swirls of foam before I had a chance to shout "Another man overboard!"

After we had lamented and scolded all around, we turned to the culprit. "Miss Greville will have to finish the story," we said.

Just then Scott stepped in with his hostful suggestions. "Let everybody finish it as he or she likes," he said, "and we'll compare endings."

Weedon flung out both hands. "Why didn't we lose that magazine yesterday?" he groaned. Weedon always did shirk responsibilities. But, as Mededith says, "One is not altogether fit for the battle of life who is engaged in a perpetual contention with his dinner."

"Shut up, Weedon," Brier commanded. "We're going to do it alphabetically," and it won't be up to you for a long time. Now then, begin, Mrs. Armand."

Mrs. Armand clasped her plump, bediamoned hands and gazed out over the water.

"Well, the hero decided to keep the case," she began. "So he tried to forget about the girl and win his side. And he was terribly eloquent, and all the papers talked about him. But just as he was about to make a last thrilling oration (Mrs. Armand's husband was in the shoe business) he happened to glance across the hushed court-room, and there he saw the girl, her face white and trembling, and he forgot everything else in the world——"

"And shouting, 'All for love,' rushed across the room, clasped the girl in his arms and lost his case," Weedon interrupted.

"Hi, there, Weedon, it isn't your turn," Scott called. "Brier comes next."

Carlton Brier straightened his long frame and took the cigarette from his mouth.

"Mine's brief," he said. "The man had a good friend who came to him in the middle of his pacing and told him to go ahead with the case; so, being a sensible chap, he went in and won, and cinched his career for the rest of his life."

"But what about the girl?" Miss Greville asked. She was looking intently at Brier.

He laughed and took another puff. "Why, of course, she wouldn't speak to him after he had made her lose all her money, so he went on a cruise in the Mediterranean and she married a gilt-edged pork-packer in Chicago."

Brier sat back comfortably in his chair. "Next!" he said.

Miss Greville clasped and unclasped her hands.

"Mine is something like Mr. Brier's," she said. "The man went ahead and won the case, and made the girl lose the money.

"The girl wasn't angry at all; he only thought she was, and on the night before he started for the Mediterranean she sent for him and told him that it didn't matter whether she was rich and he was poor —or, or anything."

Miss Greville finished breathlessly, and her face flushed as she sank back in her chair. Brier was smiling lazily. I saw Miss Greville glance at him quickly, but he shook his head. He had evidently decided upon the Mediterranean cruise for his hero.

"Harricott! where's Harricott?" Weedon asked. We all looked around, but Harricott had slipped away. He realizes his duty in society, Harricott does, as the Appreciative Audience and the Motor-Trip Furnishing Branch.

"Now, it's up to you, Trent," Scott turned to me. "Or rather Mrs. Trent and you. *Place aux dames.*"

Helen was tearing a bit of paper into fine shreds in her lap.

"No, you first," she said, without looking up. "Arthur comes before Helen."

"Oh, well," I said easily, "I think you have made entirely too much out of the situation. The man did the natural thing, of course, the only thing he could do, which was to put aside the girl's note (of course an expected protest) and refuse to accept the case."

Dora Van Ryne began to protest. "Oh, make more of a story than that," but Scott pacified her.

"Wait till we have Mrs. Trent's version—then we'll have a recess and everybody can talk at once."

Helen began to arrange the pieces of paper in her lap into a pattern. There was a bright pink spot in each cheek, and she talked very fast.

"The man was a fine fellow," she said, looking out over the water, "but he wasn't used to seeing the two sides of things. So he believed that there was only one sacrifice to be made, and that was the sacrifice of his career for the sake of the girl. It never occurred to him that he was selfish in wishing to monopolize all the sacrifice. He cared more for the girl than for his career, but he never considered that the girl might care more for his career than for her money, or herself.

"So, when the man insisted upon refusing to accept the case, she wrote another note—he had so evidently not understood the first one—and this time she spoke very plainly. She wrote something like this: 'If you won't (supposing you win) accept the sacrifice of my money, why should you expect me to accept the sacrifice of your career?'

"And then she ended by telling him what she believed about a man's work—that when he had "touched the core of his capacities," when he was putting his best into his work, there was little place for woman in his thoughts. She might inspire in victory or compensate in loss, but she would come before and after—the completion of his life, perhaps, but not the whole."

Helen stopped abruptly, and looked down at the bits of paper in her lap. We were silent for an instant.

"Well, did he still refuse; did he miss her point?" Brier asked, after a long silence.

For a fraction of a second Helen's eyes were on me. Then, "He accepted, didn't he?" I said.

Helen nodded.

"Gee! you ought to be a novelist, Mrs. Trent!" Weedon looked at her with admiration. "Wasn't that realistic, though. You've got the 'touch,' all right."

"But you didn't finish," Dora Van Dyne pouted. "He accepted, but did he win the case?"

Helen was looking at the water again. The corners of her lips curved upward just enough to bring out two dimples. (Jove, I'd almost forgotten she had them.)

"Did he win?" Helen repeated over to herself.

I leaned forward and pulled the rug up over her knees.

"She won," I said, absently.

Camping Out In California

BY ROCKWELL D. HUNT

NATURE has done her part with lavish hand. Our Yosemite, Tahoe, Santa Cruz and Mendocino redwoods, Mariposa and Tuolumne Big Trees; our snow-crowned mountains of Siskiyou and Inyo, our Lake County, with its myriads of wonder-working springs, our seaside attractions from north to sunny south—these are sample dishes from the menu infinitely rich in quality, in variety inexhaustible.

Americans are slow at becoming intimately acquainted with California's best, except at long range, and in the externals of conventionality. Even our own home people, jaded dwellers in teeming cities and faithful farmers after harvest in our opulent valleys, are slow to come to their own. Multitudes have never yet known the joy of the camp. And it is an abounding joy that multiplies with the sharing.

To insure a successful camping trip, three conditions must be present. First, congenial company; second, wholesome provision in ample supply; third, adequate means of getting from place to place in your own time, and not at the signal of a conductor or the crack of the stage driver's whip. The third is best secured for most occasions by a stoutly-built covered spring wagon, drawn by a span of sound, true-and-tried horses; for rare occasions, the tough, sure-footed pack-horse is the *sine qua non.*

Under the second head great dependence may be placed in gun and rod; but experience has fully demonstrated that it is not the part of wisdom to subject the enormous appetites of California camp life to the monotony induced by an exclusive diet of wild game and fish. The commissary department is simplified by the infinite variety of prepared foods of wholesome quality now everywhere available, and by the camp devises of an inventive generation. Yet nothing quite takes the place of the "flap jacks" of our fathers and the "Dutch Ovens" of our mothers. A bewilderment of foods and of dishes in camp is a delusion and a snare.

I lay chief stress on the first condition, good camp company. Boon companions will suffer dire hardship, hard luck, and even low provisions, and yet report a splendid time on returning from a trip, but no amount of material success will compensate for the absence of a congenial camp mate.

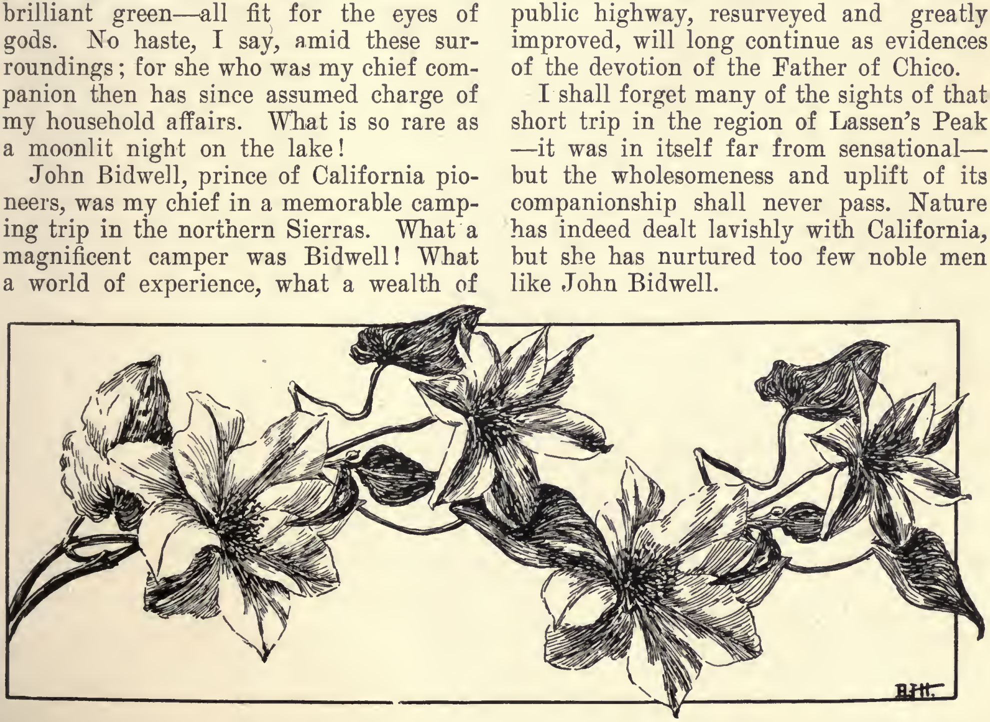
I have been specially favored. In Yosemite it was my joy to make camp at the base of Three Brothers peaks with two brothers of my own as companions. We called it Camp *Tres Fratres.* The snail-pace of the burros creeping along from splendor to splendor was not to our liking, but in bounding health and vigor we were free to make record time from Sentinel Dome to Glacier Point and on down the zig-zagging trail to the picturesque little chapel on the floor of the valley opposite grand El Capitan. The conventional life of the so-called rich, lounging around the lobby of the hotels—we would have none of that: give us the freedom of the camp and the more intimate wealth of sublime nature. With face to ground we were lulled reluctantly to sleep by the grateful thunderings of the ponderous, magical, miracle of God, to be awakened in early morn by a warbling robin who had builded her a nest in a near-by pine sapling, fearing no evil.

Very different, though not a whit less charming, was the prospect at Tahoe, with camp cosily set under those balsamic pines —the wind soughing through the upper branches. What possibilities of delight north, east, south, west, with camp headquarters here on the border of that most beautiful of all lakes. Here the true lover of nature forgets his gun, and for a time even his rod, as he in grateful humility drinks in the myriad marvels of creation at its finest. How entrancing was the moon's shimmer upon the dancing waves as we sat at the base of majestic Tallac, our gaze losing itself in the pale distance on the lake's bosom. No dream of record-breaking time here, whether enjoying a boating excursion to the enchanted haunts of Emerald Bay or looking down from the heights of Tallac upon a panorama of snowy areas with jutting peaks, mountain lakes, and meadows of brilliant green—all fit for the eyes of gods. No haste, I say, amid these surroundings; for she who was my chief companion then has since assumed charge of my household affairs. What is so rare as a moonlit night on the lake!

John Bidwell, prince of California pioneers, was my chief in a memorable camping trip in the northern Sierras. What a magnificent camper was Bidwell! What a world of experience, what a wealth of reminiscence! What a knowledge; what unbounded hospitality! Not while life lasts can I forget the gentle yet commanding greatness of this man whose friendships and benefactions were as broad as his spreading acres of Rancho Chico. "Annie," he remarked to his charming wife the first morning, "we must see how many plants we can name to-day," and before nightfall some four score, from tiniest lichen to the stately *pinus ponderosa,* had been accorded their proper names at sight. It is said that the general could at the age of eighty give the scientific names of all the plants of every description, indigenous and introduced, that grew on his vast estate of 25,000 acres. He had a passion for science, whether astronomy or geology, and delighted to entertain in camp as well as mansion visiting scientists from far and near. He loved poetry as well as science, and how pleasant it was to hear the becoming verses from Wordsworth or Longfellow, or a psalm of David from the lips of this venerable man.

Withal he was a benefactor to his neighbors. The real objective point of this and many another of his camping trips was the survey and improvement of mountain roads. Scores of miles of the public highway, resurveyed and greatly improved, will long continue as evidences of the devotion of the Father of Chico.

I shall forget many of the sights of that short trip in the region of Lassen's Peak —it was in itself far from sensational— but the wholesomeness and uplift of its companionship shall never pass. Nature has indeed dealt lavishly with California, but she has nurtured too few noble men like John Bidwell.



IN NEW SUMMER LANDS

BY

FELIX J. KOCH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

HE WAS of that sort of men to whom if you say they shouldn't, they answer "they will," and if you tell them they *should,* they *won't*.

He was going away from staid old vacation lands, and he wanted to try something just a bit different from his friend, who was summering in the Riviera, and his other friend, in Algiers, and the college chum of years standing who had gone to Australia. In short, he wanted to dispell the illusions his friends might all have of some little-known land.

He had heard that in Turkey there were new worlds to conquer, and that, if one wanted to run the risk, he could go by horse through the most delightful region in Europe, the Ivan Planina (or ridge) of the Balkans. So he started for that little district—the Sandchak of Novi-pazar.

In the first place how should he get there? By rail from Buda-Pest to Sarajevo, that was easy. But all the way down people told him not to go beyond that point.

"You will never come out alive; you will certainly regret it!"

Then when he got to Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, he heard another story. "The Austro-Hungarians are occupying all that section of Turkey as far north as Plevlje, and if you go in the post stage you go in perfect safety. Even now they are building the railway to that point, down the plague spot of Europe."

Where was the post stage? He inquired at the post-office.

There was an affable Austrian on duty, and he enlightened him, pleasantly.

"It leaves three times a week, and it is *an* experience. Yah, you really should take it!"

So he wanted to do, but there was no room in the diligence until three days afterward. Result, he took "place."

The eventful day arrived, as it must, when he should venture into new vacation lands, the famous sandchak or district of Novi-pazar. Incidentally, the post diligence left at four in the morning, and all four passengers were warned that if not on time, it would bowl along to the end of the Austrian occupation, and into Turkish domains without them. The fare was a mere trifle, five dollars and four cents, and you could take ten kilograms of free baggage along, providing that this was not in wooden or iron trunks. In other words, it must be in parcels, for out there leather wallets were totally unknown.

The ticket further went on to say that you couldn't smoke if any one else objected. Then you could take no dogs. Furthermore, you had to declare the value of your baggage, otherwise you couldn't recover.

The only possible loss seemed to be from highwaymen, so that the American didn't particularly relish this last statement. But it was there, both in Croat and in German, on the large white ticket, and there was no way out of it.

He studied the map of the route. It really meant very little. He was to go due southeast of Sarajevo to Plevlje, but as matters of fact, he would first travel south to Croljavac, then southeast along the Maljacka and the mountains to Gorovic, and after that paralleling the river to Praca and Cemernica, and to the boun-

THE BAGGAGE.

dary of Bosnia and Turkey. If, then, he went on, remained to be seen.

He had them wake him at three—at the Hotel Bosnia. Then, while the porter took his valise to the post-office, he invested in sausage at a neighboring grocer's, as he had been advised to do.

The 'bus, of course, was not ready when he got to the post. That was all part of the programme, enabling the cheery young barmaid at the stand where the liquors are dispensed to the waiters to indulge in flirtations with guests.

He, too, had his coffee, then stepped into the diligence.

It seemed quite the limit of transportation, this canvas-covered affair. One could enter from either side, and there were two seats for two persons each, facing one another within. In front was the seat for driver and guard. To see the latter take his place, gun in hand, sent a sudden thrill to the heart.

Meantime, down in the bottom, and in the rear of the seats, they were stacking parcels that would go by mail far into the interior.

A pock-marked, non-talkative Serb, who spoke German, and who, on the whole, was quite friendly, and a peasant woman who spoke the Serb language only, were the only others aboard. The fourth passenger, evidently, was late, so they set out without him.

Out of the city, out through the dark, empty streets, in the night, and with the military bugles blowing, as they rounded the corners, the start was made. Despite the cravenette and the heavy underwear, it was cold, withal that it was well toward the end of August.

Here and there, out of the dark, an electric-light flickered at the corners; otherwise this outset of the ride was much as Dickens described coaching on similar stilly nights in England. The driver and the guard were discussing the mail—thirty-four parcels in all—wood boxes, card board and bundles.

AN INN EN ROUTE.

The others aboard were silent—so he sank back into his seat, on the right, in the rear, to doze.

Ahead, in fact all day to the end (for, by law, the two must keep in sight of each other), there rumbled the box-like post wagon, also a two-horse equipage, with driver and armed guard on top.

His own guard had his gun in instant

THE CLIFF COUNTRY.

readiness now, and it and the uniform, added their powerful part in giving hazard to the prospect.

It seemed as though everywhere was silence—silence only—save when the church bells chimed the hour or the electric light globes, swayed by the breeze, creaked above the stage's rumble, and of the night one heard some distant cocks, and their cries seemed warnings that this trip might be in the end fatal. Nearer, geese, too, cackled angrily at the driver in the red jacket lined with blue, red trousers, tall boots and red cap with a button—as he lashed at them with his whip.

Again and again the bugle sounded out on the silent night, ordering teams to give right of way to his Majesty's mail.

Then they were in the country, on a rustic's pike. In place of the bugle now the driver substituted a shrill whistle when some wagon blocked the way. The colder it grew the more the passengers huddled far in the wagon's depths, and maintained a half-conscious doze. There were no covers in the stage, and with the growing altitude it became actually icy.

Then a second post wagon joined the cavalcade, and the three rolled out, procession-wise, as in England in coaching days. The whistle, the horn, the night, and the guard with the gun; then the mountains, and the increasing cold, one would have slept away with the monotony of them, but that the hands and the feet were freezing.

Dim, high forms of mountains on right and left became gradually more visible, and now and then a pack-train of mules was signaled ahead from the vanguard of the post train.

Just at the time when sleep had come, the stage came to a halt.

Of course it must be robbers!

Instead, it was a young signal corps officer, who had overslept himself, and hurried by puzzling bridle-paths to overtake the stage. He greeted one and all in German as he took his, the fourth, place in the stage; spoke of the white frost on the fields, and how nice it would be if

AUSTRIAN PATROLS.

A LAND OF MOSQUES.

they could stop in at the *kavana,* all lit up, just beyond, for some coffee. Then he looked at the moon and the clear, sparkling stars, and likewise fell asleep.

So, too, did the American. When he did wake—once or twice—they were passing a church, or an occasional wagon, with the driver walking beside his horses, or some more of the innumerable pack-trains, while the ever-rising, towering mountains were always just perceptible in the dusk.

When daybreak came, they were following the line of a new spur of railway, then just under construction. Instinctively, while they breathed on their hands and shuffled their feet in an attempt to fight that stinging cold, they compared this ride to American travel, even in olden times, and then to what it would be here, perhaps, three years hence, when the railway got this far into Bosnia. And meantime he was congratulating himself that he had made the trip *now,* and secured this taste of old-fashioned staging.

Everything, too, served for distraction. A great herd of pack-horses, tied together with clothes-line, and a peasant walking at their head or their sides, served for a moment to ward off sleep. Then the mutual expressing of the wish for sun-up or for covers, kept the four in some sort of life.

It was quarter past five when the sun made its first appearance over the mountains, and one could begin to see things distinctly. The mountain peaks grew yellow against a ground-work of brown, and great valleys of pines seemed to open.

A passenger suggested that they tie the covers to the side entry to the stage, and they found it a little warmer, now that the draft was shut off, only that obstructed the view!

Time seemed to pass very slowly. At 5.25 they were stopping in the twilight at two little homes, and while the sweat rose in steams off the horses' backs, and their breath, too, floated skyward, they worked fingers and legs that were stiff with cold, and tried to break the frozen silence by suggesting they imitate the peasants they saw outside, with the queer, be-turbaned fezes of red, twisted cloth—and walk side by side with the horses.

Those peasants interested the American deeply. There were some who wore European attire throughout, excepting for conventional fezes. There were others who had the Bosnic fez—that of the red, twisted cloth. There were others with a handkerchief about the head. Most of them carried bags of alternate gray and brown stripes on their backs.

They were all prone to argument, and notably so one with whom the stage-driver picked a quarrel, because the peasant refused to return an article he had found on the road.

Other men in ordinary attire, but with great alpen-stocks, to whose tops bouquets of fresh flowers were tied, and with a "ruck sack" on the back and typical Swiss caps (even to the green felt and one feather), were likewise clambering on to the deep blue mountains, where the sunlight had not yet fallen.

Rapidly, now, however, the light of day was spreading over the endless peaks, and at a *kavana* where the cavalcade stopped that the three drivers and guards might go in to their coffee, the cocks were proclaiming the fact. Mean-time, for fifteen minutes or so of the halt, the four inside the 'bus were freezing.

Some pack-horses, with great loads of hay wrapped entirely round their bodies, made themselves objects of envy, for their covers. Likewise, some peasants, in the thread-crossed brown slippers, the black stockings rising to heavy red garters, the white trousers and the long white vests, beneath queer coats of black, who seemed not to heed the temperature a trifle.

With full dawn the mists on the Balkan peaks ahead were dispelled rapidly, and the fogs fell away into a vale of blue clouds, one of the prettiest sights in the world.

If only it had been warmer, that one could rightly enjoy overlooking these peaks—some with slopes well-tilled and patched by crops, the others wooded and their slopes irregular, though well-covered by vegetation.

And the music of the road, too—it was so pretty—but for one's shivering! Where the black-gowned peasants walked at the leading animal's head a bell swung, tinkling merrily the live-long day. Every train had its different burden, too. Here were thirteen burros, laden all with hides, coming out of the mountains as the pack-trains do far away in India. Yonder, others had a keg at each side of the horse with olives, perhaps, for the valley.

Down in one vale was a goat-pen, and the alpenstock bearers made for it on a run, perhaps for the goat's milk or cheese, while the other trains wound on in the forest.

Wagons hauling supplies for the new railway, or great kegs of material under tarpaulin, so as to resemble American beer wagons, became numerous by six, when, frozen to the bone, the first creek was reached, and with each yard of ascent the mercury seemed to fall lower.

Then they took to the forest of pines—very erect and laden with balsam. Pines seemed to cover even the crags, and where there were windows were farm houses with great white-washed ovens in their gardens, beneath a protective roof. There was the summer villa of a consul here also, in a great ever-green preserve, and across the way was an inn.

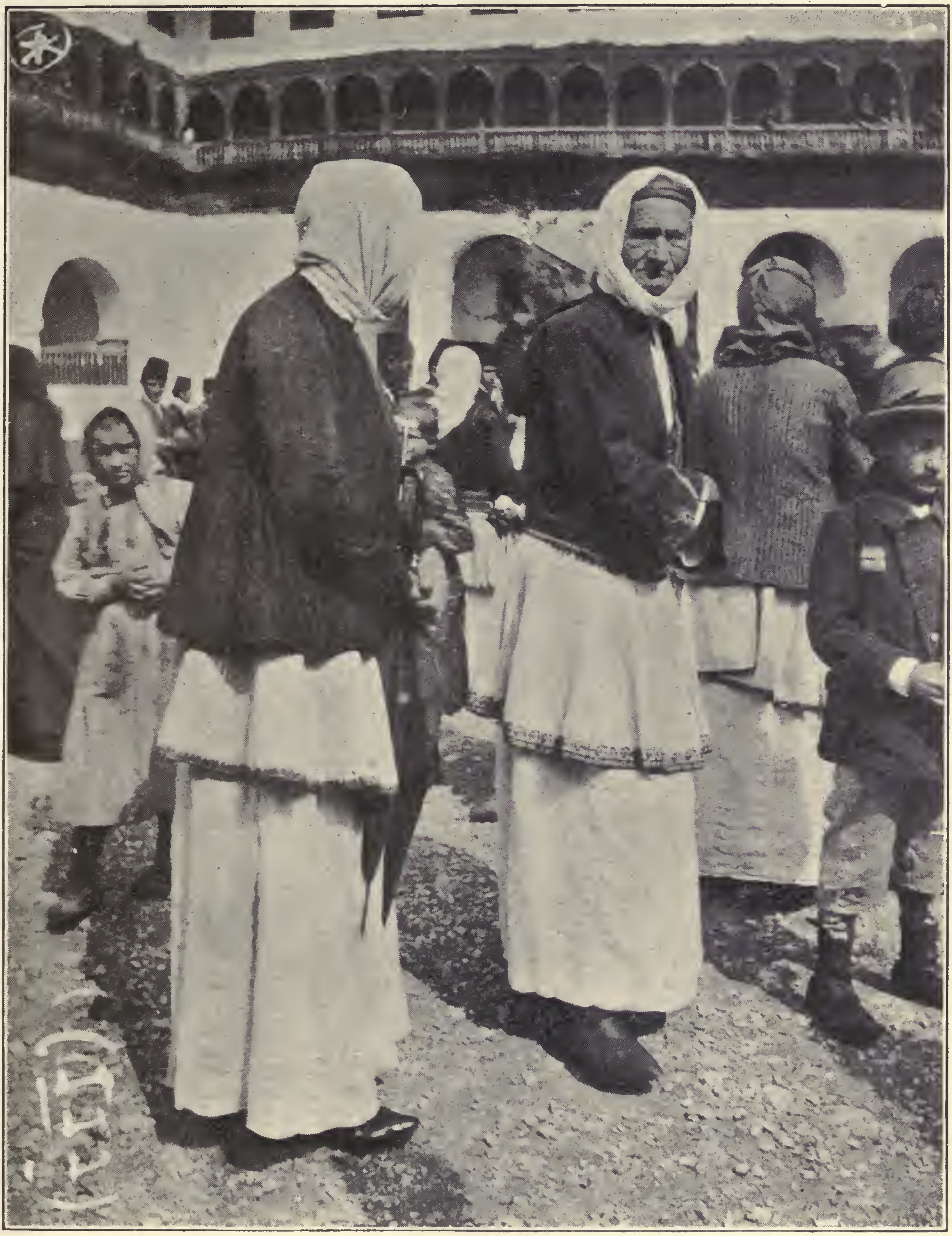
That was the first morning's stop—it was only six-ten now. The wagons drove off to a military reservation (which no stranger may enter), that the guards might breakfast. The travelers remained behind.

They went to the inn, but it was closed. Luckily, over the road was another, the *han*, or tavern of Bale. Out of the cold, through the guest room of the inn, into the kitchen, where cooking was in progress on a most modern range, the travelers flocked. Two or three women, wearing very cheap gowns, were engaged in preparing breakfast.

There were scrambled eggs and black bread—that was all, excepting, of course, coffee. Would it do? Most certainly, yes.

So, while the eggs were cooking, they thawed out, and discussed the cold, the worse after yesterday's rain. Then they looked out the window at the great panorama of beautiful, forested mountains, rolling beyond the barnyards.

Their hands finally warm, and the chat at an end, they withdrew to the guest



WOMEN OF THE REGION.

room, where the floor was of planks, and the walls had a green plaster, and the ceiling was of heavy, raised boards. In one corner was a bed, and beside it a sofa. Then there was a little iron stove and a sewing machine, some tables and chairs. Ever since 1885, when the soldiers were quartered here, the Magyars had run the place. Now, however, the soldiers were useless for protection, as there were no longer any robbers about.

They gave other interesting gossip, too, of the hunting club of Turkind *beys,* close by, that was kept so exclusive because of the price of membership, and which had wiped out practically all the big game, notably bear and wild boar, leaving only a few deer and chamois.

Then they called attention to the sun, rising on the pine-clad mountains. After that they let them go on with the coffee.

There was time to spare still before the wagons returned. Nearby at the roadside was a *kavana,* all of white plaster, and with over-hanging roof. The door was open, and inside on a divan or bench, against the wall, sat the Turk, cross-legged, at his tray, with the cafe can and the little, handleless cup, the sugar and spoon, swilling the live-long day.

The American photoed him and his home and inn. Then he took a "snap" of a passing Serb by his horse, and the man shook his hands in exceedingly grateful thanks.

Wagons with supplies went by in astounding numbers, showing the importance of the trade route that the new railway will take to connect with the Oriental Express in the future.

After that, it was time to go on.

Did he want to go? He had had only a taste of the Balkans! The Turkish coffee, the *han,* the out-door oven, appealed to him greatly. It was getting warmer now, too—that the sun was up! Of course he did! So he went.

On to the heart of the sandchak, and the trip was as unique as any he had heard of before.

WIND ON THE SEA

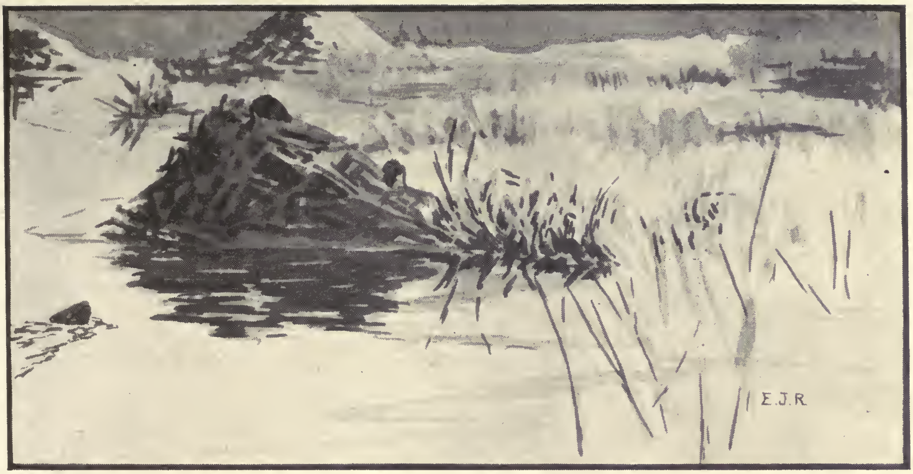
BY

ARTHUR POWELL

THE wind is high, though clear the sky;
The great seas rise and fall
Like the heaving breasts of a monstrous shape
Spawned in some under hall,
Where the ceiling is light as the green of the grape,
And the floor dark,—dark as a pall.

The big ship swings; the rigging sings;
The deck is a swivelled plane;
We painfully cling and climb, till now,
One beat, we are level again;
Then down we slide with the dipping bow
To a clank-and-creak refrain.

Before the gale, with swelling sail,
We reel in drunken glee;
The brute we ride is the wind-whipped tide
That heavily rolls a-lee;
There, where the lash has cut the hide,
The crystal spray flies free.



LITTLE MUSKY'S STORY

BY

CLARENCE HAWKES

ILLUSTRATED BY ELOISE J. ROORBACH.

LITTLE MUSKY had been born about the first of February, in one of the conical-shaped muskrat houses upon the island in the great river. He had been one of a family of nine rats, for the muskrat always has a good, large family. His parents lived in a three-story house, about six feet high, and six or seven feet in diameter. The muskrat houses had been built higher than usual the autumn before, for by some wild instinct, the wary rats expected unusual freshets in the spring; and their prophecies usually came true. By observing these sagacious little creatures, man can often get valuable hints as to the weather, for many months ahead.

When the winter is to be long and cold, they build the rush and reed walls of their houses thicker, both to keep out the cold and to serve them as provender. When there is to be high water in the spring, they build their houses high, so that they will not be drowned out when the freshet comes.

The family of muskrats to which Musky belonged, had been very cozy in their nicely constructed house, where they nestled close to their mother's warm fur and were content. It was several weeks before they were large enough to crawl about, but they grew much faster than other small creatures, so in two months they were exploring the house for themselves.

Before the spring freshet came they were large enough to go outside, and run about in the tunnels that the old muskrats had made in the snow. These tunnels were very winding and led from point to point, where provender had been stored.

About the middle of April there were several days of hard rain, and the ice in the river broke up, and the spring flood began.

At first the three conical houses on the island had seemed very secure, for they were on a high point, and several feet above water. But an ice-jam was formed in the river below, and the water rose rapidly. This was something that the rats had not expected; so, like the wisest of us, they were taken unawares. Soon the water came into the lower story of their house, and they went to the second floor. Then that, too, became flooded, and they went to the third and last. But the water still rose, and the fate of the poor muskrats looked dubious. The water was so deep about their house that they could not escape by the water passage, and reach a place of refuge before their breath and strength would be gone. Finally, the floor of their last refuge became wet, and they huddled up in one corner, frightened and miserable.

Then a lucky accident delivered them from the trap in which they had been caught, for a log came rushing and tumbling about in the current, and stove in the top of their house, and their escape was made more easy.

But where should they flee, for on every side was water, water, water, and nothing but water. It was not placid and inviting, as they were used to see it, but turbulent and angry, and they feared it with an unknown fear.

Soon a long, queer object began slowly moving across the meadows, towards the island. Occasionally a bright flame would leap from this strange thing, and a thunderous noise would reverberate across the water. The muskrats did not know what it all meant, but it doubled their fears, which were already great.

Soon the monster drew near the island and its three conical houses, and the old rats became alarmed. They were all out on the top of the house now, and could see the moving object quite plainly. Then the thunder stick spoke again, louder and more terribly than it had before, and one of the old rats and three of the children rolled, kicking and splashing, into the river, and the water about them was red with blood. Then a friendly plank came floating by, and the remaining old muskrat, and three of the youngsters swam and climbed upon it. Bang, bang, bang, went the thunder stick again, and the old muskrat and two of the children on the plank tumbled off, as the others had done from the top of their house; and little Musky was left alone upon the plank, in a hostile and terrible world. But the water was more merciful than man, for the current bore him swiftly away, out of reach of the thunder-stick.

On, on, the current swept the friendly plank, and this queer little mariner was borne far away from all familiar things, and never again in his adventurous life did he see any of his own family. Sometimes the plank rushed through narrows with a speed that fairly took his breath away, and then it glided gently along, where the river was broad and not so turbulent. Once it rushed into a whirlpool and was sent spinning round and round. The poor rat became quite dizzy, and nearly lost his hold, but he knew intuitively that his only hope was in clinging tight, so he clung.

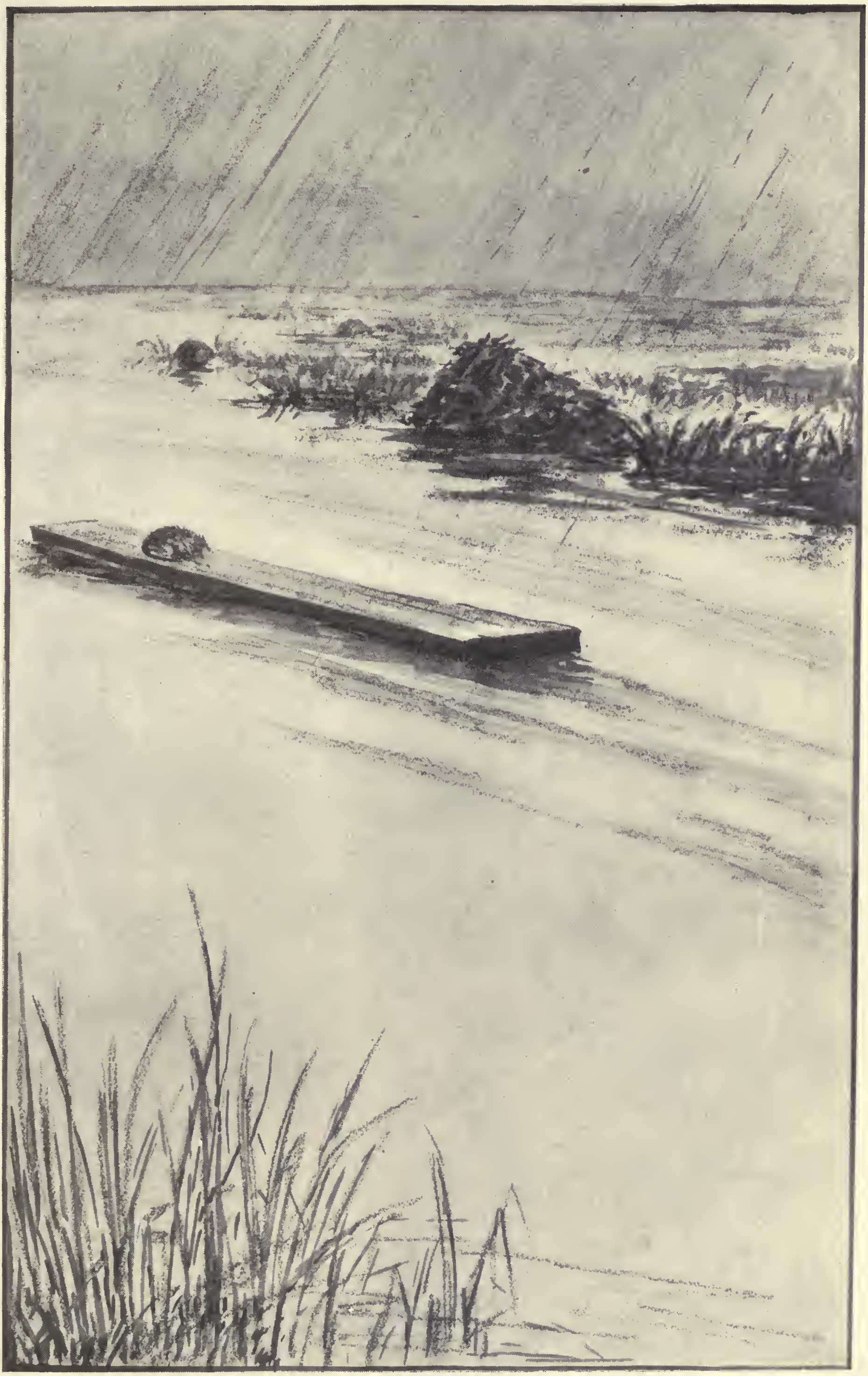
Several times the plank shot under long bridges, where the swollen waters nearly washed the floor. At another point it shot over a great dam, with the speed of an arrow.

Finally, after several hours, it was carried into back water, and lodged in some bushes, and Musky's travels ceased for a while, for which he was very glad, for it tired him and made him so dizzy he could hardly tell water from land.

Soon another plank came floating by and lodged still nearer the shore, so he left the plank that had served him so well, and swam to the second one, and from that to an old log, until at last he was on land. Here his first care was to eat some last year's dead water grass, and stop the gnawing at his vitals. Then he crawled into a hole in the bank and went to sleep.

When he awoke he was sore and stiff, but a run in the sand soon restored his good feelings. There was plenty of good food, both in the wash along the shore, and in the reeds and water grasses, so he fared very well as far as food was concerned, but he was very lonely. He had always had a dozen or more young muskrats for playmates and companions, and it seemed strange to be left all alone. He had no idea where the island in the great river could be found again, and soon gave up looking for it.

The second day he made the acquaintance of a drowned-out skunk, which made it a little less lonesome. The skunk did not have very much to do with him, but



"ON, ON, THE CURRENT SWEPT THE FRIENDLY PLANK."

it was nice just to have some one to look at, and to know that there were other living things, besides himself, that the flood had pushed from their homes.

After about a week, the flood subsided, and the river went back to its old channel. The sun then came out warm for the time of year and dried up the sand. The young muskrat found the sand a great delight, and was never tired of playing in it, but he soon learned that his element was the water. On land he was awkward, and did not know just how to make his legs go, but in the water they went all right. So he concluded that he was made for swimming and kept much to the water.

Two very serious mishaps befell him this first summer, which he might have avoided if he had been in the company of wiser heads, but he was alone in the world, and had to buy all his wisdom.

One morning in midsummer he was playing on the shore, after having made a fine breakfast on lily bulbs, when he noticed a shadow upon the ground beside him. It had not been there a second before, and he wondered what made it. The next second he found out in a way that astonished him, for there was a great flapping above him, and before he knew what was about to happen, a large fish-hawk had wrapped steely talons about him, and strong wings were bearing him away.

With that instinct of self-preservation that is strong in all wild creatures, and which tells them to do the right thing at the right time, the young rat drew himself up, and buried his teeth in the hawk's leg.

The old osprey had caught many young muskrats before; none of them had ever bitten him, but he had taken this one up in the wrong manner. It was so sudden and unexpected that for a second the hawk loosed his grip, and the poor rat dropped back into the river, with a suddenness that knocked the breath out of his body, and left him kicking and gasping on the surface of the water. The hawk could easily have taken him again, but the muskrat's teeth had sunk deep into his leg, and he concluded to go after a fish instead. Fish did not act in that uncivil manner.

So little Musky escaped this time, but he never forgot the lesson. After that, whenever he saw the fish-hawk hovering above the river, he sought a safe shelter, and was very careful not to show himself until the osprey had gone. Musky's second adventure, and one from which he learned a valuable lesson, was with his worst enemy, the mink.

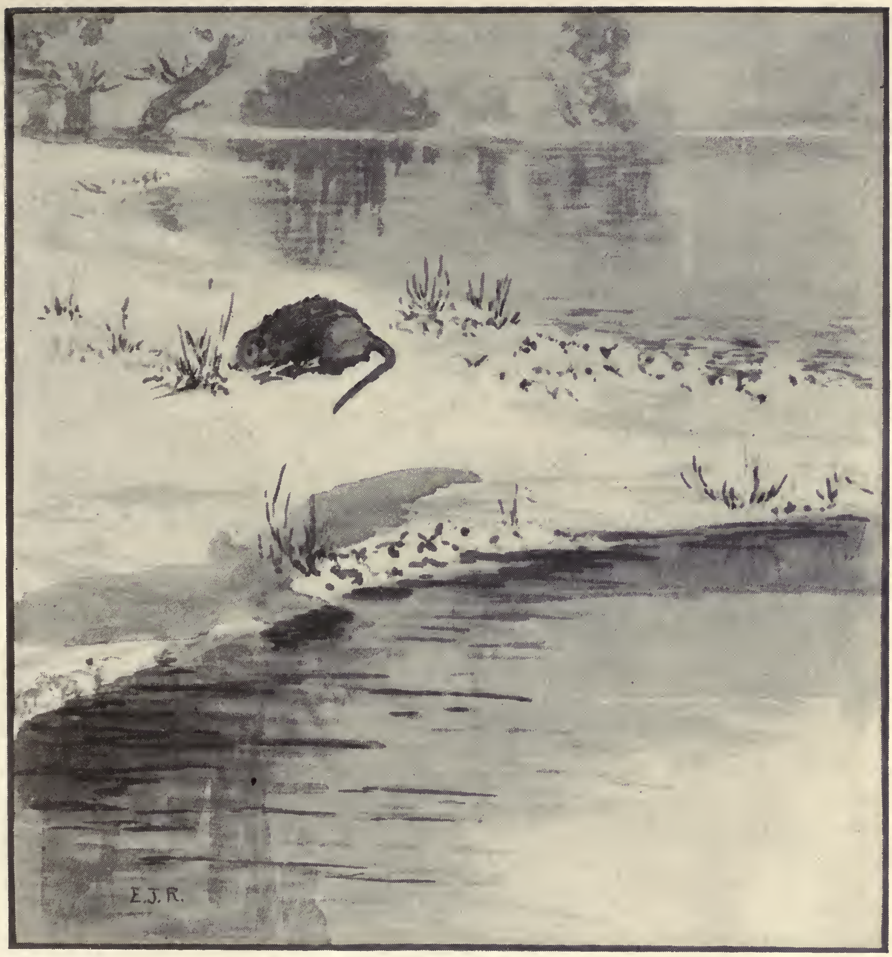
One evening, when he was playing in the shallows of a little brook, which ran into the river, he saw a slim, sleek-looking animal, not much larger than himself, come gliding noiselessly down the brook. His movements were all stealthy, and his head was turned this way and that, inquiringly; his eyes were sharp and beady, and Musky did not like his looks, although he seemed small and harmless.

Presently the stranger caught sight of the muskrat and fixed his glittering eyes upon him. This made Musky feel uncomfortable, and, deciding to give the fierce little stranger all the room he wanted, he moved to the other side of the brook, but the mink followed, his eyes getting brighter and brighter. Then Musky concluded the stranger was not to his liking, and fled towards the river, where there was plenty of water, the mink following fast. Out and in among the lily pads they raced, the mink gaining on the rat, and Musky getting more and more frightened. What could this little fury want of him?

When they reached the river, the mink was but a few feet behind, and he glided after the muskrat like a snake. In his great fright, the muskrat did the only thing that he could have done to save his life. He knew of no burrow in which to take refuge, so he swam for deep water, and dove to the bottom. His lungs were much stronger than those of the mink, so by a series of dives he soon winded his pursuer, and escaped, hiding in the lily pads until he was gone.

After this thrilling chase, the muskrat's life went on quite uneventfully, until the fall freeze. When the rivers and streams began to skim over with ice each morning, and the grass along the bank was covered with hoar-frost, something told the muskrat that snow and cold were coming. He knew by some rare instinct that he would not always be able to make his breakfast at the brook-side, as he now did.

So with prudent forethought he began building a great mound of reeds, rushes,



"A FINE BREAKFAST ON LILY BULBS."

lily pads, moss and other plants that grew in swampy places.

Higher and higher he piled this heap of plant life, until it was five or six feet high, and nearly as far across at the base. The inside of this queer haycock he left hollow, and when it was finished, he made two channels underground, from the inside of his house, to the brook.

He made these channels quite long, so that his enemy, the mink, would have a hard time holding his breath if he should undertake to enter at his front door.

This queer house that the muskrat had built was to serve two purposes. First, it was his place of refuge and shelter, and secondly it was his food. Who ever heard of any one eating his house? But this was what the muskrat did, while the winter days went by.

THE MAN WHO INSPIRED "RAMONA"

BY LOUIS J. STELLMANN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

IF THE many millions who have read Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel of Southern California, very few realize that the story is true, and a still smaller number know that the man who inspired a young and then unknown writer to produce her masterpiece has just been laid to rest in San Diego.

Father A. D. Ubach, for forty years priest of St. Joseph's Church in San Diego, is the original of one of the strongest characters in the story of Ramona: "Father Gaspard, the bearded priest; more of a soldier than the man of God." Thus he is described by the author of "Ramona," to whom he told the dramatic story of the beautiful half-caste girl and her red-skinned lover many years ago.

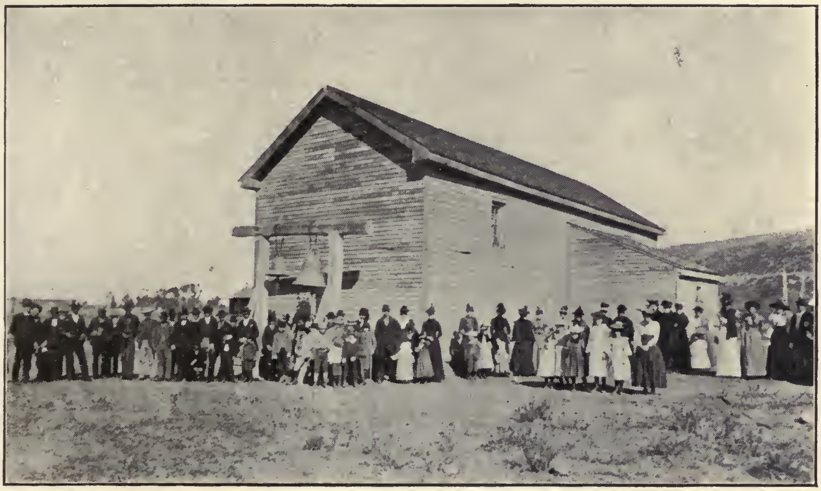
Miss Helen Hunt, as was then her name, met Father Ubach while visiting San Diego, and was deeply impressed by the latter's striking personality. Father Ubach, also, was attracted by the young writer, and, learning of her literary ambitions, told her the story of Ramona and Allesandro, whose dramatic fortunes and ill-starred union were always among the most vivid memories of his stirring and eventful life.

Graphically, and with the realism of combined eloquence and intimate personal knowledge, Father Ubach poured into the eager ears of his fair listener the substance of the story so well elaborated in the resultant book. He described the misgivings, perplexities and battlings with Self which shook Ramona's heart and mind when she found herself in love with the young Indian chief employed on her foster parents' estate; how the call of the free, wild blood in her veins clashed with the Castillian heritage of restraint, dignity and pride which were also there, and of her final abandonment of home, social position and all her former world held dear, to follow Allesandro into the mountains—a penniless outcast, yet radiant with happiness and hope.

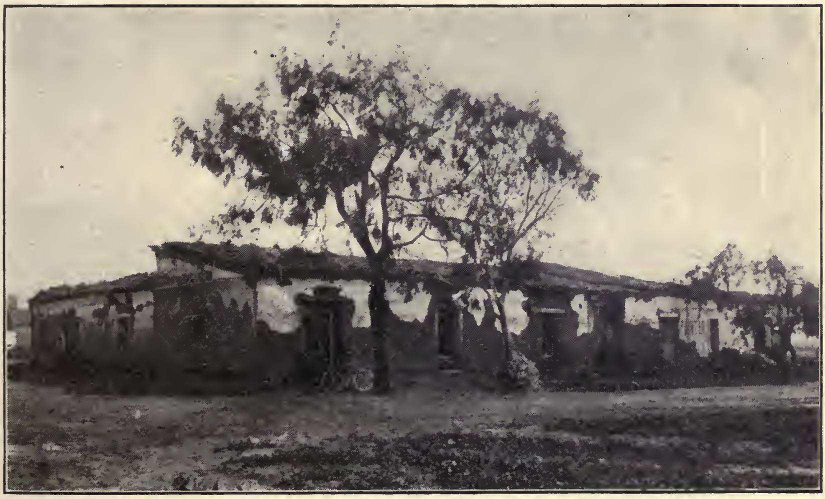
No other could have told the young writer of these things, for Father Ubach was the confessor, comforter and truest friend of both Allesandro and Ramona. It was he who counselled the girl before her fateful marriage. He performed the marriage ceremony in the ancient adobe mission church at Old San Diego, followed their subsequent career of continued misfortune with words of cheer, wise counsel and even more material assistance, and performed the last rites over Allesandro's remains, when he fell a victim to the rapacity of a murderous land-grabber. Nor did Father Ubach's beneficent influence end here, for through all the subsequent years of Ramona's widowhood and the decline of her grief-shortened life, he remained the friend, counselor and advisor.

All this Miss Hunt learned from the lips of Father Ubach, and that she might have further opportunity to clothe the romance with dramatic realism, he guided her, personally, to many of the scenes where its principal events had been enacted.

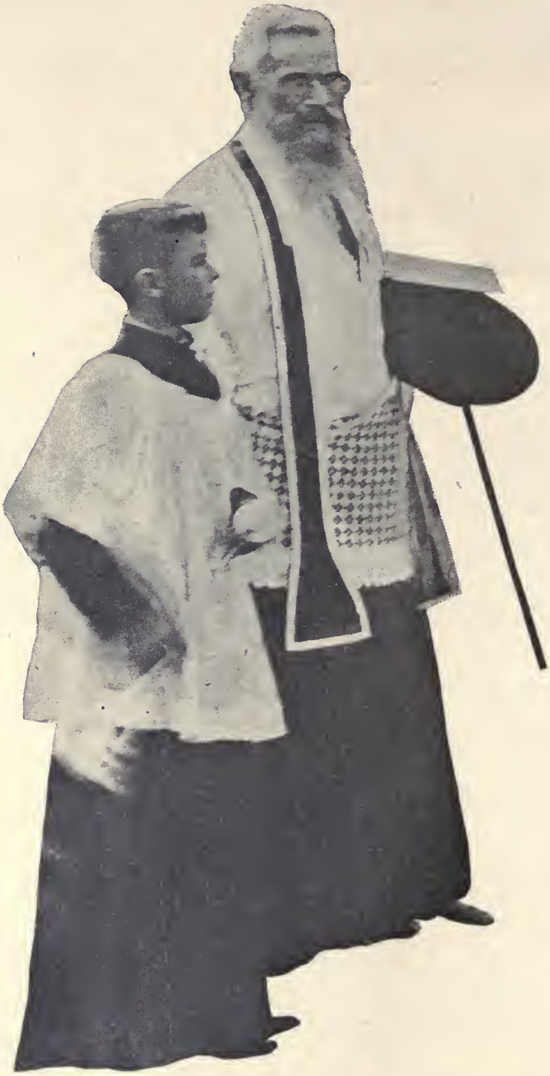
The result was a novel which took immediate rank among the world's masterpieces, and has sometimes been called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the red man, even as Ramona and Allesandro were the Romeo and Juliet of the Indian race. The pen picture of "Father Gaspard," in which Father Ubach and his noble, active



FATHER UBACH'S ORIGINAL CHAPEL NEAR SAN DIEGO, WHERE HE HELD SERVICES IN 1868.



OLD ADOBE MISSION NEAR SAN DIEGO, WHERE RAMONA WAS MARRIED.



FATHER UBACH, FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

life have been so vividly portrayed, is conceded to be the best description of the venerable priest extant, and the friendship between him and Mrs. Jackson was never broken during his life.

Aside from his connection with Ramona, Father Ubach's career has been such as to win him renown of the first order. He came to San Diego forty years ago from Missouri, where he had emigrated from his home in Barcelona, Spain. Until his twenty-first year, the church was not his aim, for, despite his youth, he ranked as one of Spain's best swordsmen and a poet of no mean ability. An affair of the heart is said to have turned his purpose to a consecrated life, and soon after he left his native land, never to return.

When he first arrived in San Diego, the business center was at a point considerably removed from the present one, and the population mostly Spanish and Indian. His popularity was immediate, and his policy of firm, unwavering justice won the esteem and confidence of all alike.

During some of the most momentous events of Southern California’s history, Father Ubach was a leader, unfalteringly advocating the right, and usually winning his point, though he never made use of Church influence on such occasions or took any advantage of his cloth.

Father Ubach was looked upon as a demi-God by the Indians, whose friend he always remained, and during the troublous days of disputed land rights, when many contended that the red man was being outrageously treated by a thoughtless Government and unscrupulous land grabbers, Father Ubach righted many a glaring wrong and averted many an uprising which might have cost countless human lives.

Perhaps the one marked idiosyncrasy of Father Ubach’s well balanced mind was his antipathy to photographers seeking for his picture. To one and all of these he kindly but firmly refused permission to “Kodak” him, and although thousands have tried, surreptitiously, to snapshot him, his curious watchfulness, amounting almost to second sight, prevented one and all from achieving any measure of success. He would simply turn as the photographer was about to press the button, and without any attempt to turn away or cover his face from view, would hold up his hand in a majestic gesture of protest which no one ever dared or cared to disregard.

As a result, no picture of Father Ubach was printed until after his death, when a San Diego photographer finished two negatives he had exposed of a group containing Father Ubach at the funeral of the Bennington victims. On this occasion, Father Ubach could not well object, but kept his eyes on his book. He never explained this whim, but many consider it a regard for the sanctity of the vestments he wore.

“GRANDMA” VARNER AND “TOMMY”

BY ELIZABETH A. KELLY

WITH A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. P. STEVENS.

GRANDMA VARNER, the last of the “types” selected by Helen Hunt Jackson for her stories of the rugged Rockies, is dead.

In a little hut on the outskirts of Denver, she closed her eyes while the June sun was sinking and her pain-racked body found relief. It had been a long, long time since she had feasted on the beauties of the everlasting hills, and it had been weary months and years since she has been able to reach the door of her hut without assistance to drink in the warm, invigorating air.

Years ago Helen Hunt Jackson trudged the Colorado plains and journeyed through the mountain fastnesses, looking for material upon which to build the fascinating stories which have since made her famous.

She was a busy woman in search of “types.” She had grown to know the men and the women who peopled the villages which nestled in the foothills, and while there was a charm about their very ruggedness of character, in those strenuous days, intuitively the woman felt that the mountains sheltered a still sturdier army.

And so it came about that Helen Hunt Jackson discovered “Grandma” Varner, and heard from the thin, worn lips the stories of hardship and suffering, the stories of love and devotion, which she wove into "Bits of Travel at Home," a book which holds a place in the library of every Coloradoan.

It was more than thirty years ago when the clear Colorado skies smiled on a smaller band of men and women and the canyons echoed less frequently the shrill whistle of the engine, that Mrs. Jackson made her way out of Colorado Springs into the mountains which were even then being blasted to meet the demands of the march of progress.

On a lonely mountain road she came upon an old woman, stooped and gray, with her arms well filled with kindling.

The type fascinated her. She stopped and interrogated the wrinkled creature. Her heart was touched; she wanted to offer help, but almost the first words that fell from the pale and drawn lips were these:

"Oh, no; I ain't never suffered. I've always had a plenty. I've always been took care of. God always takes care of me."

It was the key to the character of the woman, and with it Helen Hunt Jackson opened up a treasure house which furnished the most delightful pages of her "Bits of Travel at Home."

Until a few weeks ago, this same old woman, with hair whiter—if whiter it could be—with lips more purple and more drawn, but with her tired old brain still alive to the happenings of the strenuous days of which she told Helen Hunt Jackson, still lived, "waiting for the call to go home."

In a little frame house of a single room on the borders of Denver she lived with her son Thomas, the "Tommy" of the book, and every day the little children of the district which lies below the railroad tracks would gather about her to hear again the stories of the long ago, when Colorado was new, when its wealth was unexplored, and when sturdy men and women, and heroic little children, endured privation and hardship that they might grow with the new country, and one day taste of its treasures.

It isn't so very many years since Helen Hunt Jackson was buried in the hills outside Colorado Springs on the brink of a precipice where she used to sit and weave her stories, but it is many years since her "characters" passed into the Great Beyond, with the sole exception of Mrs. Mary Varner, whom every one knew always as just "Grandma."

Although blind, as if her eyes had never opened on a beautiful world, and crippled so that she could only with difficulty move from her bed to her chair, "Grandma" Varner clung tenaciously to life, and the memories, sweet and bitter, which her tired old brain sheltered. She loved to talks of the days of long ago, and best of all, she loved to tell the story of her first meeting with Helen Hunt Jackson. It is this meeting which Mrs. Jackson uses in her story called the "New Anvil Chorus," which appears toward the end of "Bits of Travel at Home."

This is the way Mrs. Jackson tells of the meeting:

"The boards of a wagon top were set up close by the doorway, and on these were hanging beds, bedding and a variety of nondescript garments. A fire was burning on the ground a few steps off, and on this was a big iron kettle full of clothes boiling; there were two or three old pans and iron utensils standing near the fire; an old flag-bottomed chair, its wood worn smooth and shining by long use, and a wooden bench on which was a wash-tub full of clothes soaking in water. I paused to look at the picture, and a woman passing said:

" 'That's Grandma's house.'

" 'Your grandmother?' I asked.

" 'Oh, no,' she replied. 'She ain't nobody's grandmother; but we all call her grandma. She's here with her son; he was weakly, and she brought him here. There ain't many like her. I wonder where she's gone, leavin' her washin' this way.'

"Then we fell into talk about the new city, and what the woman's husband was doing, and how hard it was for them to get along, and presently we heard footsteps.

" 'Oh, there's grandma now,' she said.

"I looked up and saw a tall, thin woman in a short, scant calico gown, with an old woolen shawl crossed at her neck and pinned tight at the belt after the fashion of the Quaker women. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and her arms were brown and muscular as an Indian's

GRANDMA VARNER.

Copyrighted by F. P. Stevens

Her thin, gray hair blew about her temples under an old limp, brown sunbonnet, which hid the outline of her face, but did not hide the brightness of her keen, light-gray eyes. Her face was actually seamed with wrinkles; her mouth had fallen in from want of teeth, and yet she did not look wholly like an old woman.

"'Grandma, this lady's from Colorado Springs,' said my companion, by way of introduction.

"Grandma was carrying an armful of cedar boughs. She threw them on the ground, and turning to me, said with a smile that lighted up her whole face:

"'How d'ye do, marm? That's a place I've always wanted to see. I've always thought I'd like to live to the springs ever since I've been in this country.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'it's a pleasant town; but do you not like it here?'

"She glanced at her shanty and its surroundings, and I felt guilty at having asked my question; but she replied:

"'Oh, yes, I like it very well here. When we get our house built we'll be comfortable. It's only for Tommy I'm here. If it wan't for him I wouldn't stay in this country. He's all I've got. We're all alone here; that is, so far as connections goes; but we've got plenty of friends, and Gods' here just the same as everywhere.'

"She spoke this last sentence in as natural and easy a tone as all the rest; there was no more trace of cant or affectation in her mention of the name of God than her mention of Tommy's. They seemed equally familiar and equally dear. Then she went to the fire and turned the clothes over with a long stick, and prepared to resume her work.

"'How long have you been here?' I asked.

"'Only about a week,' she said. 'Tommy he's working's hard's ever he can to get me a house built. It worries him to see me living this way. He's got it three logs high already,' proudly pointing to it only a few rods further up the hill. 'But Tommy's only a boy yet. He ain't sixteen; he's learning; he's learning to do for hisself; he's a real good boy, and he's getting stronger every day; he's getting his health real firm, 'n that's all I want. 'Tain't any matter what becomes of me, if I can only get Tommy started all right.'"

And this is the story of "Grandma" Varner told to the last. She did not know until sixteen years ago that her stories had been incorporated in one of Mrs. Jackson's books, but the knowledge filled her with pride, and as long as her sight lasted, she read and re-read the little tale of the hills.

To the end of her days, as when Mrs. Jackson first met her, "Grandma" Varner wore a scarf about her neck, crossed at the waist in Quaker style, and her hair was combed with faultless precision just as it was three decades ago. Although she could not see, her fingers were still nimble, and she had learned by long practice the little touches that would lend charm to her personal appearance.

Hardly a day went by that the little old woman did not breathe her story in the hut on the outskirts of a flourishing city. She was away from the noise and the din of busy life, but the mountains lay off to the west of her window, and their companionship, though she could no longer feast her eyes on their snow-capped peaks shut out the loneliness from her heart.

Eighty-nine years had rolled over her head, and eighty-nine years filled without trouble stood out in her memory. No flowers grew near the dusty spot which "Grandma" Varner called home, and no sound of music penetrated the frame walls.

But the memory of other years cheated her into utter forgetfulness of the present and the hope of "home" at last buoyed her up.

"I remember Mrs. Jackson just as plain as I do my mother," the old woman would generally say by way of preface to her story.

"Oh, yes, it was years ago when they undertook to build the new railroad out from Colorado Springs. I had only a little while before taken Tommy out with me to Colorado, for he was kind of delicate like, and I lived in fear of losing him. He was a slip of a boy about sixteen, and he was all the help he could be to me, but times were hard. We took our wagon and tried to follow the men along the road, Tommy earning money hauling for them and I doing their washing and mending. The day I met Mrs. Jackson stands out in my memory as bringing into my life a character altogether new. She was the first person who was ever really kind to me.

"One day while I had the clothes a boiling over the fire beside the wagon-box where we lived, I noticed that I was out of wood, and I had to go and gather some so that my clothes might be dried that night.

"I was walking down the road with my arms filled with twigs and wood when I saw the strange woman. She seemed kind of interested in me, but I was just a little bit annoyed, for I had my work to do, and did not want to be disturbed.

"A woman I knew pretty well introduced her as Mrs. Jackson, and I stood and talked a minute and then told her if she wanted to visit with me she'd have to sit down and let me go ahead with my work. I was out of money and had to get the washing done as quick as I could to get a dollar or two. While I worked she talked to me and asked me many questions. I did not think I was very agreeable to her, but as she left she gave me $2 and asked me to come and see her when I went to Colorado Springs.

"I never had any intention of going to see her, for I knew she was a grand lady, but when the work gave out in the mountains, Tommy and I went to the springs. There I took in washing for some people in Consumption Row, and Tommy he ran chores for others. One day Mrs. Jackson was down in that part of town doing some charity work, when she heard of Tommy.

"She wondered right away if it was my boy, and looked us up. She called, and I was mortified to death because there was no fire. I told the visitor that Tommy must have forgotten to order coal, and she said she didn't mind the cold, but a little later that day a ton of coal came to us, a present from her. She wanted us to come over to her house that night, and she had her cook give us a basket full of good things to take home. We took to going over there often, but I had no idea the stories I told her would ever see print."

"Grandma" Varner approached the ninetieth milestone with the recollection of having experienced fewer comforts, perhaps, than any living person. From her childhood days the fates treated her unkindly. When she married, back in Missouri, years ago, her first home was a cabin, the logs of which were so far apart that the cats walked through the apertures with ease.

A ladder ran up the side of the house so that water could be carried to the chimney after each meal had been prepared to extinguish the flames.

She had six children, of whom only one lives. There is also a great-grandchild playing in the familiar streets of Colorado Springs. Two sons were shot down before her eyes in the Civil War. Of her husband she never spoke.

Her story of how she happened to come to Colorado is one which she told Mrs. Jackson.

"Tommy and I were living alone," she said, in telling this phase of her story a day or two before she died. "And he was sort of delicate. I took in washing to support us, and one day the clothes came to me wrapped in a newspaper. The paper told all about Colorado, and I remember reading, 'They don't die in Colorado; they have to kill them to fill the graveyards.'

"I immediately thought of Tommy and of the chances of saving him, and so I sold the little place and started West with a horse and wagon. My box containing my household goods and my feather bed became too heavy for the old horse to pull, and a man we met on the way freighted it through for me with his things. When I reached Pueblo I could not find it, and it was a year later that it was sent me from some place in Kansas. I was in Las Animas then, and every one in the town knew when 'Grandma's box' arrived, and they all gathered to see me open it.

"Yes, it was a hard life for an old woman with a sick boy, but I am all right now; Tommy's well and strong, and as soon as God is ready I am going home to rest."

And she has gone.

OBSCURITY

BY

DONALD B. TOBEY

FAME glanced a moment on my eager face,
And placed the crown upon another's head;
Bereft and barren seemed the petty place
Where long my fretting. fettered footsteps led.

Until one day in Nature's solitudes,
I found companionship and learned content,
For there where seldom human foot intrudes
Were hidden gems proclaiming His intent.

In forest fastnesses the orchids hide,
The seas hold richer pearls than any mart,
And all by one perfected plan abide—
I am content with my appointed part.

OUR SURFMEN

BY

JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE

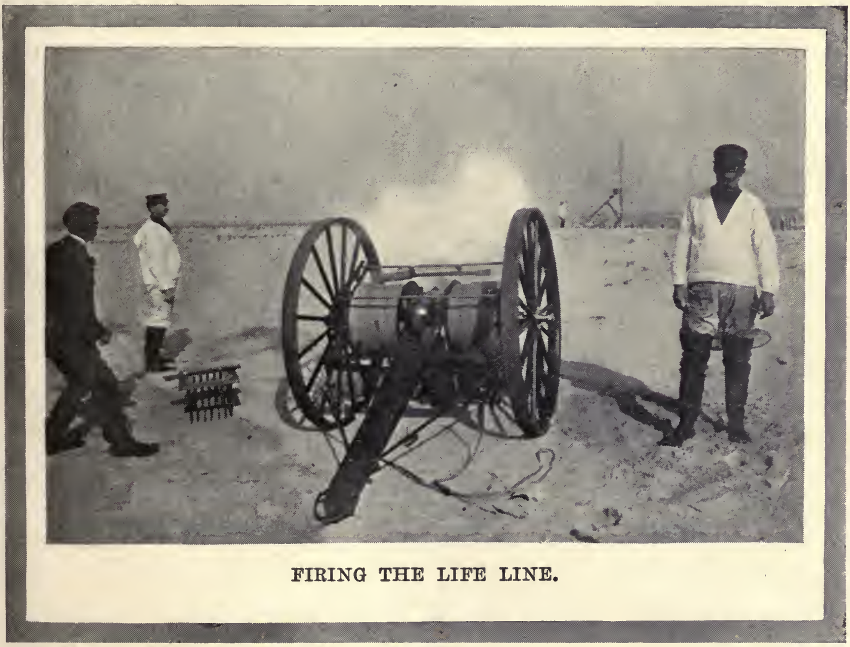
PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY S. I. KIMBALL.

HATS OFF! Here he comes!" A simultaneous burst of applause went up from a handsomely dressed group of men and women, members of the Clover Club, assembled in one of Philadelphia's largest hotels, as their guest of the evening entered—bluff, weather-beaten Captain Mark Casto, who has risked his life in volunteer service, taking his fishing vessel out to the stranded steamer "Cherokee,' to assist the life saving crew of Atlantic City then struggling against fearful odds to rescue her passengers.

We catch up the cry and echo it: Hats off to our noble life savers! Honor to the valiant surfmen who guard our coasts! Theirs is a life of daily hardship, peril, exposure and exhausting toil, independent of those occasions in the event of a shipwreck which call forth acts of superhuman strength and heroism. Our little army of life-savers, now more than two thousand strong, are enlisted annually for the service after a rigid physical examination. They reside at their respective stations, at lonely, desolate localities, isolated from human association—on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, from the first of August to the last of May (the open season), on the lake shores from the opening of navigation early in the spring till its close, some time in December, on the Pacific Coast throughout the entire year, because the accidents occurring here are due to independent local causes, not to changes of season. Only one day's absence from duty is allowed to each man during his year of enlistment. Every hour of every day has its appointed task—care of the station, drill with the beach apparatus, watch from the tower, and drill with the life boats, the last always a hazardous performance, not infrequently attended with drowning. By night, patrol of the beach is maintained in spite of wintry storms. Fighting against wind and rain, snow and darkness, the surfman trudges on his beat, ever alert to warn some vessel from running into danger or render aid to those involved already in disaster. No words can measure the depth of unspeakable comfort conveyed by that crimson flash from the life saver's torch. To the ship-wrecked it announces that their distress is known and help is coming!

The first rude contrivances for saving life and property on the seaboard of the United States were established by the Massachusetts Humane Society, in 1791, but it was not till many years later that our Government took any practical interest in this work, when revenue cutters were ordered to cruise along the shore in winter to assist merchant vessels in possible distress, and a few poorly equipped stations were erected at points of special danger. Thirty-six years ago, Hon. Sumner I. Kimball was appointed Chief of the Revenue Marine; when the benevolent little adjunct to his bureau found an enthusiastic friend and patron. Under the direction of Mr. Kimball, life saving became an important feature; its area was widely extended, and finally, through the championship of Hon. S. S. Cox, in the House of Representatives, a separate bureau was created, in 1878, and Mr. Kimball in recognition of his exceptional fitness for the post, was appointed General Superintendent of the Life Saving Service, a position which he still occupies. He is an indefatigable worker and continues to feel the same warm affection for his duties that characterized his early efforts and which commanded success at every move. In a recent interview he said: "I've got a *fight* on my hands at present. I am always fighting for the service, I believe. It cost me a twenty-year battle to rid it of politics, and now I'm struggling to get a bill through Congress giving us a retired list like the army and navy. The revenue cutter service has recently been granted a retired list, and I think our men are entitled to the same."

At the present time there are 278 life saving stations in the United States, on some portions of the coast placed at such short intervals that they form chains of continuous posts within communicating distance of each other, while in contrast with this large number the whole Pacific Coast has but seventeen. True to its name, this coast is a peaceful one. From the port of San Francisco extending south the climate is so bland that wrecks are of rare occurrence, while the northern part of the seaboard is irregular, bold and unbroken, and contains but few harbors. The prevailing winds are veritable monsoons, and blow, not towards the shore, but along its line. The weather, therefore, is easily forecast, and navigation is practically safe, but there are, however, a few ex-



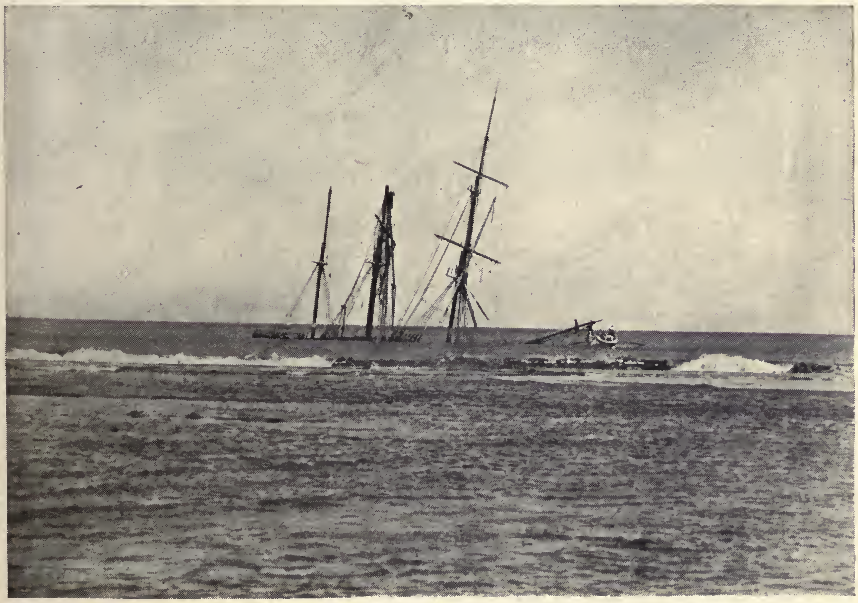
FIRING THE LIFE LINE.

THE ORLEANS CREW.

tremely dangerous points, mostly situated at the entrance to important harbors. A striking illustration of these facts is the bar at Humboldt harbor, California. Accidents here are so startlingly sudden that upon one occasion a schooner capsized and her entire crew of eight men were lost before any attempt could be made to save them. The masts of the vessel were snapped by contact with the bar, and she was turned keel uppermost—the whole sad affair from the instant she was overtaken by the destroying waves till she was drifting a helpless wreck having occupied only a few moments. The wind was blowing fresh off land at the time, but the sea was rough on the bar, and the captain had under-estimated the difficulty of entering the harbor.

One of the finest rescues ever enacted in the history of the Life Saving Service took place at this locality. Its object was the steamer "Weeott," having on board a crew of seventeen men and seven passengers, December 1, 1899, which, attempting to cross the bar at Humboldt Harbor, met with instant and appalling catastrophe. It is a curious coincidence that the steamer "Chilkat" stranded at the same port in a precisely similar manner eight months earlier in the year. The captain of the "Weecott" had waited nearly an hour for a flood tide, and the water appeared to be smooth, but so treacherous is the spot that just as the vessel reached the outer edge of the bar a huge comber of green water burst on board with tremendous force, smashing in the after end of the house, staving to pieces two life boats, floating the cabin and engine room, and carrying away part of the rigging. In another minute the vessel broached broadside to and began to roll with frightful violence, the waves breaking over her constantly, while a powerful current began to carry her around the south jetty. There she tossed for half an hour before she struck the rocks, with so heavy and sudden a shock that the main mast went by the board and one seaman was hurled from the rigging to the deck and killed instantly. It was now pitch dark, and great seas were rushing over the deck, breaking at times mast-head high.

Meanwhile the disaster had been witnessed by two surfmen in the watch tower of the adjacent life-saving station, who ran to give the alarm, and within two minutes a boat was launched and being propelled "with all the energy and strength of willing men bent on saving human life." They made marvelous speed, but attempting to pull around the end of the jetty, they were met by an ugly sea indeed. Again and again, with diabolic opposition, a big comber would pick up the resolute little bark and throw it fifty yards astern, but the men tugged desperately at the oars for half an hour, when surfman Nelson, who was in command, observing that the wreck had worked in near the shore, determined to land in hopes of being able to reach her with the lines carried in the boat. Pulling back to smooth water, the surfmen landed and made their way over the trestle abreast of the wreck, but they soon discovered that the vessel was too far off to be assisted without the beach apparatus. Hailing her captain, Nelson told him to try to hold on for half an hour, while he returned to the station for the necessary appliances, at the same time warning him against the risk of quitting the ship. A scylla and charybdis of surf and rocks lay between the ship and the mainland. Back to the station sped the surfmen, loaded the beach apparatus into their boat, and brought it to the nearest landing. But now they were confronted by the necessity of hauling it up from the rocks to the trestle. Determination and main strength overcame this obstacle, and the various parts were then parceled out to the men, keeper Hennig and one man carrying the heavy whip line, the indefatigable Nelson shouldering the Lyle gun, a weight of fully 175 pounds, and leading the way. The surf was breaking over the trembling frame work, darkness —inky black—enveloped the scene, and it was almost a miracle that the heavily burdened men ever reached their destination. With dogged patience they tramped on, for every moment was precious. The captain of the doomed vessel had answered that he could probably hold on half an hour longer, but had implored them to make haste. The life savers were short one man, too, for hardly had they landed when they came across a disabled man crying out for help. He was lying in a pool of water, in imminent danger of drowning, and surfman Ericksen had been



A WRECK OFF CAPE COD.

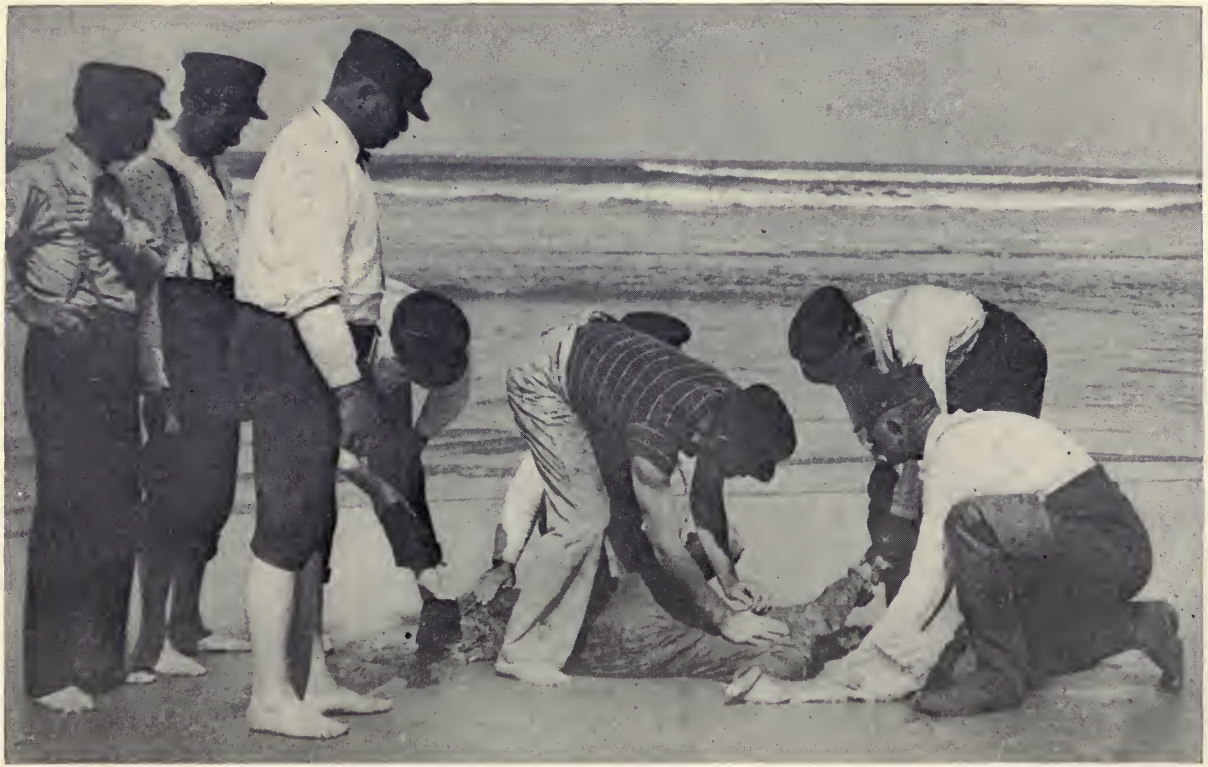
CAPSIZING TEST WITH THIRTY-FOUR FOOT LIFE BOAT.

detailed to take charge of him. After administering a stimulant, Ericksen took off his own dry woolen shirt and put it on the poor fellow, then lifted him on his back and carried him to the nearest dwelling, an arduous task in the darkness, for the path was long and circuitous, around fences and rocks, over sand hills and through pools of water waist deep. The task accomplished, Ericksen, though half naked, rejoined his mates on the jetty, where the keeper gave him another woolen shirt, as he was himself wearing two.

When about half way to the wreck, the party met the ship's engineer crawling shoreward over the slippery timbers, but he seemed able to help himself, so they only hailed him with a word of encouragement and passed on to their more urgent work. The wreck had by now worked in to about eighty feet from the trestle, and five sailors had taken the risk of jumping overboard and had effected a landing. A heaving line had been thrown to them from the ship by means of which they had hauled out a two and a half inch rope. In this rope they had rigged a sling, and with the rude contrivance had proceeded to bring their fellow sufferers ashore. One of the ship's crew and a lady passenger had made the perilous trip in safety, but the life of the second lady who attempted to cross the maelstrom had been sacrificed. After she had been dashed out of the sling by a breaker the line had fouled among the rocks and could not be cleared. The unfortunate seamen were thoroughly disheartened by their failure; the trestle was swaying under the repeated blows of the surf, and they could scarcely keep their footing, when the arrival of the life saving crew inspired new hope and spirit. Communication had to be re-established with the wreck, but an end of the heavy whip-line was caught up by one of the sailors, a powerful fellow, and hurled successfully on board. Eagerly it was seized by the anxious sufferers, then with an impatience bred of fear they hauled out the hawser so fast and persistently against all protestations that there was no time to adjust the breeches buoy block. Surfman Nelsen deftly bent a bight of the whip line to the buoy, and let it go. His after testimony in the case says: "They hauled it right out of my hands. We were not men enough to stop them." There was no delay in the operations from that time onward. Fourteen persons were taken from the wreck, the captain, as is usual, being the last to quit his ship. He had hardly set foot upon the trestle before "the wreck made a sudden lurch forward, a heavy sea broke over her, she leaned over to one side, and shot away out of sight." And now began the precarious journey to the mainland, nearly a mile over the open frame work of timbers three feet apart, with two stringers on them, where any one of the forlorn company might fall through and be lost. Fireman Quinn had a broken leg and a lady passenger was suffering agonies from a fractured spine, injuries incurred when the vessel first struck. Both disabled persons had to be carried, but the wharf was finally reached without further mishap, and they passed on board a steamer which was generously offered for their use by its owner and were thence transferred to the life saving station.

WRECK OF SCHOONER ELWOOD BURTON, CAPE COD.

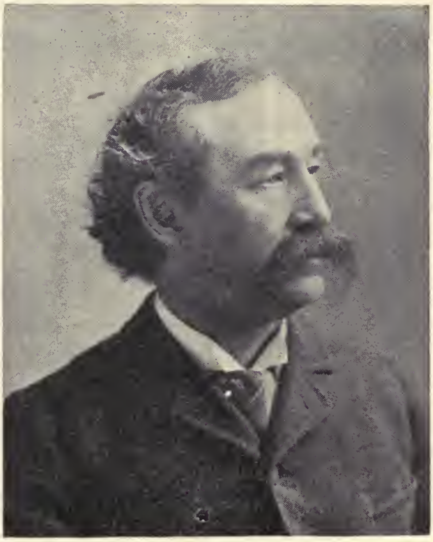
Other casualties besides those which may happen to large vessels are provided against by the life saving service. At the mouth of the Columbia river, a spot peculiarly treacherous, it has placed two stations to guard the fishermen who come here annually for their catch of salmon. The currents at this locality are capricious and utterly unreliable. Even in calm weather and without warning, great combers arise unexpectedly and pile up on the river bar, extending their baleful influence within the estuary and threatening to capsize the little fleet of boats engaged in taking salmon. There are at least thirteen hundred of these tiny craft pursuing their venturesome vocation daily, each requiring two men to manage it, a boat puller and a net tender. As the remuneration of these poor fishermen depends upon their diligence during a short period, are supposed to be more plentiful and continuing their labors far into the night. Familiarity with the dangers of their calling also renders them careless, and many a life would be lost were they not watched over from the tower on the bluff at Cape Disappointment Station. In case of need an alarm gun is fired, and the surfmen's boat, which also patrols the fishing grounds, is directed to the spot of the casualty by signals. At a meeting of the Council of Federated Trades of Astoria, Oregon in 1893, a vote of thanks was they naturally incur extraordinary risks, sein close to the breakers where salmon



RESUSCITATING A DROWNED PERSON.

rendered to the Cape Disappointment crew for their "heroic, noble and grand work in rescuing the lives of fishermen at the risk of their own."

An incident of which the life saving service may well be proud, while it mourns the loss of a gallant leader, was the venture in which Keeper Henry lost his life. It was made in behalf of the ship Elizabeth, which stranded, February 21, 1891, on Four Fathom Bank, northwest of the entrance to San Francisco Bay, ten miles from the Fort Point life saving station, a locality clearly beyond the reasonable scope of the surfmen's duties. There had been some dispute between the captain of the Elizabeth and the master of the tug Alert over the price to be charged for towing her in, and an agreement was not reached until the vessel was in imminent peril. When she struck, signals of distress were set, and another tug steamed to the assistance of the "Alert." The captain's wife and child were transferred to the latter craft in safety, but when the record of that dreadful day was written, Captain Colcord and sixteen of his crew were numbered with the dead. A third tug arriving, passed her hawser to the doomed ship, which had pounded over the shoal and was afloat again with the loss of her keel and leaking badly. The testimony of Mate Barclay, one of her survivors, states that subsequently the ship, with two tugs pulling on her, was driven rapidly across the North Channel—which is very narrow—directly on to the rocks, and within forty-five minutes she was splintered into fragments. Meanwhile, her signals had been seen by a surfman of the Golden Gate Park life saving station. A tremendous surf was breaking on the beach, making it impossible to launch a boat, so the keeper telephoned the situation to the Fort Point crew, advising them to go to the rescue. Keeper Henry bore the reputation of a cool, courageous and careful man, so when he ordered out the life boat his men obeyed with absolute faith in their leader, although the darkness was intense, the sea sharp and choppy and the wind blowing in gusts, which mounted to hurricane speed. The tug Relief, on being hailed, took the little craft in tow and proceeded slowly, shipping heavy seas until Point Bonita was reached. Here the master of the tug stopped and strongly urged Keeper Henry not to go any further, declaring that it was "blowing a living gale out on the North Channel, and no boat could live outside the point." Their colloquy was interrupted by a powerful sea which threw the life boat partly under and athwart the bow of the tug, and to save her from being stove the crew were ordered to cut the tow line. The surfmen gave way at the oars and were rapidly swallowed up in the darkness. With a supreme effort, they kept the life boat off the rocks toward which the fierce gale, the strong eddy and the heave of the sea were driving her, and when the westerly arm of Point Diablo was reached, it was found to be impossible to weather it. Fortunately at this moment they were met by the tug Alert returning in a crippled condition from her struggle to save the Elizabeth. She stopped and took the life boat's hawser, although in the operation of making it fast, both craft were momentarily in danger of being hurled on the rocky shore. But the two boats had scarcely gathered headway when the life boat took a broad sheer and filled with water. Her rudder was broken



SUMNER I. KIMBALL, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT LIFE SAVING SERVICE.

and Keeper Henry, who was steering, was washed off into the blackness of the tempest. In vain the surfmen shouted that they had lost a man overboard; the roar of the sea and the howling of the wind drowned their voices until they had been towed some distance beyond the spot of the accident. The captain of the tug then answered that it was too hazardous to turn back with his vessel in such a disabled condition; so the devoted surfmen cut loose once more, got out their oars, and went back alone in search of their chief. But the enraged elements were more than a match for even such indomitable courage, and the men were finally forced to return home thoroughly disheartened, leaving the fiends of Point Diablo to rejoice above the watery grave of their victim.

Volunteer acts of heroism and self-devotion in the rescue of human lives are recognized by the life saving service the same as if performed by surfmen under its jurisdiction. A gold medal was awarded to John Bergman for rescuing eighteen persons from the wreck of the steamer Takoma, which went aground four miles from Umpquah river, January 29, 1883. In spite of dissuading advice from seafaring men, Bergman went out twice to the wreck with five companies, volunteers like himself, and at each trip brought in a boat load of human beings. A number of the ship's company managed to reach the land on a raft, but about a dozen individuals still remained on the sinking vessel. Two nights had passed, and her hull had broken in two. The men had taken refuge in her foretop, and all through the third day they watched the persistent struggles of the indomitable Bergman to reach them —undaunted by squalls of snow and the fury of the waves. Once his boat was capsized, once she was swamped, but the faithful volunteers, emulating their chief's example, renewed the battle till night-fall. When morning dawned, however, all need for their tireless vigil was ended—the mast, with its living burden, had fallen during the night.

A WRECK ON THE LAKES.

In telling the acts of heroism performed by our surfmen, it must not be forgotten that women have helped to embellish the records of the life saving service. Mrs. Martha White, a resident of Chehalis County, near Gray's Harbor, Washington, had made it her noble mission in life to frequent the beach in quest of such errands of mercy as the cruel ocean might cast at her feet. At six o'clock on the morning of January 29, 1892, the neighbors of this charitable woman roused her with the awful news, "A ship in the breakers." Mrs. White and her husband made all haste to go down to the beach, carrying with them a field glass, a musket and a piece of cloth for a signal. But the gale was too strong to permit the shots fired being heard out at sea, so Mr. White went slow-

"ALL READY."

ly up the beach looking for any unfortunate waifs that might be washed ashore. While her husband was absent, Martha White stood still, gazing intently upon the tumbling mass of surf. Suddenly she descried a man struggling in the breakers, and boldly dashing into the water, she dragged him out and aided him to walk to her dwelling. Running back to the shore, she perceived another sailor, the unconscious toy of the surf, and fearlessly plunging in again, she floated the helpless body to land, and after a short time had restored him to consciousness and placed him under shelter. Once more she returned to the scene of the tragedy, and discovered a third sailor, a long way out in the breakers. To reach him was a desperate undertaking, but the courage of the noble woman did not quail before a task of which she fully realized the danger. Divesting herself of some of her cumbersome clothing, she threw herself into the foaming sea. Once her life was seriously imperiled, as she was overthrown by a huge comber, but regaining her footing, she came alongside of the man and floated him to shore. She managed to drag him beyond the danger line, then fell fainting from exhaustion on the sand, where she lay till found by her husband. The rescued men who were the sole survivors of the British bark Ferndale, with the frankness of English sailors, made oath that but for her timely and self-sacrificing assistance they must have died within sight of land, and a gold medal was awarded to the heroic woman.

COLLEGE AND THE WORLD

A SYMPOSIUM OF COMMENT ON THE PROBLEM OF HIGHER EDUCATION

AT THIS time of year there are many young men and women who are debating whether or no to go to college. Will it pay? they ask. The following three articles seek to answer this question in an entirely novel way. The three divisions completely cover the field of opinion, and show the different view-points of the college freshman, the graduate and the successful business man of the world. We are glad to publish this article with a view of helping some possible college students settle the question for themselves.—EDITOR.

A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW OF COLLEGE TRAINING

BY HARRIS WEINSTOCK

I HAVE BEEN asked to tell the value of a college training on the young men that, in my business career have come under my notice.

An observer of modern commercial and industrial systems cannot but note the exacting methods now in vogue. He cannot but observe that in all great commercial and industrial enterprises costs and profits are now figured out in percentages running to the fourth figure. The observation is forced upon him that the keener the growth of competition the smaller the margin of profit for the producer and distributor; and that the smaller the margin of profit, the more careful and exact must be every movement and every calculation that enters into commercial and financial transactions.

The day of the careless operator, the loose calculator and the indifferent worker is gone for good in every walk of life and in every occupation that is not in the nature of a monopoly.

This means that the business world of to-day demands men who are exact and thorough, who are reliable and dependable. The business world demands this and more besides. It demands for executive and managerial positions men who are not only exact and thorough, but who can at one and the same time specialize and generalize, who can reason backward and forward, that is, from cause to effect and from effect to cause.

The all-around business man is the one who can theorize as well as practice, who cannot only do things, but who can explain the theory or the philosophy upon which things are done, who can take an idea, develop and exploit it, and who can also take a proposition, dissect and analyze it.

A man who has entered business from the grammar or high school may learn to do all this in the course of a great many years of experience. Here is where the work of the college comes in. The young man who has put his four years in college to good account has trained his mind so that, first of all, he should be able to concentrate it upon any given task. He should have cultivated an intellectual machine that can dissect and analyze any proposition that may come before him. He should have taught himself to reason backward and forward, to trace out the causes from effects and to forecast the effect of certain causes.

With the sharpened faculties at his command, he should learn in active business life in five years what it is likely to take the man with the untrained mind twenty years to learn.

If he started with fair mentality and made the most of his collegiate opportunities, his years of study have therefore simply been a matter of putting out his time where it is likely to bring him compound interest. So that after all, a university training should, despite long years of preparation, prove in the end a short cut to reach the best practical results.

Business alone can give and does give admirable training. This has been made evident by the splendid specimens of men to be found everywhere in the business world, who had little or no early educational advantages, but business alone, as a rule, does not give the *best* training. *That* comes from college experience, broadened by actual business experience. The blending of the two should, as a rule, give the highest type of men of affairs.

Were I asked whether, in my opinion, all college men are likely to prove to be of this type, I should answer that I have in my time met college men whose university training seemed to have proven to them of great value, and I have met others who could not have been less fit, if their college years had been spent merely in counting beads. So much, after all, depends on the man. A young man with the right sort of stuff in him is likely to land in the front rank of like's activities, even though he be a graduate of a third-rate college, or of no other college than the college of "hard knocks," and the chap without the stuff in him will fail, despite his diploma, signed by the president of the greatest college in the land.

Given a blade, for example, made out of good steel, and the grind-stone will bring out the best in it, and perfect an edge that will do things to surprise the beholder. But given a blade made out of base metal and the world's finest grind-stone practically fails. So it is with the student. If he has wits, and brings them to college, they will be sharpened and his powers will be increased. If he is barren, the college can do little for him.

I cannot recall one instance of a young man entering college with bad habits, low tendencies and poor mentalities, coming out of college reformed morally or sharpened intellectually. Instances, however, have come to my notice where young men of previous good habits, have been unable to stand up against college temptations, and have become dissipated in college and acquired bad habits, and despite a good mentality, have proven a keen disappointment. The things most to be feared from a college course is the undesirable habits likely to be acquired while there.

By a careful analysis, however, of the biographies in America's "Who's Who," it has been found that although but one per cent of the men of the country are college bred, they represent fifty per cent of the distinguished men in the various walks of political, commercial and financial life. This is a wonderful showing for the college.

The point of failure noticeable in some college men who have taken social science, commercial or culture courses, is their lack of exactness, the want of thoroughness in what they do. The problem with them seems to be how to get *through,* rather than how to *perfect their work.* They do not seem to realize that it is better to eat little food and have that well digested, than to gobble up much that simply clogs the human system. They seem to have cultivated the habit in college of getting through the task in hand as speedily as possible, with little thought of mastering it in detail. These habits of superficiality must in active life retard their growth and impede their progress. Next to character and health, the most valuable asset that any man, the college man not excepted, can have, is the habit of doing things thoroughly.

One of the great marvels of the present age is the wonderful strides made in the direction of the utilization of waste materials. The statement is made that in the great pork packing houses of the country everything about the hog is utilized, except the squeal and the curl in the tail, and it is said there are hopes somehow, somewhere of utilizing even these. The great achievement of the coming age will be the utilization of waste labor, so that, despite the shortening of the hours of toil more will be accomplished by each individual giving forth his highest and best, thus tending to perfect the human species, and thus also increasing its earning power.

Herbert Spencer asked the question: "What knowledge is most worth knowing?" And after a careful analysis of different kinds of knowledge reached the conclusion that science is the knowledge most worth knowing. Spencer's conclusion is as true to-day as when he uttered it. The most effective man, as a rule, is the man who has knowledge that has been gained and verified by exact observation and exact thinking." It is for this reason that the scientific training afforded by an engineering course is of inestimable value in many walks of life. It does not follow that a college man who has taken his degree as an engineer will thereafter be exact in his observations or in his thinking.

He is more likely to be so, however, than if he has followed any other collegiate career. The mathematical training, which an engineering course enforces, the exactness and correctness imposed by his studies, are likely to tend toward habits of thoroughness and rigid mental discipline, which must prove to him of great value in any walk of life.

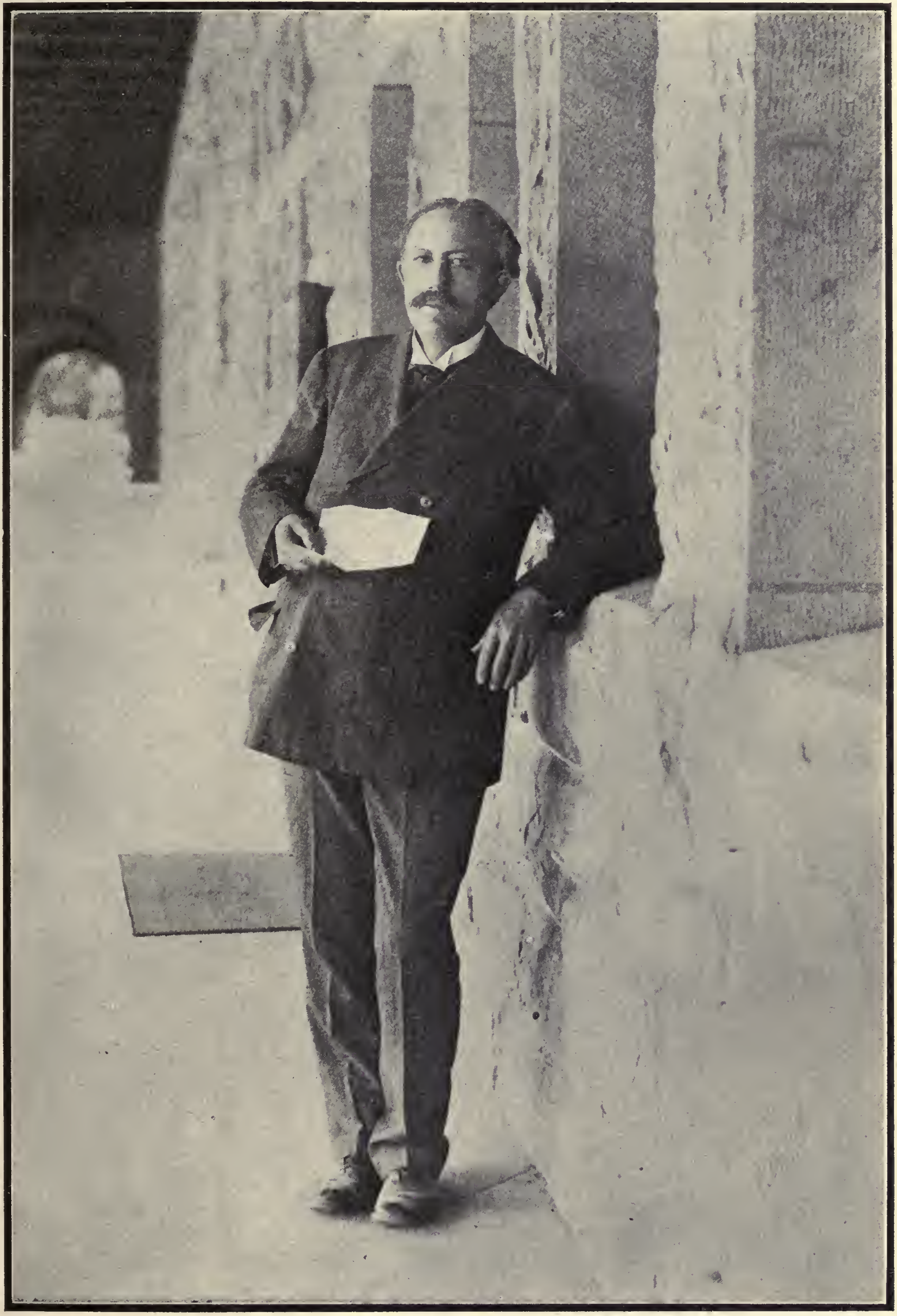
History is important. Philosophy is important. Languages are important. General culture is important. Yet were I to advise a young man about to enter college, with a business career in mind, I should urge him by all means to take an engineering course, even though he should not intend in active life to put his scientific training to professional use. I should advise him to take an engineering course, not only for its mental training and discipline, but for the power it gives in analysis, the love that it cultivates in him for being exact in his work and in his statements.

The man whose mind has been trained in the sciences is more likely to be the one to devise ways for the utilization of waste labor, whose keen powers of observation should enable him to see weak spots and how to strengthen them.

What the world is more and more demanding is efficiency, and all other things equal, the man with the scientific training is likely to be the most efficient.

The weak spot in most men, the weak spot as a rule, in college men, is taking things for granted. Science strives to prove its case. As a rule it must see the bricks before it will believe that the house will be built. It demands proof before it reaches conclusions. The men to-day who command the world's highest rewards and who are of greatest service to their fellows are those who have exact knowledge and use it for creative purposes. What is called unerring judgment is not generally intuitive. It is the result, as a rule, of the most exact observation and the most correct thinking. The man whose mind has not been disciplined, whose thoughts wander hither and thither, who cannot analyze a problem, who acts from impulse and not from reflection, is not in a mental condition to observe closely or to think correctly. At best, he is likely to become a mere putterer, vacillating in thought and in action. To be a successful doer of things, one must first be a seer of things. Ruskin says, "Hundreds of men can talk for one who can think; thousands of men can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, philosophy and religion all in one."

In the decades of the past the college man seeking commercial employment was discounted. He was looked upon by prac-



PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

tical men as a mere book-worm, unwilling to begin with the drudgery at the bottom in order to learn business from the ground up. No doubt the air of scholasticism that the college of the past imparted to its graduates justified this feeling of prejudice against the holders of its diplomas. There are some countries where this feeling may be justified even to-day. It is said to be a significant fact that "a large portion of Paris cabmen are unsuccessful students in theology and other professions and unfrocked priests, and they are very bad cabmen." But the American college bred man of to-day, especially the college man whose mind has been trained in the sciences, as a rule, is of a different breed. The modern college earnestly strives to teach men how to think and how to do things. Captains of trade and industry are discovering more and more that a young man, who has made the most of his time during his college years is so equipped that he can learn in five years what it may take the man with an untrained mind about twenty years to acquire.

The college of yesterday trained men almost exclusively for purposes of culture. The colleges of to-day, especially the scientific branches, strive to give an education for efficiency. It has been pointed out that "the man with brains needs a corresponding degree of education. The greater the natural fitness, the greater the need for thorough training and the more worthy the result."

The business world of to-day more than ever before is seeking efficient men, men who know the correct principles of investigation, who have the power to reason from cause to effect, and from effect to cause; who can concentrate attention upon a given subject, whose powers have been quickened and developed. All other things equal, the man with the trained mind is more likely to possess these qualifications, hence is also likely to prove the more efficient man.

The successful men of the next generation will have to be thoroughly scientific in their methods. Their efficiency will have to be of the highest and they will have to possess the faculty of bringing out the highest efficiency in their subordinates.

The college trained man, because of his adaptability, his quickness and alertness of mind, and because of his largely increased numbers, is going to revolutionize conditions in the coming industrial and commercial world. The college will strengthen his powers, ripen and mature his judgment, raise his standards and shorten his apprenticeship in the field of practical affairs. This will be the advantage he will gain by virtue of his college training; on the other hand, his higher efficiency and his shorter apprenticeship in the world of practical affairs, will be the advantage gained by the business world and by society for its generous support of its numerous schools of higher learning.

JUST OUT OF COLLEGE

BY DENISON HALLEY CLIFT

OF WHAT good has a college education been to me? Has it been worth the money spent, the valuable four years devoted to it, and, what is more pertinent, has it influenced me during the four most impressionable years of my life in such a way as to develop in me the best powers that I have to offer the world and society?

These are questions that are asked by hundreds of thousands of vigorous, promising young men all over the country every spring. They involve a degree of seriousness which becomes obvious when we remember that thousands of young men are being added to the number of graduates of our American universities every year.

Is a college course worth while? Is it a good investment for $2,000? Will such a training enable the man and woman of to-day to do their work better than the untrained brother and sister who may work beside them in the factory, in the engineer's office, in the newspaper world?

To those young men who go to college to better themselves, I would answer most decidedly, yes. But to the man who attends a university for the sport that is in it, for the dances and social good times that college brings to him—there will be nothing in it for that fellow but the immediate pleasure of college society.

A college community is a world in itself, wherein all the learning and culture of the past is brought to the door of him who will enter. But the memorizing of this learning is not what a college stands for. The subjects of study is only the vehicle by which the aim of the college is wrought. It is in the methods of study, in the training of the human mind, that the real worth of our universities finds its expression. The American college does not aim to fill its students with final knowledge on all subjects; it tries primarily to arouse and develop the dormant powers of the individual, to awaken their minds to the real worth and value of the achievements of their fellow-men, to so train the intellect that it will know in just what manner a piece of work can be done the best and the quickest.

Four years ago a freshman class entered Stanford University with all the ambitions and enthusiasms of first year students. In his welcoming address to that class, Dr. David Starr Jordan, the beloved head of the University, told them what the university would offer them, and said he hoped they would take advantage of their opportunities. "And after you have been here for four years," he concluded, "you will come to realize that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points."

The expression was a striking one, but it made little impression then on those who listened to it. But the years passed on, we became more mature, we began to reap some of the benefits that were given free to us, and when at last we stood on the threshold of the world, the expression was given to us again. And then we understood for the first time.

"The shortest line between two points." That is the key note of our modern education. The trouble with most of the men of this world who are occupying menial positions is that they do not realize that a straight line is the shortest distance between any two points. The line that they draw when they strive to connect two points is a very crooked one, roundabout and very out of place.

What is meant by drawing this straight line is simple enough. It means that there is just one effective way in which to accomplish a given task, and that the man who understands what the best way is, is the man who will succeed best in this day of keen and bitter competition.

The aim of the college is to teach the man how to draw the straight line, and there is no other institution in the world that is better prepared to do this than our universities.

To arouse and develop a man's talents is to give him an opportunity to find out just what thing he can do better than anyone else, and then to train him until he has reached the maximum of perfection. That is the quality of a man that the world is demanding to-day. This is the age of the specialist, and the man who can do one thing better than every one else is the one whose success will never be retarded.

The best estimate of a college training that has ever come to my attention is a little golden book by President Jordan, called "College and the Man." No man who intends going to college should neglect reading it. There, in the soundest and sanest manner is set forth the emoluments of education.

"The whole of your life must be spent in your own company, and only the educated man is good company to himself," is one of the many basic truths of the volume. I wonder how many readers ever thought of that before? There is no better method of making yourself agreeable company for yourself than through the medium of higher education. Through the portals of the college the ages are laid before you in one grand panorama; the record of the progress of civilization is told to you in the evolution of a nation's language; all the history of the world is unfolded, from the dawn of civilization to the Renaissance, with its gigantic awakenings, to the present age, with discovery and advancement marked in every forward step of the nations of the world.

From the standpoint of mere culture that is reward enough. Your education will give you a certain understanding of what men have done since the world began. You will know just how the nations have stepped forth as powers, and what elements in society have seeked to form the degrading characteristics that have brought about their ruin. All this, you say, will not bring you a larger salary each week or month. Not immediately—but we are coming to that.

The individual makes the nation, makes society, makes up the character of the race. If the race is to be one of ruggedness and supremacy, the individual must be rugged and healthy-minded. The blood that flows through the veins of the average man will be the blood of the nation. So, as has so painfully often been pointed out, in the education of the individual lies the salvation of the country.

Nothing can better bring about the amelioration of present social conditions than higher education. Our college softens the animal man, and strengthens the mental and moral make-up of the individual. And a man is far better company for himself after he has spent four years at college.

The college will do only what the man allows it to. A book will yield only so much entertainment and profit as the reader is able and willing to get from it. But all the entertainment and profit is there for the reader to take freely.

Still, this will not sufficiently answer the demands of the layman as to the direct benefits of a college training. How will it enable us to make more money? they ask of us. What will we get back from our $2,000 investment?

It is easy enough to answer this if the reader will only be willing to see for himself. The American college has one aim above all others in educating its youths. That aim is to so *train* and *drill* the mind that the man with the college education will know how to go about a given task, and how best to accomplish it in a given time. Life is made up of a million tasks. The man who best does these things is the better man. No one will doubt this.

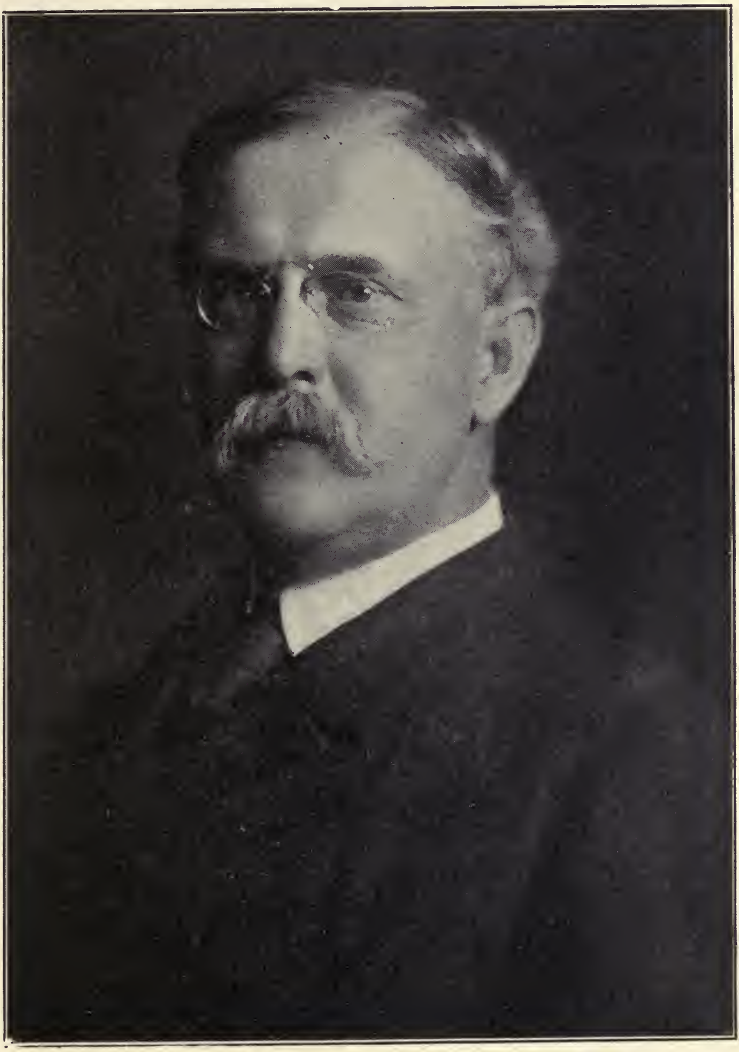
Only the other day I heard a business man ask a college graduate a question in equity. The college man was at a loss for a moment. "Why, you ought to know; you're a college man," jeered the business man. But that was no particular reason why the educated fellow should have known. He isn't supposed to know *everything*. His university didn't try to make a walking encyclopedia out of him. What it did try to do was to teach him just *how* to find the answer to the question. And I'd wager ten to one that the college man would know instantly where to turn to find the answer, where the business man might flounder around hopelessly.

The mind of the college man is trained to know how to do things. He knows that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points and he draws the straight line. That is, he does if he has gotten out of college what he should have gotten. Every college man is not better than the uneducated man. The college only furnishes the opportunity. The man must have the brains and the faculties for learning and acquiring how to do things.

In most of the professions of San Francisco the university men are the more prominent. In all the newspaper offices, men from Stanford and the University of California are at the head. Among doctors, lawyers and leading business men the college man occupies a prominent position. They are able to do in five years what it takes the uneducated man fifteen or twenty years to dig out for himself. The university man knows how to draw the straight line between two points. He has been trained to think. The routine of his college days—if he has gotten the most out of it—should enable him to *see*. His minds and wits are sharpened. His brain is a regular, clock-like machine. He can look ahead and see the result of his efforts. His mind has been made accurate. He does not vacillate weakly. He is able to grasp facts, to reason, to observe, better than the brother who has worked the thing out alone.

In addition to this the college-bred man is able to put a value on the work of others. He can tell the worth of a man, because he has the criterion of the ages to judge by. He does not worship false gods in his ignorance. He knows a thing is good because his college work has given him the best that the world can offer to judge by; he can tell what is bad for the reason that he knows what such a thing should be. His mind is thoroughly awakened. He knows the quickest way to solve a mathematical problem because he knows a great deal about mathematics, more than he really needs to know to solve this particular problem.

A man never appreciates his alma mater until he has graduated. Were I to go to college again there is much that I would shun, and much that I would do that I neglected to do. The four years spent at Stanford or the University of California, or any other college, are the best years of a man's life. Nothing is asked of him but soundness of character and an attitude of willingness to learn. Everything is offered to him; the gates are freely opened to him who will enter.



PRESIDENT BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

And having once entered, he will be thrown among men of all classes. There will be rich young fellows whose only ambitions are to sport and enjoy a high old time. These butterflies and namby-pamby youths are the blood-suckers of a university. They are parasites who usually lack real ambition, and after their two or three flighty years are over, you will never hear of them again, unless it be in an automobile scandal at midnight. On the other hand, the back-bone of the nation will be found at the American universities to-day. These men are the men who *go* to a college because they realize that a college training will allow them to get higher up in this world of ours. These fellows are not *sent,* as Dr. Jordan points out in his valuable book. And after all is said, the fellow who sacrifices something and struggles to get his college training is the fellow whom you and I will hear from five or ten years from now.

THE QUADRANGLE, STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

WHY I AM GOING TO COLLEGE

BY BERTRAM WELLS

I AM almost too ashamed to write this, and were it not for the fact that hundreds of others are in the same position that I now find myself, I would not. The editor has asked me why I am going to college, and I must answer, I don't know. I enter in August, when the class of 1911 makes its bow to the academic world, but that is because my parents have chosen so, not for any very definite reason of my own.

There is a certain joy in being able to call oneself a college man, and that may account for my docility in being led to slaughter. An infinite amount of respect seems to be commanded by the fellow who wears a numerald watch-fob, talks of "rushes," "booze-fights," and "queens," and strides along in baggy trowsers, with a bull-dog pipe between his teeth. The rest of the world looks up to him; the newspapers talk about him; his position excuses a multitude of sins. The college man lives in a world of his own, and as long as he stays there, may do things nobody else would dare to do. When he emerges he may talk of these doings and the tone of his voice as he does so has a subtle charm to the outsider, and creates an envy.

Or curiosity? Perhaps it's that. The college man home on a vacation speaks of "ax rallies," "plug-uglies," "night-shirt parades," until you want to know more. But his explanations are futile; you must see these things, live with them, participate in them, before you can understand the spirit infused. All the explaining that the enthusiastic university fellow may give does no more than heighten curiosity.

Therefore, I say, perhaps it is this curiosity that brought no protest from me when college was broached. I am curious to know why dignified, almost-men can lower their pride to take part in child-like rushes and plug-uglies; curious to know the spirit that rouses them to the point of foolishness; curious to know how it feels to be an insider.

The life itself is an unconscious drawing card. The college student lives as no other part of humanity lives; and he *lives,* in the slang sense of the word. He has no regular hours, which is an attraction far beyond many others. He may have classes all morning, and be free in the afternoon; or he may have three classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and two on Tuesday and Thursday, with his afternoons off. Some of the unlucky ones work from morning till night. But whatever the hours, they are irregular, which means the student may rise when he wishes, dine as he will, and do what he wants at almost any time of day. In the afternoons he may be a spectator on the grand-stand and watch the teams practice, or he may go to town and spend his time and his money in various ways. His evenings are given over to pleasures beyond mention. If he is a fraternity man he sits around huge fireplaces, swapping stories and talking of his plans; or he queens, which is college slang for associating with co-eds. The man outside the fraternities has his societies and his clubs. Dancing and dramatics are a big help in passing time. To sum it all up, college life is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and it may be that which attracts me.

But all those things—the joy of being able to call oneself a college man; the curiosity of the thing, the life are, after all, only incidental to what has just come into my mind. I think I have found my great reason for going to college—have found it in the fact that I am big and strong and healthy—have found it in *sport.*

Athletics are paramount at college. No matter the institution, or the situation, sports hold first place in every student's mind—be he laggard or "grind." A university is known by the athletics it keeps. Deep in the heart of every high-school youth is instilled a burning desire to one day be the idol of a hero-worshipping college student body, and he knows that the successful athlete is the only man who can obtain such pre-eminence. Long ago I was fired with that ambition through seeing bleacherites go mad over a great play, and through newspaper accounts. The desire has grown with my age, until this minute I find that it is almost for the sake of athletics alone that I am going to college, without first asking myself why.

As for study, I can say little. College talk, I have heard, dealt with athletics and the life. The papers contain nothing in the way of university news outside of scandal, small talk and sport; and the college man never speaks of his books when away from them. And so I cannot say that I go to college to learn, though I suppose I shall.

The other day I was talking to an unsuccessful college man—one of the many "graduates by request," who manage to stay in college a year or so, and then "flunk." He sneered when I told him of my plans. "A freshman," said he, "is a fool; and fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Throw out the athletics, and perhaps that is why I take up my parents' choice, and ask no questions. I say perhaps, for I don't know.

THE GOLD OF SUN-DANCE CANYON

BY C. JUSTIN KENNEDY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLYDE COOKE.

GARVEY STEWART shifted sullenly beside the camp fire. Why was it she could not let him alone? It was gold, gold he wanted. For years he had wandered through the Rockies, and the Selkirks, and the Gold Range, seeking at eternal sacrifice of self the yellow lodes; starving, sweating, freezing, with never a gleam of comfort or of color, suffering, yet faithful always to the quest. And then for her to write to him, chidingly, reproachfully, as though the life he led were happiness, and not despair. She talked of the full, far freedom of the mountains, that was his! Little he cared for the mountains or their freedom, save only for the gold they held: his was no soul of mystery, that craved the sweetness of the wilderness.

"And yet," he muttered, "she writes and writes and writes, 'enjoying your life, while I am left here, all alone, with no friends, nothing.' Nothing, indeed! As if she hadn't every comfort and convenience, and me exposed to every kind of hardship."

He snatched the letter from his pocket and crumpling it angrily, threw it in the flames.

"What in hell did she marry me for, if she couldn't stand it?"

But a sudden sense of heartlessness struggled in his breast, and he snatched up a stick to pull the letter from the fire; it was too late, the paper was in ashes. "Poor little girl," he thought, relenting, "if she knew that!"

"Please, please, Garvey," she had written, "come back to me—I cannot stand it. I am so tired, so tired. I have waited all alone for six months. A woman cannot stand those things, especially when she *loves* a man. Oh, Garvey, *can't* you understand? I am *so* tired. I know I told you it would be all right, when you took me from home, but a woman will tell a man *anything* to get the object of her love, and it is so much harder than I thought."

So she went on; she wanted him to come back and take her away from the city; she was not used to that; she wanted to go over in the Yakima, where men had come upon the desert, and building in their flumes, drawn water from the mountains, until to-day the sands were fragrant with the bloom of orchards and the dust had turned to sward. Aye, she craved the sunshine and the sweetness of it all. But he would not come; the gold, the gold was what he sought, and the momentary love of woman was as ashes in his heart, a faded thing. The very cruelty of that trifling act, the burning of the letter, had worked its own reaction. All that night he lay upon the blankets, restless; the starlight sifted lightly through the spruces, and the great white peaks loomed strangely through the Northern night, but these things had no mystery for Stewart; they did not clutch, as the gold-thirst did.

But at least, unconsciously, he softened in their presence, and humanity had its way. He would go back for a little while. At dawn he started through the woods, going light. He could not give much time, and had cached such things as might have hindered him, together with his prospecting outfit.

All day long he tramped, stopping several times to examine rocks that seemed to indicate a vein, but turned out barren. At night he built a fire of duff and pine-wood, made a meal of bacon, beans and coffee, and then sat back to smoke. At times he was tempted to return, but the incident of the letter seemed always to bring back the censure of his heartlessness; but even then a straw's weight might have turned the balance. He shut the girl from his thoughts, and as forcibly refused to notice further what signs there were of metal in the rocks.

Some few hundred yards away, a mountain ridge rose steeply, and at the base he spied a Stoney Indian camp of half a dozen wigwams, nestled in the shelter of the valley.

At that very moment, as he was figuring out the purpose of their presence, there came a low, deep, smothered rumble, and then the rattle of a multitude of stones, and glancing quickly upward, he discovered that a snow-slide had begun upon the mountain; it was not as large as the slides that frequently occur, but even so, the great white sheeted mass, starting at the summit of the mountain, tore out great rocks and logs and boulders, and sweeping down terrifically, snapped off the pines that blocked it, and hurled itself in awful chaos and confusion upon the Indian lodges.

Stewart leaped up and rushed across the little stream that wound between the lodges and his camp. There seemed to be no further danger, as the slide was but a short one, and already over, but he found the lodges wrecked, and several Indians killed and buried in the debris; only one of them was left alive, a squaw, but even she had had her right arm broken, and suffered serious bruises.

Stewart carried her across the stream, out of possible danger, as another snow-slide might occur at any moment.

As well as he knew how, in that unskilled way which answers for the peril of the mountains, he set the fractured member and bound up the wounds, the squaw being scarcely conscious of what he was doing. Then he returned to the lodges, but everything was ruined or buried, and there was nothing of the Indians' simple possessions that he could save.

When he went back to his own camp, Garvey Stewart was puzzled what to do. He had started home only out of sullen, grudging pity for the girl who begged and pleaded so unhappily; but now he found himself perplexed anew. Surely he could not leave this Indian woman alone and helpless? He had but scant respect for Indians as a general thing, yet still it was a life, and human, and somehow asked for succor. But much as Margaret yearned for his return, deeply as she needed him, Stewart felt instinctively that she would not grudge him this delay, and eventually he decided to remain.

With easy, practiced skill, he fashioned tepees for the woman and himself, and having but a scant supply of food, depended on the forest and the rivers for provisions. Faithfully he attended to his patient's wants, and washed and bound the bruises. The Stoney squaw had appealed more easily to pity than the white girl, although perhaps the latter was equally in need of it.

Thus the days wore on, until the squaw was less dependent, and one night, as they sat before the wigwams, partaking of a forest supper, Stewart addressed her, as he always did, in broken English.

"Takaho, to-morrow—me go way, home—you go back to Injun people." The woman started. "No, no go way, you. Me want you stay."

"What for me stay? No use. You all right now. I go to-morrow, sure."

The Indian woman hesitated; for a long time she gazed into the flames abstractedly, and at length raised her eyes to Stewart pleadingly.

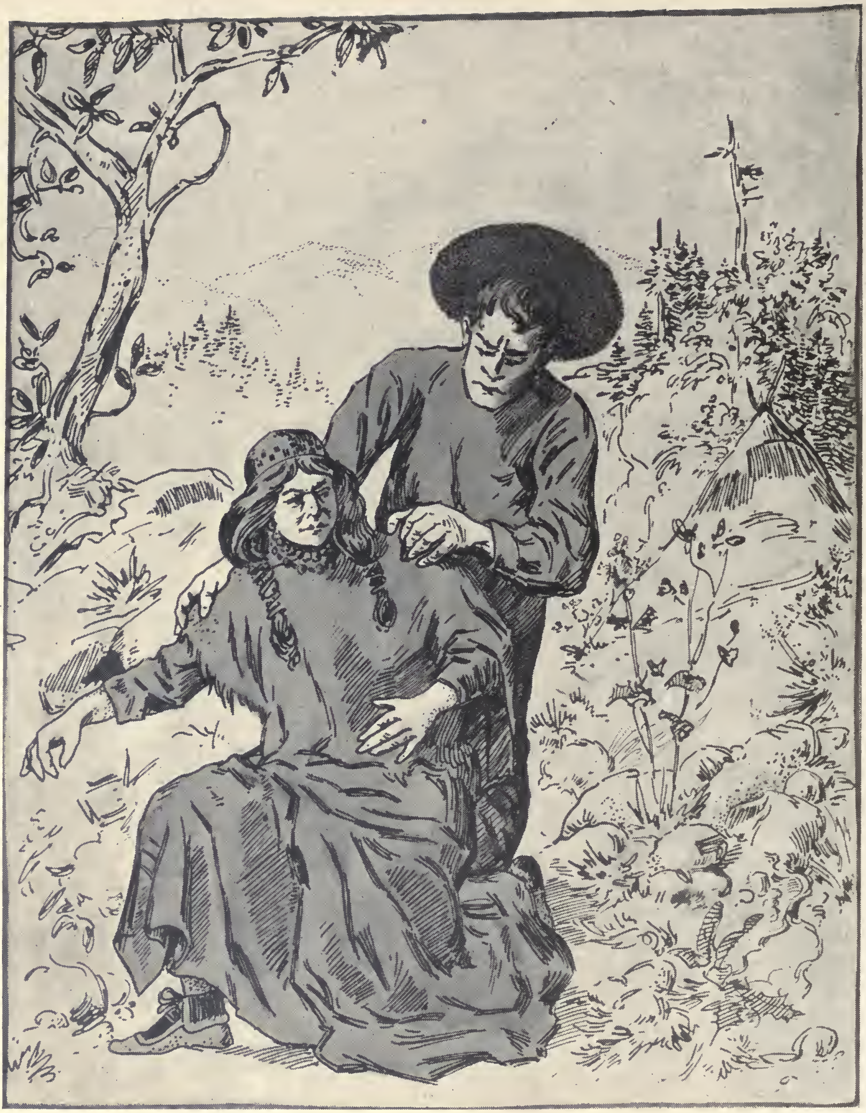
"No leave Injun woman. No go way off. Injun woman want you stay."

Stewart felt a little sorry for her, and asked her unsuspectingly: "How long you want me stay?"

The squaw's eyes seemed to burn across the shadow to his own, as she bent forward, whispering passionately:

"All time, stay all time. White man too good Injun woman. Stay all time—me got have him. No go way off."

Stewart stared in mute surprise. What would he say to her? He found it difficult to rouse affection for a white girl, attractive as she was; but as for ever feeling warmly towards squaws—— Some men seemed to find them quite attractive, but for his part, they were, well—just Injuns. That was the only way he could express



“HE HAD FORGOTTEN THE LETTER AND ITS ASHES.”

it. He answered carelessly, to show his lack of interest.

“No, no, me got wife, home; she sick, too; me go way to-morrow. You go back your people.”

But the squaw was obdurate, and pleaded that she had no people; they were killed, and she could not leave the white man; he had been too good to her, and she loved him; Stewart did not heed her, but insisted he must go to-morrow, and finding her too persevering for his comfort at last he turned into his wigwam, and to all appearances, at least, was soon asleep.

But the Indian woman would not yield; she had never known a man so kind before, and she could not give him up. All night she sat by the sputtering driftwood fire, swaying to and fro, clutching at some fragile means to hold the white man for herself. Was not she, too, a woman, that would not be rejected? Suddenly at early dawn, when the forest rustles ceased, and an eagle screamed uproariously from a fire-scarred pine, she rose, and going across to where Stewart lay, waked him gently.

"White man stay," she said, tentatively.

Stewart rolled over sleepily. "Me go to-day," he answered bluntly.

The Indian woman bent down and whispered: "White man like gold, huh?"

Stewart turned upon her questioningly.

"Look for gold long, long time; never find him, huh?"

Stewart grunted acquiescence; he had told her that in their camp-fire talks, and could not contradict it.

"Takaho know big gold—plenty gold, plenty big oh—many people."

The prospector sat up uneasily. Was she lying; was this a trap?

"White man marry Takaho—she take him big gold." She waved her hand significantly. "Way off mountain—what you call him, Sun-Dance Canyon."

Garvey Stewart leaped to his feet and caught the Indian woman by the shoulders. (He had forgotten Margaret, forgotten the letter, and its ashes, forgotten her unhappiness. Here was gold!)

"Takaho," he said, fiercely, "if you lie to me I will shoot you, you hear? *Cum tux?*"

She smiled meaningly. "Me tell truth, sure."

"How big, how big is this mine, this gold?" he continued.

The woman stretched her arms far apart, and then pointed from the wigwam to the mountain. Little she recked of that other love, the precious passion of the white girl's breast; little she thought of the pity and the pain, the hopeless, hateless dragging out of life, lonely and alone, down in the brick-locked city where, from the quarters of the globe, had huddled profligates and fools.

And Stewart? Aye, neither with him was reckoning or compassion. "Come on," he called thickly.

The woman fell upon him, passionately, kissing the bearded face over and over again with still unsated lips.

"*My* man, *my* man?" she mumbled, and looked up at him in yet fearful questioning.

"Yes," he muttered. "How far—how far?"

"Way off mountain," she replied. "Sun Dance Canyon."

Together they dashed along the river bank—hand in hand, for she would have it so, despite the heritage of race; they journeyed through the dark, unglimmered forest.

Stewart refused to stop for meals, refused to stop for sleep at night, and the woman struggled on obediently; what if she were tired, exhausted? What if she died—for she was weak after days and nights of suffering; was he not her man, he to lead and she to follow—to the death?

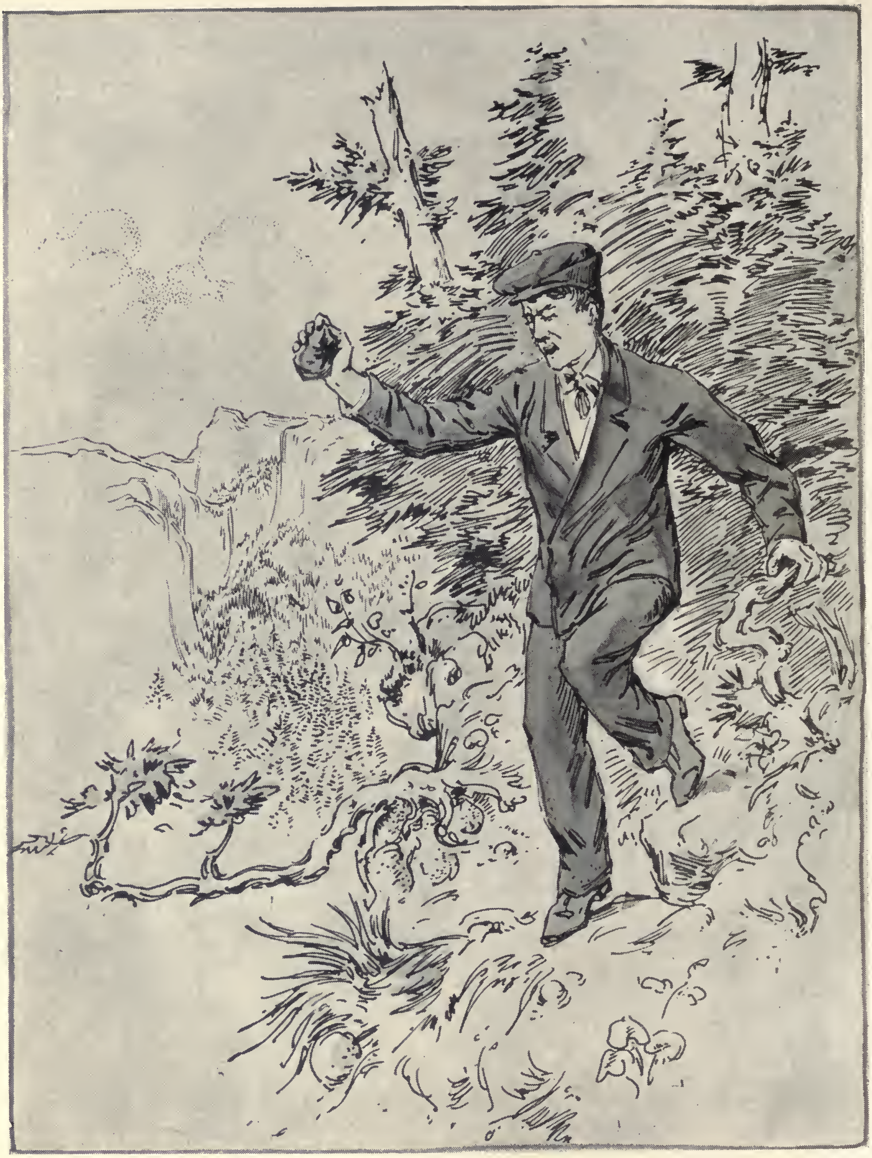
In the morning they struck the creek, and followed downward to the canyon. Here for many moons the Stonies held the sun dance, with its orgies and its sacrifice, with its triumphs and disaster of despair.

Takaho stopped at the gorge and waited where the gurgle-lacking river, with a roar, dashed through the canyon. Then, as if she had caught the inspiration from the stream, she slowly turned about, and crossing over, led the white man to the mountain on the other side.

"Hurry, hurry!" he called impatiently, his fingers working as though to clutch the treasure.

"*Ai,*" she answered proudly and triumphantly, and stooping down beyond the chasm, scooped away the earth. Stewart's face was drawn; somehow he was in pain—the face, the cry, the letter; aye, but the ashes, and the waiting arms, and the white breasts heaving with the pain. He set the thin, hard lips, and clenched his fists, and knelt beside the squaw; aye, he hated her, but the gold, the gold! She lifted up a rock, and chipped the vein, and the yellow glinted in the sunlight. "All way," she said, "way long river," and she pointed far below the canyon. Stewart watched it, exultingly. He was in pain; he had bartered off his birthright, bartered off a woman and a soul, but, oh, God, there was the gold, piles of it, piles of it. He grabbed a yellow-mottled piece of rock she handed him and almost kissed it.

Again the woman fell upon him—*her* man. Suddenly the man's brows darkened; he held the yellow to the light again; he weighed it in his hand; he tossed it to and fro; he scratched it with



"FOOL'S GOLD!" HE GNASHED.

a knife-point, and then with one long, deep-drawn curse, he hurled it to the chasm-bed in scorn.

"Fool's gold!" he gnashed. *"Pyrites—damn* you!" He caught wildly at the picture that was almost gone, the birthright he had bartered, and the woman and the soul. "Oh, Margaret, Margaret," he moaned, clutching blindly at the vision. "Oh, God, you have saved me."

COWBOYS ASTRAY

BY

HERBERT COOLIDGE

DRAWING BY W. R. DAVENPORT.

ANTONE GARCIA and Tom Dunlap sat on their blanket rolls beside a lonely country lane, a lunch spread out on the grass before them. They were in Illinois, strangers in a foreign land.

"Son-of-agohns," growled Antone, reaching out a swarthy, unwashed hand for another piece of bread, "eef I bahk in Arizona I keel thaht fallar. He think we trampas; thay all think we trampas; blahnkets or no blahnkets, no de-efronce, we trampas, ju-ust the same."

"Yes, if I'd been back in Arizona, I'd have had a shot at you for raising such a fool roar because the man wouldn't let you come in with your dirt and grime, and eat with his family. You ain't got the sense of a rabbit, Antone; when you were back in Arizona you never got to put your feet under the same table with the white folks, and you know it."

Antone turned out both hands and raised his shoulders to make the "no difference" gesture of the Mexicans.

"Ah, que carramba, the feet no-o-ole-hace, table or ju-ust ground, no-le-hace to me. But I want somethееng to eat; I want heem hot. I no lahk these hand-outs. I travel from El Paso to Phoenix and todos tiempos el ranchero say, 'Turn your caballo in the field an' go eat with the boys. Seguro qui si, they never geef me hand-out in Arizona."

"But you're not in Arizona, get that into your head. These people haven't got any bunk houses. You kick about the hand-out. What do you take it for? I did my prettiest to head the senorita off, and if you hadn't come in with your 'muy hambre' talk and begun shruggin' your shoulders and rubbin' your belt, I would have got out of there without being put on the soup-house list. I don't care what these old punkin rollers think; they can put me down as a trampa or a horse-thief, but when it comes to having their pretty daughters think I'm a dirt-eatin' beggar, excuse *me*. Antone, you'd queer a *good* man; try to fight the old gent and then five minutes later take a hand-out from his daughter."

Antone did not speak for a few moments; he was forgetting the rancor of life in an onslaught upon a generous piece of pumpkin pie.

"She's buena cuke," he said, complacently, as he stowed away the last bit of flaky crust. "I theenk thaht senorita lahk me, all right, eef she see me with no wheeskers and with good horse, saddle and bridle. Seguro qui si, I theenk she lahk me, all right."

"Ya-a-as," said Tom, slowly, and with scorn, "I think she would like you if she could see you in your Arizona hang-out playing monte with that Digger Indian squaw of yourn. It's my plain duty to get you back there or you'll marry into some of these good families and leave your muchachos to starve in the brush."

Antone, who had finished eating, and was turning all his pockets wrong side out, made no reply to this sally; apparently he did not hear.

"Sohn-of-a-ghons," he said at last, with grave concern, "no mas tobacco."

"Certainly, no mas tobacco. I'm dying for a smoke myself. If you'd kept your face shut when we were at that last ranch-house we'd be in a fair way of earning some tobacco. Now I tell you, Antone, I ain't a-goin' to put up with any more of your monkey business on this trip; I'm goin' to take charge of this expedition, savvy?"

Antone, with a deprecating shrug of

resignation, signified that he understood very well indeed.

"All right, then," continued his partner, "turn over that knife of yours first; I ain't a-going to have you make any more knife plays on prospective bosses. Now, then, we're to go back to that last ranch and take that job. The boss said that he had work that needed doing, and I refuse to die for want of the price of a smoke just because he got into a row with you. Get under that bed now and come on."

The American shut his jaws down with a snap as he closed the sentence and eyed the Mexican fiercely as he obediently shouldered his blanket roll and stood in readiness to travel. Then both men retraced their steps to the Johnson farm house.

The family were sitting out on the porch enjoying the summer gloaming, but began to talk together nervously, as the strangers entered the yard.

"Dora," said the father, rising from his chair, "go out to the barn and tell John and Hiram to come to the house. Mother, you'd better go inside."

Tom Dunlap left the Mexican at the gate with the strict injunction to stay with the blankets, and went up the path alone. He noted the consternation of the family with scorn, and smiled grimly behind his tawny mustache.

"Well, pardner," he said, as he reached the porch where the farmer stood waiting to meet him, "I suppose you think we're hobos for a cinch since we took the hand-out, but if you'd heard me cuss the Greaser for beginning to rub his belt when I had just about lied out of taking anything, you wouldn't think so. No, we're not 'bos, and we've come back to take that job."

Deacon Johnson, with ill-concealed disapproval at the frank admission of two such cardinal sins as lying and swearing, pulled at his whiskers hesitatingly, and replied:

"Your friend seems to be a man of violent temper. I don't——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Tom cheerfully; "I cussed him for that, too, and took his knife away and told him that if he registered any more kicks on grub or anything else I'd take a shot at him. The Mexican is all right; he's a cross between a Digger Indian squaw and a cattle-thief, but he knows better than to monkey with me when I'm hostile."

As Tom ceased speaking, the two stalwart young farm hands came out on the porch; the girl, whom the farmer had called Dora, followed timidly and stood just behind the group, near her father.

Conscious of the reinforcements, Deacon Johnson became severe.

"Does your friend smoke?"

"Not when he ain't got the makin's of a smoke, he don't. No, I'll tell you, pardner, you won't need to lose any more fat worrying about the Mexican. Just give me a couple of lard buckets, a frying pan and a little grub; I'll make a camp back in the brush some place, and see that he don't bother nobody."

"Young man," replied the deacon with slow dignity, "I am afraid that I cannot employ you or your friend. I've been farming for myself for twenty years and more now, and have never had any but Christian young men on my premises. John and Hiram are both members of my church."

For a moment the Arizonan seemed totally at a loss as to how to take this statement; the three Christian farmers exchanged glances of firm self-approval. Finally Tom hitched up his overalls aggressively. "Well, I'll tell you, Mister, if I can't pitch twice as much hay as any Christian young man you ever had on the ranch, you needn't pay me a cent. I have never worked with any of your Christian young men, but I've got a hunch that they can't qualify with me for a holy second. And the Greaser——"

The Arizonan was interrupted by the Greaser himself.

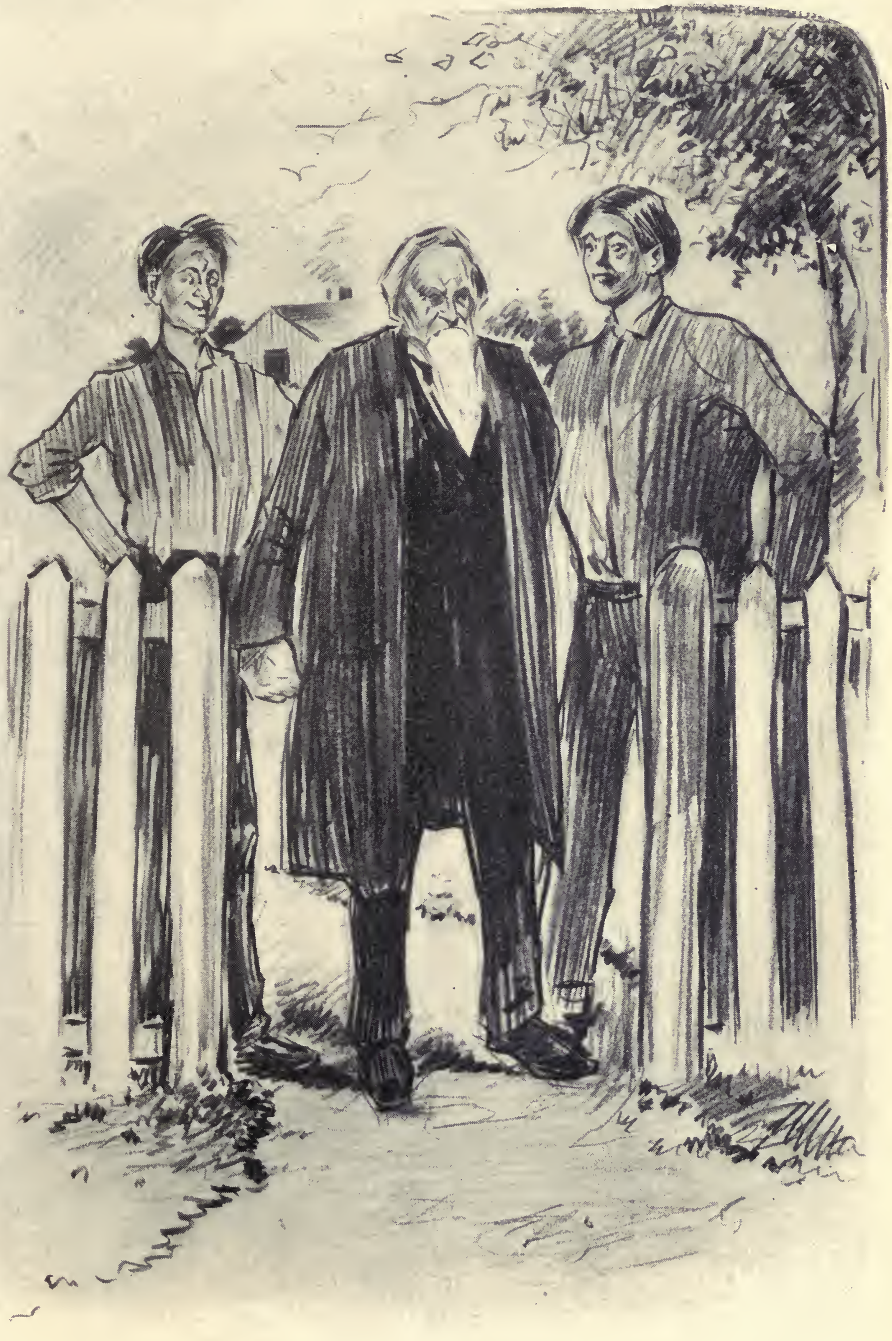
"Que dice, Tom? What you say?" he asked.

Tom, in his anger, forgot for the moment that the Mexican was supposed to be with the blankets, and replied:

"The old gent was sayin' that he didn't want nothin' but church men."

"Que carramba!" raising his shoulders, and twisting his face with sympathetic consternation, "thaht make eet bad for you, no, Tom?" Then his swarthy face lighted with a bright idea.

"But eet no le hace, Tom. I work and you keep camp till we have bastante



"YOUNG MAN . . . I CANNOT EMPLOY YOU OR YOUR FRIEND."

money to go back to Arizona. I church man," he went on, turning to the farmer. "I gude Catholique."

The two hired men snickered a little at this; Deacon Johnson's face hardened, and he essayed to speak, when Antone, in anticipation, went on earnestly:

"Oh, no, no! Tom bueno fallar; he no lahk church, but he gude boy ju-ust the same. Eef you no lahk heem for that, he keep camp por me and I work. Seguro que si, Tom he cuss church todos tiempos, but he bueno pahtnah; I chase cattle on same ranch for cincos anos. Seguro que si, Tom gude fallar."

The Mexican, who had been feeling nervously in all his pockets as he spoke, now pulled out a bit of brown paper, and drowning out both Tom and the Deacon as they attempted to speak in unison, said, with his politest shrug, "Sohn-of-a-gohns, I haff matches and papel but yo no tengo tobahcco. Senor haff——"

Antone, seeing that something was wrong, stopped abruptly, and stood, unconsciously bellying the bit of cigarette paper into readiness to receive its charge of fine-cut, and wondering what there was about this most natural of requests that could not be well taken.

Tom, whose principal weakness lay in his pride of being a Bob Ingersoll man, had been very black and restless during his swarthy partner's apologies for his attitude toward the Christian religion, but now he left off biting at the corners of his mustache and began to grin sheepishly. Deacon Johnson, apparently bewildered by the naive request of the untamed advocate of churches, seemed at a loss for something to say. For a moment, the group stood in embarrassment, then suddenly there was a stifled giggle that burst unexpectedly into clear, girlish laughter. That broke the spell; even the hard-featured deacon laughed heartily.

"Father," said the daughter, taking advantage of the lull that followed, "why do you not let the men stay? They are away from home and want to get money enough to get back to Arizona. It must be awful to be away from home so far."

"That north field has been down a week too long now," suggested the elder of the farm hands.

"Si, senorita, in my casa yo tengo tree lil muchachos who last night say 'papa' to me when I sleep. And my pahtner haff una senorita."

"Aw, cut that out, Antone," interrupted Tom, shifting on his feet very uneasily. "You needn't eat any dirt for me. This is a business proposition; let's hit the road if he don't want us."

"No," said the deacon, "we can use you both in the hayfield to-morrow. I'd like to have you stay."

"And eef you 'fraid for fire," put in Antone, "I no smoke; I get some tobahcco and chew heem. I no lahk heem thaht way, but eef you 'fraid for fire, I chew heem ju-ust the same."

UNLIMITED ELECTRIC POWER

BY

BURTON WALLACE

WONDERFUL as are the wireless telegraph, the Bell telephone and the Mergenthaler typesetting machine, which set civilization forward nearly a century within the past decade, there comes now a remarkable invention, made practical and put into operation for commercial use at Los Angeles. It is called the Starr Wave Motor.

Niagara Falls, between the great Lake Erie and the great Lake Ontario, two of the five great lakes, has been harnessed for man's use by special permission of the Governments of the United States and Canada, but it remained for California to take a mechanical appliance and run it steadily night and day, through storm and calm, simply by the up and down motion of the waves of the Pacific Ocean.

White caps and gentle swells, ebbing and flowing tides, are no longer movements of the ocean to keep fishes alive, carry ships and excite the wonderment of man, for one man has pursued the enterprise of harnessing the ocean waves until success now meets him, after thirty years of hard struggles and privations.

Mighty power houses are being erected to transmit this ceaseless and unlimited force, the first practical commercial plant being put in at Redondo Beach, near Los Angeles by the Los Angeles Wave Power and Electric Co. They have leased a part of the beach from the Redondo Improvement Company, one of E. E. Huntington's companies, and are erecting a pier and a motor plant for the Starr Wave Motor, which will supply six southern counties—Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, Riverside, Santa Barbara and Ventura—with all the power needed for factory or transportation purposes. The plant will necessarily be enlarged after a short time, but its success and present commercial value can not be disputed.

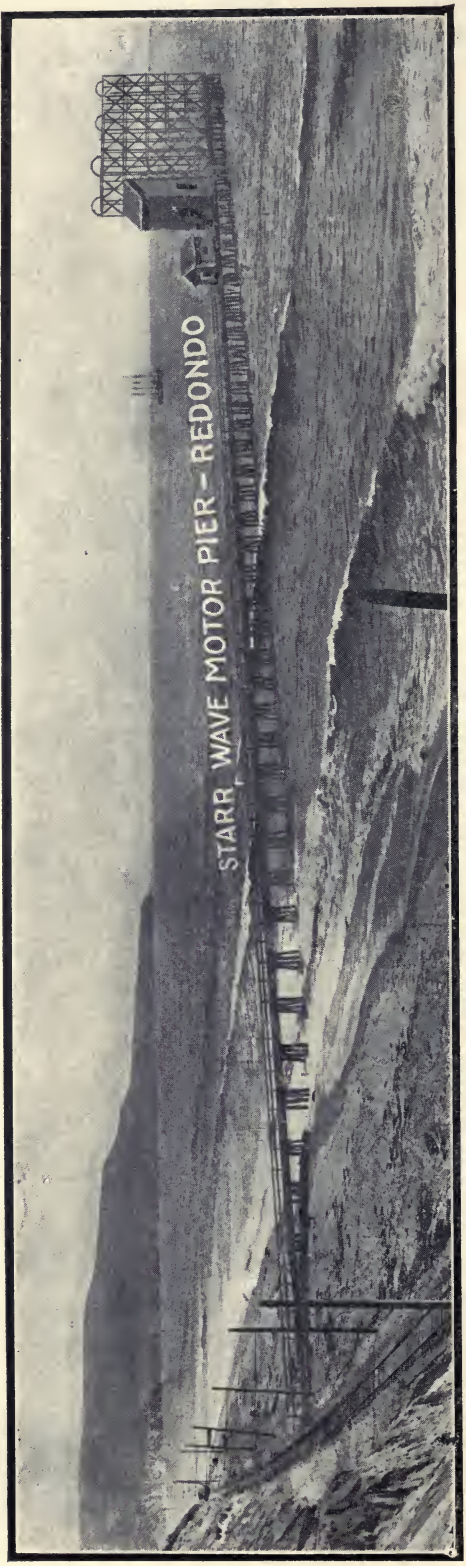
But first, let us look at this remarkable inventor and his more remarkable invention. Briefly, it is a part of our education in twentieth century progress.

Mr. Frederick Starr, a first class mechanic, spent about twenty years in the Pullman car shops near Chicago putting the fine interior hardwood finish in the Pullman sleeping cars. All this time he had a notion that the up-and-down motion of the ocean waves could be made to run a force in one direction just the same as the piston of a steam engine pushes the drivers forward or backward at the will of the engineer, the only difference being that one force is horizontal and the other perpendicular; one worked by steam pressure, the other by water power. Both are practical.

Mr. Starr, in his studies and experiments, while at the Pullman shop, saw that a wave motor to be a success, had to be so constructed that it would not only stand the worst storms of the ocean, but also that it must be so sensitive that it would receive the power from the smallest ocean swell; consequently, he developed and patented a machine, simple in construction, that will turn every ripple and surging billow into commercial value.

Very small was the first wooden model of a wave motor built by Mr. Starr. The appliance was worked by hand with playing marbles used as rollers, which simply revolved the power shaft enough to show that the "clutch" would work.

Larger was the second model, also made of wood, while the third model worked so perfectly in the shop that it was moved to Pier 2, Mission street wharf, San Francisco, and there installed, and a barge put under the pier and connected to the machinery on the pier with longer and heavier uprights, and with five-eighths inch cables.



That plant was operated by the waves in the bay. It worked grandly, producing electricity from August, 1905, until February, 1907, when it was dismantled, because it had served its purpose and they were done with it. But it had operated successfully through all the storms for eighteen months. One storm went over the bay in February, 1906, that the San Francisco papers said was the worst storm for over twenty years, and that little model of the Starr Wave Motor, with its barge submerged, worked through the storm in perfect condition.

What this wonderful wave motor is can be told in a few words. It consists of a pier built from the shore into the ocean until water is reached about twenty feet deep at low tide. Under the pier a barge (a hollow, flat boat) is anchored by anchors placed in the bottom of the ocean that hold the barge so it cannot at any time touch any part of the pier. That barge is permitted to travel with the ocean waves ten to sixteen feet in and out (seaward and shoreward), and two to six feet sideways. These movements permit the barge to "play with the waves" and make it easy to hold. The barge is so constructed that when a storm is coming on, valves in the bottom of the barge are opened, and the barge is filled with water, which, with the pressure of the machinery, sinks the barge enough to make the storm waves and breakers pass over the barge during the storm. While the barge is thus submerged the wave motor continues to take the power from the ocean swells, all that is desired, because the movement of the ocean at such times is so much greater that with the barge submerged there is yet all the power in the waves that is wanted. With the barge thus submerged, it is covered all over with the water that acts as a cushion, so that in the worst storm the power is in reality more regular and even than in ordinary seas. When the storm is over, the water will be blown out of the barge by compressed air, and then the barge floats upon the surface again.

The great importance of this invention can scarcely be foretold. Comparing it to other inventions, we may get a notion of its value: as, for instance, the Westinghouse air break. Westinghouse went to Commodore Vanderbilt, of the New York

Central Railroad, to interest him, but the Commodore said he had "no time to bother with damn fools who proposed to stop a train of cars with wind." To-day the air-break is in use all over the world. The same skepticism formerly attached to the wave motor, but has been proven baseless.

The Starr Wave Motor has even a larger field than the air brake, because electric power, heat and light can be produced at one-third the present cost.

It is estimated that the power used in Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside, San Bernardino, Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties is about 100,000 horse-power. That power costs consumers in those six counties an average of about $100 a year per horse power, while by the wave motors the same power can be produced and sold at one-third the present prices, and still make *enormous profits.*

A plant equipped with these wave motors of 50,000 horsepower capacity when completed and in successful operation with to-day's high prices for material and labor, will cost not to exceed $2,500,000. The earnings of a 50,000 horsepower plant near Los Angeles, selling electricity at $30 per horse-power per year (less than one-third the present average price), will be $1,500,000 per year, which is over 50 per cent per annum on the entire cost of the plant.

The Los Angeles Wave Power and Electric Company is incorporated, the following gentlemen being among the stockholders, the main office being in the H. W. Hellman building, Los Angeles: W. E. B. Partridge, President of the American Engineering and Foundry Co., Founders and Machinists, Los Angeles; O. H. Mason, proprietor of the Up-to-Date Pattern Co., Pattern Manufacturers, Los Angeles; Fred Pilgrim, President of the Pilgrim Iron Works, Founders and Machinists, Los Angeles; J. C. Beach, Contractor and Builder, Los Angeles; Fred Starr, a Mechanic and Inventor of this Wave Motor, San Francisco; J. H. Bacon, Investment Banker, San Francisco.

Since the force of the ocean waves is practically limitless, it is easy to see what a tremendous thing the Starr Wave Motor is. That it will follow the paths of other great inventions cannot now be disputed. It's capital stock is selling at fifty cents a share, and that colossal fortunes will be made, as well as reducing the cost of power to consumers, is evident.

F. Soule Campbell. '06.

DEATH ON THE MARSHES

BY

RAYMOND SUMNER BARTLETT

The freshness of a summer's day
  Had filled the heavens with sound,
And even the homely marsh flower smiled
  From her rest in the cold, wet ground;
The tall reeds nodded and beck'ed and bowed
  To the clumps of soughing willows
And the woven dusks of the lily blew
  From her couch on the watery pillows.

Salt laden from the wide bayou
  The glad breeze bent the rushes,
Then marched along from tree to tree
  And kissed the trembling brushes;
The wild shades blushed and quivered anew,
  'Neath the glance of the warm red sun,
For the tent of heaven's pavilion lay bare
  And winter's last race was run.

A-near the marge of the watery plain,
  Where the clamoring, shambling sea,
Breath-laden from a sunnier south,
  Had filled the willow wide lea;
One of God's creatures, a feathery form,
  Lay fast asleep, for its breast
Was torn apart and its sea-free heart
  Had sunk to its sylvan rest.

The rising tide was at its full
  Along the sallow-ridged shore,
It gathered and fell with a soughing swell
  And a dull, retreating roar;
Far out on the channel a siren shrieked,
  And over the dipping swells,
Like a voice in the dark, like a flickering spark,
  Came the melody of the bells.

Dear bird, athwart the marginal moor
  Thy fellows are flying free,
As glad as the breeze among the trees
  In their sea-wide liberty;
The warm life throbs in their earth-born hearts
  Like the pulse of the tide that swings,
For it quickens the beats in climes and heats
  With the fluttering of their wings.

When the wan West shivers above the hills
  And the purple of night sweeps down,
Even then God knows each flower that blows
  And every soul that is flown;
For the meanest flower in wood and in bower
  In meadows and fields and leas,
When withered and blown, when scattered and strown
  O'er the crests of the waving trees,
Can hear his word, and thou, dear bird,
  Are even more than these.

OCTOBER

BY

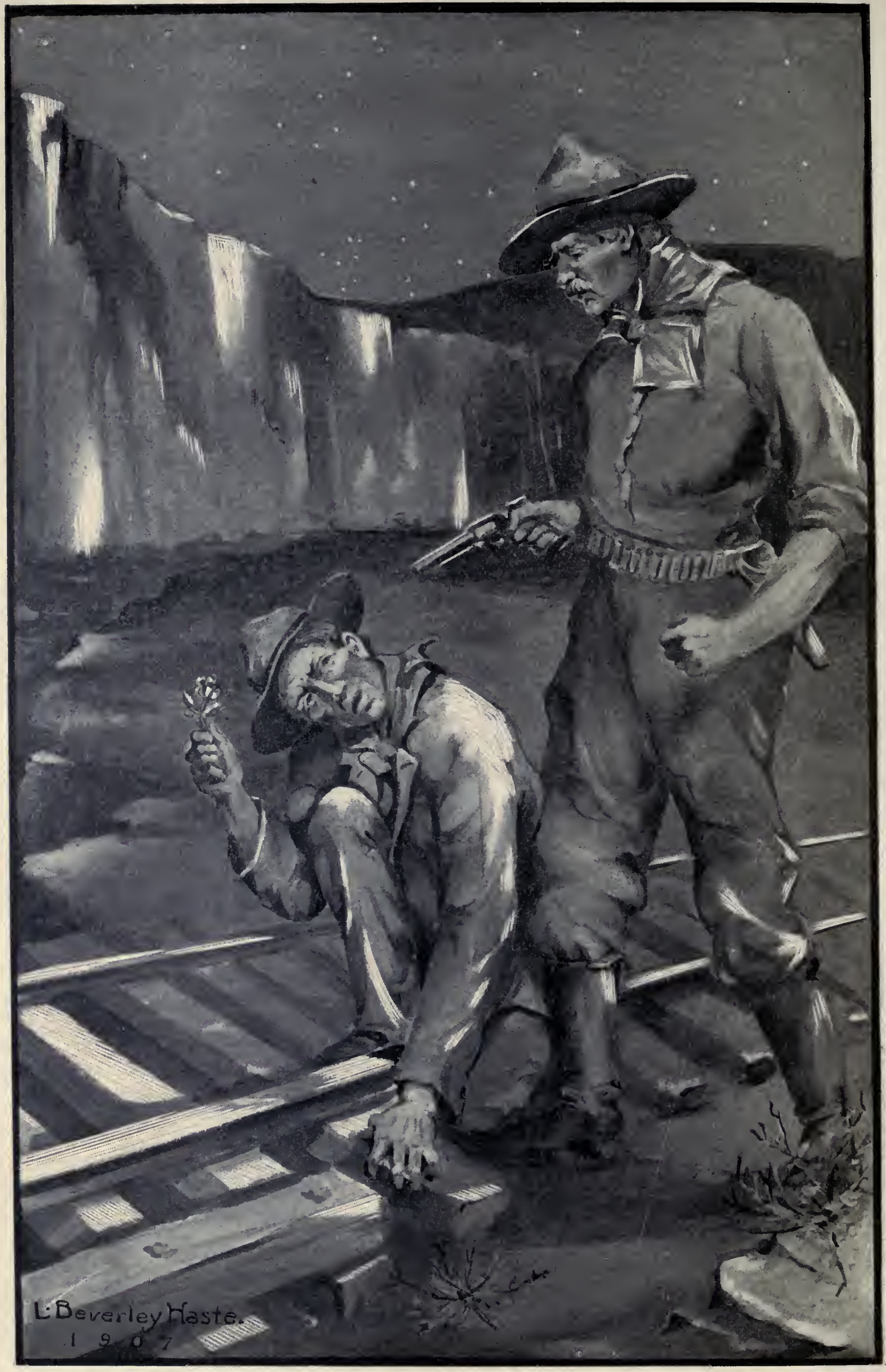
MARION COOK

DEAR Heart, 'tis true the summer's sun hath set,
And earth no more can feel her warm pulse beat;
But sheen and glory linger with us yet,
Though touched with prints of autumn's footsteps fleet.

In place of quiet green and softening shade,
We have the flaming grandeur of the woods;
Those kindling signal-fires by nature made
To herald the approach of wintry moods.

And it is true our love was warm and red
And glowing as the rose—must it, too, die?
And, fluttering, fall as trembling leaves are shed,
Unloosed by every breath that passeth by?

Ah, no, it cannot be! beneath the snow,
The tender green still lives—though hid from view;
Its life is safe; and when spring breezes glow,
The perfect flower will open, love, for you!


L. Beverley Haste.
1907

"I CAN'T DO IT NOW, FOR I PROMISED, AND SHE GAVE ME THIS TO REMEMBER."

Page 300: "Salt of the Earth."

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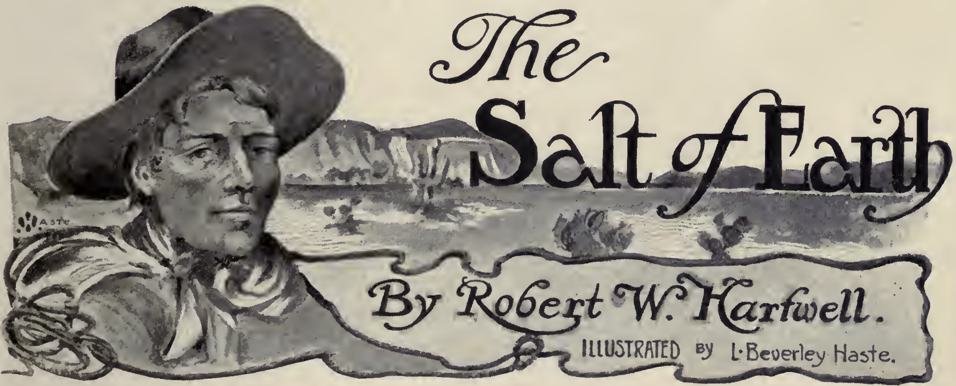


The Salt of Earth

By Robert W. Hartwell.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. Beverley Haste.

CIVILIZATION in the city of Tucson has been and is a contradiction. Two hundred and fifty years ago, upwards, the crucifix was there planted. To-day, after these two hundred and fifty years of civilizing, there still clings more of the border than perhaps in any other city of the land; there exists at once the oldest and the newest. There, each day, as Phoebus' car rolls the heavens, the shadow of the cross falls upon gambling houses, rendezvous to those that pry, pitfalls to the weak.

In one such, Dave Hill found Tom Butler. The two were from the same State, alike in their need of money, neither of squeamish morals.

Butler, though a "new," had been under fire in the Philippines, was a dead shot, and would "stand for business;" moreover, he had a grievance against the Government. Thereby hangs this tale; though, as will subsequently appear, other factors enter into the argument.

I.

"And what if I promise not, Anita, or, promising, do as the good Filipino who puts his Mauser in the cane (mud upon his carcass), says: '*Americano amigo, yo mucho ombre, mucho!*' and with a bellyful from the sentry's haversack, shoots him in the back half an hour later? *Ca! Chito!* What does the Government for me now that I must live in the damned country or die by consumption? Six dollars a month—bah! What is that? Enough to pay your mother for washing, no more. Do they not owe me for what they have taken? We shall see, my girl. *Ojala!* I shall present a forty-four and a bill quickly payable. The pension needed six months, the bill shall need six seconds. *Ca!* it will be excellent."

"Aye, excellent, Tomasso, it may be, but what will it make of you and of the one, *chiquito,* that will come to us before the Christmas? It is to be a boy surely, and you would not pay the padre with gold that has blood-stains? Nor put upon me a greater weight for confession? Is it not enough already, and not until to-night we marry?

"I have thought much, Tomasso, and this is the end of it; if you are gone with this man, putting blood on your soul, the small one shall have no father; we shall not marry to-night, nor next week nor the week after; I shall go amongst my people who talk not overmuch, being kind. The Holy Virgin will protect. You wear beneath the coat the star of the men at Washington, and have given oath. Keep the oath—do as the star has said. Promise to me, or I go not with you to the padre, and he, *chiquito*—there, naughty! kiss me no more."

The shadows of the cane clump and of the mesquite bush were long and dim where they fell across the square, adobe-walled yard. The women had left their washing stones by the well. The odor of *chile* came from the kitchen beyond the well, where, about a fire upon the earth floor, squatted, chattering in the soft undertone of the southern lands, women and children. Convent street, hushed from the day's work, took on the lower, more pervasive hum of pleasure. Sunset lights bathed the ancient pueblo of Tucson with rose and golden pigments; then upward they moved, ascending the cathedral till it alone was touched; hastening, leaped to the peaks of the East—into the clouds—and then came twilight, ancient and Lethean. Children played in the streets; later the populace would stroll forth in the balmy, ineffable night, while out from the flat-roofed adobe buildings of the Mexican quarter, sweetly, dreamily, floating, a song of old Spain—"La Paloma."

But he stood up and crossed the enclosure to the street wall. He rested his hands upon its top, looking over. The sun was just gone. A bell from the cathedral struck; another, and the evening call chimed forth. He turned to the sound and scowled; the church, always the church, was between him and this woman whom he had learned to love in a new, strange way to him. She was only a Mexican, he had used to reflect; but the hand in his with perfect trust, the eyes looking into his own, sometimes of late filled with tears—what was it, anyway? "Bah! a fool! I'll not go back again." Yet he always did. And placing his tanned, scaly palms, one on either of the girl's cheeks, turned the lips to him and kissed them with a tenderness that was by himself as much marveled at as was the love itself. It was not that Tom Butler had known no other women—no, that was not it.

The church! It was where he should go within the hour—or should he?—to stand with Josepha before the priest. The priest would mumble words, make signs, and afterwards Josepha would be his wife. What did these things matter? All that had been in the year past—was it of no consequence? Could this priest in less than a minute run through some stuff that meant more than all? Bah! He ground his teeth. Only it was her way. She would give her life for him, that he knew since she had nursed him in the smallpox. Here, there, somehow, was something to her more than life. Deeply he wondered.

Down the street along the wall a child and his mother approached through the twilight. The child's mother held his hand. Absently, he watched them, for he loved a child, particularly a man child.

"Ah, Juan, not so fast; papa will not yet be home. If thou art not a good boy he'll not bring thee candy, *non chiquito*. Dost love thy papa and thy mamma, my chosen. Rogue! Not so fast!"

But his eyes followed them to the turn of the wall. "Thy papa and thy mamma," he mused. "Thy papa and thy mamma." What had Josepha said—if he forgot his oath and went away to rob for gold, the child should have no papa—they should not marry to-night or ever. And he knew that she meant it—strange that one so mild should be so firm. He turned from the wall. And though the light was fainter now, he distinguished, extended in her hand, the crucifix. At his footfalls she looked quickly up, arose, and held forth her arms.

An hour later, Padre Juan moved along the quiet, darkened cathedral aisle, lifted his calotte and crossed himself before the Christ-image. Tom Butler, and Josepha, his wife, passed through the outer corridor and down the stone steps.

II.

The atmosphere was stifling with tobacco smoke, through which arc lights glowed and sizzed in a peculiar wreathing light. Men entered and departed continually, jostling as they crowded about the hall towards one table and another, craning to view the games, or pushing forward to place their coin. The empty bottle musician clanged assiduously from his platform; there was the click of shuffled chips, calls of crap and roulette gamesters, cursing in undertone from particular unfortunates, orders for drinks, with the subdued, pervading drone of conversation.

Even the quiet, white-haired old gentleman at the monte board was crowded about by players, for the most part Mexicans. Dapper youths in shirt waists and cigarettes were playing disproportionate sums to a man for flipping an ivory ball about a circle track. Boisterous negroes whirled dice upon a buffered table. Stolid Chinese loaded the faro board with their wages. Determined looking, big sombreroed cattle-men, solemn and taciturn, were at poker in the corner room. The Blazing Stump had a good night.

He saw the dollar gone before he placed it. No matter. Dave Hill was gambling and would not pause until, having no further money, he could do nothing else. The circle of players noticed the money placed upon queen high; they did not notice the man. All bets down. Two cards were turned—queen came low, and the last of fifty dollars was gone. Hill walked away, relieved to be at the end of it.

"Nine o'clock," he observed mentally, glancing up as he passed the bar. "It is time I was quitting this damned place. Butler'll think I've got the cold. I would shake him if there was any way out, for I'm leary on that Mexican of his, but there ain't no way. Anyhow, this job's got to be done. If he gets queer, I'll make a good of him easy enough."

He turned along the town's main street toward the railway. Flotsam and jetsom of the border passed him, miners, prospectors, cowboys, Indians, and that innumerable company subject to no classification bearing no mark of trade or business, living no man knows how or why, with here and there a gaudy pink and lace creature, each human, each in the pursuit of his special phantom. Hill gave no heed. His only business was to see that the sheriff's office remained properly ignorant, for although he was not aware of being known to any one there or elsewhere in Yuma, his photograph had an inconsiderate way of coming into the possession of these over-curious zealots of the law, and he could not be certain that this particular office fell outside the class. He told himself that he was a fool to visit the gambling hall, but the light and the music and the crowd had prevailed against his fears. "Just how the boys all get pinched," he muttered, which was quite true. During the day he had purchased a ticket to Mohawk Summit, and now, being in a mind of caution as dangerous because of its resultant eccentricity of action as his former rashness had been, he hurried down a by-street toward the freight yard and into the shadow of a car. A voice brought him out of his subjective considerations to a startled, abrupt stand.

"Which way, Bo? Can we make the blind here?"

But Hill's only answer was to move further along in the shadow. And thus, had he known it, the law drove home another nail in its structure of prosecution against the time when it should house him in. He was relieved when the express head-light glimmered through the cut from the depot; and catching a platform rail, he pulled up, entered the smoker, and sat down in a rear corner.

From Yuma the railroad, by a heavy curve and gradient, rises to the *mesa,* into the distance interminable, mile upon mile, stretches of gravel covered sand, dotted with greasewood and mesquite. The man in the smoker saw none of it. What he did see, cursing his luck, was a big moon getting above "the Fortuna's" saw-toothed peaks. Incident multiplied against him. He looked away to the shadows at the base of the range—there lay La Fortuna, the mine where in the old time, the miners' work was hard, but at the end of it came rest, with no unquietness, with no spectres rising omnipresent to give him fear of all his kind. He had been the most joyous among them, loving his fellows and himself, fond of his beer, but not too well, liked by all. Then came an evil hour wherein she, laughing, told him that she was sorry, but that he must see, and drove away with a wave of a small white bit of lace to the railway station.

God! Yes, he saw it! He knew why it was. He was poor. That night he had staked to the last dollar what he had saved in months—and lost. He brooded. There was that damned Italian with a year's wages hoarded in his cabin. A pig—what did such a life matter? He must have more money to play—to play for her. He killed and played and lost.

No one knew, except he knew; which was the beginning. Within the forest trees are no longer seen. Hill did not dwell upon that which had followed. Success to-night meant twenty thousand in gold. That must surely be enough for her. And yet—and yet; what of the San Diego blunder? Might not his picture have gone as far East as Virginia even? What then? Suppose he won and lost? It was impossible. Yet he moved on his seat uneasily. He was displeased with the appearance of the man in the seat ahead; the conductor looked sharply at him; he was glad when he stumbled from the train at Blaisdell and walked along the bridge where Butler was to meet him—Butler coming from Tucson.

Half a mile west of the Blaisdell depot a broad wash carries the rain-time floods from the Fortuna Hills to the Gila river. Three hundred and sixty-four days of the year see here only the wide bed of dry sand and boulders; yet the remaining day had by grievous lessons taught the railway builders that rivers must be bridged. Here, then, for two hundred yards, twenty feet above the sands, a bridge carries the rails. The plan of the robbery was simple. A fire upon the track at the bridge's end would make it appear that the structure itself burned, stop the special and draw a bead on the crew. Butler was to cut free the treasure car, while Hill drove the engine men, if they had not gone to the fire, from the cab, and handling the throttle; at a safe distance they were to compel the messenger to deliver the treasure or to blow the safe. Their escape lay towards Mexico, for had not Hill prospected the mountains that way until they were home to him? He looked upon them now, calm, peace-giving in the white, cold moonlight, spectral almost, their canyons, their sharp serrations hid in shadows. Ah, the old days! The man was not right for the business ahead—too much of this thing was getting into him out of the past. What he needed was whisky. There was Butler now—he would have it.

A figure was advancing from the other side of the bridge, and Hill extended his hand.

"You've come, Tom—hev' you a bottle? Ye ain't neither? That's hell—I was leary of Yuma, and ain't got a drop. Well, an hour yet before the gold rattles. Let's go to the other end and size her up. We can get the brush from the mesquites for the blaze and fix up now, so as there won't be any danger of getting us unprepared. That moon's bad—no helpin' it, though, now. What's wrong—you're so mum? Ain't got cold feet, have you, pard?"

Butler was following along the ties. He had revolved the thing in his mind for twenty-four hours—ever since he had given Josepha his promise, when he told her that he should remember his star, that he should bring no money that was another's. Perhaps he was a fool, for he might have said to her that Hill was on the square, that there was nothing wrong, when that evening, coming suddenly in, she had heard the words that led to the question. Yet, he never had deceived her in anything—that is, never since the strange love had taken hold of him, and he could not now begin.

In any case, his honor bound him to shield Hill. What should he say to him? He had put the question to himself a thousand times since the ride from Tucson.

"No," he hesitated, "there ain't nothing wrong, Dave. But—I've got a little to say. There ain't no hurry. Let's set a bit on this stringer."

He turned to the side of the trestle where a twelve-inch beam lay bolted to the ends, and sat down. But he was not a coward, shy in speech, or lacking in self-assertion, yet here was something that for the moment left him groping. Dave would not understand him—he did not himself understand—he knew that a new force impelled him, possessed him as none ever had before, showed the way and he followed, though why he did not know. There it was, masterful always, since first the woman taught.

"You know, Dave, the woman, the girl———"

"The Mexican that keeps house, eh?" Hill ground his teeth. Inwardly he cursed. He had feared possible trouble, for he had seen, and he had not been blind. "Well, what of her? Nice, quiet little woman enough, but what's she got to do here?"

He, too, sat down upon the beam. There was anger beginning to show in his face, no need of whisky now.

"Don't say nothin' hard, Dave; don't, because,"—but he winced—"because, you see, the night you and me fixed the thing final at Tucson, we went to the Phantom and took on some liquor, and afterwards both goes along to my house, and settin' in the door talk some about disposin' of the stuff when we has it. Well, the booze must have been more than we thought, as most generally it is, limbered up our tongues, for we waked up the girl, and she hears the plan about buryin' the coin and the rest."

"Go on, what's your play?"

But he had paused seemingly to wait some question. His recountal was punctuated by frequent haltings, as of one that speaks with much effort. He placed his hand upon the other's knee.

"Dave, we was married last night. And I promised her first that I'd have no hand in it—and it's late, I know, but I can't do it!"

"White! Well, by ——! And for a Greaser!"

"Don't, Dave." Butler started up, his voice was guttural. "Don't—she's my wife. You've known me as marshal for nigh six months. Did I ever show white? You see, the girl is goin' to be a mother, Dave; I'm telling you so's you'll know I ain't showin' white—and I couldn't have the baby goin' with no name, bein' hers; because, well, because I couldn't—that's all. I don't know why, exactly, and I can't explain. It's so, and there ain't no more to it. I never myself understood the meaning of such before."

He was talking now more as one that thinks in speech, for the man at his side was no longer addressed. He wandered in the new country of his self, and looked about curiously upon what he found.

"Well, by ——! You, too!"

And then it came about that for a little time the two men who had come together to rob, to kill if it was necessary, walked within the fane of love; for that little time passed out of the characters, the world had trained them into, backward to the instinct that God gives us all, being male and female.

"I—thought—only for a damned Mexican, a Greaser that's been keepin' your house, a woman that any man——"

"Dave!"

Butler's Colt ripped from its holster. But the other was quicker and stronger; he wrenched the pistol away, threw it into the sand beyond, and flung the man back with such violence that he fell head-long between the rails. Hill drew his own revolver.

"Oh, no, Tom, you don't. Not this time. Sit up, man, and listen—but no gettin' onto your feet, no damned foolishness, or it's all done with you. You'd a' shot, eh? Listen, now, to me," he proceeded, when, after a moment the struggle had left him calmer. "I ain't takin' your play hard, ain't blamin' you so much as you may think. The woman's told you of stealin' and all—I understand—until you've got queer on it. You're looking wrong at it. Who *earned* the money on that train? Who dug it out of the ground? Not them! *They's* the ones that stole it, milled it, out of such as you and me—ain't no more right to it than you 'r me—not so much—it's grab and grab, and this is our grab, that's all. There's twenty thousand anyway in that safe—more than you could get pluggin' away for the Government twenty years. What do you owe to the Government, even if you do wear that piece of brass? Ain't they killed you with fever in Manila? What did you get for that more than a go-to-hell—thank you? They is agin us and I'm agin them."

The face of the man between the rails was pale and hard. His lips moved mechanically, without sound. Over the protruding bones of the cheek and jaw the muscles were taut, showing in faint, parallel lines. He took from the lapel of his coat a faded rosebud, fingered it, twirling, turning and again holding it quietly with his head bowed toward it and his eyes upon it. What was the process of his mind? Untutored, he had probably never heard of Zeno or Epictitus; by balancing what against what, came the choice that he gave. Why not have lived for her? Did he know that a carpenter's son once saw the kingdoms of the earth, and would not for them bow down? He was morally weak or he would not at first have joined the plot. Yet at last he said:

"Only she——"

"She? What's she? What's anything?

D'ye s'pose I'm goin' to lose out at this turn of the cards, when I've throwed three years to hell? made plays as have took from me everything but *that?* Your woman, Tom! A damned Greaser—there's millions of them. *Mine?* God! she? Why, she's my queen—those eyes, those lips, those little curls a-fallin' down, them dainty feet and hands. She? God! pard!" Dave Hill wandered again, half as he that dreams, looking now to him that bent to the rose bud, now to the desert, now to those stars above, so calm to our encompassed sense. (Yet do they not burn because of their desire, literally?)

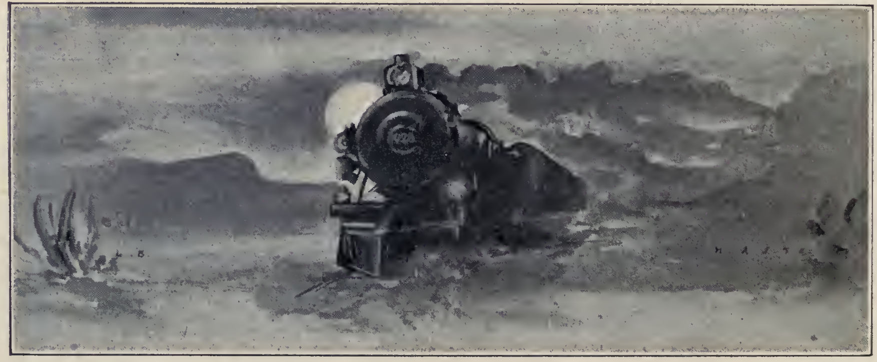
"Tom, I'd kill my own mother for *her*. Y' don't know me. Murder is behind me now. Murder? What's the matter if they's more? Her lips and arms is powerfuller than God himself to me. She's God—she's heaven. And money between us! Money'll give her to me. Ye see that over yonder—to me Fortuna?" He signaled with his hand. "Ye see that trail along there? That's where she waved back to me good-bye. I murdered there for her three years ago. I've murdered since for her. I give you the chance, Tom. Can't you lie to your woman? Tell her you wasn't in on't. Stay with me now, and it's all right. If you don't, by ——! you'll never go back to her, an' I'll leave you so's they'll say you was shot in the hold-up. You know me—an' be in a hurry—she's blowing up at Gila now."

Faintly, borne on the wind, startling the reaches of the silence, over rock, over sand, over cactus and mesquite, came a locomotive's whistle dying and rising again.

Tom Butler raised his head from the flower.

"No, Dave," he said, "I never lied to her—since then. I'm the child's father—I can't do it now, for I promised, and she give me this to remember." And with both hands he carried the rosebud to his lips.

Men stricken in battle fall from full height upon their faces, and are quiet; or under blind, final messages, self-constructed and sent out by the motor nerves, leap marvelously into the air. The body of Tom Butler shot from its crouched posture forward over the guard rail and fell to the sand below; while clutched in one hand in his death, as was afterward found and much commented upon, lay a faded rosebud. A wisp of smoke dissipated and disappeared. A man cursing that he had delayed until too late hastened away along the Fortuna trail. A locomotive's headlight rushed out of the darkness, dimly lighted sleepers whirled behind it, over the bridge, above the one that died, power and wealth and luxury above the clay that was the Salt of Earth, and the red tail lights passed from sight upon the mesa.



THE BIG BASIN.

BY ELOISE J. ROORBACH

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

OUR FOREST reserves are becoming more and more appreciated—not only because of their invaluable usefulness, but for their unsurpassed beauty.

The scientific foresters are pointing out to us their manifold uses in other ways than merely the yielding of a good lumber crop.

They place great value upon them as protectors of our water sources, as modifiers of our climate, as regulators of rainfall, as preservers of our wild animal kin.

They give them value as increasing our love for out-door life and encourage the establishing of parks that are sometimes in the heart of the city, so that all may have easy access to forest beauty. Sometimes in such distant and inaccessible places that it takes a summer's vacation to reach and enjoy.

There is something about a forest that compels introspection, and I would add this as one of their most valuable uses.

We hurry through life, hastily dipping our cup into its various experiences, now quaffing nectar, now gall.

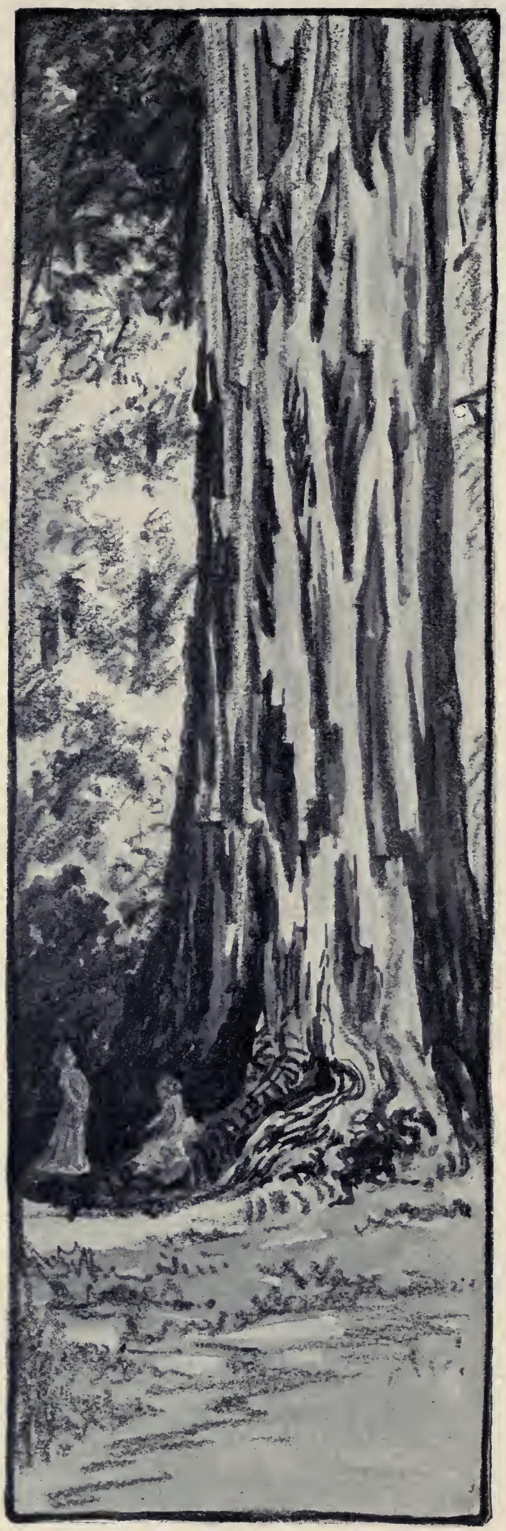
The forests, serene and stately, turn us to search our own minds with the same zest we gave to the exploration of our outside world.

In their presence we experience the ecstasy of contemplation; we drink from the inexhaustible fountain of our own minds, and the more we drink the richer we become.

Our far-seeing Uncle Sam is setting aside many thousands of acres yearly for parks and reservations, and we cannot now fully comprehend the great good that will come from this protection of one of our choicest heritages—the forests. In California we have quite a number of these reservations. Some famous ones in the high Sierras and some less famous but very lovely ones along the coast and through the south of the State.

Most of these reserves are patrolled, partly to prevent fires and partly to protect game. One of California's State forests lies within easy reach of travelers who visit this coast. This one is called the Big Basin, and one can easily drive there and back from Santa Cruz in a day. One morning in the latter part of April we drove to this State park, starting from a little place called Brookdale.

For a driver we had one whose life had been lived for the most part in these Santa Cruz Mountains. His face was full of the wrinkles that come from much laughing and squinting at the sun, and battles with the wind. His voice was deep and kindly, and he knew every man, wo-



"FATHER OF THE FOREST."

man, child, bird, tree, flower, canyon, on the whole varied drive.

We drove about one and one-half miles to Boulder Creek, a lumber town whose main street is full of quaint lodging houses, that no doubt used to be lively places, but that are now resting from past labors. Following the main road out of Boulder Creek, we pass pleasant little homes; many brooks, a deep canyon with unreachable maidenhair ferns in tantalizing view; children trudging their miles to school; a three yoke ox team dragging lazily along. The hills were blue with masses of wild lilac; they were like smoke from a huge fire, only no touch of relentless flame was in sight.

Before we come to the Big Divide, we notice the sad effects of the fire that burned its way through this region three even so cheaply as $2 a shining head. acres of living things, it could not destroy life itself. Triumphant life had already covered the black scars with a mantle of living green. Even the branchless trunks of the redwoods had put on a short, green coat of new leaves. The road turns and twists in the usual fashion of mountain roads, rounding and doubling on itself, but gaining steadily towards the summit.

Part way up the divide, we come to a howling, roaring, fire-belching monster that was rapidly eating up grand old trees. This awful mill has wrought much havoc with the beauty of the forest. But since so many people prefer their trees in the form of clap-board houses, it is no more than fair that they have their choice. But it did seem a pity to see all these magnificent trees lying piled up like kindling wood, waiting to be thrust into the jaws of that mill. It was the only thing that saddened us that day, but it seems as if sadness must needs come.

With every turn and every inch gained in height, fresh beauties were revealed. A vast country was unveiled, a large, lovely world, dressed in soft blues and violets, mauves and grays.

A hawk soared high overhead, resting on strong wings, motionless in the heavens. He seemed enjoying the pure heights, but instead, his every sense was open in search of the carrion below.

The road over the ridge is a masterpiece, a proof of man's ability to get over mountains if he happens to want to. We paused for awhile, admiring the wide stretch of beautiful world at our feet.

An abrupt turn shut out that panorama, with the ocean a blue line in the distance, but it revealed another almost as fine, into which we began a rapid descent.

From Boulder Creek to the east line of the Big Basin is nine miles. To the Governor's camp is three miles more, and these last three miles are through a grand forest, not awe-inspiring or solemn, but just a superb commingling of majestic trees and dainty flowers and shrubs.

Imagine three miles of such a forest, with the road bending and winding wherever there was room to go without cutting down a tree.

I was newly grateful to those wise people who made the victorious fight to preserve this particular forest from destruction.

There are thirty-eight hundred acres in this State park, with timber of great money value if felled, but of still greater value if allowed to remain as a great conserver of moisture.

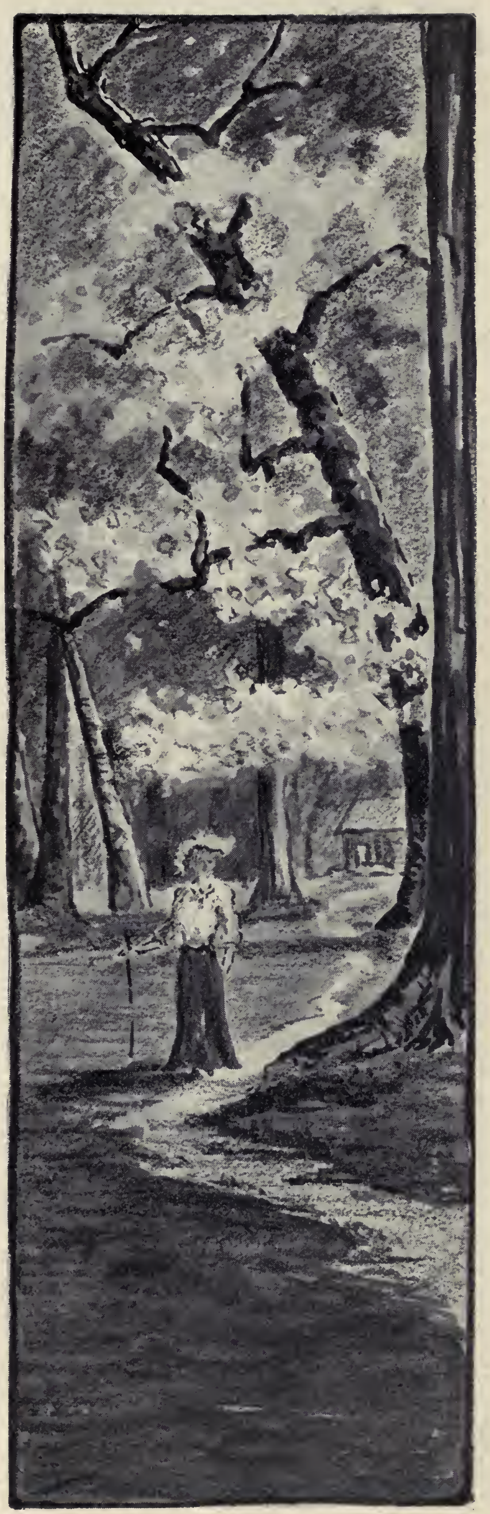
The trees are mostly redwoods (sempervirens), pines, tan-oaks, alders and madrones.

I cannot say much for the beauty of the Governor's camp, where the Guardian lives during the summer. Neither can I say enough for the beauty of the location of it.

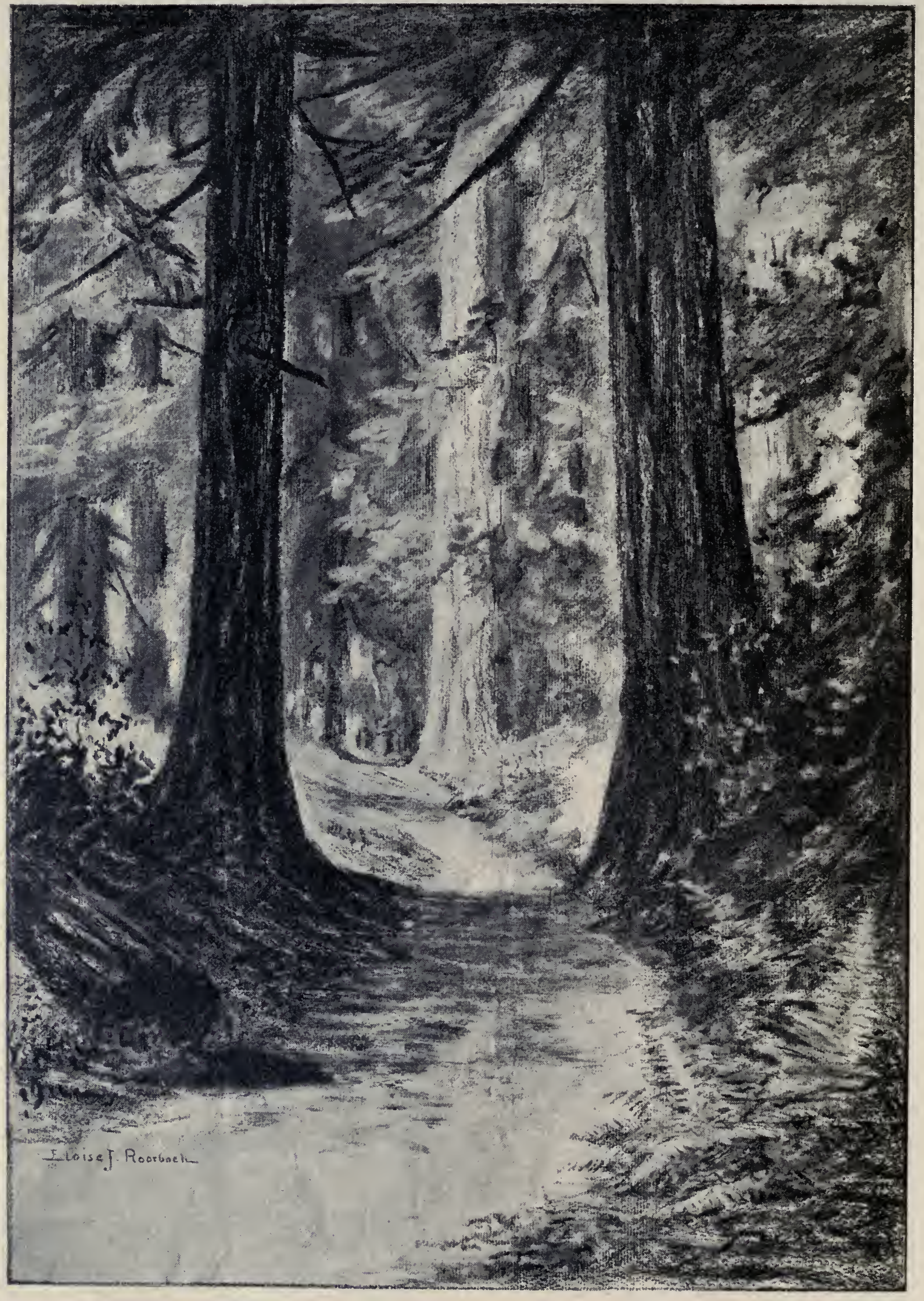
It is on the banks of a lovely stream of water called Waddell's Creek. Watery mirrors reflect the restful green of surrounding trees, and the redwoods make a rich, red path across the surface.

Moss embossed rocks, soft, leafy curtains, dainty flowers, graceful ferns, combine to form one of those alluring spots people travel far to see, and after seeing are satisfied. The driver, who loves every inch of the place, took us down a little trail and led us across the creek by means of a fallen pine. We knew he had something fine in store for us, so we were hushed into expectant silence until we came to a gnarled, huge redwood that has been named the "Giant."

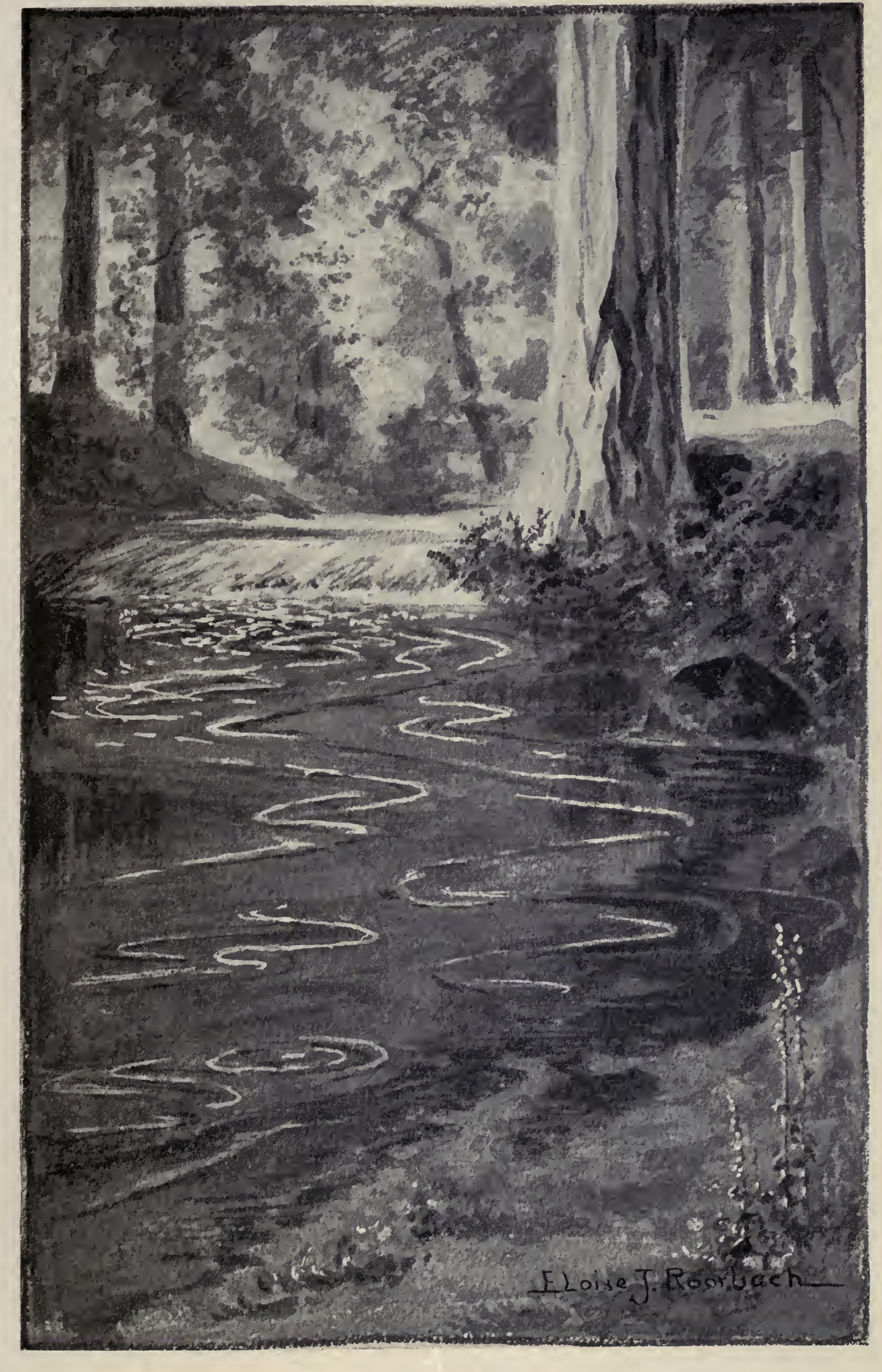
It did not add to my admiration of that monarch of trees to be told it was two hundred and fifteen feet high. But I had to listen to the figures, so I have a fancy



"THEN THE OAKS, SO CURVING."


Eloise J. Roorbach

PATCHES OF SUNLIGHT GLINT IN THE SOLITUDES OF THE FOREST.



"A LOVELY STREAM OF WATER CALLED WADDELL'S CREEK."

to intrude them upon you. Perhaps they may interest you more than they did me. The *wonder* of things does not appeal to me so much as the *beauty* of things; and it was the charm of strength and endurance of that grand old tree that called forth my love. I love any kind of strength—whether of animal, tree or man; whether physical, mental or moral.

So I love that fine, patriarchal tree, and would have liked to stay all day and listen to its chant. But this was to be a one-day visit, and time flogged me relentlessly on. The driver was disappearing down the trail, so we followed until he stopped and searched our faces that he might enjoy our pleasure at sight of the "Father of the Forest," that the next turn of the trail would disclose.

This tree is greater in height than the "Giant," it being two hundred and thirty-seven feet high. It is not so gnarled or twisted as the "Giant," nor does it seem so old; but it is more shapely, and the name, "Father of the Forest," is eminently suitable.

It seems natural to liken venerable trees to grand old men. It is something to have lived through storms that try one so terribly, but only succeed in giving greater powers. Even the scars of a tree add dignity, and the loss here and there of a limb only makes for more character, makes it different from the vast gathering of symmetrical trees all around that have not yet been tested in individual strength.

The "Mother of the Forest," only a short distance away, towers above all the others, and no one can look directly into her eyes except the near-by "Father," unless, perhaps, she lowers them to notice the multitude of giant children clustered around her.

Most motherly this beautiful tree looks, calm and full of queenly majesty; wise in the world's way, and full of infinite charity for the weak who are unable to resist the stress of life. She is wonderful and beautiful, and hovers over the entire forest with watchful care.

She is not so broad-shouldered as the "Father," but is taller, being two hundred and ninety feet in height.

There is a peculiar old tree close by that has been topped by the storms and blackened and hollowed out by fires.

Standing within the base of it, one can look up a straight, black shaft and see the blue sky as through a telescope. It is named the "Chimney." There are many trees all through this tract, that seem absolutely perfect in symmetry, but they are not so large as these four just mentioned.

They are worthy of admiration, but cannot be compared in my mind to the rude, rugged beauty of the older trees. It is impossible to get satisfactory pictures of these trees, for one cannot get an uninterrupted view of them. We can get at the stocky, swelling base, and part of the noble shaft, or a good view of the crown of leaves swaying above all else. They defy camera or artist, who desire full length portraits. Smaller trees can be drawn into pictures more easily.

They lend themselves as parts of a whole, or form a straight, aspiring line that is a fine complement to the curve of the oaks that generally keep close by them.

Natural openings occur frequently, so that one can see almost to the top at least. Redwoods are like columns, beautiful in color and symmetry, and a redwood forest is a wonder-wood, full of resinous fragrance and with a thousand varied forms of leaf and branch. The Big Basin is a perfect example of a Coast Range forest. There are the sequoias of first interest; warm, reddish-brown shafts so stately, with delicate, feathery green plumes to soften the branches and make the noble crown.

Then the oaks, so curving, with mosses to cover rude twists; fine examples of the power of bending and yielding to life, but not breaking.

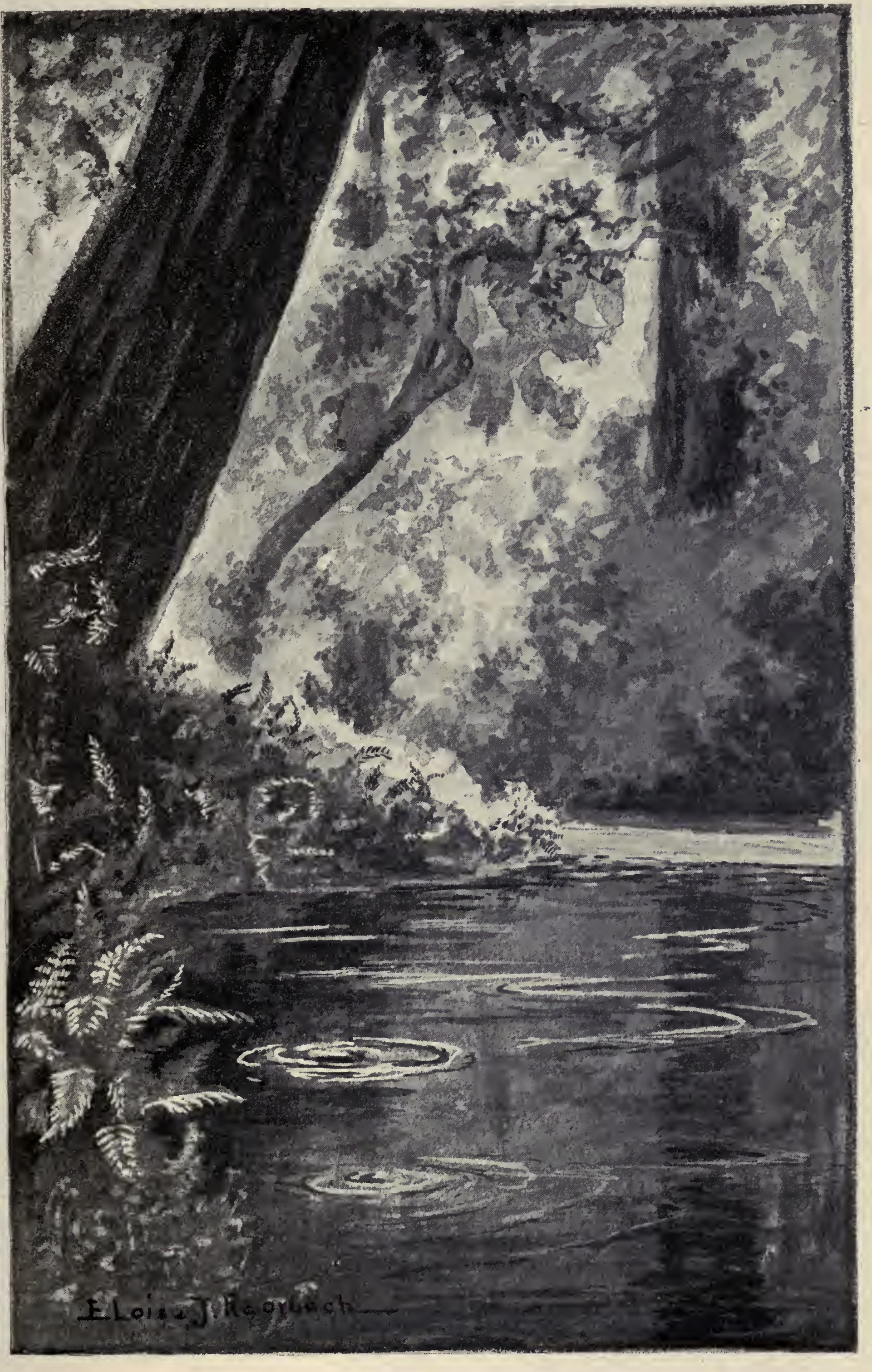
And delicate grey alders, so feminine in grace.

The distinguished madrono, with red, copper-colored or burnt sienna branches, and polished, shapely leaves.

And there are tangles of graceful hazels and decorative huckleberry, a wealth of brilliant lilies, dainty myriads of flowers, delicate masses of ferns, carpets of mosses and lichens, oxalis, ginger, salal, yerba buena, bed-straw, violets.

Many springs, brooks and rills singing and ringing, sparkling and shining, tumbling headlong or loitering leisurely.

And for every hour of the day and


Eloise J. Roorbach

"WATERY MIRRORS REFLECT THE RESTFUL GREEN OF THE SURROUNDING TREES."

every day of the year, a wondrous change of mood.

Soft night, with mysterious shadows, a robe of stars and gentle wind whispers, noonday with brilliant whistle and song of birds, and glitter of pine needles.

And there is the grey of an incoming fog that shuts out some groups and reveals others more clearly; the grey of a rainy day and the grey of an early morn, all making pictures too lovely and evanescent to catch with mere brush and pigment. One day's wandering along the trails and brooks of this Big Basin gave me such endless subjects for pictures that I longed to stay for an indefinite time. So, consulting Mr. Pilkington, the fact was revealed that arrangements were being made for a few guests who could choose between tightly boarded cabins, tents or an outside mossy bed, canopied with stars.

The Sempervirens Club has a five acre grant, and they do much towards making it possible for people to revel in the beauties of this State park. Every season a camp is set up and members pitch their tents around a central dining room. In the evening all gather round a huge camp fire and impromptu talks are often given on forestry, dendrology, botany, arborculture, mountain climbing, art, etc., by members of the club, many of whom are prominent in the literary and scientific world.

They plan new trails and roads, talk over methods of fire protection for timber reserves, and plot for new State forests in different parts of California. Famous guests from many parts of the world have admired this big forest, and encouraged the club in its efforts to extend forest reserves.

* * * *

Too much cannot be said of the usefulness of this reserve on the side of just beauty—for beauty is useful beyond belief. We need these "beauty reserves" in our lives, our State, our country. Beautiful forms and colors awaken the best that is in us, quiets the worst that is in us.

Beauty makes us appreciate the majesty of our national hymn, so that our song starts from our hearts and goes singing round the world and encircles the universe.

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
. . . . . .
Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees."

FROM TOKIO TO KOBE

BY

CHARLES LORRIMER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

TOKIO during the second week of September was still hot as the inside of a kettle. The long corridors of the Imperial Hotel, where we stayed for three stifling days while completing plans for the journey across Korea to Peking, were almost empty—not that even in the gayest season they are ever full for the place, except on those rare occasions when some function is given in the musty ball-room, is always dreary and half deserted. Built on a magnificent scale by the Japanese, of noble proportions more suitable for a House of Peers than a hotel, it has proved a perfect white elephant and quietly been allowed to deteriorate. The oppressive grandeur of a fine entrance hall filled with be-uniformed managers, sub-managers, porters and bell-boys, is considerably diminished by the dirt on these elaborate liveries. The effect of a grand staircase is equally spoiled by a worn and very grimy carpet, while the beautiful dining hall room is filled with utterly incompetent, shuffling waiters, who perform their duties so badly that fastidious guests find it as well to wipe the crested knives and forks on the corner of the table cloth before using. Such inconsistencies are typical of our little brown neighbors who can never be made to understand upkeep. They will sometimes plan grandiosely (as they have in this building), measure out splendid rooms and fill them with orthodox red plush furniture, with canopied beds and shining electroliers, but when it comes to keeping these things in order they fail utterly.

Just at present the hotel question is a burning one in Japan. A large part of the country's revenue—like that of Switzerland—is derived from the tourists who flock every year in greater number to its shores—and there is no place to put them. At most of the famous resorts, hot springs and "sights," there are only tiny adapted semi-Western hotels with not more than fifteen or twenty rooms in each, and those neither capacious nor comfortable. Even in the capital itself the two big hotels could scarcely accommodate 300 people, and Japan had recently to excuse herself from receiving the members of a Telegraphic Convention because she could not house them properly. Naturally, this enforced refusal meant not only a very considerable loss to the country, but a very great blow to her national pride as well. A scheme for building another and a more practical caravansary in Tokio was immediately suggested, and during our stay, inn keepers from all over the country were assembled to discuss it. They proposed at the same time to form themselves into a trust, a federated league, or any other combination which should allow them to charge travelers a uniform and extortionate rate. Both plans, however, fell through, as those concerned could neither agree on the site of the proposed building nor the price of their board and lodging.

On the morning of the 12th of September, all being in readiness, we collected our bags and baggage, scrambled for breakfast, hunted up a very sleepy Acting Assistant Sub-Manager to pay our bill (which was, of course, added up incorrectly like every bill in Japan), and started off to catch the six o'clock express for Kobe. Tokio was more than usually interesting at the time, as riots were threatening. Popular indignation had been violently aroused by the new four *sen* tram fares—so violently that we passed little groups of cavalry patrolling the streets, and saw by the activity near the barracks that everything was ready to nip any disturbance in the bud. The little affair which took place in Hibiya Park just after the Portsmouth Peace Conference had taught the authorities a good lesson. Luckily, just when all prospects of harmony were tapering down to a vanishing point, heavy rain damped popular ardor, and the rowdy element contented themselves with nothing more violent than holding a meeting and choosing a representative deputation of jinricksha men, coolies and loafers who were solemnly sent to examine the books of the Electric Railway Company and see if that institution was justified in charging four *sen*. Fancy a deputation of New York newsboys and draymen gravely insisting upon Mr. Rockefeller's showing them the Standard Oil Co.'s

THE CASTLE AT NAGAYA.

A LOTUS POND FROM THE TRAIN WINDOW.

books in order that they might judge if he was justified in putting up the price of kerosene.

A trip across Tokio in the rain even with an occasional cavalryman by way of variety soon becomes wearisome. The distances seem interminable. The wide, bare streets, which look so much wider —and so much lonelier—for the low houses which usually line them; the wonderful mixture of architecture—here a dainty bird cage of bamboo and paper, there an ugly and ungainly building of red or grey brick, are highly incongruous. Telegraph wires and electric trams look absurd beside crenellated moats over-hung with gnarled pines and the strange costumes as they pass by, the kimonos topped by bowler hats, the bicyclists pedalling along in clogs, add to the traveler's feeling of perplexity. The question, "In what country and in what century am I?" naturally rises to his lips.

Once at the station, the modern triumphs over the antique with a perceptible jar. "Red caps," as the porters are always called, clustered about us, seized our bags, turned each carefully upside down and then started serenely for the platform. At the ticket office window we saw several new notices posted up. These concerned the war taxes. Taxes in Japan now are as thick as hairs on an Angora. In the first place, there is the new income tax and the new business tax, additional taxes on sugar, tea, tobacco and spirits, besides taxes enough on travelers to keep every one at home for years. We ourselves paid a transit tax as well as an express train tax.

Unluckily, all this expenditure did not secure us much comfort. Other more enterprising passengers—earlier birds—had arrived before us. Their bags, carpet, leather, rattan, and their bundles, cloth, paper, silk, occupied at least half the seats. Some of the travelers even had their blankets and rugs neatly spread out already, their air cushions blown full, their elastic-sided boots kicked off and placed on the floor in front of them, and themselves stretched full length on the seats enjoying a newspaper. We entered the car, coughed, stumbled over the inevitable spittoon to attract attention. Not the slightest result. Nobody moved. Those exquisite Japanese manners, famous in two hemispheres, simply "were not." They never are—we have since been told—in trains, which, being modern Western inventions, were not provided for in the old rules of politeness. The best-bred Japanese in the land can therefore indulge in the absolute selfishness of squatter rights to his heart's content.

We succeeded after some difficulty in squeezing ourselves between two yielding carpet bags just as the train started. Soon pretty scenery helped us to forget the discomforts of rocking and rolling incidental to the absurdly narrow gauge railways of Japan. Three feet six inches is not width enough to give steadiness to any line, but at present the Japanese cannot afford to relay miles of track for a little matter of comfort. Indeed, since the war, economy is the motto for every department of public works, and so even the old-fashioned carriages whose seats run sideways and have their backs and arms at exactly the wrong angles cannot be replaced for some years.

With considerable trouble we screwed around in our places sufficiently to look out of the windows behind us at Fuji, the Incomparable, draped in tinted vapors. From a hundred points of view we saw the mountain, in profile and full face—and found each aspect lovelier than the last. Towards noon the unbroken terraces of rice fields began to give place to low patches of tea shrubs. We were close to Shidzuoka, an ancient and interesting city, and the very center of a thriving tea industry. It is a very important place, and the railway company acknowledges this fact by stopping the express there for one full round minute—just long enough to allow passengers to walk unjolted into the dining car.

We took advantage of this opportunity, installed ourselves at a table with the cleanest cloth in sight, and waited. At first we waited patiently. No attendant appeared. Then we waited impatiently, with the same result. As the car was small, but one "boy" (a *nom de guerre* applied irrespective of the incumbent's age) attended to all the guests, and he happened at this particular time to be engaged in painfully working up the account of a Japanese gentleman and his daughter. In vain we beckoned, gesticulated, called; in vain we fumed and fretted, for we had all unknowingly run up against a simple law of Japanese society. Where servants in public places are concerned, the foreign guests wait for the Japanese. It does not matter if the tip of the latter is infinitessimal as compared to that of the former. Civility still comes in an inverse ratio, and while strangers are treated in a very off-hand manner to bows nipped in the bud, natives always receive cringing attention.

All annoyances, however, come to an end, and we finally saw our hated rival leave the car and ourselves treated to the menu. It was short and quaint, leaving us a most limited choice. There was a *table d'hote* lunch (called tiffin, of course, according to Far Eastern custom) for 40 cents; a set meal composed of three dishes chosen by the clemency of the cook, and then, besides, there were separate things—a beefsteak at 10 cents, for in-

"MANY WERE COME FROM FAR AWAY IN THE COUNTRY TO CELEBRATE THIS HARVEST FESTIVAL."

stance, cold chicken at 7 cents, sandwiches positively given away at 6 cents. Apples at one cent formed the dessert. We found the beefsteak plain and eatable when washed down with the Japanese beer, which is so excellent and cheap, and the cold chicken neither more nor less tasteless than its colleagues all over Japan.

Our scanty meal over, we returned to our car and the pleasant surprise of seeing our full-length neighbors astir. There was much folding of rugs and flattening of air cushions going on in preparation for Nagoya, a big and important city, with a beautiful old feudal castle, whose golden dolphins decorated the roof we saw quite plainly from our window. From Nagoya the train hurried on past Gifu, which, according to our combined railway time table and guide, is "known as a fisher of cormorants and also famous with earthquakes," to Otsu, a little town on the graceful Biwa Lake. Tradition tells us that this, the most famous piece of water in Japan, was born when Mount Fuji rose, and it was named Biwa because the gods had shaped it like the old Japanese musical instrument (Biwa) in order that the winds might play upon it in praise of the famous mountain. The railway guide here kindly informed us that we were "surrounded by charming sceneries and close to the mouth of the famous Biwa Canal, where "innumerable boats of the old style are plied towards Kioto for passengers." These statements we were obliged to take on trust, as it was too dark to verify them.

At 7.30 p. m. the lights of Kioto began to float past the windows like dainty fireflies singly or else in merry companies, and five minutes later we were in a big station bustling with directions and notices, "Station Master," "Keep to the left," "Passengers must cross the line by the bridge only." A great nuisance we found this last direction. It would have been so easy just to slip across the track —but that would be an unconventional proceeding calculated to strike terror into the heart of Japanese officialdom, so we toiled laboriously up steps, across the overhead gangway and down steps again with a law-abiding crowd who would never have thought of rebelling against even the authority of a porter.

Once outside the station, jinricksha

A SINGING GIRL OF KOBE.

men immediately pounced upon us and whirled us away to the Yaami Hotel, the famous old hotel on the Maruyama pleasure hill. Last year the splendid main building, the most beautiful of its kind in Japan, was burned to the ground, but those who know the charms and intimacies of Kioto life still insist upon lodging in its cheerful annex, and nowhere else.

Who can describe Kioto, who can do justice to the queen city of Japan, seen as we saw it on a glorious autumn morning? The city lay stretched beneath our windows a symphony in gold and grey and green—gold in the sunshine and gold in the ornaments of temple and castle roofs—warm greys, steel greys, bluish greys in the roofs themselves, green in the gnarled pines of fairy gardens. There are a hundred things to see in Kioto, sights to suit all tastes. Three weeks, even six weeks, would scarcely suffice for them all, so we who had but one day to loiter were forced to choose very carefully, very wisely.

After much consultation we chose the Hungangi, a temple built by the people of the city from their own savings, because a *matsuri* or festival was in progress there. The first impression of its vast courtyards and high-peaked roofs set down among bright, narrow, busy streets of brocade and rosary shops was indescribable. The plain and ponderous gates looked more impressive than if they had been rich with carvings. The beautiful natural tones of the temple timbers, above all the enormous width of the verandas and the stupendous height of roofs—so unusual in Japan—gave to the place an air of sober magnificence and grandeur. As we entered the outer courtyard streams of gaily-dressed people were ascending and descending the steps.

They were come, many of them, from far away in the country to celebrate this harvest festival. Most of them were poor, many of them were burned black as the earth they toiled in. But all were clean, happy and reverent. One after another they disappeared over the edge of the highest step into the dimness of the temple beyond. There they seated themselves on the mats and prayed their prayers. The children, unstrapped from their mother's backs, wandered about playing

THE PASSIONLESS GOLDEN BEAUTY OF THE BUDDHA IN HIS SHRINE.

hide and seek undisturbed among them. Even the sight of strangers like ourselves scarcely distracted the peasants even temporarily from their devotions. The plaintive murmur of *Namu Amida Butsu,* the clanging of a little bell, the deep humming of a priest's voice reciting the Sutras; the sweet, heavy smell of incense, the passionless golden beauty of the Buddha in his shrine, the happy laughter of the children at play among the worshipers—all made for us a picture never to be forgotten.

Next morning we were in the train again and journeying for two hours past Osaka, the Japanese Venice, a city of queer canals and hump-backed bridges, came to Kobe, the city which in all Japan has the least to recommend it unless it be that singing girls can be bought there cheaper than elsewhere in the empire—even so cheaply as $2 a shining head.

A CHINESE STREET SCENE.

BUCKAROO JIM

BY

HERBERT COOLIDGE

DRAWINGS BY DE LAPPE.

OLD CARTNER was hungry, yet he sat like a statue before his plate of smoking *frijoles.*

"Only a steer coming down to the river," he said at last, and resumed his eating.

But before a minute, he again became rigid. This time he recovered himself with a start.

"This is the lonesomest dern country on earth," he exclaimed savagely, noticing how cold his beans had become.

Cartner's cabin of cottonwood logs seemed like a match house beside the broad turbid river that swept ever silently past. Ever the mighty Colorado, with its wide-spreading, mesquite-covered bottom lands, was like a lost snake track in that unbounded waste of sand.

The old man was right. The *country* was lonely. It would have seemed lonely to a group of men. Cartner had had fourteen days of solitary exposure.

The listening spell had become like a curse to Cartner. He was eagerly awaiting the next wave of sound, when a big, well-fed cat trotted into the cabin and began sniffing and yowling about the room.

"Shut up, Pinto," said Cartner, impatiently tossing him a chunk of meat. "Shut up, or I'll throw ye out."

But Pinto did not look at the meat, nor did he shut up; he only meowed more loudly, and rubbed against the listener's leg. Suddenly the old man's face lighted, and he started to his feet; at the same moment a horseman pulled up before the door, and a laughing, hilarious voice shouted:

"Hello, there, Cartner. What th'——"

"Hullo, Smiley!" broke in the old man, hastening out to welcome the arrival.

"Where's Buckaroo Jim?" asked Smiley, returning Cartner's handshake.

"He's gone up to Yuma, but he's liable to get back any time. Git off your horse and come in."

"Oh, I'll do *that.* You couldn't keep me away from that grub pile with a shot-gun," assented Smiley, airily. As he loosened his front cinch he stated his errand. "We're gathering cattle, an' I came up to see if Buckaroo couldn't come and help us out."

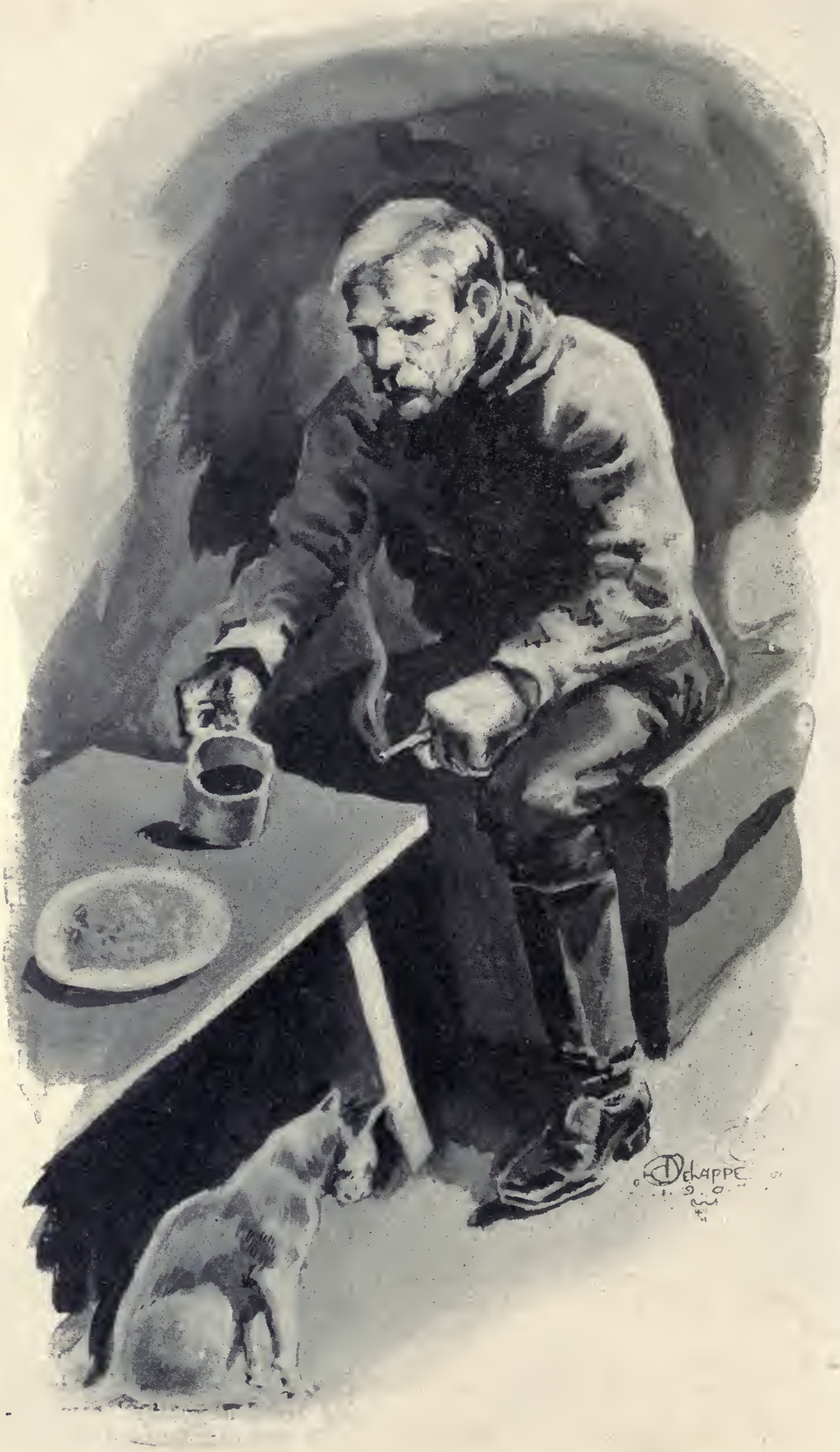
Cartner's face fell.

"Well, I'll tell ye, Smiley, we ain't workin' our cattle any, but—well, I suppose th' boy could go, all right, but I'd a dern sight rather you'd git some Mexican to do your buckarooin'. I git lonesome when I'm here alone, an' then I git to listenin'——" Cartner paused, startled by an ear-splitting squall.

"Dern that cat!" he exclaimed. "I step on him a dozen times a day when Jim's gone."

"I'd think *you* could stand it if *he* can," laughed Smiley. "What's the matter with him anyway?" he added, noticing that Pinto was again meowing about the old man's feet.

"Why, he's kickin' because Jim's gone. I brought that cat all the way down here from Yuma, and gave him to Jim for a birthday present. That was when Jim was fourteen. Pinto was the worst-wilted kitten you ever saw when I pulled him out of my pocket, but the kid was tickled to death. He piled onto my buckaroo horse, chased out into the brush and lassed a fresh heifer and came dragging her back into camp proud as a lion. He kept that little cow in the corral for a couple of months, jest so he could have



"PINTO WAS AGAIN MEOWING SYMPATHETICALLY."

milk for his kitten. Jim fooled with him and petted him so much that the dern cat hadn't got his growth till he began to run th' camp, and he's been getting worse ever since. He makes me so mad sometimes that I feel like taking a shot at him. When Jim's been gone about two days, the old devil will begin to watch that trail; then he'll come in th' house and smell around Jim's bunk, then he'll rub around my legs and yell. He'll keep that up till he wears a path two inches deep between the cabin and the mesquite, where he sits when he's watchin'. It's worth a dollar, though, to see him when Jim does git back. Pinto smells him before he's within a mile o' th' camp, and th' way he hits the high spots down that trail is a caution. He——"

"There he goes now," shouted Smiley. "Yi-i-i-p-ee-la, Pinto! Look at 'im go, will *ye?*" and Smiley whooped and laughed after the manner of the Texan hilarious.

A short time later, Buckaroo Jim came in on the run, holding the faithful Pinto in his arms. The father's eye lighted as the stalwart young man came in sight, his lithe body deftly ducking and swinging to avoid the overhanging brush, while his wiry little mare scrabbled violently around the sharp turns of the trail.

"He met me clear out to the sand-hills. He was so near winded he could hardly waddle," said young Jim, as he placed his pet carefully on the ground. And Pinto, although ruffled and still panting, rubbed proudly against his master's "chaps."

As the men ate dinner, Smiley turned the conversation to the latest tragedy.

"That lop-eared greaser who cooks fer us told me that some fellers let the wind out of his brother the other night. Did ye hear anything about it?"

"Yes," answered Jim. "It was the old woodchopper who lived just above the line, on the California side of th' river. His woman was left with six little children, and not enough flour in the house to make a *tortilla*."

"Who did the killin'?" asked Smiley.

"Two outlawed Mexicans from Arizona. They came on down into this country. I cut their trail several times yesterday. They're riding shod horses," answered Jim.

"I guess they've heard that old man Cartner has got some fat cattle runnin' in this brush," said Smiley, giving Jim a nudge and a wink.

"You can jest bet yer darn life, young feller, that they don't pull down more than about one o' my cattle before I chase 'em off onto your range," retorted the old man with a warmth that seemed to meet Smiley's expectations.

"Send 'em along, dad," he said, grinning broadly. "We'll make good citizens of 'em," and he tapped his six-shooter suggestively.

The next day bright and early the two young cow-men saddled their mustangs and headed south through the mesquites for Smiley's camp. High and hot over the desert rose the sun; all the broad bottom lands brooded heat and stillness. Then, after a full hour's silent riding, the Texan began to laugh.

"What's the matter with *you?*" questioned Jim, gruffly.

"Nothin', nothin' at all," averred Smiley. "I wuz thinkin' how yer old cat rolled his tail out through th' brush yesterday. He wuz scratchin' sand and gravel fifty feet into the air."

"Yes, Pinto thinks a heap of me. That's the trouble—he thinks too much of me. He'll bore pop half to death till I git back," said Jim.

"Why don't the old man grease him when he rams around that a-way?" asked Smiley.

"Aaw, give us a rest."

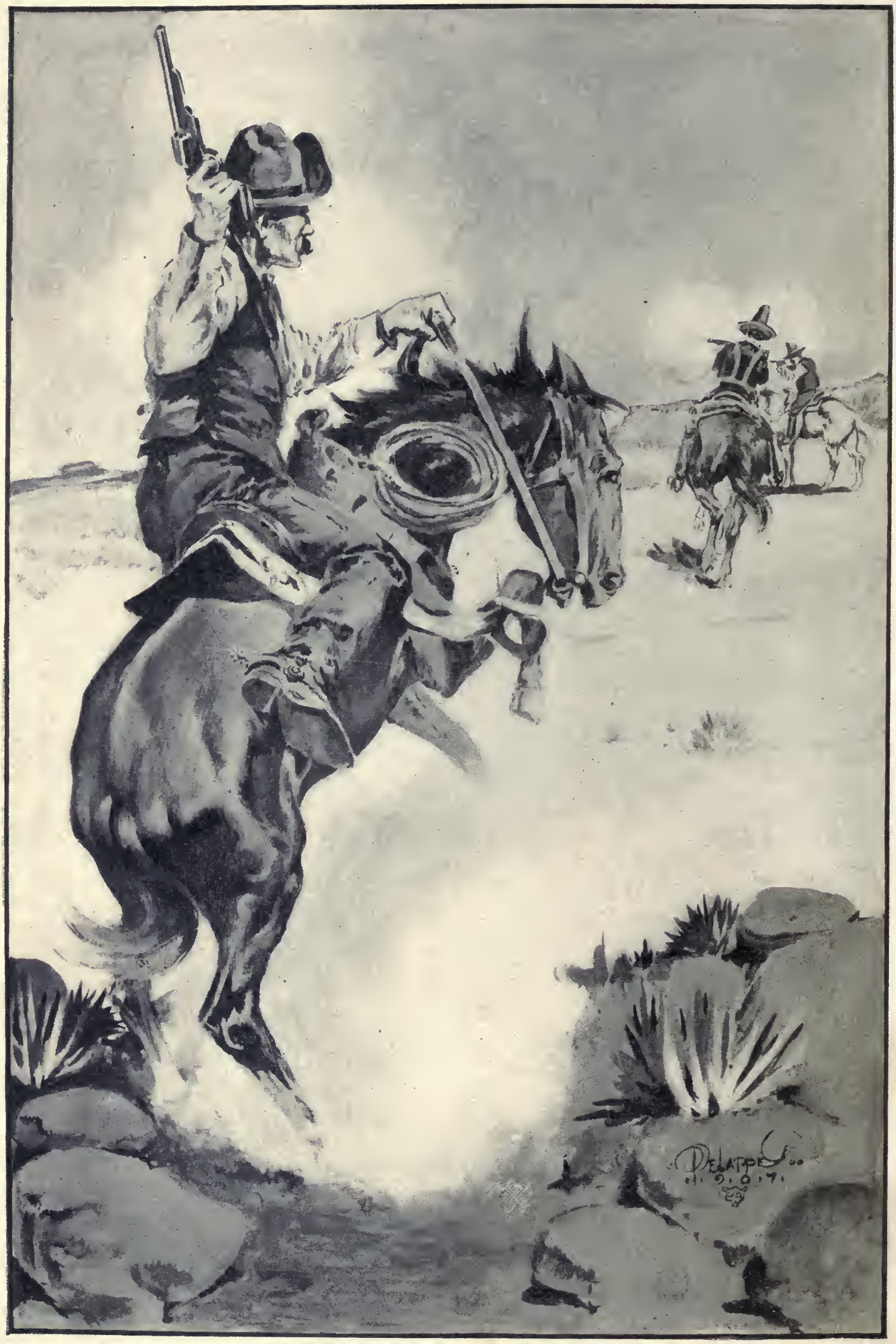
"No, but that's straight goods. I ain't puttin' up any job on ye," retorted Smiley indignantly. "When I wuz a kid, back there in Texas, we used to have a cat that 'ud git hog wild when there wuz a storm comin' up. When he got too onery to live, my mother used to rub some butter on his front legs. You'd never hear a yupe out of him till he'd licked it off. I used to nearly die a-la-afin' to——"

"I believe that *would* work, Smiley," interrupted the buckaroo. "Wish I'd known it before. I'll tell pop about that when I get back, you bet."

"Sure thing. It'll——"

"Whish-h-h!"

Jim reined in with a jerk and raised his hand in the silence sign. There across the trail were the fresh tracks of two



"AND SAW JIM CHARGING DOWN ON HIM."

shod horses. At the same moment the stillness was broken by the crackling of brush some distance to the left, followed by a half-choked bawling.

"They've lassed a cow," said Smiley, and both men spurred toward the sound. Riding suddenly out into an open, they came upon two Mexicans in the act of bleeding a beef. Caught red-handed, the outlaws threw themselves behind the carcass, and opened fire on the advancing horsemen.

"Git back to the brush," shouted Jim, as he made his mare wheel about on her hind legs. As Smiley joined him behind a clump of mesquites, he added: "Stay behind your horse and keep 'em interested. I'll go around and shoot 'em up in the rear." Then he raced through the brush as only brush vaqueros can.

Smiley calmly trotted his horse back and forth, sending a shot at the Mexicans as he passed the gaps in his brush shelter.

The Mexicans were shooting at Smiley's puffs and congratulating themselves on their safe position, when they were startled by an exultant yell and a volley of shots from behind, and saw Jim charging down on them with his bridle reins between his teeth and a banging six-shooter in each hand.

With a rush the outlaws made for their horses. One suddenly yelled and dropped to the ground. The other vaulted into the saddle and cut his tying rope as if with one motion. The next moment he was spurring and lashing his horse off through the brush, with Jim in hot pursuit, and Smiley some distance behind.

On through the brush tore the fierce horseman. Dry branches crackled and crashed; thorny boughs whipped shrilly across the rawhide "chaps"—spurs, quirts, sand and foam flew wildly. The Mexican sent a couple of shots over his shoulder. Smiley was gaining ground and whooping derisively. Jim's shirt was nearly gone; a thorny mesquite tore the blood from his cheek; he thought of the murdered wood-chopper's children, and roweled and swung and ducked like a madman. The mesquites were getting thinner; pursued and pursuers dashed into an opening; the six-shooters banged and the Mexican rolled from his saddle to the ground.

"He's your meat, Jim," shouted Smiley triumphantly.

Buckaroo Jim made no answer then. When they reined in their dripping horses he sat cheerlessly watching the limp form of the prostrate Mexican.

"If they will murder and steal, somebody *has* to do it."

Silently then they dismounted. Jim was leading the way when the treacherous Mexican gave a flop and fired a shot with the rapidity of lightning, then threw his revolver into the brush and begged for mercy.

The Texan's face hardened. He squinted along the sights of his six-shooter and the Mexican covered his face with his hands. Smiley's aim was good, his intentions unwavering; but a sudden clutch at his "chaps" sent the bullet into the sand.

He dropped his gun. "Your hide's white, Smiley; don't try to out-Greaser a Greaser," said Jim, and fell back limply.

With a bound, Smiley was at his horse's side, and the next moment held a gurgling canteen over his companion's face. At last Jim's eyes opened. "I guess he fixed me, Smiley. Watch that he doesn't knife you when——"

A rattle finished the sentence. As Jim closed his eyes, Smiley saw the crimson foam started to his lips. Suddenly Jim gave a start. An expression of anxiety came to his face as he struggled to speak. Finally a fierce gulp cleared his throat.

"Tell Pop to—keep—Pinto—greased; he'll——" A gush of blood choked his utterance. Buckaroo Jim was dead.

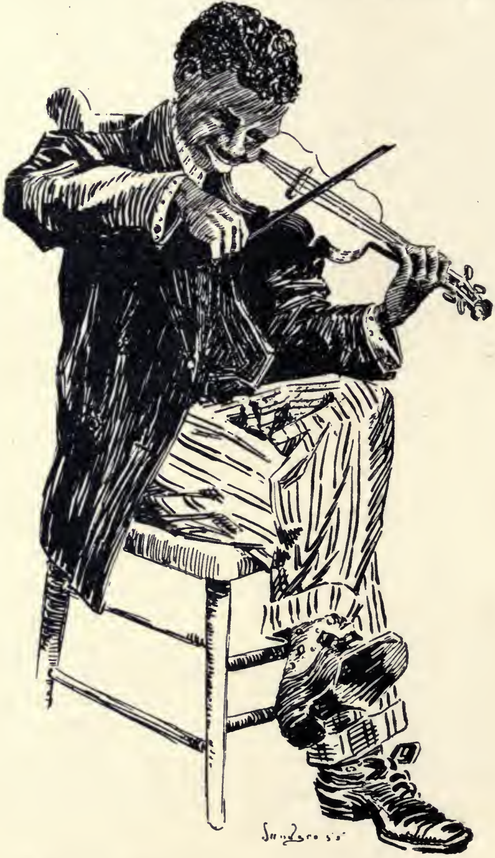
UNCLE ABE'S DAY DREAM

BY JAY C. POWERS

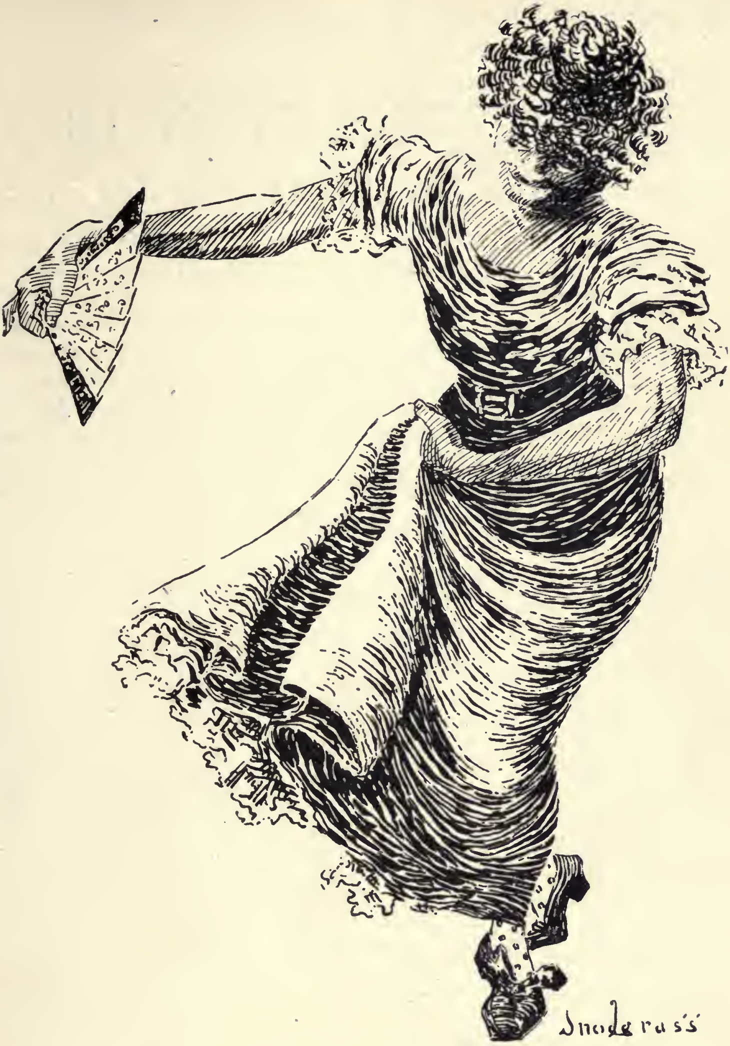
DRAWINGS BY R.E.SNODGRASS

DE times am changed in Georg'y—
An' none am lef' but me
Ob all de frien'ly faces
My eyes dey used to see,
A-settin' 'roun' de cabin,
Ez day begun to dim,
A-j'inin' sof' an' mellow
In some ole gospel hymn;
Or singin' S'wanee Ribbah,
So sweet an' sof' an' low,
You couldn't he'p fum wishin'
Dah wahn't no sin no mo';
Or heah de han's a-patterin'
An' shufflin' ob de feet
Ez Ephrum stahts a-fiddlin'
An' Hannah leabes her seat—
De trouble went a-kitein'
Fum ouah fam-ly big
When Ephrum played de fiddle
An' Hannah done a jig.

Ah 'membahs how de couples
Come steppin' foh de cake—
(De one wif icin' trimmin's
De missus he'pd to bake)—
Dah cert'ny wuz a rumpus
When Dicy's Sid appeahs
Wif Smilin' Sue, his lady,
A-grinnin' to de yeahs;
An' Skinny-Mose b'hin' 'um,
Wif turkey-gobbler strut,
Escortin' Mandy Etta,



"WHEN EPHRUM PLAYS DE FIDDLE."



"AN' HANNAH DOES A JIG."

Who ALL de shines could cut;
An' Shorty-Abe an' Sallie
Wuz shore a han'some pa'r,
An' Snowy-Lize wif Blacky—
Bof BLACK ez blaskes' tar.
But dey wahn't in de runnin',
Wif big nor little nig',
When Ephrum played de fiddle
An' Hannah done a jig.

O Souf, when lef' fo'ebbah
An' we wif angels stan'
In dat Celestial City
Ob God's deah promised lan',
An' j'in wif dem in anfums
An' sweet His praises sing,
An' shout de glad Hosannahs
Dat make all heaven ring;
An' fan de aer'al breezes,
Wif wings so pure an' white,
A-singin' hal-le-lul-jahs
In golden shim'rin' light;
An' all de choirs a-chantin',
An' all de harps a-tune,
Ez heaben's wing-ed chorus
In harmonies commune—
O won't de eyes ob Prophets
An' eyes ob saints grow big
When Ephrum plays de fiddle
An' Hannah does a jig.

THE DES MOINES PLAN OF CITY GOVERNMENT

BY SIDNEY J. DILLON

BECAUSE of the general political unrest among the City Governments of this country, the following article commends itself to every thoughtful American citizen who is interested in clean municipal administration. The two great curses of this nation to-day are the evil of graft and the utter extravagance of the individual. Both these elements lead a country to its ruin and bring about misuse of public funds. Therefore we publish this article, which is an excellent account of a system that seeks to stem the mad race of political corruption.—ED.

SHALL WARD politicians, without business ability, continue to mismanage the public affairs of American cities? Shall the spoil system longer control in appointing inefficient and untrustworthy men to responsible positions of public service? Shall city councils retain the right to legislate in spite of the people's protest, and the power to refuse laws demanded by their constituents? In a word, shall the immense business of the city be given over to incapable men, ward politicians, and corporation agents? The "Des Moines Plan" of city Government answers these questions with an emphatic *No!*

This municipal charter, known as the "Des Moines Plan," and recently adopted by the electors of the Capitol City of Iowa, bids fair to be the first solution of these grave problems of modern city Government in favor of the people. Its adoption presents the most radical as well as the most important experiment of the age. It is in no sense the old system with the undesirable sections eliminated, others modified, and new features added, but is, in fact, an entirely new scheme, revolutionary in its character, and distinct in its fundamental and essential principles from all existing municipal systems. Public men and students of city Government have endeavored many times to draft a system under which we could secure a wise and honest administration of our public affairs, but they have tried to do so by revising the old system, burdened with politics and unadapted, as it is, for the government of our cities. Their efforts have therefore met only with discouragement and failure, and so, if by breaking away from established ideas and framing a charter along lines hitherto unknown in city Government, the framers of the "Des Moines Plan" are successful in solving these grave problems, it will be the greatest move ever made in the direction of an improved administration for our city affairs, and the little city of Des Moines will have rendered a great service to the world.

The object and aim of the "Des Moines Plan" from first to last is to secure the maximum of efficiency in the administration of city affairs, and at the same time provide the greatest possible opportunity for securing a government in accordance with the popular will of the governed. In order to accomplish this result, the authors of the system kept clearly in mind the two great objects and attempted to work out some practical methods whereby these things could be secured.

A wise physician determines the nature of the disease before he prescribes the remedy, and so the framers of the "Des Moines Plan" first sought to locate the reason for the failure of the present system. There is an interesting story in Biblical history about the great strength of Samson. His enemies were powerless against him until they discovered that his strength lay in the length of his hair, when they easily accomplished his overthrow. Those familiar with governmental affairs ascribe the conspicuous failure of city government in America to the fact that politicians of mediocre ability and questionable honesty have too frequently managed the affairs of our cities and to the further fact that the system now in vogue was never intended for the government of our cities and is wholly unadapted to perform the functions of municipal government. Now that these weak features have been mentioned, it will be interesting to learn how the framers of the "Des Moines Plan" have attempted to correct the evils. In doing so they have departed from the beaten path at many points, and their effort presents us with a system unique in character, embodying ideas foreign to the popular conception, and representing the most advanced thought in local self-government. The numerous committees, boards and departments of the old system, with their conflicting and overlapping duties, have been abolished, while the supposed necessity of keeping the executive, legislative and judicial functions of government entirely separate was purposely forgotten. The complicated machinery and cumbersome methods of the old system were eliminated, the number of elective officials greatly reduced, ward lines removed, and the people given an opportunity to elect their officials at large. All elections have been made non-partisan, and the evils of party politics in city government abolished. In these and in a score of other ways the form of our city Government has been entirely changed.

The first aim of the framers was to work out a simple system especially adapted to perform the functions of city government. Providing for the local improvements of a city, such as sidewalks, street pavement, and sewerage, has been found to be the greater part, and perhaps the most important function of city government. A study of these functions of city government disclosed the fact that in many respects they are identical with the management of a large business enterprise, and that the duties of officials in office are quite similar to those which devolve upon a board of directors. Our corporations, many of which do a volume of business much greater than that of our larger cities, are able to secure efficient and economic management of their affairs by use of a system thought out by practical business men, aided by the best legal talent which they could secure. After being convinced that a municipal corporation was in its nature essentially a business proposition, and only in a limited degree governmental, and being familiar with the phenomenal success of our modern business concerns, the framers of the "Des Moines Plan" thought it wise to follow in their footsteps; and so placed the entire management and responsibility of the city's administration in a governing board consisting of a mayor and four councilmen. Taking, then, as a basis, the system of our large business concerns, they have attempted to incorporate into the new charter those salient features of business principles which have simplified and facilitated the successful management of private corporations. Immediately following their election, the members of this governing board organize, with the mayor as chairman and elect the subordinate officials, such as clerk, solicitor, auditor and treasurer, just as a directory board elects its officers, selects its attorney, and employs its clerks. Thus, by placing the business of the city in the hands of a small responsible governing board, centralization of authority was secured, and a long step taken in the direction of a more efficient city government.

Civil service is made an important feature of the law, and the remainder of the city employees, with the exception of unskilled labor, are appointed on account of their merit, determined by an impartial test of fitness for the work to be done. It is intended that the qualifications of the applicant rather than his political influence or party affiliation should control in his appointment; when this is true, partisan politics will no longer be the important factor in city elections that it is to-day; political bosses will lose their control over the offices, and with it their power for corruption; the temptation to create needless positions bearing fancy salaries with which to reward their supporters will vanish; efficiency and economy can again be secured and public officers will attend to the people's business instead of spending their time seeking to carry elections. The vast amount of public funds thus wasted is unknown to the patriotic tax-payer, and can be but slightly realized when told that in various departments of our large cities it is estimated that the public is paying from ten to two hundred per cent more than the services would cost if rendered by a reasonable number of men well fitted for the position, and devoting themselves to their work instead of in the interest of personal or party politics.

In order to simplify the system and fix a definite responsibility for all official acts in the conduct of the city's affairs, its business has been divided into five departments as follows: the department of Public Affairs, Accounts and Finances, Streets and Public Improvements, Public Safety, Parks and Public Property, and to each one of these departments is assigned that member of the governing board best qualified by reason of experience and ability to act as manager of that particular work. As superintendent of the department, he is held responsible for the performance of those duties which fall within his division, and is made accountable to the people for its proper administration. By thus placing upon each of these four managers, and the mayor as general manager, certain specified duties, prompt and vigorous action is at once made possible—a thing long desired but impossible to secure under the old system of ward representation, numerous committees, boards and departments.

The wisdom of a compact and responsible governing board for the management of the affairs of a city will hardly need to be demonstrated, because under such a system the affairs of large private corporations have long been conducted with economy, efficiency and success. This feature of the "Des Moines Plan" has, however, been on trial in Galveston, Texas, for almost six years, and it has proved so wonderfully successful that Houston, seeing its superior advantages, discarded its old ward system two years ago, and has since been operating under a new charter, embodying this feature of board management. This idea has provided Galveston with a business-like administration of its city's affairs, and its great success is best shown by the financial reports of that city. By careful business methods, the credit of that bankrupt city has been raised to par, the running expenses have been decreased one-third, and the city, during the first five years of its administration under the board system, saved to its tax payers over one million dollars. The treasurer's reports from Houston for the two years of its operation are even more startling, and reveal the fact that during that period a floating debt of $400,000 has been paid, schools have been built, and streets have been paved, out of the general fund, though the tax rate had been somewhat reduced. An investigation showed that its public affairs are being wisely and economically managed, and that the city government is highly satisfactory. These demonstrations of its working efficiency have attracted the attention of our cities throughout the United States, Ft. Worth, Dallas, El Paso and Austin have recently made use of the scheme, while other large cities of Texas are favoring its early adoption. The States of Iowa, South Dakota and Kansas have enacted general laws for similar charters, and one would not be surprised to see most of the city governments of the future contain this feature of a compact governing body.

Another startling feature of the "Des Moines" plan of city government, and one which will surely do much to improve the public service, is the effort put forth to change the personnel of our public officials from ward politicians to the strong and representative men of the community. A city office, under the old system, was looked upon as a disgrace and regarded as a mark of suspicion, while under the new plan the position has been made one of honor, influence and opportunity. The business of the alderman, under the old system, was largely the performance of stipulated duties, while one can hardly find a more fertile field for the exercising of talent and originality than in the development of the great resources and enterprises of the city under the new plan. Under the old system the service of officials was a matter of charity; under the new plan they are liberally compensated with adequate salaries. With the fixed responsibility of the new plan, bad men will be discouraged from holding office because they will no longer be able to accomplish their evil purposes, while desirable candidates will be attracted to the service by reason of the fact that under such a system they can receive credit for their conscientious efforts. Not only have they made the position attractive to the best men of the community, but the manner of their choice has been so provided that men of this type can be elected with less difficulty, and the election of undesirable politicians more certainly prevented. The primary as well as the election has been made non-partisan so that candidates can no longer depend for their election upon party affiliation, but must go before the people upon their own merits. Ward lines have been removed, and with the people voting at large the evils of ward politics are abolished, electors are freer to record their choice of candidates, and the business man is better able to secure his election without stooping to the low practice of the politician.

To some it may seem that a system of government which prevents the election of many officials, formerly selected by the people, and centralizes the entire power of administration in the hands of five individuals, a majority of whom may control is monarchical and destructive of popular government. But, to these it should be said that the degree of popular government is determined, not by the number of officials elected by the people, but by the control which the people have over their officials during their term of office. This governing board is not vested with final powers, and the people may, if they so desire, vote directly upon all matters of importance, and it is this feature, safeguarding popular rights as it does, which provides the way for an expression of popular will in all public matters of importance, such as has never yet been known in any other system of local self-government. Notice some of these provisions:

The initiative places the power of direct legislation in the hands of the people, and any law which is desired by the majority can be secured, whether it is opposed or favored by the governing board. Suppose that the board has refused to enact a necessary ordinance. A petition, bearing the signature of twenty-five per cent of the voters could be presented, requesting the governing board to enact such a law, and in such a case it must either pass the same without alteration within the next twenty days, or submit the matter to a vote of the electors. If, at the election, the ordinance is favored by a majority, it thereby becomes a valid law and cannot be repealed or amended except by a similar vote of the people. The wisdom of such a provision is quickly realized when one thinks of the many times when the will of the people has been ignored by their representatives in office.

The referendum has been greatly agitated during the last few years as a necessary part of any complete system of self-government, and so it has been made a feature of the "Des Moines Plan." Under this provision, an unwise expenditure of the public funds or any other legislation which does not meet with popular favor can be effectively blocked by a majority vote of the people. If within a stipulated time, twenty-five per cent of the voters present a petition to the governing board, asking that objectionable legislation be recalled the proposed ordinance is thereby suspended, and does not become operative until it has been approved by a majority of the voters voting thereon at a general or special election. The people are permitted to vote upon all franchises without petitioning the governing board, because it is provided that no franchise or other valuable right in the streets of the city can be granted to any public service corporation, without first submitting the matter to the people, and receiving the approval of a majority of the electors.

Our laws must be made and our public affairs administered by representatives elected by the people, but that system which limits the action of our governing bodies by granting them the right to act, subject to such direct and final action as the people themselves think best to exercise, is really the only system entitled to the term representative. The initiative and referendum, as provided for in the "Des Moines Plan," are the only means for providing the people with this highest form of representative government. Needed public improvements can thus be voted directly, and a club held over the administration to stimulate progressive action on their part. Fewer franchises would be granted for inadequate compensation, and fewer contracts would be let to favorites if it were known that such ordinances could be promptly vetoed by the people. It would hardly pay the corrupter to bribe the council if its action was not final. Five thousand dollars might bribe five councilmen, but it could not bribe ten thousand electors. Corrupt legislation would receive a death blow.

The Recall, designed for the purpose of placing all officials within the absolute control of the people, is perhaps the most important and most startling provision of the law. Although the officials, composing the governing board, are elected for a definite term of two years, yet under this provision of the "Des Moines Plan," their continuation in office is at all times subject to the will of a majority of the electors.

The history of practically every city is disgraced with names of officers who had proven unmindful of the trust imposed in them, but who could not be removed before the expiration of their term of office. With this provision of the charter such an official could have been quickly removed and replaced by one in whom the people had more confidence. A petition, signed by twenty-five per cent of the voters and charging the official, in general terms, with incompetency or dishonesty, would be filed with the city clerk. This done, the guilty official would then, without further delay, be required to stand for re-election with any other candidate whom the people might choose to nominate, and the one receiving the highest number of votes would be the officer for the remainder of the term. The constant danger of being removed from office will certainly tend to keep public officials in the straight and narrow path of their duty, ever faithful to the trust of their constituents. It would seem that with the initiative, referendum and recall, every public official can be held to the strictest accountability, and will seldom desert the cause of the people, and the more successful we become in impressing upon our officials the popular will and compel them to execute that will, the higher will be our form of Democratic government.

The citizens of the Capitol City of Iowa have drafted a simple plan for managing the public business of their city. It includes a number of common sense provisions, but it yet remains for them to prove, by actual operation, the working efficiency of the system. The experiment is one of vital concern to every American city, and they are anxiously watching the venture, hoping that experience will prove the "Des Moines Plan" a complete solution to the vexatious problem of city government.

LOVE'S AWAKING

BY

DONALD A. FRASER

AN ANGEL came and touched my heart with living fire;
Delicious strains she drew from her celestial lyre;
And Love within me woke to dare Death in desire.

THE NEMESIS

BY

DON MARK LEMON

THE GAME was Mexican, similar to poker, except that a few cards of lower denominations had been discarded. Neither of the men had spoken for some time, the playing being carried on in pantomime, but now the lips of the younger man parted, like one attempting to speak, but failing, and he stared over the head of the other into the obscurity beyond.

The elder man noted this act upon the part of his antagonist, and half arising from his chair, looked behind him over his shoulder towards the door, expecting to see something, he knew not what.

There was nothing to be seen, however, and again facing his antagonist, he looked him questioningly in the face. But the other offered no explanation, merely gaped drowsily and looked down at the cards in his hands.

The game would perhaps have gone on in pantomime as before had not a suspicion flashed into the brain of the elder man, at which he leaped to his feet with a Mexican oath upon his lips and a Mexican word which, translated into English, means "cheat."

"You lie!" retorted the younger man, arising. "I thought I saw something passing behind you."

"Liar yourself!" cried the other. "You stared over my head to distract my attention while you stacked the cards."

"Fool!" the challenger was answered. "Would I cheat at the game when I hold four queens? Look you, is that a hand to be changed? I call, senor?"

There was a sudden glint of steel and the elder player crouched with one hand spread over the stakes, while in his other hand he gripped a heavy hunting knife.

"Caramba! am I a fool!" he panted fiercely.

The younger man took a step backwards and as he did so, questioned: "Then you will fight?"

The other made no verbal reply, but drawing himself upright struck angrily on his chest with his clenched hand. By this act his breast was wholly exposed to his antagonist, and sudden as the spring of a rattle-snake, a needle-like dagger, the handle of which was loaded with quicksilver, flashed through the air and buried itself almost to the hilt just above the heart of the challenger.

For a moment the stricken man remained upright, his powerful frame scarcely jarred by the momentum of the needle-like yet terrible blade; then, still clutching his own weapon in his hand, he fell or was tripped by his chair, face upward at full length upon the floor, striking his head heavily in his fall.

With a smothered cry, the younger man leaped forward, and tearing the candle from the table, bent with it over the form stretched at length upon the floor.

"Dead!" he whispered hoarsely, while the white, still face of the man before him—with its glassy, up-staring eyes—was burned upon his soul, an image not soon to be erased.

Putting down the candle now, he clutched the two tall stacks of gold, which he had hoped to win by less foul means than murder, and thrust them into the heavy buckskin bag at his belt. This done, he again took up a light and started for the door. But to escape that way, he must pass the still form upon the floor, with the dagger in its breast, so he turned and went with the candle in his hand to one of the windows of the room.

Unlatching this, and swinging it inward on its hinges, he unbarred the heavy wooden shutters without, and with his head still twisted over his shoulder, and his eyes fixed upon those other staring eyes as if he feared that the dead would rise up and follow him, he climbed backwards through the window, and in another moment stood safely without, still clutching the lighted candle in his hand.

A bright moon was up, and casting the candle aside, he hurried swiftly and stealthily around the tavern and untethering and mounting his horse, he rode away, at first at a lope, afterwards at a furious gallop, towards the north.

It was chance and not skill that concealed John Fuller's flight from the tavern, and pure good luck that set him down across the Mexican line in American territory, so that within two weeks he was again able to walk the streets of San Francisco and mingle freely with men of his own race and persuasion.

It was not long before he fell in with a friendly speculator, and in less than a year—his small means daringly placed by the latter—he awoke to find himself a fairly rich man, with every dollar on the safe side of account.

So it came that John Fuller was in a good way to cease worrying about his dastard crime, and perhaps the memory of it had been greatly dimmed and he had married and settled down to live after the ways of civilization, only one day it chanced that while looking in his mirror after removing his beard he was suddenly stricken with the dreadful discovery that his face had taken on the lines and contour of the face of the man he had killed in Old Mexico.

At first, he would not give in to this discovery, persuading himself that the resemblance was wholly imaginary, but as the days passed and the similarity became more striking, a dreadful fear seized him and his health began to suffer profoundly.

Murderers have been haunted with visions of the murdered, or by what seemed a ghost of the dead, but here was something even more terrible—the face of the murderer had taken on the semblance of the face of the murdered.

As a man's thoughts sooner or later are reflected in his features, the mind of John Fuller again and again picturing the face of the man he had killed, had shaped his features to almost perfect likeness with those of his victim.

The phenomenon could hardly be explained otherwise, and now John Fuller must walk the streets by day and lie down to pray for sleep by night with the face of the dead constantly before him.

To this, he was seized with a feverish desire to spend his easy-gotten money in the most extravagant manner. It somewhat relieved the tension of his nerves to be spending his wealth by the thousands each day, as it would have eased his guilty soul to have mounted the cab of an express and have sped a mile a minute, hour after hour. Before many weeks, he awoke to find that through his recklessness, his dissipation and the rascality of others, the only money he had in the world was a five dollar gold piece, left from a late debauch.

He would spend this too; get rid of it as quickly as he could. He hurried down to a famous cafe in the heart of the city, and entering its corridors, paused a moment before the swinging doors.

These doors were faced with long French mirrors, and as he caught the reflection of his own haggard face, bearing its ghastly resemblance to the man he had killed, horror unnerved him, and he was about to turn and dash headlong into the street, when suddenly the mirrors before him trembled, shimmered, then flashed with wide angles of light, and out of their center, or so it seemed, stepped that ghastly image of himself, and stood before him and looked into his face.

Every pulse in the haunted man's body stood still a moment with fear, then stealthily, silently, he reached forth a palsied hand, which now came in contact, not with the smooth surface of the mirrors, but with the form of a man—the dead in person!

No cry or sound escaped John Fuller's lips, as he sank down in a heap at the feet of that living image of himself.

They bore him into a private room of the cafe and endeavored to restore him to consciousness and life, but unavailing. Like a lighted candle in a draught, John Fuller's strength had been wasted away by dissipation and a guilty conscience, and the most powerful stimulants were of no effect.

"My God, he is dead!" groaned a worn-faced stranger, turning from the stricken man.

The physician, the cafe proprietor, and those others gathered about the death-bed looked from the face of the stranger to that of the dead.

"Yes," the stranger said, as in answer to a question, "this must be my brother for whom I have been searching the world over. My parents, dying when my brother was born, they placed me in one asylum and my brother in another, and we grew up without ever seeing one another—without knowing of one another's existence. When finally I learned that somewhere in the world I had a brother living, I went in search of him, and had almost come upon him in Old Mexico, when a card sharp, over a game of cards in a tavern, stuck a dagger into my left lung, and I was tripped over and rendered unconscious, injuring my spine. I got a touch of blood poisoning, and gave up the search to come here for treatment. How it was, I do not know, unless he had heart trouble, but as I swung open the mirror doors and came face to face with him, he fell down dead at my feet. Great God!" the speaker broke off, turning and gazing haggardly at the face of the dead man, "how much like me he has grown to look."

"Will you take charge of the body?" questioned the cafe proprietor.

"Yes, since you say he hasn't a wife or family." The stranger turned to the physician. "Do you think, doctor, that I am mistaken.

"His resemblance to you will warrant you to bury him for a brother," replied the physician.

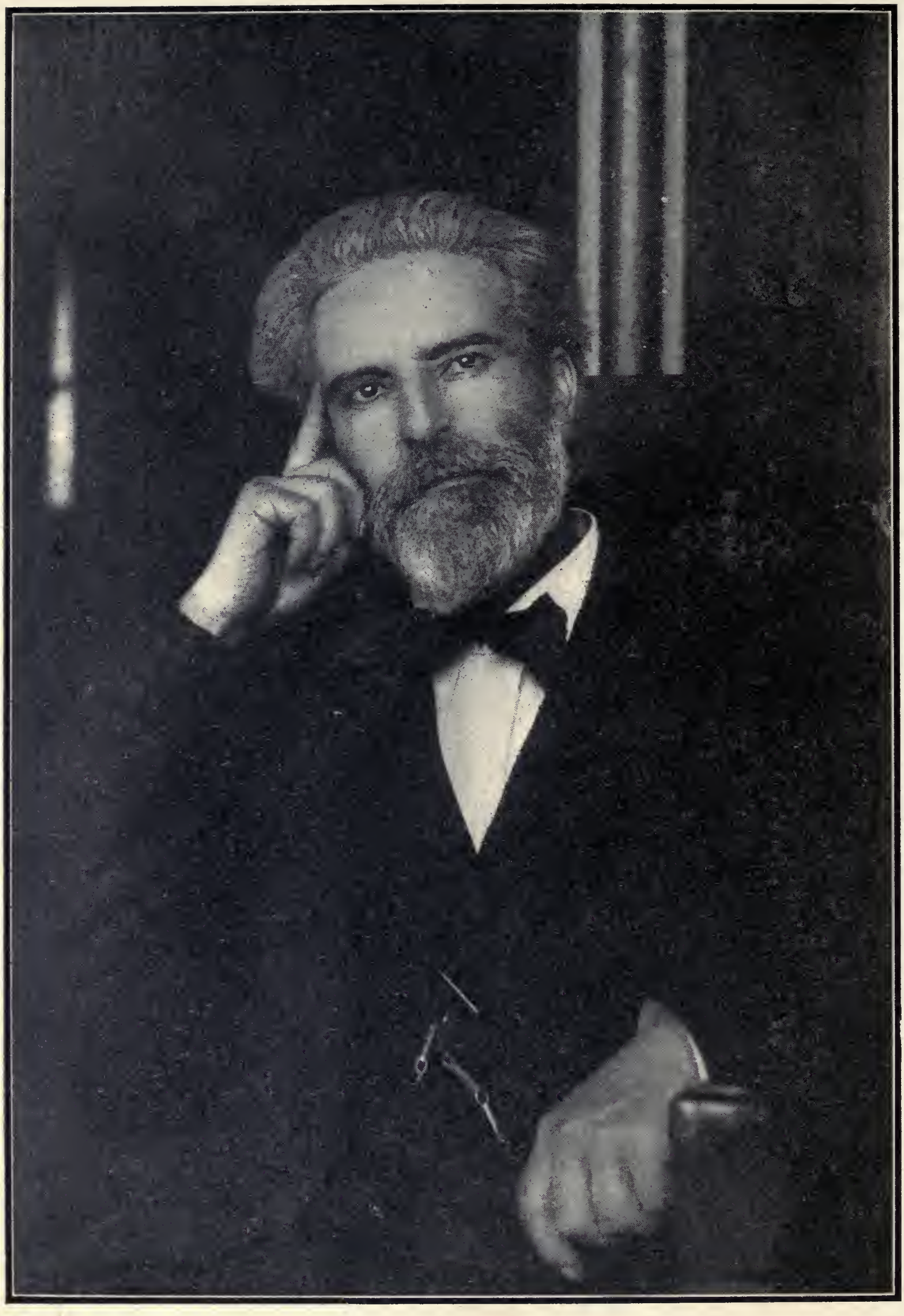
"Poor old fellow!" groaned the stranger, taking the dead hand of John Fuller in his own, and stroking it gently. "What good friends we would have been!"

THE ICEBERG'S BIRTH

MUIR GLACIER

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

Earth-born on Alaska's mountains,
 Pressed from Alaskan snow,
Ground in her icy quarries
 While centuries come and go;
Slow-urged through the lagging cycles—
 Slow to my northern sea;
I am free! I am plunging and rising
 And rising and plunging—free!
I have burst from the glacier-clutches,
 Leaped from the ice-walled shore—
A crash as the heaven were rended,
 A long-drawn thunderous roar.
Low growls where the startled ice-bergs—
 Wild splendors of iris-spray—
Dance a mad welcome round me
 Muttering in Titan play.
Foam-waves, my birth hurls shoreward
 A seething, wavering white,
Surge in wild radiance seaward
 Fringed with auroral light.



EDWIN MARKHAM.

"I never built a song by night or day,
Of breaking ocean or of blowing whin,
But in some wondrous, unexpected way,
Like light upon a road, my Love comes in."

EDWIN MARKHAM AND HIS ART

BY

HENRY MEADE BLAND

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS.

NOT MANY days ago, in looking over a pack of clippings referring to Edwin Markham, I found on the back of some paper, to which an article had been posted, an original rough draft of "Lincoln." There was no mistake about the find. I rushed to my poet's volumes and read.

Then comparing the finished product with the spontaneous pencil-lines, I ran through, line by line, the finished poem and the following sketchy outline:

"When the——
Greatening and——
She left the heaven of heroes
To make man,
She took the tried clay
Clay warm yet

Dashed through it all a strain——
Then mixed a laughter.
It was a stuff to hold against
A man that matched
The stars.

The color of the ground
The tang and odor
The rectitude and patience
The loving kindness
The gladness of the wind
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives so freely to the wayside weed
As to a giant oak flung to the sun
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shelters out the sky. And so he came
From prairie cabin
One fair ideal led.
Forever more he burned to——
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail pile
Pouring his splendid strength through.
The conscience of him
To make his deed.
So came the——
And when the step——
Tearing the rafters——
He held the ridge pole
The rafters of the——He held his place
Held the long purpose
Held on through blame.

And when he fell——
As when a kingly cedar
Goes down with a shout
And leaves a——"

There are not many steps from these rough notes to the finished "Lincoln, the Man of the Hour." In fact, there is not an erasure upon the penciled page; and the poet must have taken another clean sheet upon which to carry his rhythm to perfection. We look in vain for the many, many polishings of Pope; or the careful gathering into a composite whole from multitudinous note books, such as was practiced by Emerson.

The vision apparently came at once, and seemed ready immediately to be transferred to paper.

It must not be thought that Edwin Markham arrived at this wonderful power to body forth his conceptions in poetic form, all in a moment, even in the face of the fact that "The Man with the Hoe" brought him fame in a night. The opposing truth rather stands out clear in Markham's work and life; that many minor attempts were essayed, and many, many influences fashioned his intellectual mold before the world sat up and listened.

It is true that in the poet's ancestry there appears an unusual array of talent —of little signification, however. It is Dr. Jordan, I believe, who says we may all of us trace our lineage to kings if we run far enough back. One thing does, however loom up: Markham's widowed mother was a poetess, and the boy, Edwin, was raised in an atmosphere of poesy. Not only this: his poetic mother was given to musing, and was strangely taciturn and silent. And further, Markham's only brother was dumb. So the very family environment forced him into a solitude which left him alone with his fancies.

Coming with mother and brother at the age of five from Oregon, he began this life of solitude and musing. This was on the hill-circled farm not far from Suisun, California.

Here his career as a student and reader began. His first models in poetry were

Homer and Byron, for the instruction he received at his mother's knee naturally turned him to song. Moreover, the mother's poetic instinct divined for the son his career as a poet. All day long on the hills, while he tended the flocks, he mused over his favorite volumes and drank to the dregs every fountain of story his meagre environments afforded him. Joaquin Miller says, in speaking of the poet: "It is written that only a good man can live alone, and be happy. But here was a mere lad who lived alone with his horse and herds for whole summers, and far back in the mountains. It is said that when he would come in to get supplies, he would not take back much to eat, but would pillage the mountain camp and mining town of every book or paper he could buy, beg or borrow." Thus, along with the nature-lore he garnered, he was filling his mind with all he could get from books. It was in this atmosphere, at the age of fifteen, that he wrote his first verse, "A Dream of Chaos," an imitation of Byron.

It was in the Suisun hills that he had his first and only taste of adventure. Tiring of the mountain farm, he one day saddled his pony and vanished down the foothills toward the Sacramento. Not long after he joined a threshing-crew, and worked as one of the men. His mother, however, soon traced her runaway son and brought him again to the farm. She then as a sort of disciplinary procedure, moved with him to the State Normal School at San Jose, where he studied teaching, graduating in 1872. His appetite for learning seemed to be only the more whetted by his San Jose school experiences. He soon entered the Christian College at Santa Rosa, where he pursued the classics. After graduation, he read law, but did not practice at the bar.

He now began to form his philosophy of life, and rapidly developed a deep interest in child life and in the poor. One of his first desires was to master a trade, for he felt to be vitally in touch with the life of the laborer meant to know how to do the laborer's work, or at least some line of it. To this end he entered a blacksmith's shop and mastered the work, carefully drilling himself in the technique of the craft. Then he taught school, becoming finally the principal of the Tompkins Training School for Teachers, Oakland, California. He was interested deeply in the philosophical side of education, and my first memory of his earnest face is in connection with a discussion of interest and duty at a California Teachers' Association.

But his love of meditation and contemplation never forsook him. He drifted rapidly towards his literary ideal. While principal of the Tompkins School, he secured a suburban residence in the Berkeley Hills, back of Oakland. Here, surrounded by his library, rich in poetry and philosophy, he communed with his muse. This country home was an old-fashioned story and a half house, surrounded with a broad porch over which trailed vines and roses. Into this retreat he went after the hard day's work in school, and the days went by in which he dreamed his philosophies.

In the meantime he was surely winning recognition. Edmund C. Stedman, the famous critic, had praised his verse, and three of his poems had been published in "American Literature." The following stanza on poetry:

"She comes like the husht beauty of the night,
And sees too deep for laughter,
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after"

won a prize of one hundred dollars from competitors from all over the world.

In 1889 came the experience that made it possible for him to write the poem that gave him international fame. This was not printed until ten years later, but during all the intervening time he brooded over his conception with an infinite feverishness of soul.

The "Man with the Hoe" was printed in January, 1899. It was first inspired by Millet's painting of the same title. Markham's eye had first fallen on the picture about 1889, and at once the deep significance of the art was upon him.

"It is more terrible to me than anything in Dante," he says. "I sat for an hour before the painting, and all the time the tenor and power of the picture were growing upon me. I saw that this creation was no mere peasant, no chance man of the fields, but he was rather a type, a symbol of the toiler brutalized through long ages of industrial oppression." The "Man with the Hoe" brought the poet instantly into the flare of publicity. From paper to paper it went, until it was known by every fire-side in the country. He had touched the American intellect and intellect had responded true.

To Mr. Bailey Millard belongs the credit of discovering the strength of Mr. Markham's great poem. The poet had originally intended to read the poem on some labor-day occasion, but being invited to a gathering of literary people, at the suggestion of Mrs. Markham he had put the poem in his pocket to read as his contribution to the evening's entertainment. Mrs. Markham contrived to have the poet called upon, and the reading of the harmonious roll of the blank verse caught the ear of the critic. Mr. Millard said that even after the reading, the music of the lines surged and re-surged through his mind. The unmeasured beauty seemed to culminate in the lines:

"What to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?"

In "The Man with the Hoe" we catch the first clear glimpse of Markham's political philosophy. He stamps himself here outright a sympathizer with the poor. Brotherhood is his principle; absolute democracy his ideal. Nothing short of the full redemption of the poor can satisfy him.

How completely he is committed to this championship of the poor can be gleaned from the following partial statement of his belief:

"So, when I am dictator, every one shall be made secure in this primary right of man (the right to labor). I have a suggestion, and I think it would go deep enough to do some good, and yet not so deep as to interfere, either, with our present system of private enterprise. The idea is a simple one. I would make diligent inquiry as to the number of men idle in the several arts and crafts; then I would establish enough State or municipal shops to absorb all of this idle labor. Shoe-makers should be set to making and mending; bakers to kneading and baking. Unskilled labor could be provided for in State farms and factories, or on public improvements. Good wages could be paid, as the element of profit-making would be rooted out, as it has already been rooted out of the post-office business. If at any time we were making too many good things, the hours could be shortened so as to keep all hands busy."

In this way, through the reaction of self-activity upon the individual, the evolution of the race could be worked out.

The poet now lives with his wife, who was Miss Anna E. Murphy, of California, and his child, Kyka, on Staten Island, New York. Both Mrs. Markham and the boy have occupied a large place in the poet's art; and some of his most beautiful lyrics have been inspired by one or the other. The lines, "My Comrade," beginning:

"I never built a song by night or day,
Of breaking ocean or of blowing whin,
But in some wondrous, unexpected way,
Like light upon a road, my Love comes in."

were written with Mrs. Markham in mind, and the wonderful lyric, "Kyka" is a burst inspired by the infinitely loving father of a child. Mrs. Markham is herself a poet and a keen judge of books; and many of her lines have appeared in the magazines. Her stanzas, "The Sorrowful Christ," are among the best known.

Mr. Markham is a constant thinker on deep questions. One of his greatest delights is a round-table of friends at which there is a delving into the mystery of things. Charles Warren Stoddard tells of one of these meetings on the hills near Joaquin Miller's home on Berkeley Hills, at which he, Ina Coolbrith, Adaline Knapp, William Greer Harrison and the poet were present. The subject up was, "What is poetry?" The entire day was passed in intellectual reverie upon the fascinating theme.

Edwin Markham is profoundly religious. God and the immortality of the soul are deeply woven in the fibres of his being. These beliefs make him see the worth of even the most insignificant human, and give hope that he has for those who are "dead to rapture and despair." He finds the infinite everywhere:

"The little pool, in street or field apart,
Glosses the deep heavens and the rushing storm;
And into the silent depths of every heart
The eternal throws its awful shadow-form."

Growing out of this essential religious

element is a divine humility which enables him to lean unreservedly upon the Absolute.

"I have no glory," he says, "in these songs of mine.

"If one of them can make a brother strong,
  It came down from the peaks divine,
I heard it in the Heaven of lyric song."

"The one who builds the poem into fact,
  He is the rightful owner of it all:
The pale words are with God's own power packed,
  When brave souls answer to their bugle call."

and changes of time. Praise always humbles me. Man is but an organ through which the higher power acts. If a man does good work, the joy of it is his, but the glory is God's."

Here is the final prayer of his religious philosophy:

"Give me the heart-touch with all that live,
  And strength to speak my word;
But if that is denied me, give
  The strength to live unheard."

MRS. MARKHAM AND THE SON, KYKA, WHO HAVE OCCUPIED A LARGE PLACE IN THE POET'S ART.

When he is, therefore, talking of his literary successes, we may know that he will use the words in this spirit:

"In the old days, obscurity did not distress me; in these days, notoriety does not disturb me. I have tried to build my life upon a foundation deeper than the chances

In poetic philosophy, Markham is of the school of Plato. The "worlds before and after" appeal first one then the other to his mind. Many is the time when he turns from his more sternly human political views to the little child, his own prototype in the long ago:

"Once, I remember, world was young;
The rills rejoiced with a silver tongue;
The field-lark sat in the wheat and sang;
The thrush's shout in the woodland rang;
The cliffs and the perilous sands afar
Were softened to mist by the morning star;
For Youth was with me (I know it now!)
And a light shown out from his wreathed brow.
He turned the fields to enchanted ground,
He touched the rains with a dreamy sound."

This is the full-voiced echo of Wordsworth's:

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

Again in "Shepherd Boy and Nereid" is embodied the same beauty:

"Ah, once of old in some forgotten tongue,
Forgotten land, I was a shepherd boy,
And you a Nereid, a winged joy:
On through the dawn-light peaks our bodies swung,
And flower-soft lyrics by immortals sung
Fell from their unseen pinnacles in the air:
God looked from Heaven that hour, for you were fair,
And I a poet, and the world was young."

This may symbolize Markham's childhood, or he may be reveling in that atmosphere of re-incarnation into which he has recently drifted, as may well be seen in "Virgilia" and "The Homing Heart."

Once more, in "Lost Lands," gleams the light from other days—the days of his elf child:

"I mind me once in boyhood when the mist
Swirled round me, ash of pearl and amethyst,
How, in an unknown, difficult, high place,
I pushed the green boughs backward from my face,
And with a fire along the blood, a cry,
Rode out upon a headland in the sky.

* * * * *

"I looked down on a sea of fog below;
Saw strange lands rise, strange waters furl and flow,
Breaking on newly-lifted reefs and shores.

* * * * *

"Where willows climbed and burst without a sound,
While further still, on dim, untraveled seas,
Gleamed lost Atlantis, lost Hesperides."

As he never tires ringing sweet changes on the beautiful Wordsworthian idea of happy, inspired childhood, so, too, he wears with becoming grace that other flower of the poetic intellect reincarnation:

"It was ages ago in life's first wonder
I found you, Virgilia, wild sea heart,
'Twas ages ago we went asunder
Ages and worlds apart.

* * * * *

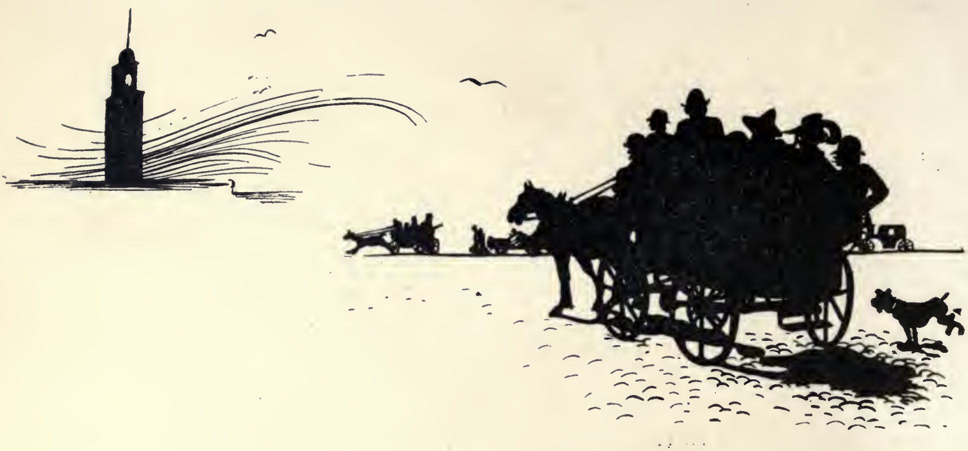
"I will find you there where our low life heightens—
Where the door of the Wonder again unbars,
Where the old love lures and the old fire whitens
In the stars behind the stars."

Woven and interwoven with the "Elf-Child" life and the reincarnation dream is the web of his belief in the immortality of the human spirit. And after all, is not immortality the harp of a thousand strings upon which the poet is to play until the end of time?

"RESTITUTION"

Across the buried years I come to you,
From out the level path by ages worn,
Be this the shrine whereat a day, new born,
Brings offerings of olive leaves and dew.
Where naught save silence all the cool air through
Creeps, healing, I—forgotten—ride and mourn;
The standard at my stirrup soiled and torn.
A Pilgrim from afar, I come to you.

Nor empty handed for, beloved, I bring
A pinion from a broken, healing wing;
And come—as you have prayed and dreamed I would
In all the fervor of true Motherhood—
With treasures from the Desert's fatal sands,
And, wistful, lay them in your trusting hands.



“TEN CENTS TO THE FERRY”

BY

LEO LEVY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. DAVENPORT.

IF “IT IS an ill wind that blows nobody good,” the San Francisco street-car strike has an awful name. It is responsible for the wild cry of “ten cents to the ferry,” that reverberates hideously from early morning to early morning, rousing people out of deep sleep and sweet dreams to remind them of our return to the days of stage-coaches and “shank’s mare.”

For the calling of the strike demanded a new means of conveyance for the thousands of laborers who lived, sometimes, miles from their work, and who dared not patronize the cars, and walking being out of the question, only one way was clear—use of the horse; and the equine remedy was applied with the avidity that will ever characterize the jehu.

From the depths of deserted barns were drawn ancient vehicles, of kinds beyond number and description, in every stage of must, rust and decay—Louis Quinze barouches and antiquated delivery wagons bumped up against prairie schooners and ’49 stage coaches; beer wagons hob-nobbed with police patrols, and doctors’ rigs with hearses. It was an array to tickle the palate of the relic hunter.

Knowing well that the S. P. C. A. was in its usual state of somnolence, pasture lands were searched, and pounds broken into. From these were driven what were once called horses—a long, long time ago were called horses.

Animal and vehicles were matched; there was the scuffle of mounting, the crack of whips, the curses of drivers, the agonized squeaking of gray-haired wagons, the weeping of animals—and the game was on. (Oh, ye God-protector of horses, who looked upon that scene and raised not your hand in protest, the blood of a thousand animals is on your head! Ye ghost of the father of transportation, ye were asleep at the switch! Both ye negligents, the groans of a suffering people will haunt ye to the end of things, and afterwards.

And when we—you and I—meet, my friends, when we meet on the other side, we're going to have an accounting, and my wrath shall give me strength, and the protectorship shall be vacant, and another ghost shall roam the earth. For I have ridden.)

And the result of this infamous conglomeration? One morning my friend, the reformed cow-puncher—he reformed backward, from punching to poetry—staggered into the room and sank upon the couch.

"Look here!" I said, sternly; "I thought you had quit all that! What is it this time, cocktails or something sensible?"

He shook his head. "Didn't I promise I never would again?"

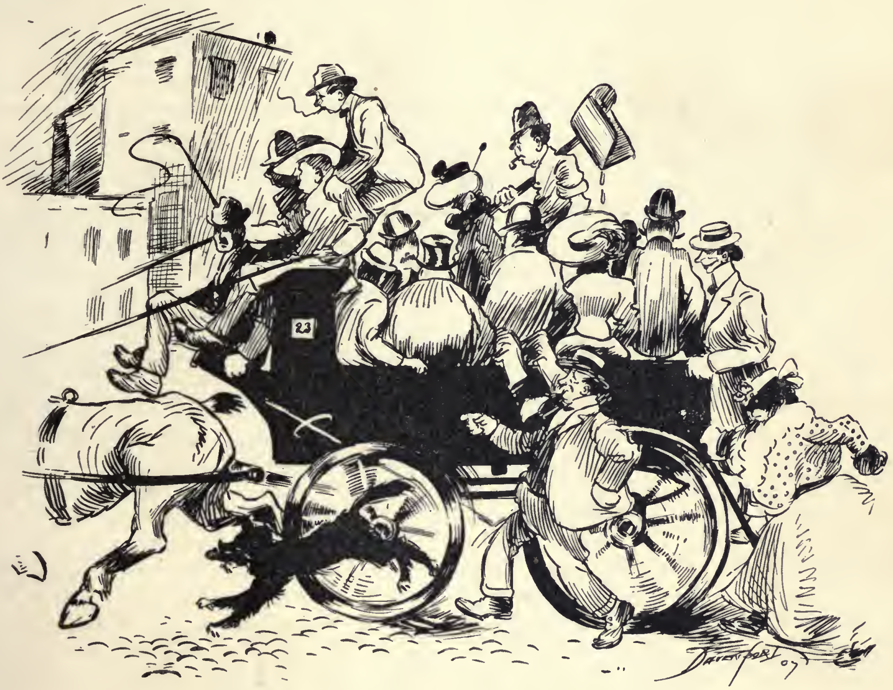
"You did. But your condition——"

The stricken man raised himself on his elbow.

"Haven't I always been a good union man?" he demanded.

"You certainly have."

"And always paid my dues and sympathized with every movement?"



"ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE."

"Yes."

"Then all I can say is, they're mighty ungrateful. Fifty-three bruises, a broken head and a sprained arm."

I was puzzled as to his meaning, but seeing his condition, was loath to question him. That night the mystery was cleared up, when I found the following on the table:

"I've busted Indian ponies in Nevada;
I've ridden bucking camels on the plain,
I've strode the goat in forty-seven lodges,
In a row-boat I have sailed the briny main.
These things I've done, I tell ye, and enjoyed them,
And I've surely done 'em better than most men.
But I ne'er before rode on a union waggin,
And by gum, old man, I never will again."

Two days later I encountered an acquaintance. "How's your wife?" I asked him.

"Not very well. She's in a hospital."

"What! Too bad, surely. And the children?"

"Same place."

"That's hard luck. But as long as *you* are well——"

"I'm bound for the hospital now."

"Great heavens, man! What is it—something catching?"

"Regular pestilence. The union fines us fifty for riding, and it's too far to walk."

I understood.

But to look at the thing in a serious manner, genuine physical danger lurks in every bolt and splinter of these strike conveyances. Half of them are made of old, springless delivery wagons, with planks for seats. The constant jolt and bang, as they rambled over cobble stones and ruts, is bound to wear the strongest constitution. A delicate woman can ride but once, and her stronger sister cannot keep it up for long. As for hard-working men, a ride is equal to a day's labor, and constant use of the wagons results in a condition which is not conducive to good work.

To increase the discomfort, the drivers, who once must have worked in a sardine cannery, have an unhappy faculty of finding room for passengers where none exists. In their own language—and they think it is a tremendous joke to sing it out—"there is always room for one more." If there isn't, they make it. The capacity of the smaller vehicles is far greater than that of the larger. A laundry wagon always carries twice as much human freight within its canvassed depths, as does a great made-over furniture van. That may sound like exaggeration, but prove it for yourself by watching the stream of conveyances. Or, better still, ride.

And the horses—well, there is something else San Francisco has to blush for. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has a stain on its name that will take years to efface, and there are people who will never forget. That society, composed of people who are supposed to be the friends of animals, has allowed the fearful use of unfit horses, and abuse of good ones, to go on without scarcely a protest. Now and then there is an arrest, but only now and then. In the meantime, the real friends of the animals must stand by and wonder why broken-down horses, scarcely able to crawl, are allowed to singly drag heavily loaded wagons; why weak and worn-out horses are allowed to stumble along in an almost vain attempt to get their loads over the poorest streets in the world; why diseased horses are allowed to work at all. San Francisco already has a long list of moral and physical delinquents, but there is always room for one more.

Not long ago I stood in front of the Ferry building, deliberating as to the agent I would employ to inflict torture on my ride to the Mission. There was wide room for choice—all sizes of ice-wagons, deliveries and 'busses; a covered express and a dead wagon. One conveyance, especially, deserves special mention. It had an arrangement for strap-hangers, operated thus: when the entire lengths of the seats were filled, the knees of the passengers meet in the middle, making a sort of carpeted floor. On this stood the strap-hangers, clinging to an iron bar overhead.

After long thought, I selected a small and decidedly frail express, figuring that on account of its size and strength, care would be taken not to put too great a crowd on board. I was sadly mistaken—but of that anon.

I mounted. I did it carefully. Mounting a strike wagon is a serious matter, and may involve physical complications unless much care is taken in the operation. You mount by means of either a suspicious-looking set of steps, a cracker-box or a chair. Sometimes you vault in. On this occasion I used what resembled a young step-ladder, and I accomplished my end without mishap.

There was a young lady on board. I took my place at her side, a respectful distance away, and—but, what's the use of dwelling on the loading of that wagon? Suffice it to say that I was mistaken as to the driver's regard for the strength and size of his vehicle. He had no more respect for those than he did for his horse and his passengers. Also suffice it to remark that my respectful distance from the young lady soon grew to be highly improper. Before five minutes had been reeled off by Time, I was squeezing her hard, and so great was the crush that the sides of my wind-pipe touched, and I couldn't ask her pardon.

So there I sat, squeezed into the smallest compass possible, my hands awkwardly on my knees, an agonized expression covering my identity, and a pressing engagement at both ends of the ride, awaiting the driver's inclination as to starting. The driver did not incline. He was in no hurry because his passengers were. That's part of the law of supply and demand, in which law a union man always seems to have a finger. As I said, there I sat.

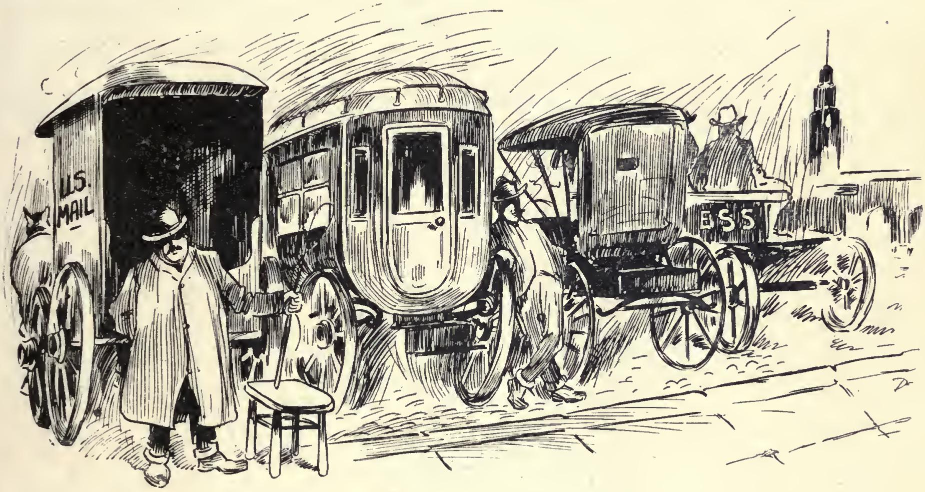
Finally, when the driver had finished his cigarette, and the conductor his chat with a neighbor, *they* inclined. But, alas, somebody else didn't. The horse looked around at what he was expected to pull, gazed at the driver with a "what-d'ye-take-me-for" expression on his face, and yawned. No amount of corporal persuasion could convince him that he was in the wrong. He absolutely refused to supply the motive power demanded—the law again.

I'm not going to tell you how they finally got the poor beast headed Missionward. I'm too much of a gentleman to repeat the language, and anyway, the editor wouldn't allow it. When we turned into Mission street we were going at a fair rate—very fair for one horse and thirty-one people.

Have you ever ridden a heavily-loaded wagon over block after block of cobblestones? There is no other sensation that compares with it unless it is a train-wreck, an electric massage, or a series of infant earthquakes. Your in'ards reel, and your teeth do a castanet solo:

"They chatter, chatter, chatter so—
  ("Again," you murmur, "Never!")
For streets may come and streets may go,
  But cobble-stones forever!"

At the end of the third block the horse stopped to get up steam, and the conductor grasped the opportunity to take on three more passengers—at least, I suppose he did; not being able to turn one way or the other I couldn't see, but judging by the increased pressure he must have.



" . . . AN ARRAY TO TICKLE THE PALATE OF THE RELIC HUNTER."

And thus it continued, cobble-stones and ruts alternating with the taking on of "just one more," reducing corpulence, making short people tall, and tall people taller.

Just one word or so more about that ride: In the future I'll take an ambulance in the first place, and not wait until I get to my destination.

I am no longer a union sympathizer, though it wasn't the above turned me. Far from it. I have a still deeper grudge, one that I will never be able to forget. It has turned me sour against all unions.

Another ride that I took, one midnight, on an owl 'bus was responsible. I had three inches on the end of the seat, but thought that by bracing my foot on the steps I would be able to hold on. When I found out I couldn't, I gently but firmly put an idle arm around a girl who sat next me—it was the last resort.

Did she object? Not a whit. Then where is my kick, you ask?

You should have seen the girl.

UMEKO SAN

BY OLIVE DIBERT

DRAWINGS BY SCHAD.

UMEKO-SAN sat watching her husband, Kiyowara Taro, mending a boy's shoe. Her child-like face gave forth no sign of the discontent in her mind—certain at the lightest suggestion to break forth into petulant speech.

"Why you sitting like a bloke of wood?" she asked tauntingly. "I hate staying all times with a Jap-an-ese cload!"

After a sigh of extreme weariness, Kiyowara looked up.

"You making too maeny complaints," he answered. "I don' cahn please you. I speak English language for your sake! I taell maeny times thaht som' day—mebbe five year, mebbe ten—we go bahk aht Hamamatsu! Ah!" A tumult of emotional remembrance sent a dark red glow into his melancholy face. He lumbered to his feet; he crossed and re-crossed the dingy shop, warming to enthusiasm. "Then we see grand temples and Fujisan with her beau-ti-ful snow-cahp—and aeverywhere cherry-flower and wild lillee! Ah!"

"Mebbe I sleeping in my grave by thaht time," she answered coolly. Then, with alacrity, her voice and manner became imbued with a business-like purpose. "I naever going bahk aht Jap-an. I stay aht United States foraever and aever!"

Kiyowara again took his place on the bench. The woman followed him with short, waddling steps, pulling at her plum colored kimona with disgust.

"I don' want wear Jap-an-ese clo'se. Jap-an-ese woman's dress or-na-men-tal, but no-boad-y cahn work ac-tive-ly in it."

There was a faint smile on the shoemaker's face.

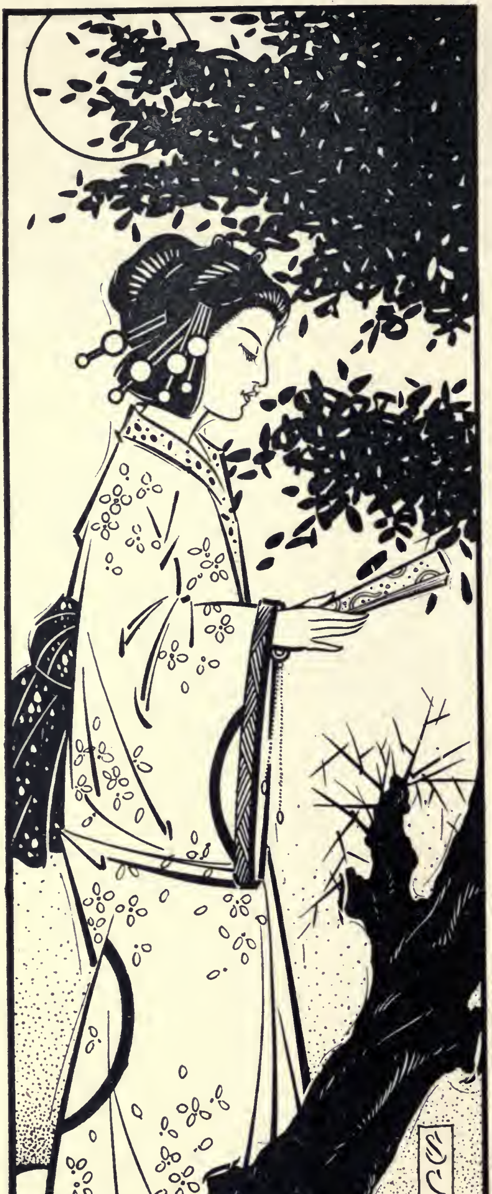
Umeko-San's eyes snapped angrily; they were as black as shoe-buttons. "You think I going slave aht your house all day? Taro-San, I naever cook for you aeny more Jap-an-ese style. When you say you like United States cooking, I do aeverything very fine." Here she shook her head with a comically wise air.

Kiyowara stitched in silence. He found himself in the ridiculous predicament of attempting to put a thread through a solid piece of leather.

Umeko-San shifted her position that she might look through the window. The seven o'clock local train was passing. She saw in the lighted car a Japanese girl dressed after the style of the fashionable American girl. The sight of a red hat flaring away from a large moon-like face smote the soul of Umeko-San cruelly. It brought home to her with telling force the poverty of her own equipment for personal fascination.

"How thaht girl mus' be happy dress like Ah-merican peoples! How thaht is bahd to be diff'ren' from other peoples!" she muttered. Then she looked daggers at Kiyowara, whose introspective countenance wore a look of patient endurance.

"Las' night I ask you," she said, crossly, "if you take me aht Mr. Buck-ing-ham's Jap-an-ese tea garden. You say you don' cahn know—I say yo mus' taell me—will you take me aht thaht Jap-an-ese tea gar-



UMEKO-SAN.

den? Will you?” She seated herself on a packing case in front of Kiyowara, the embodiment of infantile, thwarted desire.

He looked at her helplessly. “Aevery time you go with beeg Ah-merican crowd you hov no more lov’ for home—you not wanting learn be skillful an’ exper’enced. By-and-bye we go aht thaht poor-house.”

The shoe-maker frowned so ominously that Umeko-San set the packing case a few feet back, then crawled upon it again.

A smile began to play about her lips. “But to-night only Jap-an-ese invited aht thaht tea garden. No Ah-merican peoples come.” She held her small, shapely hands up, moving them forward as though pushing back an objectionable crowd. Then she leaned towards him, smiling coquettishly. “You take me aht thaht lovely place?”

“You know what I taell all times.” He spoke in a sad tone of voice. “Most all United States Jap-an-ese—they are no more Jap-an-ese.’ ’ He half rose from his seat to brandish with fierce disapproval the shoe he was mending.

Umeko-San’s eyes were alive with admiration and defiance when she answered:

“They have good sense. They all times adoapting Ah-merican costoms—they all times wearing Ah-merican clo’es—they all times cotching Ah-merican ideas!”

If Kiyowara’s prolonged groan signified the measure of his contempt for American customs and dress and ideas, then it is not surprising that Umeko-San should have made such amazing haste to say with impressive emphasis:

“Ah-merican peoples have the most beautifullest costoms, an’ clo’es and ideas in the world! Say! Will you take me aht thaht tea-garden—’mong all those, our co’ntrymen from Jap-an?”

“You cahn go with Hana-San,” he said, holding his head up stiffly. “I don’ care—I will work hard aht Mr. Adam shoes.”

Umeko-San laughed gaily as she scrambled to the floor. “You not so very bahd,” she was pulling the door of the shop to after her, “not—so—very—bahd for a person that will naever lov’ the co’ntry of his adoaption.”

The tea-garden in the handsome private grounds sloped down to the lake. It was lighted by hundreds of gaudily-colored electric lights. Here was scenic entrancement never to be forgotten by Umeko-San. How delightful to watch her transplanted countrymen! They were pacing back and forth along the exceedingly narrow paths; crossing doll-like bridges, and climbing miniature steps cut in tiny mountains of rock. But what pleased her most was to note how aggressively Americanized they had become. Ah! These were the new kind of people—Japanese still—but a hundred years in advance of the old-fashioned type. The very walk of these little men and women was a reproach to the old slow-going order of things.

After she and her friend and her friend's two small children had strolled into every nook and cranny, large enough for a foothold, they took seats on a bench which circled a warped, crooked old cypress tree. A half dozen paper lanterns dangled above their heads set in motion by a gentle breeze from the lake.

Umeko-San made a picture which fitted into her surroundings as perfectly as the dwarf pine tree growing in the blue vase at the other side of the path. She was as dainty in her peach-colored costume with its salmon obi as some bit of art work on a painted fan. Her face was lit up with childish pleasure; and a soft blur of red paint on her cheeks and lips made her eyes blacker and brighter even than nature had made them.

"There is my hosban's friend, Satsumoto-San," Hana-San said, "that one so extra neat. How you do to-night?"

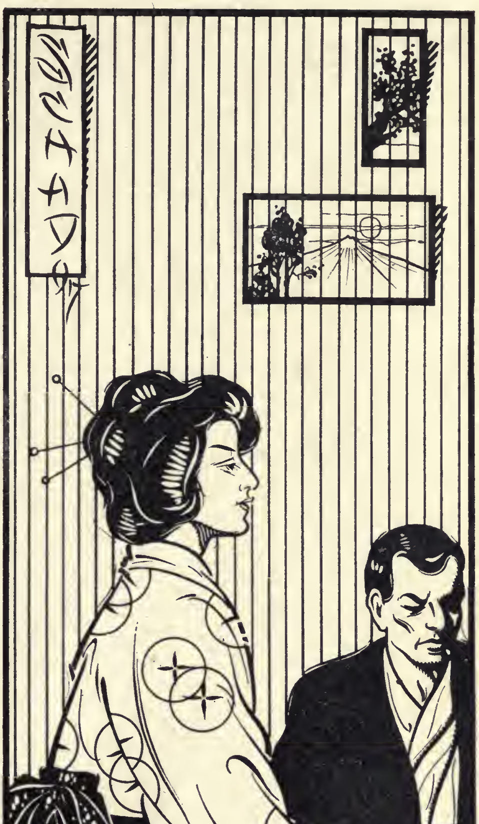
A young Japanese as trig as a brand-new yacht stepped aside and lifted his hat in a brisk manner. He wore a short sack coat of light tweed; trousers wide at the hips, and an infinitessimal tie. From his breast pocket the ends of three enormous cigars protruded.

Hana-San motioned to a seat between her and Umeko-San. The young man bustled into it with a self-centered and important air. Then for a few seconds he gazed with open admiration through his glasses at Umeko-San.

"Have you ladies been aht thaht tea-house?" he inquired. "Permeet me escort you there."

He rose to lead the way. The party filed across a bamboo bridge which curved upward like a section of a wheel. The sharp sound of trickling water could be heard through the confused patter and thud of feet on the gravel paths beyond.

"How thaht tea-house is pretty!" Umeko-San exclaimed with enthusiasm. Entering the bamboo pavilion, the man and women seated themselves on bamboo benches. The children ran towards a



"HOW THAHT GIRL MUS' BE HAPPY, DRESS LIKE AH-MERICAN PEOPLES."

large circular opening in the earth wall forming one side of the tea-house. This opening was the mouth of a metallic-lined shaft. Suddenly the air of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was heard, evidently coming from some distant music-box. The children laughed with delight.

"'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long
may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave!"

Satsumoto quoted solemnly. He waved his right arm aloft as he had often seen street orators do in the City Hall square.

Hana-San laughed softly. The words lagged so far behind the music!

"I lov' the co'ntry of my adoption for maeny reasons," he said, addressing himself to the attentive and eloquent eyes of Umeko-San, "for very maeny reasons, but chiefly because aevery-boady has so moch freedom. The gov-er'-ment an' the laws are moadern an' full of the spirit of jostice."

The light, tinkling musical notes had died away; and with their cessation the children ran, one pursuing the other, out of the tea-house. Hana-San followed them with awkward haste. The sound of footsteps was lost after the mother and children had crossed the bamboo bridge.

"Have you lived aht United States loang time?" Umeko-San asked bashfully.

"For several years. I lov' the spirit of the peoples. They naever get in the rut like con-serv-a-tive peoples must, an' do. They deal fairly an' squarely with aevery wan—man an' woman alike. The test of civi'zation aevery wan knows is the status of woman."

Umeko-San pitied herself almost to the point of tears as a mental vision of her daily life rose to float before her bewildered eyes. What had she to expect from the colorless level of days that lay stretched out before her? They were certain to be as empty of interest as a field of sand.

Satsumoto pursued his subject with a grandiloquent air:

"Take the in-fer'-ority of our Jap-anese costoms. Whata sahd fate awaits the widow—no sweet con-so-la-tion for her—aeverything is for the mon—he may even di-vorce an' morry with another at his wheem an' fancy. Thaht is a most onjos' state of affairs—most onjost." He shook his head so severely that his glasses fell dangling against his polka-dotted tan waist-coat. He took them up delicately and set them close to his brightly gleaming eyes.

"But in this co'ntry," he resumed with dignity and a slightly embarrassed air, "woman's con-di-tion is the best in all the world. She has the same rights—she cahn di-vorce him—he cahn di-vorce her —mon an' woman, if you please excuse my liddle joke, cahn change pardners!"

He was delighted with the soft gurgle of her laughter; quite charmed at her quick appreciation of wit. She, for her part, had seized upon a truth in the jest which harmonized with the drift of her desires, and she laughed because of an impulse which brought color and warmth to her face. To her childish imagination there appeared a rift of golden hope in the sombre gray cloud of her life.

Down through the shaft came the music, faint and metallic, of "Under the Bamboo Tree." To Umeko-San it communicated a joyous gayety, which made her spring up to welcome Hana-San and the children with an excess of cordiality that Hana-San noted with a cold reserve. She received it with a laugh that was more than half sarcasm. Umeko-San, all unconscious, took the droll baby girl by both hands and swung her round and round until the child fell to the ground, laughing hysterically.

Hana-San dragged her to her feet.

"Why I should stay here? I going home now."

Satsumoto rose with much show of ceremonious politeness. He led the way back into the garden. The little group crept along, each picking his steps carefully by the edge of a bank of wet plants, which wound about a pond. The pleasure seekers halted a moment by a bronze stork with a sapphire light in his long beak. Two of the party gazed with delight at the fairyland about them. The air had grown chilly. Umeko-San felt the pin-pricks on her face, which she knew was the fog rolling in from the Pacific. She followed admiringly in the wake of Satsumoto, noting that he walked with the air and carriage of an American.

She whispered to herself, "He is a perfect gen-tle-man."

And this thought occurred to her again when several blocks beyond the tea-garden, he assisted the others onto the electric car, standing for a moment on the step to pay their fares. There he raised his hat to them with a gesture of deferential respect more than Oriental. In his parting look was a tenderness too partially directed to arouse any enthusiasm in the breast of Hana-San.

A few weeks later, Kiyowara was cleaning a lamp chimney. His thoughts were gloomy and disconcerting. Did not Umeko-San waste all her days with her friend, Hana-San? Was she not always ill at ease in his presence now; and always inventing some absurd subterfuge to escape it? She was in the habit of leaving the shop with a merry smile, and coming back to it with strangely distracted eyes. It was embittering to reflect that every minute spent with him was obviously so much time thrown away.

His fingers shook when he replaced the lamp chimney. And they were still trembling as he walked to the door and looked miserably into the street. Through the glass he saw, with a gasp, Umeko-San—little 4-foot-8 Umeko-San—coming towards him. Her dress and walk were an imitation of those of the American girl. A large white hat at the side of which curved a long white plume, was set back on her enormous head. The swaying of her body as she walked staggered him with its audacity. Could it be some necessary adjunct to her bewildering costume?

The little Japanese came into the shop and quickly settled herself in a chair. She looked about her with discontented eyes; very much as a stranger, out of congenial environment, might have done.

Her husband shambled before her, mystified and sad.

"You borrow of Hana-San," he said gloomily. "You spen' too moch time aht her house. Very bahd in-flu-ence upon you."

"This et-a-mine dress," she raised her black brows. "I buy this secon'-hond. My friend, Hana-San, loan five dollars an' six bits. You all times wishing me go too slow a pace." She pursed up her full crimson lips, feigning indifference to the bit of American slang so aptly launched.

There was an intense curiosity in his eyes as he stared at her. "I do what I cahn for my wife—by-an'-bye I hov money mebbe to buy expaensive Ah-merican clo'es."

"By-an'-bye I be dead," she replied, coldly.

"Som' day we travel liddle, mebbe. Togaether we go aht Jap-an an' stay wan year."

Umeko-San shook her head from side to side. "I do not wish. I naever want go 'way from this place."

Taro San passed his hand across his forehead as though smoothing out some wrinkle of perplexity.

"Only three years in this co'ntry an' now you hate the life like we hahd bahk aht Jap-an. Your poor head is full of fool-ish-ness."

They were silent for awhile. The only sound in the shop came from the scampering of mice in the walls. A rustling of falling plastering brought Umeko-San back to the realities.

"A beau-ti-ful place this is to live aht," she said, witheringly.

"I am very glahd to move aht aeny day," he answered her. He seated himself and began to sharpen a small tool on a leather strap.

"I got go 'way," she announced slowly. The pulse of her heart throbbed wildly. It took a courageous effort for her to keep her face lifted.

"I naever coming bahk aht this place."

The tool dropped from Taro-San's hand and clattered on the floor. He sat stunned, his eyes downcast for a brief moment. Then he glanced across at his gaudy little wife.

"We don't belong togaether," she went on with unconscious cruelty. She kept looking at her hands, gloved in white kid. "Two diff'ren' natures cahn never pull the same way. We were born diff'ren'." She looked steadily into her husband's eyes for some comprehensive sign. "Aeverywhere live lots of peoples which suit you," her voice was becoming soft and soothing. "Plenty more fish in the sea," now she showed her teeth in a dazzling smile, "moch more nize fish than me!"

Umeko-San began to laugh, but noting the effect of her words, her laugh ended abruptly in an uneasy catch of the breath.

"Where you going?" Taro San inquired quite roughly.

She moved forward in her chair so that one foot could rest comfortably on the floor.

"I stay all times with Hana-San when we wait on those de-cree. But you must have get those di-vorce!"

Taro-San's face slowly turned to an ashy gray. His large eyes gleamed uncannily.

"Who taell you say so!" Fierce anger rose up within him against some unknown person or force, whose identity he felt that he must establish at once.

"No one of us hos aeny cause," Kiyowara continued.

Umeko-San got up hurriedly and scuttled across to her husband. She fell into the despised gait she had lately been trying to forget. She bent forward to touch him on one of his stiffly folded arms.

"You hov got som' cause!" she said, excitedly.

"How you talking!"

The woman's eyes flashed with intense interest.

"Cruelty! I am cruelty when I talk this way!"

"Say! What you meaning?" he broke out fiercely. Then his face became dully apathetic.

As for the little Japanese woman, she soon left the shop to return to the lodgings of Hana-San. And out on the street she again adopted the American style of walking with as imitative a step as her foreign feet would permit.

* * * *

A year had gone by. The winter rains had become almost a constant downpour. Sometimes in the night Kiyowara listened to the water as it swished against the calla stalks in the yard. It drove against them with a hissing sound. A little stream fell with a constant drip, drip from the crack across the lopped limb of the decrepit live oak. To-night people were hurrying past the shop window, holding umbrellas low over their heads. The water burst in a gray fringe along the edge of the low wooden awning; and just above one slender supporting rod a broad jet of water spurted out through a break in the spout. The local train was flying by, its windows a dull, misty blur of washed out red. The rain came down faster and faster, beating a wild tempo on the awning roof. As a wagon enveloped in black oil-cloth drove hurriedly along the street, scattering the mud, the rain seemed in a mad slanting flurry to keep pace.

The door opened. In the wake of a draught of cold air Umeko-San, haggard and with stringy hair, dragged herself into the shop. Under her eyes, whose lids were red and swollen, were dark shadows. Pain and trembling irresolution about her lips seemed to threaten a paroxysm of weeping.

There was no exchange of greeting between the two. They stood in embarrassed, bashful silence until the woman spoke.

"I been in so moch sorrow since I marry with Satsumoto-San. You don' cahn know how moch trouble I been in." She held out her arms appealingly.

"I became sick," she went on, "very low." She searched his face eagerly for some gleam of familiar tender interest. "Maeny times I been hongry."

The scowl of Umeko-San's face might be at the recollection of days when she went supperless to bed; or at the mere impersonal kindness in her former husband's face, which had not the warmth she used to find there at the narration of the least of her personal affairs.

"You don' cahn know what I suffer from him. I hate him very moch. You thinking I hov the right to do thaht?"

The pleading in her voice touched him. He said in a serious tone:

"Aevery wan in this world hov maeny troubles. An' maeny womans hov loads too haevy for small bahks to corry."

She laughed with something of the glee of a happy child; yet there was a hint of tears through the laughter.

"Now you talk jos' like before I go 'way. I taell Satsumoto-San aevery day that Taro-San very first-class hosban'." She smiled up into his face for appreciation of the high compliment. Her smile slowly faded into a piteous, disappointed gravity. His face was irresponsive in its serious gloom.

She looked about the room.

"You fix up som' sence I gone away—painted new—aeverything clean—very nize." She pushed her wet hair back with both hands. And sighing wearily, she found a camp stool. Kiyowara seated himself near her.

"Flowers in the yellow vaze!" Umeko-San exclaimed. There was a touch of gayety in her voice and manner. "Stursheums! I lov' thot reech coalor—som' costomer bring those?"

A dark red glowed in the man's face before he grew paler than usual.

"A frien' give to me," he answered.

The woman looked sharply at the man.

"You mus' like to go out 'mong other peoples now—you change in thaht manner. Is thaht so?"

The flush in the man's face deepened. He looked out through the window. The rain was still pouring; the pedestrians were still draggling through it. Umeko-San's pensive gaze followed his.

"Very bahd night to be out in. I get chill to the bones coming here. Liddle fire would be good idea." She turned towards a very small cooking stove—it resembled a toy stove; and stood black and cheerless against the rear wall. "I been shiver all this winter—my hands naever get warm aeny more."

The man rose with awkward slowness. "I will make liddle fire if you say."

"Do thaht," she exclaimed, holding out her small hands, now not so well covered with firm, pale brown flesh as they had been. He did not take them. "And then by-an'-bye I do liddle cooking for jos' us two. An' mebbe," a tentative coquetry lit up her countenance, "by-an'-bye I come bahk an' stay here foraever."

The shoemaker went slowly out of the room without replying. When he returned he carried a box filled with kindling and sawed redwood logs. He put the wood into the stove too slowly for Umeko-San; so she made a dash for the sticks in his arm, saying:

"You go 'way—mon cahn naever do these domestic things. I build thaht fire an' cook supper Jap-an-ese fashion"—she laid her hand on his arm—"aeverything Jap-an-ese—rize cake an' fish—Oh, you don' cahn lay those sticks right fashion. Here! Let me do thaht."

She made the fire ready to light with a quickness very astonishing in her. The man was gazing down at her when she turned her eyes up to his face, reaching for the match he held. She was trembling with a new-found happiness. Then her glance went up to his face.

"Oh!" She drew her breath in with a gasp. With an intuition as quick as the flash of a bird's wing she understood, and her childish joy was changed at once to a woman's sorrow.

"You not wan' me stay foraever. You got 'nother liddle Jap-an-ese girl—is thaht so?"

He nodded his head in a mournful manner, not looking at her.

She slowly gathered up her wet umbrella from the floor. Then, without a backward glance, she went out into the street, where the cold rain was falling in heavy sheets. It was mingling its whitish gray blur with a rolling bank of fog.

B.J. HEMPHILL

THE FRONT ARCADE AS YOU ENTER THE MISSION BUILDING FROM THE STREET, AND A WELL-KNOWN MONK IN WAITING.

THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION

BY

SAMUEL NEWSOM

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

Much has been written of the old Missions of California, and ordinarily we would approach the subject timidly. However, the following article treats of one of California's wonderful features in a new way. Of the outside world, none had ever before entered the sacred garden of the monks until Mr. Newsom was accorded permission to study its beauty. Mr. Newsom, the author, an architect of attainments, is the first man who has been able to examine minutely the structure of the Mission, and his account will be therefore of great value to all interested in this famous landmark of our early history.—EDITOR.

REMOVE not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set.—Prov. 22:28.

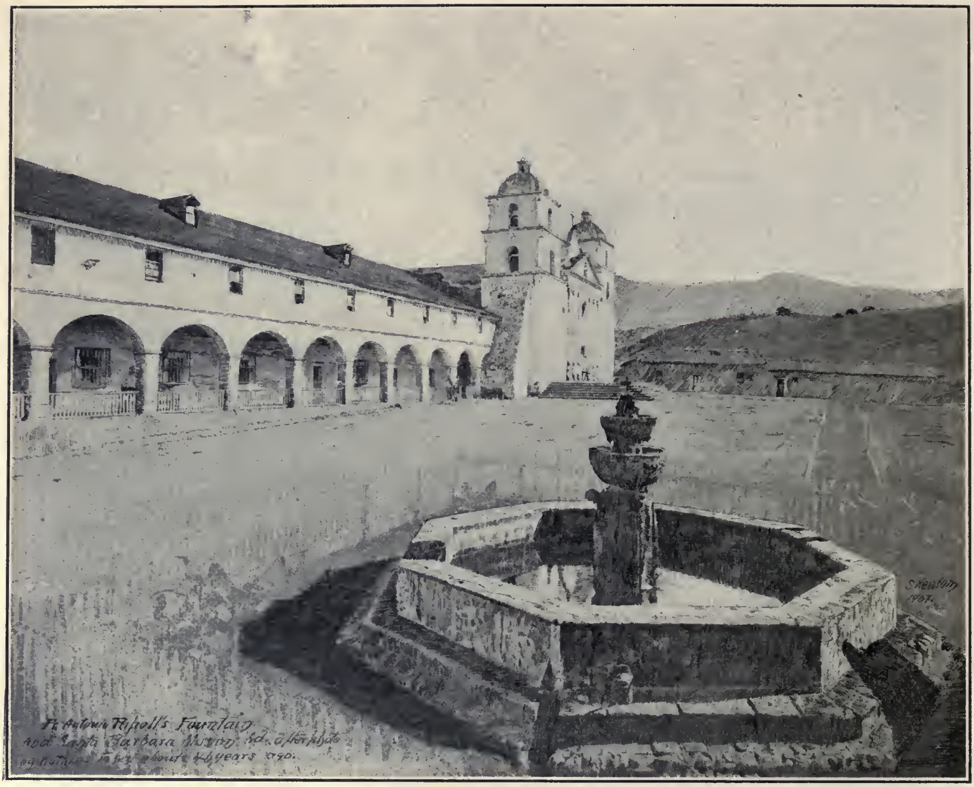
There are no records that I know of that show the arrangement or ground plan of our California missions. During a vacation spent in Santa Barbara, three years ago, I thought it would be well to make a ground plan of the Santa Barbara Mission—it being in a better condition than any of the others. It would show more clearly the arrangement not only of it, but of all the others, as they all are built round a hollow square. This is readily seen from the ruins. The rough work of these missions was done by Indians, under the direction of the Franciscan monks. The more finished carving, done in yellow stone, was undoubtedly done by skilled workmen, I think from Spain.

The first site of the Santa Barbara Mission was chosen on April 1, 1782, by Fr. Junipero Serra. Work was at once begun under an Indian chief, Tanonalit—who had authority over thirteen rancherias—who built a chapel, priest's house, store house, barracks and palisade enclosure. In 1789, on a new site, a second church was built, 25x90 feet, and roofed with tile, the first building being taken down. A third edifice was finished in 1794, measuring 27x135 feet, with a sacristy 15x27 feet. A brick porch was added in 1795. The orchard wall enclosure and nineteen adobe houses, with tile roofs, were built in 1798. In 1800, thirty-two more houses were built. In 1801 and 1802 there was a total of 113 adobe houses for the Indians to dwell in. From 1803 to 1807, 139 additional were added. In 1802 there were 1092 Indians, who lived at the mission, which owned 2100 head of cattle, 9,082 sheep, 215 horses, 427 mares and foals, and 8 mules. In 1803, 1792 Indians lived at the mission, the greatest number who were ever given shelter there.

In December, 1802, earthquakes damaged the buildings, and the church was taken down, as being beyond repair. In 1815 the present stone church was begun. It was finished in 1820, and dedicated in September, 1820.

The Superiors of the Old Mission at Santa Barbara were as follows:

*Fr. Antonio Paterna	1786 to 1793
Fr. Cristobel Oramas	1786 to 1790
Fr. Jose de Miguel	1790 to 1798
*Fr. Estavan Tapis	1793 to 1806
(He became superior to all the missions in 1803.)	
Fr. Juan Lope Cortes	1798 to 1805
*Fr. Marcos Amestoy	1804 to 1814
Fr. Marlos de Victoria	1805 to 1806
Fr. Jose Urresti	1805 to 1808


Fr. Antonio Ripoll's Fountain
and Santa Barbara Mission Sd. after photo
ag [illegible] about 44 years ago.
S. Newsom
1907.

SKETCH OF ANTONIO REPOLL'S FOUNTAIN, FROM AN OLD PHOTO BY WATKINS, BY SAMUEL NEWSOM. THIS IS FROM THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF THE MISSION BUILDING.

*Fr. Luis Gil y Taboada...1809 to 1813
1814 to 1815.
Fr. Ramon Olbes........1813 to 1816
*Fr. Antonio Ripoll.......1815 to 1828
*Fr. Francisco Suner.....1816 to 1823
Fr. Antonio Jayme......1821 to 1829
*Fr. Juan Moreno ....1828 to 1829
*Fr. Antonio Jimeno .....1829 to 1840
Fr. Narcisco Duran......1833 to 1846
Fr. Jose Maria Gonzalez de Rubio.... ....1843 to 1876

(Was superior of all the missions for a time, and administrator of the Diocese of California.)

Fr. Jose Joaquin ....1843 to 1856

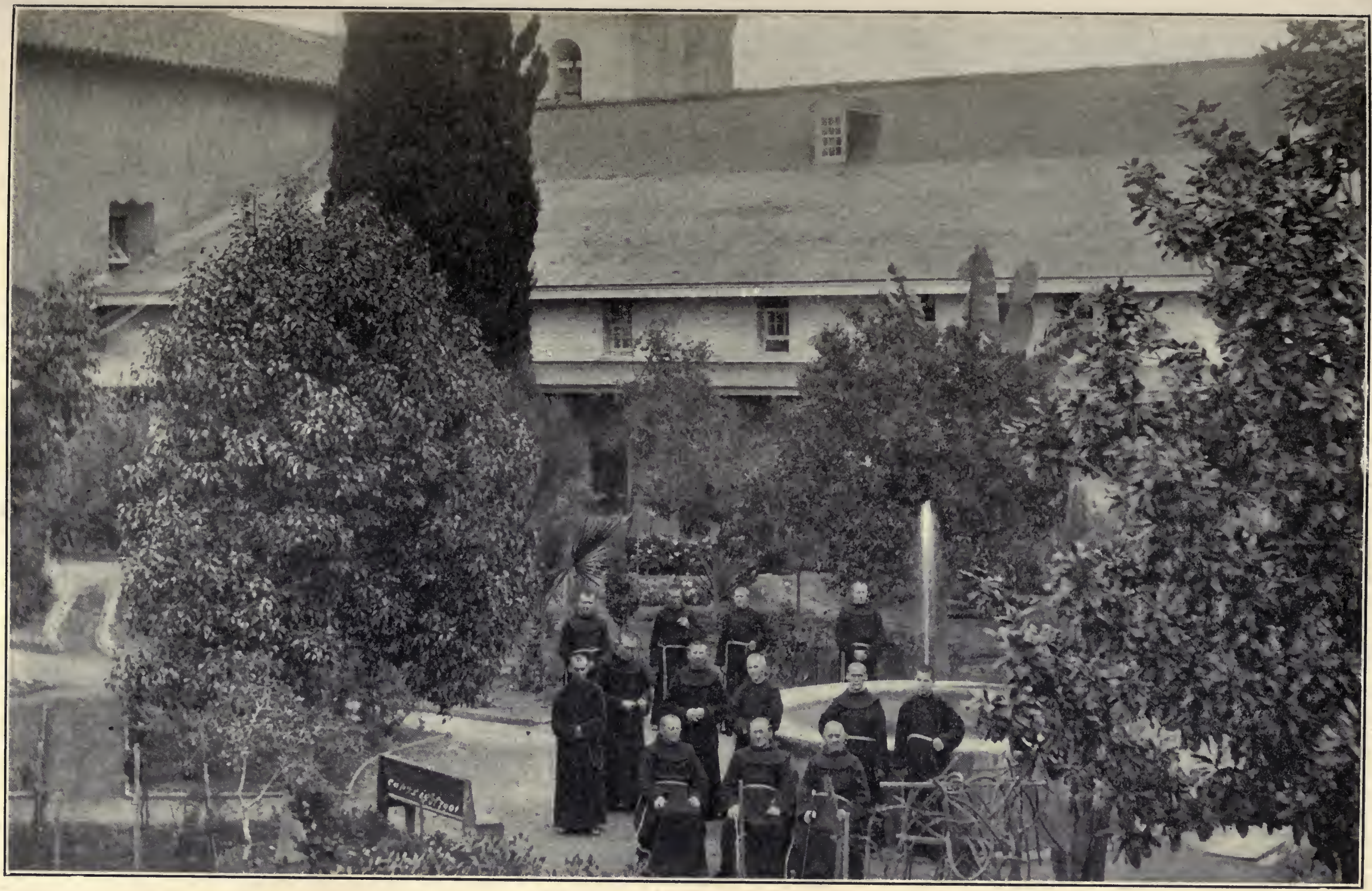
(During which time he was superior of all the missions, and founder of the Apostolic College at Santa Barbara City, which was distinct from the Mission, of which Fr. Antonio, his brother, always was the accredited missionary for the Indians.)

*Fr. Jose Marie Romo....1874 to 1885

(He was the first guardian of the regularly organized monastery having a number of priests and clerics as well as lay brothers.)

Fr. Ferdinand Bergmeyer.1885 to 1888
as Guardian.
Fr. Kilian Schloesser......1888 to 1891
as Guardian.
Fr. Hugh Fessler.........1891 to 1894
as Guardian.
Fr. Ferdinand Bergmeyer..1894 to 1896
as Guardian.
Fr. Servatius Altmicks..Acting Superior
1896.
Fr. Bernardine Weis......1896 to 1898
as Guardian.
Fr. Peter Wellischeck.....1898 to 1900
as Guardian.
Fr. Ludger Glauber........1900 to——
as Guardian.

It is impossible to say which of the early missionaries was the superior at the respective missions. Usually the senior



IN THE SACRED GARDEN. THE TALL DARK TREE IS THE BISHOP'S CYPRESS, ABOUT NINETY YEARS OLD.

acted as such in an emergency, but they divided the work in such a way that one devoted himself to the temporal affairs, while the other chiefly instructed the Indians in the Christian doctrine and administered the Sacraments, though not exclusive to either one. Those marked with a * were in charge, without a doubt.

The above was written and signed by Rev. Ludger Glauber, O. F. M., Superior, Old Mission, Santa Barbara, California.

You can see the square, yellow towers of the old Mission, with its background of high hills from almost any part of the bay as you enter the harbor, or from the city of Santa Barbara. The street cars take you there in about twenty minutes from the railroad station. Stopping at the yellow stone fountain in front of the Mission, the strong, simple lines of its vase-like center, and its broad basin, octagon shape, all covered with lichen, is the first thing you see as you get off the car. The entrance part of the facade of the Mission structure, with its massive square towers and sweeping buttresses, noble entrance steps and tiled landing leading to the entrance door, forms a strong architectural ending to the arcade, which occupies the rest of the front, and which shelters the loggia. The impression one gets on first viewing the building, standing out in its yellow gray against the pearl blue sky, is remarkable, and one feels that here is a landmark indeed, and to stay, and standing, too, for all that is best in our land.

As seen by the ground plan, the main front is backed by wings, one at each end, that to the right being the chapel wing, and the other to the left the schoolrooms and working apartments. An open shed connects these two rooms, thus forming a square. Around this square are the cement and tile floored cloisters, enclosing the monks' or sacred garden. Here no one but the monks are allowed, and they say few women have ever entered its space. Those lucky ones who have caught glimpses of it from the choir room from the stone tower have remarked how hard it was to describe. When I first got sight of it, and tried to put the simple outlines of the flower beds on paper, it seemed impossible, but afterwards it took on the beautiful shape I have tried to outline. But the whole effect of the garden, with its rank growth of shrub and tree and flower will never be forgotten. I marked down the names of the shrubbery as nearly as I could name them, but one of the fathers kindly undertook to get me a more complete list. It is too lengthy to reproduce here, but among the flowers and herbs were those of both temperate and tropical regions, including nearly every name well known to flower lovers.

INTERIOR OF CHURCH.

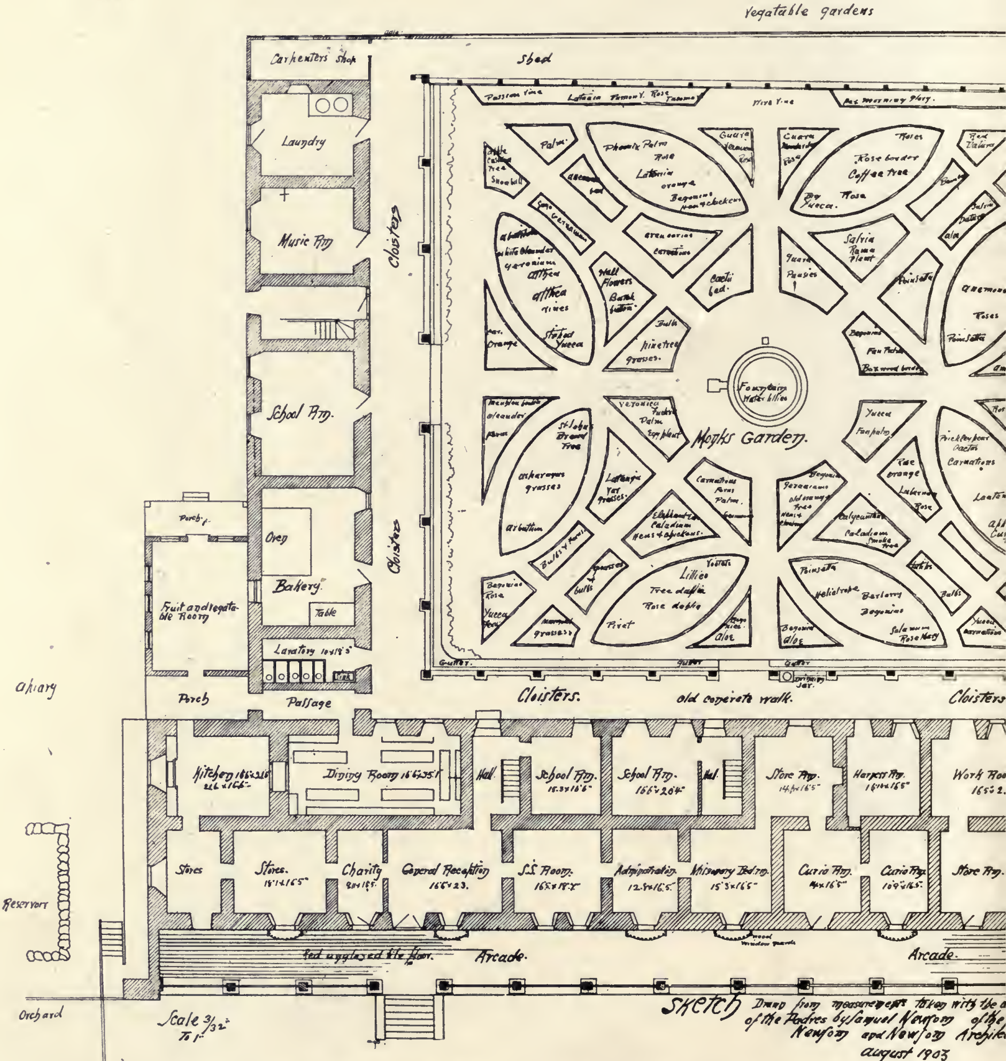
SYCAMORE TREES, "THE COTTA SISTERS." THE STONES SHOW THE OLD WATER-WAY NOW DRY

The ground plan was made with the assistance of the padres, and together we measured and sketched until every picture, statue, altar and cross was marked.

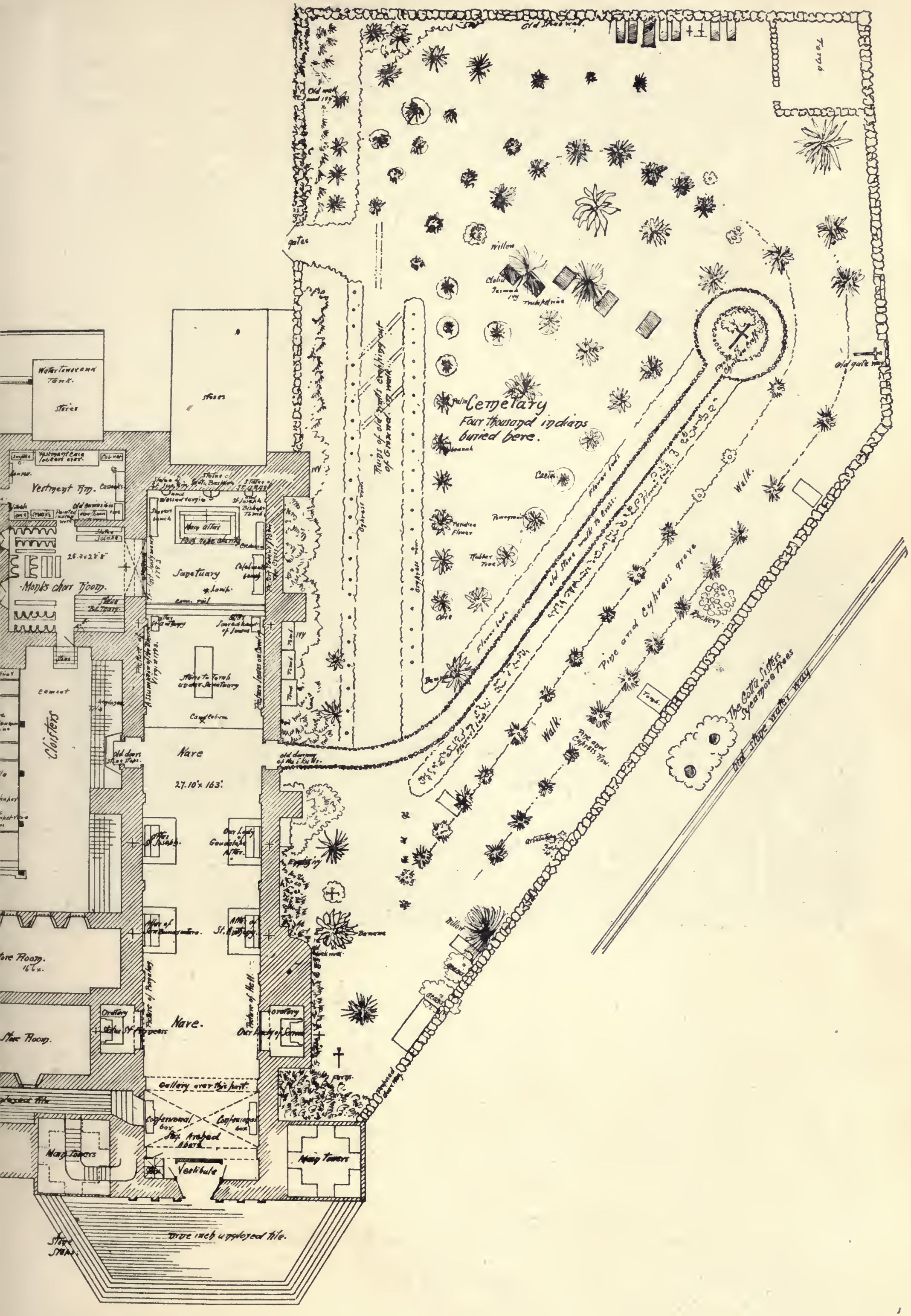
The cemetery is reached through the skull or side door of the church. This part the public is allowed to enter. It is not used for burial now. Over the door you see human skulls set in the wall.

There is an air of peaceful quietness about the missions that can only be appreciated by those who have wandered leisurely around its cloisters, through its gardens and its orchards.

The ringing of the old Spanish bells, the hum of the humming birds and bees among the flowers, the pigeons cooing in the rafters, the smiling faces of the monks and students in their brown tasselled gowns, as they pass on their way to mass, make an indelible impression, and the pearl-blue sky overhead make me now, as


Vegatable gardens
Carpenters' shop
Shed
Laundry
Music Rm
Cloisters
School Rm.
Oven
Bakery
Table
Lavatory 10x18.5
Porch
Fruit and vegetable Room
Apiary
Passage
Monks Garden
Fountain Water lillies
Phoenix Palm
Rose
Coffee tree
Yucca
Cloisters.
old concrete walk.
Cloisters
Kitchen 16.6x31.6
Dining Room 16.6x35.1
Hall
School Rm. 15.3x16.6
School Rm. 16.6x20.4
Hall
Store Rm. 14.8x16.5
Harness Rm. 16.4x16.5
Work Roo
Stores
Stores. 15.1x16.5
Charity 9.0x16.5
General Reception 16.6x23.
S.S. Room. 16.5x18.7
Administration 12.5x16.5
Missionary Bed rm. 15.3x16.5
Curio Rm. 14x16.5
Curio Rm. 10.9x16.5
Store Rm.
Reservoir
wood window panels
Red unglazed tile floor.
Arcade.
Arcade.
Orchard
Scale 3/32" To 1'
Sketch Drawn from measurements taken with the
of the Padres by Samuel Newsom of the
Newsom and Newsom Archite
august 1903

THE GROUND PLAN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA
MISSION BD.



Old stone wall.
Tomb
Old wall and ivy
gates
Willow
Cholla
German ivy
Trumpet vine
Palm
Cemetary
Four thousand indians buried here.
Ruins of old walls cropping out of Ground.
Cypress row
Banana
Cactus
Pomegranite
Paradise Flower
Rubber Tree
Olive
Flower beds
Old Stone walk to Cross.
Figure of Christ on Cross
Old gate way
Walk.
Pine and Cypress grove
Rockery.
Tomb.
Pine and Cypress Row.
The Gotta Sisters Sycamore Trees
Old stone water way
Arbutus
Willow
Acacia
Water Tower and Tank.
Stores
Stores
Vestment Case lockers over.
Vestment Rm.
Cassocks
Monks choir Room.
25.0 x 28' 8"
Statue St. Joseph
Statue Bl. Mary
Statue of St. Joseph and Blessed Virgin
Statue of St. Bastian
Statue of St. Angel
Main altar
St. Joseph Bishops Tomb
Sanctuary
Lamp
Com. rail
Last Judgment 1793
Cross
Altar St. Joseph
Altar Sacred heart of Jesus
Stairs to Tomb under Sanctuary
Candelabra
Picture of Assumption of the Blessed Virgin 1795.
Picture Jesus on Cross
Cement
Cloisters
Old doors stone steps.
Old doorway of the Skulls
Nave
27.10' x 163'
Altar St. Joseph.
Our Lady of Guadalupe Altar.
Altar of St. Bonaventure.
Altar of St. Anthony.
Store Room.
Store Room.
Picture of Purgatory
Picture of Hell.
Oratory
Statue St. Francis
Nave.
Oratory
Our Lady of Sorrows
Banana
Gallery over this part.
Confessional box
Confessional box
Arched Above
Vestibule
Main towers
Main Towers
Stone Steps.
Five inch unglazed tile.

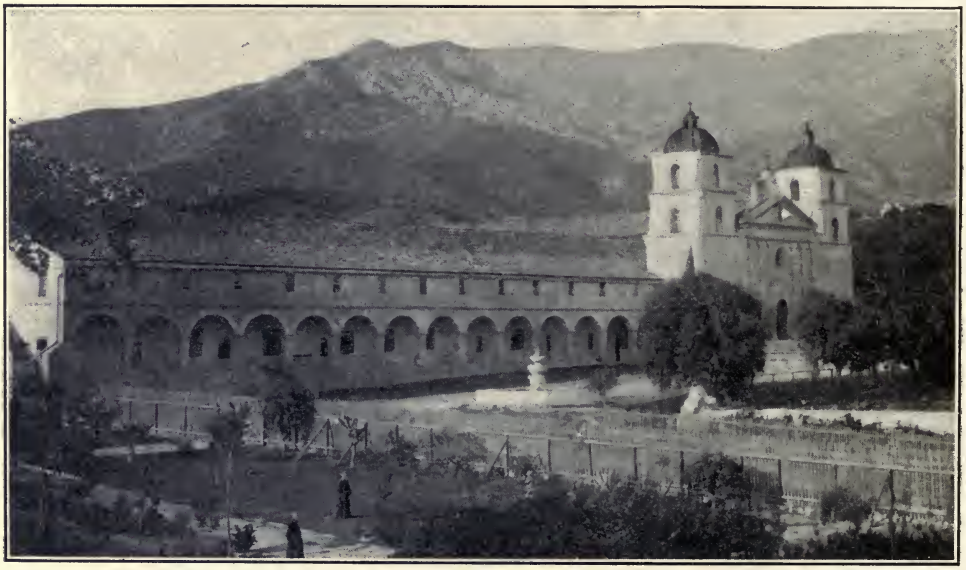
I recall it, wish I could again see them and feel their warm greetings and pass some more delightful days with them.

The ground plan gives an idea of the arrangement of this mission, and by the way, is typical of all the other missions, for in nearly every one the ruins of the enclosed squares are easily discerned. Stone walls surround the cemetery, and the old walls of stone with trenches on top, once used to carry the water from the reservoirs above to the building and grounds in former years are now dry, and the effect of the ivy growing out is quaint and striking. The stone walls are now nearly as good as they ever were, while in many of the other missions the walls, being of adobe, the rains have nearly destroyed them. The mission building walls are very thick, giving deep shadows to all openings and archways. The windows opening into the front loggia have wood grilles, casement sash and panels, folding back in the deep walls, and are charming pieces of work.

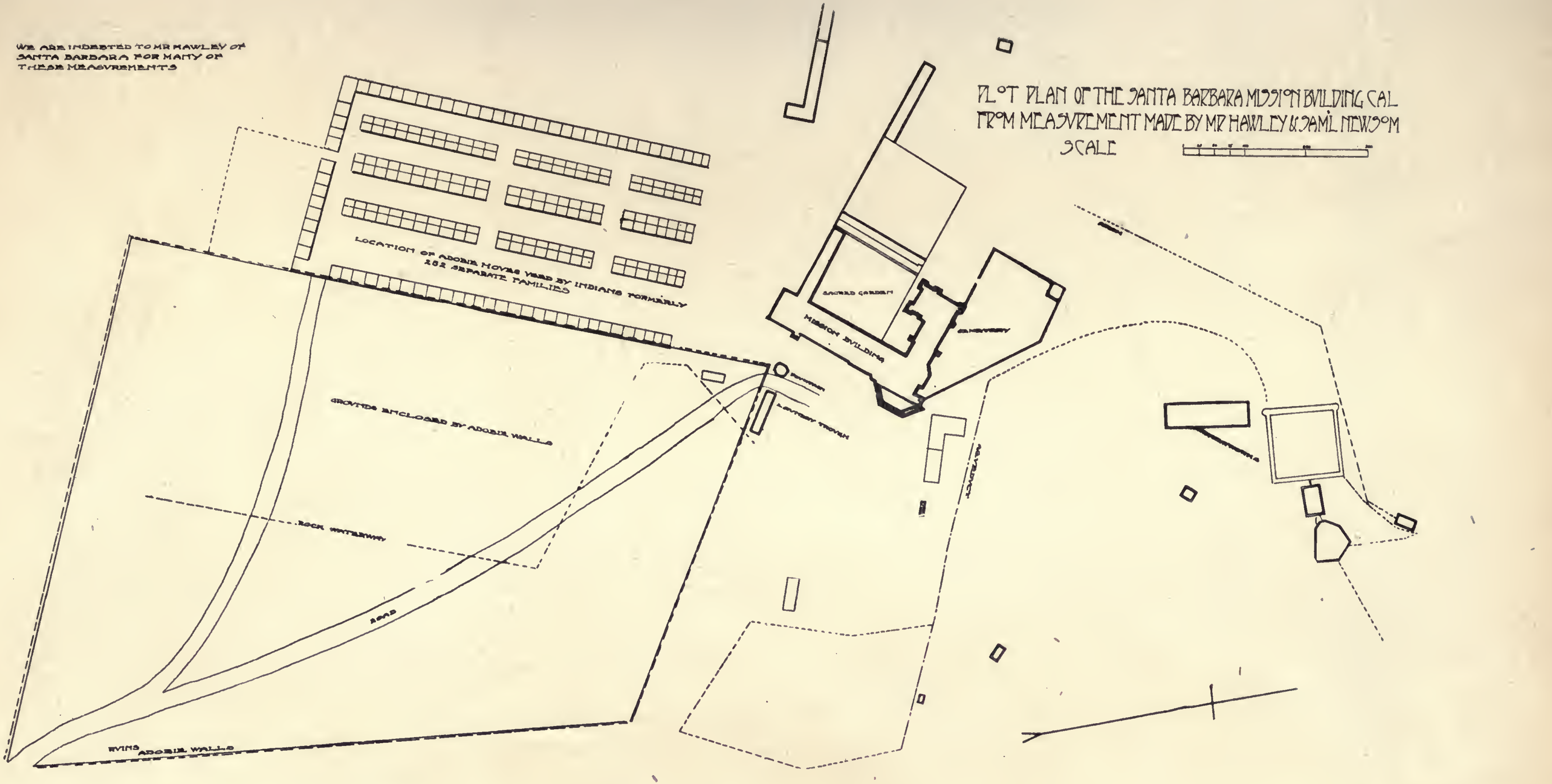
The chapel has been photographed so many times that a very good idea can be gotten of what it looks like.

But the atmosphere of the place, the hushed voices of the monks, the devout gestures of the worshipers, the dim light and peaceful spirit of Fr. Junipero Serra, which seems to hover over all the missions and especially here, leaves a memory very pleasing and restful to recall, and impossible to fully describe.

I remember 'twas twilight in the sacred garden. From the far fields come the meadow lark's call. The vesper bells were sounding, calling the monks to worship. The odor of the orange trees and Datura flowers, re-inforced with sweet-smelling herbs, filled the air. The green of the Bishop's cypress stood out dark and beautiful against the sunlit lichen covered walls. With the rich-hued roof tiles, the last rays of the sun lingering on them, illuminating the glorious Bourganville vine near the choir room door. Harmonious voices are singing, and contentment reigns. The pictures, altars and candles, the statues, the great store of rare and ancient vestments, the curios and old hand-made books, all lend additional charms of their own.


THE MISSION BUILDING AS IT STANDS TO-DAY.

The two trees marked on the ground plan ("The Cotta Sisters"), were formerly branches of sycamore trees used to support the wet clothes hung to dry by two charming Spanish girls, so the legend goes, who washed their dainty clothes in the old stone water-way, and the continual dampness


WE ARE INDEBTED TO MR HAWLEY OF SANTA BARBARA FOR MANY OF THESE MEASVREMENTS
PLOT PLAN OF THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION BUILDING CAL
FROM MEASVREMENT MADE BY MR HAWLEY & SAML NEWSOM
SCALE
LOCATION OF ADOBE HOUSES USED BY INDIANS FORMERLY
252 SEPARATE FAMILIES
SACRED GARDEN
MISSION BUILDING
CEMETERY
FOUNTAIN
LAVATORY TROUGH
AQUEDUCT
GROUNDS ENCLOSED BY ADOBE WALLS
ROCK WATERWAY
ROAD
RUINS ADOBE WALLS

PLOT PLAN OF THE MISSION BUILDINGS. TO THE LEFT THE INDIAN HOUSES; IN FRONT THE ORCHARDS; IN THE CENTER THE CHURCH CEMETERY AND GARDEN; TO THE RIGHT THE RESERVOIR. MEASURED BY MR. HAWLEY, OF SANTA BARBARA.

A. S. NEWSOM.

caused them to take root and grow, and finally to become the trees now there.

The girls have long since grown to be grandmothers, the water-way is dry, but with the new leaves come each year remembrances of the senoritas, and under their peaceful shade the contented monks rest and dream.

THANK GOD FER "CALIFORNY"

BY

ALICE D. O. GREENWOOD

I got a letter tother day
Frum friends away back East,
An' they said as how they hed jist now
Two foot o' snow at least.
That murcury was a-loafin'
Close aroun' the zero mark,
That the day was cold an' blustry,
An' the nights was wild an' dark.

So I jis' sot down an' writ 'em,
An' says I: "Now, looky here,
There ain't no sense in livin'
Whur fer six months o' the year
You're a fitin' an' contendin'
Fer yer life gin snow an' ice.
Why not come to Californy?
Whur it's simply paradise.

Then I jis glanced out the winder,
An' the picter that I seen
Was a door-yard full o' posies,
An' the hills all clothed in green,
An' my neighbor's cows a-grazin'
In clover to their knees,
An' a gentle breath a-stirrin'
'Mong the blossoms in the trees.

An' I thought of the old home place
Away back there in Maine,
An' I could see the snow drifts,
An' the frosty window pane,
An' the mill-pond in the medder
(Whur I come nigh drowndin' twice).
I node was all froze over,
Jis a solid glare of ice.

An' says I in solemn earnest
Like a preacher when he's took
Afore his congregation
His tex' frum out the Book:
"Thank God fer Californy,"
An' I ain't a mite o' doubt
It's the place 'twas once called Eden
That the Scripture tells about.

AN IDYLL OF THE CIRCLE L.

BY

STELLA F. WYNNE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. BURROUGH.

JERRY, the Circle L's oldest and most talkative vaquero, sat outside the stables on an upturned bucket from which he had just emptied the hot soap suds, chuckling to himself and watching his harness dry in the sunshine. Jerry did not hear the Old Man—the boss of Circle L—ride up until the latter yelled sharply in his ear:

"What's the matter with you, Jerry—taken an overdose o' laughin' gas?"

It was easy to tell by the Old Man's tone that his mood was none of the pleasantest.

"When did you get back, Jedge?" asked Jerry.

"Half an hour ago—and not a man to be seen on the whole ranch. I went over to the bunk house to find out if the boys were all dead, and there they were calmly snoring. I got 'em up in a hurry, an' they were the sorriest set that ever faced the mornin' sun. If you'd rounded 'em up you wouldn't have found more'n half with their normal number o' teeth, an' only 'bout five that could see out o' both eyes at once. I stood an' looked at 'em sittin' on the sides o' their bunks an' er-feelin' o' their injuries for a little, an' then I asked 'em quiet if they'd had a band o' stampedin' cattle run over them, an' they said no, they'd been at a dance. Dance," snapped the Old Man, "they must o' danced on each other."

Jerry shifted to the other side of the bucket.

"I'll give you the inside facts, Jedge, if you want."

"If I *want*—'course I want."

"Well, the widdy Norton gave what she calls a leap year dance last night. The ladies were all to bring pretty boxes o' lunch with their names tucked inside, an' the widdy auction them boxes off to the boys. Now, both Ike Gregg an' Joe Cooper are er-courtin' your Miss Sally—"

The Old Man leaned forward in his saddle and chewed his mustache viciously.

"What she been doin' now?"

"Your Miss Sally," continued Jerry, without noticing the interruption, "takes each o' them boys aside separately before th' dance an' shows him a pink tissy paper box covered up with violets, an' tells him that if he doesn't get that box he needn't ever look at *her* again. Of course, at the bettin' both them boys were bound to get that pink tissy paper box if it cost him six months' salary. They kept raisin' each other until the widdy began to have visions o' payin' the mortgage off o' her farm.

"Pretty soon the rest caught on what was doin', and commenced bettin' on the winner. Well, sir, inside o' five minutes that hall looked like a race track pool room on a busy day. Then jes' in the midst o' everything, Joe swollered a chew o' tobacco the wrong way in his excitement, and while his friends were poundin' him on the back, the widdy got rattled and knocked down the pink tissy paper box to Ike."

"Well, that don't account for their black eyes," said the Old Man, as Jerry paused to let him have the full effect of his remarks.

"Oh, that was jes' the beginnin' o' things. When Ike opened that pink tissy paper box, instead o' Miss Sally's name he found the name o' that old maid school marm over from Beaver Trap Ridge, an' there was your Miss Sally er-eatin' calmy with that sorrel headed surveyor fellow from Guenerelis, who's been makin' eyes at her so much.

"Ike was so mad that he wouldn't eat with the school marm, an' her brother started to fight him for it. By that time things in general were gettin' pretty lively. The boys who had backed Joe wanted all bets declared off because he had been incapacydated. The boys that backed Ike wouldn't hear o' it, so one-half asked the other half to step outside. You seen the result yourself."

The old man brought his fist down on the horn of his saddle with a bang that made his cayuse jump.

"That settles it—that settles it, I say; that girl o' mine has run wild long enough—she's got to be broke. That's the third time this month that this ranch has been turned upside down by her——"

At this point, the conversation was interrupted by the noise of hoof-beats, and Sally herself, her hair flying and her dress fluttering, came toward them at full gallop. She reined her horse in with a suddenness that would have thrown any but a ranch girl from the saddle, and called out:

"Pop, come on back—breakfast's ready." Then noticing Jerry: "Hello, Circle L Gazette. Pop been readin' you this morning? Suppose you got scareheads on how bad the boy's been?"

"A drunken, vicious, rope-losin' set o' ruffians," said the Old Man, his wrath kindling afresh. "Just when you want 'em they're all off on a spree, or they're jest gettin' over a spree, or they're preparin' to go on a spree. They can't go off one at a time and get drunk like gentlemen, but they have to stampede like a bunch o' crazy steers. They can't——"

"Come on, Pop—stop malignin' a virtuous, peaceful, lady-like set o' gentlemen riders—bacon's gettin' hard and coffee's gettin' cold," and Sally leaned over and gave her father's horse a cut with her quirt.

"Sally," said her father with deliberation as she cleared away the lunch dishes that noon, "I've been thinkin' earnestly over your future, and I decided that it's high time for you to get married an' settle down. Now, there's Ike and Joe that you've been er-foolin' and playin' tricks on these two years, an' I decided after considerin' the matter that it'd be only right an' jest to choose between 'em."

"But, Pop, if I choose Joe it won't be just to Ike, an' if I choose Ike it won't be just to Joe."

"It's better to be jest to one than to neither o' them."

The boss of the Circle L got up from the table, and as he left the room, said with a brave assumption of parental authority:

"I told 'em to come at one o'clock, Sally, for you to choose," and he shut the door hurriedly. Sally gazed around the room a moment in bewildered surprise, looked at the clock, and then ran quickly to the kitchen window.

Two figures were wending their way toward the ranch house—one from the west and one from the north. Sally made a face, then laughed and ran back into the dining room. One by one she carried the chairs into the kitchen and shut the door between.

"No use makin' men too comfortable," she said to the Maltese curled up under the stove.

A moment later there was a timid knock on the door, and in response to her "Come in!" the two suitors, who had reached the house at the same time, entered. Sally brushed crumbs vigorously from the table, and glanced up just long enough to say:

"How d' do, Ike? How d' do, Joe? Sit down and make yourselves at home."

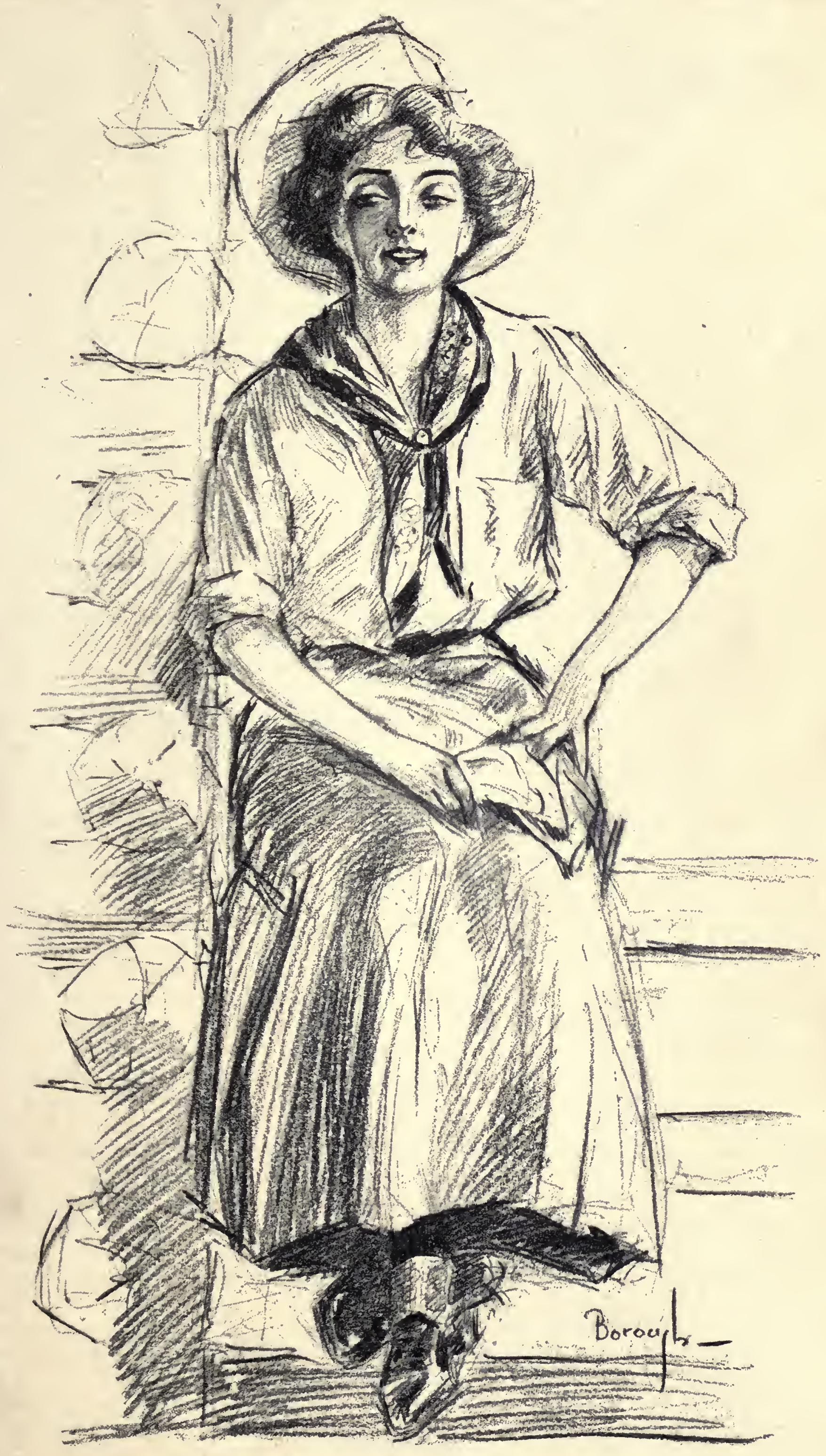
"There ain't no cheers, Sally."

"That's so," said Sally, and went on brushing the crumbs off the table.

The suitors glanced at each other, cleared their throats, and shifted uneasily from one foot to another. Ike went over and placed his hat on the table, then becoming doubtful about the etiquette of the move, went over and took it off again. The silence grew long and strained.

Sally finally got through with the crumbs, seated herself on a corner of the table, and after subjecting the suitors to a long and critical stare, remarked:

"Have you ever noticed that cattle-rustlers and horse-thieves always go in pairs—a long and a short?"



"SALLY."

The suitors looked at each other questioningly, and deciding that the remark was impersonal, smiled politely in unison.

"Ike," said Sally, gazing at the freckles that covered the countenance of the tall, lank Mr. Gregg, "do you know that you're gettin' to look more 'n more like a pinto mule every day?"

Mr. Gregg turned red to the rims of his ears, tried to speak, choked, and stood helpless, leaning against the wall. Mr. Cooper gave vent to a loud laugh, which, bethinking himself of his dignity and somewhat alarmed by the look in his rival's eye, he cut short in the middle.

"What you laughin' at? *Me?* asked Mr. Gregg, recovering his voice and doubling up his fists.

"I ain't laughin' at nobody, Ike—an' remember you're in the presence of a lady."

Mr. Gregg looked abashed, and glanced out of the corner of his eye at Sally to see if she had noticed his breach of etiquette. Then getting up his courage and staring straight at her, he gulped once or twice, and said:

"Sally, your pop says you're to choose between me an' "—pointing a finger of scorn at Joe, "him."

"Choose you for what—prize calves?"

The suitors looked at each other.

"You're makin' fools o' us," said Joe.

"Couldn't do that," said Sally, balancing the crumb brush, "the Lord got in ahead of me."

"Your Pop says you got to marry one o' us—if you don't he's goin' to send you to a convent school."

Sally wrinkled her forehead and looked at them as they leaned against the door—red, perspiring and self-conscious. Then she laughed as a sudden idea struck her.

"You're both such handsome, intelligent men," she said, slowly, "that I can't make up my mind which to choose—so I've thought of a plan. You know Pop's two three-year-olds that he's been intendin' to break? Well, this is my plan—you each take one and whoever breaks his horse first, I'll choose him."

"That suits me, Sally," said Mr. Gregg, relieved almost to the point of tears at the prospect of something definite to do.

"Me, too," said Mr. Cooper, and the two departed in high delight at getting off so easily.

The news of the horse-breaking contest for the hand of Sally spread over the ranch like a forest fire in a high wind. All the vaqueros who were able crawled out and sat on the ground in a long line in front of the Circle L ranch house, smoking, talking and joshing one another. A wedding or a horse-breaking will always bring out ranch men in large quantities, and this combined the merits of the two. The gambler spirit, uncrushed by the experience of the preceding night, was in full evidence. Betting on each suitor ran high.

Two superb three-year-olds, one a chestnut sorrel, one a black, were led blindfolded from the corral to the level space in front of the ranch house. The bits worried them and they jerked back their heads and pranced a little.

"Here you are, boys—toss up for your horses. Heads, Modoc; tails, Chapel," said the Old Man.

Ike took the silver dollar, and threw it with a flip of his thumb into the air. It came down heads. "Chapel for you, Joe," he said. Then, with a run and a light spring each was in the saddle.

At the same moment the men at the horses' heads slipped the leather bands from their eyes and jumped back. Chapel, the chestnut sorrel, the moment he saw Joe, shot straight ahead a hundred yards, leaped into the air, shot ahead again and disappeared around a bend of the road.

Black Modoc rolled his beautiful eyes until only the whites showed, made a vicious bite at Ike's leg, and with a whinny of rage, bucked and came down stiff-legged. Then he ran with his head down, straight toward a pine that grew along the side of the road. Ike, who knew of old the tricks of horses, swung his leg up over the horn of the saddle just in time to keep it from getting crushed against the tree. Regaining his balance, he drove in his sharpened spurs and brought down the quirt with all the strength of his strong, lean arm. The frightened young bronco bucked again and again. The struggle for mastery began.

Meanwhile in the kitchen Sally wiped the dinner dishes slowly, meditatively. Her brows were drawn together in a frown, and as the contest went on the frown deepened. Coming back from her fifth trip to the front of the house, she chanced to glance out the kitchen window.

"Why," she said to the sleepy Maltese under the stove, "he's back. I know because I can see his hair." Then, catching up the dish towel, she rushed to the window and waved it violently. The red haired boy, who was surveying a couple of hundred yards away, saw and ran up to the window.

"What are you waving that towel for —want me, Sally?"

"Ed, come 'ere. Are you as dead set on marryin' me as you was last night?"

"Sure."

"All right—I accept you. Shall I name the day right off?"

"Sure."

"Well, I name to-day."

"You're the boss," said the red-haired boy, bewildered but acquiescent.

"Then go right along and rustle two horses from the corral—my pinto pony and Captain Graves'—an' tie them to the buckeye tree over by the watering trough. Then come for me."

A minute later the red haired boy lifted Sally, hat box and a telescope basket, from the kitchen window. Taking her hand they ran, bending low and laughing, to where the horses were tied under the buckeye.

While the horse-breaking contest for her hand was going on in front of the Circle L ranch house, the red-haired boy and Sally were galloping gaily down the mountain road that passed the back of the house to where below the yellow flats of Jamesburg gleamed in the sunshine.

The excitement ran high in front of the Circle L. The black three-year-old had bucked continually for an hour, but Ike still managed to stick on him. The lean vaquero's face was white, and every time that Modoc struck the ground after a wild leap into the air, the blood came in little spurts from his nose and mouth. Still, he was plying the spurs and quirt bravely.

Suddenly at the left bend of the road, Joe appeared. Chapel was tossing his head and taking little jumping steps to the left and right, but he was undoubtedly "broke."

"We-ee," yelled Joe gleefully, as they passed in review before the cheering men, "we're doin' a two-step," and he tossed his sombrero in the air. It fell just in front of the horse's head, and he reared up on his hind legs, then bolted across the level space in front of the ranch house like a streak of lightning.

A laugh went up from the line in front of the house.

In a few seconds Joe appeared again, and was greeted with:

"Come and stay awhile, Joe; what's your hurry?"

"You're not startin' off to get married so soon, are you?" and remarks of a similar order.

"Go on, now, you crazy son of a pack mule," said the vaquero. "Can't you walk straight? You act as if you'd eaten loco weed."

"Joe's won," was the general decision, for Modoc, who came of a more fiery stock, still bucked uncontrollably.

"Get off, Ike, and we'll finish him tomorrow," said the Old Man kindly. "Fortune of war, my boy."

The Old Man and Jerry ran to the horse's head while Ike got off. He staggered a little as he walked over and sat down shamefacedly on the ranch house steps.

"Come on, boys," said the Old Man; "we'll go in and fetch Sally."

The whole band entered the ranch house with a noisy shuffling of feet and much laughter.

"Sally," called her father, "Oh, Sally!"

Only the echoes answered.

"Sally—where are you? Come 'ere —Joe's won."

No answer.

"Maybe she's hidin' 'cause she's bashful," suggested the successful suitor anxiously.

Here, Jerry, who had penetrated to the kitchen on an exploring expedition, handed a piece of paper to the Old Man.

"Found it pinned to the roller," he announced importantly.

The Old Man took it and read aloud:

"Dear Pop—I decided that if I was going to broke double I'd choose my own running mate.

"Your affectionate,
"SALLY."

"P. S.—Gone to Jamesburg."

"Well, I'll be darned," said the Old Man.

"How's that? Has she gone?" asked the successful suitor.

"Took the bit between her teeth an' bolted," said the Old Man, a slight tinge of admiration creeping into his voice in spite of himself.

The unsuccessful suitor burst into a loud laugh, and all the rest followed his example.

"Gentlemen," said the Old Man, and every vaquero in the room shifted to two feet and stood up straight, "I want to announce that my daughter Sally is goin' to be married in Jamesburg this evening.

While I'm not sure who her partner's going to be, I strongly suspect the sorrel haired boy who is surveying the ranch, he being the only eligible man absent from this distinguished gatherin'. You are all invited to attend the weddin' an' I want to announce that the buckboard will be filled with hay for those gentlemen indisposed by dancin' or otherwise to ridin' horseback. Saddle up."

His words were greeted by a prolonged cheer—then the vaqueros scattered toward the corrals and stables.

Five minutes later, a cavalcade of Circle L cowboys, followed at a short distance by the Circle L buckboard, wended their way down the narrow mountain road toward where the flats of Jamesburg gleamed red in the sunset.

"Ike," said the successful suitor to the unsuccessful suitor, as they lay stretched out comfortably on the straw, "I pity that sorrel-headed boy."

"We had a lucky escape," said the unsuccessful suitor. "Bronco bustin' won't be in it with keepin' her from kickin' over the traces."

"You're both pretty lucky," said old Jerry, from the depths of the straw, "to be able to look at yourselves and know that you're still single men an' free. You both had a narrow escape from marryin' a very frivolous young woman, and one what hasn't a due respect for age."

The suitors did not answer, but lay on the flat of their backs in the warm straw and stared meditatively at the far off, silent and unsympathetic stars as they jolted over the rough mountain road to Sally's wedding.

SOMEWHERE

BY

ISABELLE M. TENNANT

In the beautiful gardens of somewhere,
There are flowers of faith and trust.
They are yielding there, all their fragrance rare,
As they bloom in the leaf-strewn dust.

On the deep, pearl-crested seas of Somewhere,
There are ships of hope in the night,
They are steering there to the shores of care,
With the pilot of Love in sight.

In the bright blue of the skies of Somewhere
There are clouds that are silver-lined.
They are hidden there, by a rain-bow fair,
And are ours—yours and mine—to find.

ON THE OREGON TRIAL

AN EARLY SETTLER'S STORY

BY FRANK H. SWEET

ABOUT the year 1849, when I was barely in my twenties, I had been knocking about the Oregon country for a year or two, trading here and there with whites and reds, and looking for a place that suited me for permanent residence. Many emigrant "trains" were arriving from the East over the old Oregon trail. All these had to make a long detour down the Snake river to reach a ford; and I perceived that a ferry at the point where the trail struck the river, would be the source of a considerable income to its proprietor.

Many of the immigrants, and especially those from New England, had good sums of coin with them, and few, I reasoned, would care to go out of their way sixty or seventy-five miles, when for a dollar a wagon, they could be ferried across the Snake river promptly and safely.

I made up my mind to establish such a ferry. With ponies, men and materials, I made the trip to the river, and began work on the first flat-boat ever seen on the upper waters of the Snake.

The work did not make the rapid progress I had anticipated. I grew tired of the food, which consisted mainly of dry-salted pork and corn-dodgers. The salmon were running, but the water was so deep that we could not kill them.

There was a cascade on the river about sixty miles away, where the Indians came yearly to catch and cure fish. I was not then as well known among the Indians as I became afterward, and did not dare venture among them alone.

At a distance of a few miles, on the opposite side of the river, there was an old post of the Hudson Bay Company, consisting of a palisade store-house and several dwellings, where an agent and several men were always to be found. I had no doubt that I could get a man there who knew the Indians well, to help me obtain the fish, and with this plan in view, I left my men one day and set off for fresh salmon.

I found but three men at the post—a Scotchman, a half-breed and a Kanaka or Sandwich Islander.

The Kanaka had lived among the Snake Indians, and could converse with them in their own language. I made an arrangement whereby the Kanaka was to pack a pony with blankets and other saleable goods, and make a trip with me to the salmon fishery, in behalf of the post.

We started in the afternoon, camped that night on the river bank, and reached the cascade at about noon the next day.

The Kanaka left the pony in a thicket, at some distance from the Indians, saying that we must not show our goods until we saw in what mood they were. We were both dressed in the Hudson Bay Company's costume, which consisted of a blue flannel shirt, a broad-brimmed hat, green trousers and a drab coat, or jacket, of doeskin. Each of us carried a revolver; I had also a carbine. As I was at that time somewhat stout and florid, I felt that I might pass anywhere for a young Englishman. That circumstance, indeed, was very fortunate for me, as the event showed.

As we approached the Indian camp, we saw the entire company of red-skins gathered about a hole in the ground, from which a cloud of steam rose high in the air. Out of the hole they soon lifted an enormous salmon, which weighed at least fifty pounds.

I never saw food that tempted me more, and I expected an invitation to eat. I was very hungry. I had gone there for salmon, and there it lay, in most tempting form, before me, and yet I could obtain nothing more than the tantalizing odor of it.

The Indians, we saw, were not very friendly. They ate their salmon without speaking to us, and their glances were lowering and suspicious.

After a time two of them approached the Kanaka and asked him if I were not an American. The Kanaka did not hesitate to assure them that I was an Englishman from the Hudson Bay Company's post, and that we had come up to buy salmon.

They paid no attention to the offer to buy their fish, and still debated among themselves, appearing to suspect me.

Presently one of them came to me and asked to take my carbine, and I, not caring to show any fear, gave it to him. Then they began to shoot at a mark with the purpose, as I soon suspected, of using up my ammunition. Presently I stepped in, and taking the gun, walked slowly away in answer to a signal from the Kanaka.

Presently he sauntered up to me and said: "Two of their men were killed recently in an affray with a party of Americans, and they are after blood. One of them thinks he has seen you before. You must slip out of sight as soon as possible, and get as far from them as you can before night. I will stay and keep them talking a while, and then make my own escape. When you get to the high bluff below where we left the pony, wait until sundown and watch for me. If you see me coming alone, remain quiet until I reach you, but if I am followed, ride for your life."

I sauntered about with an air of unconcern for a time, as if waiting for them to get ready to sell their salmon. Then I edged my way out of camp and was soon in the saddle, riding as fast as my little cayuse could run.

I reached the bluff, and was able to command a view of the country for miles around. Seeing that I was not pursued, I lay there, keeping a sharp lookout in the direction of the Indian tepees.

The Kanaka had manifestly succeeded in disarming their suspicions, for the time.

By-and-bye a wagon train appeared in sight, far off on the plain to the eastward. For an hour or two I watched it, as it crept slowly toward the river. I ought to have gone at once to meet the emigrants. A timely warning of the danger they were in from the Snake Indians that night might have saved their lives. But I was new to frontier life, and did not realize their danger.

Dusk fell while yet they were several miles away on the plain, and shortly afterward the Kanaka joined me. We set off immediately, and reached the post a little before daybreak. Thence I returned to my boat-building empty-handed, greatly to the disappointment of my men, who had their mouths made up for salmon.

Ten days after my visit to the Indian camp I was sitting in my shanty near the Snake, looking lazily out over the sagebrush plains that stretched away until they seemed to become the rim of the world. It was intensely hot.

Presently my eye caught an object on the plain. It was so far away that I cold not make out clearly what it was. It appeared to be a man, but its movements were not those of a man in a normal state. Sometimes it was erect, and apparently coming towards me; but it staggered like a drunken person. Then it fell and would disappear for a time, but it seemed to be possessed of a desire to move on.

Evidently it was a drunken man. But how could a solitary man, upon the bank of the Snake River, on foot, many miles from any place where liquor was obtainable, become intoxicated?

At any rate, as I had no use for a drunkard, I made no effort to reach the person, and ere long went inside my hut to take a nap.

An hour or more later a boy about fifteen years of age reached my door, and flung himself in a heap upon a bench. He was so faint that he could hardly tell me that he was starving, but it needed no word to inform me that the lad was in sore straits.

I brought him into my shanty and gave him some water and a little food, knowing that to satisfy his hunger at once might prove fatal.

His face, hands and hair were covered with sand and blood, which had dried on, and his clothing, consisting only of shirt and trousers, was tattered and stiff with dirt. His face showed that he had been suffering intensely, and his tongue was parched with thirst, for though he had been near the river for miles, he was so weak that he feared to go down the bank, lest he should be unable to climb back.

I got water, soap, a towel and some of my own clothing, and bade the boy try to bathe and change his garments, and meantime I began to make a cup of tea for him.

But still he sat, apparently unable to move, and at last I approached and set about helping him to remove his old clothes.

Taking hold of the shirt by the collar I attempted to draw it over his head. The poor fellow screamed with pain.

"What is it, lad?" I asked.

"Oh, mister, I've got an arrow in me!" he groaned.

I thought at first that his sufferings from lack of food had rendered him light-headed, and so said soothingly that we would take it out as the shirt came off, and then he would be all right.

"But it catches, it aches! You can't get it off!" he exclaimed.

I examined his body, and found protruding through his back, and about three inches to the left of the spine, a broken arrow-shaft. Looking in front I found a half-healed hole where the stone head of the arrow had struck him. The missile had gone completely through his body!

The flint had fallen from the end that protruded on his back, but I found the ligament of deer sinew that had bound it to the shaft.

That the boy could have survived such a wound for more than a week, and have traveled sixty miles, in such a country, without food, seemed to me the strangest instance of human endurance I had ever known or heard of. I hardly believed it possible that he could recover, but was ready to do all I could for him.

I was no surgeon, but I knew that the terrible arrow must come out. The slightest movement of it gave him severe pain, for the flesh was greatly inflamed. Bracing my nerves, I encouraged him, but told him plainly that the arrow must come out if he wished to recover.

"Take it out, mister," he said, faintly.

It was astonishing how tenaciously the arrow-shank held its place. I worked an hour before I could get it out; and the poor lad, who had borne the agony bravely, now fainted dead away.

I dressed the wound as well as I could, and put him to bed. I had small hopes of his recovery, but he improved rapidly. In the course of two days he sat up in the bunk and ate food eagerly.

Alfred—as I shall here call him—then told me that the emigrant train to which he belonged had camped at dusk on the bank of the river, the very night of my escape from the Snakes. Plainly it was the train which I had seen.

The emigrants had seen no Indians for several days. They prepared their supper and arranged the wagons for the night and then turned in and fell asleep. Even the watch, no doubt, had got drowsy, lulled by the silence and suspecting no enemy.

The Indians had probably seen the train during the afternoon, and thirsting for vengeance for the killing of two of their tribe, were watching for a chance to attack.

Some time in the night the emigrants were awakened by frightful whoops and the discharge of guns. The savages were upon them.

Several of the men jumped out of their wagons, with their rifles, and attemped to drive off the Indians. The fight raged sharply. Alfred's father had been one of the first out. His mother, older sister and brother had also jumped from the wagon, calling to him to follow them and hide in the brush; but he delayed for a few moments, searching for an axe with which to arm himself.

While he was thus occupied, an Indian drew the rough canvas curtain at the front of the wagon, saw Alfred, and began to climb in. The boy jumped from the rear of the wagon and started to run into the brush.

He had almost succeeded, as he thought, in getting out of sight, when something struck him, and he felt a terrible pain, as if he were cut in two. He remembered falling forward, and then became unconscious. He did not know how long he lay; but when he came to his senses the moon was set; it was dark, and all around was silent.

The ripple of the river came to his ears, and he dragged himself down to it. A draught of water revived him somewhat, and he walked along the bank thinking—for his recollection of what had happened was still confused—that the wagon-train had gone in that direction.

"Did you find the trail?" I inquired.

"No, sir. I suppose I kept to the river so long that I lost it, and then I just wandered on, hoping to find some one."

"And you found nothing to eat?" I questioned.

"I found rose-buds and sometimes pigeon-berries, and I ate them. That is all I have eaten since that night. Some days I can't remember about at all. I lay down amongst the sage a good many times. I think I lay in one spot three days. Part of the time I was crazy, and saw strange things. Sometimes I would come to my senses and find myself walking. At last I saw your shanty, but it seems to me that I was two or three days getting to it."

"Was the arrow broken when you discovered it?"

"Yes. I suppose I must have fallen on it, and so broke it off, for I rolled over and over when I first fell."

"Did you try to pull it out?"

"Yes, but you don't know, mister, how hard a thing that was to do. The soreness and pain was terrible, and I just made up my mind to get somewhere, if I could, and leave it sticking there, till I found somebody who could help me."

"Well, my brave boy!" I exclaimed, "You've earned the right to live; and you are welcome to stay with me, or go with the next wagon train that comes. But you must stay here until you are stronger."

"All right, mister. You've been very good to me, and I won't forget it; but I must find my folks if they are alive."

I greatly feared that he would never see his parents again, and partly for his sake and partly from a sense of my own responsibility in the matter, I took four of my men and rode to the scene of the attack. We encamped one night on the way, and for greater security visited the spot during the night.

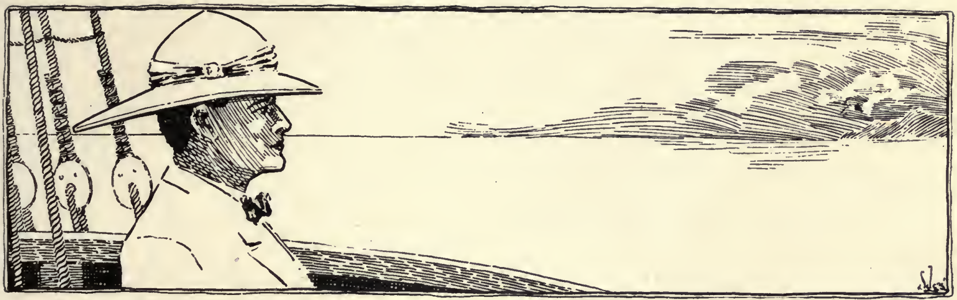
Not more than half a mile from the bluff from which I had watched the emigrant train, we came upon the place where it had camped and been attacked. A number of wagons had been plundered and burned. The iron-work of them lay scattered around.

More ominous still was the odor from the bodies of the unfortunate victims—men, women and children—who still lay unburied, where they had fallen. Out of pity, and for common humanity's sake, we hastily excavated a shallow grave in the sandy soil, and gave them such rude sepulchre as we could give.

From Alfred's statements and from intelligence afterward received, I concluded that the wagons of these murdered emigrants were part of an overland train which had fallen in the rear of the main body of teams.

The lad was the sole survivor of his family, but he still hoped that some of them might have escaped, and went on to Portland and Salem with the next train that passed.

Alfred is now an elderly and prosperous farmer in the Willamette Valley, and has a family of sturdy boys, the eldest of whom bears my name in recognition of the desperate surgical operation I performed at the first ferry on the Snake River.



WAR AND THE COMMODORE

BY

HORATIO LANKFORD KING

DRAWINGS BY R. E. SNODGRASS.

THE ENGLISHMAN and myself were playing a game of cribbage. The little South American had lost himself behind a week-old Peruvian newspaper and was mumbling aloud.

"Our friend, the South American," said the Englishman, "was once a peasant—or what they call them down here. That way of mumbling proves it. A dictator will spring up like a mushroom down in this part of the world, and his mother will be an Indian. Take the lives of South America's so-called great men for example. He learns to read, and the next thing you know he's an ephemeral idol of the masses, leading them out of some political bondage. I was down in this part of South America three years once—yes, mines, and I know his breed pretty well."

"Then, of course, you speak the language?"

"Indifferently well. A beautiful tongue! I wonder now, you know, what's the fellow's business? By jove! I've just thought of something——"

"Ship ahoy!"

It was just forty-six minutes by my watch from the first call to the second. I turned inquiringly to the captain.

"That ghost ship in sight again?" I asked.

"It's odd," he said. "Are you to follow, gentlemen?"

The South American, dropping his paper, lit a cigar and began to puff energetically. As I passed him he rose suddenly, plucked me by the sleeve and put a hand to my ear.

"When we come back I will impart to you something, *mi amigo!*"

"Good!" I said.

"It is indeed *buena,*" he returned with an enigmatic smile.

The little group of curious passengers had again collected on the forward deck, exchanging breathless conjectures.

"O' course, bein' un-manned," a Brazilian cattleman was saying, "she hits one o' them crazy currents and o' course circles."

"I canna understand exactly," mused the old Scotch captain, as if in answer. "A dead ship would keel more when hit by one of them seas, but as it be, she's making a straight course."

"Maybe that's because of her cargo—loaded to the hatches," suggested another.

"And maybe the plague is on her, senores, and the crew have perished. It is so!"

"It's possible, don't you know!" ejaculated the Englishman.

I felt the little South American shivering at my elbow.

"The plague, *mi amigo;* it is a terrible thing. I have it once on a fruit ship. We were held to sea five league from port for seventeen days. Our water gave out—caramba! and we perish almost. And money, I could have purchased wine for the crew so much I had. But what is money on a plague ship, *mi amigo?*"

The flap of the vagrant's sails, like a thousand castanets, filled the wind again, and once more the drifting vessel crossed the path of the moon on the waters, the shadows of her poles slipping across her deserted decks.

"Did any one catch her flag?" queried the Englishman.

The captain laughed behind his binocle.

"No, sor, I saw it—only some devil of a sea-tar had washed his jinky and hung it up in the sail to dry. There was no flag at the mast, but I think I saw brass muzzles in her port holes, which is unusual. But I think she has the plague and we will keep the wind of her. The Wolverine isn't bent on salvage, sors; just now we're a packet and have pressing business elsewhere."

"What was her build?"

"A small frigate, I'd say. Down on the South American coast you'll find her ilk."

"Then it couldn't be a pirate ship?" ventured a more speculative voice.

"I'm thinking not, sor, but the brass cannon, they get me."

"Will-a you be the—ah—kind one to play cribbage, *senor?*" broke in the little South American with a deprecatory smile.

I tried to solve the meaning of that smile as we descended, but no, the gestures and inflections of a foreigner speaking an unfamiliar language are oft misleading. It was probable Galvardez, the little South American, meant nothing; even a ghost ship may become a tiresome spectacle.

As I dealt the cards, Galvardez leaned over the table and regarded me critically. I took no offense, for I saw he was not thinking of the game.

"Mr. Waters, you would not dishonor a confidence, eh?"

"Friend," I returned, "I am neither a detective, nor am I in the employ of any government. Just a plain American citizen on a jaunt, and incidentally buying coffee lands in Peru and Brazil," which was true enough.

Again my companion regarded me critically and smiled toothsomely as he rolled a black cigar between his teeth.

"One never knows, *senor,*" with something almost deceptive in the slowness of his speech.

I said nothing.

"But Brazil is a fine country, *senor.*"

"A coming country," I amended.

"And coffee is a slow business, *ciertamente.*"

I looked up quickly.

"Coffee and war! Bah! They little mix, *senor.* And at present South America grows more war than coffee."

"If you happen to have enough coffee, it isn't such a slow business," I returned.

"But some men—you *Americanos,* have learned to make money much sooner than that in South America."

Again I made no reply.

"And at present South America is a very—what you call it—fractious country. You may have your coffee plantations burned. Bah!"

I smiled.

"Yes, I believe there are something like seven revolutions and two religious reforms tickling the spinal column of the Andes at present."

"And one of those revolutions—the greatest—is in Peru."

"I've heard some talk about it," I replied, cautiously.

"For the Liberals, *senor,* they have pop up again, eh? Now I know something about that plague ship we saw. Attend! She was fitted out for war by a paid commodore who claims to be a citizen of your great United States, and seeks the protection of some men at Washington. His name is Regis Pellivant. Regis Pellivant? Perhaps you have heard of the name—no? Nothing more than a sea pirate looting and murdering for wage. They say he has figured in many little country wars in many lands where the power of his nondescript soldiery was worth the buying. England hired him in secret down in Africa. France—she once gave him a ship, and he sailed away somewhere—or steamed, which? Why? Because the spotless mighty ones of Europe didn't care to arouse the censure of the world through their greeds. This commodore Pellivant could accomplish very much without proclamations of war. Thus Europe has been known to keep its hands clean, yet get what it wanted. Now, your Commodore Pellivant is on his way to Peru—or was—to assist the present party in power because the present party in power are hirelings to some men in Washington. They want to own Peru, to gobble her gold, to own her railroads—and those capitalists are paying the brave Commodore Pellivant a wage. It is speculation all around. War in South America, senor, is most always rich men's speculation. How that?"

I was dealing an over number of cards.

"Well, I am—but it does not matter what I am. But I have been banished in your California for three years, but now I go back. I have receive a communication from my fellow patriots. It is the call of war—liberty! *Comprehende?* That ship you saw was not plague dead really. She play possum. Hah! Her mission is a secret one. But there are many dead now and in the sea who boarded her three weeks ago. Among her crew there were three patriots—Liberals. They have poisoned the noble Commodore and his scoundrels. These Liberals, friends of mine, were the cook, the scullery boy and the carpenter. Do you catch, *senor?*" And therewith the little South American rolled the big black cigar about in his mouth and winked broadly.

With a sharp exclamation, I arose from the table. He got up also.

"Come," he said, "let us take a stroll along the deck. I will-a impart to you something else, yes."

Without a word I followed. I think I was struggling in the throes of a kind of mental paralysis. We leaned over the taffrail and gazed at the myriad reflections of the ethereal worlds in the jade expanse of water below. The scene, one possessing much nautical beauty, stirred the little South American to unexpected eloquence. There was something prophetic, heroic, in his attitude. He waved an immaculate hand uncertainly in the moonlight, and exclaimed:

"Ah, my beautiful, blood-stained country, it is there somewhere. But do you feel the tug of the cross-current, *senor?*"

I leaned hard against the rail to catch the vibration of the ship.

"I am not much of a sailor," I returned mechanically. "One who always travels first class and by Pullman loses much of the varied motion of travel and observes less."

"You are right, *senor.* Complete comfort drugs the—ah—apperceptive nerves—eh? It is like my country, Peru. The oppressors hear not the cries of the rabble until that rabble beats at the palace doors. But the cross-current, it is strong. The Wolverine, she is pulling hard. You can tell it by the draw of her funnels. She say, one-two-three. One-two—three, last one long, *senor. Buena!* it will bring us to the tramp again."

"Ship ahoy!" suddenly came from the watch, and there surged below us a rack of foam under the grind of the Wolverine's reversed propellers as the ship swerved sharply from her natural course to avoid the drifting vessel.

"Take my word before God," whispered my now excited companion, "I make no guess. You will find the La Rosa as I say. The patriots they have carried out their sworn vow, which they take at the Inn of the Three Angels at Vera Cruz. In the dory we cannot miss her, *senor.* Once with her on the coast of Peru and the Liberals are saved. I will-a make you a commodore and give you gold lace to wear on your hat. How that?"

I began to laugh. We stood in the deep shadow, Galvardez with an imploring hand on my shoulder. Then—perhaps it was a sudden lurch of the ship, or the villainous Galvardez himself—the next moment I shot overboard. We plunged to the water below with a muffled splash. I struck out blindly with my hands and touched the side of the dory, which had been surreptitiously lowered to the water. This now I also realized was the work of

Galvardez. But I had no time to waste in wordy wrath. I scrambled into the rocky boat, and the next moment the little South American had severed the rope before I could intercept him. We shot out from under the counter of the Wolverine into the open sea.

"I'll choke you for this, you little rag-tag of a patriot and Greaser!" I cried. Imagine my greater surprise and wrath when the fellow, merely shrugging one of his shoulders, selected a cigar from his silver hermetic case and lighted it, exhaling the smoke through his thin, expanded nostrils. It was maddening.

"Peace, *Senor,* am I not offering you wealth and glory? The La Rosa will be in need of hands to man her. I have taken a great love for you, of a truth! It would have been sad to part. Also you will be my prisoner——"

"Glory be damned!" I began.

"You are profane, *senor!*"

"When we land somewhere I mean to break your little black head." But wrath overcame my speech. Besides, the little South American was leaning back in his corner of the boat and grinning sardonically. He had a hellish kind of humor.

I desisted.

"First, *senor,*" he continued, again rolling and licking the cigar, "and which I consider a wise forethought—your name is not Waters, as you pretend, and you care not a *pecos* for coffee lands in Brazil."

"No?" I asked. "What, then?"

"It is indeed a question of *what then, senor.* As I say, you will prove a valuable prisoner. I know it since the day you take passage on the Wolverine."

"*Senor* Bortilla," I sneered, "liberator of a pack of numskulls and Indians, so you did have the sense to fix my true identity, eh? Then, who am I?"

"Your proper name, *senor,* is Henry Vert Tales, of San Francisco, of New York—of any old where—and still some more other places. You are here, and you are there as occasion demands. You sell implements of war, such as gun and canon, which you buy up from government and factory at junk weight, and dispose of it to your quarrelsome little neighbors down in South America at fabulous sums. These same implements of war you have been known to ship in closed cases marked as sewing machines and farming utensils. You are a cunning race, you *Americanos.* Bah! but is Senor Generale Bortilla a fool? The Liberals they catch the sewing machines alright off the coast one night, and they never reach their intended destination. We shall also have Commodore Pellivant's mighty ship, and the war will be over in Peru. We are little ones down in South America, *senor,* but we sometimes fight with our souls. But the *La Rosa* we approach."

The deep war-drum throb of the Wolverine had passed into the night, but the flapping sails of the drifting tramp sounded dangerously near. Again I heard the weird creaking of halyards, then suddenly lifted high on the crest of a rolling sea, we saw the black hulk of the supposedly deserted and infected ship bearing down hard upon us. Crouching in my end of the boat it was all I could do to retain my seat. But there in front of me the little South American sat, calm, imperturbable, puffing at his black cigar. I say the *La Rosa* was bearing down hard upon us, but I think it was the rattle of her sails which gave the illusion, for in reality she was wallowing slovenly and making but a few knots an hour. It was not until we were almost under the shadow of her counter that I saw a pale light gleaming through one of her port-holes, and in answer to our shouts, a second appeared just over the starboard railing, which was followed by a querulous hail in Spanish, and a bearded, ugly face gleamed sluggishly down at us under the yellow flame of the lantern which the man held above his head.

"*Amigos,* is not this the bonny *La Rosa?*" inquired Galvardez with a shout.

The face withdrew cautiously from the rim of light above, and we heard conversation being carried on in swift monotone, then another and more authoritative voice hailed us:

"What your business with the *La Rosa, hombres?* You are not ship-wreck. But even better a ship-wreck than a plague ship——"

"You are not with the plague, liars!" screeched the little South American. "Do you know who speaks? I am Generale Bortillas, the Liberal. Salute, dogs, and give us lift there—*immediatamente!*"

No sooner had Galvardez gotten this pompous proclamation out when shouts of derisive laughted floated down from above, and I heard the protesting creak of a descending ladder. There was a half dozen or more grinning faces at the railing now, and some one said:

"Hail, thou brave one—the mighty Bortilla!"

The little South American was sputtering in his wrath.

"They think I lie," he said to me. "But wait—I will have revenge!"

I swung out to the ladder and began to ascend, Galvardez close behind me. When I gained the deck a surprising spectacle greeted my eyes. A girl, arrayed in the motley gear of a pirate chieftess, appeared in the ring of smoky light and stood looking down at us with an expression of amused scorn on her lips.

"What scum of the waters have we here, Pedro?" she inquired, lazily, still with her large eyes fixed on me.

"One calls himself the great Bortilla, the exile Liberal, and the other is just a plain *Americano* we drag from the sea, *senorita.*"

"And has not the *Americano* confessed of shame to be found in such company?" asked the girl.

"Indeed, *senorita,* the gentleman, if he possess his right senses, might deem it best to say so."

"But it cannot be the real Bortilla," began the girl. "But—yes, it is. It is the same little pock-marked face I saw in Vera Cruz at the Inn of the Three Angels. *Hombres,* you view the little varlet who would have poisoned the Commodore Pellivant and all on board. Drag him into the presence of the Commodore."

I turned inquiringly to the now bewildered Galvardez, who stood wet and shivering at my side.

"*Amigo,*" I said, breaking a painful silence and speaking with some sarcasm, "it is plain things have not turned out with you as they should. But I will explain why I am here with you. I really am not to blame, you know. These may prove warm friends of mine, and by all the sewing machines that were ever made, I did not know that the Commodore had a daughter."

"*Madre do Dios!* nor I," said Galvardez, "but she look much like-a the scullery boy I bribe at Vera Cruz."

"The very same, no doubt," I responded. "But these gentlemen are urging us to proceed. Generale Bortilla, such are the vicissitudes of war—in South America."

"I will-a have revenge," began Galvardez, when a burly hand was clapped over his mouth.

In the main cabin below another amazing sight met my eyes. Sitting at a table littered with papers, wine glasses, books, and various brands of cigar stumps, was a middle aged man with the solemn visage of a second Don Quixote, who glared ferociously from under a pair of beetling brows. And as he glared, he twitched the ends of a long, drooping white mustache with guttural relish.

"Zounds, what have we here, daughter? You say they were picked up in a boat, and that one is the exiled Bortilla? Ye gods! is this the *La Rosa* and the deep sea or a slow train through Arkansas? Is there no such thing as privacy in this world? And must I always be disturbed by the unwelcome visitations of inquisitive rebels and spies?"

"It is indeed the exile Bortilla himself, father," said the girl.

"And the other?"

"An American, sir."

"And what's your business with us?" shouted the Commodore, turning to me.

"I did have a message for you, Commodore," I said, "a most urgent piece of news, and believing I could overtake the *La Rosa*——"

The Commodore glared incredulously, and poured himself a glass of wine which he drank at a huge gulp.

"Preposterous!" he shouted. "And your name?"

"Henry Vert Tales, at your service."

"Blood and war! you're the man who shipped the sewing machines. Hah! that was a noble stroke of genius, sir."

"I assure you, it was nothing," I returned blandly.

"And your pretty friend there?"

"Excuse me, I don't know him. He it was who pulled me from the Wolverine, and being that the *La Rosa* was the handiest thing about, I was of course happy to board her even in company with our illustrious general here, the *Senor* Bortilla."

"And he's one black rascal!" shouted the Commodore from behind the table. "But his cunning, sir, like his patriotism, lacked the proper ballast. My daughter, sir, in order to embark with me on this perilous cruise, and knowing that I would not hear to it, disguised herself as the scullery lad and shipped as such. And it was the villainous Bortilla who tried to bribe my own daughter, child of my flesh, to poison this saintly crew and her old-age stricken dad. But it is well she deceived us all, for she saved us from poisoned pottage, colic, and perhaps a watery grave at the hands of a varlet cook. But sit down, man, and have a glass of this blown-in-the-bottle-hell-and-fury which I purchased for a song at the docks o' 'Frisco. And the scoundrel Bortilla—to the hold with him, lads. Mr. Tales, my daughter."

I turned and bowed to the girl.

"Mr. Tales, here's to peace and a vine-covered cottage, to an ingle nook, sir, and a Morris chair. The glamour of war, sir, in time will rot a man's soul."

"These are strange words for a commodore and a soldier," I replied with a great show of surprise. "But I heartily second the toast. Commodore, here's how!"

After that, the Commodore Pellivant twisted the ends of his long mustache and stared gloomily into his empty glass.

"The glory of Mars is a thing of the past," he finally said in guttural reminiscence, "and war in South America is vaudeville. In Africa, in the Delhi, in the bush of South Australia, I spent my youth—I wielded an honorable sword, fought many an honest battle, and went without food or drink for twenty-four hours at a time! Egad, that is true. And now here I am in a plush-lined, nickel-plated, bomb-proof battleship, taking pot shots at some frantic greasers. As the pseudo battle rages, sir, I shin along a glossy deck and pike through a pair of Tiffany opera-glasses landward. I see some nagers running up and down the sands, dragging a little old canon which once adorned the palace top of the villainous Pizzaro in the sixteenth century, and they ram her up, and—bang! here comes their little shell skimming coquettish-like over the water. Sir, I look again through the Tiffany opera glasses. I hear cheering, sir, loud vivas, and see exuberant faces. Wrath consumes me, and I yell 'B'lay down there!' and—bang-whack! the *La Rosa* retaliates. The war is over; we lower the flag at half-mast in honor of the brave dead. War is hell, sir, and fate is more unkind. Do you happen to know where Peru lies? We could touch her coast within eighteen hours, but that the Commodore Pellivant will never do. Will I so desecrate the altar of Mars? Can I forget the glory of the past? Never! Let those capitalists at Washington fume; let them call me traitor and coward. Let the Liberals do their worst. Faith! now that I think of it, I have nothing against the Liberals. I am a free man myself, free as the air I breathe. The Liberals, they are mostly nagers of course, but who can say they are not in the right. Sir, I am heading for the South Pacific Islands. This is my ship. I'll take on a cargo and be a disgraced merchantman." And with that the Comodore Pellivant drank more wine and twisted the ends of his drooping mustache.

"But I have no business in the South Pacific Islands," I made protest with some alarm. "My—interests lie elsewhere."

"Silence, sir!" shouted the commodore. "Every man jack and scallawag on board the *La Rosa* must reform and take up a legitimate trade. I won't be burdened with their sins. And my daughter—do you think for a moment, sir, I mean to imperil her precious life on the Peruvian Coast? No!"

"It wouldn't be like a father," I acknowledged with rising enthusiasm.

"You are correct, sir. I mean for her to live and enjoy the fruits of my former toils. She wants pretty gowns and pink sunshades like the other young females of her age, and, egad, she'll have 'em, sir. And she'll have her beaux, if she wants——"

"Commodore Pellivant," I exclaimed with sudden inspiration, "you are entirely right—absolutely," and I filled my glass again. "What will it be—to your daughter?"

"Why not?" said the Commodore Pellivant, frowning heavily.

"Then it is to your daughter, and God

bless all the ladies that are like her and curse him to whom avarice and war are sweeter than her smiles."

"Ditto!" roared the Commodore Pellivant.

"And what will you do with the Senor Bortilla?" I asked.

"Sir, I'll banish him in far and peaceful Zealand, and he'll be made to work for an honest living. He'd make a good barber."

"One word more, Commodore."

"Speak."

"Don't tell the poor fellow now—the shock might kill him."

And we drank again.

TO A WILD ROSE

BY

FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD

Dear dainty flower, a silent message thou
To one who hears; and as for me
I am overwhelmed as I behold
Thy purity, thy grace, thy tender petals
Upturned to sun,
So vast the truth that springs from thee!

To thee, it is enough that thou art so,
Who would call thee less than what thou art,
A rose—pure being, emblem of the Truth
Which ever springs from out the soul
To write in earth
Its picture, first formed in the heart?

Full-free thou growest in thy humble place
Nor carest who thy neighbor chance may be,
Thy soul wide-open to the Universal Truth,
Thy body springs forth unresistingly
In beauteous form,
So gladdening all who pause to see.

And what carest thou who stoops to kiss
Thee as they pass—or who goes by
Failing to notice or to bless thee in thy place?
Thy work well done—thou art content
To be a rose
And waft thy fragrance to the sky.

MME. EMMA TRENTINI, MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

DRAMATICS

THE NEW WORLD OF THE PLAY

BY JULIAN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

WHAT WILL BE the most interesting feature in America during the next decade? That is a question to which there are many plausible answers, but it is safe to say that no phase of progress will so chain the attention of Pacific Coast people as that revolution from Eastern tyranny, that virtual declaration of independence, that forward movement into an undiscovered country which is almost upon us.

The Coast is destined soon to become a new and attention-compelling center of dramatic life.

The Coast theatre has progressed in tremendous bounds. Benisoned parsimoniously with only such productions as must travel Westward to continue their profits, our leading cities have nevertheless returned each year enormous gains to the New York producer's coffers. Like the dogs under the rich man's table, we have snatched each falling morsel, and that with humble gratitude. But the new day is dawning. Keen theatrical men feel its certain approach, and although they do not speak of it voluntarily, they admit it as an imminent possibility.

The theatre-goer, the man who pays the amusement freight, has hoped silently for such a consummation. And yet, so rigorous is the rule of habit, so fast are the shackles of other mastership, that few people, outside the Western playmakers and play-producers, have sensed the impending revolution.

Within the next ten years this great West, the mightiest and most resourceful part of America after all, will be writing a great part of its own plays, raising and training its own actors, composing its own music, and even sending its productions abroad. By that I do not mean that we shall have isolated ourselves completely; far from it, but I do insist that we shall have achieved our independence, and that when we take plays and people from afar, we will choose; we shall not be compelled to accept.

New York is in just that position now. Once, while her business was growing and her arts were embryotic, nothing was fit for refined people to hear or see unless it bore the foreign stamp. Now, while she makes her own plays, and sends them to the four points of the compass, she has not ceased to import, to adapt and reconstruct the emanations of foreign genius.

Instantly the question arises, if our West is to obtain such liberty, why has not the Middle West, far more developed, holding far more people, exuding far more wealth, why has not this mighty central district triumphed before us?

The national map supplies an immediate answer. The Middle West is easily accessible to New York and the producing centers of the East. Its conditions are quite comparable to the Atlantic situations. In fact, considering the wonderful expansion of American enterprise during the past few years, it is itself the East—merely in extension.

But bridgeless distance separates California from Illinois, and even as the population of the country increases, the alienation becomes more hopeless. It can be shown that the thicker the "stands" become, the more desperate is our situation to become, if we of the slope are to depend forever upon Broadway for our best stage entertainment. To-day it is a somewhat hazardous thing for a very large organization to undertake the grand tour from Chicago to Los Angeles, to Portland, and back again. There is a desert of evaporated profits to be crossed, and if the books do not show a substantial balance at the end of the season, it is a long time before the star or the "big troupe" will go that way again. And the really great successes need not come West at all. Such a piece goes the round of the East and Middle West, and when it is completed, with its long stops, it can make the circuit again. The worthy offering can play itself completely out—and the featured actor, too—between Chicago and New York. "Peter Pan," two years old, has just come across the Great Divide. Belasco's now-famous "Girl of the Golden West" has not even started for the Coast, and kindergarten kidlets of to-day were not yet born when its first curtain rose.

This Eastern prosperity, while not falsely overestimated by such astute Hebrew business men as Marc Klaw and Abraham Erlanger, has bred a flippancy and contempt for everything beyond the Mississippi in the minds of practically all their underlings.

A few months ago I remonstrated—in a syndicate office—with one of the tail-wagging puppies sent West with an inferior but high-priced edition of George Cohan's foolishness. This It, swelling to the full of his bantam height, replied medodramatically, "Sir, the West ought to get down on its knees and thank us for sending anything. We are not compelled to play anything west of the Missouri River. We are merely courteous to you. We send you all we can afford, and then you dare insult us!" Such contemptible speeches illustrate only too well the growing disdain of the Eastern small fry for anybody or anything groveling obscurely farther West than the Great Lakes.

And yet, it is merely a hard business proposition that underlies all these patronizing manifestations. The play is not like the book. The author, bound up complete for a dollar and a half, is purchasable in Tacoma just as easily as in Boston. Postage and expressage are reasonable, and the summer sands of the Pacific are littered with the newest literature of the world. But with the acted play—how different! The huge salary list of the principals, the fat stipend to "support"—and every critical observer must admit that the average American actor is paid too much—the enormous railroad fares, the hotel bills, the taking down and setting up of expensive productions, all add to a bill that has a cruel total. To-day the well-known player who needs three months' additional business is forced to the Coast. In ten years the surging tide of life to our side of the Mississippi will have provided him with patrons galore in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado. And he will stop at Denver. Relatively, therefore, our situation will not improve.

The Pacific Coast is peopled from Canada to Mexico with intelligent and discriminating men and women, and it is a fact recognized by all agents and traveling managers that theatre patronage here is as critical, as discriminating and as appreciative as that at the rank and file of "Broadway productions." The Slope is harder to please than any other provincial district of the United States.

That the seeds of complete Western dramatic independence have already been sown, and that they have taken solid root, is evidenced by the interesting developments of the past three years. The first testimony is in the astonishing excellence of the peculiarly Western stock company. I mean stock as evidenced by the average work of George Baker in Portland, Belasco or Morosco in Los Angeles, and Belasco in San Francisco. It is an admitted fact that these men have furnished the finest stock performances in the United States for several seasons. To witness the best of these presentations, and then to go East, even to New York, and attend a play by one of the alleged stock companies there, is to behold a hybrid that is a cross between serious farce and comic tragedy. These companies, in the cities mentioned, have handled new plays, frequently on a week's notice, at "popular" prices, and have given productions that would put traveling syndicate productions of the same into complete dismay.

It will not be long before the West will have its own grand opera. It is the only way in which we can ever hope to hear masterpieces satisfactorily, for two-day, bi-yearly visits of Conried, at the fag end of the season, where casts are cut and topnotch prices charged, with mountings that would disgrace a ten-cent theatre, can never be a mainstay to real musical art in any community.

An Italian opera company was organized in California last year, although some of its productions were poor and several of the singers hopelessly incapable, it was the nucleus of better things. To-day, another company is being formed, directly in Milan. It has a roster of several famous artists, and will be brought from Italy direct to the Pacific Coast. While its attemps may fall short of Metropolitan achievement, it will at least be the only foreign-made aggregation imported by American enterprise outside of the country's biggest city.

Nat Goodwin, whose beautiful new home at Ocean Park, California, is to be his permanent residence, said to me some weeks ago: "This Coast is to-day the most wonderful part of the United States. It is destined to become the resort of the nation and its promise in the theatrical line is as great as its prospect of material development. That's why I am here to live. Some day I can say proudly to others of my pro-

ELSIE JANIS.

fession: 'I preceded you all; I saw it first; I was the Pacific advance guard!' "

Henry Russell, creator of the San Carlo opera, saw the Coast possibilities last season, and brought his splendid organization here to the biggest business of its whole season, although it traveled from New Orleans to Chicago, and from Los Angeles to Boston. A single matinee in San Francisco to a gross of $7,000, as against two performances in Portland, Me., to a gross of $500, speaks in factful figures of the comparative love of real music. The San Carlo company, containing the great tenor Canstantino, Mme. Lillian Nordica, Alice Neilsen, and numerous other celebrities, was very loth to leave the pleasant Pacific breezes. Mr. Russell said to the writer: "The most wonderful musical development of the coming America, the artistic America, will be upon the Pacific Slope. There is a spontaneous response from the West, a call of kin, as it were, that the artists do not feel elsewhere. Believe me,

ELEANOR ROBSON AS "MERELY MARY ANN."

the West is soon to create for herself, some of the great singing organizations of the world."

In the not far distant future I believe we will be making our own plays. What personal appeal is there in the multitude of importations that are flung like a sop to our souls from the over-flowing bowl of intellect—or stupidity—in the East? Here we are, in the country of wide spaces and wider thoughts, sitting to namby-pamby problems of London or the worn-out puerilities of Paris. I do not disclaim that these may have a momentary interest; I do not deny that Jones and Pinero and Rostand should be observed if we are to regard ourselves as fully cultivated, but I do protest against the placid acceptance, in all times and at all places, of these alien indigestibles. Progress has ever been the watchword of the West, and by the dauntless spirits of the pioneers, there is Progress on the wind to-day. There is the unrest that precedes an intellectual revolution.

HENRIETTA CROSSMAN IN "ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY."

The coming Western play will not deal with cowboy hats, six-shooters, lariats and bad Indians. That species of frontier drama may be relegated to Broadway. For us, the real West, the West which builds railroads in a week or battleships in half a year, the West which is hotly fighting a foreign invasion, the West whose empire-deserts are waking to the touch of life, the West where hearts are human, and where minds rise to creative originality unhampered by narrowness of bound or the stifling confines of formal environment. Here is the future battleground of America. Here will be the struggles of industrial and intellectual freedom. The future political arena is here. The disputes of justice will resound in Western halls. The rivalry of commerce will rush on Western seas and coastwise lands. The nation in its playtime will flock to the southern shore.

As for actors, half the big ones in the country to-day, who claim native parentage, had their genesis in Sunsetland.

The era of Western independence will only increase the value of importations when we want them. To-day the exporting theatrical wholesaler of the East knows that his Pacific patrons have no other source of call. They must have production, for they are constant theatre attendants. If his wares are not accepted then they will have no wares of any description.

But when the West says to the East, "I am not buying nor begging; I am trading; I am as good as you, and you need me as I need you"—then the force of competition will double the intrinsic value of the product offered.

The bright day of our intellectual drama is approaching, for more than any other locality or even any other country, our West is the New World of the play.

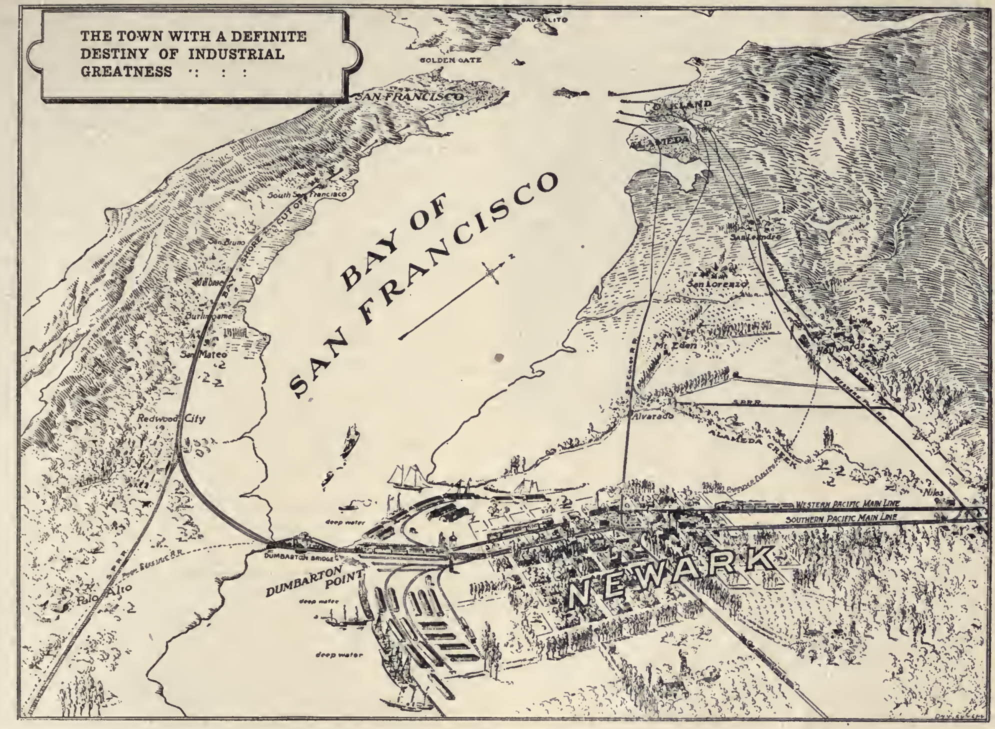
EL CAMINO REAL

BY

M. TINGLE

Full many leagues, in sinuous curves it lies
'Cross sands where buried rest old memories sweet,
Of half-forgotten days when sandaled feet
Trod there on mission brave. The warm light dies
Amid the tangled weeds from whence arise
Mute voices vocal with a tale replete
With life's primordial forces ere effete
And more ignoble forms stalked in disguise.

But whether by the strand where sea-gulls call;
Or deep in sunless recess of the wood;
(And where, perchance, some prayer-rapt padre stood);
On slopes where vagrant poppies spill their gold;
Or yet within the desert's hungry hold,
The trail of the brown robe lies over all.


THE TOWN WITH A DEFINITE DESTINY OF INDUSTRIAL GREATNESS
SAUSALITO
GOLDEN GATE
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
ALAMEDA
BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO
South San Francisco
BAY SHORE CUT OFF
San Bruno
Millbrae
Burlingame
San Mateo
Redwood City
San Leandro
San Lorenzo
Mt. Eden
Haywards
S.P. Coast R.R.
S.P.R.R.
Western Pacific R.R.
Alvarado
ALAMEDA CREEK
Niles
WESTERN PACIFIC MAIN LINE
SOUTHERN PACIFIC MAIN LINE
deep water
DUMBARTON BRIDGE
DUMBARTON POINT
NEWARK
S.P.R.R.
Palo Alto

WHERE THE ORIENT MEETS THE OCCIDENT

BY HAL JACKSON

Early in the romantic history of California, even before the forefathers of the American Republic were engaged in their seemingly hopeless struggle for independence, a band of devoted padres had established the historic Mission San Jose, on the bay of San Francisco, near the thriving city of Newark, about half way between Oakland and San Jose.

It was the likeliest spot upon all that inland waterway, our great San Francisco harbor, which, with its vast capacity to hold the assembled fleets of all nations, stands out to-day as one of the four finest harbors of the world, and is conspicuous upon the Pacific Coast where a steep and rocky shore forbids shipping to all but a few favored localities.

THORNTON AVENUE BOULEVARD.

For generations, the Mission San Jose was the seat of civilization upon the magic Bay of San Francisco. The Mission was prosperous. A hundred acolytes served under the sainted padres there. Thousands of humble Mission Indians culti-

PRIVATE RESIDENCE—NEWARK.

vated their fat crops or tended the sleek herds under the fatherly eyes of the holy friars. The land was rich and black as Canaan. The climate was mild and balmy, but inspiriting.

For those who later came overland from the rich interior valleys of California or up through the interior from Los Angeles, Mission San Jose was the natural trade center. It was the natural shipping point of the continental side of San Francisco Bay. Here most easily could the produce of the interior, the hides of the vast herds and all the wealth of a country rich almost beyond the dreams of avarice be transferred to ocean-going craft via the convenient deep water harbor and natural wharfage close to the Mission, known as Dumbarton Point.

With the secularization of the California Missions whereby their charge was taken from the religious orders and placed under the parish priests, the religions that had fostered San Jose Mission fell away. The Mission San Jose was sold at auction in 1846, just as was San Rafael Mission, and thus to-day little vestige remains of the once prosperous mission, except an old adobe now on the grounds of the Dominican Sisters, and the ancient cemetery still in use. From 1833 to 1842, Father Gonzales Rubio, who was ecclesiastical administrator of California at the time of the arrival of the Most Reverend T. S. Alemany, our first bishop, had charge here.

NEWARK HOTEL AND POST OFFICE.

To-day the wonderful region in which, with rare presience, the old Spanish parties established the first civilization upon San Francisco Bay, is developing into the industrial center of the bay region. The same attributes which generations ago appealed to the padres to-day appeal to the manufacturer, business man, home-seeker and investor. The city of Newark, which will be the great manufacturing district of the entire bay region, is located not very far from the old Mission San Jose, and at the approach of the great Dumbarton cut-off, where both George Gould's trans-continental line, the Western Pacific Railway, and also the Southern Pacific Railway, will cross the lower arm of San Francisco bay and so enter the city of San Francisco without the long transportation by ferry across the bay.

RAILROAD CROSSING

PARK HOTEL, NEWARK.

The city of Newark is becoming to San Francisco what Newark, New Jersey, is to New York, and, as a matter of fact, was actually planned and laid out by Newark, N. J., people, many of the streets bearing the same name. It possesses a definite and assured industrial and commercial future. In the first place, it offers absolutely the only stretches of available level land close to deep water on the entire bay region.

San Francisco proper is now crowded for wharfage, and almost every day complaints may be read in San Francisco daily newspapers of the inadequacy of our industrial and transportation facilities. But Newark, a suburb of the greater San Francisco, possesses such opportunities in abundance, and is being directly connected by rail with San Francisco.

The city of Newark offers the greatest opportunities to-day for the advance in the price of land of any community about the bay. Already it has become an industrial town of importance, and people are flocking there, despite the fact that no special inducements have been used to advance its exceptional attractions.

PLANING MILL, CALIFORNIA TIMBER CO. NEWARK.

The climate is very fine, being about ten degrees warmer than San Francisco. The view of the nearby mountains is superb. The school facilities are unsurpassed. The region round about is famous for its fruits and vegetables, and the land is high and dry. Every Sunday you will see hundreds and hundreds of automobiles going through Newark, for the roads on the Newark side of the bay are as level as billiard tables, and in fact are among the best in the State.

Added to the natural advantages is the fact that Newark is the trans-continental railroad terminal of the State of California for the Southern Pacific and the Western Pacific railroads. The great bridge across the Dumbarton cut-off is a Union bridge, and under Act of Congress it is open to all railroads, whether steam or electric. In the future railroad building, therefore, Newark will be favored by such other trans-continental lines as will seek to enter San Francisco by the shortest and easiest route, avoiding tedious and expensive water transportation across the bay. At Newark these transcontinental trains, with their rich freight for all portions of the Pacific Coast, and for the teeming Orient, will be enabled to discharge their cargoes directly into ocean-going craft, and vice versa. Vessels from the Orient will find ample dock facilities whereby they may be discharged directly into waiting freight trains.

STREET GRADING OUTFIT IN OPERATION AT NEWARK

Oriental commerce alone will make of Newark a vast metropolis. This claim may seem preposterous to those who do not realize that the world is growing as fast in the Orient as elsewhere. In the Orient are fourteen hundred millions of

H. L. MIDDLETON FOUNDRY.

people who are rapidly grasping our new scheme of life. The imperial Government at Pekin, China, is building two hundred million dollars worth of railway.

In the Philippines, a thousand miles of new railway lines are under way. A great fleet of American battleships is headed toward the Pacific Coast. Our commerce is growing by leaps and bounds.

With the exception of Seattle, Newark is the only city on the Pacific Coast offering to Oriental commerce ample shipping facilities, deep water and the stimulus of two competing railways. But while in many places factory land is held at fabulous prices, yet in Newark there is an abundance of suitable land that may be had at most moderate and reasonable rates.

Senator Fair, one of California's most famous statesmen, was among the first to appreciate the magnificent industrial possibilities of Newark. More than thirty years ago he dreamed of making Newark the terminus of a trans-continental route. With this idea, he mapped out the future industrial center and secured control of 4,000 acres of land. He built the Dumbarton ferries, and the Narrow Gauge railroad to Newark, making it the terminus. However, the city of Oakland refused Senator Fair the privilege of running railroad tracks on its streets, and the dreams of the trans-continental route vanished when Senator Fair, discouraged, sold out to the Southern Pacific.

For thirty years the thousands of acres of land in and about Newark have been tied up in the Fair estate, and consequently not open to the public; now, however, the well-known Pacific Land and Investment Company, which was organized in May, 1876, and in which some of the wealthiest men of the Pacific Slope are stock-holders, has been re-organized and is offering a portion of this land for sale.

A wonderful new era has come over the entire district since the beginning of the large operations of the Pacific Land and Investment Company, the Western Pacific Railway and the Southern Pacific Company. Houses and factories are springing up as in a night. Niles, Haywards, Alvarado, Dumbarton Point, Pleasanton and other communities are stirring with the touch of progress and adding hundreds each month to their population. These cities are all feeders to Newark, through which three distinct lines of railroads are passing.

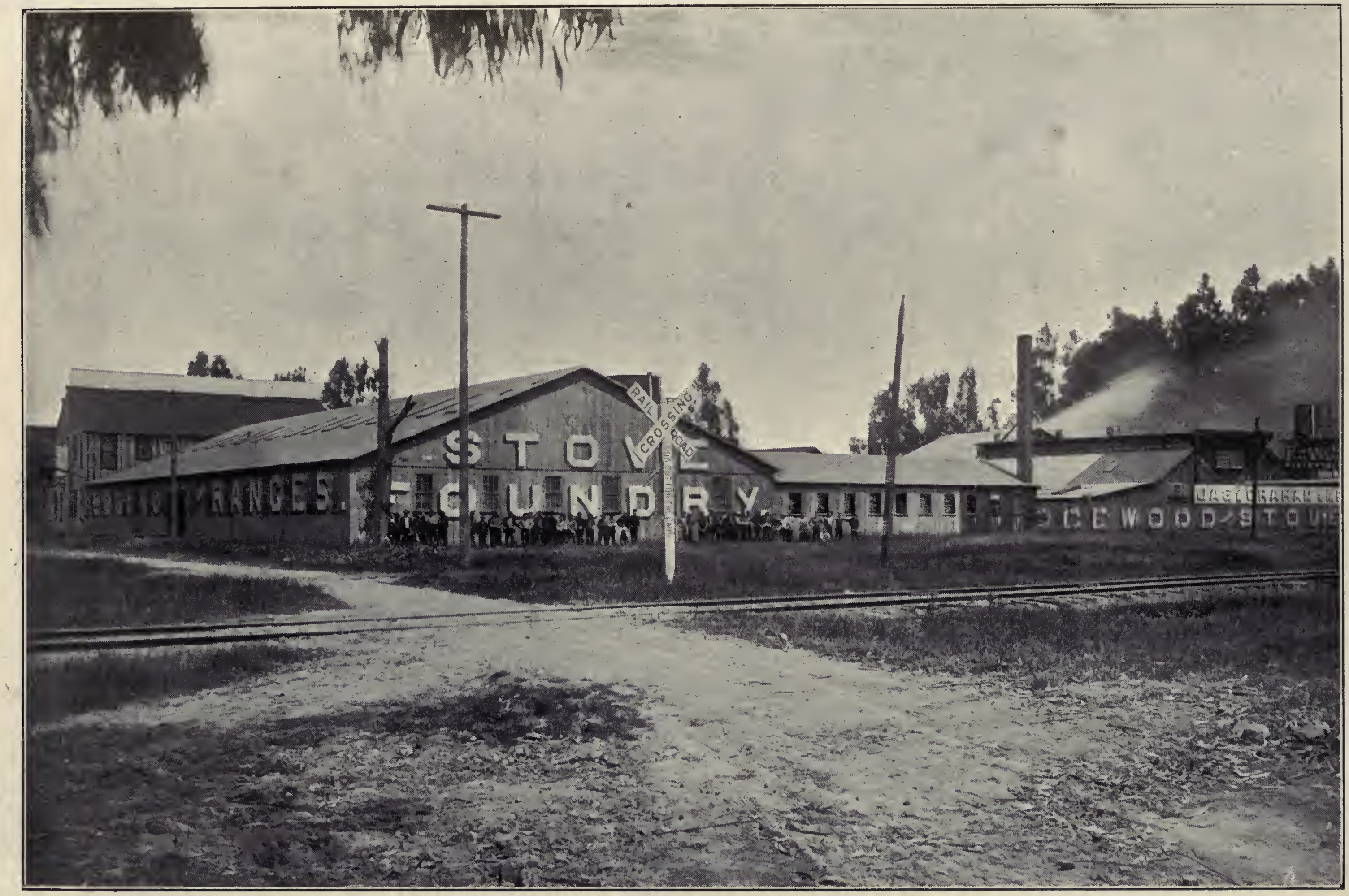
Among the present factories of Newark are the James Graham Stove Foundry, which each day turns out completed sixty famous Wedgewood stoves, and is he largest of its kind in the State. The Middleton Foundry, which turns plumbers' supplies, the California Timber Company and many others.

Newark presents especial advantages to homeseekers. It is only twenty-nine miles from San Francisco with six trains daily and more coming. It offers low taxes and insurance rates, while the climate is much healthier than San Francisco, and by reason of the great cut-off it is close to the great Stanford University, should parents desire to send their children there after graduating from the local high school. The church edifices at Newark are especially fine, and the people are more active in church than most fast-growing towns. At the present time, town lots, villa lots and business lots can be bought as low as two hundred and seventy-five dollars for fifty feet.

The Pacific Land Investment Company is building for the future. The company has been interested in Newark for thirty years, and expects to be interested for a generation more. For this reason the Pacific Land Investment Company is anxious to secure desirable and progressive settlers who, by their industry, will be enabled to share in the great prosperity of Newark. Wherefore, the company offers terms that are difficult to be resisted by any one who is visiting Newark. Land is sold without interest and taxes, or ten per cent cash. with the balance in payments of five per cent per month. The lots, too, are three or four times the size of the average city lots.

Newark, by reason of its situation, is certain to be the great industrial and manufacturing center of the entire bay region. We ask our readers to glance at the map, which will certainly confirm their high opinion as to the economic advantages of Newark.

The city is favored not only by reason of its natural advantages, but by millions of wealth that will be deposited in the


STOV
FOUNDRY
RANGES.
RAIL ROAD
CROSSING
CE WOOD STOVE

GRAHAM STOVE FOUNDRY—NEWARK. EMPLOYING ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE MEN.

trans-shipment of a vast overland commerce to the ships of the world. The future of Newark is absolutely assured.

There is a great opportunity for retail stores of all kinds to supply the needs of the increasing population. To the manufacturer, on the other hand, Newark offers cheap factory sites, a plentitude of electric power and an abundance of raw material, together with the best system of land and water transportation on the Pacific Slope.

Last, but not least, it must be borne in mind that these great systems that come to deep water at Newark are competing systems, and that water transportation has always been, and always will be, the reducer of freight rates. The vast wealth of the rich back country, with its millions of acres of fertile farm, vast timber and rich mineral lands to be opened up by the Western Pacific, will naturally flow into Newark, for here the line first meets deep water transportation. Round about Newark is the richest dairying, fruit and grain country in California.

Not long ago, a writer on the staff of the Overland Monthly was talking with Mr. Charles Schlessinger, of 779 Market street. San Francisco, President of the Pacific Land and Investment Company, relative to the future development of Newark.

"I think Newark will be the big manufacturing town of the Pacific Coast. Could the old padres who first selected this region, not only as the most convenient, but as the most attractive when they first came to San Francisco Bay, come here today, or in, say, a year from now, they would witness a civilization that would excel their greatest anticipations."

SEVEN CENTURY PLANTS IN BLOOM AT NEWARK IN FRONT OF PARK HOTEL.

MONTEREY WAKES UP

BY

WASHINGTON DAVIS

AFTER sixty-one years of peaceful slumber, the first capital of the great State of California has aroused herself.

Forty years of this time she has been in the wilderness age of dreams, while persistent, honest, old David Jacks had a barbed-wire fence around the best part of her domain in the shape of a long suit against the United States Government to clear a Mexican title. Finally winning this historic legal contest about a year ago, the Honorable David Jacks agreed to let enterprising men survey, split up and mark off habitable parts of the surrounding real estate, so that live people can now come in, build modern homes and modern business houses, new public temples of commerce, education and religion, thereby making a delightful and beautiful city of the Bride of the Bay.

Glance a moment at the names of the men under whose administration the City of Monterey has caught the spirit of lively but solid progress, and who are working the transformation scene from that of a country town into a great city. They are as follows: Mayor, William Jacks; trustees. Harry J. Schaufele, Charles G. White, M. B. Steadman, A. G. Metz; City Clerk, W. E. Parker; Treasurer, L. A. Schaufele; City Attorney, R. H. Willey; Marshal, Frank Machado; Engineer, W. D. Severance.

Undoubtedly, the irresistible forces of railroad building has much to do with the present growth of Monterey; and this aspect, this unseen tide, this undercurrent, is now stirring men's brains as well as their bank accounts.

No sane man needs two or three pairs of spectacles to see that Monterey and the bay is the natural outlet for the immense variety and quantity of products of the Southern Santa Clara Valley, the Salinas Valley and the San Joaquin Valley; and Nature's magnets and attractions cannot be denied.

Monterey is now the cheese, as with the old fable of the two quarreling cats, with a monkey for the judge—worth repeating here. Said the monkey, after watching the quarrel for some time: "Since you cannot agree, I'll eat the whole thing myself," and he crammed the cheese into his mouth. "Hold, hold!" cried the cats. "Give each of us a share and we will be content."

In the case of Monterey, there are more than two cats. The Southern Pacific has been at the cheese for some time. Any one who does not know the character, resources and standing of this company of heroic gentlemen had better move forward from the oblivion of the Dark Ages of California railroad building into the intelligence of modern civilization.

The San Joaquin and the Ocean Shore routes are also at the cheese, under whatever auspices, and it must be noted that one large real estate and railroad syndicate of San Francisco has done two or three things during the past summer. This syndicate has put together the largest subdivided business and home real estate tracts bordering on Monterey Bay, has taken under its wing some coal and mineral fields, both in Monterey and also in Fresno Counties, and is now actively engaged in preliminary work of connecting these necessary supports of successful railroad operation by electric street and suburban and longer steam lines.

Some real progress and good work that has been done shows in the old Monterey, Fresno and Eastern. It has been enlivened, is now still alive, and with the feed that has been given to it this summer, will be as hard to kill as any other creature with nine lives. It also has some claws on the cheese. Its assets, casually stated, include the property of the Watsonville Transportation Co., six miles of electric railway, with adjoining land; valuable franchises at Monterey and Hollister, with rights of way, surveys, maps and preliminary work already done.

That it will be built and in successful operation at no distant date, either on its own account or with the aid of some others, is a foregone conclusion. The railroad bears, as the first word of its cognomen, the name of Monterey—this famous old, but re-invigorated and waked-up city—so a sentence about the present management of this railroad and the capital behind it is appropriate.

Representing constructive and operating resources, which have built and are running other railroads, are a number of well-known gentlemen of experience and ability.

Conclusively, with the Southern Pacific and the lesser lines, with the real estate men—all of these forces now *very active* about the Bay—Monterey has truly waked up.

STRIKING OIL IN MONTEREY

BY

WASHINGTON DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS.

THEY WERE not boring for oil, but wanted water and were determined to get it, even though they had to bore half way through the earth; yet the oil would seep in through the crevices and sand and spoil the *aqua pura,* from which the gas bubbles would keep on coming out, making the liquid unfit for household purposes, and a bucketful of this "troubled water," standing over night, would have a thin surface of oil on it in the morning.

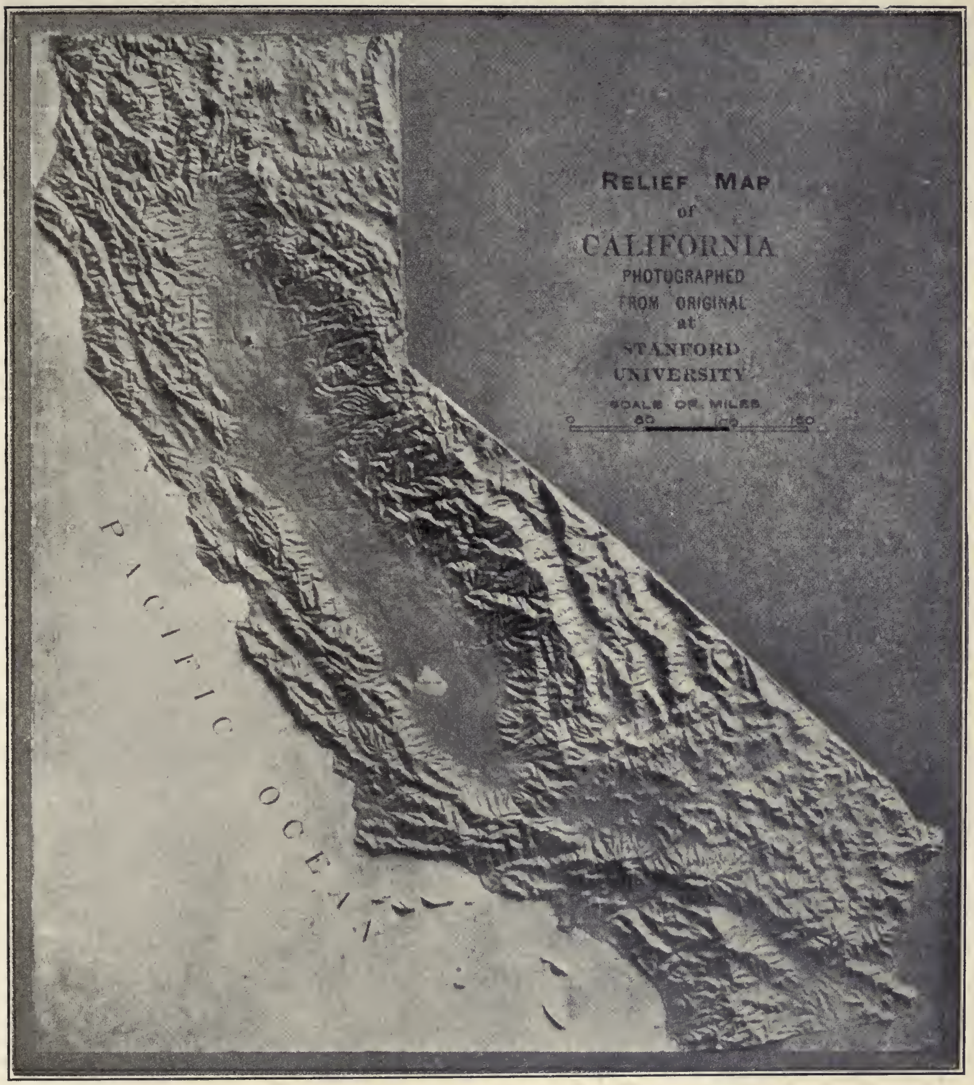
Some feet deeper, the oil seepage amounted to about two barrels per day, but the Montereyans wanted good, clear, sparkling water, so the oil strata was cased out, and the boring went on until the diggers found what they were after, well knowing that these famous old hills about Monterey Bay conceal all kinds of nature's treasures, to be had for the digging. They got fine water after going through the oil strata.

The well where this happened is only two and three-quarters miles from the old custom house where Commodore Sloat raised the American flag in 1846 and took California away from Mexico. Other wells are being sunk.

Interesting, indeed, have these dull old rocks, hills and vales become all of a sudden, now that they touch and fatten up men's pocket-books. Let us bore down two or three hundred feet and see what is under us—this time for oil, not water, first looking at the relief map of California, and comparing this locality with that of other oil fields in the State now yielding unlimited quantities.

As will be seen from the relief map, the topography and the geological formation about Coalinga are similar to the area closely surrounding Monterey City. The strata on this side of the range is almost identically the same. From Coalinga a pipe line 111.10 miles long now carries oil night and day to a wharf on Monterey Bay. Near the source of this pipe line are various mineral springs; within one-half mile of Monterey Bay are the same kind of springs, at various places are the same oil-bearing strata, and a few hundred feet out from the beach, just a few fathoms down from the surface of the water, are croppings of a ledge of asphaltum and kindred substances, pieces of which are occasionally washed out upon Monterey Beach.

Under the direction of Dr. John C. Branner, Professor of Geology at Stanford University, the experimentalists of



the U. S. Department of Agriculture, while investigating irrigation matters in California, made a report (Bulletin 100, pp. 208 *et seq*) on the various formations of Monterey County, from which I take a brief extract only to illustrate and determine the character of the earth through which the new wells near Monterey City are now being bored.

The best authority known at present is this report, which says:

"At Barrett's oil well, in the southwest quarter sec. 31, T. 22 S., R. 14 E. (Monterey County), a large quantity of water was encountered in a bed of granitic sand at a depth of about 300 feet below the surface. (See Figure 7 .)

" * * * The distinguishing features of this terrace formation are the rather flat-topped hills (nearly all of which are in the same general plane), the large quantity of shale pebbles in the gravel beds, and the capping of rather loose sandstone containing enough lime to whiten it. These overlying limy sand beds occur at nearly all the places where the terrace formation was observed.

"On the western side of Salinas Valley from the south boundary of Monterey County to near Paraiso Springs, the rock in place is shale. * * *

"In a cut on the Southern Pacific Rail-

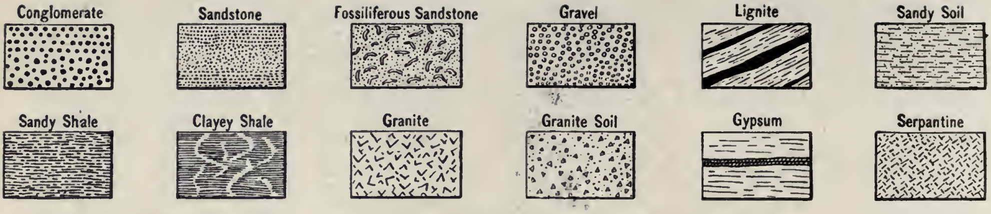


Fig. 5.—Conventional signs used in illustrating report on Salinas river.

road about two miles northwest of Bradley, there is a good exposure of some of the beds of the terrace in an anticline." (See Fig. 8.)

Now, this identical formation is found in the crescent basin around Monterey City.

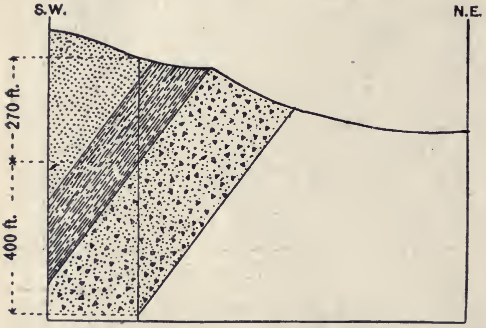


Fig. 7.—Sand and shale beds passed through by Barrett's oil well in southwest quarter section 31, T. 22 S., R. 14 E.

One well that was put down over 200 feet for water went through the following strata:

First 60 feet, sandstone; next 40 feet brown oil sand; next 30 feet mixed serpentine sandstone, and apparently beach sand; next 10 feet gray fossil sand stone and shale; next 46 feet mixed sandstone and shale, with fossils all the way down. At the bottom of this well the sand was getting oily again, and the strata getting so soft that the well was cemented to prevent the oil seepage into the water. This was at a depth of 256 feet.

Another well only 72 feet deep shows about 35 feet of bituminous shale so oily that it will burn. The gas arising from the water in this well and seven other wells in this immediate vicinity, together with the impregnation of oil, make the water unfit for household purposes.

All of these wells are within three miles of the old Customs House and about one mile east and southeast of the Del Monte Hotel.

The depression and level lands and hills in this locality are known as Vista Del Rey and Del Monte Heights.

These low, flat-topped hills surrounding and adjacent to the depression, are identical with the formation described in Bulletin No. 100 of the U. S. Government report on Monterey County, and the strata beneath for a depth of at least 256 feet is the same.

A number of Monterey's leading business men are combining to develop the oil industry around the bay, where the magnificent shipping facilities challenge competition from any part of the world.

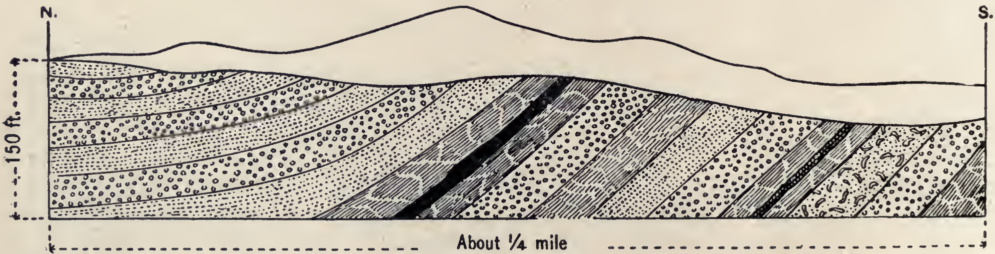


Fig. 8.—Northern slope of anticline cut by railroad two miles northwest of Bradley. The thin seam of lignite has gypsum mixed with it. The fossils are limpets, turritellas, and various clam and oyster shells.

THE ANGELUS

HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance:

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave, and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of their incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

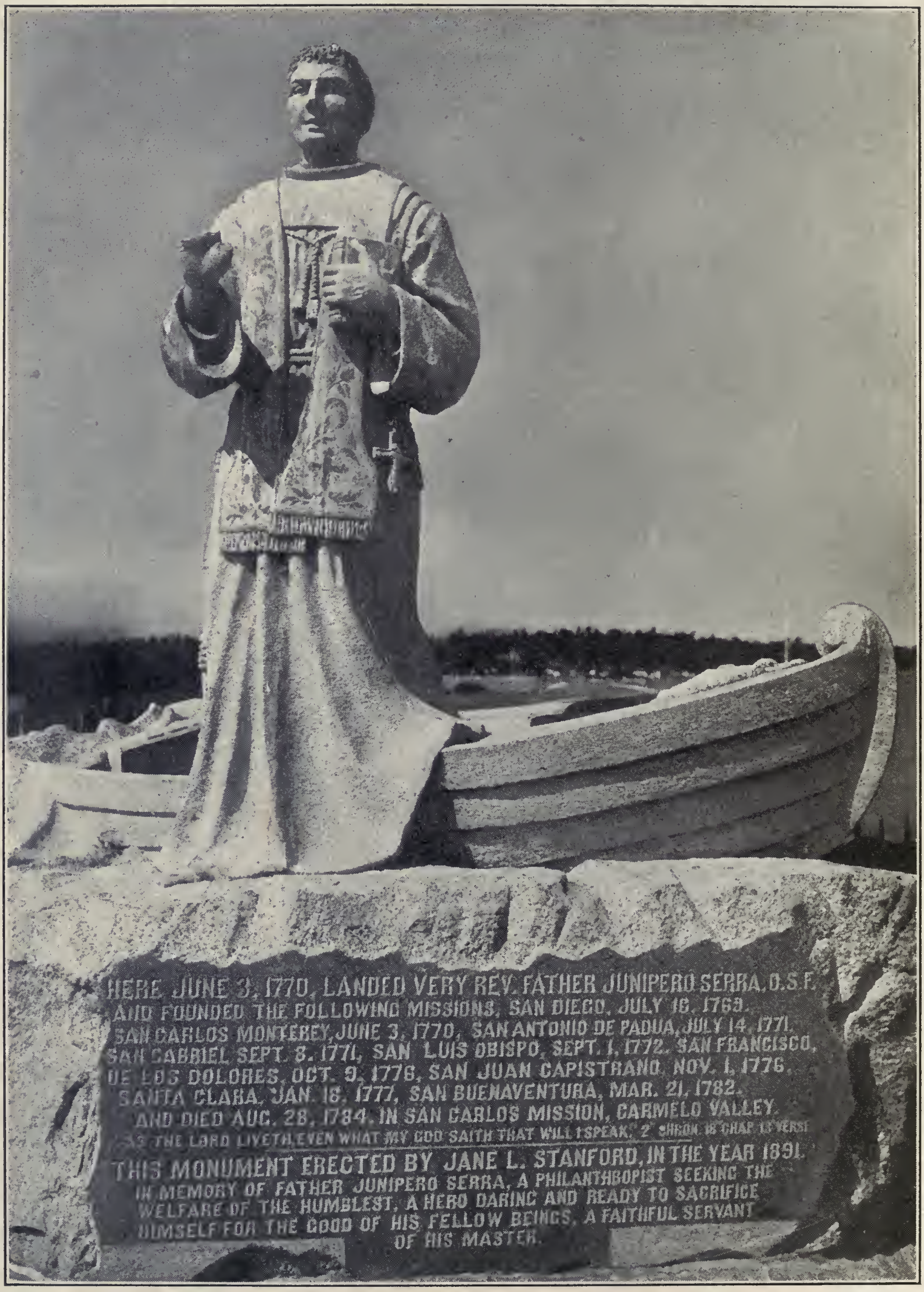
Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the further Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last.

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers;
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O, solemn bells; whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O, tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold;

Your voices break and falter in the darkness;
Break, falter and are still:
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill.


HERE JUNE 3, 1770, LANDED VERY REV. FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA, O.S.F.
AND FOUNDED THE FOLLOWING MISSIONS, SAN DIEGO, JULY 16, 1769.
SAN CARLOS MONTEREY, JUNE 3, 1770, SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA, JULY 14, 1771.
SAN GABRIEL SEPT. 8, 1771, SAN LUIS OBISPO, SEPT. 1, 1772, SAN FRANCISCO,
DE LOS DOLORES, OCT. 9, 1776, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, NOV. 1, 1776,
SANTA CLARA, JAN. 18, 1777, SAN BUENAVENTURA, MAR. 21, 1782.
AND DIED AUG. 28, 1784, IN SAN CARLOS MISSION, CARMELO VALLEY.
AS THE LORD LIVETH, EVEN WHAT MY GOD SAITH THAT WILL I SPEAK. 2 CHRON. 18 CHAP. 13 VERSE
THIS MONUMENT ERECTED BY JANE L. STANFORD, IN THE YEAR 1891
IN MEMORY OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA, A PHILANTHROPIST SEEKING THE
WELFARE OF THE HUMBLEST, A HERO DARING AND READY TO SACRIFICE
HIMSELF FOR THE GOOD OF HIS FELLOW BEINGS, A FAITHFUL SERVANT
OF HIS MASTER.

STATUE OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.
Photo Courtesy Charles Sedgwick Aiken, Esq.

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NOVEMBER, 1907

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Founded 1868 Bret Harte

San Francisco

WHAT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS DONE FOR SAN FRANCISCO

BY

HAMILTON WRIGHT AND F. MARION GALLEGHER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

(In the wonderful story of Catholic San Francisco is told the romantic history of the city. History perhaps affords few parallels to the prodigious labors of the devout Spanish missionaries who, in their work of evangelization, first brought civilization to the great Pacific Slope. To the people of California, possibly more than all others, the vast accomplishments of the Catholic church in their metropolis are therefore of a vital and peculiar interest. But to all, the tale of this gentle, bloodless conquest is of value, for it occupies one of the happiest chapters in American history. Just as the landing of the Pilgrim fathers on the bleak Atlantic Coast marks the beginning of the New England civilization, so the coming to sunny California of Father Junipero Serra and those who followed him signalized the establishment of a civilization not less complete or less desirable. It is peculiarly fitting that OVERLAND MONTHLY, whose pages for forty years have abounded from time to time with the bibliography of California, should be the first popular magazine to treat the subject comprehensively.

To-day the Catholic church, by reason of its charitable works and its wonderful organization whereby the teachings of Christianity go hand in hand with the education of the young, is occupying a far greater field than Father Junipero Serra, exalted as were his hopes, could have ever dreamed of. But it is impossible in the brief limits of a magazine article to convey more than a faint appreciation of the vast works of the Catholic Church.)—Editors Overland.

IT WAS in the stirring year 1776, on the ninth of October, that the mission San Francisco de Assisi (Dolores) was founded. Named in honor of St. Francis of Assisium, the founder of the Franciscan order, the old mission church still stands at Sixteenth and Dolores streets, San Francisco, comparatively unharmed by the earthquakes and wear of weather of its venerable one hundred and thirty-one years.

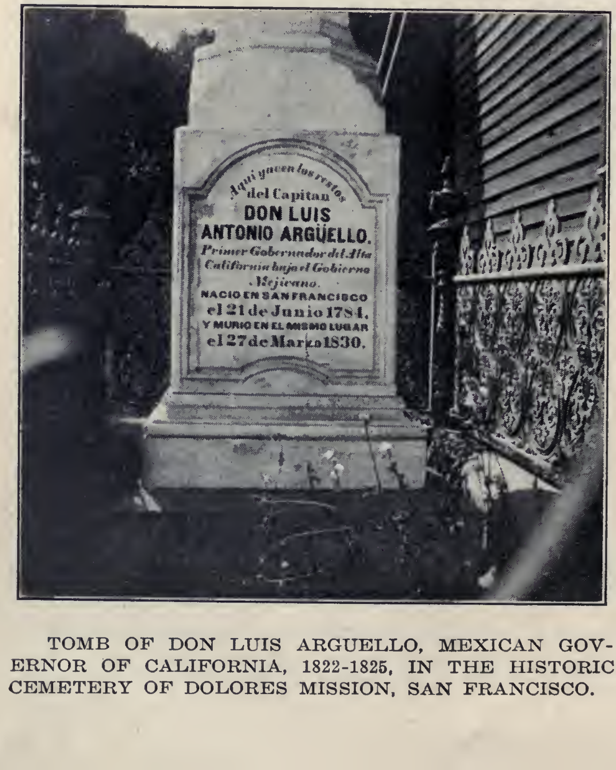
There is a peculiarly striking metaphor in the story of this rare old mission edifice. Built of the common clay of the earth, of great bricks, long ago shaped by the simple mission Indians, and dried by the mere heat of the sun, it symbolizes the work of the earliest missionaries, who, from the common material of the humanity at hand, built up a useful, happy, beautiful and religious life. In San Francisco to-day there are being erected great buildings costing hundreds of thousands and even a million or more of dollars. Yet among them you will not find one so impressive and beautiful in artistic conception, nor may you discover one stronger or more lasting than the mission San Francisco de Assisi, made from the common earth and without cost by the gentle Indians.

Thus, with the mission, came to San Francisco its name. And thus came Christianity to San Francisco in a memorable year; for the thirteen original colonies, through their delegated assembly, had, in that year, declared themselves independent of British rule, and Thomas Jefferson signed the immortal Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson then knew as little of the Pacific Coast as we to-day know of Patagonia. But the pious Franciscan fathers, who had ventured into every foot of the unknown region, foretold the great civilization to come to the vast Pacific Coast.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISSION DOLORES AT 16TH AND DOLORES STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO. FOUNDED OCTOBER 9, 1776. Courtesy Joseph R. Knowland

The founding of the California Missions has become classic in American history. For almost three centuries after its nominal discovery a vast region inhabited by many thousands of peaceful Indians, devoted to agriculture, had remained unknown. Then came the Franciscan missionaries, and in a few years these worthy priests built up a number of amazing communities, the missions, where thousands of Indians, guided and guarded by the padres, devoted themselves happily to pastural pursuits. Almost like a tale from the old Testament it reads, almost like a story from the Bible which is, at once, the finest literature in all the world.

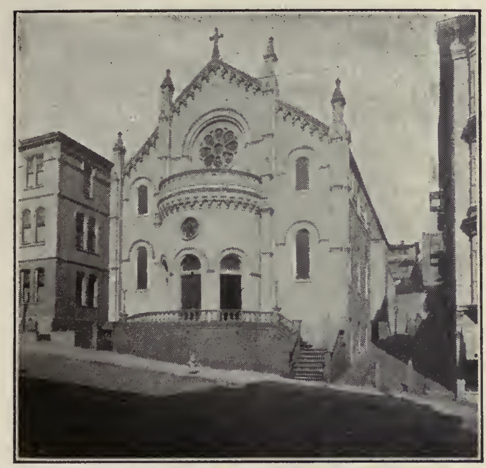
It is an oft-told story—how, bent on schemes of colonization and conquest, the bold captain, Gaspar de Portola, with a few Spanish soldiers and the devout Junipero Serra and his little band of Franciscan missionaries, set forth in 1769, from Loreto, in the Peninsula now known as Lower California, to explore this vast region, the unknown empire, the fabulous, misty, poetically named California.



TOMB OF DON LUIS ARGUELLO, MEXICAN GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, 1822-1825, IN THE HISTORIC CEMETERY OF DOLORES MISSION, SAN FRANCISCO.

But let us go further back. Then we may see why other efforts failed and Junipero succeeded.

For more than two hundred and fifty years before Serra's time, California had been a magic world. The lure of gold hung round its birth. As early as 1510 there had been published a Spanish romance, "La Sergas de Esplanadian," in which is described an island called California, abounding in precious stones, and whose rocks were of solid gold of such a plenty that the very streets were paved with them. The island was situated, read the



NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES CHURCH, FOUNDED IN 1856, AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE FIRE. A TEMPORARY STRUCTURE, WHICH IS THE BASEMENT OF THE NEW BUILDING, NOW OCCUPIES THE PRESENT SITE, AND IS USED AS A CHURCH.

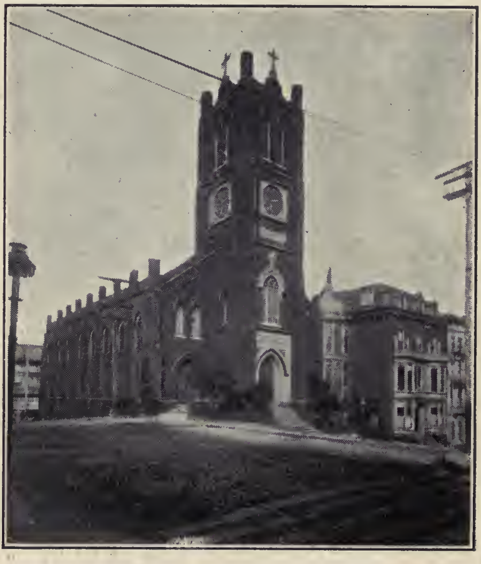
book, at the right hand of the Indies, and very near the terrestrial paradise. The tale had appealed to imaginations fired with the legends of chivalry. Soldiers staked their reputations and kings pawned jewels of State to find the magic land. But not until devout priests, with neither sword nor purse, crossed the desert was the real discovery of California made.

When Cortes discovered Lower California in 1535 he had named it California because he wished people to think that he at last had found the land of gold. On June 15th, 1579, Captain Francis Drake, the boldest adventurer of all England, chanced in Drake's Bay some thirty miles north of the Golden Gate. Drake promptly took formal possession of the land in the name of Queen Elizabeth. But the Queen seems never to have claimed her dominion, nor have any of her successors for these three hundred and twenty-eight years. Had they done so, doubtless the Puritans, and not the padres, would have marked the early founding of San Francisco. Later, in 1542, had come Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo, who, sent by the Viceroy of Upper Mexico, discovered San Diego harbor and came almost in sight of the Golden Gate, while in 1602-3, Sebastian Viscaino had visited San Diego and Monterey Bays. Others had followed, but the land was neglected until to it came Captain Portola and Father Junipero Serra.

With the coming of the Franciscan missionaries in 1769 began an era of colonization in California. It is to these holy men that California owes the peace of its early history. It was their absolute devotion that won the Indians when the overtures of the military had failed.

Their first expedition was fortunate in being under the direction and spiritual charge of one of the most remarkable priests in history. A devout, zealous and indefatigable man, of dominant yet winning personality, great executive ability and physical strength, able to endure almost any hardship, Junipero Serra was wonderfully fitted for the supreme task before him. Father Serra arrived in San Diego, California, on July 1st, 1769, after forty-six days' travel overland from Loreto. On the sixteenth, Father Junipero founded the mission of San Diego.

Under Junipero's unflagging zeal, the establishing of the missions proceeded with marvelous rapidity. Within a decade the Indian tribes were won over and the music of the Mission bells was heard from Sonoma to San Diego. The padres blessed God, for they saw the great har-



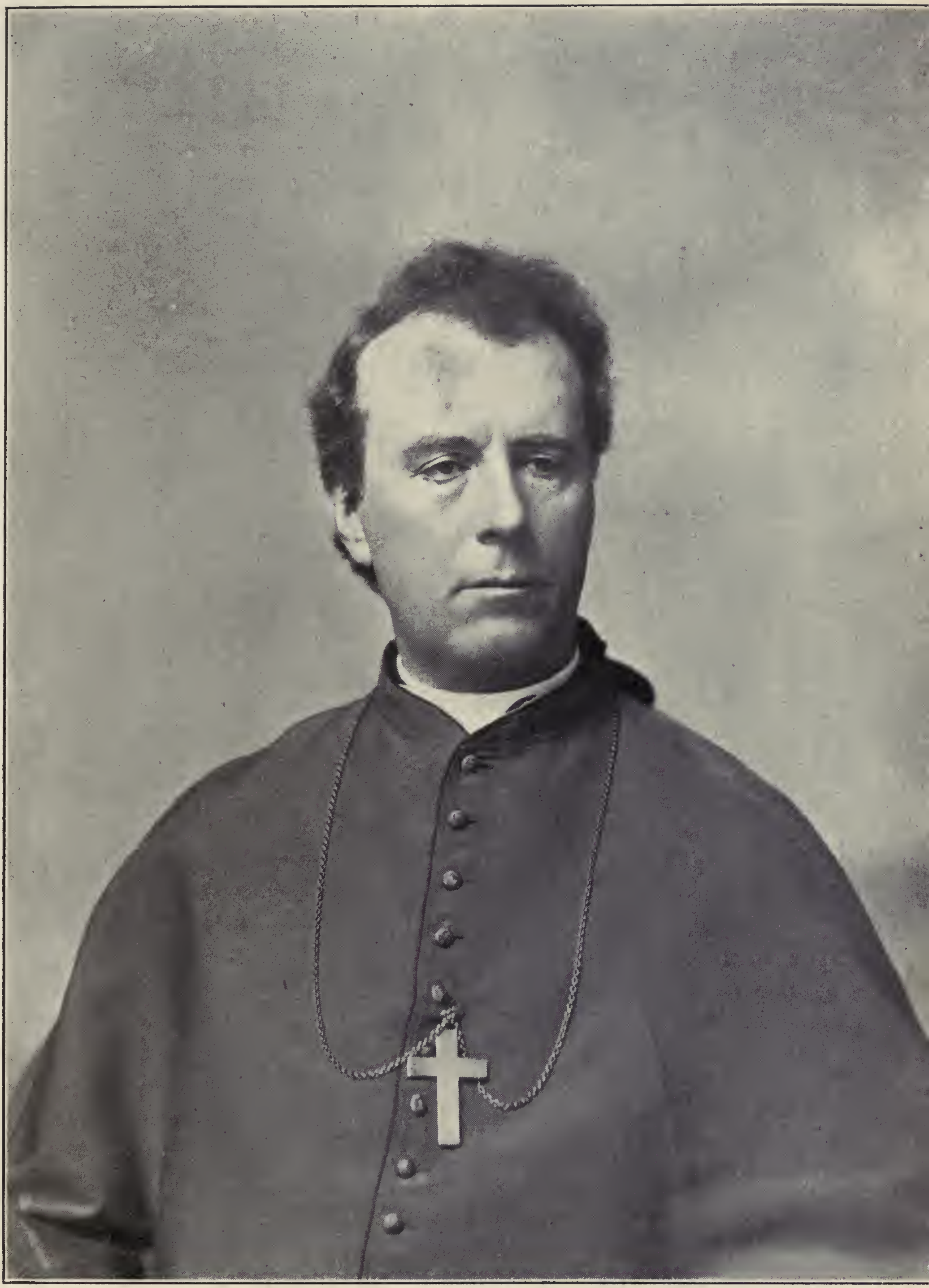
ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, BUILT IN 1854, CALIFORNIA AND DUPONT STREETS. THE TOWER WAS BUILT IN LATER YEARS. A TEMPORARY CHURCH IS NOW BUILT WHERE THE HOUSE STOOD.

vest of souls to be gathered among the dusky people of the fair, new country. The natives grew exceedingly prosperous and happy. Under the guidance of the Fathers, they planted great crops and raised vast herds of sleek cattle. They were simple, devout, reverential—yet children; but the padres were at hand to guide them. In contrast to our bloody occupation of the Atlantic Slope, the peaceful story of the mission Indians is one of the happiest pages in American history.

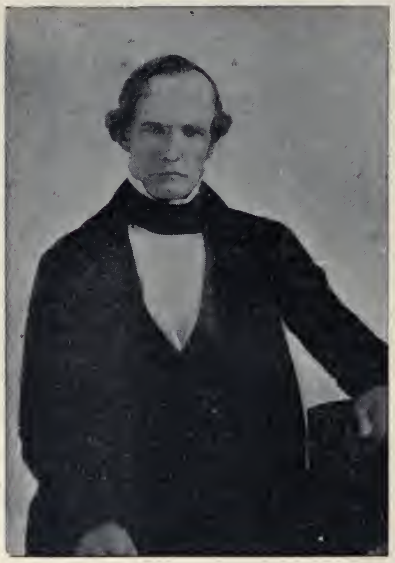
When Mexico adopted a constitution in 1824 each civilized Indian was declared a citizen of the Republic and lands were given to him. A few Americans, who had already drifted across the great prairies over the Santa Fe trail, acquired huge grants of land, while the native Spanish population shared in the general distribution. The missionaries, thus deprived

FATHER VILARRASA, WHO IN DECEMBER, 1850, CAME TO SAN FRANCISCO AND PERFORMED MANY HELPFUL DEEDS IN THE TURBULENT MINING COMMUNITY.

From an old print. Courtesy "Dominicana."



THE MOST REVEREND PATRICK WILLIAM RIORDAN, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO, WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN ONE OF EXTRAORDINARY HELPFULNESS TO THE COMMUNITY.



PETER H. BURNETT, THE FIRST CIVIL GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, ELECTED NOVEMBER 13, 1849, WHO EMBRACED THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

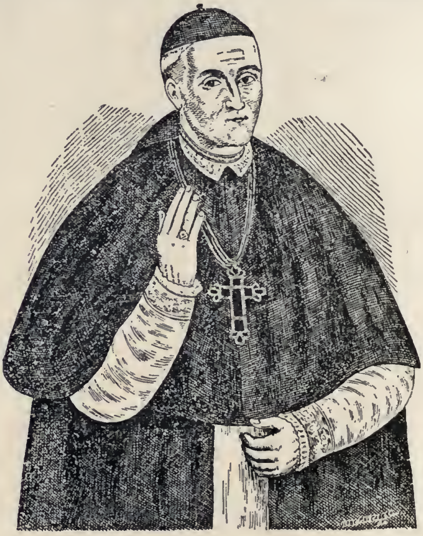
of their authority, returned to Spain and Mexico. The secularization of the prosperous missions, wrought not only death to the Indians, but general demoralization to the growing population. Speedily the Indians drifted to the cities and away from the fields. They were plied with drink and encouraged in vices in order that they might be the more readily fleeced of their lands. An unparalleled era of confiscation and plundering followed. Plague and disease took them; they died by the thousands, and in less than a generation had become almost extinct. The decay of the missions meant the destruction of religious life in California.

In 1836 the Mexican Government decided to hand over the dying church of California to its first Bishop, Fr. Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno, who was consecrated in 1840. Bishop Garcia labored under great disadvantages. His era was that known as the "mission robber regime." The Pious Fund, established for the support of the missions, was confiscated and no interest was paid as had been promised when the Government appropriated it. Pio Pico, the provisional Governor of California, sold at auction, without authority, a half dozen of missions, and they went for a song. Years afterwards the rightful title in the Church was established in the United States court. In 1854 the Bishop, discouraged and heart-broken, wrote to Pio Pico stating his wish to have a successor appointed for himself, and that a new force of priests be sent from Europe, their expenses to be paid from the Pious Fund. His wishes were not respected, and death soon brought him relief.

The first Bishop of the Californias is buried in the sanctuary of the old mission church of Santa Barbara, which served as his cathedral. Father Gonzalez Rubio, his vicar-general, acted as administrator of the diocese during the Mexican war. After the conclusion of the treaty with Mexico, in 1847, California became a part of the United States, and the cruel conditions which had confronted Bishop Garcia were relaxed.

On January 24th, 1848, James W. Marshall, a carpenter and wheelright, discovered gold on the north fork of the American River.

The news flew around the globe. All the world thronged to California; across the vast West trailed prairie schooners in endless procession. Ships from every port filled the bay of San Francisco. In August, 1847, there were but 459 people in



RT. REV. GARCIA DIEGO Y MORENO, O. S. F. FIRST BISHOP OF MONTEREY.

From an old print. Courtesy "Dominicana."

ST. BONIFACE'S CHURCH, GOLDEN GATE AVENUE. FRANCISCAN. BURNED AND NOW BEING REBUILT.

San Francisco, of whom half were Indians. In 1849, 77,000 people came to the State, and the city became the base of vast operations. Among the gold seekers came many of the Catholic faith, but in the vast army of adventurers were many for whom there was no religious provision. Letters were sent to Eastern prelates, Archbishop Hughes, of New York, among them, stating the lamentable condition of affairs. Priests were needed not only to lead in spiritual effort, but to care for the sick, for the victims of plague, for the unfortunate, the children and the aged; also were needed the Catholic Sisterhoods, who, by their consecrated lives, might stir up in the hearts of rough men the innate chivalrous respect for women, and thus induce a leaven into the turbulent population. Fortunately, at this time in Rome, a general chapter of the Dominican Order was being held. Representing his Order in the United States was Fr. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, who for ten years had labored in the missions of Kentucky and Tennessee. It seemed providential that Fr. Alemany should be sent to this most trying place.

He knew the laws and customs of this country; he counted among his admiring friends the blunt but progressive Andrew Jackson, and he was peculiarly able to harmonize the old regime and the new, the vividly contrasting epochs that seem to meet in those tremendous days of gold.

Bishop Alemany was consecrated in the Dominican Church of the Minerva in Rome, June 30, 1850. When Bishop Alemany, Fr. Vilarrasa, a fellow Dominican priest, and Mother Mary Gomaere arrived in San Francisco, December 7, 1850, they found a strange land of strange tongues and stranger customs. But a heart was in the flannel-shirted and booted population, lavish and reckless to a fault. On the 11th of December, a grand reception was tendered to the Bishop in the humble school room of the Church of Saint Francis, which had been already built by Father Langlois. Only a small percentage of the large assemblage, gathered to express their respect, was enabled to enter. Among the features was a purse of $1350,

MOTHER LOUISA, WHO SUCCEEDED MOTHER MARY AS SUPERIOR OF THE DOMINICAN COMMUNITY. A WOMAN OF GREAT TALENTS, FORCE OF CHARACTER AND GENTLENESS. MOTHER LOUISA IN GIRLHOOD WAS KNOWN AS MISS FANNY EWING, ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF THOMAS EWING, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR IN THE CABINETS OF PRESIDENTS TAYLOR AND FILLMORE.

Courtesy "Dominicana."

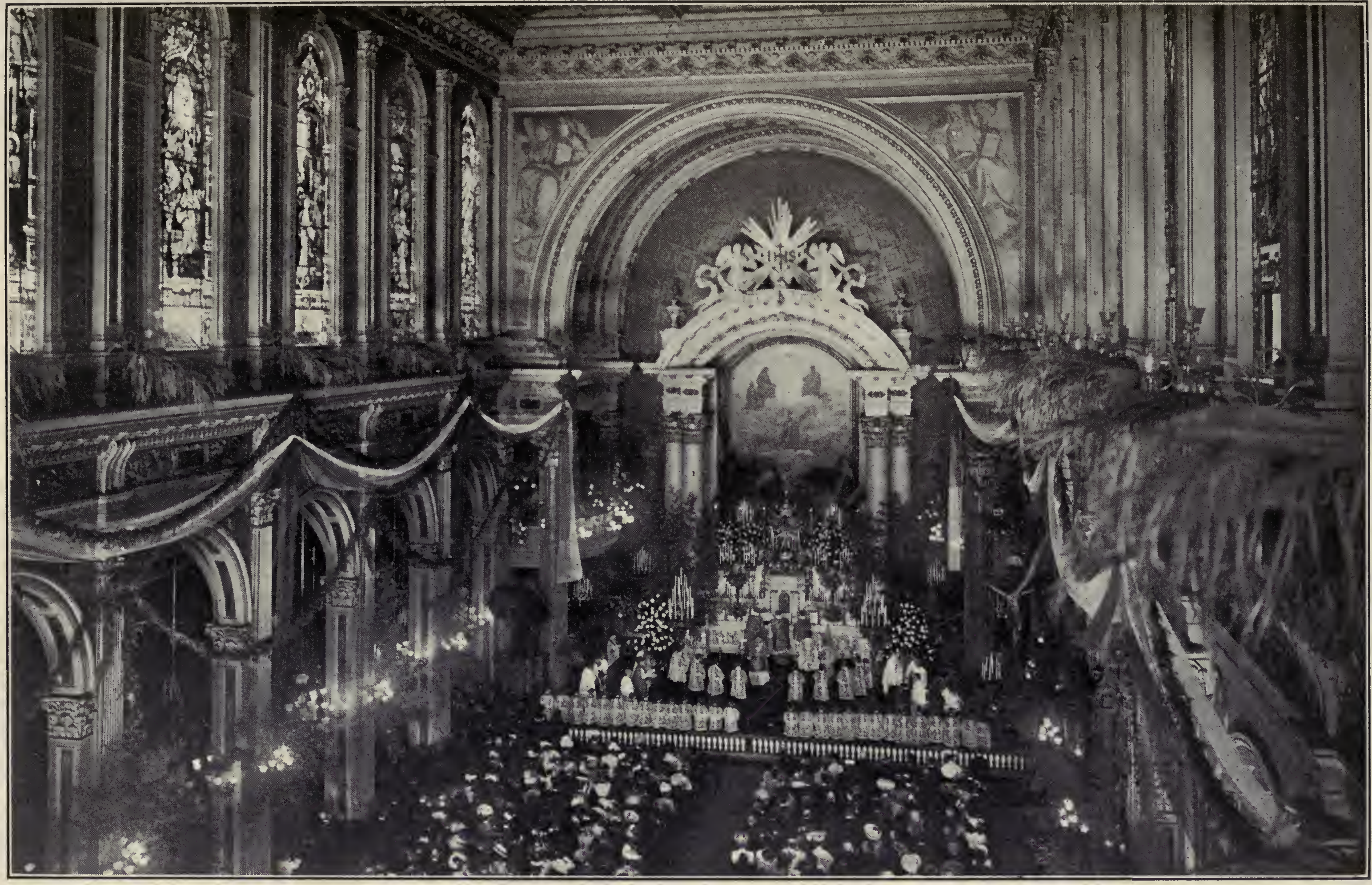
presented to Bishop Alemany to assist him in visiting his vast diocese that extended from the Rocky Mountains to the Western Sea. In those early days it was customary for the priests to make long journeys on horseback on the rough trails that led to the remote settled districts throughout California. Two hundred miles of such travel was not accounted an extraordinary trip. Physicians in the land were few, and calls to assist the sick were perhaps even more frequent than to administer to the dying. Bishop Alemany, accounted one of the finest horsemen of early California, remained devoted to the exercise for many years.

At the time the young bishop arrived, besides the Mission Dolores, which was then three miles from town, there was only one church of any denomination, that of Saint Francis, in all the great mining community. And, moreover, there were but two priests, Fr. Langlois and Fr. Croke. Fr. Anderson, who had built a chapel in Sacramento, had been carried off by cholera but two weeks before. There were no churches in the near vicinity since the missions of San Rafael and San Jose had been sold under the unauthorized order of Provisional Governor Pio Pico.

In Bishop Alemany a leader arose for the people. He was a marvelous church builder and organizer. Real leaders, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, have, we believe, always been and always will be, inspired from on high. The same power that guided Lincoln and Washington, guided also Moses and Saint Paul. No one played a more conspicuous part in the uplift of California than did this remarkable young bishop. To the new community the bishop, aided by a handful of clergy, ministering to a widely scattered flock, under conditions of hardship, poverty and suffering, invited other religious workers. In 1851 came the Jesuit Fathers. Their mission was established in 1854, when seven Fathers and six Brothers settled at Santa Clara and San Jose. The sisters of Notre Dame, six in number, came down to San Jose from Oregon in that year. In 1852, Bishop Alemany attended the first Plenary Council of Baltimore, and before he returned, he secured five Sisters of Charity who, during the year, laid the foundations of their apostolate. There had been seven sisters in the party, but two died of fever in crossing Panama. To the Council of Baltimore, Bishop Alemany explained religious conditions in California, and since the Golden Gate had become of more importance than the old Mexican capital of Monterey, because of the needs of its increasing population, San Francisco was made an archdiocese. Rapidly San Francisco grew. In 1853 there was a Catholic population of 40,000 in the city, with 38 priests scattered over the archdiocese. Wealth had come to the pioneers. On July 17, 1853, the cornerstone was laid for Saint Mary's Cathedral. The edifice cost $175,000, and added greatly to the finished appearance of the city. In 1854, the men of San Francisco of all classes cleared a great sand hill, and filled up a swamp, for an asylum on the Palace Hotel site on Market street. The work was undertaken at the instance of Father McGinnis, who stirred the people to the necessity of building a permanent home for the orphans. There were many orphans, with the cholera and the wild ex-

MOTHER MARY, WHO ACCOMPANIED ARCHBISHOP ALEMANY AND FR. VILARRASA TO CALIFORNIA IN 1850.

From an old print. Courtesy "Dominicana."



THE GOLDEN JUBILEE AT ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH. PONTIFICAL MASS BEFORE THE CONSECRATION, OCTOBER 15, 1905.
Photograph by Turrill and Miller.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP GEORGE MONTGOMERY, COADJUTOR BISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR FIGURES IN THE HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. A MAN DISTINGUISHED FOR HIS STERLING MILITANT PATRIOTISM, CRUSADES AGAINST INIQUITY, KINDLINESS AND CHARITABLENESS. ARCHBISHOP MONTGOMERY DIED JANUARY 10, 1907.

citing life of mining days to carry off their parents. The building costing $24,000, contributed to by all citizens, was in charge of the Sisters of Charity. Later, in 1861, the foundlings and younger children were transferred to a fifty-seven acre tract off Hunter's Point, in South San Francisco, on which already stood a vine-covered cottage. The present large infant asylum, on this site, was dedicated in 1863. When the growth of San Francisco rendered desirable the sale of the Market street site, the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum (also known as Mt. St. Joseph's) was founded, being dedicated in 1874. Mt. St. Joseph's really consists of two asylums, one for the infants at the foot of the hill, and the other for the larger children at the summit. For years the latter building has been one of the conspicuous public edifices of the city. To-day, that portion of the asylum de-

BROTHER GREGORY
BROTHER LEO.
BROTHER LEWIS

SOME MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY OF SACRED HEART COLLEGE.

voted to the infants harbors about four hundred children and receives 150 foundlings, besides orphan babies, every year. As the babies grow larger, they are transferred to the building at the summit. When the girls reach from eight to, say, fourteen years, they are transferred to the technical school which is run by the Sisters of Charity, where they learn a useful and practical education. The boys, on the other hand, are sent to St. Vincent's Asylum at San Rafael, under charge of the Christian Brothers, where about 600 children are cared for.

What service is so thoroughly organized as that for the poor by the church!

For 34 years, until his death in April 14, 1888, the work went on under Archbishop Alemany. In many respects, the period during which he served was the most critical and vital in the history of San Francisco. Just as the name of Junipero Serra brings to our minds the California mission regime, and that of Archbishop Riordan, the era of modern San Francisco, the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, with its half million souls and myriad activities, so that of Archbishop Alemany stands forth as the apostle of the strenuous days of gold.

Many interesting traits of Bishop Alemany are recalled by old-timers in California. Though of slight frame and small in stature, he was erect and brisk until his last days. Says a writer in the *Monitor:* "He had the pride of the Californian, but the humility of a saint. On Holy Thursday afternoon he used to wash the feet of twelve altar boys in imitation of Christ's action at the Last Supper." He was very fond of children, and at the old cathedral they would line up on either side to receive individually the kind word he knew so well how to give. The bishop possessed a marvelous faculty of inspiring to their best efforts those with whom he came in contact.

In 1883, feeling the pressure of his laborious but happy years, and aware of his diminishing physical strength, Archbishop Alemany applied to Rome for a youthful helper, who also would succeed him. The Holy See, with wise provision for the great future of San Francisco, gave him in that year, as his coadjutor, Most Reverend Patrick W. Riordan, who, as pastor of Saint James Parish, Chicago, had won wide recognition for his extraordinary executive ability, deep scholarship, and great personal magnetism. On December 28, 1884, Archbishop Alemany formally resigned the See of San Francisco and returned to a Dominican Monastery in Spain.

The advent of Archbishop Riordan marks the period when San Francisco emerged from her indefinable status as a former mining camp, to her present recognized position as a great seaport metropolis.

The splendid work of Archbishop Riordan was not effected without difficulties, which demanded such an expenditure of energy that eventually the indomitable prelate found himself unable physically to bear the strain. Accordingly, in September, 1902, the Right Reverend George Montgomery, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, was appointed by the Pope Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco. He proved an ideal prelate in his new and responsible position, and his sudden death last January was regarded as a civic calamity.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF ST. BONIFACE CHURCH

Archbishop Riordan early directed his genius for organization to the work of Catholic education. Side by side with the exceptionally active era of parish church building, which has characterized his years of episcopal administration, has progressed the era of buildings dedicated to Catholic education, a work in which there have been inaugurated, not only a very large number of parochial schools, in which the lay youth receives religious and moral training with his general education, but which has included the thorough education of scholarly and devoted priests.

It is difficult indeed to select one field of activity as more characteristic than any other of Archbishop Riordan's episcopate. His dynamic energy, optimism and high ideals have been applied in many fields.

To-day the work of the Catholic Church in San Francisco is as broad and deep as life itself. From the cradle to the grave all are taken care of. For every field of charitable effort there exists an organized Catholic body to specifically fill that field. Parentless children or the children of the poor, are reared, educated, given some useful profession; if in old age they are unfortunate, they are cared for, and if at death there are no funds for burial or the tombstone, they also are furnished.

Caring for children is undertaken on a colossal scale, and is extended to every variety of circumstances. Children, for instance, whose parents work, are looked after by the Sisters of the Holy Family, whose convent is in Hayes street and Fillmore. Here over sixty women, nearly all natives of California, and nearly all young

HOME FOR THE AGED POOR, MAINTAINED BY THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR IN SAN FRANCISCO.

women, gather into their Day Homes the babies and children who are left at home. This order of the Holy Family is of local origin, and is unique in being established in no other diocese in the world.

Since the great fire, many calls have been made upon the Sisters of the Holy Family, and it is impossible to more than indicate the great good they have done among the relief camps of the city.

Among the several institutions maintained by the Sisters of Charity is St. Francis Technical School, where about 100 homeless girls are raised, educated and taught, also, a definite profession—the art of dress-making and embroidery. So excellent is their education that, upon graduation, they command salaries of $4 and $5 a day. In the creation of beautiful trousseaux and of stylish dresses, above the skill of the ordinary dressmaker, St. Francis Technical School ranks high.

A wonderful work is that carried on by the Little Sisters of the Poor, begun in Saint Servan, in Brittany, in 1839.

The Little Sisters of the Poor care for destitute old people who are over 60 years. At the present time in San Francisco there are 19 Sisters who care for 168 old ladies and 114 aged men at the Home for the Aged on Lake street and Fourth avenue. The splendidly equipped building they occupy is the gift of Mr. E. J. Le Breton.

All the work, all the drudgery of this great institution is done by the Little Sisters themselves. The Little Sisters bake the bread and scrub the floors. Their whole lives are consecrated to poverty and self-sacrifice. Every morning some of the cheerful Little Sisters beg the food they are to use during the day.

Of all charitable institutions, none has more directly conduced to good citizenship than the Youths' Directory, a home

HAPPY OLD LADIES IN THE HOME FOR THE AGED POOR, MAINTAINED BY THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

and school for boys at Nineteenth and Valencia streets, San Francisco. During the past twenty years, 11,000 children have been cared for. The State makes an annual appropriation of $100 for whole-orphans and seventy-five dollars for half-orphans, this money being turned over to the orphans' homes, which are maintained by various charitable institutions. But no provision is made for the care of the boy whose parents, though still living, are, through illness, accident, misfortune, wilful crime or drunkenness, unable, either temporarily or permanently, to care for him. Under the provision made by law, the only place to send such a boy would be to a reformatory. Here, in his plastic years, he would associate with boys committed for incorrigibleness, or for crime which, were they older, would have sent them to the State or county prisons. In nine cases out of ten, perhaps, to send a good boy into such an institution is to make him a criminal. It is for these good boys that the Youth's Directory was established [illegible] 1874 by Archbishop A[illegible]any. Greatly interested [illegible] the movement was the present Vicar-General, the Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast. These neglected boys often go to the bad, while, if given encouragement, they will make good men. The home was built in 1877 on Howard street, near Tenth, and here, with Father Connolly, the present pastor of St. Paul's as spiritual director, the Directory continued its good work for a period of ten years. Archbishop Riordan, who was deeply interested in the work, in 1887 appointed Father Crowley spiritual director. The Directory rapidly outgrew three edifices erected to meet its needs. But the fire of April 18, 1906, swept away the handsome $125,000 building dedicated in 1899, at the corner of Nineteenth and Angelica streets. To-day the boys of the Youth's Directory are housed in temporary buildings, which, with school houses and dormitory, will accommodate about sixty boys. For boys that have a taste for country life, there is conducted the agricultural farm at Rutherford. (This institution will be described in the December Overland Monthly.)

102 YEARS OLD! AUNT MARGARET BROPHY, BORN IN COUNTY GALWAY, IRELAND, IN 1805, AND NOW HAPPY WITH THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

In 1854, at the solicitation of Father Hugh Gallagher, S. J., eight Sisters of Mercy came from Ireland to labor in this Western field. With the energy and wisdom which seems to characterize the members of all the Catholic Sisterhoods, these self-sacrificing women secured funds for the erection of Saint Mary's Hospital on Rincon Hill. This institution, which eventually became one of the most familiar landmarks in the city that was, was dedicated by Father Croke in 1861. Under the direction of their able superioress, Mother Baptist Russell, the work of the Sisters of Mercy increased in efficiency and scope. The hospital is at present temporarily located on Sutter street, near Devisadero, and plans for an up to date and commodious permanent structure are being completed. The Sisters of Mercy have likewise engaged [illegible] the educational work of th[illegible]ty and the State, and only [illegible]st month celebrated their fiftieth anniversary in Sacramento. One of their distinctive objects is the care of wayward girls, whom they house and educate in Saint Catherine's Home on Potrero avenue.

After the accession of Archbishop Alemany, the number of religious orders steadily increased. Both Archbishop Alemany and his successor, Archbishop Riordan, encouraged the coming of the Orders. It was Archbishop Alemany who secured the return of the Franciscans to this State, for it is with them its earliest religious history is so closely connected.

In 1868 there came to California the Sisters of the Holy Name, and also the Christian Brothers. The Salesian Fathers came in 1897 to work among the Catholic Italians; in 1885 the Fathers of the Society of Mary, to minister to the French Catholics; in December, 1894, the Paulist Fathers, members of an Order of American origin, whose work is the giving of missions and parochial work.

Among the other orders now engaged in charitable and educational work in San Francisco are the Religious of the Sacred Heart, the Brothers of Mary, the Sisters of St. Francis, the Dominican Sisters, the Presentation Nuns, the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, and the Sisters of the Holy Souls.

At St. Boniface's Church on Golden Gate avenue, and St. Anthony's Church at Army and Folsom streets, the needs of the German Catholics of the city are ministered to by the Franciscan Fathers.

The Dominican Fathers, better known as the Order of Preachers, also came early and established themselves at St. Dominic's Church on Steiner street.

The Spanish Catholics of the city have a church dedicated to Our Lady of Guadaloupe, and served by Spanish priests.

HOME OF FATHER O'NEIL, OF ST. BRENDEN'S CHURCH, WHICH WAS BURNED IN THE RINCON HILL DISTRICT, SAN FRANCISCO. SERVICES ARE NOW CONDUCTED IN A TENT FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT GO FURTHER. THOUSANDS OF POOR ARE AIDED IN THIS DISTRICT.

Father Turck, whose headquarters are at the rectory of the Church of the Nativity on Fell street, is in charge of the local Slavonian colony.

Besides the regular orders and congregations like the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Jesuits and the various sisterhoods, there are in San Francisco numerous societies of a semi-religious nature, to which thousands of Catholic San Franciscans belong. Such are the Third Orders of Saint Francis and Saint Dominic, the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, the Francesca Society and the Knights of Columbus. The last named organization was introduced into this city some five years ago, and at present, under the direction of Grand Knight Keith, is in a most flourishing condition. It is no exaggeration to say that every prominent Catholic man of San Francisco wears the K. of C. button on his coat lapel. The knights attend certain sacred functions in a body at stated times during the year, and hold regular social gatherings every month.

BASEBALL AT THE YOUTH'S DIRECTORY, A WORTHY SAN FRANCISCO CHARITY WHICH IN THE PAST TWENTY YEARS HAS CARED FOR ELEVEN THOUSAND BOYS.

A society of local origin, which is rapidly finding favor in San Francisco is the Total Abstinence Tourist Club. As the name implies, this is a temperance organization, but it is a tourist club as well. At least once a year the members take a trip to one or other of the old missions in the State and make the occasion memorable as well as enjoyable with appropriate ceremonies. The Reverend Joseph P. McQuaide, rector of Sacred Heart Parish, is the founder of this unique organization.

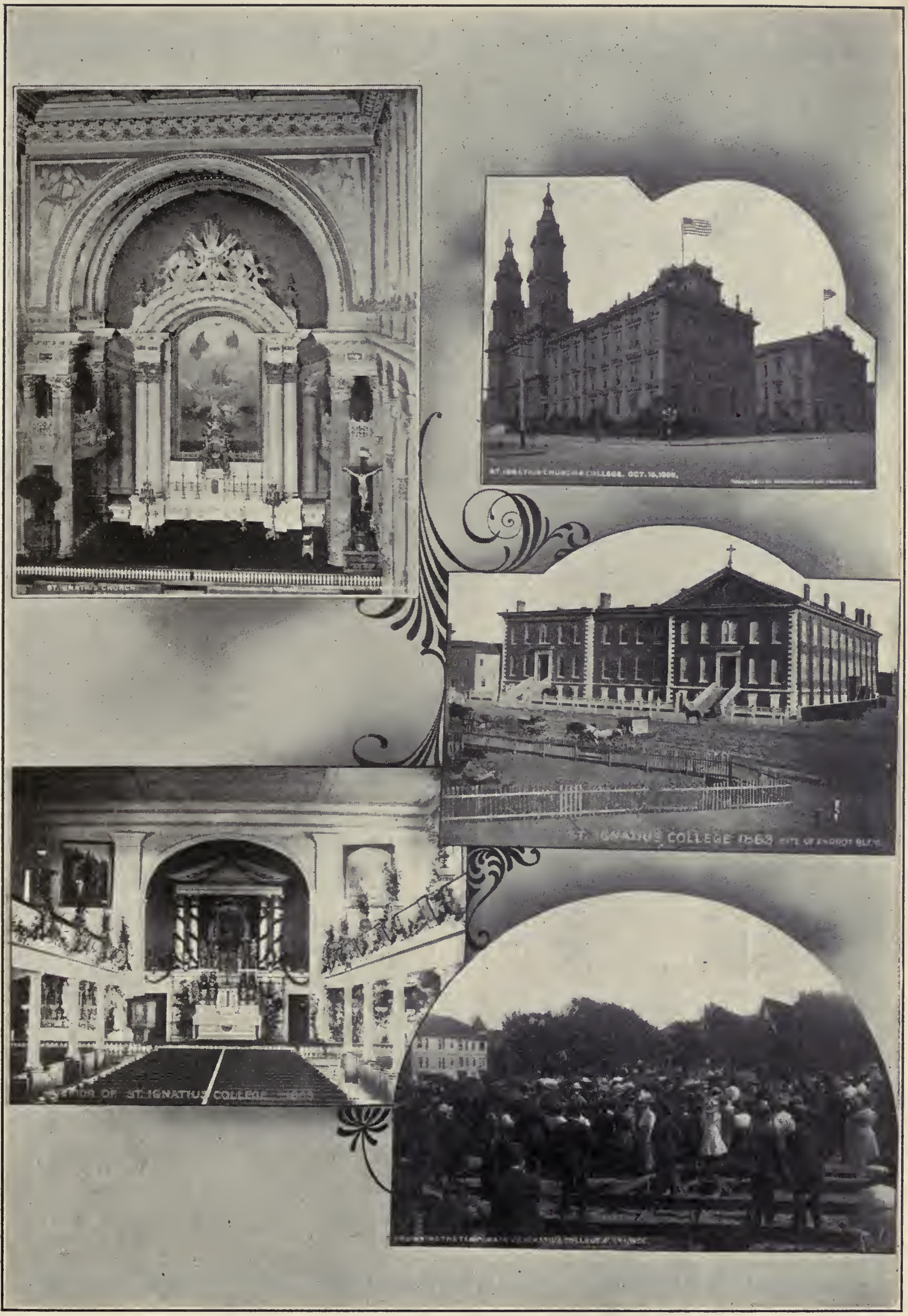
The Catholic Ladies' Aid Society is composed of prominent Catholic ladies of the city, and has for its object the succor of young working girls who have no homes of their own, and who, thus deprived of encouragement and advice, would be exposed to serious temptations. Besides attending to the needs of working girls, the society busies itself with various other charitable projects. During the Spanish war it took an active interest in the troops at the Presidio. The society has just recently opened St. Margaret's Club, a clubhouse for self-supporting girls, on California street.

The Francesca Society of Saint Ignatius Church and the Saint Elizabeth Sewing Society, with headquarters at Saint Mary's Cathedral, are two organizations whose members devote themselves in a special manner to the needs of the poor. They make garments and distribute them among the needy throughout the city.

Undoubtedly the best known charitable organization in connection with the Catholic Church in San Francisco is the Saint Vincent de Paul Society. This society has a branch in every parish, and has headquarters at the Cathedral.

To-day the array of Catholic life in the San Francisco archdiocese finds active organization among a Catholic population of 227,000. The number of young people under Catholic care is estimated at 23,184.

The figures are obtained from the official Catholic Directory for 1907, and while, of course, not exact, afford some idea of Catholic influence. There are 149 churches, 17 stations, 56 chapels, 276 priests, 1 theological seminary, 7 colleges and academies for boys, and 21 for girls, 1 Normal school, 37 parochial schools, with 14,822 pupils, 4 orphan asylums with 1,505 inmates, 1 infant asylum, 2 industrial schools, 1 protectory for boys, 1 deaf


ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH
ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH & COLLEGE, OCT. 15, 1905.
ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE 1863 SITE OF PARROT BLDG.
INTERIOR OF ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE 1863

FEATURES IN THE PROGRESS OF ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE.

ON THE LEFT, UPPER, INTERIOR OF ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH BEFORE THE FIRE; ER, INTERIOR OF ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH, 1863; ON THE RIGHT, UPPER, ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH AND COLLEGE, OCT. 15, 1905; MIDDLE, ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE, 1863, SITE OF PARROTT BUILDING; LOWER, BEGINNING THE TEMPORARY ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE, JULY, 1906. Photograph by Turrill & Miller.

mute asylum, 6 hospitals and 6 homes for the aged poor.

The archdiocese also publishes an official organ, "The Monitor," which was established in 1858, and is now one of the foremost Catholic weekly journals in the country.

The educational work carried on under the auspices of the Catholic Church in San Francisco is something of which our Catholic citizens are justly proud. There are in this city nearly two score schools, academies and colleges taught by members of Catholic congregations. The Catholic child in San Francisco can reach that stage where education is technically considered complete by attendance at these schools.

This Catholic education is not the fancy of an hour or the fad of a day. It has traditions behind it and ideals before it, and the one aim of the Catholic teacher is to reach those ideals in the light of those traditions. Hence the Catholic school is conservative, but never excessively so. The teachers, almost to a unit, are singularly wide awake, and are quick to grasp what is best and wisest in current pedagogical ideas. The result is, the Catholic schools of San Francisco are fully abreast of the times.

The success of an educational system depends less on the principles which shape its course than on the individual men and women who put those principles into practice. The teacher is the school.

The Catholic teachers of San Francisco are really teachers in the strictest sense of the word, for the reason that, almost without exception, they do nothing but teach. The most prominent exception to this rule is found in the Jesuits, who conduct St. Ignatius College. Most of the teachers are devout priests, who, besides conducting their classes, perform all duties that fall to the lot of the Catholic clergyman. But for the most part, the men and women who direct the destinies of Catholic education in this city are members of Catholic teaching orders, who devote their lives exclusively to the work of the classrooms.

It is doubtless hard for any one but a Catholic fully to take the point of view of the members of the several brotherhoods and sisterhoods who elect teaching for their life work. One can readily understand how an enthusiastic person can give up most of his spare moments to the practice of teaching for teaching's sake; but it is baffling to comprehend how he can make the sacrifice of all his time, all his worldly prospects and nearly all of the modern social amenities to engage in the more or less thankless task of instructing the young. The latter is what the members of the Catholic teaching orders do. Like the monks and nuns of the Middle Ages, they live the common life and submit themselves to the will of a superior. As individuals, they receive no salary, their food, clothing and other necessaries being supplied them from the common fund. As the late Archbishop Montgomery used to put it: "All they have is a new habit every fourteen months and three rather slender meals each day."

St. Ignatius College, the largest Catholic College in San Francisco, is identified with almost the earliest history of the city. Father Anthony Maraschi arrived in San Francisco by way of Panama in November. 1854. Early in 1855 he built

A GROUP OF THE LARGER BOYS OF SACRED HEART COLLEGE.

SOME OF THE YOUNGER BOYS AT SACRED HEART COLLEGE.

a small frame church on Market street, between Fourth and Fifth, then a wilderness of sand-dunes. In August of that year he opened a little school in connection with the church, and there, in an out of the way cabin in the sand lots was laid the foundation of the present magnificent College of St. Ignatius. St. Ignatius has won wide prestige for its remarkably thorough and advanced curriculum. In addition to the regular collegiate studies, the professional branches, of engineering, law and medicine are taught, the medical course having been opened within the last year. Especial attention is paid to the courses preparatory to professional training. Philosophy, which includes Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, together with their history, Scholastic Debate and the Philosophy of Religion, is common to all three courses. The course preparatory to Law adds Jurisprudence and Legal History, Constitutional History and Law, Political Economy and Research, Parliamentary Law and the Art of Debating, the Theory and practice of Oratory, especially Forensic, and the History and Analysis of the masterpieces of Greek, Latin and English Oratory.

The course preparatory to medicine embraces, besides Philosophy, Biology, particularly Zoology, Cytology and Embryology, higher French and German, and special laboratory work in Physics, Chemistry and Biology.

The course preparatory to Engineering over and above Philosophy, takes in Graphics, or Free-Hand, Geometrical, Mechanical and Topographical Drawing, Higher Mathematics, Assaying, Geology and Mineralogy, Higher French and German, and special Laboratory work in Physics and Chemistry. These three courses follow the four years of High School and the Freshman and Sophomore years of college, thus completing an undergraduate curriculum, which for thoroughness is second to none in the country. The first six years of this curriculum aim at imparting a truly liberal education; the last two, or Junior and Senior years, aim at preparing the student directly for the work of the university proper, or professional schools. A graduate of St. Ignatius should be entitled in his merits to enter at least the Freshman year of any College of Law or Medicine, and the Junior year of any College of Engineering.

The general reader can get a fair idea of the workings of the Catholic school system in San Francisco and the life of the Catholic teachers by examining in detail two local institutions which may be regarded as typical of all the Catholic schools of this city. Out on Fell street, between Webster and Fillmore, is Sacred Heart College, without a doubt the most popular private boys' school in San Francisco. The college, besides the regular senior, junior, sophomore and freshman classes, has commercial, academic, grammar and preparatory departments as well as evening classes for boys and young men unable to attend the day sessions. At the present time the total enrollment of pupils is upwards of six hundred, and applicants are turned away almost daily. Scores of its graduates are prominent in every walk of the city's life, and the names of many of its faculty are household words in thousands of San Francisco homes.

Sacred Heart College first opened its doors in 1874. The original building was on the corner of Eddy and Larkin streets, and there the work of the college went on uninterruptedly, until the great fire of 1906, when the building, together with a well-stocked museum, a fully-equipped laboratory and an invaluable library paid costly toll to the fire demon. Brother Lewis, the president, had good reason to be despondent; but the fire was not extinguished before he was busy on his arrangements for a new building to take up the work of education at the beginning of the fall term.

The teaching staff at Sacred Heart College numbers twenty-two. Of these, most are Christian Brothers, but a few secular men give special instruction in certain subjects. Brother Lewis himself teaches the higher mathematics. Prominent among the faculty are Brother Gregory, vice president and professor of philosophy and religion; Brother Leo, professor of English literature; Brother Anthony, head of the department of physics and chemistry, and Brother Cyril, assistant professor of English literature. Professor Karl Schernstein directs the department of music, and Professor Ventura is at the head of the department of modern languages.

Though there are no "frats" at Sacred Heart College, the several student societies have all the advantages of the Greek Let-

BOYS OF THE YOUTHS' DIRECTORY.

ter guilds. There is the Azarias Reading Club, the College Dramatic Club, the "Blue and White" baseball team, and the "Blue and White," a monthly publication, affording ample provision for outlet for every taste and inclination, literary or athletic.

The Convent of Notre Dame on Dolores street, directly opposite the Old Mission, is a type of the Catholic girls' school of San Francisco. Under the direction of the Mother Superior, Sister Julia Theresa, fifteen teachers are employed in the literary and musical courses. Like the Jesuits and the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Notre Dame have a splendid reputation as educators, and their prestige in San Francisco is growing year by year. Among the best known members of the teaching force at the Convent of Notre Dame are Sister Aloyse, Sister Agnes, Sister Genevine and Sister Mary Anne.

The Catholic colleges and academies of San Francisco are under the direct control of the congregations of teachers who conduct them, with the Archbishop of San Francisco at the head of the organization. All the teachers of the archdiocese are banded together in an association which holds meetings at regular intervals where educational topics are discussed.

The parochial schools—that is, the grammar schools in connection with the various churches—are under the direction of the several parish priests. Of these schools, two are taught by the Brothers of Mary, one by the Christian Brothers, and the remainder by the members of the various sisterhoods. A boy graduating from one of the parochial schools may enter either Sacred Heart or Saint Ignatius College. The girls are accredited at the College of Notre Dame and at all the academies in the city.

The thorough organization and surprising vitality of the Catholic Church in San Francisco were splendidly exemplified in the promptness with which the work of reconstruction was taken up after the great fire of April, 1906. Eleven Catholic houses of worship were completely destroyed in the conflagration, and several were ruined by the temblor almost beyond repair.

To-day, all the destroyed churches are again open to worshipers. The Jesuit Fathers suffered heavily in the April disaster. Their magnificent Renaissance stone edifice on Hayes street, near Van Ness avenue, was one of the first churches to be destroyed, and with it went Saint Ignatius College, which occupied the site where the Van Ness Theatre now stands. Nothing daunted, these devoted men at once set about the work of reconstruction, with the result that a commodious church and a well-equipped college, both dedicated to Saint Ignatius, the soldier priest, at present stand on Hayes street, near Golden Gate Park.

DREAMS OF ARCADY

BY BEN FIELD

Toiler, where the north wind blows,
    Risking life in cold and chill,
Dreamst thou oft of vine and rose
    Upon the gentle slope of hill?
Of orange tree and olive branch,
    Of lowing kine and southern ranch?
Go thou to California fair!
    Thy dream shall surely meet thee there.

SAN FRANCISCO

(FROM THE SEA)

BY BRET HARTE

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents!

And scornful of the peace that flies
By angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

* * * * *

O lion's whelp, that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast,

I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard, high lust and wilful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, O fleecy Fog, and hide
Her skeptic sneer, and all her pride!

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame,
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowled, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies.

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift,

And all fulfilled the vision, we
Who watch and wait shall never see—

Who, in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place—

But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

(*From Overland Monthly, July, 1868.*)

THE PACIFIC COAST AND THE PANAMA CANAL

BY JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND

CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND OF CALIFORNIA.

WITH THE Panama Canal completed, the announcement that the Atlantic fleet was to visit Pacific waters, would cause no more discussion throughout the United States than the publication to-day of a press despatch conveying the information that the fleet was to visit the coast of Cuba. Distance and time are the factors that make the proposed cruise appear out of the ordinary.

When, during the Spanish-American war, the battleship Oregon started from San Francisco on its long run to join the fleet in Cuban waters, the hazard of the undertaking lent interest to the event, and the people of the entire country had vividly impressed upon their minds a realization of the distance to be covered, and the element of time to be considered, in a cruise around the Horn. Sixty-five days, according to official figures, was the record of the Oregon in that now historic trip. Forty-six days could easily have been saved had the great inter-ocean waterway, now under construction, been completed. Allowing one day for passing through the canal, and three days for coaling and repairs at Colon, the Navy Department estimates that about nineteen days only would have been the time consumed by the Oregon.

In the event of war, the difference between sixty-five and nineteen days in the arrival of a fleet is too significant for comment. It is not improbable that in the future, with the distance shortened nearly eight thousand miles between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, the designation "Atlantic fleet" or "Pacific fleet" will disappear, and we will see chronicled instead the movements of the "American fleet."

The proximity of California to the isthmus, and the wonderful growth of the State, bringing with it demands for greater transportation facilities, have caused Californians to evince more than ordinary interest in the progress of our Government at Panama. As one of the representatives of California in Congress, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity presented of visiting the Canal Zone during the Christmas holidays. Senator Flint and Representative McKinlay were also in the Congressional party which left Washington on December 20th, sailing from New York on the 21st.

It was not until June, 1906, that Congress finally voted upon the question of the type of canal, adopting a lock canal at a level of eighty-five feet in accordance with the recommendation of the minority of the board of consulting engineers. Considering this fact, our progress has been wonderful. With a force of thirty thousand employed, the dirt is flying with a rapidity that should arouse the pride of every American citizen privileged to visit the zone. The greatest amount of excavation is required in Culebra Cut, where the canal will be carried through the mountainous part of the Isthmus. This strip, over eight miles in length, is the busiest point on the Isthmus. There are over sixty steam shovels at work, two hundred and sixty-five dirt trains in operation, together with over two hundred steam and pneumatic drills, causing a pall of smoke to overhang the cut, reminding one of Pittsburg, or other large manufacturing cities.

DISCARDED FRENCH BUCKET DREDGERS AT PANAMA. THE FRENCH WERE SUPPLIED WITH ADEQUATE MACHINERY, BUT FAILURE TO APPRECIATE THE IMPORTANCE OF SANITATION BROUGHT DISASTER. UNCLE SAM HAS SOLVED THE DISEASE PROBLEM.

Unlike our Government, the French neglected to obtain control of a canal zone, and also failed to appreciate the importance of sanitation. With them the chief object was to show results, and they could not spare the time or money so necessary for thorough sanitation. We have appreciated from the very outset that proper sanitation was the key to the whole situation. and that without caring for the health of the vast army of employees, we could not hope for success in the great undertaking. This is why we have provided pure water supplies for the cities and towns, installed sewer systems, paved the streets, and are fighting a great battle, so far highly successful, for the extermination of the disease carrying mosquito. It is true that this sanitation has involved a large outlay, but a study of health statistics demonstrates that the expenditure has been more than justified.

Newspaper men, sent to Panama for the purpose of finding fault, have in numerous instances been compelled, after a thorough investigation, to give expression to amazement at the wonderful progress made, finding but little opportunity to criticise.

BUCKET DREDGERS IN ACTION AT PANAMA.

It is not generally realized, but nevertheless a fact, that the Pacific terminus of the canal, La Boca, is actually twenty miles farther east than the Atlantic terminus. This is due to the northerly loop which the Isthmus makes in the section containing the Canal zone.

The Panama Canal will be fifty miles in length from the commencement of the sea channel on the Atlantic side to the termination of the channel on the Pacific side, a distance equal to that between San Jose and San Francisco, the difference being that there are mountains as obstacles at Panama.

A SPLENDID NEW HOTEL AT PANAMA. THE BEST PHOTOGRAPH YET SHOWN OF THE FINE TIVOLI HOTEL AT ANCON (LAND ZONE.)

Under the adopted plan, there will be locks located at three points—Gatun, Pedro Miguel and Sosa Hill, near La Boca. At Gatun, three miles from the Atlantic shore line, there will be a flight of three locks in duplicate —that is, there are to be two sets of locks side by side, thus providing against a discontinuance of traffic on account of possible damage to one flight, or chamber. The locks will be one thousand feet in length, and 100 feet in width. The

A DYNAMITE BLAST IN CULEBRA CUT
87

BLASTING WITH DYNAMITE IN CULEBRA CUT.

three Gatun locks will each have a lift of twenty-eight and one-third feet, lifting vessels into the artificial lake formed by the Gatun dam, eighty-five feet above sea level. At Pedro Miguel, there will be a single lock in duplicate, with a lift of thirty feet, lowering vessels to Sosa lake. Sosa locks will be in a flight of two, lowering vessels to the Pacific level. For twenty-eight miles of the length of the canal, vessels will pass through two artificial lakes formed by damming the Chagres river on the Atlantic side of the divide and the Rio Grande on the Pacific side.

Conservatively speaking, I am of the opinion that in six years the mighty engineering project will be completed, but the cost will exceed by many millions of dollars the original estimates, but the work must be continued. The completion of the canal will be more effective than any bill that Congress can pass aimed to regulate freight rates. From San Francisco to New York, the distance by the Straits of Magellan is 13,107 miles. Through the canal the distance will be 5,294 miles, a saving of 7,813 miles. San Francisco will be about fourteen days from New York by steamer, making sixteen knots an hour instead of the sixty days or more now required. English ports can be reached in twenty-one days instead of thirty-five. For the first time, California will have direct navigation between our Pacific ports and those on the Gulf and on the Atlantic. No State is watching the progress of the canal with greater interest than California, and her people will support the present administration and future administrations until the project is finally completed.

THE POET

BY

DONALD A. FRAZER

The Sage enquires with bended head,
  To find the truth of things;
The Harper, too, in search of light,
  Upsoars on dreamy wings;
But, with serene, unclouded brow,
  The Poet sees and sings.

Perils of Big Game Hunting

BY COL. W. S. LANIER.

(The author, a British sportsman with an experience of years in America, Africa and the Oriental tropics, presents some of the thrilling adventures that infrequently come to the hunter of big game. Colonel Lanier regrets the threatened ultimate extermination of big game throughout the world, and urges the establishment of a grand international game preserve in California, where, as he rightly observes, "almost every wild beast, not only of America, but of foreign countries, would probably thrive.")

PRESIDENT Roosevelt, one of America's three greatest Presidents, who has probably had a wider experience in big game hunting in America than any man who writes books, was, upon one occasion, charged by a grisly bear. The graphic, and yet thorough manner, in which the President describes his exciting adventure, and the fact that this thrilling encounter took place in America, in the life of a man yet young, proves to us that the perils of big game hunting in this country are not yet wholly of the past, and I therefore quote briefly of the President's excellent narrative:*

When President Roosevelt was Charged by a Grisly Bear.

"At last, as I was thinking of turning toward camp, I stole up to the crest of one of the ridges, and looked over into the valley some sixty yards off. Immediately I caught the loom of some large, dark object; and another glance showed me a big grisly* walking slowly off with his head down. He was quartering to me, and I fired into his flank, the bullet, as I afterwards found, ranging forward and piercing one lung. At the shot he uttered a loud moaning grunt, and plunged forward at a heavy gallop, while I raced obliquely down the hill to cut him off. After going a few hundred feet, he reached a laurel thicket, some thirty yards broad, and two or three times as long, which he did not leave. I ran up to the edge and then halted, not liking to venture into the mass of twisted, close-growing stems and glossy foliage. Moreover, as I halted, I heard him utter a peculiar savage kind of whine from the heart of the brush. Accordingly, I began to skirt the edge. * * * He suddenly left the thicket directly opposite, and then wheeled and stood broadside to me on the hillside, a little above. He turned his head stiffly toward me; scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

"I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited till he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball, which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck, he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so, his muscles seemed to suddenly give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

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* From "Hunting the Grisly and Other Sketches," published by P. F. Collier & Son, New York, by arrangement with G. P. Putnam's Sons, Charles Scribners Sons, The Century Company, and copyrighted by the four firms.

*"Grisly," meaning greyish, is preferable to "grizzly."

A CAPTIVE IN CEYLON, NOOSED AND TETHERED, BESIDE HIMSELF WITH RAGE AT THE INDIGNITY. WILD ELEPHANTS ARE NOT THE SLEEK, FAT ANIMALS OF THE CIRCUS.

(From a stereograph copyright by Underwood and Underwood, New York.)

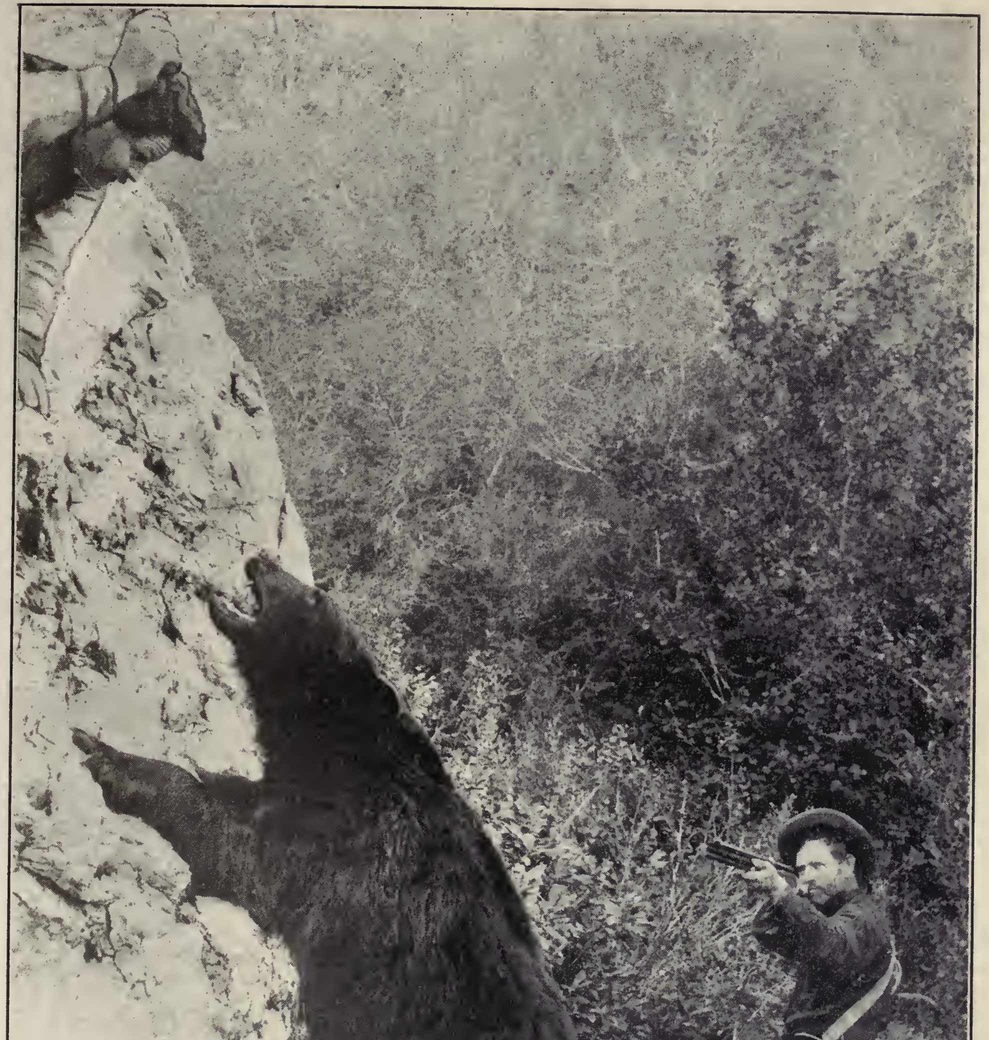
This bear, whose death charge is thus described by President Roosevelt, so carefully and minutely indeed that we may picture in our mind's eye the exciting event, as if it had almost been a part of our past experience, was doubtless an animal which was maddened out of its usual caution by the anguish of its wounds. Ordinarily even a grisly will avoid a conflict with man, as he has learned to fear the modern firearm.

When the Grisly Challenged Every Foe.

Desperate close-in battles between man and beast are to-day comparatively rare in the United States. Indeed, by many, the occasional stories of such encounters are regarded as fiction, though in the early history of this country they were by no means infrequent.

In pioneer days the grisly had not yet been driven from the plains to the almost impenetrable mountain fastnesses, where the few remaining specimens wage a losing game with the rich nimrods of the cities and their guides. When the repeating rifle was unknown, the grisly would usually dispute the path with any foe, two or four-legged, and most were glad to give him room. Grislies once were numerous. Fremont saw herds of five and six great grislies feeding in the open.

Still, even in recent years, desperate encounters have been recorded between the hunter and some bullet-tortured grisly or brown bear. Not long ago, a young hunter of Stockton, California, stabbed a huge bear to death at close quarters in a fierce scrimmage in the Sierras. Old Club-Foot, the huge grisly for years famous in Southern California, took his weekly toll from the cattlemen; his range extended over hundreds of miles of the Sierras; and



Wounded bear trying to reach a hunter. No "nature fake" here. Just after Mr. E. E. Redfield of Glendale, Oregon, snapped the shutter of his camera, his companion fired, and the bear fell like a clubbed bullock. The hunters were in no actual danger, as the bear was mortally wounded.

Courtesy G. H. Harkrader, Esq., Eastman Kodak Co.

when he at last came to his end, the Greek rancher who had given him his death was so fearfully torn that for months he lay in a Los Angeles hospital.

The Real Perils of the Chase.

In the jungles and forests of the tropics the explorer is exposed to the imminent danger of insidious fevers, of swollen rivers, blistering plains, of hostile natives, poisonous serpents, of thirst or hunger and of accidents. In the tundras of the frozen North; upon the frigid steppes, in the deserted barrens, among the inhospitable mountain heights, and amid the almost endless ice floes, lurk the deadly perils of the land of the White Silence, where the danger of freezing to death, of becoming lost, and of starvation, besets the intrepid hunter or trapper.

The most vital danger of all is the likelihood of the hunter being shot by mistake by some other would-be Nimrod who takes him for a fleeting deer. Every fall hundreds of persons are killed or wounded throughout the United States by careless hunters. It is perhaps no exaggeration to state that, for every sportsman slain by wild beasts in other parts of the world, there are a score killed annually in this country by the carelessness of irresponsible Nimrods. Of course, there is only one way to put a stop to the vast death harvest caused by this criminal negligence, and that is the passage of laws making the killing of persons by hunters, a statutory crime, viz., manslaughter. Thus, if one is so criminally careless as to shoot another by mistake, a criminal intent would be presumed by law.

WILD ELEPHANTS WHICH HAVE BEEN DRIVEN TOGETHER BY THEIR TAME BRETHREN AND CAPTURED ONE BY ONE. NOTE IN THE FOREGROUND A ROPE TIED AROUND THE LEGS AND THEN AROUND THE TRUNK OF A TREE.

(From a stereograph copyright by Underwood and Underwood, New York.)

A Desperate Contest with a Wild Carabao.

I well remember an incident in India where a Sergeant of Marines was slain by a wild water buffalo, the animal so well known as a worker in the rice paddies of India, South China, the Philippines and the Straits Settlements. The boy had emptied the magazine of his powerful army carbine into the great bull at close quarters. The animal disappeared into a dense thicket of jungle grass. The sergeant foolishly followed the spoor of the huge beast. Scarcely had the young marine entered the thicket when he was charged from behind by the bull, and speedily battered to death before his companions. The cunning creature had circled upon its back track and had been watching for the man to follow. A similar bit of fool-hardiness with death as its like consequence was observed by Colonel W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") a generation ago. The Third U. S. Cavalry were scouting near Freezeout Mountains in Wyoming. A huge grizzly bear was discerned at the edge of a dense and particularly impenetrable willow thicket. Though both the bear's fore-legs were broken in the fusillade that followed its discovery, it managed to partly roll and partly drag itself into the small patch of willows. A tall and powerful trooper named Miller would not be dissuaded from entering the patch. He had not gone three steps when the bear was upon him, rising on its hind legs so close that he could not fire. He seized the bear by the ears, and tried to hold its head away from his face; but, despite the fact that its forelegs were useless, it managed by swinging its head rapidly to inflict such fearful bites upon his arms and body that the man died of them, although the bear was slain by another trooper who had jumped from his horse when the nature of the combat was realized.

Catching Wild Elephants at Dacca.

I do not believe that the big game of India has been very seriously diminished by the white hunter. The abundance or scarcity of game there apparently comes in cycles. Where forage has been abundant for many years, deer are plentiful in the jungles, and tigers follow. Apparently as many wild elephants are caught and tamed in India to-day as there were two thousand years ago. At Dacca, in Bengal, the Indian Government maintains a regular elephant catching service. Armies of troopers go forth periodically into the jungles of Chittagong and round up a herd of fifty or sixty wild elephants by driving them into a stockade by means of the tamed beasts. Tiger hunting is, ordinarily, not dangerous. Yet once a friend of mine, a tea-planter in the Straits Settlements, narrowly escaped death as we were on a tiger drive. He had gone too far ahead of the drivers, so that the tiger was between him and them. Retracing his steps on a narrow trail, he suddenly came face to face with an enormous male, that was fleeing ahead of the beating gongs. The huge beast paused a moment irresolutely; then, frightened by the increasing alarums, rushed upon him, probably wishing to get by, more than anything else. But, as he knocked my friend over, he bit savagely, tearing off the clothing, but not penetrating the flesh with his poisonous fangs.

Extermination of Big Game in Africa.

Africa to-day is the last great stamping ground of big game. In the wild interior of the Dark Continent, the hunter may still come upon elephants, rhinoceroses, Cape buffaloes, lions and other dangerous beasts, in almost countless numbers, that have not yet met the white man and his rifle. They exhibit but little fear of man, and are most redoubtable opponents. Particularly is this true of the giant Cape buffalo, which charges through the dense jungles and thickets like a catapult, and is upon the hunter almost before he has correctly ascertained the direction from which the beast is charging. In almost every direction, Africa is now being opened up by railroads and private corporations. District after district in Southwest, South Central, Eastern and Equatorial Africa have been ravaged by men with guns who slay elephants and rhinoceroses, antelopes, buffaloes, giraffes and other rare beasts, not by bags of two or three, but by the scores. So rapid has been the extermina-

NICE BEAR STEAKS FOR THANKSGIVING. A BLACK BEAR KILLED IN THE SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA.

(From a stereograph copyright by Underwood and Underwood, New York.)

tion of the great beasts of Africa that the authorities of Great Britain, Portugal, Germany, France and the Congo Free State have imposed a license of $125, which is issued to the hunter before he can shoot an elephant or a giraffe or a rhinoceros.

The British have gone further than any other in the preservation of the big game of Africa; especially in the plains region of Somaliland and also in Uganda, where vast tracts have been declared a kind of game preserve. To the latter region, gradually, herds of the larger animals have returned, so that to-day the astonished traveler on the Uganda railroad will see herds of zebras and even elephants from the car windows.

The big landed corporations assist the ivory traffic. The tusks of five thousand to ten thousand huge jungle monsters will lie at one time on the salesroom floors of the London and Antwerp docks. Then, too, the foreign Governments do not limit the number of sportsmen who may kill elephants and other great beasts by license. The damage done by a negro with a muzzle-loader, bow and arrow, spear or pitfall, is inconsiderable when compared with the awful havoc wrought by the white man armed with a tremendous weapon like the .450 express rifle.

Hunting Elephants from a Pullman Car.

To-day in Africa the perils of big game hunting have been greatly eliminated. One may hire a luxurious Pullman palace car from the Rhodesian railroad, and push on up to the rail-head on the Cape to the Cairo system, then leaving his hotel on wheels, he may trek a little distance into the wild, and secure specimens of one of the rarest and most valuable of all animals, the giraffe, a strange and beautiful creature that is doomed to follow the American buffalo to almost total extinction. Or, at a town like Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, the novice can stop at the superb Grand Hotel, whence trained trackers, porters, gun-bearers and cooks are provided for "shikar" on a huge scale and at small expense.

Next to the Cape buffalo, I consider the crocodile one of the most dangerous of all the animals of Africa. I would never cross a stream at night in which these huge reptiles are found. I have seen them seize the rower from the prow of his canoe, tear to pieces a wounded hippopotamus, and catch by the nose and drown a zebra which had come down to drink.

An International Game Preserve for California.

It seems to me that it would be a wise provision if all the rare animals of the world might be gathered in some favored clime and there maintained in a vast preserve for the benefit of succeeding humanity. Doubtless the great nations could be interested in a grand international game preserve. And, if the Governments would not further such a movement, what a magnificent opportunity is afforded to private endeavor. Think of the millions that a P. T. Barnum would coin from an international preserve. Its fame would speedily become world-wide. Such a preserve could well be established in California, where almost every wild beast, not only of America, but of foreign countries, would probably thrive. In California, even the ostrich, one of the most delicate of African creatures when outside of its own domain, becomes more vigorous than in its native haunts.

At some favorable location in California, an international zoo, supporting giraffes, zebras, rhinoceros, hippos, elephants, Cape buffaloes, ostriches, lions, tigers, camels, gnus, practically all wild creatures except those of the Arctic zones, might be maintained.

WASTED SWEETS

BY

HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS

She pets him and caresses,
And cares not who may see,
Her love she ne'er disguises,
She flaunts it openly!

Pet names she fondly calls him,
Gives him a playful slap,
She smothers him with kisses,
And takes him on her lap!

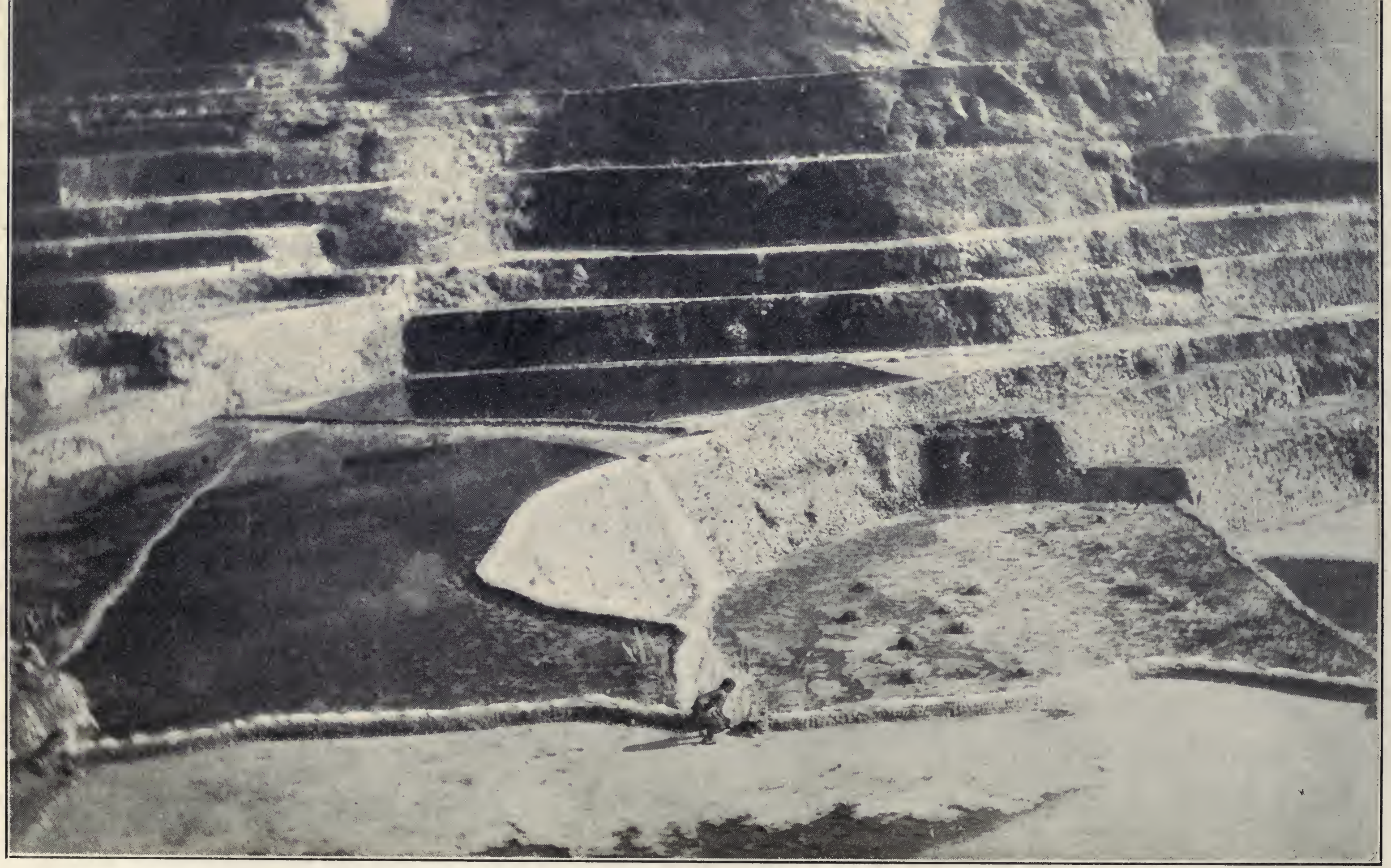
To him she proves devotion,
Of him takes greatest heed,
She sees that he's provided
With every want and need!

Oh, lucky man, you tell me,
Is he her lover true,
To whom she is so faithful,
For whom so much she'll do!

Alas! the man just sits by
As helpless as a log,
Her fondling and her kisses
Not he gets, but her dog!

L'ENVOI.

I grieve, Prince, when a maiden
Kissing a dog I see,
To think of the sweets wasted
That might have come to me!



AN UNKNOWN FEATURE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Marvelous rice terraces of the Igorrotes at Banaue, Neuva Viscaya Province, heart of Luzon. Note the woman in the foreground. How tiny seems her figure. These terraces lead up the mountain sides sometimes as high as three thousand feet. At these particular terraces the water containing fertilizing material drops to the successive terraces, thus fertilizing and irrigating with a single operation. This is a step ahead of irrigation in the United States!

SCENE ON THE BICOL RIVER, SOUTHERN LUZON, ALONG WHICH A SYSTEM OF MODERN NEW RAILWAYS WILL SOON BE RUNNING.

A NEW ERA IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY

PIERRE N. BERINGER

ALMOST everyone is familiar with the discouraging stories that came from the Philippines in the early days of the American occupation. To-day there is a new era in the islands. A thousand miles of railways are being built or reconstructed. Steamship lines, subsidized by the Insular Government, call at every important point in the islands. Manila, with an elaborate street-car system, beautiful parks, modern clubs, and adequate conveniences for the traveler, is a thoroughly modernized city, yet withal possessing the quaint fascination of the Orient. To-day this city is notable as a show place of the Far East. Active work on the Philippine railroads has long been under way. The first railroad party, composed of fifty engineers, contractors and surveyors, arrived in Manila June 8, 1906. By March, 1907, four thousand men were grading on the islands of Cebu; fifteen hundred men were at work on Panay Island, and to-day thousands of others are busy on almost every branch of the proposed lines.

The building of the railroads is undoubtedly the most important step in all the industrial and therefore sociological history of the Philippines. The agriculturist has been but little stimulated to produce more than will supply him with the bare necessities of life. In many regions there have been no means of profitably transporting his products to the markets of the world. While it seems certain that no more fertile land lies under the sun, it is probable that there is no country of equal natural wealth where less has been done along modern lines.

The concessions for the building of the two general systems of railroads were granted by the Insular Government about two years ago. These systems may be broadly classed as the Luzon Island lines, and the lines of the Visayan Islands, i. e., Negros, Cebu and Panay. The franchises call for the construction of 430 miles of railroad on Luzon Island and about 300 miles on the Visayas. Two features are notable in the planning of the railroad; first, that they will go through the most densely populated regions, and second, that their terminals in every case will be upon deep, safe and convenient harbors.

The railroads will open some vast coal fields, rich and dense forests of hardwoods and some thickly populated regions where hemp, rice, cacao, cocoanuts or copra, sugar and other tropical products are raised.

The country has been developing rapidly in the territory already reached by the railroad. Along the new lines of the Manila and Dagupan Railway, through the interior province of Neuva Ecija to Cabanatuan, the advance of the new cultivation in the rich rice and sugar country has kept pace with the completion of the road. The production extends as far as the eye can reach on both sides of the road, despite the general opinion that the Filipino farmer would not be disposed to settle in new country as the American farmer has settled in the West. A similar advance is to be noted along the line recently built from Manila to Antipolo (altitude 600 feet), a distance of 25 miles. So rapidly do agricultural conditions respond to adequate transportation that even in times of depression, prosperity was found along the lines of the railroad.

Closely allied with the building of the railroads is the improvement of the harbors by the Government. The total cost of the work has been about $5,000,000. The port of Manila is now generally considered the best in the Orient. In September, 1906, the transport "Logan" was laid alongside the new military pier (dimensions 500 feet by 50 feet), and that was the first occasion where a vessel of equal draught tied up in a Far Oriental port. The Government is building two large steel and concrete wharves, which will be covered with sheds and will possess trackage facilities for directly unloading into cars. One of these wharves will be 600 feet by 70 feet, and the other 650 feet by 110 feet. In line with the improvement of the harbors, five-year contracts have been let to various local steamship companies for Government service, mails, passenger and freight. Sixty important ports of call are regularly visited

NATIVE STEVEDORES LOADING CARGOES ON AN INTERIOR RIVER PORT IN LUZON. MODERN METHODS ARE TAKING THE PLACE OF THE OLD SYSTEM.

A TINDALO TREE IN THE FORESTS OF LUZON. THE STUMPAGE VALUE TO THE GOVERNMENT OF THE HARDWOODS IS ESTIMATED AT THREE BILLION DOLLARS. NOTE THE FIGURE OF MAN ON THE ROOTS

by thirteen different routes; mails are despatched with rapidity throughout the Philippines; delays in traveling from port to port have become, for the most part, a feature of the past. The subsidies of the Government stipulate a standard of comfort and a reasonable rate of passage. Five hundred and fifty different towns in the Islands are now provided with post-offices, the people are making free use of the registry and money-order departments; and, as they have heretofore had no depositary for their savings, the latter has fulfilled a most valuable service. The last Congress of the United States authorized the establishment of an agricultural bank, the purpose of which is to promote the development of the rich resources of the Islands, which are now greatly retarded by lack of the necessary capital.

Wire service has naturally developed more rapidly than the mails. There are 9,340 miles of telegraph, telephone and cable lines extending to all civilized portions of the Archipelago. The service, in which seventy-four per cent of the operatives are Filipinos, is most satisfactory.

Much has been done in the building of good roads.

Remarkable work has been done in the Philippines in the effort to improve the public health. Thousands of babies have been saved through pure water; miasmatic sloughs and swamps in cities have been drained. The old moat around the wall of Manila is now filled in, and the modern park and boulevard on the Luneta is now what in the early days of the occupation was a dismal pestilence-breeding slough. The health conditions among the Americans in the Philippines show marked improvement. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, the death rate among American civilians living in the Philippines was only 9.34 per thousand, while the death rate among American soldiers was about 8.65. The death rate among Americans in the United States is about 17. That the death rate in the Philippines is so much lower is accounted for by the fact that most of the Americans in the Islands are adults in the prime of life. Common observation shows that people who lead active lives in the Philippines enjoy good health. Swimming, walking, horseback riding, tennis, golf, hunting, mountain climbing and like exercises will keep one in tip-top physical condition, and can be done in great comfort at all seasons of the year. American children develop faster and are stronger in the Philippines than almost anywhere else in the world; in fact, by many, the climate has become to be accounted a great asset.

How does the climate of the Philippines feel to the pilgrim of the temperate zones? Broadly speaking, the climate is the most healthful and comfortable of any portion

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF LUCBAN ON THE SLOPES OF A LOFTY MOUNTAIN IN SOUTHERN LUZON. HERE THE FILIPINOS MAKE RARE HATS, KNIVES AND MATS.

of the tropics inhabited by the white man. Compared in detail with that of New York or Chicago or St. Louis, it presents many good points and very few on the wrong side of the scale. The highest recorded temperature for a period of twenty-two years in Manila, as given by the weather bureau there, was 37.8 degrees Cent., i. e., 100 degrees and 4 minutes Fahr., which was reached on May 23, 1889. December, January and half of November and February furnish perhaps the most delightful climatic conditions in the world. April and May are the hottest months of the year. The showers come in June, and showery weather lasts till November. Altogether there are so many different climatic conditions in the various parts of the Islands that any general statement based upon them will necessarily be inaccurate.

In the last two or three years the leaven of progress has been gradually working up in the Philippines. The merchants and commercial element of the Islands are most hopeful and contented; and these are busy in developing the country. The Manila Merchants' Association, which was recently organized to advertise the Islands has a membership of 184 merchants, and a subscription of pesos 60,000, or $30,000 gold has been secured to carry on promotion work. An office has been established to render certain the issuing of printed matter besides the gathering of information for new publications. Five pamphlets have been issued so far, and have been widely distributed all over the world. Thus far, it has been very difficult for strangers to get a record of modern progress in Manila. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, have recently published a compact volume entitled "A Handbook of the Philippines," highly illustrated and giving about all the information a person could possibly want to know. Such a publication as this is so positively unique that I am glad to give it a bit of free advertising.

Many people have an idea that the Philippines are a great expense to this Government. As a matter of fact, no public money is sent from the United States to the Philippines, except that which is used in the support of the army and transport service; nor have the Philippines cost us anything since 1903, when

AN IGORROTE WARRIOR CASTING HIS SPEAR. THE IGORROTES MAKE GOOD WORKMEN.

Congress appropriated three million dollars, through the Agricultural Relief bill. The Islands are entirely self-supporting, and all our school teachers and officials over there are paid from the insular funds. Incidentally, it may be observed that the work of the schools is progressing very rapidly; there are now about 500,000 school children in the Islands; the facilities being such that every child of school age, i. e., between the ages of six and fifteen years, may at some period spend three years in the public schools. Nowadays in the Philippines it is not uncommon for your muchaca (servant) from Manila to be able to speak to the boy of a distant province in the English language; whereas, formerly, it was impossible for the common people of one tribe to speak to the common people of another tribe, inasmuch as only five per cent of the population, and those the very educated, were acquainted with the Spanish tongue.

WOMEN OF THE PEASANT CLASS. BICOL MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER. CLEANLINESS IS A FILIPINO VIRTUE. AN UNTIDY DRESS OR SUIT IS RARELY SEEN.

When compared with the accomplishments of the Dutch in Java, the British in India, the Germans in New Guinea, or with the colonizing efforts of any European race in the Orient, the results obtained by the United States seem amazing. The actual commerce to-day done by the Philippine Islands is larger than at any time in their history. During the time of the American occupation, the imports, it is true, did run a little higher, but that was caused by the enormous supplies required by the American army. The Phil-

A MORO DATTO, OR FEUDAL CHIEFTAIN, AND HIS RETINUE. THE GOVERNMENT HAS ESTABLISHED MARKET PLACES THROUGHOUT THE MORO PROVINCES, AND FROM FIGHTERS THE MOROS ARE BECOMING TRADERS AND GOOD CITIZENS.

ippines have never had so great an actual trade as they have to-day.

As workers, the Filipinos are becoming proficient under American direction. Laborers on the Manila street railway in a short time acquired eighty per cent of efficiency of the unskilled American laborer. In some regions, the Filipinos are prodigious workers, and the Ilocanos of the north coast of Luzon remain in the fields from before daylight till darkness overtakes them at night, with but an hour or less at noon for the mid-day meal. In the far interior mountains of Southern and Central Luzon, the Igorrotes have built marvelous terraces for the growing of rice, like giant steps up the sides of the steep mountain canyons, to a height of three thousand feet or more. These terraces, each of which is flooded with water at certain periods of the year, are wonderful feats of engineering. Sometimes they follow the contour of the canyon for as great a distance as half a mile without varying two inches from the dead level. The water is retained on the top of the terrace or step by a retaining wall about fifteen inches high.

Perhaps no people, either savage or civilized, have ever further developed the art of intensive cultivation of the soil than have the Igorrotes; none, as far as is now known, have so far progressed in methods of irrigation. The Igorrotes run the streamlet that has been deflected for the purpose of irrigation through a mass of manure, decayed vegetable loam, ashes and black alluvial soil, thus fertilizing and irrigating the land by a single operation. In many respects, this is a decided step in advance of the methods followed in the United States where the fertilizer is laboriously distributed over the earth and remains until it is unevenly washed about by the subsequent application of water.

The discovery of coal in many regions of the Philippines is of special significance at this time, when an important coaling base will be necessary, not only to our navy, but to our commercial fleets. Engineers who have extensively investigated the fields on the island of Batan estimate the amount "in sight" as seventy-six million tons, a supply capable of furnishing

A HUNTING PARTY OF NATIVES ON THE BROAD, FERTILE PLAINS OF THE UPPER CAGAYAN VALLEY IN NORTHERN LUZON. DEER CAN BE SEEN ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE HORSES.

fuel to the present shipping for a period of almost four hundred years. As a steaming coal, this coal, which is now being used in ships, is unsurpassed. It burns fifteen per cent faster than the best Japanese coal, but it leaves no ash and no clinkers. The Island of Polillo, off the coast of Southern Luzon, contains even larger deposits than Batan Island. Outcrops were discovered here in September, 1904, by Lieutenant Wray of the Philippine scouts. Several companies have been organized to develop the seams. The analysis of this coal is as follows:

Moisture, per cent	4.7
Volatile combustible	43.5
Fixed combustible	50.1
Ash	1.7
	100.00

Sulphur, .28. A large bed of bituminous coal has been discovered about seventy miles north of Zamboanga, Mindanao Island.

It is estimated by the Forestry Bureau of the Philippines that there are in the Islands not less than forty million acres of commercial timber to replace the exhausted stocks of the world. The value of these woods is believed to exceed two billion dollars; their natural yearly growth is computed at 4,400,000,000 cubic feet. Fully ninety-nine per cent of this lumber goes to waste. Millions and millions of feet of valuable hardwood arrive at maturity and pass the period of their commercial value to decay without vibrating to the woodman's axe. With the exception of California redwood forests, the forests of the Philippines exceed in merchantable lumber per acre those of the United States. A number of American firms are now successfully dealing in the almost priceless Philippine hardwoods.

The chief agricultural industries of the Philippines are the growing of hemp, sugar, tobacco and copra. A large number of Americans have gone into the raising of hemp, particularly at Davao, on the island of Mindanao. Many splendid sugar and hemp districts are being opened up by the new railroads. There is a good chance for Americans of temperate character and moderate capital. The Spanish for generations amassed fortunes in the islands by methods both dilatory and slipshod.

The undertakings of the present new era rise above and beyond the proportions of mere industrial projects. As a word to the wise, only those enterprises imbued with the humanitarian spirit may succeed, for the Filipino people will not work for

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PICTURE OF THE SULTAN OF SULU, THE NOMINAL RULER OF THE SULU ISLANDS, WHO HAS SWORN ALLEGIANCE TO UNCLE SAM. HIS MAJESTY UNIQUELY WEARS BOTH HIS STOCKINGS AND GARTERS OUTSIDE.

those who treat them cruelly; and, when seriously engaged in such enterprises, become great sociological levers. The wide distribution of honestly earned money among thousands of laborers is a great teacher of industry and self-reliance.

A BIT OF ATTRACTIVE LANDSCAPE IN SOUTHERN LUZON THAT WILL BE SEEN BY TRAVELERS ON THE NEW PHILIPPINE RAILWAYS. THE BEAUTIFUL CAIMA RIVER WHICH WINDS AMONG FOREST-COVERED HILLS AND PAST RICH HEMP PLANTATIONS.

WHAT THE BOY KNOWS

You wouldn't think *I* knew all about
The reason people have the gout,
  But listen! When they stay up after two,
And eat those "rabbits" full of cheese,
And pie and cake, as much's they please,
The reason's plain enough, I think, don't you?
You wouldn't think I knew it—but I *do!*

You wouldn't think I knew all about
The reason schoolgirls scowl and pout—
  But listen!—when you have a dress that's new,
And no one says a single word
About how nice it's hung or shirred,
The reason's plain enough I think, don't you?
You wouldn't think I knew it—but I *do!*

You wouldn't think I knew all about
The reason married folks "fall out"—
  But listen!—when there's lots of work to do,
And mother strikes it off the list,
And goes out ev'ry day to whist,—
The reason's plain enough, I think, don't you?
  You wouldn't *think* I knew it—
    But I *do!*

IN THE CALCIUM LIGHT

DELMAS---ALWAYS A GENTLEMAN

"Mr. Jerome uses a rapier thrust. I dislike the bludgeon. It would not be proper for me to discuss Mr. Heney."

MR. DELPHIN M. DELMAS, WHO HAS ACTED FOR THE DEFENSE IN THE TWO MOST-DISCUSSED CRIMINAL CAUSES OF THE TWELFTH-MONTH.

"I SENT WORD that I would be at liberty to meet you here in this hotel, because not to have replied to your note would have been discourteous, and I would not intentionally be discourteous," said Mr. Delphin Michael Delmas.

This was the characteristic greeting of the attorney who has acted for the defense in the two most discussed criminal causes of the twelfth-month.

To be always courteous; to be always a gentleman; to take delight in the classics of life and in the amenities, how natural seems this disposition to the attorney of the old school, to the fast-passing type of legal counselor! Nowadays, when time is worth money, one can't, they say, spare too much of it to be polite. Who would expect a seventy-five thousand dollar president of a railroad to waste his breath in always being polite, or, what is more, in being courteous. Yet here is a seventy-five thousand dollar lawyer—and perhaps the income of Mr. Delmas surpasses this figure—who is conscientiously courteous to every one he meets, even to the Oriental who mopped the dust from the floor in a hotel.

Inasmuch as Delmas is courteous in this money-making age, he is an anomaly. In so far as he has time to be polite, he stands as one of a few in the heights of the criminal lawyers.

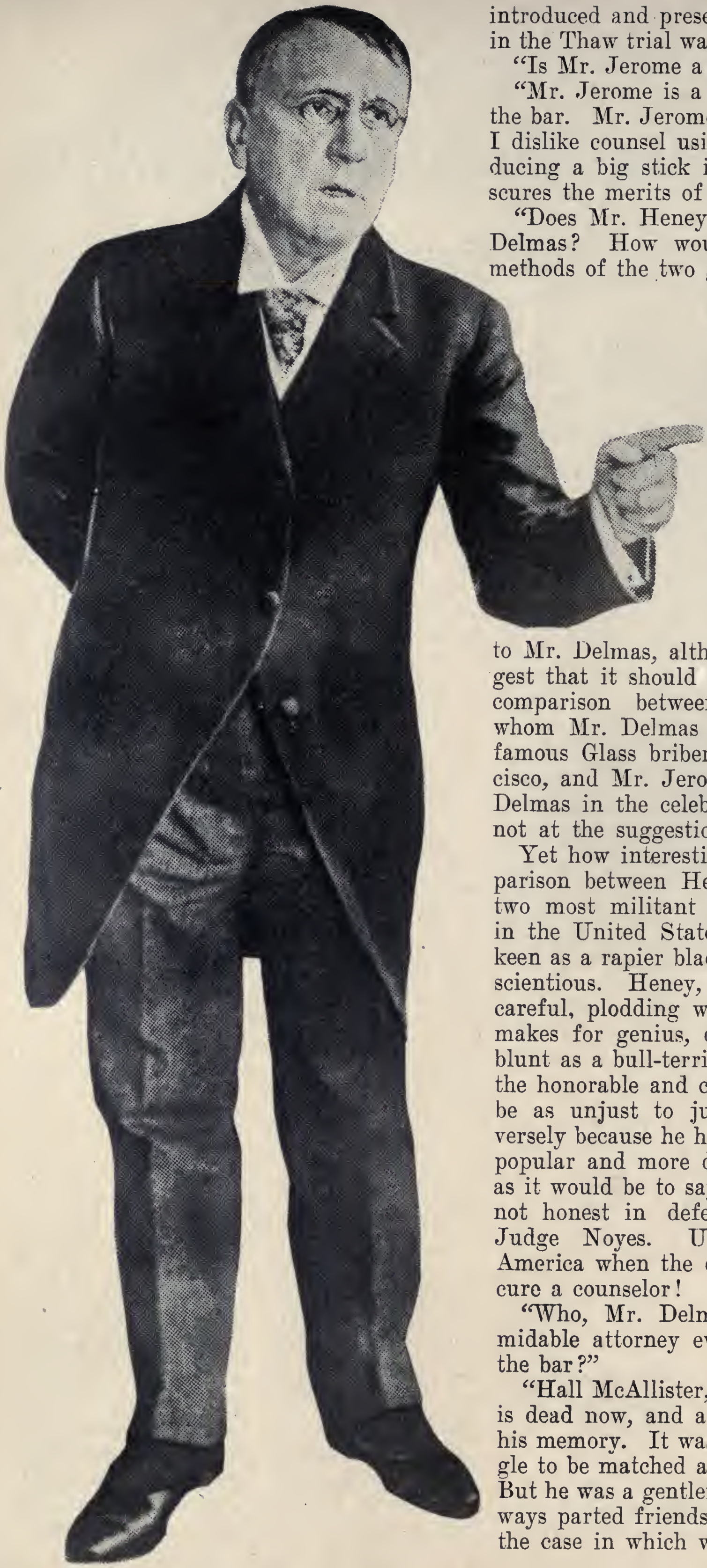
Here are a few quotations which bring out this trait, this uniqueness of being polite, a characteristic so unusual and sometimes so little valued from a commercial viewpoint that it may not be worth the type to mention it.

"Do you enjoy a battle in court, Mr. Delmas?"

"I do. I appreciate keenly and enjoy a contest in court provided counsel are courteous."

"Is Mr. William Travers Jerome courteous?"

"Mr. Jerome is very courteous. Sometimes he becomes irascible and waspish. But he is courteous. Mr. Jerome has a wonderful mind, a brilliant and analytical mind. The manner in which he presents his evidence, in which he assembles the features of his case, as an artist would bring together the small, colored blocks to form a great mosaic, to make a complete and artistic whole, to bring out the lights and shades, and to have each colored block blend perfectly with the block next to it, and also to occupy its place and harmonize with the completed whole, is marvelous. The way in which Mr. Jerome



introduced and presented certain evidence in the Thaw trial was the work of genius."

"Is Mr. Jerome a clever opponent?"

"Mr. Jerome is a brilliant opponent at the bar. Mr. Jerome uses a rapier thrust. I dislike counsel using a bludgeon, introducing a big stick into the case. It obscures the merits of the case."

"Does Mr. Heney use a bludgeon, Mr. Delmas? How would you compare the methods of the two great lawyers opposed to you, Mr. Heney and Mr. Jerome?"

"Mr. Heney in no way resembles Mr. Jerome. It would not be proper for me to discuss Francis Heney. I would not care to talk about Mr. Heney. Mr. Heney is in the city."

Of course it should be stated, in fairness to Mr. Delmas, although he did not suggest that it should be so stated, that the comparison between Mr. Heney, with whom Mr. Delmas crossed words in the famous Glass bribery trial in San Francisco, and Mr. Jerome, who opposed Mr. Delmas in the celebrated Thaw trial was not at the suggestion of Mr. Delmas.

Yet how interesting would be the comparison between Heney and Jerome, the two most militant prosecuting attorneys in the United States. Jerome, brilliant, keen as a rapier blade, persistent and conscientious. Heney, equally conscientious, careful, plodding with the plodding that makes for genius, dogged, thorough, but blunt as a bull-terrier. And Delmas, too, the honorable and courteous, for it would be as unjust to judge Mr. Delmas adversely because he had undertaken the unpopular and more difficult side of a case as it would be to say that Mr. Heney was not honest in defending the infamous Judge Noyes. Unhappy the day in America when the defendant may not secure a counselor!

"Who, Mr. Delmas, is the most formidable attorney ever opposed to you at the bar?"

"Hall McAllister, of San Francisco. He is dead now, and a statue was erected to his memory. It was an intellectual struggle to be matched against Mr. McAllister. But he was a gentlemanly man, and we always parted friends at the termination of the case in which we were engaged."

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO

GEORGE C. CURRY, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO, TO WHOM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS STATED THAT HE WILL FAVOR STATEHOOD FOR THE PROSPEROUS TERRITORY.

THERE HAS perhaps been no more romantic figure in the Philippines than was the new Governor of New Mexico, the Honorable George C. Curry, and Governor Curry is a man to whom romance appeals.

The name of George Curry has loomed large for almost a decade in the press despatches. Formerly he was captain in the Rough Riders; always has he been a friend of President Roosevelt, and of countless others, who love a brave and modest man. Latterly was he Governor of Samar, wherefore, owing to the Pulajan battles in Samar and Leyte, he figured generously in the telegraphic reports from Manila, and at present as Governor of prosperous New Mexico, his name is one to conjure with, for by and large and altogether, Curry is one of the most picturesque and upright characters in all the vast Southwest.

At the beginning of the trouble in the Philippines, and after the Rough Riders had returned to their homes, Captain Curry resigned the office of sheriff in a New Mexican country, paying $4,500 a year, to which he had been recently elected; gave up the management of large cattle interests, and accepted a "job" as captain in the volunteers at $1,800 yearly. At the expiration of his enlistment in the army, he was chosen as Governor of the province of Ambos Camarines, in the island of Luzon. Later he served as Chief of Police in Manila, and about three years ago as Governor of Samar, where are found the especially pestiferous Pulajans—a fanatical religious sect which, bent on vulgar pillage and robbery, occasionally forays from the darksome mountain glens in which dwell its devotees, and forthwith keeps the peaceable inhabitants in a state of terrorism.

Curry was beloved—and respected—by his Filipino wards. Once we went with him in Southern Luzon to the province of which he had been Governor, and,—incidentally, he was the best Governor in the history of those parts—almost the entire town of Neuva Caceres had come a round fifteen miles to greet their former "Gobernador." For had not Curry, during the insurrection, when two thousand armed insurgents threatened the peaceful natives of Neuva Caceres, fared forth alone with a good priest and a flag of truce into the camp of the enemy?

It was Curry's persuasiveness and that of his holy co-adjutor, who convinced the insurgent General that his bread was buttered on the American side, that induced the insurgents to disperse and saved the town from fire and the bolo.

Curry is as gentle as a dove, and as quick with his trigger finger as "Bat" Masterson. In Manila, a libelous editor of the vicinage, they say, on being reminded of Curry's ability with a shooting iron, forthwith and "pronto" apologized. Curry's greatest public achievement was in Samar. Within a year after he had been appointed Governor of the province, he had captured most of the Pulajan leaders and sent them to Bilibid prison. Many not captured were eliminated. The number of discontents was reduced from about eighteen hundred to two hundred, their leader gone, and the poor, foolish Pulajan peasants returned to their homes.

Curry was accustomed to walk all through the mountains of Samar without arms. He had much faith in the people. During the spring of 1906, however, a band of the remaining Pulajans began to stir things up, and when the constabulary (native police) were sent after them, the Pulajans despatched word to Curry that they would like to deal with him under a flag of truce. Governor Curry, as usual, carried no arms. When the cowardly Pulajans ambushed the native troops, killing twenty-seven of them, Curry was obliged to flee for his life. He swam a raging stream, disappeared in the jungle, and wandered there for two days before he again reached a place of safety.

It is fitting that Curry returns to the tonic altitudes of New Mexico. Owing to his extremely active life in the tropics, he has been much troubled with tropical complaints, and hard work in the hot sun is not good for a man who has two grown boys. But with his wonderful enthusiasm and vitality, Curry always kept on the go. Curry was immensely popular in both civil and military circles in the Islands. He received an ovation every time he went to Manila. Though a hard fighter, all his enemies had become friends.

In appointing Governor Curry to the Governorship of New Mexico, President Roosevelt was not moved by political considerations, for Curry is a Democrat.

But above all things, Curry is an American.

"YO NO ME QUIERO CASAR"*

BY

AGNES M. MANNING

One sunny morn, alone I strayed
  Along the beach at Monterey.
With brown, bare hands, a Spanish maid
  Was picking sea-moss from the spray.
And as she toiled, her clear voice ringing,
  Woke the sweet echoes near and far;
A rich soprano gaily singing:
  "Yo no me quiero casar."

Her audience, the waves and the skies,
  The long-necked pelicans in white,
And gray sea-gulls with watchful eyes,
  And tawny sands with spray-drops bright,
A pair of linnets, lightly winging
  Their way towards her from afar,
And flying low, to hear her singing
  "Yo no me quiero casar."

Her nut-brown hair in clusters fell
  About her slender, swan-like neck;
In her dark eyes there lurked a spell,
  Her lovely face had just a speck
Of sun and tan, through warm tints springing.
  Her beauty shone like some fair star.
I breathless stood, while she kept singing
  "Yo no me quiero casar."

A Raphael face on far-off walls,
  Has the dark depths of her soft eyes;
The same strange light upon her falls,
  Where she stands framed against the skies.
While ever softly chimes the ringing
  Of Mission bells in note or bar,
As if they knew the wondrous singing,
  "Yo no me quiero casar."

O Spanish maid, with small, brown hands,
  Spreading sea-tangle's dainty lace,
'Tis years since I have paced the sands,
  Or seen the light on thy young face.
Yet oft will come old memories, bringing
  The beach, sand-dune and drift-wood spar;
You framed against the blue sky, singing:
  "Yo no me quiero casar."

—From Overland Monthly of April, 1886

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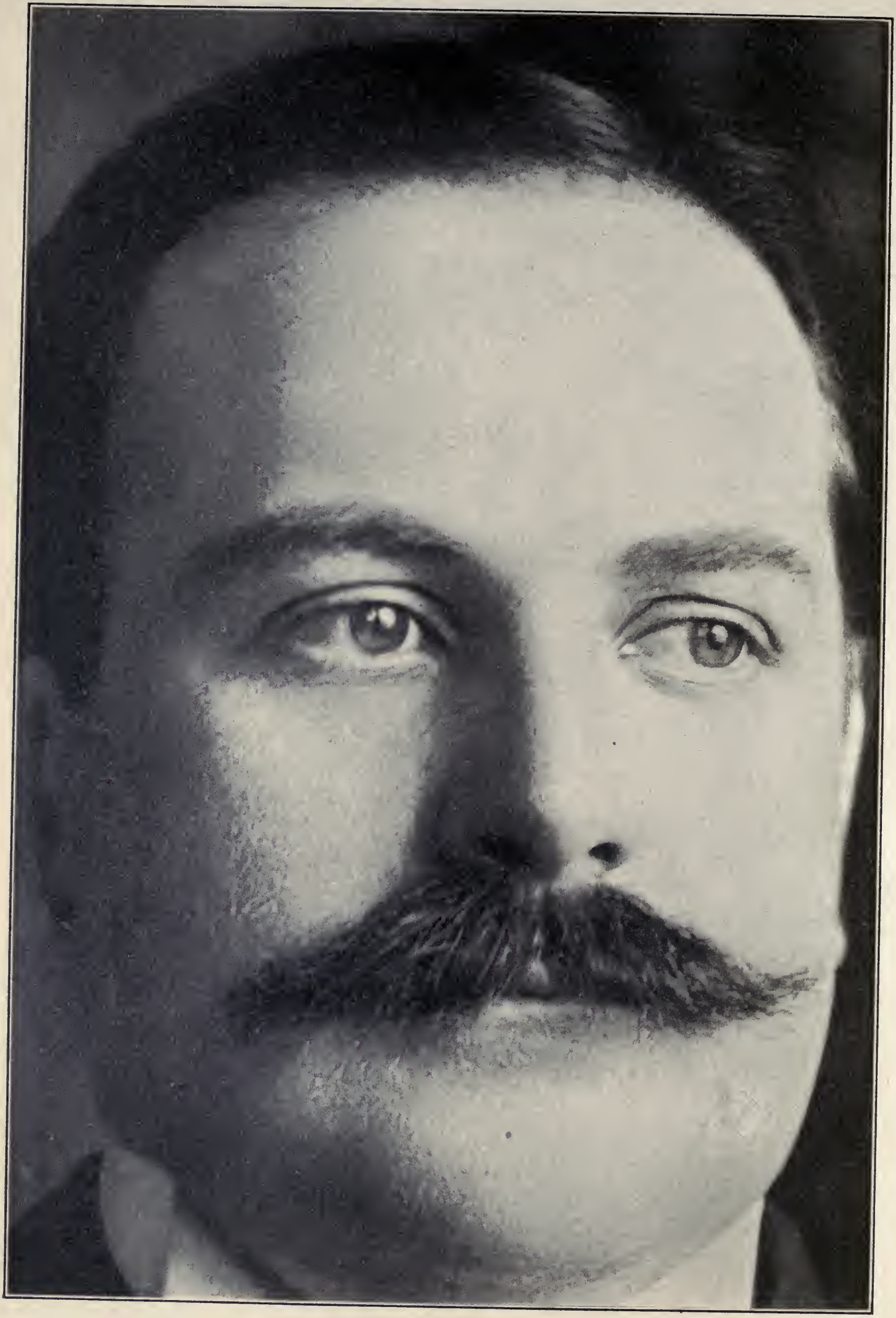
*"I Don't Wish to Marry." Popular song among the native Californians.



RUDOLPH SPRECKELS, THE COURAGEOUS YOUNG MILLIONAIRE WHO HAS SHOWN HIMSELF A GOOD AMERICAN CITIZEN IN DIRECTING THE PROSECUTIONS AGAINST THE MUNICIPAL CORRUPTIONISTS.

RUDOLPH SPRECKELS--THE GENIUS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO GRAFT PROSECUTION

BY ARNO DOSCH

Mr. Spreckels is charged by his enemies with selfish motives. The substance of these charges and the actual motives of Mr. Spreckels are set forth in Mr. Dosch's article.

THE EFFORTS of the municipal graft prosecutors in San Francisco have probably been the cleverest, the most persistent and the most successful in the history of similar causes in the United States. They have been managed with an unparalleled vigor, adroitness and acumen. They exhibit possibly the most perfectly systematized effort which has ever been shown in any criminal prosecution of the kind undertaken in the name of the commonwealth. They have been handled with that rare discernment that marks the successful issue of a great battle or the building up of a huge commercial enterprise. No door has been left open; no opportunity neglected which might lead the forces of the graft prosecution further on to success.

And the results?

To-day San Francisco stands before the world as the first city of the United States in which the "Men Higher Up," the capitalists charged with having offered and given bribes to city officials for public franchises, have been convicted.

Behind the firing line (and also upon it) stands Rudolph Spreckels, the young millionaire, who, more than all others, has furnished the brains, money, momentum, and, especially, the business-like direction which has carried the prosecution on to success.

For, over and above all, the graft prosecutions have been complex, ramified and various. They have reached into every artery and penetrated to the very finger-tips of life. It has not been alone the genius of Francis J. Heney and the attorneys who assist him, nor the unravelings of the marvelous Burns and the many detectives under his direction; nor has it been the press alone nor the pressure exerted in a thousand different avenues that has won success, but it has been the perfect co-ordination and direction of all these forces under the leadership of Rudolph Spreckels.

And who is Mr. Rudolph Spreckels?

He is a son of San Francisco and of Claus Spreckels, the multi-millionaire sugar king. He is a bank president, turfman, horse-racer and owner of a string of thoroughbreds; he is a business man, family man, and a few years on the sunny side of forty.

Yet though I account Mr. Spreckels a genius and philanthropist, there are those who differ with me, especially as to the latter qualification.

Spreckels has an axe to grind, they cry. He wishes revenge on Patrick Calhoun for the defeat of the Spreckels application for the Sutter street line, say some; or he seeks the forfeiture of Calhoun's franchise in order to install his own, say others. Wherefore we find for their cry two reasons: The first, that Rudolph Spreckels is a Spreckels; the second, that the people long deceived are wont to look for a nigger in the wood-pile where a large expenditure of time, effort and money is involved without an obviously material reward.

So that my point will be clearly understood, I may as well out, as strongly as they are put, with the charges against Rudolph Spreckels and those against the Spreckels family, which latter are, I take it, responsible in a measure for the whispering distrust that has spread abroad:

Spreckels has organized, they say, a giant political machine, and is using the machinery of the commonwealth, not only to prosecute but to persecute his personal enemies. Men who prosecute are always personal enemies to those whom they prosecute, especially when behind prosecution lies the striped suit and shaven head, and the prosecuted will naturally endeavor to stir public sentiment by the recital of tales or any other means which will keep them out of State's prison.

As to the mean charges against the Spreckels family: In the early days, it is said, when the Spreckels started the Valley Railroad, a line in the San Joaquin Valley, California, they (the Spreckelses) "roped in" the local Californians by the ostensible and patriotic theory that the new line was to be an independent line and would relieve the local shippers, farmers and others from the grinding oppression of the then existing railroad, under the old regime. Upon this basis, that of relief and of the securing of an independent California enterprise, a vast amount of money is stated to have been raised. When the railroad was sold, a bitter cry arose against the Spreckelses. It was the Spreckels way, they said, to appeal to local pride and boost their own projects as an independent proposition against the opposition, and then sell out with a profit to the opposition. On another occasion, an independent gas company was formed. It was a move for cheaper gas, gas at a fair, livable price. The newspapers boomed the project, not discerning the fine Italian Spreckels hand, and the people became interested, and, they say, the Spreckels sold the people again into the hands of the opposition. Then Spreckels' enemies point to a sugar proposition in Philadelphia or somewhere when another "independent proposition" was sold out to the sugar trust. That, they say, is the Spreckels way. We have been fooled so often, why may we not be fooled again?

These are some of the charges against the Spreckels family. They are not new. They are talked of from the "Barbary Coast" to Fillmore street. But they have lent a certain semblance of color to the definately-made charges as to the motives of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, as though it would make a scintilla of difference as to the innocence or guilt of the San Francisco boodlers whatever were or are the motives of Rudolph Spreckels. Even the star-chamber methods alleged against the graft prosecution; the qualitative third degree used upon boodler Ruef, the immunity club wielded over corrupt Supervisors, nor the favor of judges, nor all of these things that the "enemy" charges, could hardly produce in juries the bringing of convictions.

But more intimate charges of selfish motives than those against the Spreckels family are those laid personally against Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. Talk with Rudolph Spreckels one minute on the subject of graft prosecution, and you are instinctively convinced of his disinterestedness. I, at least, cannot go behind that feeling. Yet in order to convince our intelligence, let us set aside our conviction that Spreckels is honest, and take up the history of the "graft prosecution."

In the year 1901, at the time of the issue of the new city bonds, Abraham Ruef, then the political boss of San Francisco, came to Spreckels and made a corrupt proposition to him. The best evidence of this is Spreckels' testimony given last December when the graft prosecution and the Grand Jury which returned the indictments upon which the prosecution has been based, were being assailed.

Spreckels, being put on the stand to defend his motives in guaranteeing $100,000 to the graft prosecution, said:

"My object in guaranteeing this fund was to ascertain the truth or falsity of the charges of graft which had been generally made. I had observed some of these things myself.

"Mr. Ruef had come to me on two occasions and intimated that he was in a position to do certain things. He called on me at the time of the issue of the city bonds and asked me to organize a syndicate to buy the bonds, and assured me that this syndicate would be given the bonds. I asked how he could make such a promise when the bonds would have to be offered in open market for bids.

" 'It would be an easy thing to call a strike in the street car system,' he replied, 'and then we would like to see what capitalists other than those who were in the syndicate would bid!'

"At another time he came to my office at 421 Market street, in company with Charles Sutro. Mr. Sutro left, and then Mr. Ruef proposed to me that I make him the attorney for the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company. He said: 'I have legal ability, and could be of service otherwise.'"

That services "otherwise" performed were to be the raising of the price of gas through action of the Supervisors, the personal property of the debonair boss.

Beginning with that time, Spreckels has taken an active interest in the downfall of the Ruef-Schmitz gang of corrupt officials.

He then conceived the campaign which has resulted in the most startling disclosures in American municipalities, and will perhaps do more than all things else to secure clean city Governments.

But Spreckels needed the men to do the work. It required attorneys and detectives; in fact, a prosecuting force far and away above the one on hand. Chance disclosed the attorney, and also the detective. In a public speech at the last election, Francis J. Heney, while fighting the battle which his cause lost against Schmitz, had said: "Ruef is a crook and I can prove it." That and the rest of Heney's fiery, forceful, and fighting address went beyond the calm exterior of Rudolph Spreckels. For Spreckels had long been convinced that the man who owned San Francisco was a crook. He decided to give Francis J. Heney the chance to prove his assertion.

Then and there actively began the graft prosecution. Heney, however, was in the hire of the Government to prosecute the land thieves in Oregon. Finally the attorney accomplished the bulk of his work in that State and returned to San Francisco, a national figure with a reputation as a prosecutor. With Heney in his fight against the corruptionists in Oregon was William J. Burns, of the Government detective service. They fought well together. Spreckels decided to get Burns too, if he could. The releasing of Burns from Government duty to fight the grafters in San Francisco was accomplished by Fremont Older, the editor of the Bulletin, and Spreckels' friend.

About this time, in the winter of 1905-6, or as time is better reckoned, a few months before the great fire, the United Railroads endeavored to obtain of the Board of Supervisors a franchise to electrify the Sutter street cable line. The Sutter Street Improvement Club, of which Spreckels was a prominent member, owning a good deal of property on that street, appeared before the Board of Supervisors to urge that corrupt body not to permit an overhead trolley system to be installed. They agreed that the cable system was expensive and passing its day of usefulness, but they suggested as an alternative an underground conduit system. Patrick Calhoun, President of the United Railroads, objected to this, arguing that it would be impracticable in this climate. Spreckels thought this argument of impracticability a bluff. He agreed to form a company to parallel the Sutter street line with an underground conduit system. He was as good as his word, and a few days before the great fire the articles of incorporation of the company were filed.

The forming of that company, and the purposes it has been alleged to have been formed for, have been a stiletto in the hands of Spreckels' enemies. Confusion over different members of the same family easily arises in the public mind, and because that Claus, father of Rudolph, had been accused of that traditionally and suspiciously anxious desire, aforementioned, to sell out public service corporations which he had formed in opposition to corporations already established, similar motives have been laid at Rudolph Spreckels' door.

Rudolph Spreckels' enemies have claimed that a heavy amount of Spring Valley Water Company stock and bonds are carried by the First National Bank of San Francisco, and that a scheme has been gotten up by Spreckels and ex-Mayor James D. Phelan to force the Supervisors, under the "big stick," to purchase the Spring Valley plant at an exorbitant figure. In a libel suit against the "Oakland Tribune," Mr. Spreckels testified that this bank, of which he is president, holds only twenty shares of Spring Valley stock, and those only as security for a $150 loan. Spreckels' "enemies" say this is an evasion; they claim that he (Spreckels) is interested in the stock, the ownership of which is concealed by the alleged fact that it is held by I. W. Hellman as trustee for the Spreckels-Phelan interests.

Opposed to Spreckels and his forces are those who probably would not stop at murder if it could conveniently and secretively be done, or at least if, by raising dust, the real murderers might not be known.

The "grafters" have in every possible manner used the imputations against Spreckels' motives with the purpose of influencing public opinion and biasing the minds of jurymen. How difficult it has been for Spreckels to overcome the false impression given by the forming of that company it is hard to say. Certainly, had he ever had such motives he would not have implicated himself in the eyes of men by leading in the graft prosecutions, nor, now that he is the furtherer of the prosecutions will he identify himself with such a public service corporation. There is no reasonable excuse for believing that Rudolph Spreckels formed the company for any other reason than that publicly stated, i. e., to prove that an underground conduit system was practicable.

Spreckels is applying a business training to the details of the "graft" prosecution. When Fremont Older, editor of the "Bulletin," was kidnaped, it was Spreckels who had located through his agencies, the whereabouts of the missing editor. It was Spreckels who, after midnight, arranged by telephone the legal means whereby Older was removed from the train at Santa Barbara. It would have taken a regiment of constables to have kept the editor a prisoner upon the train as against the varied forces employed by the young millionaire to secure the return to San Francisco of Mr. Older. For Spreckels had retained lawyers, constables, arranged for bail, and stirred up the entire population of Santa Barbara by telephone.

A purely altruistic motive is deemed so rare in a world conducted and governed on "business principles" that when an honest man goes about doing the unselfish thing with an honest purpose, those very people for whose good he is striving look for some deeply-hidden, selfish aim.

There are any number of people living in San Francisco thoroughly well posted on public events, who have a lingering doubt in their mind as to the altruistic motives of Rudolph Spreckels in farthering the graft prosecution and backing it up with his good, hard money. American communities are so used to being overridden by graft-seeking gangsters that they cannot see straight any more. It is an unheard of situation. It is unprecedented. They cannot find where Spreckels will benefit from his labors. They cannot see a return on his expenditures.

That, of course, is an arraignment of humanity rather than a grounds for questioning Rudolph Spreckels' honesty, but the wise elector, who discusses politics over the bar, shakes his head and does not see what "there is in it" for "Spreckels, Phelan and that gang." Abe Ruef selling out his native city in its most helpless hour, dickering with its franchises and knocking down to the highest bidder, was understood, because it was merely an extreme case of corruption to which people were thoroughly accustomed. If he had been even meaner and "sold the coppers from his dead father's eyes," they could have believed that, because it is the proverbial meanest act, and humanity thinks poorly of itself.

Let a man like Rudolph Spreckels come along, and, actuated by an honest indignation, pay men of talent to clean out the gang of dirty-handed politicians, and his motives are immediately doubted.

When Spreckels began his fight on corruption in San Francisco, he was practically fighting alone. He had a splendid principle to fight under, but he was out for nothing; he could subserve no one's interests, and he was left to begin the struggle practically by himself.

There were plenty of men in San Francisco who were ready to take up the fight and support it by reading the news on the subject in the papers, and even going to the polls and vote for the reform candidates, but when it came to putting up the money with which to carry on the fight, Spreckels "and a few others," unnamed, were left to pay the bills.

Spreckels is German by blood, American in his ideals, but thoroughly Teutonic in his determination. When he saw that the graft prosecution would be a fizzle if he did not personally come to the fore and bear the burden himself, his "Dutch mule" drove him to the sticking point, and as he has said himself, "I am in this fight to stay."

Thinking no better of humanity than the next man, I did not free myself of doubt as to Rudolph Spreckels' purposes until I had made an investigation as to the possible gain and the events that lead to his taking his present belligerent position. I have come to the inevitable conclusion that he is thoroughly honest, and, since I am addressing a public as skeptical as I, I give the reasons that lead me to this belief.

When I agreed to write the present article on Rudolph Spreckels, I had no formed opinions as to his motives. Like other ordinary citizens, I could see that he was doing a good work, and let it go at that. But on accepting the commission to write an estimate of the man, I asked for the privilege of writing exactly what I thought about him and was told that that was what I was being paid for.

Only two things I knew from personal observation. I had seen Spreckels in court day after day, month after month, calm and determined, saying little, watching everything.

I had seen him run errands for Assistant District Attorney Heney and come into court with his arms full of law books. Then I had seen him sit without the slightest change coming over his placid face while counsel for the boodling official or bribe-giver on trial cast mud at him and impugned his motives in being where he was. I heard those sitting around me in the courtroom say that it was foolish for the prosecution to have Spreckels in court every day; that it looked bad. I wondered why he did it, and as far as I got was the indifferent conclusion that he was there because he wanted to know what was going on.

What has Spreckels gained from the graft prosecution? He has given his time and money to what end? He has warred against his class, in the eyes of many people he has become a social pariah. He has put his wife and family in a position hard for women to bear. By prosecuting the husbands of their friends he has placed them where they have been subject to slights which the women of the prosecuted have not failed to heap upon them. Spreckels himself has said that this was the hardest thing for him to bear. If many of the men at the Pacific Union Club turned the cold shoulder to him, he could bear it, for he is a man, but when his womanfolk were affected, there he was touched nearly.

It speaks well for humanity that the friends of the prosecuted have stood by them, even though guilty, but that has made for Spreckels' discomfort. Many of them are of his class. Some of them were his friends.

In the light of political history, Spreckels will be looked upon as a great man. There has been enough of martyrdom in his career to assure him of that. He is not without vanity, and undoubtedly he will enjoy the reputation he acquires. That will be his reward, infinitely above the money motives which have been imputed to him.

Most of my readers will agree with me in what I have said about Spreckels. How many would have still kept a skeptical tongue in their cheeks if I had written this a year ago? Who will remain to doubt that Spreckels' motives were altruistic, when time has proved that he got no money return for the bitter struggle he has made against corruption?

Spreckels has won his fight. He has brought to the bar of justice the men whom he believed to be guilty of bribe-giving and bribe-taking. He has seen some convicted, and his judgment has been vindicated. He has often repeated that he has no malice—of that no man can judge. Nobody can say he wishes to see an innocent man punished for a crime he did not commit. His silence and unmoved attitude, no matter how juries voted, indicate that. He wishes to see justice done. No one has yet produced any proof that he has an axe to grind. He has refused public office, and he has constantly shunned publicity. Whenever he has had anything to say, it has been under oath.

DOWN AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB

BY

"JAC" LOWELL

You all have heard of smart Joe Bing,
  A common type was he,
Of men we're always sure to meet
  Where'er we chance to be;
But it is hardly fair to Man
  To give poor Joe the rub,
Without a word 'bout Sally Jones
  Who 'tends the Woman's Club?

Sal Jones she made an eggless cake,
  She mixed it cheap an' thin,
But still it beat the ones to death
  That had a dozen in!
It rose so fast it seemed as though
  The loaf would fill a tub—
Sal made it all with mind an' tongue
  Down at the Woman's Club.

Sal Jones she blacked her kitchen stove
  When ev'ry coal was hot,
She blacked it "just as slick as grease,"
  An' never left a spot.
She did not have to wash her hands,
  Or give her nails a scrub—
An' why?—because the place she worked
  Was at the Woman's Club!

Sal Jones she took a nurse's job,
  An' though the case was bad,
Her presence quickly drove away
  Each ache the patient had.
She did not need a doctor's help,
  She gave 'em all the snub,
An' won the case "by self alone"—
  Down at the Woman's Club!

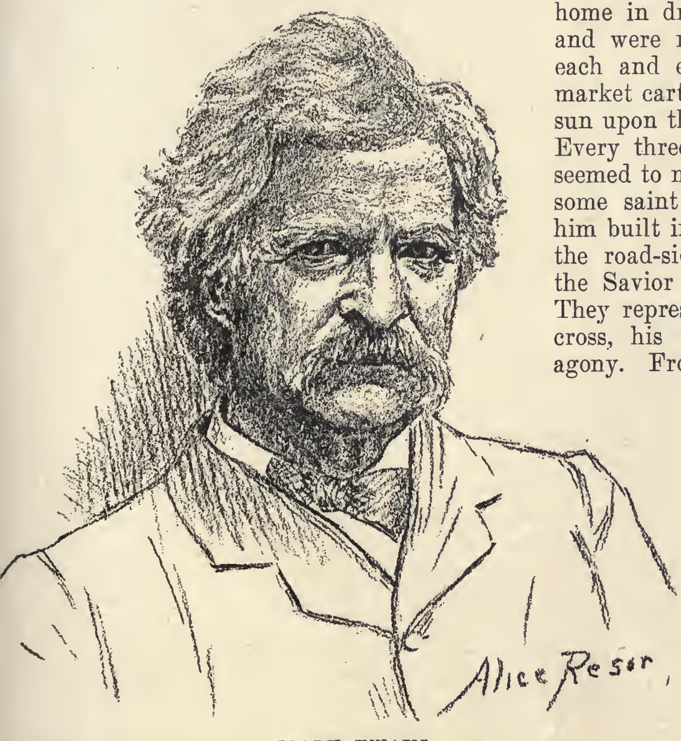
Sal Jones she knows the best of ways
  For bringin' children up;
She don't believe in "bottle schemes,"
  Nor feedin' from a cup.
She ain't no youngsters of her own,
  Not one! but what's the rub?
She mothers millions (in her mind)—
  Down at the Woman's Club.

A MEDIEVAL ROMANCE

BY

MARK TWAIN

WE voyaged by steamer down the Lago de Lecco through wild mountain scenery and by hamlets and villas, and disembarked at the town of Lecco. They said it was two hours by carriage to the ancient city of Bergamo, and that we should arrive there in good season for the railway train. We got an open barouche and a wild, boisterous driver, and set out. It was delightful. We had a fast team and a perfectly smooth road. There were towering cliffs on our left, and the pretty Lago de Lecco on our right, and every now and then it rained on us. Just before starting, the driver picked up in the street a stump of cigar an inch long and put it in his mouth. When he had carried it thus for about an hour, I thought it would be only Christian charity to give him a light. I handed him my cigar, which I had just lit, and he put it in his mouth and returned his stump to his pocket!



MARK TWAIN.

We saw interior Italy now. The houses were of solid stone, and not often in good repair. The peasants and their children were idle as a general thing, and the donkeys and chickens made themselves at home in drawing-room and bed-chamber, and were not molested. The drivers of each and every one of the slow-moving market carts we met were stretched in the sun upon their merchandise, sound asleep. Every three or four hundred yards, it seemed to me, we came upon the shrine of some saint or other—a rude picture of him built into a cross or a stone pillar by the road-side. Some of the pictures of the Savior were curiosities in their way. They represented him stretched upon the cross, his countenance distorted with agony. From the wounds of the crown of thorns; from the pierced side; from the mutilated hands and feet; from the scourged body; from every hand-breadth of his person streams of blood were pouring! Such a gory, ghastly spectacle would frighten the children out of their senses, I should think. There were some unique auxiliaries to the painting, which added to the effect.

These were genuine wooden and iron implements, and were prominently disposed about the figure, a bundle of nails, the hammer to drive them, the sponge, the reed that supported it, the cup of vinegar, the ladder for the ascent of the cross, the spear that pierced the Savior's side. The crown of thorns was made of real thorns, and was nailed to the sacred head.

In some of the Italian church paintings, even by the old masters, the Savior and the Virgin wear silver or gilded crowns that are fastened to the pictured heads with nails. The effect is as grotesque as it is incongruous.

Here and there in the fronts of roadside inns we found huge, coarse frescoes of suffering martyrs like those in the shrines. It could not have diminished their sufferings any to be so uncouthly represented. We were in the heart and home of priestcraft—of a happy, cheerful, contented ignorance, superstition, degradation, poverty, indolence, and everlasting, unaspiring worthlessness. And we said fervently, it suits these people precisely; let them enjoy it, along with other animals, and Heaven forbid that they be molested. *We* feel no malice towards them.

We passed through the strangest, funniest, undreamt-of old towns, wedded to the customs and steeped in the sleep of the older ages, and perfectly unaware that the world turns round! And perfectly indifferent, too, as to whether it turns round or stands still.

They have nothing to do but to eat and sleep, and sleep and eat, and toil a little when they can get a friend to stand by and keep them awake. *They* are not paid for thinking—*they* are not paid to fret about the world's concerns. They were not respectable people, they were not worthy people—they were not learned and wise and brilliant people—but in their breasts all their stupid lives long rested a peace that passeth all understanding! How can men, calling themselves men, consent to be so degraded and happy?

We whisked by many a gray old medieval castle, clad thick with ivy that swung its green banners down from towers and turrets where once some old Crusader's flag had floated. The driver pointed to one of these ancient fortresses and said (I translate):

"Do you see that great iron hook that projects from the wall just under the highest window in the ruined tower?"

We said we could not see it at such a distance, but had no doubt it was there.

"Well," he said, "there is a legend connected with that iron hook. Nearly seven hundred years ago that castle was the property of the noble Count Luigi Gennaro Guido Alphonse di Genova."

"What was his other name?" said one of the party.

"He had no other name. The name I have spoken of was all the name he had. He was the son of——"

"Never mind the particulars. Go on with the legend."

The Legend.

"Well, then, all the world at that time was in a wild excitement about the Holy Sepulchre. All the great feudal lords in Europe were pledging their lands and pawning their plate to fit out men-at-arms so that they might join the grand armies of Christendom, and win renown in the Holy Wars. The Count Luigi raised money, like the rest, and one mild September morning, armed with battle-axe, with barbican, cresset, portcullis, Enfield rifle, Prussian needle-gun and thundering culverin, he rode through the greaves of his donjon-keep with as gallant a troop of Christian bandits as ever stepped in Italy. He had his sword, Excalibur, with him. His beautiful countess and her young daughter waved him a tearful adieu from the battering-rams and buttresses of the fortress, and he galloped away with a happy heart.

"He made a raid on a neighboring baron and completed his outfit with the booty secured. He then razed the castle to the ground, massacred the family, and moved on. They were hardy fellows in the grand old days of chivalry. Alas! those days will never come again.

"Count Luigi grew high in fame in the Holy Land. He plunged into the carnage of a hundred battles, but his good Excalibur always brought him out alive, albeit often sorely wounded. His face became browned by exposure to the Syrian sun in long marches; he suffered hunger and thirst; he pined in prisons, he languished in loathsome plague-hospitals. And many and many a time he thought of his loved ones at home and wondered if all were well with them. But his heart said, 'Peace, is not thy brother watching over thy household?'

"Forty-two years waxed and waned. The good fight was won; Godfrey reigned in Jerusalem—the Christian hosts reared the banner of the Cross above the Holy Sepulchre.

"Twilight was approaching. Fifty harlequins, in flowing robes, approached this castle wearily, for they were on foot, and the dust upon their garments showed that they had traveled far. They overtook a peasant, and asked him if it was likely they could get food and a hospitable bed there, for love of Christian charity, and if perchance a moral parlor entertainment might meet with generous countenance; 'for,' said they, 'this exhibition hath no feature that could offend the most fastidious.'

"'Marry!' quoth the peasant, 'an' it please your worships, ye had better go many a good rood hence with your juggling circus than trust your bones in yonder castle.'

"'How now, sirrah!' exclaimed the chief monk, 'explain thy ribald speech, or by'r lady it shall go hard with thee.'

"'Peace, good mountebank, I did but utter the truth that was in my heart. San Pablo be my witness that did ye but find the stout Count Leonardo in his cups, sheer from the castle's topmost battlements would he hurl ye all! Alack-a-day, the good Lord Luigi reigns not here in these sad times.'

"'The good Lord Luigi?'

"'Aye, none other, please your worship. In his day the poor rejoiced in plenty, and the rich he did oppress; taxes were not known; the fathers of the church waxed fat upon his bounty; travelers went and came with none to interfere; whosoever would, might tarry in his halls in cordial welcome, and eat his bread and drink his wine withal. But woe is me! two and forty years agone the good count rode away to fight for the Holy Cross, and many a year has flown since word or token was had of him. Men say his bones lie bleaching in the fields of Palestine!'

"'And now?'

"'*Now!* God 'a mercy, the cruel Leonardo lords it in the castle. He wrings taxes from the poor; he robs all travelers that journey by his gates. He spends his days in feuds and murders, and his nights in revel and debauch; he roasts the fathers of the church upon his kitchen spits, and enjoyeth the same, calling it pastime. These thirty years Luigi's countess hath not been seen by any in all this land, and many whisper that she pines in the dungeons of the castle for that she will not wed with Leonardo, saying that she will die ere she prove false to him. They whisper likewise that her daughter is a prisoner as well. Nay, good jugglers, seek ye refreshment otherwheres. 'Twere better that ye perished in a Christian war than that ye plunged from off yon dizzy tower. I give ye good day.'

"'God keep ye, gentle youth—farewell.'

"But heedless of the peasant's warning, the players moved straightway towards the castle.

"Word was brought to Count Leonardo that a company of mountebanks besought his hospitality.

"''Tis well. Dispose of them in the customary manner. Yet stay! I have need of them. Let them come hither. Later cast them from the battlements—or—how many priests have ye on hand?'

"'The day's results are meagre, good my lord. An abbott and a dozen beggarly friars is all we have.'

"'Hell and furies! Is the State going to secede? Send hither the mountebanks. Afterwards, broil them with the priests.'

"The robed and close-cowled harlequins entered. The grim Leonardo sate in state at the head of his council-board. Ranged up and down the hall on either hand stood near a hundred men-at-arms.

"'Ha, villains!' quoth the Count, 'what can ye do to earn the hospitality ye crave?'

"'Dread lord and mighty, crowded audiences have greeted our humble efforts with rapturous applause. Among our body count we the versatile and talented Ugolino; the justly-celebrated Rodolpho; the infant phenomenon, Sig. Beppo; the Palestine pet, Zelina; the gifted and accomplished Rodrigo. The management have spared no pains and expense——'

"''Sdeath! What can ye do? Curb thy prating tongue.'

"'Good my lord—in acrobatic feats, in practice with the dumb-bells, in balancing and ground and lofty tumbling, are we versed; and sith your highness asketh me, I venture here to publish that in the truly marvelous and entertaining zampillerostation——'

"'Gag him! Throttle him! Body of Bacchus! Am I a dog that I am to be assailed with pollysyllabled blasphemy like this? But, hold! Lucrezia, Isabel, stand forth! Sirrah, behold this dame, this weeping wench. The first I marry within the hour; the other shall dry her tears or feed the vultures. Thou and thy vagabonds shall crown the wedding with thy merry-makings. Fetch hither the priest!'

"The dame sprang toward the chief player.

"'O save me!' she cried. 'Save me from a fate far worse than death! Behold these sad eyes, these shrunken cheeks, this withered frame! See thou this wreck this fiend hath made, and let thy heart be moved with pity! Look upon this damsel; note her wasted form, her halting step, her bloodless cheek where youth should blush and happiness exult in smiles! Hear us and have compassion! This monster was my husband's brother. He who should have been our shield against all harm, hath kept us shut within the noisome dungeons of his castle for lo! these thirty years. For what crime? None other than that I would not belie my troth, root out my strong love for him who marches with the legions of the Cross in Holy Land, for O, he is not dead! and wed with him! Save us, O, save thy persecuted supplicants!'

"She flung herself at his feet and clasped his knees.

"'Ha! ha! ha!' shouted the brutal Leonardo. 'Priest, to thy work!' and he dragged the weeping dame from her refuge. 'Say, once for all, *will* you be mine? for by my halidome that breath that uttereth thy refusal shall be thy last on earth.'

"'Nev-er!'

"'Then die!' and the sword leaped from its scabbard.

"Quicker than thought, quicker than the lightning's flash, fifty monkish habits disappeared and fifty knights in splendid armor stood revealed! Fifty falchions gleamed in air above the men-at-arms, and brighter, fiercer than them all, flamed Excalibur aloft, and cleaving downward, struck the brutal Leonardo's weapon from his grasp!

"Count Luigi bound his usurping brother hand and foot. The practiced knights from Palestine made holiday sport of carving the awkward men-at-arms to chops and steaks. The victory was complete. Happiness reigned. Everybody married somebody else."

"But what did they do with the wicked brother?"

"Oh, nothing—only hanged him on that iron hook I was speaking of. By the chin."

"How?"

"Passed it up through into his mouth."

"How long?"

"Couple of years."

"Count Luigi—is he dead?"

"Six hundred and fifty years ago, or such a matter."

"Splendid legend. Drive on!"

(From Overland Monthly of October, 1868. This is one of the first and best stories written by Mark Twain. Outside of its initial appearance in Overland Monthly it has not before appeared in print, and is here published at the special request of a life subscriber to Overland Monthly.)

THE VENGEANCE OF THE WILD

BY

HERBERT ARTHUR STOUT

THE WILDERNESS beyond the Great Divide lay under the touch of the white silence. For several weeks it had been snowing heavily, although it was now near the end of April and the buds were swelling on the dogwood trees. In the open places the snow had drifted into deep banks and treacherous mounds; in the timber it had fallen more lightly, and yet the sturdy firs and spruce trees staggered under their burdens. League after league, the white drifts stretched away through the forests until they vanished in the gray line of the horizon. Here and there the tops of underbrush were barely visible above the level of the snow, and here and there whole ravines were smoothed over as level as table-land.

As the day cleared a little and the snow stopped falling, a mother panther led her week-old cubs out from their cave on the mountain straight across the waste toward a thicket of firs where her unerring instinct told her a deer had taken refuge from the storm. The cubs were ungainly and weak from hunger, but they followed their mother bravely across the deep snow. The mother looked gaunt and famished from her long fast, and the trouble of feeding two starving babies. When they emerged from the timber, the male panther, who had been guarding their advance, joined them. There was fresh blood on his mouth; his shoulders were stained with it, and he seemed tired. The mother panther, as soon as she noticed these signs, hurried her cubs forward toward the fir grove. How her wild face looked pride and love as she turned to watch her ugly offspring sprawling over each other in their efforts to follow her! They, too, began to scent the odor of fresh blood. At the edge of the grove, near the head of a deep ravine, they found the body of a freshly killed deer lying in the snow. He had been killed as he lay in his bed under the brush. All around on the snow were the traces of a hard struggle. The young cubs began to greedily lap up the warm blood that oozed out of a wound in the throat of the deer; then they fell to tearing at the flesh with little growls of pleasure. The mother and father watched them proudly. Famished though they were, they would not eat a mouthful until their offspring had had their fill.

"Huntin' mighty bad now," said Joe Curran, the half-breed, with a grunt, as he brushed the snow out of his face and came out into an opening space between the timber. He moved his powerful, clumsy body forward on his snow-shoes with the litheness of a cat. On his thick shoulders he carried a small forty-pound sack and a heavy rifle. He had started early in the morning for Fort Edward, a hundred miles across the Great Divide, and was traveling as straight as the crow flies. Behind him a gaunt Danish hound followed in the trail. As the two plunged into a grove of cedars, the half-breed paused an instant. The hound began to sniff the wind, with his nose high in the air.

"Some panther," said the man, watching the dog curiously. Then he heard a faint, indescribable noise far to the right. Quietly slipping off his snow-shoes, he thrust them upright in the snow of the trail, and as stealthily as a shadow moved out into the timber. His body was tense like steel; his moccasined feet were noiseless on the crust. Suddenly his eyes, searching among the brown patches of brush, caught the quick movement of grey bodies. Quick as a flash he dropped behind a spruce sapling with a motion of warning to the quivering hound. Then he wiggled from tree to tree until he was at the head of a deep ravine partially filled with snow. Not more than fifty yards below him he saw four panthers around the carcass of a deer. Two were mauling and tearing at the throat of the dead animal, while the male and female sat watching them. The half-breed reasoned quickly. The cubs would make the better rugs because their fur was softer. They were too young and starved to outrun him, therefore he could save two shots. He would kill one of the old panthers and knock the two cubs in the head with his axe. Thrusting his gun through the bush tops he shot at the mother, then dashed forward, axe in hand. Through the trees he saw the male and female crossing the snow with great bounds. though the female limped as she ran.

"Very bad, but I get you yet," said Joe, when they had disappeared. He calmly knocked the cubs in the head as they sprawled over the deep snow in their frantic efforts to escape. Without a trace of feeling, he skinned the young bodies, still warm and twitching. He rolled the skins into a tight bundle and went back to his snowshoes in the trail. Then he took up his pack again and slouched forward toward the North.

Late in the afternoon a storm began to gather; the sky grew dull and dreary and seemed to close in upon the snow-fields. A low, heavy wind tossed the pine boughs in its passage and moaned across the wilderness with the foretaste of death in its weary voices. The half-breed looked uneasily toward the North. Once the dog turned back in the trail to howl at the forests. His voice broke the stillness into weird choruses, and from somewhere far out in the white silence a strange cry came back. Joe started and cursed the dog. They both grew uneasier as night began to settle over the forests and mountains. The dog stopped every few seconds to sniff the wind, and each time the half-breed hurried forward a little faster. Long shadows crept out over the snow; the trees began to blurr a little, then grew inky black against the white. The mountain peaks seemed to fade back into indistinct, shadowy lines. At last, through a break in the timber, Joe saw the vague outlines of a log cabin. With a sigh of relief he glided into the open and drew near the hut. The door was down, and a pile of snow lay in the center of the floor, but the trapper noticed first that the walls and the roof were strong and massive.

"Ah, Joe too smart for you dat time," he shouted, waving his clenched hand at the silent, darkening forest.

Then he fell swiftly to work cleaning away the snow from the fireplace and straightening up the door. After that he cocked his rifle and went to the edge of the forest to drag in huge piles of dead limbs. The dog went with him each time until the last load was in and piled up beside the chimney. As Joe was dragging in the last armful the hound dashed at the brush and into the timber with a fierce growl; the hair on his back bristled savagely, and his teeth came together with a click. The half-breed gave one startled glance at the forest, then calling to the hound, ran with all his strength toward the cabin. In a few seconds the hound followed him into the hut with a low, melancholy howl that sent cold waves sweeping over his master's body. He hurried to put the door up with heavy timbers of log. Then he made the rude window shutters fast with staples of oak. After he had fastened the door and window to his satisfaction, he crawled twice around the floor on his hands and knees looking for any chance openings. Then he began to breathe easier again.

He kindled a fire on the hearth; the ruddy light of the blaze tinted the rude walls and rafters with gold and put a brave, cheery glow over the dark-stained floor. The half-breed ate his scanty supper of dried venison and biscuit in silence, while the dog slept by the side of the fireplace. After supper he took out his pipe and smoked with thoughtful attention to the blaze. Then he cleaned his snowshoes and wiped the water off his rifle barrel. Out of his pack he dragged a heavy blanket which he spread on the floor close to the fire after he had carefully swept away the snow. These preparations for sleep having been completed, he took a little silver cross from his breast, and kneeling in the ashes, prayed long and silently. The light fell upon his dark, bronzed face with a soft glow; the muscles of his powerful throat stood out in relief, and his lips moved fervently in the shadow. Then he kissed the crucifix with reverent lips before he replaced it on his broad chest. Carefully he built up the fire with heavy pieces of wood. Then, before he rolled himself in his blanket, he stood his rifle against the wall near his head with the hammer back, and his long knife lay unsheathed within easy reach of his arm.

The wind moaned loudly around the walls of the cabin through the whole night. Now it roared with the sound of a torrent, now it fell lower into faint whisperings while the fire blew out flat along the hearth. It was during one of these intervals of mysterious quiet that the hound heard the scratching and sniffing of some animal outside near the door. He got up from the fireplace to rush at the door, his hair bristling and his eyes ablaze with hate. Then he heard something climbing the fir tree near the window, and the soft scratching of nails on the roof. A sound at the chimney warned him suddenly in that direction. He whipped round and rushed near the fire. Far up the chimney were two coals of fire blazing down into his, and in that same instant a wailing scream rose above the roaring of the storm. Joe Curran leaped out of his blanket in a flash and seized his rifle. He too heard the scraping of feet on the roof, then the thud of some heavy body leaping down upon the snow. The wind fell into a strange hush. A weird cry answered the first from the forests.

"Mon Dieu!" said the half-breed with a shudder. He heaped limbs on the fire until it leaped up into a strong blaze. Then he took his position on a box near the chimney and nodded half asleep until a gray light began to steal through the chinks in the walls of the cabin.

In the wan light of the early dawn, Joe aroused himself, and after replenishing the fire, took down the heavy door. With his rifle in one hand, he went out into the cold morning. A few stars still burned palely in the West, while in the East the pines stood out black against the faint, grey day-break. Then he saw in the half-light two vague forms, faintly outlined against the white background, moving across the snow near the timber. He shot twice without putting the gun to his shoulder, but the figures vanished swiftly. Going back to the cabin, he saw a beaten path around the walls, as if some heavy animal had trodden around the hut during the whole night. He went inside and warmed his simple breakfast over the fire. After that he prepared his feet for the trail, but suddenly changed his mind and went outside again to examine the path around the cabin in the clear daylight. There were two distinct tracks, one large and broad, with the impress of long toes in the snow, the other smaller and more slender, with two toes missing on the right forefoot.

"Maybe they get tired soon," he thought. "Anyway, Joe stay here and see."

He dragged in more brush from the forest; he cut two great piles of fir boughs and made a bed of them to the right of the fireplace. Then he cleaned the snow out of the cabin with an energy that revealed his powerful arms. The window was re-examined and braced; two or three places on the roof needed repairing; the door needed a stronger prop. Joe did all these tasks with a litheness and swiftness that his clumsy shoulders seemed incapable of producing, and yet did produce with marvelous grace. They further revealed the strength and capabilities of the half-breed trapper.

He passed the day near the log hut, now yawning over the fire, now searching the clearing for a stray grouse that might have wintered there. Once he shot a grey squirrel that had been attracted out by the sun breaking through the clouds for a few minutes. The night passed much as it had previously. The same wind roared through the pines with similar intervals of strange quiet; and there were the same sniffings at the door. But Joe, tired out from his work, slept on unheeding in his bed of fir boughs, while the blasts moaned around the cabin and mysterious feet scratched over the roof.

On the morning of the third day, the half-breed saw with dismay how his little store of provisions had dwindled. He knew that Fort Edward was still distant two days of hard traveling across the Great Divide. A grim, hard expression came into his face. The heavy snow would prevent him from relying upon any game; he might even be forced to spend three days in traveling if another storm came on. Silently he rolled his meagre supply of jerked meat and biscuit into his blanket with the young panther skins, now stiff and hard. Then he went out of the door and tied his snow shoes on his feet. He had taken a dozen steps into the trail going north when a thought came to him suddenly. He turned back to the cabin, and taking a piece of charcoal from the fireplace, wrote on the wall his name and the date. Under it he drew a rude picture of two panthers. Once more he moved away from the cabin and across the clearing toward the far-away north with a deep scowl on his dark, swarthy face. It seemed to him as if he were leaving friends that he would perhaps never see again. Far out in leagues of forest and mountain the wilderness stretched away to the horizon's rim locked in the frozen silence of the snow and full of savage forces that must be conquered before he would look upon the friendly smoke of Fort Edward. Behind him at an ever-growing distance lay the only place of shelter or safety for a hundred miles. The half-breed felt the cross against his breast and prayed in his wild heart for help against the cruel eyes that watched him from the shadows of the forest.

All that day he traveled northward at a rapid pace without pausing even long enough to eat. The snow was firm enough to bear him up well, and his snowshoes shot his heavy body forward in long, swinging glides. The dog followed steadily in his rear as though he knew the danger of leaving the trail for an instant. The half-breed had not seen or heard any signs of wild life since he left the cabin, though he had kept a sharp outlook. His eyes never left the limbs that overhung the trail until he was well out from under them. The forest was as silent as though cast in a spell. He began to think the panthers had turned back. About three in the afternoon, Joe shortened his stride to an ordinary walk. He was climbing a long mountain, heavily timbered and deeply gashed with a wild, sombre canyon half full of snow. The wan afternoon light fell in slants through the fir boughs, and the trees shook a little in the cold wind. Far out to the right he saw the great forests of the plain, and an open stream or two running into lakes and frozen marshes. He had trapped and hunted along those lakes for the last three years. On the ridge of the mountain he paused to follow the winding course of the Muskegee River with his eyes, until he lost it in the northern forests of the Muskegee Mountains. The fort lay at the head of that river near the mountains, still a day and a half away.

"We make him yet!" he said to the dog. His face began to clear and his spirits rose as the memory of the last few days sank into the intervening miles. He waved a welcome to the river and went on again. Then, as he crossed a low ravine, he stopped suddenly and seized his hair with his mittened hand. The hound sniffed the trail with a low growl. Crossing the trail were the recent tracks of two large animals; the smaller track had two toes missing on the right forefoot.

"Mon Dieu!" said the half-breed, with something like despair in his dark face as he stood in the fading light looking out through the sombre pines, with their shadows deepening from grey into purple and gold.

Something of the hopelessness of fate swept over him at that moment; he was face to face with a relentless force that was as cruel as it was irresistible. But his old buoyant sense of living, born and fostered among the wild forces of nature, came back to him. All the forces of his will, all his energy, rushed into his face. He cocked his rifle, loosened the knife in its sheath, then slipped warily along the track of the panthers. The trail crossed a ridge, passed around the head of a gully, and plunged into a dense thicket of tamaracks and high brush covering a few hundred square feet in area. The trapper moved cautiously around the grove with every sense alert. Suddenly the hound dashed into the edge of the thicket. There was a short scuffle, the flash of grey bodies, then the half-breed fired from his belly as he lay flat on the snow. He got to his feet and ran forward into the thicket. The hound lay gasping his last breath with blood running from an ugly wound in his throat and staining the snow a deep crimson. A few feet from his dying body lay the gaunt male panther with a rifle bullet in his brain.

The trapper gave one look at the bodies to make sure that the hound was dying, then he turned and ran back on his tracks until he came to the trail. Straight north along the trail he ran until he was on the brow of the mountain. His face was pale and his eyes were staring. Without pausing, he plunged down the mountain through the gathering dusk. Every few minutes he looked back over his shoulder as he ran. Night fell over the forests suddenly. When it was too dark to travel in safety, the half-breed stopped running and looked about him for a place to spend the night. He selected a wide opening in the forest. Hurriedly he cut fir boughs and spread them on the hard snow in the center of the open space. Then with his axe he cut heavy props, and using them as a lever, rolled a dozen of the largest logs and limbs he could find into the open glade. He arranged them in a circle around his bed. Then he built up over the logs until his bed was surrounded by a pile four feet high. When the circle was complete, he set fire to the damp logs, which, owing to their dampness, would burn the entire night. Inside this circle of fire he passed the night safely. But the howling of the timber wolves and the strange cry of a wandering panther kept him awake the greater part of the dark hours. Two or three times the fire had to be replenished and the circle kept intact.

Up to this time the weather, though dark and threatening, had produced nothing more serious than a cold wind. But now it changed in earnest. Toward morning the wind freshened and a fine snow began to fall. When the first wan, grey light stole over the world, the half-breed rolled out of his blankets and made ready for the trail again. Huddled over the dying fire, he ate his last few pieces of hardtack and venison, while the snow fell silently over his broad shoulders. Then the day cleared a little as he took up the trail once more, and the snow stopped falling while the wind fell lower. But Joe shook his head sadly; he was too skilled in woodcraft not to know that this was only a lull in the storm. Fort Edward must be reached before night; he set his teeth resolutely as he labored along the heavy trail. It was slow work, for the new snow was continually balling up on his snow-shoes, making them unwieldy. Sometimes he had to stop and brush it off before he could go on again. He was weaker, too; the scanty rations of the last three days had begun to tell upon his vitality.

Keeping a sharp watch on the trail, he plunged ahead dauntlessly, shaking the soft snow from the trees out of his face with the energy of a bull moose. Soon the nature of the country began to change, the level places giving way to rocky gorges and steep canyons. About noon he paused to rest on a ledge of rock overlooking a deep canyon. He had lost his old alertness and caution; his body slouched forward a little. Above his head and to the rear was a jut of rock not more than ten feet from where he rested. But Joe was too tired to notice his situation. He felt sleepy and worn out. As he rested on the ledge, gradually a delicious warmth crept over his limbs, and his head nodded on his breast.

Out of the timber beyond the neck of the canyon was the long, lithe body of a grey animal creeping toward the rock that jutted out above the head of the nodding half-breed trapper. The animal was creeping forward with its body close to the snow, and its long tail jerked back and forth with a nervous motion. It crawled through a clump of young fir tops, gliding between the branches so silently that not a breath of sound broke the sharp silence. The yellow eyes of the crawling panther never left the figure of the trapper on the ledge. Once the man stirred slightly—in an instant the beast lay flat against the snow. Then the panther moved nearer again. Each foot came down as noiselessly as the soft pad of a kitten. It crossed the last clear space and disappeared behind the great rock. There was no sound to warn the dozing man that the panther was climbing the rock behind him. In a brief space the cruel head appeared above the higher ledge. The tired trapper still sat with his head on his breast and his gun across his knees. The panther lay watching him several minutes, her yellow eyes blazing with savage hate. Her lean, scrawny body seemed worn down to bone with hunger. Under the fixed gaze of her cruel eyes the trapper began to grow uneasy in his sleep. Some subtle influence was working into his consciousness. He stirred a little. Then the panther gathered herself for a spring. A bit of snow crumbled off the ledge under her tense claws. The half-breed awakened with a start, his senses all alert, and turned toward the higher ledge of rock. That instant the panther left the high shelf of granite with a terrible scream. Joe, half turning, shot at the body as it leaped upon him, and jumped backward with a powerful spring. The body of the panther struck him squarely in the chest and hurled him over the ledge into the deep gorge. His gun leaped through the air and fell far out into the canyon. The trapper shot forward a dozen feet, then his body rolled over and over into the gorge until he struck a tree near the bottom. As soon as he stopped rolling he sat up with a grin.

"Ah, Joe get you dat time," he laughed, shaking his fist at the dead body of the panther which had lodged on the ledge far above him. He felt strangely weak, so he sat quietly resting a few seconds. Then he started to get up, and go hunt for his gun. As he rose to his feet, his right leg sank under him, and he pitched forward into the snow. He tried to get up again with the same result.

"Mon Dieu! My God!" he wailed. He started to crawl up the steep side of the canyon toward the ledge where his broken snowshoes and the dead panther lay. If he could reach that he would have enough to eat for several days. Perhaps by that time some one would pass over the trail and find him. After an hour of slow, painful crawling he was almost a third of the way up the side of the gorge. Then he slipped on the treacherous snow and rolled to the bottom of the canyon again. Once more he started up the side of the wall. The effort was only the repetition of the former failure. His hands had grown numb with cold until they were almost useless.

"Joe know how to die," he said aloud. He crawled under the sheltering branches of some fir trees. He cut off enough branches to make a bed. After that he rolled himself in his blanket with his face covered. A numbness, then a kindly warmth, stole over his weary body. The snow began to fall again, first in light flurries, then in heavy flakes. In the canyon it gradually covered the man; now it hid his limbs; now it covered his shoulders; at last it covered his bowed head. Up on the ledge the dead panther lay stiff and cold. Through the forest the shadows of night and the whirling snow danced in weird figures, while the winds swept down off the great mountain and moaned softly around the rock ledges.

TO PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

BY LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

Shelley, thy soul drifts back to me in the mist of the dawn-drenched shore;
I hear thy vibrant poetry in the rhythmic water's roar;
And like an aura from thy dreams is the purpling light on the sea—
The shimmering glow of the morning seems the breath of thine ecstacy.
And the scintillant glint of the waves, and the gem-enameled shore,
Which the emerald ocean laves, leaving foam-pearl strands strewn o'er,
Are naught but transmuted gleams from those jeweled words of thine—
Like rainbows and crystal moonbeams distilled to an opaline wine.

CAPRI IN THE MOONLIGHT.

VILLA LIFE ON CAPRI

BY

ALOYSIUS COLL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

AWAY BACK in the days of ancient Rome the Emperor Augustus discovered the beauties of the isle of Capri, known as the "pearl of the bay of Naples." He built on the island twelve villas, in honor of the twelve Roman deities, and passed many days there in the enjoyment of the mild climate, the beautiful flowers and the companionship of his friends. His successor, Tiberius, followed the example set by his predecessor, and Roman historians are responsible for many stories concerning the brutality of the old Emperor towards his slaves during his last years on the island. There is also Roman history for his self-indulgence with his women and boon companions in the beautiful light of the "Blue Grotto," the original entrance to which was the doorway hewn out of the rock by the Romans, and which now serves to intensify the blue reflection on the rocks of the interior, since the island has settled during some volcanic disturbance, and submerged the doorway about forty feet under water; it is this immersed window in the sea, which, drinking in the sunlight through the blue goggles of the Mediterranean, as it were, gives the cavern its miracle of color effects, its beauty and its mystifying grandeur.

Just as the selection of Caori for his villas made the island popular in the ancient days, so the wonders of the Blue Grotto has made the spot a mecca for tourists for many years. But it is only within the past five or ten years that foreigners have come to look upon the spot as an eerie on which to perch their little white castles. But so rapid has the movement progressed that at present there are probably two hundred private villas on the little island, which is scarcely seven miles long, and almost cut in half in the middle.

Villa life on Capri is, if one chooses to make it so, the laziest existence in the world. The crispness of the sea air is conducive to one of two things; either one gives way to the sunshine, the grandeur of the purples and the gold in the evening and morning skies, the soothing gray cliffs, the wealth of flowers, the white banked terraces crowded with a luxuriance of Indian figs, olives, oranges, lemons; the quaint charm and winsomeness of the natives—or else one is overwhelmed with a never-ending desire to be up and doing, something, anything, to match the wild energy of nature on this tongue of rock curled up from the mouth of the sea. The climate is doubly as healthful as that at Naples, and ten times as pleasant, though at times during the dry spells, the fine white dust is regarded as a drawback; this, however, is confined chiefly to the roadways—the gardens and groves are too busy putting forth an everlasting array of color and shape; the purple of the marguerite and the butterfly azure of the Caprese iris; the silver of the olive leaf; the rich, enduring green of the orange and the lemon—too busy, yes, covering every inch of gray tuffa soil with green and gold and red and saffron, to allow the gathering of the tantalizing fine powder.

"CAPRI WAS MADE FOR DONKEYS, NOT FOR CARRIAGES."

In the building of the villas on Caori no certain style of architecture has been adhered to, but all the more prominent are situated so that one or the other of the frowning heights of the island may be utilized for a look-out. Most of the villas front towards Naples, but many have one side turned to the south, and have the sunshine all the day long; "a room full south" is an expression that carries with it more weight in Italy than the average American is willing to admit, until he comes to count the difference in lire between his sleeping chamber with a flood of sunshine and one without it. Every building in Capri is constructed out of the native tuffa rock covered with a stucco, and as a result the town of Capri is a series of white stairways of houses, rising street above street, every house gleaming white in the sunlight and standing out free and noble against the green background of orange and lemon trees, or the gray heights of the flanking cliffs. There is probably no more beautiful view in all Italy than may be gotten from Mount Solaro heights, the loftiest peak on the island, almost any evening when the sunset is deepened by a few fleecy clouds; to the north Naples looks like a long string of pink and white coral, stretched out by giant hands on the sands of the distant rim of the bay. The Appennines are long pillows of iridescent purple, the snow on the caps turned into running gold, and the rocks in the giant ravines into fragments of some stupendous opal, flashing and intermingling with every tremor and movement of the eye. Vesuvius stands in the foreground, so much like the full throat and breast of a woman that every moment one feels assured the great string of white and pink coral will be folded back and clasped about her dark, foreboding beauty. If you will slowly turn your head to the right, you will see Torre del Grecco, that little city which sits under the nose of Vesu-

"PATHS THAT SCALE THE CLIFFS OF CAPRI."

vius, so constantly in danger and so often destroyed that it is said of her, "Naples makes the sins, and Torre del Grecco pays for them." Farther still to the right lies the brown dreariness of Pompeii, more like the cork model of Pompeii in the Naples museum than the cork model itself can ever possibly be; then comes Castellemmare, the site of that old Stabiae where Pliny was suffocated while fleeing from the eruption which preserved the only cities of antiquity left for our research and investigations; then comes the beautiful crescent of the bay, including Meta, Sorrento and many little intermediate towns, all outlined against the green olives and oranges and lemons which fill every little vale and upland like a fallen cloud of verdure. Then, nearer still, is the blue stretch of the sea, splashed with a great torrent of red fire, that has bathed also the twin peaks of Faraglione's rocks, and the gray ruins of the Temple of Jove on the Tiberius hill, and the frowning walls of the old medieval castle on the next hill, where the Christians were wont to flee for safety during the days when the cruel Saracens raided the island year after year. The Piccolo Marina, the south landing beach, with its rocks rolled back into the sea, like awkward bathers that can neither swim nor come ashore, standing afraid and motionless in the surf is pure gold, and Barbarrossa's castle turns one brown cheek to Naples, and the other, like an iron-blooded country lad aflush before the evening hearth, full and red into the fire of the setting sun!

THE GARDEN OF THE VEDDER VILLA.

A group of Belgian, German and American artists and writers were bathing in the surf when I was on the island in March, and I found the water not as cold in the little harbor at the Piccola Marina as I have known it during a popular rush at Atlantic City. But the natives do not bathe before May, no matter how warm the sea may be, in the rut of reasoning as the American who never casts off his flannels before the first of June, no matter what the thermometer may register.

Wherever there is sea there is bathing, but the Caprese villa habitant varies his or her life more than the narrow limits of the little Paradise would seem to allow. It is treason to have coffee and rolls before ten o'clock, and then it is

"ONE CAN DROP A PEBBLE INTO THE SEA FROM MANY OF THE CAPRI VERANDAS."

usually taken in the bed chamber. If there is any of the morning left after breakfast, there is the garden to look after, the gardenias to admire, the iris to clip, the violets to gather, the doves and the African monkey to play with. Lunch is the first real meal of the day, but is often light also, though the native butler serves it with all the decorum of a king's steward. After lunch there is a drive to Anacapri, the road leading around the heights of Solara, cut in the solid sheer cliff, with the dashing sea a thousand feet below, so directly under that a dropped pebble falls into the foam. Coming back from the quaint old town, there is a beautiful garden hanging over the cliff, where the sun is warm, and the flowers are bright, and better still, where the tea and the biscuits are good and inexpensive. Or perhaps one wishes to have tea at the Cafe Morgano, for surely there is always a new face to study there—a Maxim Gorky, come to Capri to escape the sneers of an American public, and to carry on his work without the pale of the "Bear that Walks Like a Man," or a Belgian artist, with his round face and childish hair; or a young American playwright, living luxuriously on the royalties of his first "big hit;" or a trio of dainty French girls that the man across the table is watching curiously because he remembers having seen them last on the deck of a Nile house boat. Or perhaps a friend has sent you a card for tea, and you go there, and find her husband just as busy with the cups as his wife. Nobody works in Capri after dinner; the sunny afternoon is sacred to the admiration of the flowers and the birds; the visit of a friend, the drinking of tea, the climbing of the romance-laden

VILLA OF THE COUNTESS OF NAMICH'S DAUGHTER.

hills, the roaming in old ruins, the peeping into strange red and white and green grottoes—never, never may these golden hours be cast up to the gods of toil.

There are only a few roads in Capri—there are many beautiful paths. Caori was made for the donkey, not the carriage. Within the past few months a society which calls itself "Pro Capri" has been industriously adding to the beauty of the island. The society employs the poor building paths over the most inaccessible cliffs, every path paved with lava and protected with a heavy guard wall of concrete. Here and there these paths wind around precipices and terminate in little vine shadowed look-outs, where the weary may sit on seats provided by the society, and see the greatest beauties of nature for a glance. Or you may give ear to the chorus of old women who rival the Neapolitan cabmen in their competition for trade. If you decide to travel by donkey, you ride the animal, even if you be twenty-five, while the old woman walks behind, even be she eighty-nine.

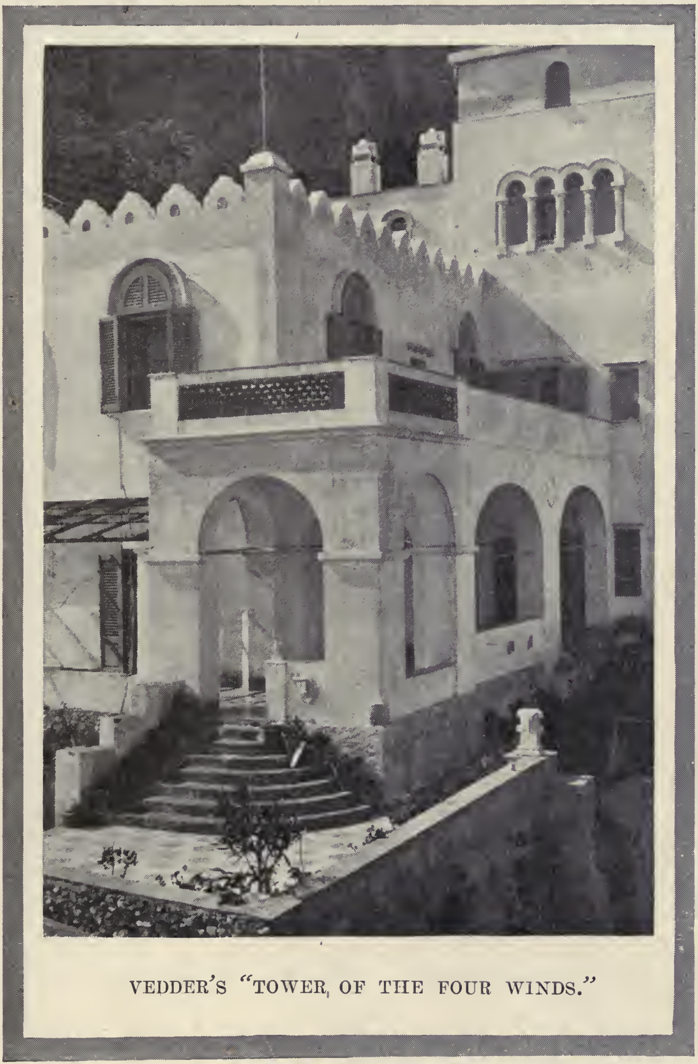
Capri never hungers for the lack of the artistic or the Bohemian. One of the most beautiful of the villas is that known as the "Tower of the Four Winds." It was erected directly under the frowning heights of Mt. Solaro, and faces, from its great tower, the winds in four directions; it is the home of the world-renowned artist, Vedder, who shared the honors of a popular book with Edward Fitzgerald, because, as almost everybody knows, he illustrated the translation of the Rubaiyat. In the very top of the tower the artist is wont to sleep when he lives in his villa, and since the house clings to the heights of the mountain, every story of the mansion has a landing on the ground floor except the last. Surrounding the house itself are courts and gardens, that to the west and facing Naples especially, having a chaste beauty that no picture can do justice. A long row of columns divide the olive trees from the blue vista of the sea below and beyond, and the light effects on these, through the trees, and in the distance towards the house, are striking and novel. Behind this garden the artist has built a studio, which has no connection with the house. This workshop of the painter is severe in its furnishings, but

DOORWAY TO THE VILLA OF THE BRITISH CONSUL.

has admirable skylights, and a magnificent old mantle. A bronze statue or two, a nearly completed oil upon the easel, a palette smeared with paint—how like a real painter's shop it seems! Vedder is at present in Rome, and his house, with everything that he prizes within it, is now the home of Richard Tully, the young Californian, whose play, the "Rose of the Rancho," written in collaboration with David Belasco, is now running in the Belasco Theatre in New York. As if to still further keep up the romantic habitation of the villa, Mr. Tully's wife happens to be Eleanore Gates, who wrote the "Diary of a Prairie Girl," "The Ploughwoman," and many fascinating short stories. Every room in the house is redolent of the artistic career of the owner, and of his daughter, whose designs in wood rival her father's work with the brush and palette. There are many of

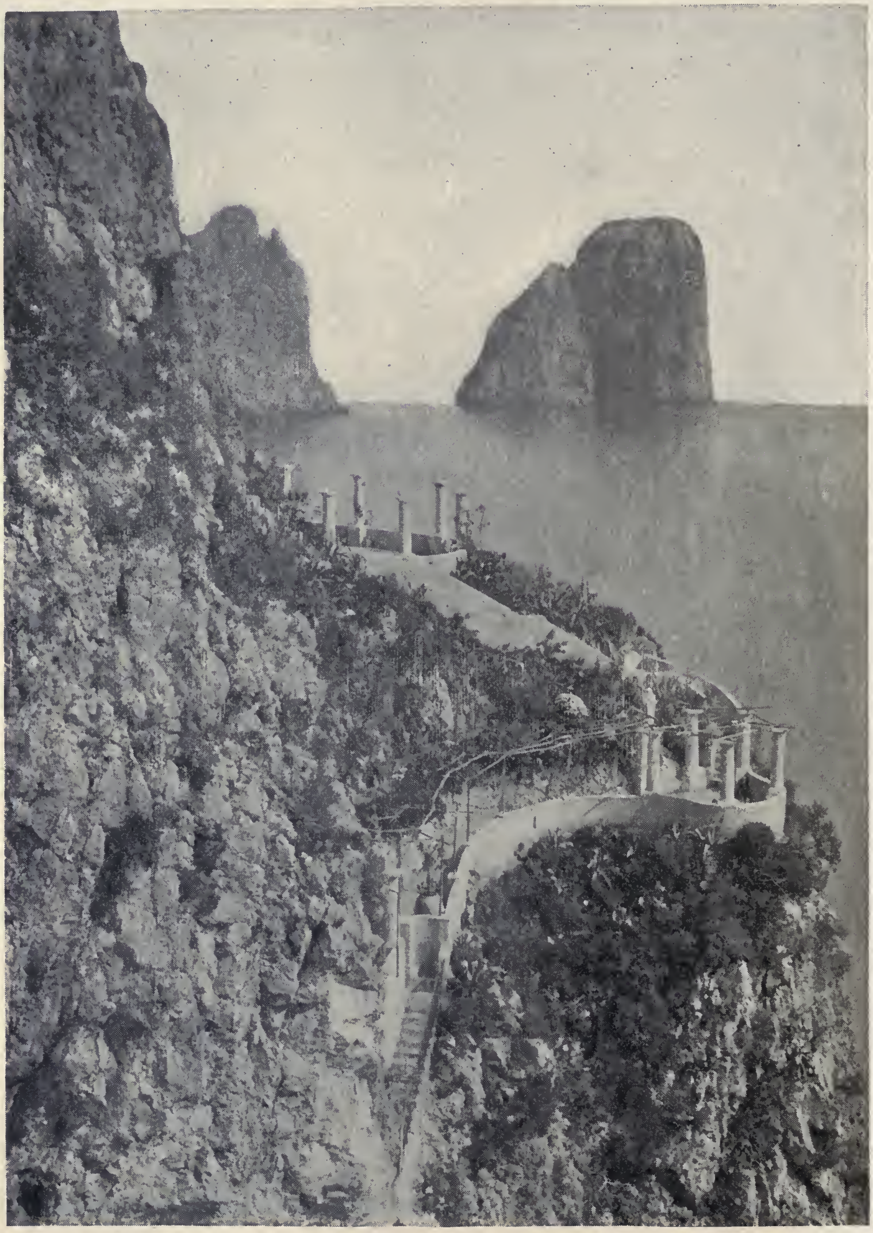
SHADOW STUDY OF A CAPRI VILLA.

Vedder's earliest paintings, as well as some of his work, showing the fruits of his life toil and study; the painted gifts of artist friends and companions of the whole world, hanging the walls of chamber after chamber with a wealth of real talent. Then, I must not forget the villa has a fine tennis court, and Peppino, the chef, has learned how to make American biscuit, and when these attractions are put within the gift of a hospitable and happy young couple from the West, and a fellow member of the craft like myself happened to come within the net of their good will, it is not difficult to understand why all my admiration for the beautiful "Tower of the Four Winds" is not confined to my appreciation of the man who helped to elucidate the Persian poet or his rich visions of religion and the romance that comes too near the love and the veneration of Christ to be altogether Pagan.



VEDDER'S "TOWER OF THE FOUR WINDS."

Then there is the villa of the British Consul, Harold Trower, so much a gentleman that one feels as if some sort of a title should precede the bare vowels and consonants of his name. He has been twelve years in Capri, and refuses a promotion because he cannot make up his



"PATHS IN THE ROCKS WHICH TERMINATE IN LITTLE LOOKOUTS ON THE SEA."

mind to quit his little white palace, his gardens and his sympathies with the natives of the island, every one of whom salutes him with genuine respect. His villa occupies the turn of the hill opposite the villa of Jove, and walking up and down the long terrace between its rows of Doric columns, it is no task to hurl a stone into the sea below. A long walk leads through a luxuriant garden from the portals where one first learns that he is setting foot on the ground of one of His Majesty's diplomatic officers to the pretty entrance to the house itself. The villa of the American Consular Agent, Mr. Jerome, is one of the largest and most beautiful on the island, though it does not make a showing from the outside, since the terraces are raised above the streets; in fact, the gardens cover a whole square, the narrow, dark streets, with people living in them, being underneath. The villa of the artist Coleman has perhaps the most noteworthy treasures within it of any on Capri. In addition to many of his own paintings, there are many gifts from his friends, a collection of antiquities from Capri itself and from Pompeii, beautiful tiles in every room, courts paved with the marbles taken from the rich homes of Pompeii, a wealth of flowers and palms.

The grandson of the poet Wordsworth has a beautiful villa on the island, between the British consulate and the villa of Tiberius; it has a garden with many white columns with Corinthian capitals, busts and flowers, and vines in profusion.

And one of the villas now building is the property of the daughter of the Duchess of Warwick, known widely in America for her work on behalf of working girls in England. She has purchased a site extending to the summit of the hill behind the British consul; her villa faces south, has a garden planted with many English as well as native plants, and already gives promise of being in the near future a beauty spot on this—the floating garden of the Oriental Mediterranean.

STUDIO IN THE VEDDER VILLA.

AT THE GOLDEN HORN AND THE GOLDEN GATE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

The sunrise cry from many minarets
  Floats down the Maytime morning clear and cool,
From Asian shores a bland breeze westward sets
  And stirs the almond trees of Istamboul.

As on the mosques the first rays slantwise shine,
  And golden glory floods the gloomy gray,
The city of imperial Constantine
  Uplifts her weary lids to greet the day.

The torpor of decay upon her lies;
  Her heart is palsied though her face be fair,
Though still majestic to the changeless skies
  Aya Sofia rears its dome in air.

Soon through her streets a motley concourse pours
  With turbaned head and sullen eye and brow;
While to and fro between the swarming shores
  Dart noiseless, narrow boats with double prow.

What though the fitful glow of life seem warm,
  There broods a fatal apathy o'er all—
It is the hush that bodes the rising storm,
  The calm that comes before the final fall.

Far from the shrines where paynim Moslems kneel,
  Their shaven crowns in prayer towards Mecca bent,
Serene she sits in ever-growing weal,
  The youthful empress of the Occident.

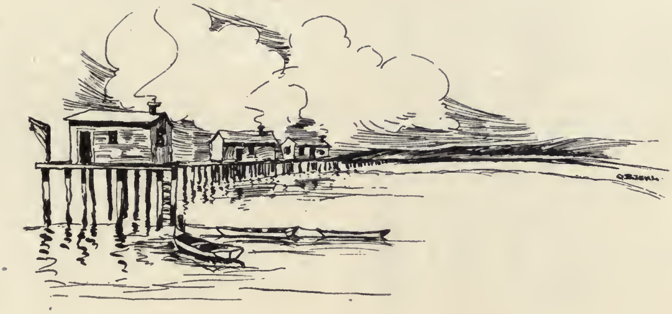
Hers is no record of dark years of crime,
  Of savage plunder, and of fire and sword;
Time has not touched her with his whitening rime,
  Nor loosed upon her a devouring horde.

Her heart is as the heart of some young maid,
  Untrammeled by all bonds, and fresh and free;
And joying in her birthright, unafraid,
  She bares her bosom to the Western sea.

She is beloved by all—a mighty land—
  The flag of freedom o'er her is unfurled;
And she might hold within her regal hand
  The gathered navies of the whole wide world.

Deepen the shadows of the night of fate,
  And darkness closes round the Golden Horn:
But radiantly above the Golden Gate
  Breaks the resplendence of a glorious morn.

—From Overland Monthly, December, 1888.



THE SHELL MAN

BY

AMANDA MATHEWS

BIG GRIZZLED "Old Cap" Yates was framed by the blue doorway of his faded red cabin, one of a string of similar weather-worn shacks standing on piles above the harbor tides of San Pedro, California, with their noses resting against the old Breakwater. The captain was studying the approach of a strange woman. He reasoned that she could not be from the town proper of San Pedro across the channel. Those women came only on Sundays with their freshly-scrubbed, clumsy "gentlemen friends." They laughed a great deal and needed much assistance over the rocks. The same couple appeared several times, but on the last occasion the man stalked ahead with his companion tagging as best she might. They never came again, as the going was too difficult for pleasure and it was no place to bring a baby.

No more did the approaching stranger appear to be a straggler from one of the fashionable beaches dotting the shore lines to the east. There were such occasionally who flashed their dainty gowns into the eyes of the Swedish sailors and Italian fishermen, and who evidently regarded their coming as a romantic and even somewhat hazardous adventure. If the woman he was watching had been of this sort, Captain Yates would have scuttled into his cabin, banged the door, and even turned the rusty key, for he had held such in greater dread than sharks or pirate craft ever since the day when one of them had sung out: "What a picturesque old dear!" and turned her camera for a broadside shot.

The perplexing alien was now passing the cabin, a straight, strong little figure in a short, shapeless, brown denim garment, rubber boots, and a tall Mexican *sombrero*. She clambered over the rocks of the Old Breakwater, or walked the tops of its rotting and uneven piles as unconcernedly as a boy. Her physical ability belied the soft gray hair blowing away from a face brown as the brown algae the waves toss on to the beach, and lighted by eyes of deep sea blue.

She flung the captain a blithe good-morning, evidently saluting him as a part of the day, which was so gloriously bright and clear that the very air seemed full of floating fugitive color radiating from the sea and the row of gaily-painted cabins hung above it. The old man did not draw back into his shell; he even mumbled some unintelligible response. Conversationally, his only success was as a soliloquist. Otherwise, his words were prisoners making a difficult and timorous escape through his grizzled tangle of beard.

After she had passed, Captain Yates still lingered in his doorway watching her further progress down the Old Breakwater. Occasionally she paused to pluck an unwilling limpit or chilton from the rocks for the basket on her arm. The old salt suddenly smote his thigh and grinned with the exultation of mental achievement.

"One clam ain't more like the next one than she be to that old shell-man bunking in the Gonzales cabin, I'll be durned ef she ain't," he muttered. "He's a shell man —she's a shell woman. I never knowed before they was both kinds, but they is, and she's the other, or I'll be durned."

Meanwhile, the woman with the basket followed the noble curves of the Old Breakwater, unconscious that she had been scooped up by the Captain's intellectual net and assigned a place in that museum of natural curiosities which constituted the world as he saw it.

She came at last to a cabin of faded pink, even more weather-racked than the rest. An old plank half worn through by a rusty chain was a veritable drawbridge now resting hospitably on the pile top highway, but evidently arranged to be withdrawn at will. An elderly man was reading in an old armchair on the rough board platform, which stood for front yard and back yard, also in Breakwater holdings. He bent a fine scholarly face over the pages; his shoulders had a scholarly stoop, his hands were thin and scholarly. A long black ministerial coat assorted oddly with coarse blue jeans wet to the knees.

Involuntarily, the shell woman paused just as the shell man glanced up from his book. They eyed each other as two sandpipers might, meeting among a flock of sea gulls. After all, companionship is limited to species. The shell man's gaze focused on the shell woman's basket, while her glance slipped downward to the litter of drying starfishes and crustaceans. Even certain odors attendant upon the expiring of sea-life in the hateful sun fell upon her nostrils not ungratefully—so closely are sense impressions bound up with familiarity and habit.

"You are collecting?" he inquired, courteously.

"Yes. Is there much of interest about here?"

"It's one of the richest fields on the coast. I would be delighted to show you my shells," he added, eagerly. No collection is complete and satisfying without an occasional intelligently sympathetic visitor, and his had known no such completeness for many moons.

The tiny cabin had specimens everywhere. The cot was littered with sea urchins. There was no other furniture except the cabinets and a box where a microscope chummed with a coal-oil stove. A few unwashed dishes and mussy remmants of eatables were grouped about a live abalone, whose huge, yellow, padlike foot was squirming vainly for a grasping place.

Even the shell woman, although her own housekeeping was somewhat primitive if measured by metropolitan standards, felt some vicarious embarrassment.

The shell man, however, seemed totally unconscious of anything unusual about his domestic plant.

"See that fellow," genially indicating the abalone; "he reminds me of the people old Mandeville told about with only one foot, and that so large it shadeth all the body as they lie on their backs."

She smiled appreciatively, and they were immediately deep in conchology for an hour or more. It was only as the shell woman lingered with one boot on the drawbridge that the talk grew personal. Their mutual apologetic sense of the triviality of words strung on other than conchological thread saved them from any diffidence regarding premature confidences.

"My college wanted a younger man in my place; that was right and natural," he sighed. "I hold a commission from the Smithsonian. It's little enough—only twenty-five a month."

"But it's steady," answered the other a bit wistfully. "I never earn more than that gathering shells for the curio stores in Los Angeles, and usually not so much."

There was a long pause, while both

watched some white sails just slipping over the horizon.

"I taught biology in a girls' boarding school," she continued, "but the girls squealed and took on so over the specimens that the subject was dropped out of the course."

The old shell man came to the edge of the platform, and together they looked down into a rocky pool left by the tide, a bit of marine garden where sea-anemones lazily waved their pale green ocean petals. Others above the water line hung limp and closed, ugly gray sacs, inertly awaiting the reviving sea.

"Behold our symbol!" exclaimed the old shell man eagerly. "Back in the world we would be like those poor creatures plastered to the rocks, while here our souls are in their element and expand like those others in the pool below."

It is a well-known law of the Old Breakwater that whatever goes out must come back, for it ends at an absurd little cocked hat of an island out in the bay. Captain Yates, mending his brown nets in the sun, held long conversations with himself as he watched for the return of the shell woman.

He saw her at last, traveling more slowly now, and often pausing before her little foot reached out for the rock ahead. She merely nodded to him absent-mindedly in passing, though she quickened her gait a little as if half conscious of being observed.

"I'll be durned ef she ain't got something on her mind," he soliloquized, shrewdly. "'Twarn't there when she went by before, neither. She must a' picked it up between here and Dead Man's Island. 'Tain't nothin' what worrits her ef I can read the weather, more like a happy surprise. Durn me ef I ain't glad of that! Now, why am I glad? She ain't nothin' to me nor I to her. This world is too much for you, Captain Yates. I'll be durned ef I don't think you might as well give up guessin' at it."

Six weeks later the shell man and shell woman were rowing in and out among the patches of reeds in the marshes between San Pedro and Wilmington. The quiet waters gave back the hills black against the water's edge, but still flaming on their summits with the fading beacon fires of a dull orange after-glow.

All the afternoon they had been studying the coloring of the slender screw-like shells of certain snails existing tranquilly among the marsh weeds. The shell man had a theory in regard to the causes of color variation which he wished to bulwark with facts against a different theory advanced by a fellow Smithsonian.

"We have now sufficient data to begin work on the monograph."

The shell woman smiled happily without lifting her eyes from a muddy handful of the brown and purple shells. The naturalist's remark could hardly be classified as romantic, and yet it caused his companion a delicious thrill.

Fortunate those to whom the pronouns are merely useful parts of speech, carelessly employed and lightly dismissed as the occasion rings them in and out. Their real significance is a grammatical subtlety only mastered by certain lonely ones like the shell woman, when they find the world divided into one small forlorn *I*, a few indifferent *you's*, and a great uncaring *they*.

The shell man had said "we" with the greatest consistency from the first morning when they had stood together looking down at the sea-anemones to his last speech of the moment before. Each "we" was a link in a golden chain, binding the shell woman round and round; the end of the chain lay in the shell man's hand.

His eyes were resting upon his captive with a content which included the old *sombrero* pushed back from her comely brown face, the muddy little hands, and even the dripping rubber boots. He was not lacking in sentiment, nor had literature failed to equip him with suitable precedents. It was rather his innate, imaginative sense of artistic unity that shaped the manner of his proposal.

"Your cabinet is stronger than mine in chitons, but I have more bivalves. They supplement each other very well."

"Yes," she assented, absently dabbling the shells over the side of the boat.

"If we were to marry and put them together, there wouldn't be a collection like it west of the Rocky Mountains," he ventured breathlessly.

The shell woman gave such a start that

the snails were lost overboard, while the blood surged into her face beneath the tan.

"Nonsense," she retorted sharply; "I don't want to marry a collection of shells! You have spoiled our good times! We might as well go home."

No more was said as they rowed down the channel, gliding under the black boughs of the lumber vessels at the wharves. They parted with a curt good-night.

No woman will feel the least surprise that the shellman's suit was summarily rejected. He had sinned against every article in the feminine code. He had fallen down on Article I, which states that every offer of marriage must be accompanied by a declaration of love; on Article II, providing that said offer shall be tendered at a time when the lady feels herself becomingly attired, and on Article III, which is impossible of execution in a tipsy rowboat suspended in a foot of tide water over a mud flat.

There was something pathetically fine in this forlorn little old shell woman in draggled brown denim, this uncounted, insignificant atom of womanhood, standing on the code to the last letter and dot, though it cost her the desire of her heart.

She put in a lonely fortnight collecting down the other way toward White's Point. Ordinarily there is nothing in nature more dumb than a sea-anemone, but now they waved their pale green tentacles at her and called out "we" in a gentle, scholarly voice, with a minor cadence on the vowel, until she sometimes put up her hand to shut it out.

She came home from her work earlier than usual one day, and instead of exchanging her wet beach garments for a sensible brown flannel wrapper, she shook out the wrinkled folds of a sea-blue cashmere which matched her eyes. It had been her best gown when she taught biology in the boarding school. She made no excuse to herself for donning it, nor for adding some creamy lace at the throat and wrists.

A knock startled her. She opened the door on Captain Yates. He ducked gallantly and dragged off his cap.

"I come—to tell you——" each word stumbled through his beard with diffident haste, "to tell you the old shell man——"

"I presume you mean Professor Anderson," she interrupted, with dignity.

"Yes, ma'am. I'll be durned ef I don't reckon we're talking about the same chap—leastwise I am."

"What about Professor Anderson?"

Captain Yates's head wagged solemnly, as if it were wound up and could not stop.

"He ain't dead—yet."

The woman turned as ghastly as the tan would allow.

"I hailed the doctor when he went by. Then I says to me—that is, Cap. Yates, I'll be durned, Cap. Yates, ef you hadn't orter tell the old shell woman——" Here he fairly choked with embarrassment at this worse slip of his unruly tongue.

She did not even notice it.

"What is the matter?" she gasped.

"Pneumony."

"I know," she quavered. "He would not buy himself new rubber boots because he was always wanting books."

She squared herself bravely. "You rowed over, didn't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm anchored at the foot of the bluff."

"Wait till I get a few things into a basket and take me back with you."

The shell man lay in feverish unconsciousness breathing all too lightly. Warmth, comfort, order and care entered the dreary little cabin with the shell woman. He had missed these things sadly during the early days of his illness, but now he no longer felt their lack.

Night brought a sudden storm, the sea roared hoarsely, the waves dashed over the Old Breakwater, rain and spray were flung together against the cabin panes; above the roof, the gulls beat the wind with their strong wings and shrieked exultingly.

The shell man muttered unintelligible words and tossed his arms about. His soul struggled to be free, to be out with the gulls and ride the storm. All night the shell woman knelt by the bed and would not let it go.

Morning broke at last clear and bright; the sun poured through the drop-gemmed window. The man on the bed opened his eyes.

“Mary!” he whispered in feeble ecstacy. “You here?”

“Yes, dear shellman,” she answered brightly. She perceived that his soul no longer desired to fare forth, but had folded its wings, content with the cozy cabin full of her presence and morning sunshine.

“That day in the marshes—I didn’t mean—it wasn’t really the shells,” he muttered weakly, with pauses for breath.

The shell woman bent over him until her cheek brushed his hair.

“I’ll marry a collection of shells, just so they are your shells,” she laughed blithely.

She had learned during the night that love is a law unto itself above all codes.

CALIFORNIA

BY ALMA MARTIN

O peerless land, begirt with peerless blue!
Loyal for aye unto thy gracious clime
Shall bide the heart that erst hath journeyed thro’
Thy healing solitudes, thy heights sublime!

Again I breathe the spirit of thy wildes—
Away with haunting care and all life’s ills!
With eager foot, and heart e’en as a child’s,
I greet the sylvan outposts of thy hills.

’Kin to the exultant wing that cleaves thine air
As on some eminence I pause to view,
Beyond the sheen of silent waters fair,
Thy serried mountains, banked against the blue.

Somewhere, I ween, far in thy canyons deep,
The “Fount of Youth” still bubbles, clear and strong—
Fare forth, O world-worn heart, thy faith still keep,
The glorious search itself will life prolong!

HOW THE RECLAMATION SERVICE IS ROBBING THE SETTLER

BY L. M. HOLT

Mr. Holt's article, which presents the cause of a great number of farmers who have settled upon the public domain, is here published with the sincere hope that the faults of the Reclamation Service, which are faults of management, rather than purpose, may be amended and justice done to the pioneer settlers. The title of this article is our own. No more beneficent law has ever been planned than the Irrigation Law.

(EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.)

IN JUNE, 1902, Congress passed a law providing for the reclamation of the arid public domain, and there was organized a Governmental department known as the Reclamation Service, to administer the law.

Prior to that time, citizens of the United States could secure tracts of the public domain under the Homestead Law and also under the Desert Land Law. These laws were neither repealed nor amended by the Reclamation Act.

Prior to that time, there were in existence State and territorial laws under which citizens could secure title to the use of water from streams that could be appropriated, diverted and used for a beneficial purpose in reclaiming the lands taken under the existing United States laws.

It required capital to construct irrigation systems, and the public sentiment gradually crystallized into the idea that such irrigation systems should be of a mutual character, and that they should be owned as largely as practical by the men who owned the lands to be irrigated in proportion to the irrigable area of each settler.

During the past half century, large areas of desert land have been reclaimed from their aridity, and have been made to "blossom with the homes of men."

Millions of money were invested in these irrigation systems under the then existing laws. Property rights were created that the Government is bound to respect. Hundreds of thousands of men secured homes for their families on the public domain under these irrigation systems, and millions of wealth were created out of practically worthless material—for the arid land was worthless without water, and the water wasting into the sea was worthless until applied to the land.

This was the condition of affairs when the Reclamation Service commenced work in 1902.

The officials in charge of that service found that there were not many places where they could construct irrigation systems without interfering with vested rights; but instead of settling in a good and equitable manner with those holding such rights, they went to work deliberately to destroy them.

An irrigation system was in the way. They found that such system was not so gilt-edged as it might be. That the Government, with its unlimited resources, could construct a better system. Therefore, the men who had invested their all in a system that was turning the desert into a garden, establishing homes for the homeless, and creating wealth must submit to be robbed and lose their all simply because the Government could build a better system than they had been able to build with their limited capital.

In some instances they declared that the pioneer irrigation companies were taking water from a navigable stream that was not subject to the appropriation laws of the State or territory in which the system was built, and therefore the settlers under such system had no water right, and therefore the company was charging the settlers for water for which they had no title.

To make the matter still worse, they

would tell the settler that he had no right to the use of the water that had reclaimed his homestead, but that if he would desert the old company that had spent the money to make his home inhabitable and sign up with the Reclamation Service, they could get a good title to the water that would be furnished them from the same stream under an appropriation under the same law, and then they would go to work and build a dam across that navigable stream that would absolutely destroy its navigability.

And they label that act "JUSTICE."

Such work as this is not done in accordance with the provisions of the Reclamation Act, but in violation of it; for that law provides:

"Section 8. That nothing in this act shall be construed as affecting or intended to affect or in any way interfere with the laws of any State or territory relating to the control, appropriation, use or distribution of water used in irrigation, or any vested right acquired thereunder, and the Secretary of the Interior, in carrying out the provisions of this act, shall proceed in conformity with such laws, and nothing herein shall in any way affect any right of any State or of the Federal Government or of any land owner, appropriator or user of water in, to or from any interstate stream or the waters thereof. Provided: That the right to the use of water acquired under the provisions of this act shall be appurtenant to the land irrigated, and beneficial use shall be the basis, the measure, and the limit of the right."

As an illustration of the situation in the Imperial Valley: The California Development Company filed on water of the Colorado river and built a canal system to irrigate 500,000 acres of worthless desert. The company delivered water to the desert, and settlers went in and took up 230,000 acres of land under the Desert Land law, put half of it under cultivation, and founded a successful settlement of 10,000 population, with property valued at $25,000,000, where in 1899 there was nothing but desert.

The Reclamation Service officials came along and desired to build a larger and better system. They declared that the settlers had no right to the waters of the Colorado river because it was a navigable stream. They stated that if the settlers would abandon the so-called water right from the California Development Company and sign up with the Reclamation Service, they could get a good water right from a better system, but in so doing they would have to lose what they had paid for stock in the mutual water companies, and come under the Reclamation Service rules of living on the land and cutting down their holdings to 160 acres each.

The Reclamation Service proposed to file on the waters of the same navigable stream to get a supply for the Imperial Valley, and then proposed to build a dam across that navigable stream, thus destroying its navigability.

The settlers referred the case to Hon. S. C. Smith, Congressman from the Eighth California District, who investigated matters and answered the settlers in a letter from which the following extracts are taken:

"A new system of canals will be built and Laguna Dam will be a part of it. The cost will be $8,000,000, and possibly twice that."

"Payments heretofore made for water rights will not be credited on the cost of the new system."

"Desert entrymen will not get water-rights for more than 160 acres each."

"Non-resident land owners will not get water rights at all."

"Probably no patents will be issued till the new works are completed."

"No priority in the use of water is recognized. It is quite clear that if the present system is cast aside and the appropriation of water is not utilized, the water rights which the farmers thought they owned will vanish. The first point to be decided by the land owners is whether or not they want to lose what they have spent for water rights and canals, and start all over again and pay for a new and very expensive system."

This is the way they started in to rob the settlers and bankrupt the company that had made the reclamation of the desert possible.

Here is a powerful organization, backed by the Government, with its millions of coin, destroying property rights and bankrupting settlers in order that they might build up a new irrigation system with a new crop of settlers in order that they might satisfy the inordinate ambition of the officials to create something great, even though the country be strewn with the wrecks of the pauperized families and bankrupted irrigation companies that have a right to the protection of the Government they are taxed to support.

Another phase of the question is found in the Owens River Valley, where the Reclamation Service worked with the settlers to get all the rights obtainable, with a view to developing the natural resources of the valley and establishing therein an immense population that would bring wealth and prosperity to all, only to turn those rights over to other parties to be taken out of the valley, making the last condition of that valley worse than the first.

* * * *

Settlers in various localities, finding that their rights were being trampled under foot, and that they could get no redress through Reclamation Service officials, finally concluded to appeal to Congress. In order to inaugurate such a movement by uniting in one move all who had similar grievances, the Yuma County Consolidated Water Users Association, on the 15th of June last, issued a call for an Irrigation Convention, to meet in Sacramento, California, on Saturday, August 31st, two days before the meeting of the Fifteenth Session of the National Irrigation Congress, in order to consider these complaints and formulate a plan of procedure, and effect an organization to carry out such plans.

The Convention met as per call at the Golden Eagle Hotel in Sacramento, and there were present delegations from the Yuma Valley, from Imperial Valley and from Owens Valley, with delegates from other portions of California, Washington, Nevada, and other States.

Indictments against the Reclamation Service officials were presented in compact form, forcibly stated, from the Yuma settlers, the Imperial Valley Settlers, and the Owens Valley delegation. These were discussed at length, and finally the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted and a committee was appointed to present them to the Committee on Resolutions of the Irrigation Congress for indorsement. They were presented, and that Committee tabled them, just as was expected.

"We desire to express our sincere appreciation of the Reclamation Act of 1902, its splendid promises for the great West and our abiding confidence in the wisdom, integrity and capacity of our Government, touching all rights and wrongs of its citizens, and

WHEREAS, Numerous complaints and charges have been made against the Reclamation Service in various sections of the country, some of which are most grave and serious, and,

WHEREAS, The ordinary means of redress have been tried by the complainants, without securing relief, and issues are arising for the trial and determination of which there seems to be no tribunal, NOW THEREFORE,

RESOLVED: 1. That the best interests of the service, the standing and reputation of the Government officials concerned, and the welfare of the settlers who bear the hopes and burdens of pioneers in the struggle to conquer the desert, demand a thorough, impartial investigation of said charges.

RESOLVED: 2. That we petition the Congress of the United States to make an official investigation of the complaints and charges aforesaid, by commissions or committees who shall be independent, impartial and in no way affiliated or connected with the Interior or any other Department of the Government."

The Convention and the settlers were satisfied because they had accomplished their main point of getting their forces in line for united action.

The convention then proceeded to organize the Settlers' Irrigation Protective Association, elect their officers, appoint their committees to work in the various sections affected by the work of the Reclamation Service officials, and prepare the plans and secure the funds for presenting their claims to Congress at Washington next winter.

All they ask is an honest investigation in order that past evils may be remedied and plans for the future work be adopted that will properly protect all settlers and property rights.

MY MYSTERIOUS PATIENT

BY

BETTY PARKER SMITH

IT WAS the first day of September. Five months had passed since I had settled in V——, La., and as my first professional act, had tacked up at the entrance of a little room over the village post-office my shingle, which read: "John Windsor, M. D."

Each morning I arose expecting this day would prove my lucky one. Each evening I retired hoping to be aroused from my peaceful slumbers by a summons for my services. But days and nights numbering over a hundred came and passed, but with them not one patient. I fully anticipated that the Fourth of July, the glorious day when "Young America" rejoices and celebrates, would bring me a few powder-burnt faces and unfortunately used fingers to care for. But no. The young folks of that locality were a careful, sturdy set of youngsters.

On this particular night I was guilty of having "the blues," for my unfortunate, miserable condition seemed to have just fully dawned upon me. To think that I, the son of the late Colonel John Windsor of the Bluegrass State should have a three months' board and lodging bill staring me in the face. Already the kind-faced landlady looked at me over her gold-rimmed spectacles with a sad air of distrust. Why shouldn't she? I knew she needed the money, but I was utterly helpless. My lately unused pocket-book did not even hold the price of one cold mint julep, and I, a Kentuckian, too. I was indeed desperate. I well knew any of the fellows in my "frat" would be glad to help me out, but my pride rebelled and kept me from calling on them.

My gloomy thoughts were in accord with the weather. All day a drizzling rain fell, and with the dusk came a howling, chilling wind. A sharp wind, which blew the unceasing rain-drops fiercely against the panes of my narrow office windows, and fairly shook the rickety old building in its intensity.

I went over and lighted the sooty kerosene lamp, and after filling my cob pipe, began reading "The County Banner," by its uneven flickering light. Oh, the editor of the budget of news! Between each paragraph I wondered how well-meaning, God-fearing, law-abiding citizens could let a man promulgate such a publication and live. It was more than I was capable of understanding. This uncharitable train of thoughts was soon broken by footsteps coming slowly and heavily up the creaking dark stairs. Then there was a heavy knock at my door.

"Come!" I exclaimed.

"Is the doctor in, and alone?" asked a deep, masculine voice.

"Both! Come in!" I replied.

The door opened, and over the threshold a man, masked, stepped quickly. His appearance indicated the intention of a complete disguise. His features were entirely hidden, but through the mask a pair of searching, cold, gray eyes peered, and remained steadily fixed upon me.

"Doctor, I have come to ask you to go with me to attend a gentleman who is badly in need of medical aid."

"Very well. That is my business," I answered, as though I had patients by the score.

"There are conditions, however, in the employment. At a certain bend in the road we take, I am to blindfold you and lead you to your patient, who shall be unknown to you. Further, no questions are to be asked. You shall be amply paid for your services. My horses are below. Do you consent?" he jerked out in rapid phrases.

Words fail to convey my thoughts and feelings when the strange man had finished making his unusual proposal. Bewilderment, followed by a sensation akin to anger, arose in my half-dazed mind. To think that he, this stranger, should dare to suggest blind-folding me—that he would refuse to answer my questions. There was mystery here, and I had always associated mystery with crime. No, I would not go, and I was about to say so, but his words "amply paid" rang in my mind. Any poor devil in my condition would have grasped at those two words, and so did I. This mysterious journey might mean danger and even death perhaps. But I could not be much worse off than I now was, and if I ever returned, I could pay off my debts, pack my carpet-bag, and journey to a less healthful climate, where patients were more numerous.

"I will go," I cried. "When do we start?"

"Immediately," answered the stranger; "there's not a moment to lose."

I hastily caught up my medicine case, which, long ago filled for an emergency call, was ready at hand, and followed him down to the street, where two saddled horses awaited. I was given the larger and we started off at a mad gallop.

Already the village streets were deserted, and we passed on into the outskirts. The rain and wind blew in our faces, and the rapid gait we were going made conversation, except in monosyllables, impossible.

We had been riding for about an hour, when suddenly, at a bend in the road, my guide stopped, and jumping from his horse, said: "Doctor, I will blind-fold you now."

"Be kind enough to use my handkerchief," I said, beginning to feel a trifle uneasy.

"Certainly," he rejoined. Then taking the reins from me and leading my horse, we rode on in silence, traveling a road utterly unknown to me. It was so dark I did not know whether we were going north, south, east or west. Indeed, the blind-fold was an unnecessary precaution.

Presently the crumbling of leaves under the horses' hoofs, the swish of a wet branch now and then across my face, the zig-zag course I was led, told me we had left the main road and were riding through a wood. Then the splash of water would tell that we were crossing or perhaps wading up or down a stream. Now the hoofs of the horses would tat-too over a bridge. But whilst I was totally ignorant of my whereabouts, my companion seemed to know well every twist and turn of the route. Upon his part there was no hesitation. He plunged forward with a confidence in striking contrast to the doubt and fear that beset me.

On and on we rode. I began to wish that I had not agreed to this little game of blind-fold. As we plunged madly on, again and again I wished myself back safe and sound in my little dusty office. At last we came to a stop.

"Your patient is here, doctor. I will help you dismount," and he led the way up steps and across a wide gallery into the house.

Then he removed the blind-fold from my eyes and directed me to an adjoining room. To my astonishment, I beheld an apartment the furnishings of which were artistic in every detail. On a low bamboo cot a man of medium size reclined, evidently in great pain. A handkerchief hid his face. His finely shaped head was covered with a heavy shock of snowy hair, which seemed to me the whitest hair I had ever seen. I also noted one limb was much shorter than the other. The thought came to me that it might have wasted away.

My patient in a few words told me that while riding he was thrown from his horse and had broken his arm, and he desired me to set it. I was struck by his voice. It was soft, low and musical as the tones of a flute. He spoke but this once, and yet I was awed by the conclusion that I was in the presence of a notable person. There is something even to the blind, deaf and dumb to denote the presence of a strong personality, even though no word is uttered. And so I felt in the presence of the man reclining there.

I did not allow my excited imagination to prevent me from thoroughly performing my surgical duty. I found upon diagnosing the injury that my patient had a simple fracture of the radius, which I proceeded to set, splint and bandage, and then made a sling for his arm. While the injury was very painful, it was not of a serious nature, and my task was soon completed. My patient, who was as silent as though dumb during the operation, motioned me to a chair when I had finished, and I sat down near an open window to await the return of my guide.

The house must have been surrounded by Nature's most beautiful flowers, as the midnight air was perfumed by their intoxicating odors. The scent of the magnolia, the jassamine and honey-suckle commingled in riotous profusion.

Presently my guide returned, and invited me to partake of a light luncheon before we started on our ride. I thanked him kindly, but refused, as I recalled my compact to "ask no questions" and I did not want my curiosity further aroused without the hope of satisfaction, and I wanted to be away from the atmosphere of mystery which oppressed me.

After giving a few necessary directions regarding the care of the patient, I bade him a speedy recovery and good-night. I was again blind-folded, led to the horses, and then we departed.

The journey homeward was over a different route, and was even more tiresome than the coming. There were several steep hills to climb, and we had to dismount in order for the horses to ascend. It was no easy task for the guide to lead two horses and a blind-folded doctor, so we proceeded very slowly.

Again we were on level ground, and to break the monotony, I inquired the time.

"It is now half-past one. We shall reach your office at half-past two," remarked the guide calculatingly.

Another hour. But to me it would seem a week. Not being accustomed to horseback riding, the trip had fatigued me greatly.

I was sore in every limb, wet through to the skin, cold and bedraggled. I was so weak at times I thought I would drop from the saddle.

At last we reached my office.

"My friend, you have served me well, and I will pay you well. I had intended locking this door on leaving, but I think you are a gentleman, and I may add, in no part a coward. We are just one minute ahead of time. It is twenty-nine minutes past two. Wait until that clock on the mantle strikes three; then remove the handkerchief from your eyes. Your fee I leave here on your table." Then I heard the clink of gold and the scratching of a pen as he wrote something.

"Good-night to you—and good-bye forever," he exclaimed.

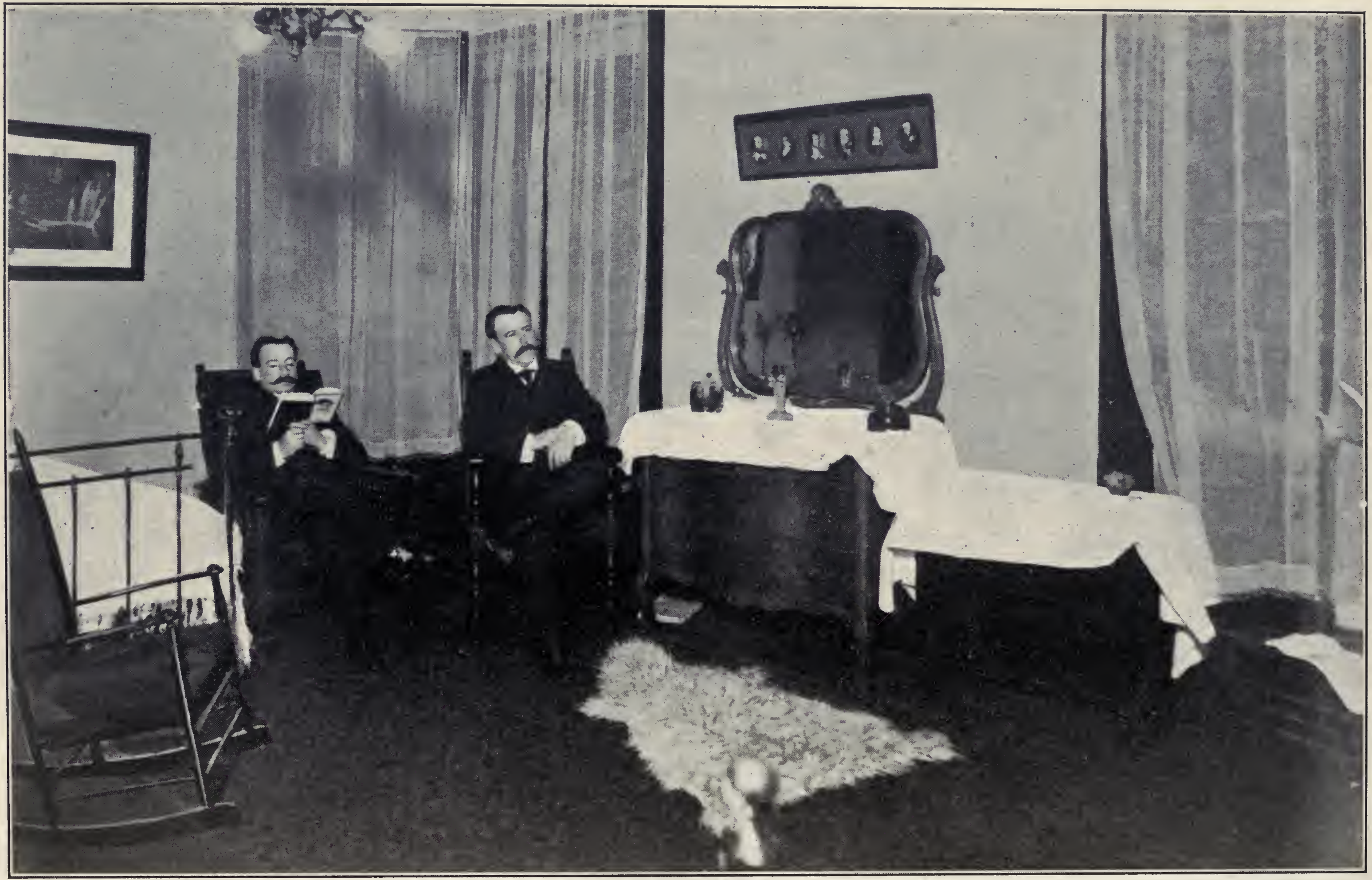
The door slammed; he ran down the steps, and leaping on his horse, clattered down the street as if mad.

I wiped the beads of cold perspiration which had gathered on my forehead. The sounds of the horses' hoofs became fainter and fainter and then died away. What an adventure! To know where I had been I would have given the world had I possessed it. To know who my patient was would then be easy to discover. But I did not know a mile of the many miles of the long journey. How I should like to have lifted the handkerchief and have seen my patient's face.

One! Two! Three! My clock at last struck the hour.

Quickly I jerked the blindfold from my eyes. With trembling hands I sought my well-earned fee. A leather bag lay before me, and on emptying the contents—five hundred dollars in bright gold coins rolled onto the desk and floor. In gathering them up, I also picked up a piece of paper, a fly-leaf, on which was written in a bold hand.

"If you could but retrace your steps tonight, Uncle Sam would pay you well. Your patient is no other than John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, who lives to die a natural death."



ABRAHAM RUEF AND ELISOR BIGGY. THE FORMER POLITICAL BOSS, HIMSELF A ROGUE AND ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINALS THAT HAS EVER DEBAUCHED AN AMERICAN CITY, IS READING "HALF A ROGUE," BY HAROLD McGRATH.

RUEF--A JEW UNDER TORTURE

BY "Q"

(In all the amazing and wholesome revolt against municipal corruption that has swept this country like a whirlwind, there has been no more startling and titanic struggle than that which has taken place in San Francisco. The wildest tales of Gaboriau, Dumas or Victor Hugo, the cleverest detective stories from the pen of Conan Doyle, pale in human interest before the plots and counter plots that have been skillfully unraveled by the marvelous talent of Detective William J. Burns. In this article, "Q" gives us a psychological study of Abraham Ruef, the former political boss of San Francisco under the Schmitz regime, and pictures the methods necessary to extort information from this most infamous criminal in the history of municipal corruption. The horrible methods practiced were, doubtless, justified by unscrupulous character of the prisoner. The information here given is trustworthy, but it is obviously impracticable to reveal either the name of the author or the sources of his information.)—Editors Overland.

IN THE remote ages, when Abraham, the patriarch, migrated to Canaan, the seed of heredity was sown that is reaped in the beneficent genius of a Disraeli or in the sins of an Abraham Ruef. The ghetto was in existence long before the Christian era; the persecution of the Jewry is as old as the ages. The race which has endured through the almost innumerable centuries of oppression has become great through the obstacles it has overcome. No other people possesses more in abundance the homely and noble virtues than do the Jews. Jewdom has given the world the product of its persecutions in great men, noble statesmen, splendid financiers, learned doctors, and if, at times, we see in the Jewish race another product of these persecutions, the men of low cunning, the usurer, pawnbroker and many criminals, the fact that they are Jews is all the more noticeable because they have applied the remarkable talents developed by centuries of adversity to ignoble uses.

In this wonderful people is an element that frequently renders them incomprehensible to the rest of mankind and different from them. The Jewish people are of Asiatic descent, and we find some of their race peculiarities predominant in the Asiatic races. It is perhaps this very strain that has rendered their leaders among the finest and noblest men in history, has made this people a healthful and stable element in our population. The Jewry has given us the Rothschilds, Disraeli, Offenbach, Mozart, Toby Rosenthal, Cremieux, Lasker, Zangwill, and the thousands upon thousands who have made the world a better place for their fellowmen because they have lived their span of life and have benefited mankind by their works. It cannot be said, however, that the Gentile understands the Jew any better to-day than in the days of Philip the Fair, when he tried to solve the puzzle by burning the Jew at the stake or whirling him on the cruel spikes of the wracking wheel.

The Jew is a problem of centuries, and there must be somewhere in his make-up an element so terribly at variance with the rest of mankind that throughout countless ages he has been accounted an offending enigma.

Abraham Ruef represents this enigma in a marked degree. He has been the banker of thousands, and his usury has been wrung from an entire community who have paid unconscious and unwilling tribute. He is the very quintessence of self-conceit. He is an abnormally intelligent man, who has solved the problem of indirect accomplishment. Early in life he made a study of making his fellowman do his drudgery, willingly, cheerfully and unconsciously. He used the system in school and in college, and graduated as an "honor" man, but not as a man of honor. When he made his celebrated confession, he said that he dated his fall from grace from the time of Schmitz's first election. This was not true, but it was said with the desire of shifting the blame on the man he had used as a tool. Long before this, he had been distrusted, and once he was hissed at and denounced in a public hall at a political gathering.

He is a strong man mentally, but ever and anon the persecution of the ages oozes out of him, and he cries in fear and shifts. It is the tortured adopting Christianity to escape the lash. It is the cunning of the Asiatic asserting itself by fawning and smiling, by the witty retort and the eloquent speech currying favor to parry the blow. Ruef is sensitive to a degree. Ruef is vain to a degree. Ruef owes his downfall to his over-weaning appetite for power and pelf.

Nearly seven years ago I saw him pace the floor of his office and dictate a long self-eulogy. At that time there was only a nebulous, unformed, undefined charge of general unworth floating about against him, and yet, unaccused, he defended himself before an imaginary judge, and to clinch his argument, gave his auditors the details of his achievements in college. Fifteen minutes after the departure of his hearers, he was collecting the rental from a dozen or more miserable little rooms rented to women of the half-world.

He has the capacity of making loyal friends. He, by his devilish ingenuity, has enthralled many weak intellects, and to-day, from within his prison, he utilizes an almost hypnotic power over the servants of other days to work his will and to continue on a small scale his chicanery and his tortuous statesmanship.

This man Ruef is the man of the Nymphia, accused of being in the business of importing Japanese and Chinese women for unspeakable purposes, briber of Supervisors, petty larcenist of nickel-in-the-slot machine profits, politician, candidate for a future U. S. Senatorship (who pointed to a Guggenheim as his excuse, as one of his race who had bought his seat in the Upper House), and candidate for the position of chief counsel to the Southern Pacific Company. The hungry gorging of money and power has been his downfall. In as brief a manner as possible, I have given a resume of the character of a man against whom I was the first to begin a campaign of publicity.

* * * *

And yet, at this moment, I have a sort of compassion for him. I can see him in his torture chamber. Behind the bed hangs a picture of Scott in a group with Byron, and other of the world's poets. In his hand, if you will look close, you will note the title of the book, "Half a Rogue."

The irony of it!

It is not an autobiography but a popular novel of the day. Beside the fallen boss sits the elisor appointed by the court. The elisor is a gloomy companion. The battle does not rage in this room. Here reigns a sepulchral quiet, broken only by the occasional false mirth of the prisoner.

He is not the impassive Ruef of other days. He is the apprehensive, beaten Asiatic, ready to place his hand on the Christian bible or the Moslem Koran, to embrace Christ or Islam to escape the wrack—Burns.

* * * *

Hugo Munsterberg, a professor of psychology in Harvard University, has recently given the world a learned treatise on "The Third Degree," in one of the popular magazines of the day. The article makes very profitable reading, for it is a description of experimental psychology, the science of the association of ideas. It is not my purpose to more than outline the facts given at length by Mr. Munsterberg. Suffice it to say, that is now possible by the aid of delicate electrical apparatus to arrive at the guilt or innocence of accused persons without having recourse to the brutal devices of the ordinary, every-day detective as practiced on the every-day criminal, through the third degree.

By threats, by tortures, by the thumbscrew and the wrack, by every invention to terrify the mind, induce a nervous break-down or a physical repulsion so great that nature can with-stand no longer, men have been induced to confess to crimes. The third degree, as practiced by the police, is a wearing out process, accompanied in many instances by physical torture.

* * * *

William J. Burns does not indulge in physical torture. He has developed a system which is slower and surer. William J. Burns has the reputation among the United States Secret Service of being slow but sure, and of never asking for the arrest of a man until he is not only sure of his conviction, but of his going to the penitentiary.

Ruef loves his table comforts. Ruef likes books and conversation. He is therefore indulged. He is fed to such an extent that the gorging and the lack of exercise induce him to talk in his sleep. Every word is jotted down. Every time a word recurs, it is noted. A name is mentioned, and the patient watcher records the dreamland whisper. The next night Burns enters the room to hold communion with his prisoner, to urge him to confess, to answer the questions suggested by the words of his dream babblings. Then he is told that he talked in his sleep. The next night he does not sleep, but watches the eyes of his guard and suffers tortures before tired nature asserts itself and he is folded to the arms of Morpheus.

Or you may imagine insistent questionings, persistent probings, based on isolated facts, until the brain can struggle no longer, and gives up its secrets. Ruef has fought valiantly against all these artifices to probe the dark depths of his duplicity, but always he has given up; in the end confessing to the one particular question, but to no more.

One day he is allowed all kinds of privileges, a ride to the Park in an automobile, a visit from his father and sister and friends. Books, flowers and food to his liking, a guard of his acquaintance who is pleasant. Burns himself is cheerful; he seems less the Nemesis whose nightly visits the fallen boss has come to dread. Burns laughs and jokes. The laugh does not ring exactly true, and the jokes are heavy, but the change is welcome. This demeanor toward the prisoner continues for a day or two, when suddenly all visitors are denied, flowers are thrown out of the window, the guard is changed, there are guards at the doors and windows, all of them are strangers, and all are mute and wear threatening looks. The guards remain in the room all through the night. Every few minutes a face appears against the pane from the outside. There are whisperings and strange noises, and vigilant, never-closing eyes watch the nervous prisoner, who does not sleep. The next day, imagine the entrance of William J. Burns, his brow darkened by a frown. He looks on the prisoner as one would look at a venomous snake just before crushing it with the heel. Then the room is filled with invective, with threat, with charge of treachery and with curses! The prisoner cringes, but finally, after two or three days of this kind of torture, of food he does not like, of utter silence and thunder-voiced contempt, he is ready to confess, and does confess.

They have not given Ruef "the cold water hose, the flash of blinding light or the secret blow," but they certainly have given him in a refined way brutal shocks to terrify his imagination.

And yet the old spirit of the bravo is not broken. He still retains some of the sang froid of his prosperity. As I write these lines, he is defying Burns and Heney —he refuses to testify, and he is bringing pressure to bear to force these two and the District Attorney to place an immunity contract, ratified by Judge Dunn, in the hands of Rabbi Nieto. He is not so broken but that he trafficked with justice in the hope of cheating San Quentin of its prey. He has succeeded in forcing the strongest elements of honest Jewry to come to his help. And on its knees it implores the prosecution to stay its hand, justice to hesitate in its course, Burns to stop his mental thumb-screws, and let Ruef escape, that disgrace may not fall on the elect, on others who are high in the temple, the counting house and the market place.

In the Realm of Bookland.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

The control of Overland Monthly has passed into new hands.

Beginning with this issue we hope not only to maintain the present high literary prestige of the magazine, but to inaugurate improvements in the policy, vigor, tone and quality of Overland Monthly, and bring it to a position of greater power and popularity, not only abroad but at home. The new owners and editors believe that there is a large field for a first rate magazine, which will reflect the industrial and literary life of the west and the countries bordering on the Pacific. The place of publication for such a magazine is certainly San Francisco, the gateway of the great commercial highways to the Pacific Coast, Alaska, the Orient, South and Central America.

HAMILTON M. WRIGHT.

The publication to fill this field, by similar deduction, is without question Overland Monthly. Overland is the one historic magazine of the Pacific Coast that has stood the test of time. Founded almost forty years ago with Bret Harte as its first editor, and with such leading contributors as Mark Twain, Noah Brooks, Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, Overland Monthly has attained prestige throughout the world, and this momentum is of incalculable value. Overland has introduced to the public many popular writers, including Jack London, Frank Norris, Wallace Irwin, and others.

Overland Monthly, with its glorious traditions is distinctly a Western institution. It is yours. Treat Overland as you should the staunch friend it has been to you, and to this land, for a period exceeding the average life time.

The new editor-in-chief of Overland Monthly is Mr. Hamilton Wright, a journalist whose descriptive works upon this and foreign countries enjoy great popularity. Mr. Wright is thoughtful, painstaking, conscientious. His work is brilliant, accurate, and displays careful study and a broad, well-informed mind. He has been very successful, and we believe that under his direction Overland Monthly will rapidly take its place in circulation and popularity with the most widely circulated magazines of the country.

Mr. Wright's syndicate letters of travel have been published in every city of any size in the United States, and his name and vigorous, breezy style are known to millions of readers. He has written upon industrial topics for the magazines which devote space to these subjects. Among the magazines in which Mr. Wright's articles have appeared are the Review of Reviews, Pearson's, Leslie's, The World's Work, the World To-day, Scientific American, System, The Wide World, and many others. But his efforts have been chiefly in daily journalism, and there is no prominent newspaper in the United States to which he has not at one time or other contributed. His recent volume on the Philippines, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, has been the subject of special editorial comment in the largest and most influential dailies. We believe that in Mr. Wright we have an editor who will infuse a wide measure of popular interest and timeliness into the pages of Overland Monthly, while sacrificing nothing of the literary style which has won the magazine its reputation. Mr. Wright is a young man, with the best part of his life before him. His career has only begun, and his best efforts will be put into Overland.

The "Mortality Statistics" for 1905, published by the Government Printing Office, is an interesting compilation of the death rate of the world, showing the most common causes of death to be epidemic and respiratory diseases.

The recent Peace Conference at the Hague will make "Among the World's Peace-Makers," edited by Hayne Davis, an interesting book to those who care to know about the men who are striving at the Hague for universal peace.

The Progressive Publishing Co., New York City.

"Paul of Tarsus" is the title of a novel by Elizabeth Miller, author of "The Yoke." The book is a tale of the early Christians, well told in a powerful, dramatic manner. The illustrations are by Andre Castaigne.

"The House of the Vampire," by George Sylvester Viereck, is the story of an author, The Vampire, who has the strange faculty of appropriating, through some psychological influence, which he has cultivated to its extreme, the most desired traits of other men and leaving them bereft. From a writer he drains his plots; from an artist her ability. Strangely, he exerts upon his subjects a terrible influence. The mad house and physical degeneration follow the spell. A powerful but morbid tale, that might have been written by Oscar Wilde and inspired by Robert Louis Stevenson. Professor Hugo Munsterberg, Professor of Psychology at Harvard, would be interested. (Moffat, Yard & Company.)

"Yolande of Idle Isle," by Charles Van Norden, is a "dandy" story, laid picturesquely in the Bermuda. Nothing quite so delicious has come out since "Narcissus." The setting is epic, the characters charming, and the interest of the reader held in every paragraph. (D. Appleton & Company.)

"Madame de Stael to Benjamin Constant," a series of absorbingly interesting letters hitherto unpublished. Translated from the French by Charlotte Harwood. That the book pulsates with human interest need scarcely be told, and that the work is polished and informative. (A. P. Putnam Sons.)

Wagner's Rheingold, as retold by Oliver Huckle, a dramatic poem by Richard Wagner, freely translated into poetic narrative form, presenting the story of the "Ring" in the clear, strong manner of the original. (Thomas G. Cromwell & Co.)

"The Bible as Good Reading," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge. Strong, interesting, informative, helpful, and not a bit heavy. It is not a literary analysis of the Bible, but a powerful and entertaining essay, which shows the Bible as the greatest compilation of human interest matter in all the world. (Henry Altemus Co.)

"Blue Ocean's Daughter," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, is simply a thrilling story of love and adventure on the highseas. The plot is laid in the time of the American revolution. (Moffat, Yard & Company.)

NEW OIL WELLS AT MONTEREY

BY BURTON WALLACE

BRINGING oil from beneath the earth's surface is no longer an experiment or speculation, but by long years of experience in scientific and practical work, the oil industry has been reduced to a manufacturing business the same as the gold-producing, coal-producing and water-supplying industries.

So many oil fields have been discovered, developed and are now giving up a large daily product that it is only necessary to apply the proper tests in order to find and develop new wells. All the geological conditions favorable to the production of oil (so far as drilling is concerned), are present in the immediate area southeast of Monterey.

Exhaustive reports covering many years of investigation have been made by W. T. Griswold and M. J. Munn, of the United States Geological Survey, and C. W. Knox, of Vista Del Rey, Monterey County, California, is now applying the tests made by the geologists to the territory in his neighborhood, which has been proven to have much oil-bearing strata.

A few sentences from the geologists' statements apply so closely to the region of Vista Del Rey that it is much like rewriting history when I quote a comparison with the conditions in the Appalachian (Pennsylvania) oil fields:

"The rocks from which the oil and gas of the Appalachian fields are derived are of sedimentary origin. They are porous rocks, principally sandstones, embedded in and underlain by a great thickness of shale. Below the shale are limestone beds. Sandstones are numerous; they lie approximately parallel to one another and occupy a section in the geologic column of more than 2,000 feet. The oil-bearing sandstones vary greatly in composition and texture. The upper or younger sands are usually white, some being of uniform texture, and others containing lens-shaped bodies of conglomerate in which the separate pebbles are of considerable size. The older or lower beds are of brown or reddish sandstone, and are usually more uniform in texture.

"In general, the Appalachian oil fields occupy the bottom and western side of a large spoon-shaped structural trough. Each important sandstone bed underlies many square miles of territory, usually including a number of counties. They have been traced from point to point by means of the drill, until the limits of the different beds are fairly well-known. In some localities two or more sands produce oil. Usually, however, the lowest sand is the most prolific. It often happens that gas is produced from a number of sands in one locality.

"The areas which have produced oil and gas have been of all sizes and shapes, and the depth of productive wells ranges from 100 to 4,000 feet. It has been noticed, however, that in many cases the area of oil production is in the form of a belt extending for a number of miles and having but slight width compared to its length. The direction of these belts of productive territory is parallel to the principal geologic folds of the region.

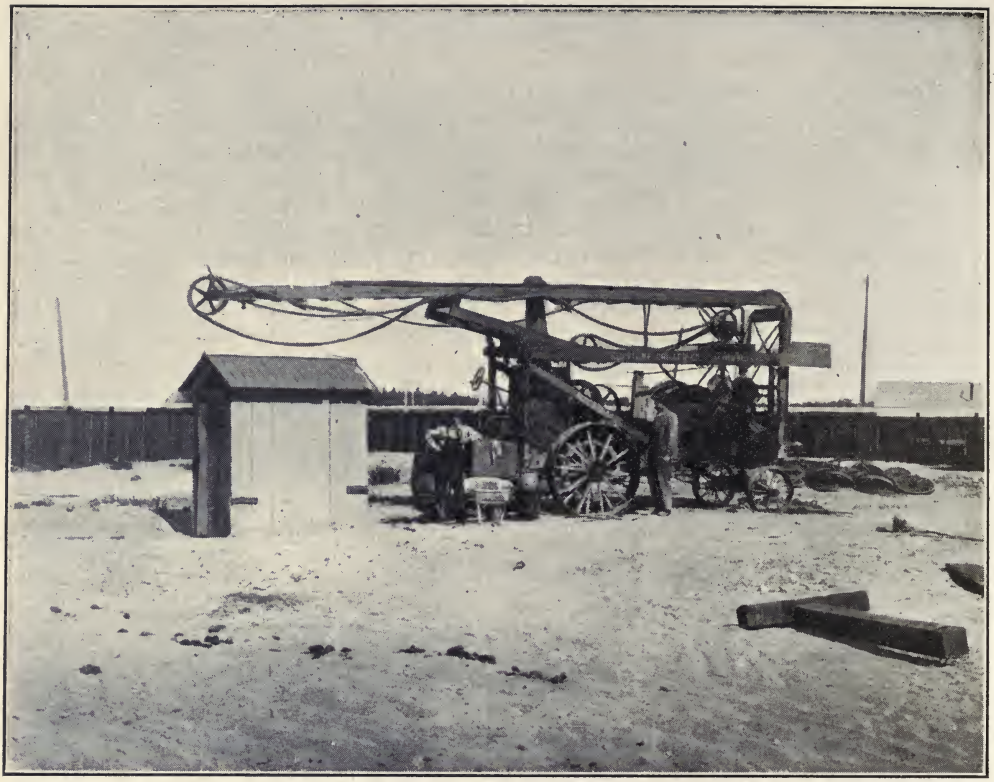
"The places of accumulation are: (1) In dry rocks the principal points of accumulation of oil will be at or near the bottom of the synclines or at the lower point of the porous medium, or at any point where the slope of the rock is not sufficient to overcome the friction, such as structural terraces or benches. (2) In porous rocks completely saturated the accumulation of both oil and gas will be in the anticlines or along level portions of the structure. Where the area of porous rocks is limited, the accumulation will occur at the highest point of the porous medium, and where areas of impervious rock exist in a generally porous stratum the accumulation will take place below such impervious stop, which is really the top limit of the porous rock. (3) In porous rocks that are only partly filled with water the oil accumulates at the upper limit of the saturated area. This limit of saturation traces a level line around the sides of each structural basin, but the height of this line may vary greatly in adjacent basins and in different sands of the same basin.

"Partial saturation is the condition most generally found, in which case accumulations of oil may occur anywhere with reference to the geologic structure; it is most likely, however, to occur upon terraces or levels, as these places are favorable to accumulation in both dry and saturated rocks.

"Under all conditions, the most probable locations for the accumulation of gas are on the crests of anticlines. Small folds along the side of a syncline may hold a supply of gas, or the rocks may be so dense that gas cannot travel to the anticline, but will remain in volume close to the oil.

"Practical application of principles governing the accumulation of oil and its production by modern methods shows the importance of a knowledge of all the factors governing accumulation in any attempt to locate oil territory. These are the porosity of the reservoir rock, the geologic structure, and the degree of saturation by water. The first can be determined only by the drill; the second, under favorable conditions, can be determined by careful geologic work on the surface, and the third by the drilling of a few test wells. Knowledge of the first and third factors is *absolutely necessary* for a correct interpretation of what is shown by the map of the surface structure. For instance, in an area where two or more sands are productive, the map may show producing wells on the anticlines along the steep slopes and also in the bottom of the synclines, the productive area not appearing in any way to conform to the

DERRICK AND BUILDINGS ON OIL GROUND, NEAR DEL MONTE HEIGHTS.



C. W. KNOX'S STEAM DRILLER TO BORE 1,000 FEET FOR OIL AT VISTA DEL REY.

structure; but if the top of the water in each of the sands be taken into consideration it will be seen that the sand producing oil on top of the anticline is wet, the one from which the oil is taken in the trough of the syncline is dry, and the one producing along the slope is saturated with water up to a certain level, with the oil immediately above.

"Various rock formations which appear at the surface within the Appalachian oil fields, as well as the underlying strata that have been pierced by the drill, are of sedimentary origin—that is, they were laid down as sediments in a body of water. The sediments laid down in this body of water varied according to the conditions of the sea. These deposits consist of shales, sandstones, limestones and coals. Fine soft shale results from the erosion of a much weathered and deeply disintegrated land surface. The lime and magnesia of the soil are washed out and carried to the sea in solution. Myriads of animals living in the sea have formed their shells and bones from the lime and magnesia in sea water, and on dying, left large deposits of these materials, which have been cemented together, forming limestones. Those limestones which carry marine forms, such as shells, were probably laid down in still water and in smooth, even sheets over large areas. For this reason they are probably the best strata to be used as geologic markers for the formations of oil bearing strata."

Mr. Knox has sunk two or three water wells in his locality, but the fluid coming from them is so impregnated with gas and oil that it is unfit for household purposes. He has much of the necessary machinery on the ground for going down further; and considering that his wells are less than one mile from the great harbor of Monterey Bay, it is apparently only a question of combining proper manufacturing methods with active business management and a moderate amount of capital, to develop a new oil field right at tidewater.

A NEW POEM BY MISS COOLBRITH

Miss Ina Coolbrith, who has been pronounced the "sweetest note in California literature," has written the following poem, "Alcatraz," for the New Overland Monthly. Miss Coolbrith was one of the first and earliest contributors to Overland. The poem well shows that Miss Coolbrith's hand has not lost its cunning, nor have the passing years dimmed her poetic perceptions. Miss Coolbrith's present home overlooks Alcatraz, and from her study window she regarded the grim island whilst writing the poem.

Incidentally, on November 27th, in recognition of Miss Coolbrith's services in behalf of Western literature, an author's reading will be held at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco. The reading is being arranged by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mr. Charles Sedgwick Aiken, Dr. H. J. Stewart and other members of the Bohemian Club.

ALCATRAZ*

BY INA COOLBRITH

A pearl-foam at his feet
  The waters leap and fall;
The sentry treads his beat
  Upon thy gun-girt wall.

Bronzed of visage, he,
  Stern, resolute as Fate;
Guard of the inner sea—
  Grim watcher of the Gate.

Born of some mighty throe
  From earth's abysmal deep,
When aeons long ago
  The Dragon stirred in sleep.

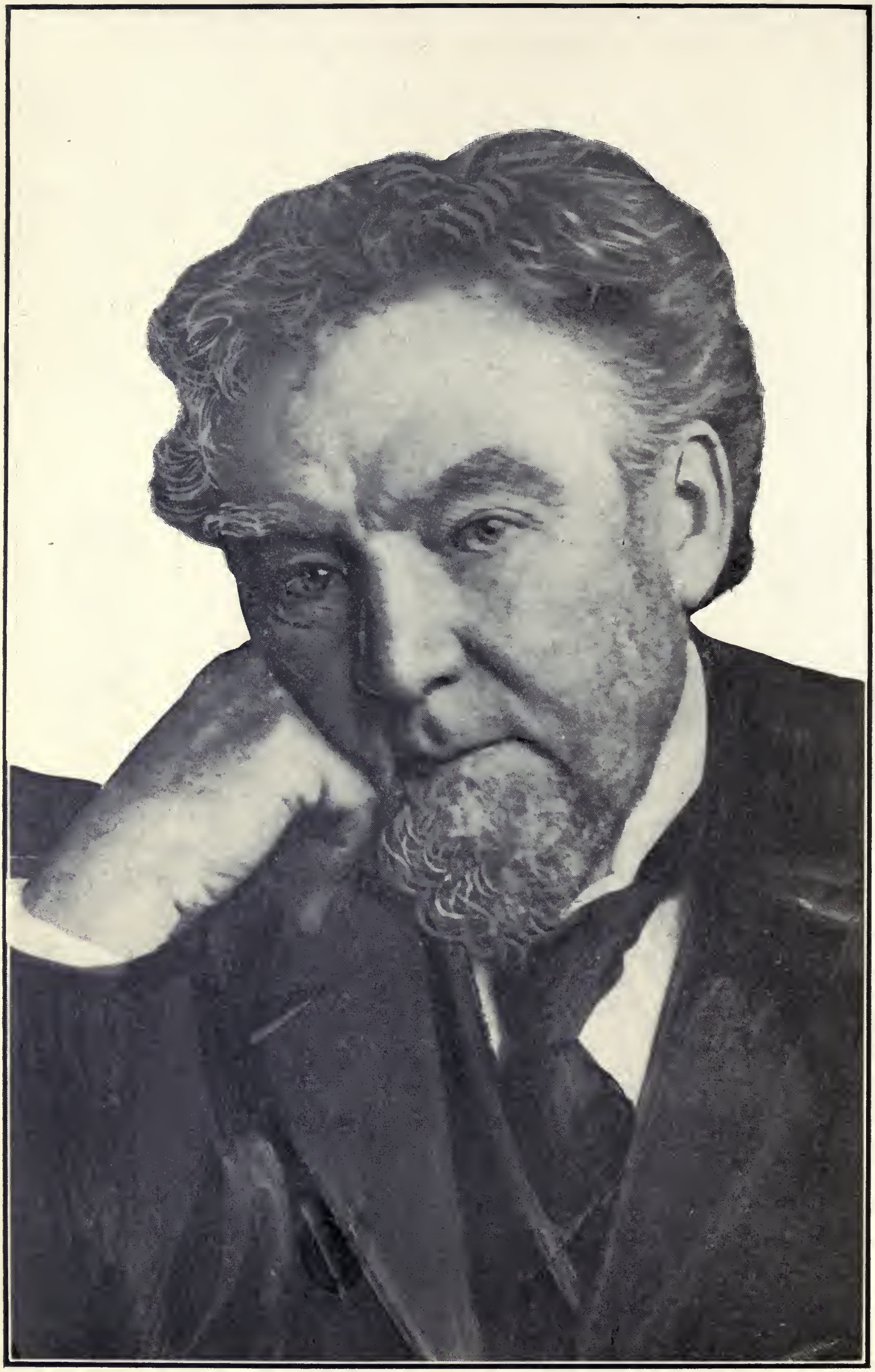
Yet over him, merrily,
  The winds blow East, blow West:
The gulls about him fly,
  The fog-king wreathes his crest.

All day sea-melodies
  Blend with the oarsman's stroke,
In the Fleet of the Butterflies,
  The craft of the fisher-folk.

The boom of the sunset gun,
  The flash of the beacon-light,
Leaping a warning sun
  To passing ships of night.

And the fleets of all the world
  Salute him as they pass—
Viking of seas empearled,
  The warrior, Alcatraz.

**The Island Fort of San Francisco Bay.*



HON. EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR, MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

DEC 17 1907
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DECEMBER, 1907

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HON. EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

A PERSONAL APPRECIATION

BY PETER ROBERTSON

(Mr. Robertson is a life-long friend of Dr. Taylor.)

The election of Edward Robeson Taylor as Mayor of San Francisco, and William H. Langdon, District Attorney of San Francisco City and County, was an event of international interest and of national importance. Not only is San Francisco the cleanest city in the United States to-day, but boodlers in every city in the country are hesitating for the fear that they, too, will be caught. Over and above all, the election proved that when any moral issue is left to the judgment of the American voter, and he is not confused, he will vote for good Government, and will prove that this country is still a democracy. The election of Messrs. Taylor and Langdon was made possible by the Union Labor voters of San Francisco. The issue of the last election was plain: Had the boodlers to be prosecuted? Had he been elected Mayor, P. H. McCarthy would have continued the disgraceful administration in the name of Organized Labor, and with his man Hagerty on the Police Board, he would have been practically head of the Police Commission.

The election of Taylor and Langdon in San Francisco but presages a greater victory in the State. The people of California will throw off the yoke of the machine in the next election.

TO THINK of Dr. Edward R. Taylor is to recall my first arrival in San Francisco thirty-two years ago. We had heard of California's climate, its sunshine and its flowers, its unique character, the kindliness and free-heartedness of its people. Truly the sun shone on the Golden Gate as we steamed in, but the sand-dunes that seemed like billows along the shore hardly looked like a garden, and we were chased to the wharf by one of the blinding fogs that even now sometimes cast a doubt into the mind of the stranger from seaward. I don't think any of us newcomers were very much exhilarated by the first impressions California gave us, as to climate, but all those little disappointments passed away in the revelation of San Francisco, still thrilled with the atmosphere of the days of '49. The kindliness and free-heartedness were there, and the spell fell on one, that curious fascination which lingered till the 18th of April, 1907, and which was, I think, the only feature of that era which was not entirely burned away. One of the first greetings I met with was from Dr. Edward R. Taylor, then a leading lawyer. Governor Haight, whose name had previously headed the firm, had died, if I remember, some time before, but Dr. Taylor had as partner George Haight, the son of the Governor, now a very prominent lawyer in Berkeley. I had occasion to see Dr. Taylor frequently on legal matters, and knowing him to be a singularly alert, clear-headed and acute member of the legal fraternity, who thought rapidly, but acted cautiously, who seemed to take in all sides of a question most comprehensively, in fact an exceptionally practical man, I remember with what surprise, as I came to know him better, I found he had below it all the keenest, most sensitive understanding, appreciation and love of poetry. There was a charm, even in his legal discussions, that came from a vivacious, excitable temperament. In talking over a case, he was always earnest and emphatic, but he was ready to admit any suggestion that might appeal to him. Mentality was always dominant, and I don't think I ever met a lawyer who could or would give a client such a frank and lucid insight into his own case. A liberal, kindly lawyer, a man whose word convinced his client that he had earned his fee; a lawyer with whom his client always shook hands after he had paid him, with perfect satisfaction.

Lawyers are quite frequently literary, some brilliantly literary, but whether their profession hardens them as to poetry, and takes most of the real sentiment out of them, or the bent of the legal mind is away from all those trivialities, few have ever combined legal acumen and practical understanding of public government with true poetic feeling, and the love of everything that is beautiful in nature or in mankind. I have known lawyers who had a strong sentimental turn, but that has generally been a pure matter of professional equipment and only pumped up for the benefit of juries. It may have been that Dr. Taylor found me sympathetic to his love of poetry, and his appreciation of all great literature. At least he opened his mind at that time to me. Widely read and a man who read wisely, it was a great pleasure to hear him discuss and converse. The best authors had found a congenial place in his memory, and his own thoughts ranged with them and from them in the higher field of the intellectual. He leaned toward the poetic from his own keen sense of beauty in thought and deed. The fascination of the Power Omnipotent in everything awakened his highest fancy; he could dream in his leisure hours, and loved to set his visions in graceful words, with the ring of strong reason and intellect in them. Yet he could go back to his law books, set that acute practical legal division of his brain to work with the most dry as dust facts, and argue as close to the case as if he had no poetry in him.

I am writing of him as he impressed me in the earlier days of our acquaintance. Since then, he has only developed his varied and brilliant faculties more and more. His love of poetry has led him to do a work which has made him known, and will keep him known, at least as long as the sonnet lives. The sonnet appealed to him long years ago; he has given many fine examples of that most difficult, graceful form of chalice in which poetic thought lives longest; but he has done a great service in translating Heredia, a task which is all the more worthy when finished successfully, because it is most delicate and aesthetic. That kind of translation is generally mere adaptation or paraphrase. Dr. Taylor's is transition pure and simple into graceful, forcible and expressive English.

There is not much poetry, it is true, in politics, and I daresay a man who was merely a poet would find the City Hall but a poor empyrean, but Dr. Taylor is not the least likely to soar from the dome on Pegasus. His poetic taste is but the inner feeling of the man, and the enjoyment of his leisure hours. His poetry is not of the kind that leads him into wild vagaries of the imagination; it has that beneficial influence which keeps his views of life high and pure, and his sense of integrity unconquerable. He has intellectual soundness; in fact, that is clearly in evidence in all those compositions which have now become far more familiar than the work of almost any California poet. No man is made less useful in public life, even in the most prosaic of municipal Government, by having a taste for and a knowledge of the higher literature. We have never been overloaded with that kind of thing in Mayors of San Francisco. So long have we been ruled by men, from the absolutely illiterate to the superficially educated, we have forgotten that men of brains may be able to govern. That is one of the reasons why the election of Dr. Taylor has awakened unusual interest in the country. Everywhere in Government—except an occasional President—we have had politicians, mere politicians, at the head, and in the tail, too, of public affairs. San Francisco has startled the East by absolutely daring to elect as Mayor a man who has written poetry. True, the fact that he is a singularly able lawyer, a man of wide experience of life, who has been associated with many important institutions, has not been made so well known.

Every petty politician has proclaimed his love of "Dear Old San Francisco," pledged himself to resuscitate the old Californian spirit; to restore our city to its pristine glory. How many of them know anything of "dear old San Francisco?" Even if they were born there, most of them have no idea at all of its pristine glory. Dr. Taylor can speak feelingly about old San Francisco. He understands the Californian spirit; he has known the men who led it out of its first tent stage, has lived in and through its stages of development till the fire of 1906 burned it back to a tent stage again. He, in fact, far better than these later politicians, knows what of that old Californian spirit is needed to restore San Francisco as it was before the disaster. He has carried from the old days nothing but that spirit, which, while it led in the growth and development of the city, gave still that unique fascination to it which made it one of the most attractive cities in the world.

It was one of my first impressions of Dr. Taylor, thirty-two years ago, that, with all the open-heartedness, liberality of spirit, kindliness and sympathy, which were peculiarly the features of the '49er, he had none of the rougher qualities which distinguished many of the pioneers. He was, in truth, especially fitted to "grow up" with San Francisco, and he is to-day one of the very few of those of the older time who could at this crisis take control of the stricken city.

The '49ers have fallen back broken-hearted over the fate of their well-loved city. Nobody has quite expressed the depth of the old San Franciscan's sorrow. It is impossible to do it. There were few left, indeed, to fall back. Out of those who came later, and were young thirty-two years ago, one could hardly pick out another who has kept his spirit, his energy and his enthusiastic temperament as well as Dr. Taylor. I saw him but a few days ago, and as I looked at him, I could hardly believe that those years had made any difference in him. The same activity of body, the same activity of mind, the same enthusiasm, with his eyes sparkling, his voice ringing, his determination as virile, as I had ever known it.

This article is headed "a personal appreciation," but if I could qualify it by any criticism of Dr. Taylor, it would not in the least affect the character of the man or the conviction of his special fitness for the present crisis. If ever there was a case of the hour bringing the man, this need of San Francisco will be a historic example.

I have often thought during the last 18 months that had there been such a man at the head of affairs in San Francisco on that fated 18th of April, our afflicted city would have been spared much of her later misfortune. There will forever be something strangely inexplicable about the fact that at that time Eugene E. Schmitz, proclaiming his regeneration, his determination that his life began on the 18th of April, hailed with loud paeans of praise from the press, and saluted with high respect by the whole community, should, a year later, be in jail charged with grafting, even while he was proclaiming the loudest. What will be the end of all this miserable muddle in the courts nobody can tell. Heney may not have stopped grafting finally, even by the conviction of those prominent captains of industry, but he has at least killed it for the present by making it possible to elect an incorruptible Mayor in Dr. Edward R. Taylor, and enabling him to gather round him a board of Supervisors of the highest stamp of honesty.

DOCTOR TAYLOR--SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG

THE MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY L. B. JEROME

THERE IS always some crisis in the affairs of men, nations, States, or cities when one man who perhaps has been predestined from the beginning to fill a certain place in the world, and to do a certain part toward making history, steps quietly to the front. Napoleon was a mighty instance of this truism. Lincoln filled a similar niche, though playing a widely different role. The parts of these men were of national interest, but there have been and are those who, hurling themselves into civic breeches, have played their parts to the full as well and intelligently as the actors on a larger stage. Such a man is Doctor Edward Robeson Taylor, the 11,000 plurality Mayor of San Francisco.

Like most men who have left their mark on the communities in which they dwell, Doctor Taylor made his way from small beginnings. Born 69 years ago, on September 24, 1838, in the little village of Springfield, Illinois, the son of Henry West Taylor and Mary Thaw Taylor, he was educated at Kemper School, Boonville, Missouri. Leaving school, the lad, even then a thoughtful, observant boy for his years, with naturally refined tastes and a deep love of the exquisite and beautiful in art and literature, was placed in the printing office of the Boonville Observer. Here he remained until his departure from Boonville in 1862 for California, which was destined to become the field of his greatest efforts and achievements along widely differing lines.

In California the boy studied medicine. He was graduated with honors from Toland College, now the medical department of the University of California. He studied medicine as he studied all things which interested him, and which he thought worth while—with all his mind and strength. An amusing story is related of his medical career regarding his knack for the practical side of therapeutics. Mrs. Lane, the wife of Dr. Levi C. Lane, of Cooper College renown, once remarked of Dr. Taylor:

"The only reason that he doesn't make a better doctor is that if he had to make a poultice for a patient, he'd take off his coat and go at it in a way that would scare the patient to death."

While acting in the capacity of private secretary to Governor Haight of California, which post he filled from 1867 to 1871, he studied law so successfully that in January, 1872, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of California. In 1879, seven years later, he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. He was a member of the Board of Freeholders, from 1886 to 1887, and of the fifth Board of Freeholders in 1898, to frame the existing charter for San Francisco. Dr. Taylor has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the San Francisco Public Library since 1866, a member of the Board of Trustees of the San Francisco Law Library, a member of the Bar Association, of the State of California Medical Society and of the Bohemian Club. He has written papers on medical and legal topics, which have been published in various journals, and which have excited marked interest wherever read.

Such is the list of attainments and accomplishments of the man at whom all the world looks to-day as the leading figure in the rehabilitation of a ruined city. Not esteemed alone for his integrity and worth, but for the finer qualities of heart and head, he is a commanding figure at the head of municipal affairs. When the campaign for the election of a Mayor for the city was on, it was amazing to watch the vivacity and energy which this man of more than three score years put into his work. Tireless in doing, resourceful in thinking, daring in action, quick to decide, he was the candidate to whom all classes and parties felt strongly drawn. The mere sight of the headlights of his big red machine dashing over the hills on the way to some political meeting where he was expected to speak, would raise a cheer, sometimes even from opposing parties. The man's personality sounds a dominant note. It is compelling, attractive, winning, impelling, charming. The story of the bluff old Irishwoman who hushed a group of rowdies behind her at one of the campaign meetings with: "Take shame to yerselves. Can't ye be a gintleman loike him that's talkin' to yez?" showed fairly the influence, the nameless something which a man gently born and bred will invariably exert on those who feel, but who do not understand the reason of the power. It is the case of the old French aristocracy over again. With Dr. Taylor it is inevitably "noblesse oblige," and the people in their way feel and know that the best will be done for them by one who has done his best in everything he has undertaken in life.

It is somewhat surprising in this age of considering the means sufficient unto the end that a man should be found willing to stand before his world and let his political enemies say what they will. Many a man blameless before the world would hesitate before casting the searchlight of absolute truth over his own nature. Dr. Taylor did this as honestly and as simply as he does everything. So, when the only derogatory statement that could be made concerning him was that he was "old," Doctor Taylor retorted with exuberant feeling, "With Oliver Wendell Holmes, I am seventy years young." To tell the truth, "Old Dr. Taylor" is one of the youngest old men on the Pacific Coast.

The man does not know the meaning of the word age. One has but to look at him to realize it.

The shaggy, leonine mane of gray hair, the keen, intelligent eye, the poise of the scholarly head, all betoken activities used and prolonged far beyond the average limit of the normal man. He told the cheering crowds that assembled night after night to greet him on the campaign platform, "I was born young, and I intend to remain young to the very end. When I can't stay young any longer, then I want to leave." And it is no mere figure of speech with him. He is willing and ready to accept all the duties and responsibilities of four men—four young, strong, clever and busy men.

And he does it. When the nomination for Mayor was tendered him and accepted, he did not abate one jot of the heavy duties already resting on his vigorous shoulders. Dean of the Hastings Law College since 1899, vice-president of Cooper Medical College (and member of a host of other organizations, he fulfills his multifarious duties at each one of these institutions, and manages to extract the best out of life, and his friends, as he passes along life's highway in a manner that many a hurried and lesser man observes with an envious eye.

But the Mayor of San Francisco has a secret, and it is this which preserves the clearness of his eye, the elasticity and vigor of his 69 years' old frame. Unlike the people among whom he has made his home, and whom he has learned to love with an unswerving loyalty, he is never known to hurry. System is his watchword, and he believes firmly in the aphorism that there is a time for everything. Paradoxical as it may seem, he also refuses to put things off. "In delay there lies no plenty," he will quote, when urged to defer some things which he feels have arrived at their appointed time. A well-balanced and orderly house of the mind is evidenced in this theory. At all events, Dr. Taylor puts it well into his daily work, and he does not let affairs lag.

The affection he evinces for his adopted city is humanly real, and there is no affectation in his declaration that he loves the city's sights and sounds. Like all large characters, he is prone to act on impulse, and the emotional side of his nature is always receptive to vivid or striking impressions. During the campaign a friend remonstrated with him for expressing his affection for the city in terms such as a poet might use, but which were considered by some listeners as inadmissible on a political platform. "I can't help it," was the doctor's reply to this. "I do love San Francisco, and when I get out there on the platform I just have to say so. There is no use trying not to."

Well, the people understood him, and that is what the Mayor cares most about.

He believes in perfect frankness, too. Having nothing to conceal, he is quite unable to perceive why he should suddenly be called upon to qualify for the diplomatic service. That is one thing about him that every one may feel sure of. He will get the truth; it may not always be palatable, but it will be the truth—plain, unadulterated, but dependable. Even when frankness came close to recklessness in the late campaign, he gave the people what they expected from him—"the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

With his innumerable duties rushing at him from all sides, he still finds some few hours of leisure. These are spent in the study of his quiet California street home among his books, "those friends who never grow old," and his few intimate friends who do not tire him. Even here he is a "glutton for work," as one of these intimates phrases it. He has spent long hours producing books, volumes, poems, musings of his own, and one and all bear the seal of an inner nature known alone to God.

Dr. Taylor has written "Visions and Other Verses," and "Into the Light," a poem full of exquisite thought and rarely refined expression. Lovely bits from the volume of "Visions" are "Fancy's Children," "San Francisco," a strong and stirring image of the earthquake and fire, "A Winter's Day," "The Dream of Long Ago," "Symphony," "Beauty" and "The Music of Words." "Into the Light," published by Elder & Shepard, was issued about a week before the disaster. When Robertson, the publisher of his volume of "Visions," realized that nearly the whole of the edition had been destroyed, he suggested that a volume comprising excerpts from the two volumes, of which 12 were lost, should be issued, and the result is a book called "Selected Verses," which is a composite reproduction of the two destroyed. This volume is dedicated to his two sons, Edward De Witt Taylor and Henry Huntly Taylor, who, although grown men and engaged in business for themselves for years, are still referred to by their father as "the boys." Dr. Taylor has also made a translation of the "Sonnets of Heredia," a form of verse of which he is extremely fond.

In reference to the poet nature some harsh remarks have been made tending to assure those unbiased in the matter that "once a poet, always a poet," and—nothing else. It needs no verbal retort to disprove this rash statement. Example and precedent are better than any precept, and Dr. Taylor has a long list of honorable and honored names of writers and poets have preceded him into the official and political arena. Some one remarks that there is no real reason why a poet should not make a good administrator, and the same authority declares that "the brilliant success of American men of letters abroad as evidenced in the early appointments of Joel Barlow, minister to France, and Washington Irving, minister to Spain, is a literary tradition. If more evidence were needed, the diplomatic service points to Motley, Taylor and Lowell, while the mention of the consular service brings instantly to mind the names of Hawthorne, W. D. Howells, Bret Harte and others. It is related that Walt Whitman once occupied some minor official post; but when it was discovered that he was a poet, he was summarily dismissed, but the names and place incident to this anecdote are kept discreetly dark. All of which goes to show that a poet may yet be a poet and still be a man of affairs—discriminative, just, equitable, perhaps even more so than the ordinary administrator of law or justice, because he has the God-given quality of putting himself in the other man's place.

But the Mayor of San Francisco is not merely a browser in the fields of poesy, he is a writer on the stern facts of life. No idle dreamer is he, no mere theorist, but a practical man of the every-day, bringing his ideas down to a utilitarian use, and believing with all his heart in theories and religion that shall be available for everyday needs. Of such nature was the discourse delivered not long since before an assembly of students at the University of California, and which has been printed, bound and published by them out of courtesy for and an appreciation of Dr. Taylor's work. On this occasion the lecturer took for his subject a theme dwelt upon in some one of Matthew Arnold's works, in which the eminent English writer declares the end and aim of life to be perfectibility of character. Voicing his own ideas on the subject, Dr. Taylor said:

FRANCIS J. HENEY'S DANGEROUS SMILE.

"Perfectibility of character cannot be reached by conduct alone—by conduct now meaning the moral relations which men bear the one to the other; for if conduct in this sense be deemed to be an end, you will still have a stunted man, as in the case of the Puritan, because in such a character, while you have the necessary ethical element blended with the religious, you neither have the art element which speaks for beauty, nor the scientific element which speaks for truth.

"The old civilizations perished, it is altogether likely, by reason of the fact that the social units brought under those civilization did not march *pari passu.* Some historians have attributed one cause to the decay of this civilization or to that; others have attributed other causes to one civilization or another, but after all, is it not reasonably plain that where some units in a country are far in advance of other units, that country cannot have the seed of permanence in it? Necessarily it will fall sooner or later as all the old civilizations have done.

" * * * Of course, when we speak of perfectibility, we are speaking of an ideal. It is not to be expected that any of us will achieve perfectibility, at least just now; but it is the ideal toward which each one of us should aim. So that as means to that perfectibility he should not only see to it that he is a moral and religious being, but he should also see to it that he knows something of those physical sciences that have more to do with his environment than anything else, and also should see that the art side of him is cultivated to its highest. Then he would be able to see and appreciate the color that lies in the heart of a rose, the wonderful mystery of the woods, the overhanging heavens now smiling upon him in peace and again frowning upon him in the tumult of storm, as well as the work of the artist which expresses such moods; and mayhap may become a new man in the presence of the wonders, and indeed the miracles, that the poet spreads before him out of the bounty of his heart and brain."

Such is the man who stands now at the head of civic matters in the queen city of the Pacific. That these ideas are not new to him is shown that when in his early youth he met and became a close friend of Henry George, when that brilliant and versatile writer was just bringing forth his famous book, "Progress and Poverty," to the light, it was Taylor who encouraged, stimulated and urged him on. His faith in the ultimate success of this book of his friend's was not greater than its triumph. The ideas there expressed, he acknowledged to be rare; fine in their keen and accurate dissection of industrial problems; splendid in the pointing out of a royal road of liberation. The names of Henry George and Edward Robeson Taylor are indissolubly linked together as laborers and co-workers in the same field. Widely known and esteemed as is the latter for his unimpeachable integrity, his clean sense of justice, his impartial administration of the same, his brave and sterling qualities, which so well "befit a man," he is equally revered and loved for the sympathy, understanding and genuine warmth of his finely tempered character, his readiness to aid by helping one to aid himself in ways before unknown, and perhaps, above all, for that fine mixture of custom and intuition which has been defined as "Gentleman—one who always thinks of others, and who never forgets himself."

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS J. HENEY. IN HIS PRIVATE LIFE MR. HENEY IS AS ADMIRABLE AN AMERICAN AS HE HAS PROVED HIMSELF IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BATTLE

BY FREMONT OLDER

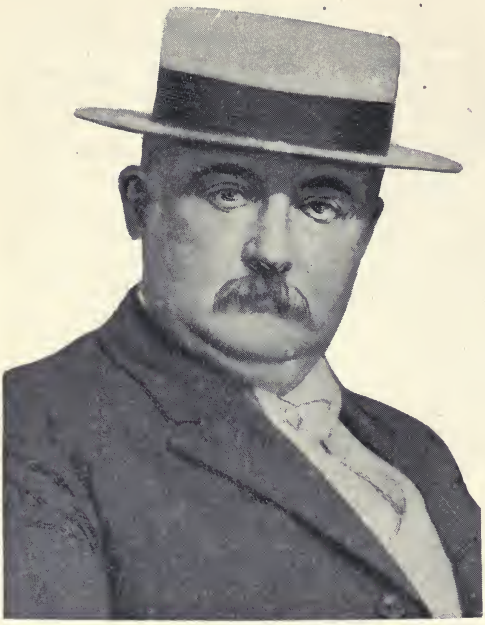
Editor of the San Francisco Bulletin.

IT WAS a long fight that practically ended on the night of November 5th, when the boom of the guns died out amid the shouts of a joyous people over a great victory. Those of us who had been on the firing line all through the 6 years realized for the first time that we had at no stage of the battle met with a real defeat. While Schmitz piled up increasing majorities as the years rolled by, he was on the way to the Ingleside jail. He didn't know it. Neither did we. These majorities were necessary. They gave Schmitz and Ruef the confidence to commit their crimes more openly, more frequently, believing that the people did not care.

So it transpired that when the entire Schmitz ticket was elected in November, 1905, by an overwhelming majority, instead of being the great victory it seemed, it was the first tap at the jail door. But no one of us who fought on the fusion lines in 1905 had the clear vision to see it so. Our view was that the people were utterly debauched, had lost all moral sense, and desiring to sin, voted open-eyed for a sinner. We now know that was untrue. There was a percentage of bad, as there is sure to be in any great group of people, but the majority did not believe what the Bulletin published. Looking back now at all the squalid details of the French restaurant hold-up, the organization of a municipal crib, the tax levied upon every dissolute woman in town and every gambling hell, it cannot be conceived that they could have believed. The Bulletin knew it to be true, but we couldn't quite convince even our own friends, not counting at all the great mass of the people. The city was sick, but comfortably so. Convince it? Go abruptly to the fat gentleman complacently sitting in the window of his club: "Excuse my frankness, but you have Bright's Disease, Cirrhoris of the Liver, Gangrenous Appendicitis, and Fatty Degeneration of the heart!" "Have I?" he would reply, incredulously. "Not on your life. I feel too good. You will have to show me. Besides, you are no doctor."

This was the condition of the mind of San Francisco. The Bulletin was not a physician. It was only a newspaper. But when Spreckels, Langdon, Heney and Burns opened up the ulcer that was eating away the town, every one applauded, even the workingmen. They were quite willing that Schmitz and Ruef should be punished for their crimes, but they wanted the bribe-givers jailed, too. In other words, they asked for exact justice and nothing more. But the indictment of Calhoun for bribing the Mayor and the Supervisors angered the union-hating class whose idea of exact justice was to stop at the criminal rich. Why? Because Calhoun was shrewd enough to connive at a street car strike in May, so that he might head a big fight to cripple the Carmen's Union. The battle raged, and resulted in immediate crystallization of the union-hating sentiment. Calhoun became a hero, as he had planned. In a day he added to his cause thousands of partisans, who seemed to lose whatever moral sense they previously possessed. "Bribing those vile Supervisors was the only thing the poor man could do," they said. All the criminaloids (a word coined by Professor Ross) were hot after the prosecution. Calhoun's bureau of detectives and hired writers were put to work to spy upon and lie about the men who were determined to have a clean city. Just as Ross says in his latest book: "Let him who doubts where the battle rages mark how fares the assailant of sin. To-day there is little risk in letting fly at the red light. What an easy mark is the tenderloin. Rare is the clergyman, teacher or editor who can be unseated by banded saloon-keepers, gamblers and madames. There every knock is a boost. If you want a David-and-Goliath fight, you must attack the powers that prey, not on the vices of the lax, but on the necessities of the decent. The deferred dividend graft, the yellow dog fund, the private car iniquity, the Higher Thimblerig, far from turning tail and slinking away beaten like the vice caterers, confront us rampant, fire-belching, saber-toothed, and razor-clawed. They are able to gag critics, hobble investigators, hood the press and muzzle the law. Drunk with power, in office and club, in church and school, in legislature and court, they boldly make their stand, ruining the innocent, shredding the reputations of the righteous, destroying the careers and opportunities of their assailants, dragging down pastor and scholar, publicist and business man, from livelihood and influence, unhorsing alike faithful public servant, civic champion and knight-errant of conscience, and all the while gathering into loathsome captivity the souls of multitudes of young men. Here is a fight where blows are rained and armor dinted, and wounds suffered and laurels won. If a sworn champion of the right will prove he is a man and not a dummy, let him go up against these!"

Fighting along these lines and backed up by the plaudits of the union haters and the other indicted higher-ups, Calhoun grew bolder. He really believed that a majority of the people of the city held in horror the idea of a "Southern gentleman" in stripes. So he went into politics to defeat Langdon for District Attorney. McGowan, for many years a Southern Pacific attorney, was chosen to make the fight against him. Now this became the real moral issue in the recent campaign—whether or not the people wanted their laws enforced. There was no other way of looking at it. The votes showed that they did. The ballots for Taylor did not reveal it so clearly for the reason that many men voted for him because they wanted the city's credit back—in other words, they wanted business to resume. They voted for McGowan—many of them for the same reason. They had become convinced by the Calhoun claque that the prosecution was hurting business. That view merely betrayed their ignorance. It was stupid self-interest, for the reason that the rest of the world would not have trusted a city whose



PATRICK CALHOUN, SAN FRANCISCO STREET CAR MAGNATE, UNDER INDICTMENT FOR BRIBERY.

people voted in majority to immune from punishment its wealthier law breakers.

Calhoun, in his efforts to avoid stripes not only poisoned the minds of thousands of the well-to-do class here, but through his hired writers gave a wrong impression to the people of the East in publications that could be reached.

This has been to some extent overcome by the honest New York writers, who have been close observers of this wonderfully interesting situation for many months. The truth will all come out in time, of course. Truth always does. One of the great difficulties that stands in the way of a clear vision is the almost universal reluctance of human beings to believe that one of their own kind can suddenly rise in a community and work unselfishly for the common good. The attitude of thousands of people toward Rudolph Spreckels illustrates it. In truth, I doubt very much if there is any great number of men outside of those who have been intimately associated with him durign the past year who fully believe in the absolute disinterestedness of his purposes.

Those around him knew how false are all the vile reports that the criminaloids have circulated about him. His fearlessness, his bravery, his calmness in all the trying situations, have been quite wonderful. No taunts of the enemy, no lies, no threats can swerve him. They only make him more determined. He smiles pleasantly when the Calhoun stories are repeated to him that he will be killed, that he will be done for unless he stops. His courage is fine, his spirit is exalted, and he will go on to the end, if, as he has often said, it takes every minute of every remaining year of his life, and every dollar of his fortune. He will fight fair and honorably, but mercilessly.

The people of this generation may never know how much they owe him, but when all the bitterness and malice and resentment of those in high places have been mellowed and softened by the intervening years, he will stand out not only locally, but nationally and internationally, as one of the greatest factors in the regeneration of American public life. He doesn't seek nor desire newspaper exploitation, nor the applause of the people. In fact, he shuns it, being one of the few men who loves to do right for right's sake, and who finds ample compensation in the maintenance of his own self-respect.

The election over only marks a temporary lull in the battle. It will go on until every law enacted by the people has been upheld. Then may the horrid past fade out as quickly as possible, with only a dreadful memory remaining of what it was necessary for a people to endure in order to come into a cleaner life.

"UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE"

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the lease of these my Brethren you have done it unto me."

BY KATHERINE M. NESFIELD

TO DO—to offer life, strength, energy and mind power in the practical service of humanity is the vocation of the Sisters of the Holy Family.

The religious order was founded in this city by a noble, self-sacrificing woman, Sister Mary Dolores Armer, whose aim was to better human beings that her Creator might be more perfectly glorified by them. She entered the field of chosen labor with zeal that was only heralded by good doing; dying, she bequeathed to San Francisco a rich inheritance; a religious, devoted band of women to work in the midst of its hard-pressed, struggling citizens; to lift them and their homes to the higher plane of existence, and by practical methods to elevate to better things temporal, and stimulate to an eager seeking after spiritual development.

This band of consecrated workers, systematic in their methods, thorough-going and ready on the moment to step forward and aid, was one of the most efficient agents in the task of restoring order and pressing forward the rehabilitation measures San Francisco called into service during its season of sore distress. The agency was a power that the city could claim as all its own. It had germinated and developed here. Its members knew the people; loved them; had worked for and with them for over thirty years, and no relief was more effective than that administered by the Sisters of the Holy Family who are and have always been of and with the masses.

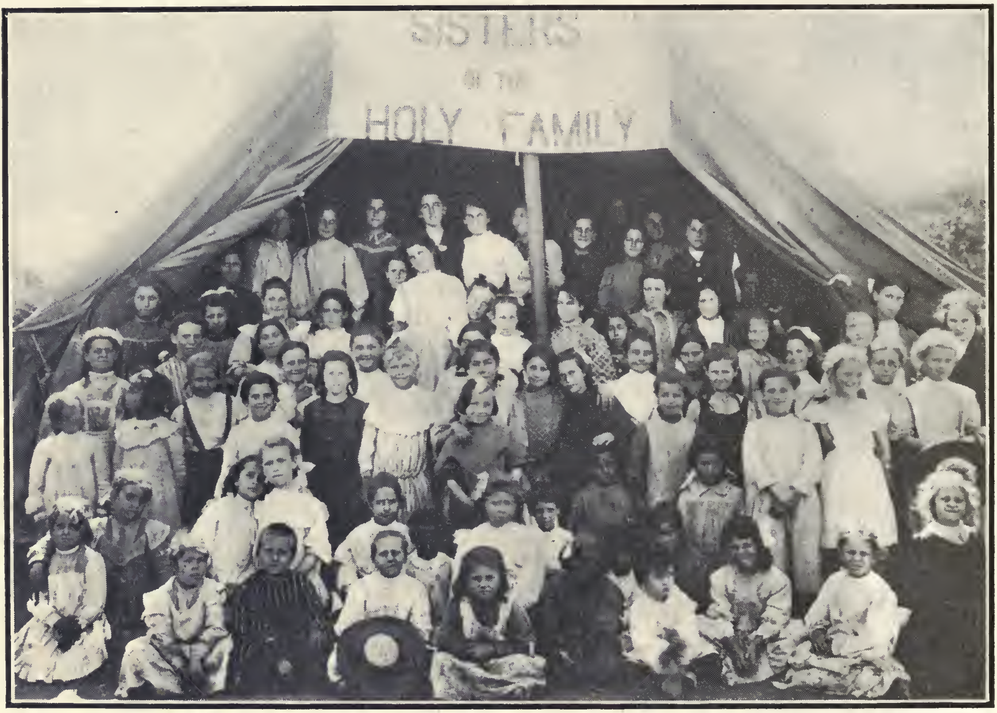
The earthquake of April 18, 1906, found the Sisters of the Holy Family waiting for the first tones of the chapel bell which would call for morning prayers. It was nature's vibrations and swayings that called the religious community to matins on that special morning. The sisters were appalled—many of their number felt that in that hour they were to face death. Faith gave strength, however, and the call to duty toned every fibre of their being. They prayed that morning, yes, prayed with a holy fear, permeating heart and mind, as they bowed in adoration when mass was offered in their convent home. It was not a craven fear, but a fear that inspired the desire and courage to do for others. That morning their relief work commenced and has continued unceasingly ever since.

"Our work is there," were the calm, unflinching words of the Superior of the Order, as she looked down over the burning, afflicted city. At her words, her daughters went forth to follow the people with comfort and encouragement as they fled from stricken homes to the parks, the open spaces and later into the tents and refugee cottages. To-day they are still with them, strengthening them in their efforts to re-establish their homes and tending, caring for, instructing and building up the moral character of the children that the new city may be bettered in a well trained citizenship.

At the first urgent call of a fire-doomed city, mattresses and bedding were willingly furnished from the convent supply to the improvised hospital at Mechanics' Pavilion, where the wounded, the weak and suffering were taken as they in numbers fell victims to the merciless flames. The Sisters could and would do without those things which the afflicted needed.

Personal service followed without delay. Some of the devoted women hurried to the Day Homes, those practical institutions combining the advantages of the modern settlement, the training school, kindergarten and nursery for the infants left to the gentle care of the Sisters while mothers labored that their children might have bread. Their presence was especially needed that morning at the Homes, for distressed parents brought their little ones to leave them with the Sisters while household effects were gathered and carried to points of safety. The children were naturally nervous and excited, and one frail little being laid down the burden of its tiny life before many hours had passed.

The Day Homes, however, were doomed. The Sacred Heart Home, the first institution of its kind in San Francisco, caught from the fatal Hayes street fire. The Sisters hurried the children out and took them off to the parks, carrying the babies in their arms.



A REFUGEE TENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY, AFTER THE GREAT SAN FRANCISCO CATASTROPHE.

A motherly story is told of a little girl, Thelma by name. She disappeared from the sidewalk where the tots were gathered preparatory to the parkward trip. A Sister missed Thelma. Loquacious companions explained she had gone one way or another. A tiny woman averred she had seen the missing child enter the burning building. The Sister unhesitatingly ventured into the kindling pile to find the child coming down a smoke-clouded stairway with her well loved doll held close to her heart. She had risked her life to save it, and all that day she caressed and fondled that doll as she sat under the shade of a tree in the park.

The Sisters did unflinching service at the Pavilion hospital. They were among the first of the corps of faithful attendants composed of priests, giving spiritual consolation, physicians and nurses. They soothed the nervous and suffering; bathed the blood-stained faces and hands of unfortunate victims of the disaster; prepared the fatally wounded for the reception of the last rites of the church, and whispered devout aspirations and words of comfort into the ears of the dying, and when the paralyzing information went out that the Pavilion, where hundreds were being treated, was in the path of the flames and must fall before them, the Sisters worked and helped and waited until the last living human being had been carried out of the building.

Their labors at the Harbor Hospital were conducted in a long, insecure frame building. Undaunted, they stood by the ill and dying, the weak and fainting, until relief came from Alcatraz and their services were no longer needed. As the Sisters were met in their pilgrimages of mercy at or near the city front on leaving for Nazareth, their home on the banks of Richardson Bay, the people crowded around, showering blessings, some bemoaning at the very suggestion that "the good sisters" were leaving the blighted town. But "the good Sisters" in numbers remained to minister to all needed. In Marin County, too, they worked in the midst of the refugees who had left this city for securer quarters.

After a day of ceaseless care, anxiety and toil the Sisters returned footsore and weary to their convent home out on Hayes street, not to find their much needed rest and quiet, but to hasten off to a point of greater security, while the Jesuit Fathers sought shelter in the Convent, as their church and college had fallen under the power of the conflagration just when the cupola bell rang out for the last time from old St. Ignatius the noon-day Angelus.

The quiet convent home—to what civic and makeshift uses it was applied during those disastrous April days! The Jesuit Fathers found in it little of the spiritual rest and tranquility that had once been its characteristics. Throngs followed the priests into this retreat to be shriven; to receive the Blessed Sacrament, craving, also, for words of counsel, advice and consolation. The spiritual duties were multiplied. Then, too, on the ground or basement floor the city inaugurated a detention home for the demented—those who were in the city's charge at the time of the fire, and the many, many, who had gone crazy under the strain of the fearfully appalling conditions which had so suddenly swept over them, depriving the mind of its normal equilibrium. The cries and screams of these poor people and the busy tread of doctors and officials were so continual that the atmosphere of the convent was entirely changed.

Judge Murasky transferred his department of justice from the wrecked City Hall to the corridor of the convent. The matron from the Emergency Hospital took up her quarters there with her complement of nurses. The city officials installed themselves within the walls.

The Sheriff and his deputy opened offices, and the Sheriff's van or the patrol wagon drew up in official form before the portals every few hours of those historic days, while the guard of soldiers, inconsiderable in number, but a guard notwithstanding, did duty just without the Fillmore street entrance.

The duties devolving on the Sisters were manifold, complex and all freighted with responsibilities, but they did not waver. Health and strength taxed apparently beyond natural limit, never fagged. The Sister Superior, in speaking of the trying experience, has said: "Our Sisters keep well, hopeful and energetic throughout the ordeal."

At times they were custodians of the treasures of the altar and of important church papers. The people flocked to them with all the wealth they had saved, and pressed it into their keeping. Those home treasures rescued from the midst of the flames were safe.

Then came systematic relief days, with the giving of bread to rich and poor, standing in line each waiting his or her turn. A short distance from the convent, a flat was secured, and this was used for a relief station, where applicants came daily for clothing, bedding and food. The Sisters, constantly going from one relief station to another in an undaunted effort to procure enough of the substantials of life to satisfy every one.

The tent cities commenced to grow apace. The Sisters followed the people into them. They established centers, where hundreds of children were gathered to attend kindergarten classes and sewing schools. The fruits of the labor in the latter were distributed in the form of dresses, aprons and useful articles of apparel, which were distributed in thousands to the needy at the close of each month. The young people were instructed in the catechism, were taught the principles of morality and integrity, and schooled in the demands of economy.

In a convenient place in these improvised cities the Sisters prepared the altars at which mass was offered on Sundays; taught the children hymns to be sung during the sacred office, and lost no opportunity to draw souls closer to God. The camps at Golden Gate Park, Jefferson Square, Washington Square, Potrero, Lobos Park, Harbor View and a large one at Bay and Polk streets, were the scene of the Sisters' untiring efforts.

Isolated tents were not neglected. Every place where want demanded, relief and consolation were carried by the Sisters, who recognized no distinction of color or creed. Away out at Ingleside, where the sufferers far advanced in years and otherwise helpless, were gathered together, the Sisters extended their work. The aged and the fire impoverished, no matter where they found shelter, were sought out and aided by the Sisters, who brought sunshine and happiness as well as material gifts.

Many tragic incidents came directly under the observation of the Sisters, demanding their immediate attention. It will be remembered by all who resided here during the height of San Francisco's distress that nature frequently seemed unmerciful to those sheltered in tents. High winds prevailed and rain often fell in torrents. When the poor people were just about settled in their tents out on the Potrero, a violent wind storm came on one night, and the rain poured down in relentless fury. Soon the canvas coverings were torn from the ground, leaving the helpless inmates without shelter or protection. Scanty clothing and bedding were water-drenched. Early next morning, when the Sisters went to the camp to gather the children for instruction, their sympathy was overcharged by the distress of the refugees. In the basement of the church, which was serving for a kindergarten, relief station, and what not, the people were found congregated in numbers, the women and children shivering with the cold, their hair loose on their backs and streaming with water, their dripping clothes clinging

SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY

SOME OF THE CHILDREN WHO ARE CARED FOR BY THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY, A SISTERHOOD EXISTING ONLY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

to their quivering frames. Without delay the Sisters set to work relieving the condition. From the convent the Sister Superior sent gallons of hot, deliciously fragrant coffee and wholesome bread, which was most gratefully received. Later came sacks of flour and other provisions, besides clothes and bedding.

On the question of the spiritual welfare of both young and old, the Sisters were ever on the alert. Notwithstanding distressing conditions, the young folks were regularly and carefully prepared to receive the Sacraments of Penance, Confirmation and Holy Communion. The Archbishop confirmed classes of these children in the churches left standing. First communion was received in the tent churches, and after the communion mass, the young people were brought together again and served with breakfast under a prettily decorated canvas covering. Thousands of children were instructed in the rudiments of their religion under the exceptionally trying camp conditions.

The necessity of keeping the children bright and happy, as well as orderly, cleanly and well instructed, was not lost sight of by the Sisters. Thanksgiving and Christmas was not forgotten. Far more than the usual number of young people were served at the 1906 Thanksgiving dinner. Relays of feasters followed each other at the attractively arranged Thanksgiving Day tables, which have become a feature in the convent out on Hayes street. The most joyous festival of all, however, marked the Christmas-tide of the city's year of disaster. Pain and sorrow were forgotten under the influence of the gladsome atmosphere created by the Sisters. Each camp had its Christmas tree. Every child was remembered with a Christmas gift, and the spirit of the season of joy and peace reigned. At Ingleside, it was a bright and merry Christmas for the old people. The Sunday school children of St. Mary's Cathedral, conducted under the auspices of the Sisters, provided an interesting programme, and every resident of Ingleside received a token of the occasion. A souvenir of the day was presented to the commander, who expressed his acknowledgment in some timely, earnest words.

In all seasons and all weathers, the Sisters have been constant in their camp attendance. No matter what the difficulty of transportation, they have managed daily to reach each. Sometimes, they went in state in an automobile or carriage. Frequently, when conditions demanded, the conveyances proved to be express wagons, a sheriff's van, a sand cart, a scavenger wagon or any possible vehicle on wheels. When needs be, they willingly walked, no matter what the distance. The Red Cross officials, the camp commanders, those in general charge of the relief work, found no more able auxiliaries than the Sisters, who have been always on duty.

The Sisters of the Holy Family, in all the months since the 18th of April, 1906, have been close to the hearts, the sentiments, the thoughts of the afflicted of San Francisco, and their testimony is: "The people were kind and brave to heroism in time of calamity." The people themselves can only say: "God bless our friends, the Sisters of the Holy Family."

THE PRINCESS

BY ALPHONZO · BENJAMIN · BOWERS

Light of my eyes! from her infant days—
Joy of my life! as the years sped on—
Queen of my heart! with her winning ways—
A Memory! now of the years that are gone.

Sweet were the smiles that play'd on her face—
Radiant the flash of her beaming eye—
Every movement was full of grace
And loyal subject ever was I.

Soft were the tones of her silv'ry voice—
Bright was the sheen of her waving hair—
Fullness of life made this maiden rejoice
And sing glad songs in the vibrant air.

And as year on year so lightly fell,
Like budding rose 'neath a southern sun—
New charms unfolding increas'd the spell
This maiden fair had so deftly spun.

But a greater charm than these all told
Was her kindly thought, and tender care,
And heart as pure as the virgin gold,
Loyal, and loving, with a sweetness rare.

Oh! out of my life! ages ago!
This Princess enchanting went her way—
Whither? Ah! whither? I do not know,
But deep in my heart is memory's sway.

ALPHONZO BENJAMIN BOWERS, INVENTOR OF THE ART OF HYDRAULIC DREDGING AND THE HYDRAULIC DREDGE. FROM OIL PAINTING BY COURTESY OF HENRY RASCHEN.

DRAWING BY F. A. RAYNAUD.

HON. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, THE GREATEST PUBLISHER IN THE WORLD.

IN THE CALCIUM LIGHT

MR. HEARST AS AN EMPLOYER

BY ONE OF HIS EMPLOYEES.

MR. HEARST is the largest employer of skilled labor in the publishing line in the world; he has always consistently urged the welfare of the laboring classes and the great body of the American public, and he alone has a far vaster influence than any publisher or aggregation of publishers. Inasmuch as Mr. Hearst's attitude upon any subject is a matter of national importance, any facts concerning his administration of his own vast affairs must be of value; since out of his wide experience he gathers the conclusions which determine his attitude on any public question.

And what Mr. Hearst has accomplished is the best proof of the soundness of his doctrines!

No more emphatic endorsement can be given of the profitableness of highly paid skilled labor and highly paid Educated Brains to the employer in the United States to-day than is afforded by the Hearst newspapers. Because of his great willingness to always recognize this value in his own enterprises Mr. Hearst has, in an incredibly short time, achieved unquestionably the greatest and most permanent success in the history of journalism. His determination to secure the highest talents and most skillful workers has not been a mere cold, cut and dried business scheme, despite the fact that no better plan of business operation could possibly be hit upon. Mr. Hearst exerts a personal, helpful influence upon his men; he has inspired them to the best of which they are capable, and thus, more than any other man, he has revealed the amazing possibilities of twentieth century journalism.

To-day a young man—Mr. Hearst is but forty-two years old—he is the owner of nine huge metropolitan dailies, one trade magazine, one popular monthly magazine, and a news service that extends to every part of the world. These properties are worth about fifty million dollars. The cost of running them is tremendous, and the daily capital involved far exceeds that required for purely commercial enterprises of similar magnitude. The gross receipts are vast, but so ambitious has Mr. Hearst been, so high his star, that he has poured his wealth into the constant improvement of his mighty existing enterprises and the establishment of new ones.

Always he has been successful with the expensive educated brains and the highly skilled labor operating under his marvelous and inspiring direction.

Mr. Hearst has never been satisfied when he has reached a place where another publisher would stop for breath. He has jumped into one after another of the large cities of the United States with a rapidity that has amazed men of smaller calibre. Where the usual millionaire newspaper proprietor is content with the burden of a single metropolitan daily which demands perhaps a greater degree of careful management than any other commercial enterprise, Mr. Hearst has won success in shouldering a dozen giant publishing businesses. In the face of the most determined opposition he has, with one exception, made his publishing enterprise a success from the start. And within a year after he had established the "Los Angeles Examiner," in Los Angeles, which most of all cities in the United States was opposed to the *fundamental* right of working men, or, consequently, any other men to organize into unions, he had made a success and won the principle for which he fought.

First let us consider briefly the Hearst publications:

In San Francisco, Mr. Hearst owns the "San Francisco Examiner," one of the largest business institutions in that city. It was turned over to Mr. Hearst in 1887, when he was a young college boy of twenty-two.

People didn't know what the young Mr. Hearst would do when he took the paper. Even Senator Hearst, the young man's father, despaired of success, for the paper was a money loser. But the young man had a belief in doing things better than the other fellow, even if it cost money and hard work. Furthermore, he inspired those with whom he came in contact, and he employed skillful, brainy men. The San Francisco Examiner succeeded. In San Francisco, Mr. Hearst also owns the San Francisco Weekly Examiner, which among a large number of weeklies stands, of its class, as the greatest in the world.

In New York, Mr. Hearst has three dailies: the "New York American," the "New York Evening Journal," and "Das Morgen Journal." He also owns the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," which has a circulation close to a million copies. Incidentally, Mr. Hearst is the only daily newspaper proprietor in the United States who has made a large success in the hitherto alien field of magazine journalism. Mr. Hearst's "Motor," a trade publication devoted, of course, to "autos," is known everywhere, as also is "Hearst's Farm and Home," which, too, has a circulation of one million copies.

In Chicago, the morning "Examiner" and the "Evening American" are the two largest papers in the Middle West in point both of circulation and influence. In Boston, the "Boston American" (evening) has the greatest circulation of any paper in New England, about half a million copies.

In Los Angeles the "Los Angeles Examiner," is the leading paper of the great southwest, covering as it does Arizona, Southern California, New Mexico and Western Texas.

Supplementing this list of great dailies is the great Hearst news service, a news-distributing agency which in point of influence and efficiency is only second to the Hearst newspapers themselves. Through the Hearst news service, the news of the world is supplied to 150 newspapers in the United States. So complete is this medium that in many instances it is the exclusive source of news. Coming as it did into competition with other great news service companies which were, apparently, impregnably entrenched, it has, nevertheless, steadily gained headway. It has progressed in the face of the severest competition. The Hearst news service is represented in all the great cities of the world; in many instances by direct and exclusive representatives who have been given these posts of honor in recognition of their services on Mr. Hearst's publications.

And a post of honor means something. Among Mr. Hearst's employees, in number more than five thousand, are some of the highest salaried men in the world. Mr. Hearst's salary scale varies from $50,000 a year to smaller salaries, which are yet greater than those of men employed in capacities of equal responsibility in other enterprises or in the professions. Especially is the truth of this statement demonstrated when the comparison is extended to other newspaper undertakings.

Mr. Hearst's entrance into the newspaper field marked a hitherto unknown era of prosperity among newspaper men everywhere. His principle was to secure the best men. He fixed no salary limit. That it pays to employ skilled men at high wages, and that the American public are intelligent enough to respond to the good work exercised in the pages of Mr. Hearst's newspapers requires no proof. But the wisdom of Mr. Hearst's course was emphasized by extraordinary circumstances. The publishing ventures upon which he first entered were in a lamentable condition. Almost immediately under his management they achieved a success that seemed a miracle. Newspaper proprietors who understand perhaps much more deeply than does the reading public what unusual talents are required to breathe life into a dead newspaper were amazed.

An instance: When Mr. Hearst flung his spur into the publishing arena in New York, the proprietors of the huge dailies viewed with amusement the challenge of the "young Westerner." The general consensus of opinion was that they would soon "reduce" him as they had "reduced" such men as John R. McLean, the successful millionaire newspaper proprietor of Cincinnati. Mr. Hearst secured the especially moribund "Journal"—and, by the way, there are comparative degrees of death in the publication field—from Mr. McLean. It was then several degrees beyond the pale of the twenty odd newspapers in New York. Not only was the "Journal" dead, but, worse, it was losing money. Mr. Hearst first organized the editorial and business management of the "Journal" by securing from other papers the best men in their employ. When many of these men had been receiving salaries of five and ten thousand dollars, Mr. Hearst doubled them. The salary was no drawback. It was the men and the organ Mr. Hearst wanted. And the men he secured.

Hearst was the first man to measure newspaper brains by quality rather than quantity of output. Hitherto brains had been sold like soap or shavings, at so much a column.

That his methods are the successful ones is established by the great success of his New York paper, which prints the largest number of papers of any newspaper in the world. But its success is not to be measured alone by the consumption of pulp, for Mr. Hearst's New York paper has the greatest influence ever known to the newspaper field.

Mr. Hearst's procedure in other instances was similar to that in New York.

Brains can never be confined with a unionized schedule, and Mr. Hearst is the first man to recognize this fact. His editors, managers, business getters, in his various enterprises, are never confined to stipulated amounts. There are, in his service, many $25,000 a year men, and $20,000, $15,000 and $5,000 men. And the minimum salary is always temporary—promotions, advances and emoluments are frequent, and every man feels that his capacity and ability will receive recognition.

In the mechanical departments the union scales, which are generally adjusted by the various unions, are always recognized as the minimum. And the minimum is no more limited to the mechanic, type-setter, stereotyper, wrapper, than it is in the case of the Educated Brain. Particularly is this true when the ability is shown in any of the production of the paper. Of course, every one is aware that the typographical press unions, stereotypers and other unions establish a minimum wage, for which its members shall work. Mr. Hearst is always the first employer of labor who is asked to accept a new schedule. And he always grants it. But he does not stop here. His men in posts of trust, such, for instance, as a foreman and assistant foremen, enjoy larger salaries than do men in similar capacities on other newspapers.

In the treatment of his men, Mr. Hearst is the kindest and best of employers. But his benefactions are unheralded. Sometimes a man overworks or is careless of his health; sometimes, through use or abuse the educated brain may collapse, and nothing is sadder than the collapse of a literary worker. Mr. Hearst immediately relieves the unfortunate from all duty and pays to him until his recovery the salary he has been drawing in his activity.

In many instances after the departure from life of some unfortunate who may indeed have brought on his death through his own fault, Mr. Hearst has taken care of the dead man's family or dependants until such time as they have informed him that they could no longer subsist upon his generosity. One would expect that a man of this mould would be imposed upon; perhaps he has been, but Mr. Hearst never questions the sincerity of any one who comes to him with a story of distress. It is better to be imposed on than to lose all faith in human nature, or, on the other hand, to refuse aid to one in genuine need. Were Mr. Hearst more discriminating in helping those who come to him for help, it is true that it would be rare that he would be deceived, but it is also true that those who honestly need help would hesitate to submit themselves to a searching investigation. In his newspaper offices, Mr. Hearst eliminates gossip. Where, for instance, cases have been brought to his attention by well-meaning employees of impositions by others, Mr. Hearst has always dismissed such accusations with never a thought of connecting the real offenders, and he has done so even when absolute proof of wrong doing has been clearly adduced.

A penniless old age never stares a Hearst employee in the face. Mr. Hearst has inaugurated among his employees a system both charitable and humane. Where a man has reached a certain age and is no longer able to perform his physical or mental duties, he is retired on a pension. Many instances could be quoted of Mr. Hearst's benefactions where illness has come upon his employees. He has had the best of physicians; has insisted that the sick employees should be removed to hospitals and sanitariums, where they could secure the best of treatment at his expense and with never a suggestion of indebtedness or remuneration.

Mr. Hearst's employees are the most loyal that can be found in any institution. Every one of these men are faithful to the great chief, as they call him, and he is always spoken of reverently. His appearance in the offices of any of his publications is always hailed agreeably, drawing the most favorable comparison to the condition which ensues among the employees when many—but not all, thank Heaven—of the other publishers visit their offices. Take, for instance, the infrequent entrance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett into the offices of the New York Herald—the entire organization is paralyzed, demoralized and upset. Mr. Bennett discharges, on these occasions, his most faithful employees, and the result is, that the entire establishment of the New York Herald is without a grain of loyalty. Mr. Adolph Ochs of the New York Times is another such newspaper employer. So is Mr. Jos. Pulitzer, of the New York World. I have worked on the World and know the shaky feeling which even the highest paid and most efficient managers possess. Mr. Paul Dana, for instance, of the New York Sun, is another newspaper proprietor who looks upon his men as automatons. Mr. Dana is too proud to notice his employees, and there are many others of this type. I hope I may be pardoned for bringing in these personalities, but I have done it to prove my point, and not because I have any grudge or feeling in regard to the other proprietors.

But Hearst treats his men like men. He knows either directly or indirectly of every man who has been long in his employ. He comes into contact with his men. Say what you will of Mr. Hearst, those who know him best love him best. I am for Hearst, first, last and all the time, for I am a Hearst employee.

Next to the President of the United States, Mr. Hearst is acknowledged even by those who are opposed to him as the most potent force in the United States today. His influence and power reaches throughout the nation. Although not always acknowledged, the present crusade in this country against the pirates of finance is due to Mr. Hearst more than any other man. His was the first voice lifted against the predatory money kings who, looting public service corporations and other public corporations, carried on the greatest plunder of the people in the world's history. When Mr. Hearst, through his newspapers, first attacked the entrenched and dishonest wealth, his work was called sacrilege. For the first time, the slimy shrines of unscrupulous millionaire stockbrokers were shown in their cold, horrid, selfish nakedness. Mr. Hearst, first to pave the way, was first to bear the brunt of the counter attacks. Every subsidized journal in the country attacked Mr. Hearst, and some which were not subsidized believed his charges against the millionaire politicians untrue. The dishonesty of the money kings has since been established, but at that time many of the people did not understand their methods nor appreciate the extent to which offices of political power and public trust were prostituted to serve the manipulators of wealth. Mr. Hearst was called a socialist, an anarchist, a polluter of the respectable rich, and an inciter of class hatred. He carried on an amazing campaign of public education, and the work since taken up by Mr. William Jennings Bryan, Thomas W. Lawson and President Roosevelt was fought out hard and bitterly by Mr. Hearst before the public was ready to accept it.

TACOMA—LOOKING UP ELEVENTH STREET FROM A STREET.

TACOMA--FOR AMBITIOUS MEN

BY HENRY PEARSON

Largest wheat warehouse in the world.

Largest fisheries plant in the United States.

Largest private dry dock north of San Francisco.

Employs more than 15,000 men in manufacturing industries.

Largest meat packing industry west of the Missouri River.

Gained more than two new industries a month for five years.

Reduces more ore than any other city west of the Rocky Mountains.

Manufactures more wood products than any other city in the world.

Mills more flour than any other city west of Minneapolis and Kansas City.

Largest car and locomotive construction and repair plant in the Pacific Northwest.

Bank clearings have increased from 27 millions in 1896 to 204 millions in 1906.

Ocean commerce has grown in the seven years beginning with 1900 from $22,803,773 to $50,084,215 per annum.

Abundance of coal and coke produced within 35 miles, and cheap fuel from the waste of the lumber mills.

Has unlimited supplies of cheap electric power for light, heat and manufacturing from the glaciers of Mount Tacoma, only 50 miles distant.

Tacoma—only twenty-seven years old*—is, in many respects, the most remarkable city on the American continent.

It is a community of and for ambitious men, a city of opportunity, and in this regard Tacoma has everything in common with the thriving centers of the Pacific Coast. But over and above all, there is, in Tacoma, a peculiar and a special charm. In its unique assembling of natural attractions and resources Tacoma stands alone.

Old Mother Nature gave to Tacoma a singular advantage. And man has utilized the opportunity. Behind Tacoma stand the vastest forests of commercial timber in the world, and to the city comes the product of some of the best fruit lands and most fertile grain fields in the United States. Facing Tacoma is a superb natural harbor, an arm of the huge Pacific Ocean, a highway for the vessels from Alaska, the Orient, South America, Mexico and Pacific Coast ports. But at Tacoma itself is the finest, largest and most convenient area of the entire Pacific Coast for the trans-shipment of freight between land and water.

In a word, Tacoma affords better facilities for the traffic between the transcontinental railroads and the ocean-going steamers than any other city on the Pacific Coast. And it has room for the economical expansion of its dock facilities.

Through the docks of Tacoma flows the ocean commerce that is making the city great. It is the easiest and cheapest port for the trans-shipment of freight upon the Pacific Coast.

Tacoma is the natural outlet on the Sound for the wheat of the Inland Empire. The city has the largest warehouse capacity for grain on the Pacific Coast. With the establishment of an Oriental steamship line about twenty years ago, the Portland Flouring Mills Company opened a branch house in Tacoma and built a big mill to grind for the export trade. The flour milling industry has naturally developed with the export trade in wheat. Other mills were added. Tacoma now mills more flour than any other point west of Minneapolis or Kansas City. The present daily capacity of its mills is upwards of 7,000 barrels, besides the output of a number of cereal plants.

PROF. ALBERT GRAY OF TACOMA.

Tacoma to-day is an important manufacturing city. The "dinner pail brigade" in proportion to the population is the largest of any city north of San Francisco. Smelting has become an important industry, and the low cost of fuel has been a most important factor in these operations. Situated in Pierce County, and within twenty-five miles of the city are inexhaustible supplies of coking coal.

The growth of business in Tacoma in the last few years has been phenomenal. It is reflected in the bank clearings and deposits. The total bank deposits on January 11, 1905, amounted to $7,673,655.24. On the 22d of March, 1907, they amounted to $15,565,071.72, a gain of more than 100 per cent in slightly more than two years. Bank clearings increased from $27,083,966.44 in 1896 to $204,969,374.36 in 1906, or an increase at the rate of 656 per cent in ten years. Four new banks have been established in Tacoma during the past twelve months, but the number of banks in operation is still less than the average number for a city of Tacoma's population and amazing commercial and industrial activities.

Tacoma lies in one of the healthiest and most picturesque regions in the world. "Puget Sound," declared General Sherman, "is God's country," and every one who has ever been in Tacoma is ready to second this appropriate phrase. Vital statistics prove that Tacoma's death rate is as low as any city in the World. Dr. A. P. Johnson, Tacoma's noted surgeon, says it is one of the healthiest cities in which to live.

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*Twenty-seven years ago, Tacoma had a population but little over one thousand persons.

In educational facilities, Tacoma presents many phases of interest to the parents of children of school age. The public schools are the city's pride. Besides the public schools, there are many fine private institutions. Among these might be mentioned De Koven Hall, a military school for boys, located in beautiful grounds at Parkland, just outside of Tacoma. The school can take care of but thirty boys, and naturally it receives a very select class of cadets. The institution, which was founded about fifteen years ago, is pointed out to every visitor as one of the distinctive schools of Tacoma. The boys receive an excellent training, and no better school can be found anywhere. Another private educational institution of wide reputation is Vashon College and Academy, located at Burton, Washington, a few miles from Tacoma. Vashon College is splendidly equipped and superbly located on Puget Sound, was founded in 1892 through the wise beneficence of Hon. M. F. Hatch. Dr. John M. Foster, president of the institution, is one of the leading men of the State of Washington. While non-sectarian, Vashon is decidedly Christian in character. It is a military college. The personnel of the faculty is as high as that of any college in the country. The students are an exceptionally clean, wholesome class of boys, who have great pride in the traditions of the college, which even in its comparatively short career of fifteen years, are most meritorious. The institution is run on the military plan.

CADETS AT VASHON COLLEGE

Greater than all the physical resources of Tacoma, more alluring than all its natural charms, more inviting and more human than any ulterior characteristic of the city is the public spirit of its people. The men of Tacoma breathe energy and optimism and public spirit. They pull together with a hearty good will that cannot be described. Their slogan, "Watch Tacoma Grow," has in it all the boundless optimism of the West, and wherever men can read the English language this battle-cry of progress has penetrated.

Looking at Tacoma from afar, one appreciates the quality of its citizenship. But looking upon the city close at hand is even better than when seeing from a distance. The young man who goes to Tacoma finds himself among a city full of hustlers. The contact alone conduces to success.

RAILWAYS FOR TACOMA

BY R. F. RADEBAUGH.

WASHINGTON is in the midst of an era of railroad construction, which in point of the large mileage involved has not a parallel in the experience of the Pacific Coast. As late as 1880, all of the railroads in the State did not amount to 200 miles. Today, the total mileage under operation is enough to more than reach from the Pacific to the Atlantic, in the total of 3326 miles. To this is now being added, according to the records of the State Railroad Commissioners, the further amount of 2,000 miles, all of which has been surveyed and definitely located and a large part of which is already under construction. This does not include the lines which have been merely projected; these would add over a thousand miles more, or a total addition of 3,039 miles.

All of this additional mileage is being built and planned with reference to the chief seaport as a local center, and that is Tacoma.

Tacoma is at the head of the Sound; that is to say, at its southernmost extremity of practicable navigation, and *at that point on the Sound nearest to this national rail highway.* A railroad in approaching a coast does not and cannot afford to run along shore with its burdens destined for transfer to vessels if the terminals are favorable, and if the vessel can safely and economically take cargo at the first shore point of rail contact.

Because of the relative cheapness of water transportation, ships go as far inland as safe and speedy navigation will allow; they go to the head of the water-way. That is where Tacoma sits, at the head of the economically navigable water-way of Puget Sound, with an absolutely clear channel from her wharves to the deep sea.

On its way hither is the Union Pacific, which operates the south bank through the canyon, regarding as a hopeless case adequate improvement of the bar at the mouth of the river, extending its line to Tacoma, where it has just expended millions for terminal grounds and planned to expend other millions in improving the same.

Across the river on the north bank comes the Great Northern in divergence southwest from its main line at Spokane on continuous water level with high quality roadbed and trackage to save 40 per cent of the cost via its line over the Cascades. Likewise the Northern Pacific, building anew, jointly with the Great Northern in this North Bank line at the charge of about seven and one-half millions each, to roll down easily and cheaply

A. P. JOHNSON.

to tidewater at Tacoma instead of climbing at enormous expense the heavy grades of the mountain.

Comes likewise the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, a 10,000 mile system, counting in its coast extension, pushing west in utmost haste with an army of men numbering many thousands, already far along near the eastern border of Wyoming, and at this end building a feeder to its established terminus in Tacoma, after having spent millions here for rights of way and grounds for wharves, warehouses, yards and depots.

Comes, moreover, the Chicago & Northwestern, another system that, with its coast extension, figures up roundly to 10,000 miles; already further west by hundreds of miles than its old-time rival, having last fall passed Shoshone in the westerly half of Wyoming, and through its subsidiary corporation, named North Coast, planned and surveyed a system, trunkline and feeders, in this State with terminal holdings at Tacoma to prepare for arrival of the main line through Idaho from the East.

Disregarding rumors of preparation to build to the head of the Sound on the part of the Canadian Pacific Soo Line and Gould's Western Pacific and some others, we have in actual construction the Union Pacific, St. Paul, Chicago, Northwestern, Great Northern and also the Northern Pacific in approach by a new route whereby there will be no division with points north, as in the past, of traffic originating beyond the sea or destined there by the gateway of the Sound.

Appropriations have been made for the following railway and Government expenditures in Tacoma, and work will start on all of them within a few weeks:

U. P. tunnel, viaduct, terminals, depot	$6,000,000
Milwaukee terminals, depot and waterways	5,000,000
N. P. Narrows tunnel, tracks, depot, etc.	4,750,000
Government harbor improvements	240,000
Federal building	600,000
Armory	95,000
Total	$16,685,000

A CITY OF HOMES

BY ARNOTT WOODROOFE, A. R. I. B. A.

Illustrations by Arnold S. Constable.

> *"I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof, and a hearth of mica slate, and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier than living between a Turkey carpet and a gilded ceiling."—John Ruskin.*

THE INFLUX into the city has been one of the most marked characteristics of the last century.

The urban inhabitant has gradually outbalanced the rural, while his ways of thinking and living have become the most prevalent. With these conditions, the cities have become overcrowded, and the flat house, with its attendant evils, has made its appearance.

This is particularly true in the East, and the first noteworthy object that strikes the Eastern visitor in the West are the many delightful homes that abound, ranging from the pretentious mansion, costing $100,000 to the cosy bungalow of perhaps $1,000.

Flat houses do exist here, modern, up-to-date, and well equipped, but the objection to living in them is strongly developed in the Western temperament. They are but make-shifts, and every young man either owns or is in a fair way to own, a lot where he hopes ultimately to build his house.

Around the entire city, land companies who make it their business to provide sites for home builders, are busy with teams and graders, laying the foundation for future urban settlements.

To the architect and artist, Tacoma abounds with opportunities. Nature is lavish in her bounties. It is no exaggeration to say that the flowers are perennial. At the present day (November 1st), it is possible to gather violets on the prairies, and it is no uncommon thing for the Tacoma citizen to deck his lappel with a rosebud gathered from his own porch on Christmas morning.

The home is the production of environment and circumstance, and these two elements are playing a prominent part in developing the home of the Northwest. Compactness, convenience and adaptability to the intended purpose characterize the lay-out of the plan, and necessarily so, in a country where white servants are impossible, the much desired Chinese unobtainable and the Jap inexcusable.

The use of the native woods, fir and cedar, influence the appearance of the exterior considerably. In an increasing number the timber is left in its natural state, and treated with soft shades of brown greens and grays—which not only throw the grain of the wood into high relief instead of hiding it as paint would, but also blends quietly with the surroundings.

And the lawns! What visitor to England does not cherish refreshing recollections of the long, rolling greensward of, say, Chatsworth or Haddon, turf centuries old, as soft and spongy as velvet—they will in time find their equal in Tacoma—the

ON NORTH YAKIMA AVENUE, TACOMA.

smooth stretches of green in Wright Park, and the trim, tidy lawns surrounding the smallest cottages, testify to this.

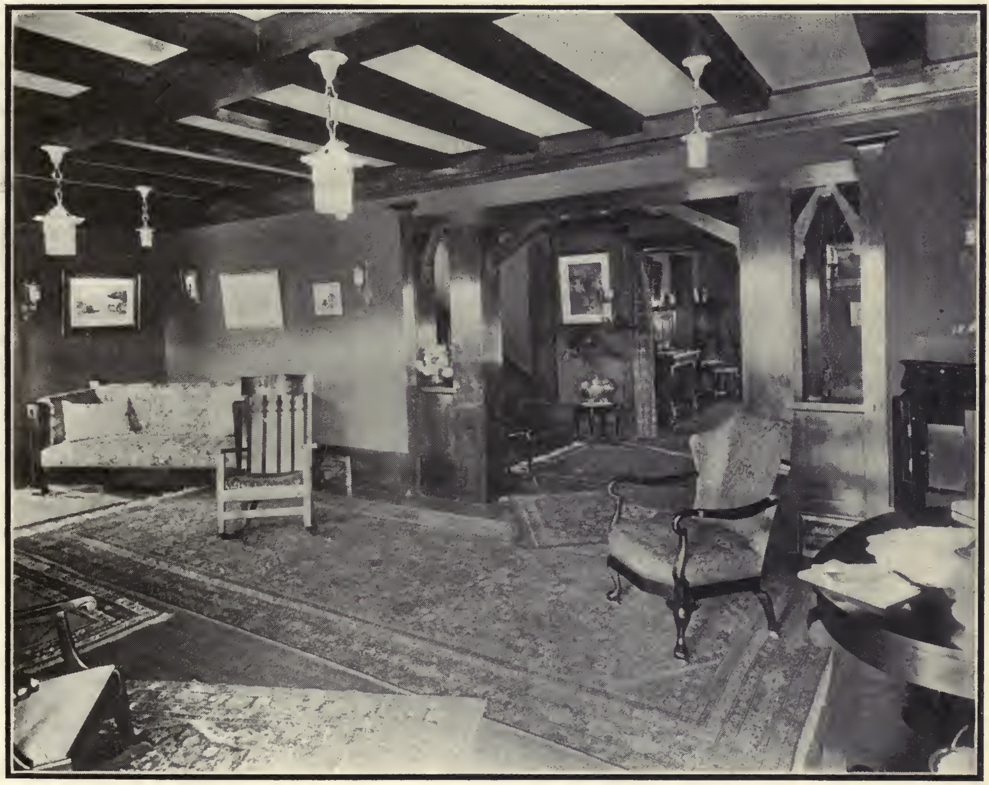
The bungalow has made its appearance from California, and although the climatic conditions of the famed land of sunshine and flowers make the bungalow peculiarly adaptable there, it fits snugly into the landscape of the Northwest, and has come to stay, and gives every promise of playing as large a part in the architectural scheme of the resident district here as it does in California.

The bungalows are for the most part characterized by simple lines and unpretentious treatment. It is only in their long, low, one-story appearance that they resemble their Indian prototype. Apart from that, they are largely an expression of the individual tastes and needs of their owners.

The porch and Pergola does not play so large a part in the scheme as is evident in the South. The rainy months render it useless, and during the summer a large number of householders migrate to their summer cottages and camps on the shores of Puget Sound or American Lake.

The interior of these homes are generally furnished with good taste and judgment. The modern arts and crafts furniture being used in a setting of interior finish stained to harmonize.

Open fireplaces, quaintly designed, ingle nooks, beamed ceilings and buffets, are introduced, as demanded by the taste of the owner.



CHARACTERISTIC INTERIOR OF A PICTURESQUE BUNGALOW IN TACOMA.

The larger and more pretentious houses are designed in every known style under the sun. They do not show perhaps the same good taste that is noticeable in the smaller dwelling, nor are they as interesting; this is always the case when precedent is closely followed, a style that was suitable to Medieval England or Colonial America needs considerable modification before it can be made adaptable to modern conditions and needs. However, apart from the one criticism, the modern home of the wealthy Westerner, are striking examples of the opulence of their owners, and will bear comparison with any homes in the country; neither money nor time has been spared to obtain the best talent and material possible. Sitting as they do on the high bluff overlooking the Sound, with an interminable range of sky, woodland and water, terminated on the East by the snow topped Olympics, and on the West by Mount Tacoma, these homes are located in a situation second to none in the world.

The new comer from the East is apt to complain of the rawness and newness of Western life; he bewails the lack of local color; he misses his art galleries, museums and all the adjuncts that render life supportable in Cosmopolitan New York. The Westerner needs no art gallery; his life is too full for dreaming; he is essentially the man of action, and dry as dust relics have no charm for him. The wheat ships are at the waterfront carrying every flag that flies. There is no lack of interest on the wharves, and a man of imagination can spend pleasant hours watching swarthy Italians, blue-eyed Germans and fair Englishmen taking on the golden harvest of grain. And what can be more beautiful than the ships themselves, the tapering masts, spars, ropes and halyards outlined like gossamer webs against the dark green of the firs.

DRAWING INTERIOR OF A COSY TACOMA HOME.

The Sound itself is a revelation to the visitor from the Atlantic seaboard. Instead of sand dunes and sea grass, rocky headlands and long, bleak shore lines, the bluffs rise abruptly from the very water's edge, clothed with dense masses of madrona, fir, cedar, alder, Devil's clubs, syringa, spiral, in a growth that is almost tropical. In the early spring and summer the tangle is gay with flowering shrubs, the blossoms of berry bearing bushes to be succeeded in the late summer and autumn by a wealth of wild fruit.

The Sound has all the advantages of an inland lake, with the breezy tang of the sea, but beware of its placidity, for it can be as wild in its moods as its mother ocean, and it is never generous in its warmth.

The first thing the arrival by boat sees on arriving in Tacoma is the tower of the City Hall, and the last thing that reaches his ears as he rounds Brown's Point is the musical cadence of its bells striking the hour. The City Hall, as a whole, may lay itself open to criticism, but it has many claims to endear itself to the heart of Tacoma.

In conclusion, it is trite to say that this is the City of Opportunity to the home-seeker, the home-lover, the man of quiet family tastes, the lover of nature in all her moods (and that includes all branches of art and philosophy). No less than to the man of business and the manufacturer. There is room in this great, growing, vigorous young city for all, and Tacoma bids them WELCOME.

WHAT MADE TACOMA

BY C. E. FERGUSON.

BEFORE THE day of sawmills on this inland sea, all shores were fully-clad with nature's prodigality of timber; the beaches were strewn with its waste, piled and overlapping; with windfalls cast up by the waves, and with flotsam stranded in the ebb. Half a century of lumbering has sufficed to remove but a small fraction of the vast forests. A first view discloses a marvelous panorama. Where the ax-man has not entered, the trees, from the rare scale of 15 feet diameter at the butt, averaging five, tower in straight shafts to the height of 200 to 300 feet and more—often 200 feet to the first limb. From the summit of the Cascade range to the Pacific Ocean, and from Southern Oregon north across Washington and into the upper regions of British Columbia. They stand in a dense mass practically unbroken, save by the larger water bodies and streams. —the grandest of all forests present or past. Among these monster growths the density is often such that the area of a single claim, 160 acres, yields 15,000,000 feet of lumber, worth in the market here a quarter of a million dollars. So thick is the growth that a man or animal passing at the short distance of 50 yards goes unseen. Beneath this lofty canopy of fir spines, through which the sky rarely glimpses, the solitude seems omnipotent; nothing but complete darkness could exceed the gloom of its shadow, despite the blazing sunlight above.

PARKLAND, A BEAUTIFUL SUBURB NEAR TACOMA.

A city founded in the heart of this forest began its era of vigorous growth with little more than a thousand souls, only 27 years ago. To-day the city of Tacoma has attained unto a population of more than 100,000. The moving cause was an Act of Congress—July 2, 1864—by which a charter and land grant was made to the Northern Pacific Company to aid in building a railroad designated as the northern route—from Lake Superior to Puget Sound by way of the valleys of the Missouri and Columbia rivers. Outside of the financing and construction of the projected road, a new and large field for private enterprise was disclosed in land and townsite speculations. Of course the success of these speculations depended upon timely discovery of the definite line to be adopted, including the location of the Western terminus, where, it was believed, a large city would speedily be built. The act did not specify any particular point for the terminus, and as that portion of

Puget Sound lying south of British Columbia has an Eastern shore line of more than 150 miles, there was presented a wide range for the guessing match thus appointed. The pioneers generally favored the section south of the latitude of the Straits of Fuca, the outlet to the ocean, as being nearest to the probable route that would be adopted through the canyon of the Columbia river. The prospect attracted attention throughout the Coast States, and extensively in the East, and gave an impetus to emigration and settlement in the Sound country.

But of all who came, Job Carr seems to have been the first to discover and point out the weak spot possessing more than any other all of the features required to meet the demands of the future city. He came to Commencement Bay in the same year that the granting act was passed, seeking to locate a claim at the place most likely to be chosen for the railroad terminus. One day when Mr. Carr was going to Gig Harbor fishing, in company with William Billings, then farmer of the nearby Puyallup Indian Reservation on the northerly side of the bay, and some other friends, he was attracted by the low and favorable ground along the southerly shore where Tacoma now stands. Rising to his feet in the canoe, he exclaimed: "Eureka! Eureka! there is my claim." The spot was a wide depression in the bluff where the ground sloped gently to the water, a rare feature in the shores of Puget Sound, which are usually marked by high bluffs unsuited for the traffic between land and water. The locality was suited by nature for the site of a great city. The only question with Mr. Carr was: "Is there anything better elsewhere that is likely to win the prize?" To put this matter at rest, he proceeded at once to visit all likely places along the eastern shore, spending five months in this work. Respecting his conclusions, he wrote:

"When becoming fully satisfied that Commencement Bay was the best harbor on the Sound, had the best supply of water, by far the best approaches and surroundings, and from 20 to 25 miles the best geographical position, I felt certain it must become the terminus of the railroad, and made my location accordingly."

Mr. Carr and his sons, Anthony and Howard, remained practically alone for four years, during which he sought to convince others of the correctness of his judgment, and to induce them to file claims there, and join him in the beginning of a town. His effort was handicapped by discouraging advices from railroad headquarters in the East, where little had been accomplished. It was found that the stock, though backed by the franchise and land grant, was not available to produce sufficient funds, and the charter prohibited the company from issuing mortgage or construction bonds. After five years of fruitless contriving to raise money, this serious obstacle was finally removed by a joint resolution giving consent of Congress that the new railroad should issue bonds secured by a mortgage on its railroad and telegraph line. But even then the company was not able to effect sale of either stocks or bonds to advantage; and the demand arose for extending the lien of the mortgage so as to cover the land grant as well as the railroad. Jay Cooke insisted upon this demand, which was granted by Congress in the following year, 1870, the rate of interest being fixed at 7.30 per cent. The bonds were deemed acceptable, and Jay Cooke began to market them, though not until he had received very extensive reports on the regions through which the line was projected.

Up to this time the inability of the company to obtain the capital to begin work caused its affairs to languish. The ardor of those settlers on the Sound who were waiting for the terminus became dampened nearly to hopelessness. Their discouragement was aggravated by the apparent withdrawal of public interest which had been diverted by the mighty rush of construction going forward over vast expanses of barren desert on the Union Central lines to California.

Despite these years of discouragement, Job Carr held on with unimpaired faith in the ultimate building of the railroad. He wrote the officials of the company and many other prominent men describing the situation, and giving reasons for his confidence that the terminus must be upon the present site of Tacoma. The long agitation finally bore fruit. In April, 1868, General M. M. McCarver, acting for himself, and L. M. Starr and James

PARKLAND.
NATIONAL
LAND CO.

PARKLAND STATION.

Steele, bankers of Portland, Oregon, who were silent partners, arrived, and assumed a leading part in the principal land transactions preliminary to the official choice of the terminus. Six months later, John W. Ackerson came from California, representing himself and Messrs. Hadlock, Russ, Wallace and Hanson of San Francisco in the purchase of land on which to erect a steam sawmill. For the land they paid an average of less than $10 an acre. They built a sawmill, having a capacity of 100,000 feet per day, shipping their first cargo of lumber on the bark Samoset to San Francisco on December 6, 1869. Ultimately they extended their trade to South America, Australia, Japan, China, the East Indies and Europe. The work of building and operating the sawmill, together with the general store established in connection with it, afforded for the embryo town a center of life and activity.

The first plat of the town, embracing 31 blocks, was filed by General McCarver, December 2, 1869. At the suggestion of Philip Ritz, he gave to the place the name of Tacoma City. General McCarver is said to have considered the choice of a name a matter of serious moment, and to have submitted the question to his associates. This name, borrowed from the snow peaks in full view 50 miles away to the southeast, was thus referred to by Theodore Winthrop:

"Of all the peaks from California to the Fraser river this one was royalist. Mount Regnier, Christians have dubbed it in stupid nomenclature, perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody. More melodiously the Siwashes call it 'Tacoma'—a generic term also applied to all snow peaks."

From the time of his settlement until nearly eight years following, Job Carr found city building to be a very slow process at his chosen site. Then some encouraging movement became manifest. Congress had consented to the issuance of bonds by the Northern Pacific Railroad covering both the road and land grant. Jay Cooke & Co. had begun to find a market for the bonds under conditions that promised abundant success. Then funds had been obtained from the bonds, and with them both the Eastern end and the branch line from the Columbia river north had been placed under construction. This latter line was already well under way, and had settled the long deferred question as to the location of the terminus. Wherefore, in the fall of 1872, a committee of the Board of Directors visited Puget Sound under instruction to select a location for the terminal city. The committee carefully examined all places on the Eastern shore of the Sound south of the Straits of Fuca, which had been recommended as possessing advantages worthy of the purpose in view. The choice fell on Tacoma, since the site possessed the best harbor, and large areas of level land, both at the water front and on the line of approach for the railroad from the south; it was also a townsite possessed of a most favorable topography in point of beauty, convenience and drainage. In geographical position, it was nearest among practicable locations to Oregon, and the canyon of the Columbia river. This last feature was deemed by the committee of great importance not only on account of its economy in the shortening of railroad construction, but also in the saving of land transportation in traffic with the sea. The length of rail haul was largely in favor of Tacoma as against any other point 40 or 60 or more miles further along the superb navigable waterway of Admiralty Inlet. At the inlet, water transportation is at its very lowest cost because of the permanently deep, wide, unobstructed and sheltered channel. The port which commands the preference of trade is that which is furthest inland toward the sources of trade, it being the imperative demand that the ship perform the greatest length of haul possible because its service is so much cheaper than rail service.

Having reached its conclusion in favor of Tacoma, the committee left for the East, but reserved announcement of its decision in order to give time for obtaining options on land. It appointed to represent the company on the ground two commissioners in the persons of R. D. Rice, vice-president, and Captain J. C. Ainsworth, of Portland. When in July these gentlemen advised the company in New York by telegraph that they had secured a large body of land, including the sawmill, their action was approved and they were directed to proceed to complete the purchases. On the 10th of September following, the Board of Directors passed a resolution declaring Tacoma to be the Western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This was considered to be the act of founding the town, rather than the filing of the plat, because the plat without the resolution would have had but little, if any, value. Shortly thereafter the Tacoma Land Company was formed with a capital stock of $1,000,000, the stockholders of which were leading preferred stockholders of the Northern Pacific.

The Land Company started in business as the owner of about 13,000 acres of land, conveyed to it by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which received as payment 51 per cent of the capital stock and cash to reimburse it for lands that had been largely bargained for by E. S. Smith.

The decision of the Board on the location of the terminus soon drew the eager crowd to Tacoma. About the original settlement near the Hanson sawmill there were in a few weeks gathered a population of from 2,000 to 3,000, and living in tents and hastily constructed board houses and shacks. The life from day to day was that of any hastily built town. Among other features there was a daily newspaper named the Daily Pacific Tribune, published by Thomas W. Prosch, who afterwards became prominent as the publisher of the Seattle Daily Intelligencer. Also a full complement of restaurants, hotels, stores and other kinds of business establishments, including 18 saloons under canvas. There was besides a very firm if not active real estate market in which it was of common occurrence for an owner of property to become indignant when invited to sell, at whatsoever extravagant figure, and to hotly reply, with menace of flashing and russet eye, "My lots are not for sale, sir," as though it had been in contemplation to do him bodily harm or other serious injury.

In 1880, the population in Tacoma, as estimated by the Federal census, was, in all, but 1098. The main avenue of the town, with the exception of a few graded blocks, still resembled a country road, winding, as it did, among fir stumps. Walls of black forest stood at short range and a confusion of slashings and stumps was visible all over the outlying parts of the townsite. Although eight years after the location, it is reasonable that the true beginning of Tacoma should be dated as at 1880, for its accumulation of people prior to that time had been arrested and largely dispersed by the panic.

It was not until 1870 that construction began at the eastern end of the Northern Pacific, and not until nearly ten years later that a beginning was made at the Pacific end going eastward. It was in 1879 work was commenced at the mouth of the Snake river in Eastern Washington, building northeasterly toward Spokane under direction of the general superintendent, General J. W. Sprague, and during the Presidency of Frederick Billings of New York. This was eleven years after the road by the middle route was finished across the continent into San Francisco, despite the two acts of Congress, one authorizing the Northern and the other the Union and Central, which were passed on the same day. At the time that General Sprague was engaged in extending the line eastward along the Snake river, construction was moving with good speed at the other end westward in Minnesota. President Billings had made favorable sales of Northern Pacific securities to German capitalists, and the prospect of obtaining all the additional funds required was good.

This active work at both ends seemed to give increased assurance of the early completion of the road, and the earnestness displayed by the company in its mountain surveys, maintained at large expense to find a low pass and economical route over the Cascade range in this State, combined to awaken new interest in the Western terminus. The town grew rapidly in consequence. It continued to grow even after Henry Villard, by acquiring control of the Northern Pacific in 1881, defeated for the time being the project of building the Cascade division, and in all other possible ways diverted the influence of the company away from Tacoma, and in furtherance of the interests of her rivals whose citizens he afterwards plucked, in compensation, by unloading on them large quantities of his thin, watered Oregon and Transcontinental stock. He got near their pockets by the promise of worsting Tacoma, whose competition they had so much feared. They felt elated by the promise and flattered by the invitation of so famous a promoter to invest. When the drop came, the suffering among Henry Villard's stricken ones in the rival cities was saddening. Villard came, did his mischief, though it goes to his credit that, during his administration, the Northern Pacific Railroad was finished—not to the Coast, but to a connection with his O. R. & N. line at Wallula on the Columbia river, 200 miles in the interior short of the mark intended by Congress and by the projectors of the enterprise.

Villard passed like a fleeting show, but Tacoma remained and grew apace. Following closely upon his enforced resignation as President, the Northern Pacific Company pushed the Cascade division over the mountains to Tacoma, began hauling wheat here for export and established a steamship line from this port to China and Japan. Villard had opposed this extension in the interest of the O. R. & N. road which is on the south bank of the Columbia river, and which he had promoted, built and employed as an instrument to intercept the Northern Pacific, on its way to the Coast. In building the O. R. & N. road he seized and deprived the Northern Pacific of that highly important part of its contemplated line which passes through the Cascade mountains at water level in the canyon of the Columbia river. To-day after a lapse of 25 years the Northern Pacific is engaged in repairing the weak spot thus left in its earning power by building, conjointly with the Great Northern, a railroad on the opposite bank of the Columbia, connecting with its systems both east and west of the mountain range, the cost of rising being $15,000,000.

The decade from 1880 to 1890 was one of vigorous expansion for Tacoma. Therein she acquired railroad connection with the East first, during Villard's control by way of the Pacific division, Portland and the O. R. & N. line up the Columbia; next, direct cutting out Portland and the O. R. & N.—by the temporary track of the switchback over the mountains through the Stampede Pass in July, 1887, and later by the long tunnel under that pass. These were, of course, the great happenings that all were awaiting for. People came, and so did money. Houses multiplied in all directions; stumps and deadwood were blasted, dug and burned; streets were graded and sidewalks laid, sewers built, gravity water, gas, electricity, telephone and street car service introduced, mills, factories and great smelters were erected, setting up their busy hums, wharves and warehouses built, coal mines opened, shipping their product hither for both local use and export; craft from all parts of the world came for lumber, coal, wheat, flour, and many other products. Export trade in the wheat raised east of the mountains, which prior to the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad had been monopolized by Portland, quickly divided, the larger part of it soon going foreign over Tacoma wharves. The population of the whole territory advanced rapidly, showering mutual benefits of trade and community on every city, town, settlement and settler, with the result that Washington was admitted to Statehood November 11, 1889, with a population, as shown by the Federal census half a year later, of 349,390. This was a gain over the report of the previous census of more than 350 per cent. By the two enumerations referred to, the figures for Tacoma are 1098 and 36,006 respectively, showing an increase in the ten years of over 3.179 per cent.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, VASHON COLLEGE.

The Federal census of 1900 places the population of Tacoma then at 37,714, a gain in ten years of only 1,708 inhabitants—or about four and three-quarters per cent—against nearly 3200 per cent in the decade just before. But we find the greatest rate of growth in the current period, and although the accurate count of the Census Bureau is not yet available, we have in the school census and the Public Director reliable sources of information and which place the population of Tacoma at figures exceeding 100,000. This is even considerably less than is held to by men of affairs whose observation more than support this summing up of the population, which is being added to daily by new comers hailing from the Eastern States and seeking new homes.

A chronic condition in Tacoma is want

of vacant houses for rent, and at the same time the most active campaign of building that the city has ever known.

According to this estimate, Tacoma's population has grown in the last seven years by the number of 62,286, or, roundly figured, at 9,000 a year, and the growth is moving at constantly accelerating speed.

Wherefore? Because of the mildness of the climate, the convenience, beauty and healthfulness of the city and its scenery and modern appointments and utilities; its growing prosperity, its incomparable harbor and ship channel to the ocean, its coal mines, its great lumber interests, surpassing those of any other spot in the world, its great wheat shipping interests, supplying the hungry of Europe and Asia, its commanding position of gateway in one of the foremost international trade routes to which will converge nearly all traffic moving in that general direction; its steam railroad facilities come and coming in number, force and power, the like of which has never been seen elsewhere since the dawn of railroading. The people are arriving in Tacoma for permanent residence, investment and occupation because they believe she is destined to become the principal city and seaport of the Pacific, and because of their faith; therefore, that the property they acquire here will enhance in value so as to certainly yield them great profit.

The plat of the main city of Tacoma was designed from the surveys of the railroad company's engineers, to suit the topography of the ground, by the distinguished engineer and landscape gardener, F. Law Olmsted, who laid out Central Park in New York City. The townsite is admirably adapted for a large city, being upon a plateau, or rather a series of plateaus upon the southerly side of the bay. These plateaus are three in number and respectively 80 to 100, 100 to 200, and 200 to 300 feet above high tide. The engineers of the Northern Pacific Railroad made exhaustive surveys and topographical plans of the ground for about two miles of water front, and one mile inland with soundings along the shore line to 30 feet at low tide. The plan adopted for the development upon the ground of this city was somewhat similar to that of Melbourne, well known to travelers as the most beautifully laid out city of the globe.

The site of Tacoma is undeniably the best on the shores of Puget sound, for the purposes of a great city, including as it does an extensive area of 10,000 acres of low, level land contiguous to the waters of the Sound, and convenient for the uses of the heavier business of the city, such as approach and transfer between rail and ship, and also a wide stretch of land rising from the level of the bay in convenient steps, nowhere too steep for traffic, but easy of access and affording perfect drainage and every other natural convenience for residence.

The beauty and healthfulness rank Tacoma among the most desirable cities of the world. The elevation being well up in the region of pure air, affords one of the prime requisites for health.

Along with this unusual excellence of city sites, Tacoma is quite happy in the remarkable beauty of her improvements, not only in the business houses and large structures, but more especially in the dwellings. Charming residences, many very rich and costly, the grounds ornamented and cared for to the highest degree, the streets paved with asphalt and the sidewalks in cement for miles and miles, commanding the view of the Sound, Bay, Mount Tacoma, white sheeted to the timber line, and the snow peak Sierras of the Olympics. Tacomans invite you with swelling pride to see Tacoma through their avenues of fine residences, and they invite the world to a contemplation of their musical and religious advancement and their public school system, its buildings and yards, number, size and quality, officials, teachers, discipline, efficiency, regulations and laws, and they insist that you do not pass these by, for these also are objects of their great pride.

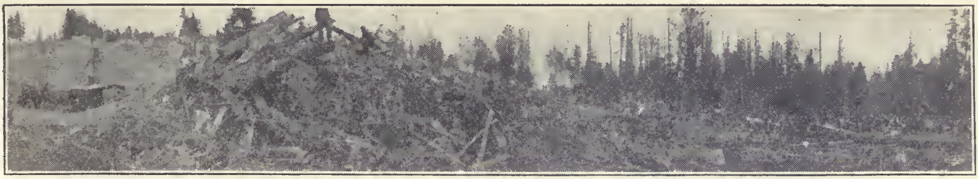
The relation of Tacoma to the wheat-growing belt of Eastern Washington and Oregon is a factor of importance among the causes of her prosperity. That vast scope of territory has come to be known as the Inland Empire because of the power derived from its extraordinary fertility, a metaphor more pretentious than that of "Cotton is King," since here, presumably, we deal with the implication that Wheat is Emperor. The whole of that area, of original bunch grass prairie, comprising the eastern two-thirds of those States, the deep soil of which is intermixed with volcanic ash, is so vital in the elements that contribute to the production of grain that it is deemed practically inexhaustible.

Of wheat grown in that section, Tacoma will ship this season 15,000,000 bushels, valued at $14,000,000, a quantity exceeding her highest record by 3,000,000 bushels. The fleet carrying grain from Tacoma this season will be the largest in the history of the port, and tramp steamers will play an important part in the export business. More than fifty vessels are now on the way to Puget Sound, and while some of the number will carry lumber, the greater part of them will load grain at Tacoma for Europe and the Orient.

Until the railroads leading to Tacoma were built, all of the export wheat grown in the Inland Empire was taken to Portland for shipment. But the navigation of the Columbia river for deep sea vessels has always been dangerous and expensive, owing to its shallow and shifting channel, and the stubborn and defiant bar at its mouth, which has refused to yield sufficiently to the scouring device of the jetty, so that it has become for the mariner and all interested in that port a case of hopelessness and despair as to any radical change for the better. Pilotage and towage charges are necessarily high there. The disadvantages and inconvenience attending wheat shipment at Portland were sufficient to induce ship-owners to accept much lower rates for charters from Tacoma. The result is, that the wheat shipping business is being gradually transferred from Portland to Tacoma. The advantages possessed by this port over the Columbia river are so marked that wheat is worth here from three to five cents a bushel more than at Portland. This difference is caused by natural advantages of harbor and open, unobstructed roadstead to the ocean. As there is more money in the wheat crop of Oregon and Washington than in all the other agricultural products combined, it is seen that the securing of the wheat shipping business is important, and goes far to explain the prosperity and rapid growth of Tacoma.

In the lumber industry, it is claimed that Tacoma leads all other places in the world in point of the quantity manufactured. Her 17 sawmills, including that of the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Co., at the head of the class with a daily capacity of 550,000 feet, and that of the Tacoma Mill Company, following next, at 250,000, have an aggregate daily capacity of 1,845,000 feet. She is therefore a large factor in the lumber business of the State. There is, of course, a large and growing export trade in lumber and red cedar shingles, but most of these products go East by rail. To get an idea of the magnitude to which this industry has grown, consider the figures of record for the 14 years from 1893 to and including 1906. In the former year there was shipped by rail from Washington alone 85,840,000 feet of lumber in 5,365 cars; in the latter year, 1,524,440,000 feet in 76,222 cars. In 1893 the rail shipments of shingles amounted to only 1,202,410,000 pieces, in 7,073 cars; in 1906 they rose to 5,775,070,000 pieces in 33,971 cars. The total shipments by rail from this State for the 14 years named were lumber 6,384,692,000 feet in 367,115 cars, and 56,138,621,000 shingles in 335,211 cars. Taking account of this growing speed rate of the cut in reckoning with the estimate of 210 billions of feet which are yet standing, and compute the remaining life of the forest. There is Western Oregon, also, with nearly as much more.

DE KOVEN HALL, TACOMA.



BEAUTIFUL REGENT'S PARK BEFORE WORK WAS BEGUN.

TACOMA--A GARDEN CITY

BY AN ENGLISH ARCHITECT—ARNOTT WOODROOFE.

A MOST conspicuous feature in the development of modern cities is the tendency to suburbanize them. One hears of Garden Cities from all parts of the habitable globe. We see photos of Letchworth, Bourneville and Port Sunlight in every paper. Large sums of money are expended to send American students to Europe to gain the latest ideas on the movement towards the improvement of cities as evidenced in the great European centers. This is all very laudable, and we can all admire and appreciate the breadth of thought and vision that takes in the whole distant horizon. But after all, are not Americans a little backward in acknowledging what American brains and money are accomplishing along the same lines? The recent traveler from France will dissertate by the hour on the genius that made Paris one of the foremost cities in the world. He knows all about the Louvre, the Opera House, the Boulevardes, and who Baron Haussmann was, but ask him the name of the architect responsible for the Capitol at Washington, or for information covering its development as a center of civic beauty, and he is not only profoundly ignorant, but profoundly uninterested.

And yet it is safe to say that nowhere in the world is there more intelligent effort being expended in the creation of beautiful buildings on sanitary and hygienic lines, with a regard for the principles that science enunciates as necessary for the well being and health of the individual than here in America.

One of the most recent, and at the same time comprehensive, efforts along these lines, is the Regents' Park district of Tacoma. The system of laying out the property includes a central boulevard, 100 feet wide, with a 20 foot parking strip in the center. This connection with the boulevard system recently adopted by the City Council runs for about 5 miles in Regent's Park.

The lay-out of the streets is made with as few straight lines as possible. It is a popular modern prejudice that the lines of streets and buildings ought to be straight, and the impression is difficult to eradicate. The Greeks—those past-masters in art—used the curve wherever it could logically be applied. Again, any one familiar with the noble sweep of the Grand Canal at Venice will not fail to grasp the contrast, with the painfully monotonous alignment of the modern business street.

The same remarks are true in regard to grade, the vertical curvatures of grades, not only lessen the task of haulage, but also appeal to the eye, and it is in adjusting these curves that the highest skill of the landscape engineer is called into play.

The head that directs the forces at work in Regent Park evidently understands the value of these principles. The graceful avenues, long eliptical grades of easy curvature, the few straight lines, and the streets that fit the contours of the site with hardly any cuts at all, show evidence of much skill and experience in handling the problem.

It was our good fortune to be familiar with the present site of Regent's Park. Before the present plan was advanced, the park itself was a confused mass of second growth fir, and the varied undergrowth of the Sound country, which, combined with fallen trees and stumps, tended to make a journey tedious and well nigh impossible.

That was less than six months ago. In blowing up the stumps and fallen trees, 100 tons of dynamite was expended; the logs and stumps were hauled together and burned, and the work is still in progress. It will continue until the whole of the company's holdings are in line with the scheme that embraces the district. Wonders have already been achieved in the short time of five months. In place of a decayed forest, there are 12 miles of paved streets, 24 miles of cement sidewalk, 24 miles of cement curbing and 24 miles of sanitary sewer. The completed scheme calls for 80 miles of paved streets, 200 miles of curbing and 200 miles of sanitary sewer.

One of the most important, if not the most vital, needs of a community is a constant and uncontaminated supply of pure water. The glacial drift surrounding Tacoma covers a river of pure water from Mt. Tacoma. The Regent's Park Co. have sunk two wells and tapped this supply. A third bore is now being sunk in the hope of striking an artesian supply. The most modern method of lifting water from wells is by compressed air. It has many advantages over any other method, since two to six times as much water may be obtained from a given depth of well as with any other known system.

One air compressor operates any number of wells, which may be any distance apart, so as not to affect one another. Water is cooled and purified by the thorough mixture and expansion of air, and the iron, sulphur and gases are thrown off. The water never comes in contact with the external atmosphere until it makes its exit at the faucet for domestic use.

No more favorable commentary may be given on the judgment that has selected this system for Regent's Park than the fact that in Newark, N. J., pumps of this type are at work, having a total capacity of one million gallons daily, lifting water from three-eights inch artesian well.

Secondary only to pure water is the installation of a system of drainage as perfect as the conditions of the site will admit. With this end in view, the company engaged an expert to visit and report on the various systems employed by different municipalities throughout the United with his report, they adopted the system that by actual experience has been demonstrated to be the most efficient. It is a matter of common knowledge that the sceptic sewage system has proved the most efficient nad sanitary means for the disposal of sewage extant.

The corners of the avenues are ornamented with elaborate urns, designed and made "in situ" by the company's own sculptor. The convenience of the public is studied in the well equipped comfort stations. In this one item, the management of Regent's Park is well ahead of the City Fathers. This very necessary adjunct to city life being conspicuous by its absence in Tacoma.

The entrance is tastefully designed by a well-known landscape architect with a fountain and shelter.

The company manufactures its own electric light and sewer pipe, maintains its own landscape gardener, architect and sculptor. Its machinery and equipment in actual service, is worth approximately $150,000.

The work is still in active progress, and on its completion there will be presented one of the most comprehensive and beautiful garden cities in the world. The view obtained from almost any location of

REGENT'S PARK, AFTER THREE MONTHS' WORK.

the famed Mount Tacoma and the Olympics is superb. The general public is showing its appreciation by not only investing in Regent's Park, but by making their homes there.

In the face of these improvements and others of a similar nature it does not require a great deal of faith to venture a prediction that Tacoma will be everything that its most enthusiastic booster can claim for it. When comparative strangers venture their time, energy and money as the projectors of Regent's Park have done, it is a great encouragement to those who have pinned their faith to Tacoma.

One of the soundest criterions of a community's economic standing is the fact that a large and increasing number of enterprising young business firms are making Tacoma their headquarters. Many of the best known firms in the city were not in existence five years ago. Taken at random, we may mention The Pacific Traction Company, which has just completed its scenic line to "American Lake," a piece of road unparalleled in the beauty of its surroundings, the grade lying through a natural park. The line terminates at a lake which, it is no exaggeration to say, is a gem.

The German-American Land Company are doing a large business at Larchmont. The aim of the company is to take the urban resident into the country and put him on a tract of land sufficient to maintain him by its products. With this end in view, the company selected Larchmont in the rich Puyallup Valley, only thirty minutes from the center of Tacoma.

The Tacoma Exchange and Mart are climbing up rapidly. These people make a specialty of selling real estate by auction.

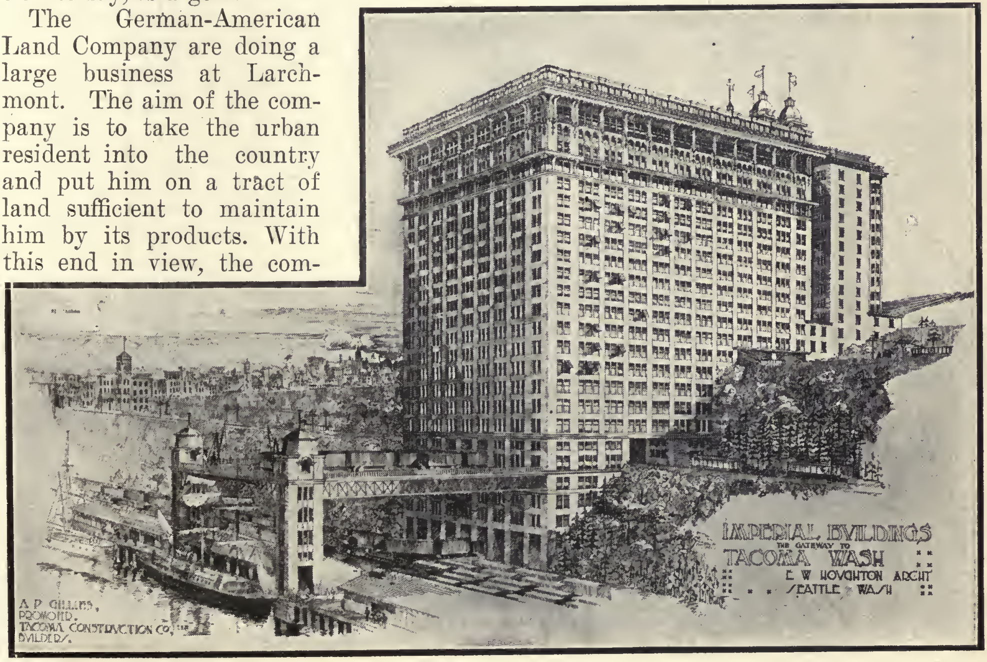
H. D. Freiberg is a recent new-comer. Mr. Freiberg is proprietor of the Freiberg Cloak and Suit House, and has built up a very large business.

The Davies Electric Co. have been remarkably successful. Their method of doing business has won for them this success.

A. Z. Smith, until a few years ago an electrician in the U. S. Navy Department, is forging to the front in Tacoma. Mr. Smith made no mistake when he selected this city. He saw the opportunity, and is rapidly winning success.

Meacham & Co. are another real estate firm doing lots of business, and are making money for their clients.

H. B. Walters & Co., also J. H. Klinkenberg & Co., handle timber lands and farms. Both these concerns have been in Tacoma for many years, and are prosperous.



SPLENDID NEW IMPERIAL BUILDING, WHICH WILL BE ERECTED IN TACOMA.

Another wide-awake concern in Tacoma, made up of young men, is the Andrus Cushing Lighting Fixtures Co. They carry a large stock.

The National Land Company are among the prominent concerns in the real estate business in Tacoma.

The Sound Trustee are doing much for Tacoma, having offices in Seattle and Tacoma. They make a specialty of selling lots at Dash Point and Redondo Beach, and have a large number of purchasers and prospective buyers.

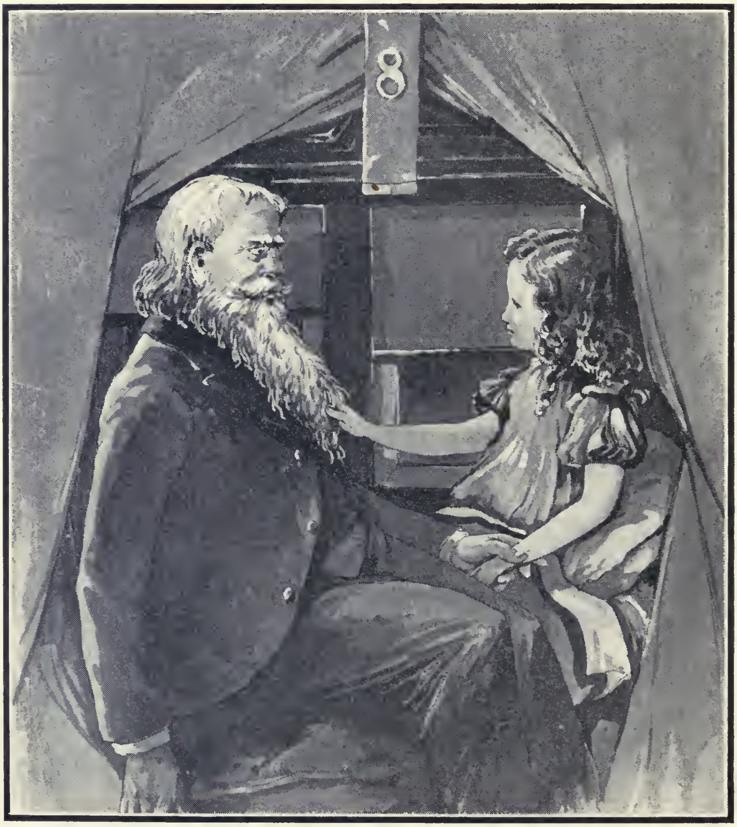
S. C. Smith Optical Co. came here a few years ago, and are to-day the leaders in their line. They have won success by their up-to-date and honest methods.

When it comes to banks, there is nothing in the country which can surpass the Fidelity Trust Company's new bank. It is modern in every particular. Their business, of course, is very large and still growing.

Among the prominent department stores is Rhodes Bros. Started 15 years ago, these people are increasing their floor space fifty per cent. Mr. H. A. Rhodes, the founder, has always taken a great interest in the building up of Greater Tacoma.

A noted physician and surgeon is A. P. Johnson of Tacoma, who says that city is one of the healthiest places in the world in which to live.

Prof. Albert Gray, teacher of voice, in Tacoma, trained in Paris, a student with Clara Pool of London, giving 75 lessons weekly.



THE DISCOVERY OF SANTA CLAUS. "DO YOU KEEP BACKS?"

THE HOUSE OF SANTA CLAUS

BY

MAY C. RINGWALT

YES, TO-MORROW will be Christmas, but you mustn't bother Auntie Sue—don't you see she's most pesked to death?'"

Mrs. Danby dropped on her knees before the kitchen stove and vigorously raked down the ashes.

"It's well enough to talk about an all-wise providence," she grunted, "but it does seem as though somebody's miscalculated. My back ain't made broad enough to carry a sick-a-bed husband and the bringing up of three little orphan children piled on extra. Chris," she directed over her shoulder, still raking assiduously, "take one of them biscuit pans on the table and fold a newspaper nice and neat in its bottom—your Uncle Abe's so finicky he likes his trays as fixy as a Vanderbilt's."

"But, Aunt Sue," persisted Christobel's silvery little voice, "why would talking about Chris-mus bother you?"

"'Cause there ain't any use!" snapped Mrs. Danby, rising stiffly to her feet. "Christmas won't be different from any other day this year, and you might as well make up your mind to it. Bring the tray here, child. Sakes alive, what with buying your Uncle Abe's patent medicines and keeping the whole outfit of you going in clothes and victuals, your Auntie Sue can't afford Christmas presents—hold the tray closer to the stove, Chris—and if Auntie's pocket was full of money, how could she take time off of her sewing to go all the way to Middletown to buy you youngsters toys? Don't you know as well as I that Coronna Johnson's beau is coming from the mines to spend to-morrow with her, and she must have her new dress to-night—with all them button-holes to work yet!"

"But, Auntie Sue," triumphed the silvery little voice, "you don't have to go to Middletown and you don't have to spend any money. Santa Claus will bring us just what we want—tin soldiers for Ted and Alfie's picture book, and—and my dollie with yellow curls and blue eyes and—and a pink gress and red beads round her froat."

"Nonsense!" grimly ejaculated Mrs. Danby. "The idea of a big girl like you believing in Santa Claus! There ain't such a thing, you little silly—no more than there is fairies, and—look, what you're doing, Chris!"

Mrs. Danby narrowly averted the threatened landslide by jerking the tray out of the child's hands and setting it in safety on the table.

"I wouldn't be a cry-baby if I was you!"

The words were sharp, but there was no anger in the eyes turned upon the weeping child. She had not intended to be cruel, but it had always been one of her theories that "no good came of hoodwinking small fry; let them have the truth straight out like grown folks and they'll get used to things sooner." She had so many theories about children; so little practical knowledge of their sensitive hearts and imaginative minds.

"There, honey, Auntie's sorry she can't get you the dollies for to-morrow, but perhaps by and bye you and I can go over to Middletown together and—what did you say, pet?"

"I've lost my daddy and my marmie," sobbed Christobel, her pathetic little figure swaying back and forth, "and now I've lost—my Santa Claus."

The awaiting tray was forgotten, the impatient invalid upstairs, the unworked button-holes—and all her theories about children—as Mrs. Danby sat down and gathered the heart-broken little one in her arms.

"Auntie Sue didn't know what she was saying," she crooned. "Of course there is a Santa Claus! Always has been! Always will be!"

The ready faith of a little child shone through tears.

"You was only fooling?" quivered the eager voice. "And he's going to bring the picture book and the tin soldiers and the dollie, after all?"

Mrs. Danby gained an instant's time by kissing a flushed little cheek.

"Chris must be a brave little girl and not mind," she began, avoiding the gaze of the upturned brown eyes. "Of course there is a Santa Claus, but,"—the fingers of her imagination, stiff from disuse, fumbled for a leading thread out—"but our hill's too steep for Santa Claus to climb. Fleshy folks daren't climb hills," she impressively added. "It's like to give them palpitation of the heart."

"But Auntie Sue," cried Chris, "Santa Claus doesn't neb-er *walk!* Don't you remember how he always rides in his sleigh with the eight reindeer?"

A sudden light brightened Mrs. Danby's dull, careworn face. "He rides most generally always," she quickly parried, "but not up our hill since the accident. You see," she explained, glorying in her mendacity, "three years ago—the Christmas before your Uncle Abe took sick—one of them reindeer fell on the way to our house and broke his hoof, and the old gentleman hasn't been here since."

"Was it Vixen that hurted herself, or Donner, or—or Blitzen?" anxiously inquired Chris.

"Vixen," replied Aunt Sue, without hesitation. "But, land of love, child, your Uncle Abe's breakfast will be frozen stiff if I don't take it up-stairs this minute!"

Chris submissively slid down from Mrs. Danby's lap. She had not lost her Santa Claus. There was comfort in that thought—for it hurt to lose "peoples" whom you loved, but the mother instinct within her still clung fondly to the dollie of her dreams.

"Auntie Sue," she coaxed, "you couldn't poss'bly meet Santa Claus at the foot of the hill, could you? You're nice and thin, you know," she added, considerately, "so you wouldn't get the pap'tations climbing back."

"Meet Santa Claus when he comes in the middle of the night?" Mrs. Danby's voice grew impatient again as she bent to the neglected breakfast tray. "Of course I couldn't! You mustn't bother Auntie Sue any more, Chris."

And Chris didn't—convinced of the uselessness of further teasing. But by no means had she given up hope—or the dollie in pink frock and yellow curls—for the child's character was a strange combination, with her baby faith and a strength of will far beyond her years—"the youngest and the oldest young 'un I ever see," Aunt Sue had reported to Uncle Abe the morning the stage had brought the three unwelcome little orphans into her life.

The whole attention of Chris's active little mind was now concentrated on working out the Santa Claus problem along other lines. Since Auntie Sue would not meet him, some one else must. Uncle Abe was bed-ridden. Alfie walked with a crutch. Ted was subject to croup.

"I've got to be the *else,* myself!" whispered Chris, her heart pounding against her frightened ribs, for not only was the middle of the night a bugaboo, but the bottom of the hill a land of mystery unvisited by any of the three little orphans during the short, shut-in weeks spent in their new home.

Mrs. Danby did not see Chris again until dinner for the morning being bright and clear—the first time in days—all three youngsters were allowed to go out and play in the snow. But had she not been so profoundly ignorant about children, her suspicions would have been aroused that afternoon when Chris industriously taking out bastings, sat beside her for more than an hour without speaking once, an excited glow in her cheeks, a far-away look in the brown eyes, quite as much occupied with space as with the white threads piling up in her little lap.

She did notice that the child ate less supper than usual, but she still had two more buttonholes to work, and was so "frustrated" about getting through she forgot everything else. And later, when she peeped in the nursery before running over to Coronna Johnson's she found Chris the "tightest" asleep in the nursery of all the children, for while Ted was tossing off his covering and Alfie talking gibberish in his dreams, the little sister lay motionless, her breath coming and going with the quiet regularity of clock-work.

But the moment the outside door of the little house slammed, Chris sat up in bed with chattering teeth—not from the cold, for she had crept under the covers dressed, but from the excitement of adventure now in finger touch.

Not daring to light a candle, she groped for Ted's rubber boots, tied a little plaid shawl over her head, slipped into her warm, heavy coat.

As she tip-toed into the hall she heard a strange noise and stood still, her breath caught painfully in her throat. Then a low laugh escaped her. It was her Uncle Abe snoring. She stole stealthily on down the stairs, every step full of funny little creaks and grunts.

Chris was not afraid of the dark, shut in by the walls of a home, but as she closed the front door behind her, there was something awful in the limitless night out-of-doors, with the sky and its pale stars so far away from the great white earth clad in its robes of snow.

"I daresn't!" whispered the child, a tiny, shrinking shadow on the outskirts of immensity. "I daresn't!"

But down at the foot of the long white hill twinkled the beckoning lights of the little railroad town; down at the foot of her frightened heart twinkled the beckoning hopes of a picture book, tin soldiers and a dollie in a pink frock.

Squaring her small shoulders and setting her little teeth, she darted forward in a wild run.

Her breath gave out before she was half way down, and she had to stop more than once for it to "catch up," but finally she reached the bottom of the hill, the blood throbbing in her cheeks, every fibre of her little being a-tingle and a-thrill.

"I was awful scared," she whispered in the quaint little way that she had of talking aloud when excited, "but I comed just the same! I'm here waiting, Santa Claus."

She peered up and down the cross-road, her ears straining to catch the first jingle of sleigh bells, her eyes straining for the first glimpse of a reindeer.

But the night was wrapped in silence—and a cold wind that cut through Chris.'s little body and lashed her face in pain.

Supposing she had come too late! Suppose Santa Claus had already driven by! Supposing she should have to go home with empty arms, climb the long, dark hill alone without the dollie in a pink frock hugged to her breast!

Perhaps if she went down the cross road a little way she could see better—at any event it would wake up her feet that were growing so very sleepy.

Bravely she fell into a little trot, although every step pricked with pins and needles.

The road gave an unexpected turn, and from the platform of the railroad station a bright light flashed in the darkness. As suddenly a luminous thought dispelled Chris's fears. In her old home her marmie had told her that Santa Claus lived on the other side of the mountains. She was on the "other side" now. If she ran on she must surely come to his house!

But there was more than one house—at least nine houses counted off on her fingers. How could she tell which belonged to Santa Claus?

She gave a little cry of joy. At the end of the road was a house different from all the rest—a long, low, narrow house with a long, broken row of lights.

"Hello, what have we here?" exclaimed a jovial voice at her elbow, for Chris in her excitement had run into a man coming from the opposite direction.

"If you please, sir," she panted, pointing with a trembling little hand, "isn't that Santa Claus's house over there?"

The stranger turned. "Why, of course," he laughed. "But what are you doing out this time of night, kid? Don't you know——"

But Chris had disappeared like an elfin sprite. She hadn't time to talk. She hadn't time even to remember her "manners." The house of Santa Claus was in sight!

When she came up to it, a very serious difficulty threatened to dash aside her hopes. The funny flight of steps that led to the tiny, enclosed porch at each end of the long, low, narrow house did not reach the ground, and at first, try as she would, her short little legs could not make the climb. But at last, by dint of will and the help of a beautiful shining railing, she succeeded in scrambling up.

Twice she knocked on the magnificent door that opened on to the porch. Twice she called: "Santa Claus! It's me! Please let me in!"

No answer came. For a moment, she hesitated. Then her fumbling fingers turned the wonderful gold knob and the door swung heavily open.

Breathlessly Chris entered a narrow hall that led her with sharp turns into a long, narrow room more beautiful than anything that she had ever seen.

The room was brilliantly lighted by magnificent hanging lamps down the center; the arched ceiling was painted a lovely green, and on either side, high above her head, was a row of magic little windows made of colored glass; while to her right and left hung mysterious curtains in finger touch as she went down the room calling: "Santa Claus!"—heavy green curtains with red velvet labels bearing figures in gold hanging down their backs.

"Dar'st you peep between them?" whispered Chris. "Yes, m'am, my dear," she whispered back, "if you'll be *very* careful not to touch anything inside."

So two of the curtains were cautiously pushed apart.

"O--ooo-oh!" cried Chris.

Behind the curtains was a beautiful bed with two snowy white pillows, shining sheets and a gorgeous bright-colored blanket.

In a daze of delight, she slowly continued down the room, pushing apart the curtains—now on her right; now on her left.

"All beds!" she whispered. "And all twins!"

But why did Santa Claus need so many beds? Could she be in the wrong house after all? No, the gent'man had told her that Santa Claus lived there—besides, couldn't any one see at a glance that this was an enchanted palace?

Her big brown eyes flashed with quick thought. The beds were for the Christmas fairies, who made Santa Claus's toys and dressed his dollies; the poor, tired fairies who would wish to go straight to Sandman's land when they returned with Santa Claus from filling all the Christmas stockings.

The big brown eyes twinkled with mischief now. They must soon be home. Supposing she hid behind the curtains; laid down and made believe she was asleep—wouldn't it be a fine joke on a Christmas fairy to find a little girl in her bed?

As quick as a wink she climbed into the bed with a gold figure 8 on the red velvet label hanging down its back; pulled the curtains close together—with a sigh of content stretched out her aching little body and shut her heavy eye-lids.

"Im only make-believing!" she murmured, drowsily. "Only—make—be—liev—ing!"

* * * *

Number 14 reached the flag station of Boulder half an hour late that Christmas eve, and Uncle Jerry Mason, impatiently stamping up and down the platform was in no amiable mood when he boarded the train.

"Give me a lower in the middle of the car, Billy," he irascibly muttered to the smiling porter, "and make up my berth as quick as you can. I'm not a spring rooster any longer, and the ride over from the Bumble Bee has about laid me out."

"Sorry at de inability to 'commodate you, sah," grinned Billy, "but de trabel on dis here road's mighty spry, and there isn't an indisposed berth in de whole cah."

"Well, I'll have to take the drawing-room, then."

Billy dramatically rolled the whites of his eyes. "Dat's chuck full, too, boss. An invalidated lady and free children and a canary bird."

The air between the Pullman and the day coach rose in blue spirals as the irate passenger and his valises bumped across the platforms, but every one on the road knew the old miner, and the conductor met his wrath with jocular good-humor.

"Come, now, Uncle Jerry," he laughed, "things may not be as bad as they look! We take on another sleeper at Live Oak, and I'll see what I can do for you then."

"At Live Oak?" grunted Uncle Jerry. "Thought there wasn't more than twenty houses in the whole blooming place."

"Ther're not, but Live Oak's the nearest station to Stag Leap Inn, and the city folks have taken a notion to going up there for a little frolic in the snow, so twice a week we run a special Pullman to accommodate them. Number 9 drops her there at seven o'clock, and the folks can go on as early as they please, but we don't pick her up till ten forty-five. Going to the city for Christmas, Uncle Jerry?"

"Yes—and the more fool for doing it! There ain't a lonelier place on this blooming earth than a big town! Nothing's as it used to be," he sighed, "and the boys have all scattered—moved across the great divide for the most part."

"No folks of your own?"

"Not since Mollie and the little gal died."

"Your daughter and grand-child?"

He nodded. "The little gal made Christmas worth while. If she'd lived," he went on, dreamily stroking his long white beard, "there ain't a thing in this here world that she couldn't have had!"

"Struck it pretty rich, haven't you, Uncle Jerry?"

"Yes, damn it! Struck the vein I'd been after for fifty years—when my old woman and Mollie and the little gal are all dead."

The locomotive whistled for the next station; the conductor hurried away; Uncle Jerry hunched himself up in the seat, his overcoat bundled into a pillow.

But in spite of his weariness, for a long time he could not sleep, and it seemed as though he had scarcely drifted into unconsciousness when he was aroused by a hand laid on his shoulder.

"We've attached the other sleeper, Uncle Jerry. I spoke to the porter, and you can have lower 8."

The conductor picked up a pair of valises and led the way through the first Pullman into the second.

"Lower 8, sir," said the porter.

And giving him a tip and instructions about the valises, Uncle Jerry made his way to number 8, ducked in, and drew the curtains.

He was hastily removing his boots when a twitching of the bed-clothes startled his attention. The berth was in semi-darkness, but, as he bent over, light enough for his horrified eyes to discover the form of a little girl lying beside him, her tousled head upon the pillow next the window.

The stupid porter had given him the wrong berth! The child was waking up. She would cry out! There would be a scene. He must make his escape before discovery!

He snatched his boots, and laid a quick hand upon the curtains. But the fastening had twisted, and try as he would, he could not undo it. Meanwhile so great became the upheaval beside him that discretion forced him to turn and face the emergency.

"Santa Claus!" cried a silvery little voice. "Santa Claus!" And two little arms were flung about his neck.

He gave a sigh of relief. Dear old Saint Nick had come to the rescue! He would live up to his role until the child went to sleep again and he could have it out with the porter!

"How did you know that I was Santa Claus, little one!" he laughed, kissing a wee patch of forehead.

"'Cause," said Chris, tremulously, a little shy after the first outburst of delight, "'cause I comed to your house on purpose. Only—only I 'sposed I was in one of the Chris'mus fairies' beds, and——"

She paused abruptly, clutching his wrist in terror. "Feel the earthquake!" she faltered. "Ain't you awful scared, Santa Claus?"

He put his arm about her and drew her to him. "There's no earthquake, sweetheart. It's just the motion of the train."

"The train?"

"Yes, honey-pie. Don't you remember that you went to sleep on the cars?"

"Why, no, I didn't!" exclaimed Chris. "It was in your house—at the foot of Auntie Sue's hill what you haven't climbed since Vixen broke her hoof."

Little by little, question by question, he learned the whole story—her loss of marmie and daddy; the long journey across the mountains; about sick-a-bed Uncle Abe and worn-out Auntie Sue; of the poverty of the little house on the hill-top, and the "middle of the night" quest of Santa Claus.

"But is it possible," he asked, "that a bright child like you did not know that Santa Claus's house could take to its wheels and whisk away by magic whenever it wished?"

"Honest?" cried Chris, clapping her hands. "We're flying truly real?"

"Of course," he laughed. "My sleigh upset and I lost my whole pack in a snow drift, so there was nothing for me to do but run down to the city and lay in a new supply of toys. It will make Christmas a little late, but I guess the youngsters will forgive me, and meanwhile you and I will have the time of our lives!"

"But Auntie Sue!" gasped Chris. "She won't know where I am!"

"A little bird will tell her. I'll send a trained one back with a message at the next stop."

"And—and you'll get Alfie his picture book and the tin soldiers for Ted, and my dear dollie with yellow curls and pink gress?"

"Cross my heart!" gaily pledged the old gentleman. "Anything else?"

She snuggled closer, a little hand lovingly laid upon the long white beard.

"Do you keep backs?"

"Keep *what?*"

"Backs," she repeated earnestly. "You see," she explained, "Auntie Sue feels awful bad 'cause the back she's got isn't broad enough. I don't 'zactly un'stand," she went on breathlessly, "but when peoples have a sick-a-bed husband and free little orfounds piled on extra they needs broaderer backs, and she'd be so dreffful pleased to find the right kind in her Chris'mus stocking. You'll give her one, won't you, Santa Claus?"

He bent and tenderly kissed her.

"You may depend upon me for that, little one," he promised, and his voice thrilled with a strange, new happiness.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

BY

MARY OGDEN VAUGHAN

On that first glad Christmas Morn
When the Prince of Peace was born,
Wise men three came from afar,
Following a Herald Star.
Star that, going on before,
Stopped above a stable door.
Here they found a Little Child—
Holy Babe, and Mother Mild—
In a manger low He lay,
Cradled on the fragrant hay.
Gifts they offered, rich and rare,
Frankincense, and gold and myrrh;
Offered, also, reverently,
Homage of the bended knee.

Angels, chanting in the skies,
Bade the Shepherd Folk arise;
Leave their sleeping flocks by night,
Go to see the wondrous sight.
Awed they came, before the day,
Seeking out the place He lay.
Thus the rich, and thus the poor,
Gathered at that stable door;
Symbol of His will to save
Greatest king, or humblest slave.

* * * *

Echoes still the glad refrain,
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

SIEGFRIED---OF THE CHICORICA RANGE

BY ETHEL SHACKELFORD

DID ANY ONE run into you a moment ago in getting around this corner in a hurry?" sharply demanded Simondson of a well set up young man in cowboy outfit who was lounging in front of a shop window.

"Well," drawled the cowboy in pleasing tones and a Texas accent, "if you-all call yourself anybody, I reckon some one did!"

"What are you doing, standing out here in the rain, anyway?" rudely continued Simondson. Things had all gone very wrong on the paper that day, and this particular member of the staff was in a very bad humor.

"Oh, nothin' much," indifferently replied the boy. "Just wastin' a little time watchin' fools of my own brand."

"Thanks."

"Welcome!"

Simondson's ill-nature began to give way to a feeling of cordiality toward the stranger. "I came back to apologize to you," he ventured. "You don't belong in Denver, I infer. Can I do anything for you—direct you anywhere?"

"If you'd eat supper with me, I'd thank you," said the boy, simply. "I so often have to eat alone on the range I'd like to cut it here in the city. Ain't there some place nearby where they serve music with meals?"

"I know a restaurant where there is a Hungarian orchestra," said the newspaper man, quite naturally assenting to the stranger's proposal to dine with him. 'Twas anything for copy!

The keen eyes of Simondson at once saw the *menu* conveyed little meaning to the cowboy, so he tactfully assumed the duties of host, while his companion, in frank wonder, watched the musicians tune their instruments. It seemed the cowboy was in charge of a trainload of cattle, East bound, at the moment side-tracked in Denver. He said his name was Hansen—Lars Hansen. And, indeed, his Norse blood showed in his powerful build and blonde, manly beauty. With the skill of a successful man of newspaperdom, Simondson drew him out further, ascertaining that when the boy was an infant, his parents had immigrated to Texas. There Lars Hansen had grown up, and from there had wandered pretty much all over the Western cattle country. Denver was the largest city he had ever seen, but he was going to Chicago and New York after he had delivered his cattle.

The orchestra began to play—a sweet little popular song, full of feeling. The cowboy leaned forward on the table, in rapt attention, regardless of his cooling food. The restaurant was almost empty, for it was early, and its usual frequenters from the newspaper, tourist,. shop and business worlds were not yet assembled. "I know that song," the boy said, earnestly. "A girl in the Palmer Lake eating house was hummin' it, an' she told me the words."

"Go on, sing it, then," encouraged Simondson, in a voice which reached the leader, an acquaintance of his.

"Sure! You sing eet!" agreeably echoed the foreigner, as he tenderly carried the air on his violin. Neither the reporter nor the musician had the slightest idea that the cowboy would really do it, but to their surprise, the boy walked to where the players sat, his movements being marked by his clinking spurs and his leather trappings. There he stood, more than six feet, splendid in his high-heeled boots, bearskin chapareros and brown flannel shirt; one hand idly toying with the ends of the red silk handkerchief about his throat, and the other touching the piano. Even then every one supposed he was joking, but in apparent sincerity he said to the leader, "Start her from the beginnin', boss!"

"Sure!" responded the small Bohemian, with German accent and Bowery directness. With grins of amusement, the musicians played the opening bars of the song, but their expressions changed from ridicule to attention; from attention to enjoyment—and then to wonder, as they sympathetically accompanied the most thrillingly beautiful high voice any of them had ever heard.

"The world's growing older each day," sang the true, rich voice, convincingly. And then, with touching regret, "The world's growing colder, they say." The next phrase found the restaurant hushed; even the waiters stopped where they stood, holding their heavy trays, as the boy went on, with life's sorrows crowded into his words and tones, "The world has no place for a dreamer of dreams. Ah! then it's no place for *me*—it seems." Alone, at a table directly in front of the boy, sat a world-worn woman from whose half-closed eyes tears started and rolled gently down painted cheeks; and when the boy at last reached the end of his song with the passionate entreaty, "Give me your hand; Say you understand—my dearie," the woman broke down utterly, and cried.

The magnetism of this unaffected, earnest boy was very strong. The unbroken silence which followed his appealing singing embarrassed Simondson—any evidence of sentiment always made him nervous—but he, like the others, was fascinated. It was all too serious, someway. The first to plunge into the general tense indulgence into memories which this song suggested was the leader, who came out, harshly, with "Mein Gott! But you haf a golt mine in dat voice!" Simondson called for the bill as soon as possible, and struggling to vanquish his returning irritability he hurried his unusual guest once more out into the rain.

"Can you play the piano, Hansen?" asked the reporter, abruptly.

"I reckon so," drawled the boy. "They have got an organ on the next ranch to ours; I can play that. But I don't understand readin' those queer sheets of music you see around places sometimes. I just play what I hear in the pine trees and what the birds sing. I think maybe I could play this rain storm if I tried."

Simondson took his guest to his boarding house, and asking him to sit down in the parlor, he excused himself for a moment. Shortly he returned with two young men and three girls, the first to have finished dinner. He introduced them, and remarked that Mr. Hansen, having a few hours to spend in Denver, had consented to play for them. This would have been more than a surprise to most persons in Hansen's position, but the boy was not disturbed at all. He smiled—then they all smiled. Just as naturally as he would jump into his saddle, he seated himself at the piano.

Long before he had emerged sufficiently from his dreams to notice his quiet, absorbed audience, the parlor was filled with people who sat or stood about him, charmed. Suddenly he wheeled about on his stool, and said, with an attractive flush of self-consciousness, "You-all are very kind, but I'm afraid I'm over-doin' this business!" But they would not let him leave, so he sang; first, the little song of the restaurant; then, just tones on a vowel of his own, to rippling water sounds that seemed to trickle up the keyboard. From this fantasy, he gradually progressed into an improvisation more daring. It was a wild song made of rapturous chords and strong, unrhyming, Norwegian words. The soul of Wagner would have understood it, perhaps, but the souls of the boarders simply accepted it, some of them in spiritual pain.

The boy felt the power he held over his listeners, and in a state of partial hypnotism himself, he began a song of joy. Even the least imaginative of the excited boarders were mentally enjoying great expanses of country; plains and mountains; endless space and freedom—freedom of soul and freedom of body—and love at its greatest height; love when it is far above all human necessities and limitations—Love itself, with all things living and still, a composite theme.

After the climax of this almost unendurably beautiful rhapsody, the genius stood irresolutely a second, gazing at the room full of men and women, with a half-timid, half-defiant look coming through the veil that had crept over his blue eyes during his singing. "I—I bid you-all good-bye!" he said, with a touch of sadness. And before any one had collected himself enough to answer or thank him, the boy was out in the rain, with Simondson close at his heels.

"Here, wait a minute!" called Simondson, breathing hard in his efforts to keep up with the strides of the cowboy. "I want to talk business with you. Slow down and take it easy. We'll go down to the office."

The brisk walk in the chilling rain had brought Hansen out of his trance, so when the two men were seated in Simondson's corner of the local room, he was again the cowboy, simple, sincere, sane. "Now, let's get down to business," began the reporter. "You and I are strangers, but it occurs to me that we can work together. I know a lot about music; in fact, I was once the musical critic of a great daily. I know voices, great talents and great temperaments when I meet them. From some of your Scandinavian ancestors you have evidently inherited a tremendous gift. You are a cowboy now, just a common cow-puncher, making at the most about sixty dollars a month. Well, now, Hansen, how would you like to make a couple of thousands of dollars a night?"

Hansen smiled indulgently.

"I mean what I say, Hansen; this is no jesting matter. I will volunteer to make you the greatest tenor-robusto this country or any other country ever saw! You have the voice, the 'divine spark,' the physique and the health. You look to me like a man who can work, too. I can make a Siegfried of you that will drive the world mad! Do you *want* to be a great singer?"

The boy grew attentive. "God!" he whispered to himself, dreamily. "God! I'd give my soul to be able to sing all I feel!"

Columbus discovering America had no such light in his eye as had Simondson discovering his Siegfried. "I say," he said whimsically, "you didn't happen to have any Vikings in your family in the old country, did you?"

"I don't know of any," replied the boy in good faith. "I think my folks was mostly all Hansens, Larsens and Holtzes."

Before Fortune took him West, Simondson stood very well in the artist world of New York. His acquaintance was large and worth while. He knew just the right teachers for this boy; just the men who would risk money on his education; just the musical directors who could manage his career to the best advantage. In fact, until this moment, Simondson had never appreciated his own importance. He never before had felt a call to further the interests of any one; and the thought of all he was able to do for this gifted boy quite exhilarated him.

There was something indefinable in the individuality of Lars Hansen which touched the imagination. Simondson, the unemotional, practical newspaper man, caught himself vaguely picturing this handsome youth (the only man possessing the requisite talent who looked the part of Siegfried, to his thinking) thrusting a stage sword into a huge stage dragon, which snorted stage flames and breathed out volumes of stage fumes; and finally killing the wriggling monstrosity with the abandon of a man born to the life of the wilds. And then Simondson fancied he could see his god-like protege lying out in a stage forest, listening to the woodland sounds made by a fine orchestra, and harkening to the exquisite soprano notes supposed to belong to the nice little stuffed bird that is cleverly pulled about on wires, while telling the wondrous hero, Siegfried, of the glorious bride that lies awaiting him on a rock, surrounded by flames of stage fire.

"The real Siegfried at last!" thought Simondson. "The ideal youth, vibrating with life. The best type of romantic manhood. And oh! what a voice! A big man, too, in every sense of the word; not a fat, stubby, middle-aged, beer-logged German tenor with a worn out throat!" Collecting himself abruptly, he turned thoughtfully to the cowboy. "You know, of course, Hansen, that it will take several years of hard study, don't you?"

"Yes," answered the boy, absent-mindedly.

"Tell me, would you like to be the greatest Siegfried of the age?"

Hansen looked puzzled. "Who?" he asked.

"Siegfried, man, Siegfried. But of course you don't follow me; I forgot. They don't have grand opera out on the Chicorica Range, do they?"

"I reckon not," drawled the boy, with his irresistible simplicity. "Least I never heard of havin' anything pleasant there but barn dances, and a variety show about once a year in the town hall. Grand opera *is* supposed to be pleasant, ain't it?"

"Supposed to be—yes," acknowledged Simondson, smiling.

"Mostly singing, ain't it?" inquired Hansen. "The actors don't talk much, do they?"

"No. The audience usually does all the talking."

Simondson was very soon going home to New York on a vacation, anyway, so he and Hansen agreed to meet there. With this understanding they parted, interested, full of plans, and excellent friends—Hansen going back to his cattle train, and Simondson seating himself at his typewriting machine, full of copy that he had but an hour to pound out before press time.

After arriving in New York Simondson very quickly had everything arranged for the starting of his Siegfried's career. The great Herr von Moltz tried Hansen's voice, and was so sure of its rare quality and possibilities that he volunteered to reduce his prices, thus experiencing a new sensation in life. He had coached Hansen on Siegfried's greatest solo, just as a test, teaching it to him parrot fashion, for the boy had no technical knowledge of music at all. The results were so startlingly good that the little German actually embraced Hansen at the last rehearsal, to that young man's horror. Von Moltz intended to put his pupil at once on scales and fundamental exercises to train him from the beginning for his life work, but he could see now what a temptation it was going to be to show off this voice too soon, for like many folk of northern blood, Hansen was endowed by nature with an open, free method of voice production. He sang as the wind blows, not knowing how, nor caring.

What was needed was money, and enough of it to pay all of the boy's expenses during his student years; and to raise the necessary loan, with only a voice as security, was not an easy matter. However, Simondson, with no little difficulty, had persuaded five rich men and women he knew to advance, jointly, a fund of some thousands of dollars, provided they were satisfied that this voice warranted the chances they were taking. To this end, Simondson and Von Moltz were giving a musical evening at Von Moltz's studio. The capitalists were coming with their friends; the best of Simondson's New York acquaintances were asked, as were also Von Moltz's prominent patrons and promising pupils. The music master's studio was an exceptionally interesting sort of place in itself, and the party which restlessly awaited the arrival of Mr. Lars Hansen of the Chicorica Range was impressive indeed.

Miss Leona Smith had already sung several times too often, but once again she was escorted to the piano, in hopes of diverting the people who were growing weary of waiting for a voice they had al' decided was a myth anyway. It was ten o'clock. Von Moltz fluttered about nervously, assuring everybody that the United States had never before produced such a voice as the one they were soon to hear. Simondson had been madly telephoning everywhere and despatching messengers in search of his protege. He was verging upon desperation, when a door at one end of the long room was thrown open and Hansen burst in, dramatically.

The New Yorkers had doubtless unconsciously expected to see a man in conventional evening attire, so when they saw, framed by the doorway, a superb specimen of manhood, six feet two in picturesque cowboy dress, their attention was caught instantly, and held fast. The boy was pale, alarmingly pale, in spite of his coats of tan, and his wealth of yellow, waving hair he shook back as an angry lion might have done. One strong hand clasped the scarlet handkerchief at his throat, and for a moment that seemed an hour, he stared at the people before him, like an animal on guard. His eyes burned with the force of tremendous feeling, and there were deep blue-black circles under them that made his expression all the more intense.

"I'll have to get you-all to excuse me for bein' late," he began, stepping upon the dais, unsteadily, and lurching forward into the piano as the hot air of the place struck him in the face. "I suppose you-all will wonder why I didn't clear out without disturbin' you, but I ain't no coward, an' I couldn't quite do that. The time has come for me to have a say in these here doin's, myself; an', as talkin' ain't in my line, I had to stop an' get a littl' help. I ain't drunk—understand, ladies an' gents—not drunk. I'm jes' sort o' warmed up. It helps me talk, an' I've *got* to talk! You-all ('specially the newspaper man from Denver) are good to me, an' I thank you. But most always kind people get so damned wrapped up in their own kindness that they can't see anything but what goes on in their own heads. When this here singing business first begun, it was a kind o' joke to me—then it got all mixed up an' serious, an' not bein' used to city games, I didn't know how to get out. I don't hold it against the man from Denver for goin' on over my voice. I jes' thought when his friends heard me they'd set him right, an' he'd come to. People in their right minds out my way don't set much store by my voice, an' I reckon they know best. Ladies an' gents, I might as well be honest with you. I ain't fitted for the job of chasin' my voice up an' down a piano board three hours a day, for God knows how many years, like a sick girl-cat. Why, *I'd smother to death!* So to hell with the whole fool business! That's a good place, too, for your noisy, dirty streets that shut a feller in like an unaired jail. If I've got any singin' to do, I'll sing to the trees and the rocks and the mountains and the sagebrush of my own country, where we drive decent wagons on top of the earth, not stiflin' toy cars half way down to the devil. My country, ladies and gents—my country—the only country—God's country, where you can breathe, an' the saloons is far enough apart to let a feller sober up once in a while! No miserabl' littl' waxed-up music teachers in mine! No more sissy voice exercises on '*ah-oo-ah-oo!*' Give me a *man's* cry like we yell to our herds o' snortin', pawin' steers! To the devil with this heer feller Siegfried, whoever he is, an' all of his family! I'm off for a good horse an' the prairies, do you hear me, ladies an' gents? But before I go, I want you to understand I know you-all mean the best in the world—an' I ain't drunk when I'm sayin' it, either. I jes' needed a littl' help, an' I got it. Your whole town is aflood with it—this same kind o' *help,* an' pretty poor stuff at the price, too. I'm off, I say, an' thank you kindly for what you meant to do! But next time, ladies an' gents, better know your bronco better before you go so far. Good-bye to you—good-bye! I'll be glad to see you any time out on the Chicorica Range. I'm pleased to meet you-all, an' I hope you won't think I'm drunk. I'm glad to have seen your roaring, reekin' town. Any time, remember, glad to see you on the Range—always plenty of grub an' a bunk somewhere. Good-bye to you—you-all ain't so bad in your own way, but our whisky'll do less to you than yours does to us, so let us hear from you if you come our way. *Good-bye!*"

And a sharp, penetrating slam of a door was all that New York had left of its "coming Siegfried"—"Siegfried of the Chicorica Range.

Read this Splendid Essay by Jack London!

THE DIGNITY OF DOLLARS

BY

JACK LONDON

WHAT a blind, helpless creature man is after all, and how hopelessly inconsistent! He looks back with pride upon his goodly heritage of the ages, and yet obeys unwittingly every mandate of that heritage; for it is incarnate with him, and in it are imbedded the deepest roots of his soul. Strive as he will, he cannot escape it—unless he be a genius, one of those rare creations to whom alone is granted the God-given privilege of doing entirely new and original things in entirely new and original ways. But the common, clay-born man, possessing only talents, may do only what has been done before him. At the best, if he works hard, and cherish himself exceedingly, he may duplicate any or all previous performances of his kind; he may even do some of them better; but there he stops, the composite hand of his whole ancestry bearing heavily upon him.

And again, in the matter of his ideas, which have been thrust upon him, and which he has been busily garnering from the great world-harvest ever since the day when his eyes first focused and he drew, startled, against the warm breast of his mother—the tyranny of these he cannot shake off. Servants of his will, they at the same time master his destiny. They may not coerce genius, but they dictate and sway every action of the clay-born. If he hesitate on the verge of a new departure, they whip him back into the well-greased groove; if he pause, bewildered, at sight of some unexplored domain, they rise like ubiquitous finger-posts and direct him by the village path to the communal meadow. And he permits these things, and continues to permit them, for he cannot help them, and he is a slave. Out of his ideas he may weave cunning theories, beautiful ideals, but he is working with ropes of sand. At the slightest stress, the last least bit of cohesion flits away, and each idea flies apart from its fellows, while all clamor that he do this thing, or think this thing, in the ancient and time-honored way. He is only a clay-born; so he bends his neck. He knows further that the clay-born are a pitiful, pitiless majority, and that he may do nothing which they do not do.

It is only in some way such as this that we may understand and explain the dignity which attaches itself to dollars. In the watches of the night, whether in the silent chamber or under the eternal stars, we may assure ourselves that there is no such dignity, but jostling with our fellows in the white light of day, we find that it does not exist, and that we ourselves measure ourselves by the dollars we happen to possess. They give us confidence and dignity and carriage—aye, a personal dignity which goes down deeper than the garments with which we hide our nakedness. The world, when it knows nothing else of him, measures a man by his clothes; but the man himself, if he be neither a genius nor a philosopher, but merely a clay-born, measures himself by his pocket-book. He cannot help it, and can no more fling it from him than can the bashful young man his self-consciousness when crossing a ballroom floor.

I remember once absenting myself from civilization for weary months. When I returned, it was to a strange city in another country. The people were but slightly removed from my own breed, and they spoke the same tongue, barring a certain barbarous accent which I learned was far older than the one imbibed by me with my mother's milk. A fur cap, soiled and singed by many camp fires, half sheltered the shaggy tendrils of my uncut hair. My foot-gear was of walrus hide, cunningly blended with seal-gut. The remainder of my dress was as primal and uncouth. I was a sight to give merriment to gods and men. Olympus must have roared at my coming. The world, knowing me not, could judge me by my clothes alone. But I refused to be so judged. My spiritual backbone stiffened, and I held my head high, looking all men in the eyes. And I did these things, not that I was an egotist, not that I was impervious to the critical glances of my fellows, but because of a certain hogskin belt, plethoric and sweat bewrinkled which buckled next the skin above the hips. Oh, it's absurd, I grant, but had that belt not been so circumstanced and so situated, I should have shrunk away into side streets and back alleys, walking humbly and avoiding all gregarious humans except those who were likewise abroad without belts. Why? I do not know, save that in such way did my fathers before me.

Viewed in the light of sober reason, the whole thing was preposterous. But I walked down the gang-plank with the mien of a hero, of a barbarian who knew himself to be greater than the civilization he threaded. I was possessed of the arrogance of a Roman Governor. At last I knew what it was to be born to the purple, and I took my seat in the hotel carriage as though it were my chariot about to proceed with me to the imperial palace. People discreetly dropped their eyes before my proud gaze, and into their hearts I knew I forced the query, What manner of man can this mortal be? I was superior to invention, and the very garb which otherwise would have damned me, tended toward my elevation. And all this was due, not to my royal lineage, nor to the deeds I had done and the champions I had overthrown, but to a certain hogskin belt buckled next the skin. The sweat of months was upon it; toil had defaced it, and it was not a creation such as would appeal to the aesthetic mind, but it was plethoric. There was the arcanum—nay, arcana—for each yellow grain conduced to my exaltation, and the sum of these grains was the sum of my mightiness. Had they been less, just so would have been my stature; more, and I would have reached the sky.

And this was my royal progress through that most loyal city. I purchased a host of indispensables from the tradespeople, and bought me such pleasures and diversions as befitted one who had long been denied. I scattered my gold lavishly, nor did I chaffer over prices in mart or exchange. And because of these things I did, I demanded homage. Nor was it refused. I moved through wind-swept groves of limber backs; across sunny glades, lighted by the beaming rays from a thousand obsequious eyes; and when I tired of this, basked on the greensward of popular approval. Money was very good, I thought, and for the time was content. But there rushed upon me the words of Erasmus, "When I get some money, I shall buy me some Greek books, and afterward some clothes," and a great shame wrapped me around. But, luckily for my soul's welfare, I reflected and was saved. By the clearer vision vouchsafed me, I beheld Erasmus, fire-flashing, heaven-born, while I—I was merely a clay-born, a son of earth. For a giddy moment I had forgotten this, and tottered. And I rolled over on my greensward, caught a glimpse of a regiment of undulating backs, and thanked my particular gods that such moods of madness were passing brief.

But on another day, receiving with kingly condescension the service of my good subjects' backs, I remembered the words of another man, long since laid away, who was by birth a nobleman, by nature a philosopher and a gentleman, and who by circumstance yielded up his head upon the block. "That a man of lead," he once remarked, "who has no more sense than a log of wood, and is as bad as he is foolish, should have many wise and good men to serve him, only he has a great heap of that metal; and that if, by some accident or trick of law (which sometimes produces as great changes as chance itself), all this wealth should pass from the master to the meanest varlet of his whole family, he himself would very soon become one of his servants, as if he were a thing that belonged to his wealth, and so was bound to follow its fortune."

And when I had remembered thus much

I unwisely failed to pause and reflect. So I gathered my belongings together, cinched my hogskin belt tight about me, and went away in the dark of night to my own country. It was a very foolish thing to do. I am sure it was. But when I had recovered my reason, I fell upon my particular gods and belabored them mightily, and as penance for their watchlessness, placed them away amongst dust and cobwebs—O no, not for long. They are again enshrined as bright and polished as of yore, and my destiny is once more in their keeping.

It is given that travail and vicissitude mark time to man's footsteps as he stumbles onward toward the grave; and it is well. Without the bitter, one may not know the sweet. The other day—nay, it was but yesterday—I fell before the rhythm of fortune. The inexorable pendulum had swung the counter direction, and there was upon me an urgent need. The hogskin belt was flat as famine, nor did it longer gird my loins. From my window I could descry, at no great distance, a very ordinary mortal of a man, working industriously among his cabbages. I thought: Here am I, capable of teaching him much concerning the field wherein he labors—the nitrogenic-why of the fertilizer, the alchemy of the sun, the microscopic cell-structure of the plant, the cryptic chemistry of root and runner—but thereat he straightened his work-wearied back and rested. His eyes wandered over that which he had produced in the sweat of his brow, then on to mine. And as he stood there drearily, he became reproach incarnate. "Unstable as water," he said (I am sure he did), "unstable as water, thou shall not excel. Man, where art THY cabbages?"

I shrank back shriveled up. Then I waxed rebellious. I refused to answer the question. He had no right to ask it, and his presence was an affront upon the landscape. And a dignity entered into me, and my neck was stiffened, my head poised. I gathered together certain certificates of my goods and chattels, pointed my heels toward him and his cabbages, and journeyed townward. I was yet a man. There was naught in those certificates to be ashamed of. But alack-a-day! While my heels thrust the cabbage-man beyond the horizon, my toes were drawing me, faltering, like a timid old beggar, into a roaring spate of humanity—men, women, and children without end. They had no concern with me, nor I with them. I knew it; I felt it. Like She, after her fire-bath in the womb of the world, I dwindled in my own sight. My feet were uncertain and heavy, and my soul became as a mealsack, limp with emptiness and tied in the middle. People looked upon me scornfully, pitifully, reproachfully. (I can swear they did.) In every eye I read the question: Man, where art thy cabbages?

So I avoided their looks, shrinking close to the curbstone, and by furtive glances directing my progress. At last I came hard by the place, and peering stealthily to the right and left that none who knew might behold me, I entered hurriedly, in the manner of one committing an abomination. 'Fore God! I had done no evil, nor had I wronged any man, nor did I contemplate evil; yet was I aware of evil. Why? I do not know, save that there goes much dignity with dollars, and being devoid of the one I was destitute of the other. The person I sought practiced a profession as ancient as the oracles, but far more lucrative. It is mentioned in Exodus; so it must have been created soon after the foundations of the world; and despite the thunder of ecclesiastics and the mailed hands of kings and conquerors, it has endured even to this day. Nor is it unfair to presume that the accounts of this most remarkable business will not be closed until the Trumps of Doom are sounded and all things brought to final balance.

Wherefore it was in fear and trembling and with great modesty of spirit that I entered the Presence. To confess that I was shocked were to do my feelings an injustice. Perhaps the blame may be shouldered upon Shylock, Fagin and their ilk; but I had preconceived an entirely different type of individual. This man—why, he was clean to look at, his eyes were blue, with the tired look of scholarly lucubrations, and his skin had the normal pallor of sedentary existence. He was reading a book, sober and leather-bound, while on his finely-molded, intellectual head reposed a black skull-cap. For all the world his look and attitude were those of a college professor. My heart gave a great leap. Here was hope! But no; he fixed me with a cold and glittering eye, searching with the chill of space till my financial status stood beside me shivering and ashamed. I communed with myself. By his brow he was a thinker, but his intellect has been prostituted to a mercenary exaction of toll from misery. His nerve centers of judgment and will have not been employed in solving the problems of life, but in maintaining his own solvency by the insolvency of others. He trades upon sorrow, and draws a livelihood from misfortune. He transmutes tears into treasure, and from nakedness and hunger garbs himself in clean linen and develops the round of his belly. He is a bloodsucker and a vampire. He lays unholy hands on heaven and hell at cent per cent, and his very existence is a sacrilege and a blasphemy. And yet here am I, wilting before him, an arrant coward, with no respect for him and less for myself. Why should this shame be? Let me rouse in my strength and smite, and by so doing wipe clean one offensive page.

But no. As I said, he fixed me with a cold and glittering eye, and in it was the aristocrat's undisguised contempt for the *canaille*. I was of the unwashed last estate, a proletarian, a *sans-culotte*. Behind him was the solid phalanx of a bourgeois society. Law and order upheld him, while I titubated, cabbageless, on the ragged edge. Moreover, he was possessed of a formula whereby to extract juice from a flattened lemon, and he would do business with me.

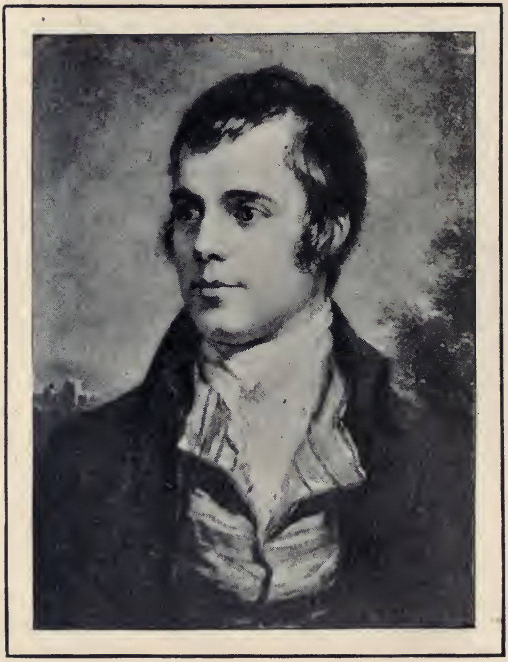
I told him my desires humbly, in quavering syllables. In return, he craved my antecedents and residence, pried into my private life, insolently demanded how many children had I, and did I live in wedlock, and asked divers other unseemingly and degrading questions. Aye, I was treated like a thief convicted before the act, till I produced my certificates of goods and chattels aforementioned. Never had they appeared so insignificant and paltry as then, when he sniffed over them with the air of one disdainfully doing a disagreeable task. It is said, "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury," but he evidently was not my brother, for he demanded seventy per cent. I put my signature to certain indentures, received my pottage and fled from his presence incontinently.

Faugh! I was glad to be quit of it. How good the outside air was! I only prayed that neither my best friend nor my worst enemy should ever become aware of what had just transpired. Ere I had gone a block I noticed that the sun had brightened perceptibly, the streets became less sordid, the gutter-mud less filthy. In people's eyes the cabbage question no longer brooded. And there was a spring to my body, an elasticity of step as I covered the pavement. Within me coursed an unwonted sap, and I felt as though I were about to burst out into leaves and buds and green things. I was exhilarated. My brain was clear and refreshed. There was a new strength to my arm. My nerves were tingling, and I was a-pulse with the times. All men were my brothers. Save one—yes, save one. I would go back and wreck the establishment. I would disrupt that leather-bound volume, violate that black skull cap, burn the accounts. But before fancy could father the act, I recollected myself, and all which had passed. Nor did I marvel at my new-born might, at my ancient dignity which had returned. There was a tinkling chink as I ran the yellow pieces through my fingers, and with the golden music rippling round me, I caught a deeper insight into the mystery of things.

DUMFRIES: THE HAMLET OF ROBERT BURNS

BY KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS

THE RUN from Edinburgh to Dumfries, two and a half hours by rail, is by motor a morning's spin scarce begun before finished. Over fine hard roads the motor flashes past small towns and whitewashed villages, heather and bracken bordered burns showing far up the mountain sides tiny ribbons of frothing whiteness, through valleys upon upward stony slopes of which grazing sheep and cattle picturesquely dispose themselves until almost before one realizes it, the ecstatic breath indrawn at Edinburgh, expending itself along the curving highways has exhaled itself in the heart of Dumfries.



ROBERT BURNS.

Quaint and lovely little town to which the cable car is yet unknown, not the least of its charm is the clatter of countless clogs sounding from the childish feet invariably following in the wake of the stranger. The merry-hearted flock of ruddy cheeked lads and lassies trooping along, gathers numerical strength and wondering interest as proffers rain thick and fast in musically soft Scotch for services of the small guides hither and yon. Dumfries stands out in the Scottish landscape as that spot wherein Robert Burns spent the closing eight years of his tragic existence. A locality in which every Burns tradition is lovingly knit into the hearts of his countrymen, holding place scarce second to his "Gude Book."

"Gang doon th' High street, tourn to ye lift thro' th' tanneries—and yons the hoose," is the direction given of all to whom inquiry is made concerning location of the "Death House" you seek.

When you pass down the tortuous, cobble-paved tannery close to the house to which Scotland's master of verse so often trod his weary, saddened way, there comes a feeling absolutely indescribable.

The perfection of the day has in no wise changed. The brightness of the sun still warms the air, yet of a sudden, as you stand outside the tiny five room plastered stone cottage that sheltered the man of genius, there is borne upon you heart-stirring conviction that you stand in actual shadow of an overwhelming human tragedy. In response to your request, there is accorded permission to pass across the lintel of the doorway; the same over which he, poor soul, must so often have trod in unspeakable anguish of spirit.

Slowly, in deepest gravity of thought, up the dozen well-worn, sharply-winding sandstone steps to the landing above, you go to enter to the right one of the two doorways opening on either side, and find yourself in the death chamber. From this you pass to the one so small as scarce to afford place for table and chair to come upon the one spot in all Scotland where for eight years Robert Burns could close the door and shut himself away to write his deathless verse.

5214. CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE, DUMFRIES.

CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE.

The spirit of the place, descending upon you, remains for days. As by magic, you are part and parcel of that unspeakableness that was daily life to the genius whom the English speaking world to-day holds so high in its heart, the marvelously gifted being to whom life was from the start such a pitiful snarl.

Robert Burns is no longer a century's dead erring genius. Throbbing, trenchantly alive, the very air is vibrant with his presence. From low-browed ceiling and narrowness of four walls, the man and poet looking full at you with mournful eyes, bids you, so cognizant of his surroundings to revoke old condemnations and judge anew in that tenderness of quickened comprehension of actual life. And so understanding, that which has heretofore been in mind of Burns as the man, forever falls away to nothingness as, with kindly hands, you softly place about him the all-enveloping cloak of boundless charity.

In the death chamber, as in no other spot on earth, comes to every large-hearted thinking person, understanding of how the soul of the poet must have revolted at the sordid poverty of his life, and perhaps, more than all, at the meanness and narrow spirit of his times. Perhaps, poor, long-dead erring poet, most of all at himself, because of the fetters wherewith he bound himself, from which he might not break away, that, holding him slave till the last breath of life should be out of his body, kept him there master of the house, husband to good, faithful Jean Armour and father to the brood of eight clamoring children.

The man of genius, fresh from adulation of the great world of London and

H. LOGAN
WINES
ALES
SPIRITS
& PORTER
COFFEE HOUSE HOTEL
HIGH STREET DUMFRIES
POULTON

THE HIGH STREET.

Edinburgh, burning with the flame that, breaking from the clod of his ploughboy days, made him so easily peer among his kinsmen, what must those last eight years of existence have meant in that lowly cottage set in such bitter, barrenness of surrounding!

It could, in truth, signify naught but

THE BURNS' "DEATH HOUSE."

STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS.

daily and hourly crucifixion, from the tortures of which, having tied his own hands, he could hope for no release. Beyond all else, perhaps, standing in that low-ceilinged room, you realize with more tremendous force than is possible elsewhere, the power of this man's writings. Of the inherent mental strength by which, wrenching the galling chains of mental fetters, he burst from Calvanism, threw from him the narrowing creed that meant stagnation and soul-starvation to his color mad, beauty-loving soul. Utterly and forever cast aside its all future damning verdicts, to stand in estimation of his countrymen literally a ship without a rudder. It may have been, perhaps, as the Scotch have it, that he was a man sailing without a compass. But it was always for the land of beauty that he sailed; the land of beauty, melody, and, above all else, of color; even if at times it chanced of color the vividness of which threw in its wake the denser shadow.

And for him there is the greater pity when glancing through the window-panes of the small writing room, on one of which the poet in an idle moment scratched "Robert Burns," you see across the cobble-paved space the one-story public house, wherein, alas, he spent long, roystering hours, drowning for the time being, at least, all consciousness of those things the sober living of which was such harassing canker.

The life that was indeed all tragedy threaded but here and there with transitory moments of joy, was destined during what must have proved almost superhumanly trying circumstances in the life at Dumfries to produce those songs and poems wherein are epitomized to humanity the tender sweetness and pathos of Scotland. For it was during the eight years in Dumfries that Burns wrote some of his most exquisite lyrics and love songs. "Auld Lang Syne" is prominent in his list. "A Man's a Man for a' That" makes one ponder as to what turbulent recollections of his reception by nobility of Edinburgh and London stirred so hotly in his

BURNS' MAUSOLEUM.

CARLYLE'S HOUSE, NEAR DUMFRIES.

mind as to inspire the splendid world-familiar lines.

"O a' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw," "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," "Duncan Gray," "Tam Glen," "Gae Fetch tae me a Pint o' Wine," were among the imperishable verse sung from the heart of Burns during those closing years."

It was while lying in the stockyard of Ellisland that he wrote "To Mary in Heaven," at that period when the utter profitlessness of his farming attempt, no less than the intellectual significance of his married life to Jean Armour were staring him full in the face with their respective deadliness.

Upon a window of the King's Arms Hotel, doubtless with that same diamond wherewith he inscribed his signature upon his study window, the poet who himself at the time held the position of exciseman, wrote those famous lines, shown with pride to all travelers:

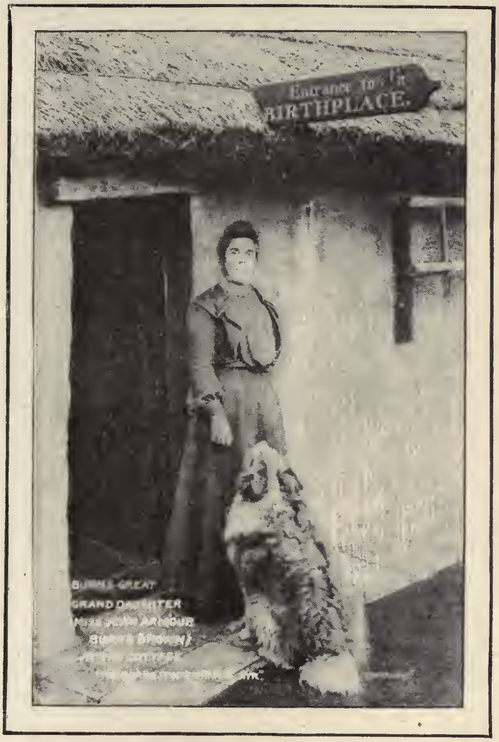
"Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen? Give the cause a hearing.
What are your landlord's rent rolls? Taxing ledgers.
What premiers? What? Even monarch's mighty gaugers.
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?"

The chair in which Burns so often sat, the center of a merry party, is preserved with care at "The Globe." The first house occupied by him in Dumfries is situated on Bank street, and marked by a memorial tablet.

It was following a stay in Dumfries that the writer, lodging in a nearby village, was called one day to look at an ancient silver watch of monstrous proportions, upon the back of which was the inscription, "Presented to Mr. Robert Burns by his Brother Ploughmen of Aire, March the 9th, 1785." This time-piece, long since passed from the possession of the family, was then being offered for sale.

Robert Burns was elected an honorary freeman of Dumfries some time before he made his home there, and upon taking up his residence, the burgess privilege of free scholarship at the Grammar School was extended to his family, while the gentry of the neighboring countryside hastened to do him honor.

From love of the man, no less than pride in his genius, the townspeople insured to Burns his salary during the long illness which he endured with pathetic heroism. Upon his death a fund was raised for the widow and family, the latter being augmented the day after the



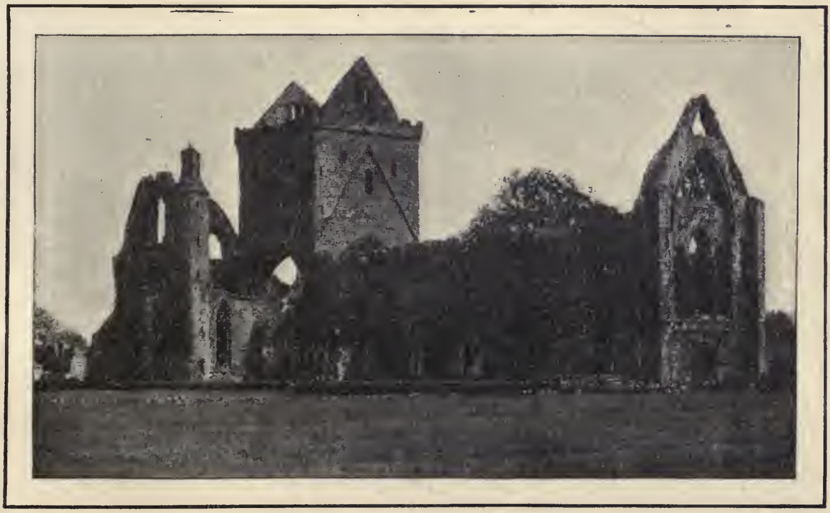
BURNS' GREAT GRAND-DAUGHTER.

funeral by advent of its youngest member.

The excellent statue of the poet, erected many years after his death, occupies a place at the top of High street, and is the work of Mrs. D. O. Hill, of Edinburgh. In the Burns Mausoleum erected by the public in the quaint little grave-yard scarce a stone's throw from his home, rest the remains of Burns, Jean Armour and five of their sons.

The Death House is at present occupied by the direct living descendants of Burns, Mrs. Jean Armour Burns-Brown and her daughter and namesake. This great-grand-daughter bears a strikingly strong resemblance to her illustrious forebear. Formerly residing at the Burns place at Ayr, Mrs. Brown and her daughter were a few years since, through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie, brought to permanently reside in Dumfries, where he has settled upon them a small income. Jean Armour Burns, as the great-granddaughter is usually called, has an exceedingly sweet voice, which may be heard on Sundays in the choir of a nearby church.

Dumfries has been the birthplace and home of many Scotchmen to whom, in later life, it has been given to attain distinction. The region for sixteen miles about is intimately associated with Thomas Carlyle. Ecclefechan was his birthplace, at Templand he was married, at Hoddom Hill is the farm whereon, having been mentally perturbed by the troublesome landlord, he warded off further interference by tartly declaring "I



SWEETHEART ABBEY.

will grow laverlocks if I like, to the end of time, so long as I promptly pay my rent." Upon the breezy moorland of Craigen puttock he wrote "Sartor Resartus," during his seven years' occupancy of the old stone house.

From historic days until the present time, Dumfries has been associated with many notables. J. M. Barrie was a pupil at the Dumfries academy, where, in his early youth, he was foremost in amateur theatricals. Andrew Carnegie, who some years since presented the town with a fine public library, delights to visit Dumfries because of its Burns associations. While once Prince Charles Edward and his army were quartered upon Dumfries; naught has been altered in the room of the Commercial Hotel where for two days Prince Charlie lived a rollicking pace.

As early as the twelfth century, Dumfries was a royal burgh. The river Nith, of which Burns sang, "I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes," divides Dumfries from Galloway. In this spot would appear to have been enacted an important part in the old war for independence between England and Scotland, for it was the capture of Dumfries Castle from the English garrison whereby Robert Bruce effected the independence of his native country.

It was at Friars Carse that the famous drinking bout took place which inspired Burns's poem, "The Whistle." To the north of Dumfries lies Chichthorpe Linn, the retreat of Balfour of Burley in "Old Mortality." In Caerlaverock churchyard is a tomb erected by Scott's publishers to that son of Scotia from whom was drawn the character of "Old Mortality." Caerlaverock Castle, the scene of the siege of Edward I, served in "Guy Mannering" for description of Ellangowan.

THE CANDLE-STARS OF CHRISTMAS TIME

BY MARY OGDEN VAUGHAN

The Candle-Stars of Christmas Time
  Are shining o'er the earth,
As shone the Star of Bethlehem
  At our dear Savior's birth.

They twinkle on the Christmas trees,
  And glow on altars dim,
Where worshipers, upon their knees,
  Lift prayerful hearts to Him—

The Babe—who in the manger lay
  On that far Christmas morn,
When, ere the breaking of the day,
  The Christ—our Lord—was born.

A jeweled chain of sparkling flame,
  They gird the world with light;
"Peace and Good Will to Man" proclaim,
  As on that Hallowed Night,

When angels, chanting in the sky,
  The listening shepherds heard,
And, seeking out the place He lay,
  Knew and revered their Lord.

THE CALL OF THE WHISTLE

BY

JOHN KENNETH TURNER

“WHOO-OO-O-O-O-O-O!” The voice of the flying locomotive percolated among the low hills and penetrated in a thin whisper to a small alfalfa farm that nestled cosily in the V of two uniting ridges.

The man at work in the field started at the sound and involuntarily spilled his pitchforkful of hay onto the ground, instead of landing it neatly on top of the shock as he had intended.

“There she is again!” he exclaimed, turning excitedly. “She’s a-singing to me. She’s a-calling me. I’ve heard her every night now for three weeks; mornings, too, many a time. What’s the use of vegetating here, when all the world’s beyond those green hills?

“She always gets me this way in the spring,” continued the man, turning reluctantly back to his work. “Only this spring is the worst. It’s six years now since I quit the road, and it’s no use fighting against her much longer. The fever’s got me, and one of these days I’ll chuck everything and go, just ’cause I can’t help it.”

“Whoo-oo-o-o-o! Whoo-oo-o-o-o!’ murmured the whistle again, more distinctly this time.

The man threw his fork violently from him and started on a mad dash across lots.

“She’s got to make the three mile run around the loop. I can head her off and get her as she slows down at the near curve,” he panted, leaping a ditch and scrambling over a rail fence. He ran on and on, hesitating for neither steep slopes nor scraggy bottoms, wiping the sweat from his face with his shirt sleeve until, after a five minutes’ race, he plunged almost headlong over an embankment and onto a line of ties and rails.

But he was too late. The train had slipped by a moment before and now its rear end was leisurely rounding a sharp curve one hundred yards beyond.

He stood in the middle of the track and stared dully after it for a half minute, then pulled a coarse bandana from his overall pocket and mopped the perspiration from his face.

“She’s gone, and there won’t be another one through her until morning,” he mut- one through here until morning,” he mut- I am, anyhow! Guess I’ll go home to supper. Molly and the kids will be wondering what keeps me so late!”

With dejected face he made his way slowly back to the hay-field, laboriously climbing the fences which a quarter of an hour before he had vaulted so lightly. He shouldered the pitchfork, and, walking to the house, washed, then milked the cow and washed again for supper.

Middleton Groves ate his evening meal in unwonted silence, paying no heed to the prattle of his sons of three and five, and keeping his eyes fixed, for the most part, on his plate. His fair-haired young wife regarded him with curious, then troubled eyes. When he had eaten, he retired to the dark sitting room and stretched himself face downward on the sofa. After she had finished her dishes, the woman entered and lighted a lamp. She stole down beside her husband, smoothed his thick black locks with gentle hands and whispered to him to tell her the secret of his depression.

“Nothing at all, Molly,” he answered, wearily. “Just a little tired. I’m trying to get all that hay shocked this week, you know.”

“I’m afraid you’re working too hard,

Middie. Forget the hay for a day. Let's all go to the picnic at Mole's Grove to-morrow. There'll be a baseball game, some horse races, dancing and plenty of ice cream and lemonade. We had a jolly time there last year. Come along, Mid.; it will do you good."

"No, I don't seem to care for picnics any more. Then it's getting too hot for starched collars. You can go in the buggy and take the kids. I'll work in the hay. Run along, now; it's time to get the little fellows ready for bed."

"I don't want to go to bed," objected Jimmie, the older of the small sons. "I want to stay up awhile."

"Want to 'tay up," echoed little Frank.

"No, you can't," said the mother, firmly. "But if you're real good, I'll ask papa to tell you a story before I tuck you in."

"Oh, papa's going to tell us a story," shouted Jimmie gleefully. "Hurry up, Frank."

"No stories to-night," announced the father, gruffly, from his sofa.

"Please, papa, just a little short one," urged the mother.

"Pwease, papa, dus a witta sort 'towey," entreated the three-year-old, tearfully.

"All right," relented the father, sitting up. "What shall it be about—a bear?"

"No, no!" cried Jimmie, clambering onto a knee, "about the grea-a-t big, black choo-choo horse that goes toot! toot! and dang! lang! lang! and about the good man that rides on top of the choo-choo cars and the bad men with lanterns that try to find him and make him get off and walk."

"'Ess, 'bout choo-choo," assented Frank vainly trying to reach the other knee.

The baby was hoisted safely to the coveted perch, and with the three heads close together and the mother listening fondly in the background, a story of the "choo-choo cars" was told. For a time the little tads listened with eager ears, their eyes round and bright with wonder and excitement, but soon they nestled closer to the masculine shoulder, and when the vivid tale was done they were in dreamland.

Middleton Groves rose softly and laid his little sons in their tiny bed. Their mother tucked the covers snugly about them. Together the parents looked down on the sleeping babes for a moment, then the mother whispered:

"Oh, Middie, it scared me, that story. It frightened me to know that you were the one who went through all those dangers, and it frightened me more to see your eyes shine in the telling, as if you loved the life and might some day be lured back to it. If I knew you would ever really wish to go through such experiences again it would break my heart. Tell me you never will."

The husband put an arm gently about the slim shoulders and pressed a kiss on the tremulous mouth.

"Never worry your heart about that, girlie," he assured her, cheerily. "I care too much for my little wife and kiddies to ever think twice of such a thing."

But the locomotive whistle invaded the dreams of Middleton Groves that night, and he fancied himself riding again the precarious deck of a careening passenger coach. He felt the throb of the iron steed at the head of the train, and watched the twinkling stars through the drifting clouds from the smoke-stack. A tramp rides a passenger train with the exhilaration of a hunter astride a mettlesome steed—while inside the passenger at three cents a mile dozes dully as in a dog-cart.

When morning came, the young farmer went back to his cocks of hay, while his wife drove away with the children to spend the day at the picnic. At noon he repaired to the house and ate a cold lunch, returning to his labor with renewed energy. He had worked hard the six years of his married life. The little farm was now paid for, the debts had been wiped away, and improvements were coming on apace. He loved his family; he had many plans for their future, and as the sweat poured from his face, he gloried in his labor and entertained no notion of deserting.

But as the sun dropped low an uneasiness fell upon him. A rippling breeze from the direction of the railroad canyon whispered of the faraway, and into his limbs there came a trembling of premonition. Vainly he watched for the coming of his gray horse and top buggy along the east road.

Suddenly on the whisper was borne a barely audible note, a note he well knew, for in years past his ears had strained for it at all distances and at all hours of the night and day.

At the sound, he drove the prongs of his fork deep into the soft ground and leaned on the handle, his body quivering, and his face working in an awful struggle with the thing that was gripping him. A second murmur came, and he was lost. Pushing the fork from him, he took two strides toward the house, turned back, grabbed his coat from a nearby fence post and dashed off across the fields.

When he came in sight of the railroad track, a long string of boxcars was moving noisily around the curve. Before him gaped an open door, and in a final burst of speed, he leaped forward and up, landing on his stomach on the edge of the doorway. The breath was knocked from his body by the impact. Half in and half out, he balanced unsteadily for a dozen seconds, then his legs kicked vigorously, and he wriggled out of sight into the car. He was a tramp again.

Like a prisoner issuing from a dungeon into the freedom of the sunlight, Middleton Groves leaped to his feet and screamed in hysterical happiness. He took off his hat and waved it above his head with three hoorays and executed a hilarious dance on the dusty floor of the car.

"Hi-you! Hoopla!" he yelled. "Whoop—whoop! I'm off. Foot-loose! Alive again! On the road! See the hoosier driving his cows home to milking! Hello, old clod! No more of it for your Uncle Mid. It's a spin over the ties at night for me, and green grass under a shady tree in the daytime. No more vegetating on a little old farm. I'm going to get a look at the country again!"

Darkness closed quickly and shut out all but the twinkling stars and the infrequent lights of farm-houses. Middleton Groves retired to a corner of his "side-door Pullman," where he huddled with his chin between his knees, enjoying the bumping and banging of the box cars and thrilling with the intermittent music of the whistle far ahead.

An hour slid by. Then the cars settled forward on their couplings, the wheels groaned with the friction of wood on steel, and the train gradually came to a stop.

Middleton Groves peeped from his hiding place. A great dark shadow towering above the locomotive told him that the steam horse had paused at a water tank to drink.

"I hope we don't have to wait for another train," he muttered. "I shouldn't like to be chucked off before we get onto the main line."

A second glance showed him a lantern coming his way. Slipping back to his corner, he flattened himself against the side wall. Presently a shaft of light shot through the open doorway. Then the lantern was thrust inside. A man's head followed it. But the glance cast about the car was a careless one, and the tramp in the near corner was not observed. An instant later both head and lantern were withdrawn, and the traveler breathed freely again.

The train moved forward once more, and soon was bowling along at a merry clip. Its speed continued to increase, and Middleton Groves knew that he was upon the long down-grade which led to the great valley. He disdained to huddle in a corner now, but stood in the middle of the lurching, tossing car, his feet spread far apart, his chest swelling with an emotion akin to that which swells the breast of a sea-captain astride the deck of his vessel in an angry storm.

But when the hills were behind, and the train rumbled prosaically over the plain, the adventurer thirsted for rides more stirring.

"What's a freight, anyhow?" he grumbled. "Anybody can ride a freight. It's passengers or nothing for me hereafter—and the faster the better."

When he reached the division town, he deserted the freight, and joining a half dozen other tramps, essayed to board the "blind baggage" of a passenger train as it started. Two breakmen gave chase with their lanterns, but Middleton Groves dodged apart, and, unseen, swung aboard the smoker, slipped through the door, dropped into a seat and stretched his body into a reclining posture, after the manner of the majority of the occupants. When the train was well under way, he walked leisurely to the front platform, clambered on the hand-brake, caught the edge of the roof above his head, and in five seconds more was on the "deck."

"Just as I thought," he grinned, his eye sweeping the tops of the cars front and back. "Not one of them made her out but me. Guess you haven't forgotten your old tricks—hey, old chap?" And he slapped a knee indulgently.

"Pretty chilly up here," he mused a moment late. "She's making good time. Wonder how it would feel to take a chase over the deck. Got to do it if I want to get out of the wind. Well, here goes. Ha! Not a bit shaky. I remember the first time I ever tried it. I had to drop to my hands and knees most every step for fear I'd plunge headlong over the side."

He rose to his feet, and with body bent low, ran the whale-like back of the car, jumped to the next one forward, and, traversing it in the same manner, let himself down to the platform between two baggage coaches.

When the train slowed into the next station, Middleton Groves climbed back to the deck and lay on the edge farthest from the lights and the voices. When it was again in motion he descended once more to his sheltered platform. This performance was repeated at every stop. In time, he was joined by three other knights of the road, and the four proceeded together, boon companions, though no two had met previous to that night.

The casual eye of a baggage man finally spied them out, and the fellow raised a hue and cry which dislodged them from their perch and landed them on the cold cinders.

"Nothin' doin' any more ter-night," grunted one in disgust. "I looks fere a place to pound me ear."

"Come on," urged Middleton. "Let's stay with her awhile longer. Let's show those sleepy shacks we can put it over 'em."

His companion followed him on the run to the lower end of the yards, where, crouched behind a pile of ties, they watched the train start.

There was a glimmer of lanterns on the "blind," but when the headlight was still sixty yards away, their custodians dropped to the ground, caught a platform farther back, and disappeared inside a passenger coach.

"I told you so!" cried Middleton. He sprang boldly into the open, ran a few strides beside the engine, and caught the same steps the brakeman had just deserted. Two of the others proved as nimble as he. The third missed, tried the next platform, missed again and was left behind.

The tramps had been observed, and, on leaving the next station, the brakemen rode the "blind" still farther out. But, as they dropped back to the open coaches, they saw the vagrants emerge from the shadows ahead and nimbly board a flying platform. A third time the brakemen staid with the "blind," this time so far that the leap to the ground and up again became a perilous feat. But still the tramps outdared them. At the next station the entire train crew was pressed into service to head the unticketed passengers from the baggage platforms. Tramps and trainmen raced side by side hardly an arm's length apart, the latter flinging their lanterns wildly and yelling dire threats, the former doggedly legging it for the goal that would insure them a free ride to another stop.

The wayfarers actually beat the trainmen at their own game for an hour. Then one crashed into a switch-bar and fell, temporarily stunned; another, jostled by a brakeman, went sprawling to the ground and Middleton Groves alone continued to defy the enemy.

They combined against him, but he proved himself more than their match. He took the most frightful chances. He brushed them aside when they opposed him at close range. He flung himself aboard the train when its speed was terrific. He jeered his pursuers with loud yells. One of them, infuriated, drew a revolver, and fired shot after shot in his direction, but he merely shook his fist, screamed derision and continued to ride. They decided that he must be a madman and looked for him to fall under the wheels. But his eye proved always certain and his leap well calculated. When gray dawn streaked the raven tresses of the night, Middleton Groves left the train of his own free will, exhausted and dirty, but supremely jubilant.

"I'll lay my hat there's not another hobo in the whole West who could have turned that trick," he boasted to himself.

"Jiminee, I'm hungry!" he said, turning from the track. "Come to think of it, I haven't eaten a bite since yesterday noon."

He put a hand in his pocket, drew it out again and grinned sheepishly.

"Huh! hadn't thought of that. Not a sou. Well, I've been there before. Glad I'm there now. I'll just see how it feels to batter at a back door again."

Two hours later, his stomach filled with wholesome food and his face washed clean with a charitable housewife's kitchen soap, Middleton Groves lay in a patch of green under a tree in a pasture, his head pillowed contentedly on his folded coat.

When the sun peeped from the Eastern horizon on the morning of the following day, Middleton Groves hopped off a passenger train on the edge of a division town.

"Three hundred and forty miles in one night," he calculated, consulting a railroad folder. "Whe-ew! That one night's ride was worth a dozen years of humdrum life. No more of the humdrum life for me. I'll go and go and go. They'll kick me back and forth from ocean to ocean a dozen times, but I'll never tie myself down again. I'll not do it—that's all.

"Now for a hand-out and a quiet snooze," he continued. "Heighho! The plain is full of hoboes—getting up in every direction, rolling out of blankets, crawling out of haystacks and even picking themselves off the bare ground. Must be holding a camp-meeting here. I'll certainly make my bow among 'em when my naps over."

But into the sleep of Middleton Groves that morning there drifted visions of the little alfalfa farm in the hills, the slender, flaxen-haired wife and a pair of towheaded tots, whose features were fashioned in imitation of his own. He saw himself with a round-eyed babe on each knee, and the smiling mother beside them, all listening with rapt interest as he related a thrilling tale of his younger, wilder days. The picture shifted, and he beheld his young wife with streaming eyes, the little ones clinging to her skirts with dirty, tear-stained faces, the mother calling his name and the baby lips lisping the words: "Papa, papa, papa!"

The vision started him from his nap, and set him dazed and unsteady upon his feet.

"My God! I had forgotten!" he breathed thickly, drawing a hand across his forehead. "I have been drunk—drunk for two days. Mollie and the kiddies! I had forgotten them!"

But in a moment his face set in hard lines, and he threw himself onto the ground again.

"What's the use?" he grunted. "I'm not going back. I'm a hobo. Nobody has any strings on me any more. I've cut 'em all. I guess they can get along. The farm's all paid for."

He rolled over on his back, and for a long time gazed moodily up into the perfect blue of the morning sky.

"No, I haven't cut the strings," he cried, suddenly, getting hastily to his feet again. "I can't cut 'em. They're my kids and my wife and—I'm going back."

He vaulted a rail fence into the county road and turned toward the town. Two tramps were coming in his direction, but he veered quickly away.

"I must hurry. I must let them know I am safe and coming," he thought, breaking into a run. But within a dozen rods he stopped still in dismay.

"How am I to telegraph when I haven't a cent. The message wouldn't be delivered anyhow, for it's ten miles from the nearest office to the farm. Great God! They won't know for two whole days. They will! I'll make it back in twenty-four hours if I have to fight the railroad every wheel's revolution of the journey!

With eager step he sought the railroad track. No train was in sight. Uneasily he strode back and forth along the edges of the ties, glancing momentarily along the shining rails to a point where they merged in the shimmering distance. Would a train never come?

He watched the making up of a freight and thought of boarding it as it pulled out. But he reflected that it would take him five days to reach home by such means, and let it leave without him. When it was gone, he cursed himself for missing an opportunity to travel toward his loved ones, however slowly.

Darkness had fallen when a passenger train left for the North. As at all divisions, the "shacks" were exceedingly watchful, and Middleton Groves was compelled to resort to his old trick of taking a seat in the smoker until the station was well behind. But when he thought of the climb before him, his body broke out in a cold sweat, and his heart thumped a loud protest against his ribs. Now that he had exchanged the viewpoint of the tramp for that of the member of respectable society, he shrank from beating his way, and would have given half his farm for a first-class ticket home.

When his feet were upon the hand-brake, he tottered unsteadily, and clutched at the roof above him with nerveless fingers.

"What's the matter with me?" he gasped, his fear increasing. "How she rocks from side to side! Feels as if she was going a mile a minute. Wonder if I'm losing my nerve."

Setting his jaws, he pulled himself slowly upward, every instant expecting to hear a gruff voice below or to feel the grip of an unfriendly hand upon his leg.

His arms spread far apart, Middleton Groves put his feet against the end of the smoker and used the resistance to shove his body farther up the sloping roof of the car behind him. When his legs were straight, he reached out a hand to get a grip of the nearest side edge of the roof, intending to draw himself up to the level top. But to his dismay, he found that the hand fell short. Cautiously, he put his palms under him in an effort to work himself closer, but at the motion, his feet lost their hold on the smoker. He felt himself slipping down, down. He hugged the sloping roof with hands, arms, body, even face, kicking his heels frantically. In a moment his feet found their unsteady support again, and his fall was stayed.

But his narrow escape had so unnerved him that he dared not move to right or left. He gave one sidelong glance at the darting telegraph poles and the shadowy landscape racing past. Then, helpless as a rat in a trap, he put his face to the blackened sheet iron. He was hanging on at Devil's Slide, above a yawning crevasse, with nothing to prevent him from slipping down to whizzing destruction, save the fact that his body bridged the chasm.

To Middleton Groves it was hours before his backward flight, between two cars which never lurched in unison, came to an end. When the train finally halted, he did not budge, but remained face downward with toes upon the smoker and with head and shoulders upon the car behind it, in plain view.

"Haw! haw!" cackled a hotel runner, who caught sight of him before the wheels ceased turning. "Come here, brakie; there's a bloke playing circus on yer deck; doing the double chair act—head on one, heels on the other."

"Drop off o' there!" ordered the brakeman. But the tramp made no response. A well aimed bit of coal thudded against his ribs, and for the first time his head turned slightly.

"Must be froze up there," laughed the brakeman, mounting to the platform. When he stood on the hand-brake an ashen face blinked down at him.

"For God's sake, help me down," it said, in a hoarse whisper.

The tramp, his body shaking and his teeth chattering, was dragged to the ground and set upon his feet. He staggered away into the darkness, found a barn loft and spent the remainder of the night shivering in the hay.

When the morning sun warmed the earth, Middleton Groves emerged from his hiding place. Bare-headed—for he had lost his hat in the wild night ride—he slunk through an alleyway, sniffing the air for freshly cooked food.

But when he had "spotted" a "good" house a feeling of shame overcame him, and he dared not enter. He traveled on, resolved to find another that would not strike such terror to his heart. But time and time again he placed a hand boldly upon a gate, opened it, then closed it and hurried on. Once he stepped inside, tiptoed to the back door, knocked, but the sound of his own knock put him in a panic and he turned and fled from the place precipitately.

At last he ran upon two other tramps who were "working" the private houses for "hand outs." He followed them afar. He saw them collect a great assortment of food, wrapped in newspaper packages, and retire to a vacant lot. He watched and waited until they had eaten their fill and gone. Then he crept to the spot and made a meal of the scraps they had thrown away.

An hour later he met the same tramps near the railroad track, where they were preparing to board an out-going passenger train.

"Goin' ter make 'er out?" asked one.

"Yes," he replied quickly. Then he flushed, dropped his eyes and stammered.

"Don't believe I will. Think I'll wait for a freight."

The stranger laughed significantly and turned away. Shame cut him to the heart again. His fellow craftsmen were discovering that he had lost his nerve.

The middle of the forenoon saw him ensconsed in a box car, lumbering over the plain. But he had not ridden many miles when a pair of boots dangled over the side roof and a brakeman swung himself in through the open doorway.

"Got anything on you?" demanded the intruder.

"Not a cent," quavered the culprit.

"Well, hike off at the next station."

"Say, Mister, I've got to get home. Can't I——"

"No, you can't. You get off at the next station."

A half hour later Middleton Groves was counting the ties, his head covered by a tattered straw hat he had picked from a village trash dump. That night he finished his supper from a refuse barrel back of a restaurant. He had become a "tomato can vag." He had reached the lowest depths of trampdom!

Day after day Middleton Groves struggled doggedly on. Home! home! His mind worked in but one groove—home, and he cared not how much a vagabond he became. Now he was stealing a slow ride on a freight, now walking, now persuading a farmer to carry him in his wagon a few miles along the way. Once he traveled one hundred miles in a coal tender, earning his passage by wielding a shovel for the fireman. Not until the sixth night, when he was only thirty miles from home, did he again muster up courage to board the blind baggage of a passenger train.

He knew it was the fastest train that passed over the line that ran through the hills, and the clanging of the bell sent an unreasoning thrill of terror through his body. He wavered a moment, but as the locomotive puffed forward, he stepped quickly out to meet it. Ah, the game was up; a lantern twinkled from the blind. No, he would try the other side. A lantern was there, too. He started back again with the engine nearly upon him, hesitated between the rails, then, as the pilot was about to strike him down, he sprang in the air and landed upon it, clutched at an iron rod and pulled himself safely under the headlight.

Instantly he repented of his rash act. But now it was too late. He dared not jump, for the locomotive had already attained nearly its full speed. Anyhow, he was off for the remainder of his journey, for he knew that the next stop of the night express was beyond the curve near the little alfalfa ranch in the hills.

He turned in his cramped refuge and faced the race course. A dash of cold water struck him in the face.

"Rain!" he gasped. Then through his dripping eye lashes he saw that a white wall enveloped him, a wall that receded as the engine flew forward.

"Nothing but fog! Gee, it must have got suddenly thicker. I hardly noticed it before, and now the water is pouring off my face."

He was swimming in a cloud. The rails flashed through the mist like two silver threads, but despite the powerful headlight, they were not visible more than a half dozen rods ahead.

Awful fears tortured him. Suppose a wheel should slip the rail as they careened upon this curve. Suppose the ballasting should give way there and send the locomotive crashing over that one hundred foot precipice! He would be the first to be mangled by smashing steel or scalded by unfettered steam.

"Woof!" sounded an animal voice out of the mist. A dark form loomed sudden and big before him, and a cow-bell jangled violently into his very ear as the thing scampered from the track.

The tramp's hair stood on end.

"A close call," he whispered weakly. "A second more and it would have shivered my bones against the boiler head."

After that the two vanishing threads held his eyes fascinated, strained to the point of dilation in an effort to penetrate a few feet deeper into the cloud. Every moment he imagined a dark object ahead and felt himself about to be crushed by the body of a stray cow tossed by the pilot.

His terror doubled with every mile until he felt he could bear the burden no longer. Death, swift and certain, was better than this awful nightmare, and he thought of throwing himself in front of the wheels that bore him on.

Suddenly he was toppled forward by the abrupt slackening of the locomotive. Instinctively he threw out his arms and barely saved himself from tumbling headlong onto the rails. When he recovered his equilibrium, familiar landmarks shaped themselves in the mist.

"The curve! The curve!" he cried.

Struggling to his feet on the precarious head of the pilot, he balanced himself, jumped, landed right side up, scrambled up the bank, and without a glance over his shoulder, struck out for home.

Were they still alive? Had anything happened to them? A hundred gloomy forebodings assailed him as he dodged stump and thicket. Hardship and privation had shortened his breath, but it did not stop him. Now he was over his own fence. Yes, the shocks of hay were just as he had left them. And some of it lay strewn upon the ground, exactly as it had fallen from the knife—years and years before. Was that a light in the window? They were alive.

As he staggered onto the little porch the door flew open.

"Middleton!" cried a familiar voice, and he fell through the door into the arms of his wife.

"Kids all right, Molly?" he sobbed, clinging to her knees as a child would do, as she showered kisses upon his grimy face and unkempt hair. "I went—Molly—back to the road. The whistle called me—but it's different—from what it used to be—I've got you and the kids now—and home—and I hate it—I hate the road. The call of the whistle—will never mean anything to me—again."

THE CHRISTENING

(At the Ruined Font of Grace Church.)

BY FLORENCE RICHMOND

How camest thou, sweet bird, to hear
Her whispered name at ruined Font?
Dost nest beneath the sombres—drear
Of tott'ring walls, so gray, so gaunt?

Or didst thou cross the wind-tossed sea,
On tireless wings of swiftest flight,
To mark the hour of ecstasy
Unfold love's bloom of stainless white?

And when the mellow sunlight threw
A golden mist to veil the scars,
Did'st note the glitter of the blue,
'Tween heaven and earth, entranced with stars?

O babe so fair! O Font of gold!
Sweet blendings of Christ's love-lit way!
O bird of song, thy music told
Bright omens for a fairer day.

WITH OVERLAND'S POETS

THE MUEZZIN.

Far purple hills and cloudless skies,
And waving, slender palms that rise
In feathery masses toward the sun,
While narrow streamlets curve and run,
As blue as Leda's lovely eyes.

Along the lofty parapet
A tall muezzin paces yet,
Although the morning call to prayer
Long since was sounded on the air,
And hours must pass ere day will set.

He leans and looks and listens; far
Below him, like a fallen star,
A gilded sandal lies, unbound
From some swift foot that spurned the ground
Where the great mosque's long shadows are.

He holds his robe across his face,
And creeping on from space to space,
From stair to stair in columned line,
He passes from the prophet's shrine,
And lifts the sandal from its place.

What dark muezzin ever knew
Such eyes—like iris moist with dew?
What drunken bee e'er took his sips
From roses sweet as Leda's lips?
Those lips that trembled as she flew.

First woman in the minaret,
She came for love of Ashtoblet,
And dropped her sandal when she fled,
While slept the city as the dead,
Who nor remember nor forget.

And once again the sunset's glare,
And once again the call to prayer,
And once again night throws her veil
About the lives that faint and fail,
And Ashtoblet upon the stair.

No call is sounded from his post
When pallid morning like a ghost
Comes stealing through the city's gate,
And for a while the people wait
About the mosque, a silent host.

Then one with finger at his lip,
And heavy feet that pause and trip,
And eyes that scarcely see for fright,
Comes stumbling on in woful plight,
And guides to where the fountains drip.

There the muezzin Ashtoblet,
Lies dead on banks of violet,
One red line on his dusky throat;
And to his heart, where all may note,
He holds a gilded sandal yet.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

OUR TEDDY.

Teddy had a little gun,
He loaded it one day;
And then he shot a Teddy-Bear
To while the time away.

TO A PIONEER.

Lay him to rest in the valley he loved,
With its rampart of snow-crowned hills;
Chant softly, ye winds, his funeral dirge,
And weep low, ye mountain rills;
For as free as the mountain air was he
And as pure as the virgin spring
That wells from the rock, in the lofty peaks,
Where the new-forged thunders ring.

No weakling rose plant on his grave,
Nor a creeping vine sprout there,
But over the head of our stalwart dead
Shall the native pine grow fair.

He blazed the trail and he shaped the State,
He led and we follow his way;
He fought the fight for love of the right
And not for the hypocrite's pay.
As bitter and strong as the North-Wind's blast
His voice, in censure, rung,
And never a traitor betrayed his trust
But quailed 'neath the lash of his tongue.

No shaft of stone need tell his praise
Nor poet sing of his fame,
For in every breast in the whole wide West
Shall live his honored name.

Lay him to rest in the valley he loved,
With its rampart of snow-crowned hills,
Chant softly, ye winds, his funeral dirge,
And weep low, ye mountain rills.
Pillow his head on a lap of cool earth
Where but yesterday he trod,
And there on his couch beneath the blue sky,
We'll leave him alone with his God.

HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS.

HOW VAIN IS LIFE!

La vie est vaine:	How vain is life!
Un peu d'amour,	Love's little spell,
Un peu de haine,	Hate's little strife,
Et puis—bon jour.	And then—farewell.
La vie est breve:	How brief is life!
Un peu d'espoir,	Hope's lessening light
Un peu de reve,	With dreams is rife,
Et puis—bon soir.	And then—good-night.

—Translation by Blanche M. Burbank.

THIS IS WISDOM.

Weary heart still loves the mountain;
Through the lone and heavy mist,
Saddest thoughts like lips uplift them,
Mute, to heaven, to be kissed.

Yet 'tis sweeter in the valley,
Leaving all this cark and doubt,
To do thy hand-work, serve thy true-love,
Keep thy heart bright side without.

"Live thy life well," hear it whisper;
"Do the good that thou can'st do.
If no heaven, thou hast had thine;
If there be, thou shalt have two."

JOHN THORPE.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

Ah, fitfully the winter moon shone through
Dull banks of glowering clouds the heavens among,
Increasing chill the north wind as it blew
Over the flaw-blown postern's iron tongue;
Already had the muffled church bell rung
Calling the village folk to vesper prayers
Through highways dumb with snow, and overhung
With sobbing hemlocks taken unawares
And laden with a host of icy mail-ed cares.

Bleak raved the haggard blast a-down the grange
Storming with hollow breath the fissured towers,
Where hung the lofty turrets wrapt in strange,
Fantastic wreaths of withered leaves and flowers;
Then freezing either side the sculptured bowers
Of crouching dragons ready in their flight
To some far sunken faery land where cowers
Under his woof of black the sullen night
With all his eben shades, and dusky pyres of light.

Scarce had the stifled curfew numb with cold
Drowsed into icy stillness, patient feet
Came shuffling up the chapel aisle below
Where played the deep-mouthed organ loud and sweet;
Yet on the stained windows tapped the blast,
Howling with fearful seeming at the feet
Of thorn-crowned martyrs, holy eyes aghast
Or sweet Saint Eulalie, with hands together claspt.

Robed in the chilly splendor of the moon,
The massy castle donjon flecked and marred
From many a wild foray, gleamed white and soon
Its high-flung battlements no longer scarred
Seemed frozen into marble silver barred;
Three sleepy warders every pacing slow
The Eastern buttress lone and evil starred,
Cursed at the orbed moon as to and fro
She cast a pallid glance upon the moors below.

It chanced upon the middle of the night,
E'er yawning casements fronting bleak and drear,
Gave up their meaning shadows of afright
With goblin, witch, and many a dark compeer;
The trembling warders sore beset with fear
Roused up, for in the postern's hollow gloom
The waiting slug horn's brazen chanticleer
Reverberated in the latticed room
Like muttered watches through a friar's silent tomb.

"Who sounds at this ill chosen hour when men
Awake to horrid visions, and the dead
Keep fearful revelry upon the fen
All heaven's starlit canopy o'erspread
With black stoled draperies and comets dread?"
So spake the foeman warder, his harsh word
Awaked the feathered owlet in its bed;
"I crave an alms, sir knight, replace thy sword,
I ask of thee a boon in Jesus Christ, our Lord."

"Out on thee, craven palmer, by this soul
There shall be nought but curses here for thee,
Replace the slug horn, lest the midnight toll,
Ring out a death note in eternity."
"I give thee suppliance for thy enmity,"
Returned the palmer, "but this frosty night
Hath wrought upon my frame so wearily,
That I may perish e'er the morning bright
Walks over the pale moors, with the Christ-given light."

"Go hence, foul knave, out on thee, to the storm!
Thy riband wit provoketh me to laugh."
Snarled back the warder, and the meagre form
Shuffled along upon his oaken staff.
Against his hooded mantle, blown like chaff,
The whirling flakes made havoc, while the wind
Wailing in fury at its cenotaph,
Borne fearfully apart, and lurching blind,
Rode darkly o'er the moor with spectral trees behind.

The chapel walls were shrouded, and the bell
Dreamed of a balmier summer; in its nest
The frozen sparrow whistled through a dell
Low lying in the rosy-tinted West;
The village fires were smothered, all to rest,
Youths, maidens, wrapt in viol-breathing sleep;
The wind's alarum on the gables pressed
Close to the low, thatched windows serve to keep
Morphean watches o'er the slumberings low and deep.

One, two; the cock crows in the glad Yule-tide,
From his low perch among hay littered stalls;
'Tis dark! The moon hath set; pale shadows hide
Both shrouded belfry and the chapel walls;
Hark! 'Tis an evil portent, from the halls
A noise of muttered vigils; still as death
The slabbed cloisters answer to strange calls
As though a beadsman fifty aves saith
To save a cursed soul from God's avenging death.

Just where the archives' massy shadow fell,
On good St. Christopher, a little wreath
Of ruby-lustered crystal seemed to tell
Immortal radiance, and heaven's breath
Sweeps over as his oratries he saith;
A miracle, the ancient belfry spoke,
Pale cherubim aroused from sculptured death
Proclaim Christ's blessing, all the charm is broke,
And joyful orisons arouse the village folk.

Lo! through the minster gate a trembling throng
Of holy angels, wings together pressed,
Hail with an over-flowing burst of song
Their aged palmer in rude vestures dressed;
Strange gargoyled eaves a burning love expressed,
And all the high arched windows crimson blaze,
Where snow-white virgins in eternal rest
Keep their sweet vows and exaltations raise
To glorify the Christ with an immortal praise.

So crowds in wonder to the chapel went,
And many an aged beldame called around,
Telling of awful woes from heaven sent,
Till every maiden in her psalter found
Strange phantasies of ill-beseeming sound;
Thrice holy was the church bell Christmas eve,
While burthened sinners crossed and duly bound,
Repeat the chaunts between with pious heave,
Then fifty 'nosters say for their lost soul's reprieve.

Ten days through Michaelmas a stern foray
Wasted the lofty castle, its high towers
Were crumbled into leprous decay;
Above its ruined heap of shivered bowers
The roaming night wind stole with sullen showers;
The craven warder shield and helmet riven
Was captive taken, and the foeman's power
Kept him in yoke with lowly villains driven,
Head bended low, his heart to rankling sorrows given.

Upon the snow, a crooked staff was found
All graven in with shapes of strange device,
On further search beneath, the frozen ground
Was strewn with warmed gems, strange broideries
With chilly emeralds of faintest dyes;
Then it was whispered 'round on every hearth,
And it was muttered in their litanies:
"Messiah Lord, forgive our little worth,
The good St. Christopher has visited the earth."

Now every Michaelmas the aged sires
Thrice blessed to have lived in such a time,
Tell how with lilied harps, and golden lyres,
An angel host with heraldings sublime,
Chaunted to the refrain of heavenly choirs;
And in the hollow of the frosty night
When shines the orbed moon on gabled spires,
To heaven a thousand aves take their flight
With silver censer's flame, and incensed taper's light.

RAYMOND SUMNER BARTLETT.

Palo Alto, November 1, 1907.

I HAD A DREAM OF MARY.

I had a dream of Mary, with her Babe upon her breast,
I saw the inn at Bethlehem, and felt her need of rest;
I saw the patient cattle, and smelt the fragrant hay,
And heard at last the Infant's cry, and knew had dawned the day.

I had a dream of Mary, with her Babe upon her breast,
I thought she brought me comfort for my own wee empty nest;
She seemed to bring within her arms my own lost little child
And laid him on my heart again, and as she gave him, smiled.

I had a dream of Mary, her arms were empty quite,
She led my feet to Calvary, and through the quiet night
Her mother heart spoke love to mine—she, too, could understand,
When one's own son has gone away, how desolate the land.

I had a dream of Mary, the stone was rolled away,
And far and near, o'er sapphire hills there broke the coming day;
To my heart she whispered, through the dawning sweet and dim,
"He will not come to you again, but you shall go to him."

I had a dream of Mary, with the Babe upon her breast,
And when I woke at morning my aching heart was blest,
With this great truth she taught me—the joy the words outran,
That every mother's heart shall clasp her own lost child again.

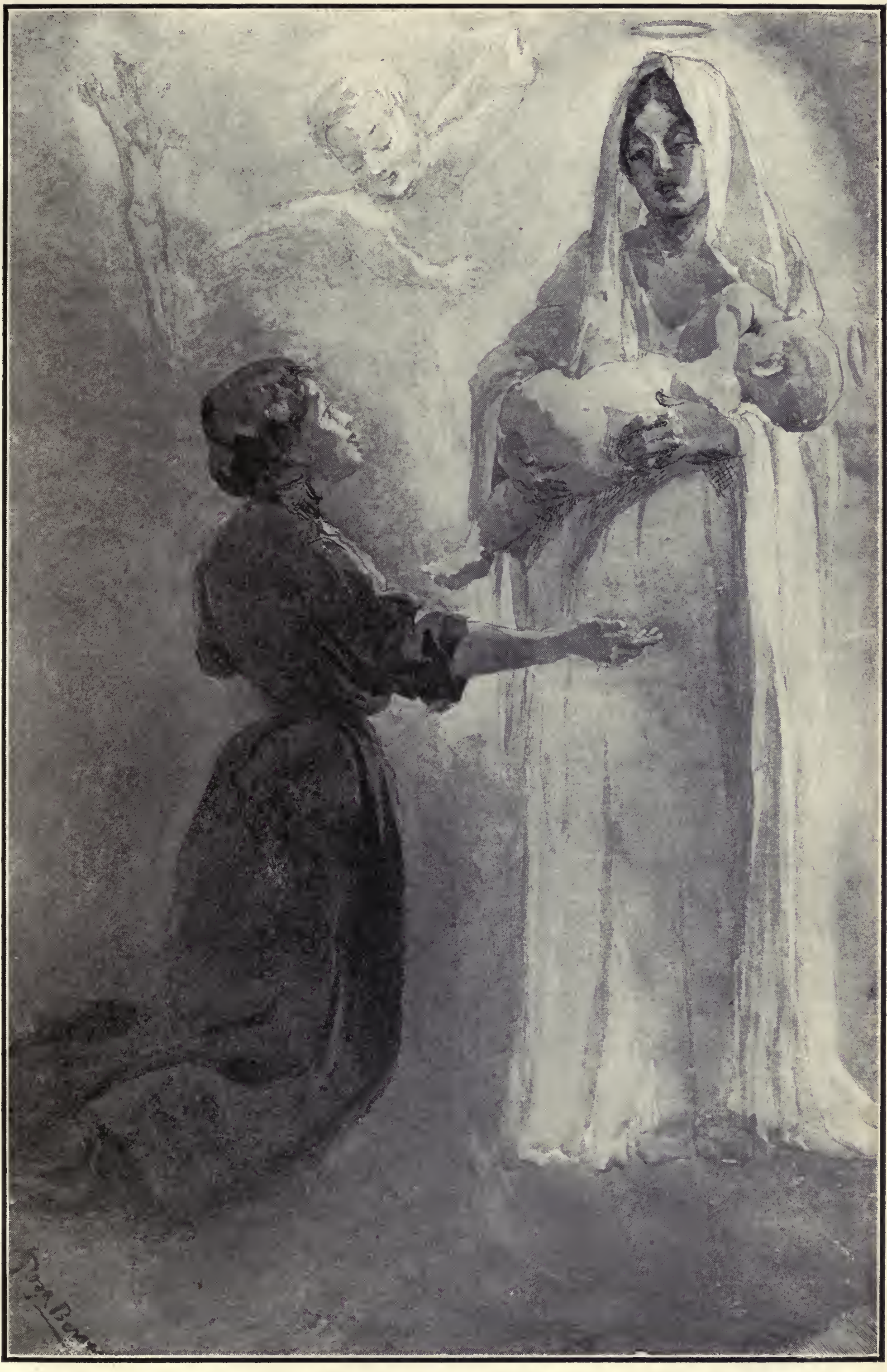
RUTH STERRY.

A MELODY.

Out in the silent night, under the stars,
Far from the troubled day with its distresses,
Nature, her tender heart, fondly expresses,
Sweetly, her love for peace, all Earth confesses,
Out in the silent night, under the stars.

Out in the silent night, under the stars,
There may the soul of man taste Heaven's
sweetness,
Thrilling him, stilling him with its completeness,
Nature's forecast of God's own repleteness,
Out in the silent night, under the stars.

BY MYRTLE CONGER.



"I HAD A DREAM OF MARY, WITH HER BABE UPON HER BREAST."

SNAP SHOTS IN JAPAN—Reading from left to right, top row. 1. School girls. 2. watching mortar captured from the Russians. 3. A well-paved street in Yokohama. Second row—1. A Japanese bill board of Napoleon. 2. Bill board advertising cosmetics. 3. Steel frame building in Tokyo. Third row—1. A temple. 2. Sports of war. 3. A European hotel. Bottom row—1. Billboard of Fujiyama. 2. Women coaling ship. 3. A quiet street in Tokyo.

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